

March-April 2021 | Issue 10

# अफसाने

Wordcraft  
THE RAMJAS LITERARY SOCIETY  
रामजस साहित्यिक समिति



*For the beautiful flowers who gave us memorable springs*

*Cover Illustration by Kadambari*

## from us, to you

The past year has been especially difficult considering the personal battles that we have all been waging against the ravages of the pandemic. All of us have lost something close to our hearts - some of us have faced the tragedy of losing a loved one, others lost something that will never leave any of us the same ever again. In light of this, bidding farewell to our seniors becomes especially hard, since not even in our wildest dreams had we imagined bidding adieu to them through the virtual screen. A farewell sans the enclosing warmth of the ECA room, the clinking ice cubes of the tea from DSE and the spring breeze blowing through the windows - redolent with the fragrance of the spring blooms in the Eco-Lawns hardly matches up to the bright shades of zoom filters and their emoticons - possessing the emotional range of a teaspoon.

The effervescent nature of these times prompted us to choose flowers as the theme for this current edition. Flowers in their temporal, yet devastating beauty, encapsulate in a brief few pages our feelings for the many people we bid farewell to this month-end. They were nothing short of the flowers we have dedicated to them - fragrant, beautiful, calming, comforting but not to be kept forever.

The dedications in this edition end at the similarity between the personality of each individual and the ideas that the flowers stand for. The poems and prose pieces are creative musings on emotions that the flowers invoke in our hearts independent of the dedications.

This is one of those editions of '*Afsaane*' that has been made with more tears and less toil. We have been delaying the release of the same to the last minute hoping to hold on to the people we have loved for three long years now. But it is time!

We hope you all enjoy reading this special edition of '*Afsaane*', especially our third years, as we wish you all the very best for all future endeavours.



# SUNFLOWER

## for Anisha Bhargava

### In the Lap of Reverence

*By Parth Seth*


*B.A. (Hons) Political Science, 1st Year*

I have no cognisance of the boulder in front of me which begs avoidance; I am unmindful of the car skidding to a halt lest the driver is tried for running me over; and I couldn't care less about my demeanour: doubly-bent, like a ragamuffin, digging in pockets and avoiding gazes.

Walking the country path, however, brings me to a familiar sight forgotten in the din of trepid existence and forlorn dreams. That expanse of green; That dense foliage of grass, resembling much of what our fortunes imply: unkempt, untidy, undesired. But for every usurper grass resides a tall, unassuming bundle of vivacity and energy—that what brings the most optimistic of our lot to shame; that whose undulating grace lends itself to the graceless like me, like the overgrown grass. The grinning golden inflorescence lights up *despite* seeing me, and whatever strength I galvanise to resist the onslaught of a smile on my face goes in vain. Is the wind really blowing in my direction, unlike it ever has, and making the throng invite me, rather pull me in the middle of their august assembly? Yes, or so I would like to believe.

The grass offers little defence for an intruder. The next I know I'm equally lost, though in adoration, not wrath; in pleasure, not pain; in hope, not despair. Are the saplings alright? Of course, humans are too petty to effect damage on these symbols of immortal hope, their fuel to fight coming from their beloved—the Sun—in whose supplication they grow and reach to the sky, to achieve the mystical, formless unity of the deity and the devotee. Everything is suddenly so perfect—the florets, the sequential seeds, the leaves, the air, the Sun, this life.... Knowing this other-worldly magic to occur only in the lap of the sunflower meadow, I decide to forget that I have to go, that I shouldn't be careless, that I shouldn't be a child, that joy is a charade, and that life is about competition. But wait, for here, in the lap of reverence, I have won.

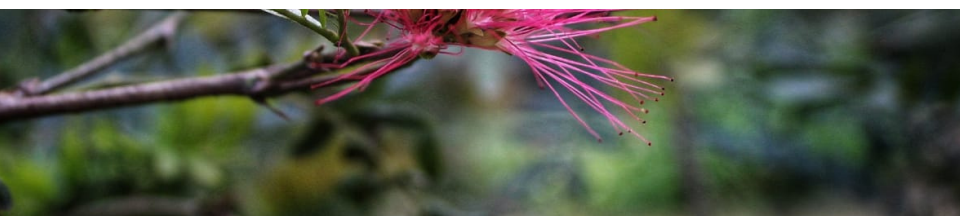
*Photograph by Anisha Bhargava*



## शिरीष आशुतोष सिंह को समर्पित

अविरल जायसवाल  
इतिहास ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

अति प्रचंड गर्मी में जब पुष्प नहीं खिल पाते हैं ।  
आशा की तब किरण लिए शिरीष पुष्प खिल जाते हैं ।  
उत्साह सृजन करते जीवन मे पर्यावरण सजाते हैं ।  
जीवन की विपरीत परिस्थिति में लड़ना सिखलाते हैं ।  
शीतल छाया देकर हमको परोपकार सिखलाते हैं ।  
कठिन परिस्थिति में जीवन की मुस्काना सिखलाते हैं ।  
आशा की एक किरण लिए शिरीष पुष्प खिल जाते हैं ।



*Photograph by Aryan Vats*

## कमल शशांक गौरव को समर्पित

कनिष्क अग्रवाल  
बी०ए० प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष

गिरकर उठने का हुनर  
हमने तो कमल से सीखा है,  
जो कीचड़ में भी खिल जाये  
उससे तो सब कुछ ही फीका है।  
सरस्वती का बोझ उठाकर भी  
न ही कभी वो चीखा है,  
गिरकर उठने का हुनर  
हमने तो कमल से सीखा है।

दिव्यांशी कुमारी  
सांख्यिकी ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

लक्ष्मी के चरण ने मुझे सुशोभित है किया  
अन्धेरे में उजाले का पीछा मैंने किया  
जीवन को खुशहाल होना ज़रूरी नहीं  
विकट परिस्थितियों को भी हँसकर जीना मैंने सिखाया  
उन निकृष्ट गलियों ने अर्चन भरे प्रयास किए है  
ऐसे ही नहीं स्व-उत्थान मैंने अपनी शान में गिने हैं।  
पवित्रता और प्रबोधन ही मेरे सार है  
कमल - यही है शायद जिससे आप मुझे जानते हैं।



**LILY**  
**for Mahima Rathore and**  
**Mohammad Arif Ansari**

*By Anushka Mann*  
*B.Sc. Chemistry Hons. 1st Year*

If I could see your face  
just once more  
In the old wooden box laden  
with dust of time,  
I found a dead lily  
I had sneaked from your funeral day  
As the last memory,  
As they carried your coffin  
Draped in the nation's flag,  
I had cried tears  
Of pride and sorrow,  
hoping despondently  
To see your happy face once more.



## कुमुदिनी

संदीप मीणा ,भौतिकी ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष  
समायरा शर्मा ,बी० एस सी० जीव विज्ञान, प्रथम वर्ष

कोई कहता है कमलिनी  
कोई कहता है कुमुदनी  
प्यार का प्रतीक तु  
पवित्र जिसे माना जाता  
रंग तेरे अनेक हैं  
काम क्या इसीलिए नेक है ?  
कभी दिल की मरहम बनी,  
कभी दर्द की।  
कभी तपन की शिकार बनी,  
तो कभी सर्द की।  
तुझे खिलता देखने के लिए  
मौसमों जितना इंतज़ार चाहिए।  
और खिलने के बाद जीवन में  
वो शुद्धता बरकरार चाहिए।।  
तुम हर जगह पाए जाते हो,  
इस बात से तुम्हे पाने की चाह,  
कुछ कम नहीं होगी हमारी।  
रंगों की चाह में,  
सुगंध खोई है उन्होंने।  
तुम्हारे श्वेत होने के बावजूद सूरदास को  
तुम्हारी खुशबू का सुकून मिलता है।  
फिर क्यूँ इक दिन तुम  
इक मौसम के बाद बिछड़ जाते हो ?  
क्या मैं ही इसका कसूरवार हूँ  
इक मौसम के बाद तुम्हें छав दे ना सका ??



# DAHLIA

## for Shambhavi Kesarwani

*By Nitya Singh*

*B.A.(Hons) Political Science. 1st Year*

Oh there Dahlia, what it's like to be so elegant?  
Spreading beauty around the world, does this world seem  
so relevant?  
Don't you love your home, your fields, your freedom to  
bloom?  
Leaving your home behind, you decorate any room.  
Oh there Dahlia, what it's like to be so strong?  
Staying indoors, away from the sun and fields where you  
actually belong!  
How do you manage to be an ornament, so precious?  
No diamonds could replace you  
Leaving behind people stunned  
From just a little glimpse of you  
Oh there Dahlia, what it's like to be a symbol of change?  
Giving life lesson, to make life a little arranged  
You don't fear switching places  
Always so lovely, always leaving happy faces  
Oh there Dahlia, what it's like to be like you?  
So sophisticated yet out of blue.





# सूरजमुखी

## इश्वर दान को समर्पित

अनिशा पटेल मोना  
अरिजीत बंसल  
इतिहास ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

सूरज का साथ देने की हिम्मत लिए।  
सूर्य देव से प्रेरित होकर,  
तुम हमेशा बढ़ते गए।  
सूरज की तेज को तुमने  
अपनी भुजाओं में समेट हुए  
तुमने अपने निज जीवन को  
कल्याण के रूप में भेट किया।  
तुम्हारा कण कण लाभ से है भरपूर।

पत्ते हो या बीज या फिर फूल सभी,  
मानव की बीच बहुत मशहूर सभी।  
झुलसती गर्मी में भी,  
असमान परिस्थितियों में भी तुमने बढ़ना सीखा।  
सूरज के साथ कदम मिलाकर चलना सीखा।



# MARIGOLD

for Anagha Menon and Harshit Mishra

## प्रिय सेवन्तिका,

कुशलं वा ?

संपूर्णम् विश्वासम् अस्ति यत् त्वम् अद्यपि वाटिकायाम् स्वसौगन्ध्यम् प्रसरति यदा त्वम् पुष्पितम् जातम् तदा परितः भ्रमराः अगुकुञ्जयत् तव चारुता दृष्ट्वा सर्वे जनाः मन्त्रमुग्धाः अभवन् त्वाम् दृष्ट्वा सर्वे गृहीतवान् यत् किञ्चित् विशेषम् भविता तथा सर्वपरितः त्वम् एव दृष्टम्। यत्रकुत्रापि जनाः अवलोकयान्ति तत्रैव त्वम् भवसि सौगन्ध्येन सर्वत्र आनन्दम् प्रसरसि । जनाः पक्षिन् सर्वे तवागमनस्य प्रतीक्षाम् कुर्वन्ति । यथा कवेः स काशेन साभायाम् अतीव आनन्दस्य दृश्यम् अस्ति तथैव तव उपस्थित्या एव वातावरणम् कुशालम् जातम्।

वाटिकायाः जीवनम् त्वयि सङ्गृहीतमस्ति । अहम् वाटिकाम् धन्यं वदामि यत् त्वम् तया पुषिता। अद्य अहम् त्वया वर्डक्राफ्ट समीत्या यजमान हर्षित भ्रातरम् दातुम् इच्छामि । सः युष्मादृश् सज्जनः अस्ति एवं वातावरणे आनन्दस्य प्रसरणम् करोति। सर्वे तस्य आदरम् कुर्वन्ति । मम कामना आस्ति यत् त्वम् हर्षित भ्रातरम् वर्डक्राफ्ट समिति सदा स्मरिष्यन्ति।

त्वां धन्यम् वदामि

भवदीय शुभचिन्तकः।

-आर्या जामकर ( प्रथम वर्ष, बी.कॉम.ऑ)  
जतिन राणा (प्रथम वर्ष, बी. ए. प्रो)



# TO A LOVER FROM HIS BELOVED

*By Sristi Ray*

*B. A. (Hons) History. 1st Year*

Dear Lover,

Not a single day goes by without my remembering you. The flower of my youthful passions wilts away as I imagine you— a soldier fighting in some bloody battle in an alien land. Do you remember the garland of marigolds you put upon my hair on the moonlit night of our tryst? It is the most precious adornment that I cling to dearly in your memory. I looked at the garland of marigold which you so carefully knit for me. I speak to each of them as if talking to them would take my message to you. At times, they become my prayer beads which I use to chant your name with, much like a mendicant in a trance trying to catch a glimpse of the Almighty and His spiritual delirium. The marigold tree you planted outside our love nest has yielded many blossoms. Spring is in the air. The cuckoo passionately sings to call out to her mate. The Blossoms of the marigold are bright and orange like the heart of flame, just like your dear temperament and also a warm golden yellow, like me, gently coaxing you. Remember how we whispered loving words under the blossoms? At the break of dawn, I gather the marigolds and fashion magnificent garlands out of it. I place it on the idol of the Goddess in her sacred temple, pleading with her to protect you so that you return home safely to me. The marigolds are the only witnesses to my yearnings for you. I stand at the threshold, every evening, much like an anxious, lovelorn bride awaiting her husband, with a garland of marigolds, the symbol of our love, ready to hold your in an ardent embrace, as you return victorious from the battlefield.

Your Beloved.



# DAFFODIL

for Gunwant Singh Atwal  
and Master Shivam



आयुषी शर्मा  
सांख्यिकी ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

हूं पुनर्जन्म का प्रतीक मैं  
नई शुरुवात का अंग हूं  
नई सुबह का अंश हूं  
हां, मैं नर्गिस का फूल हूं  
मेरी खूबसूरती आंखों को भा जाती  
और मंद-मधुर सुगंध मन मोह जाती  
प्रभा में मेरी कुछ अलग ही बात है  
शैली में मेरी कुछ अलग ही अंदाज़ है  
हां, मैं नर्गिस का फूल हूं



## Daffodil

*By Rachita Garg*  
*B. Sc. (Hons) Zoology. 3rd Year*

Of yellow, white, and golden  
Walking outside  
to buy a pack of cigarettes or maybe a copy of the  
newspaper only to find the store closed.  
She thought it's a good thing to step outside again, the  
leaves have returned  
days must be bright  
but she's like the nights, just like this,  
she felt less alone with the lights between dark  
buildings and trees.  
A golden glow flashed from somewhere,  
she caught sight of a patch of daffodils  
dewy-eyed and sat there for long hours.  
There must be thousands of people in the city  
behind the bolted doors  
who are dying to welcome you to their lives and tell  
you their stories.  
She thought of walking back to the house.  
The night smells like daffodils.  
She almost believes she could start again,  
an intense love rushes to her heart,  
and so does hope.  
It's unbearable and unendurable.  
She smiled.  
Talk to a daffodil long enough  
and it will talk back to you.



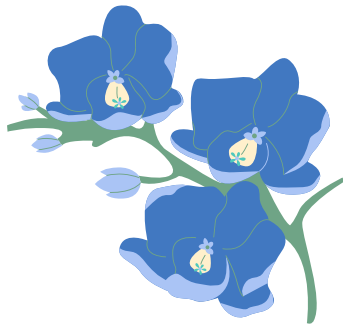
# ORCHID

## for Saloni Khandal and Nishi Jha

*By Nitya Singh*

*Political Science Hons. 1st Year*

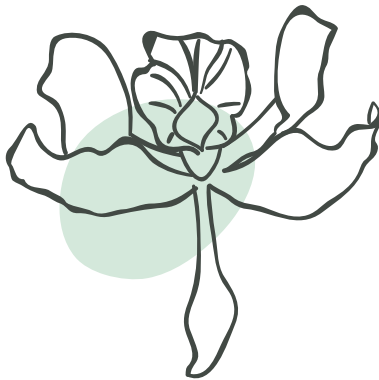
Went to a garden, and gazed at a bunch of orchids. Seemed so cheerful, incredibly rare and delicate as spring is. Orchids were as precious as pure as a newly - born Glowing under the Shiny sun, surrounded by buds. The mysterious petals uttered some deep meanings. Frightened meanings.. Frightened and disturbed, asking us to run from this terrible world;. To go somewhere very far, where there's no cruel human. They want to survive, but they know that they're dying. In the world of contamination, suffocation is overarching. Plucking them to embellish their vases while rooting them out from their rightful place to live. Things were so good before humans. When their neighbours were clean fresh rivers, tall rigid trees, and peace; When they were free. But now, a green land with fences is the new definition of nature.



## द्रौपदी माला

सुचिता ठाकुर  
बी.कौम ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

हर भोर जो जाती है मेरी नज़र  
बगीचे में लगी उन द्रौपदी मालाओं पर  
तो एकाएक तेरा वो सहज सौंदर्य याद आता है  
वो चेहरा जो सिर्फ़ नूर छलकाता है  
वो मुस्कान जो कड़ी धूप के बाद  
छाया का एहसास देती है  
और वो तेरी मौजूदगी जो रोम रोम में प्रेम भर देती है  
तू नहीं सामने ना मौजूद है  
तो क्यों ना मैं भी मान लूँ तू है  
उन द्रौपदी मालाओं में ही कहीं छिपी हुई

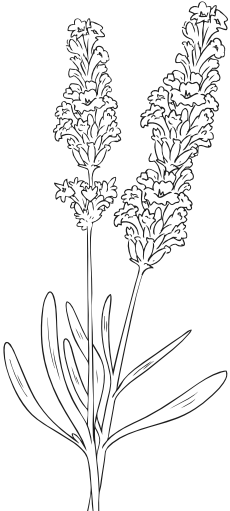


## लैवेंडर

भरत सिंह सिसोदिया को समर्पित

संदीप मीणा ,भौतिकी ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष  
नेहा वर्मा, राजनैतिक विज्ञान, प्रथम वर्ष  
समायरा शर्मा ,बी० एस सी० जीव विज्ञान, प्रथम वर्ष

जब उसके व्यक्तित्व को ध्यान से पररवा  
रूह मे सराबोर  
उसका शाही अंदाज हो गया।  
उसके विचारो की खुशबू,  
चरित्र की महक से  
सारा आलम सुगंधित हो गया ।  
शांत और रचित सी हवा मे  
सुवासित सा इत्र अंकित हो गया।  
इनायत ऐसी जिससे मिलकर  
मन प्रफुल्लित हो गया।  
महफिल जमी तो उसका जिक्र हो गया  
लफ्ज सुने उसके तो  
कानो को प्रिय यह गीत हो गया ।  
लैवेंडर सी शख्सियत उसकी,  
मिलकर दिल गुलजार हो गया।  
सोचा, क्यूं न,  
एक फूल को दूसरा फूल भेट किया जाए  
एक प्यारे से गुलदस्ते को  
थोड़ा और महका दिया जाए।





## गुलाब

### राजेश को समर्पित

जतिन राणा

बी.ए. (प्रोग्राम) प्रथम वर्ष)

कांटों में रहकर तूने खिलना सीखा है,  
लाल हो, पिला हो या हो सफेद हर रंग में तूने खिलना सीखा है  
हो जश्न या हो अवसाद हर जगह, हर वक्त ढलना सीखा है  
तेरे आने से महके हवा, तूने कभी महरम तो कभी दवा बनना सीखा है  
ओ गुलाब, तूने मुहब्बत का पैगाम लिखना सीखा है  
मथित में अपने रंग से दुख भरना सीखा है  
सीखा है तूने सब कुछ इक उम्र में  
सीखाया है तूने सब कुछ हर उम्र में।

## गुलबहार

### नवनीत झा को समर्पित

शिवानी

बी०ए० प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष

बागों की रौनक है, बगानों की शोभा,  
अनुरागों की अंजनक है, किरणों की आभा।  
सूर्य की किरणें समेटती अपने श्वेत पात पर,  
नई भोर का आगमन लाती  
खत्म होते हर रात के।  
चहकती बसंत के बहकती आश में,  
महकती सरगम जो दहकती हर साँस में।  
मौजूदगी से तेरी यें बगियाँ बहार है,  
गुलों में शौकत है, हर कस्बा आबाद है।।



# DAISY

## for Happy Sourav

### DAISY

*By Himangi Agrawal*

*B.A. Programme. 1st Year*

I walked along fields of yesterday  
Thinking of long ago  
In the fields where laughter gets in gear  
Where daisies gracefully grow

A flower so pure and holy  
A daisy so bright and warm  
Stretched over fields where laughter and love flourished

Flower says  
I'm a pretty little thing,  
Always coming with the spring;  
In the green I'm found,  
Peeping just above the ground,  
And my stalk is covered flat  
With a white and yellow hat.

Little human when you pass  
Lightly over the tender grass,  
Skip about, but do not tread  
On my bright but lowly head,  
For I always seem to say,  
"Surely winter's gone away."



# TULIP

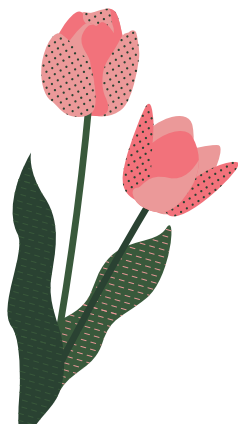
## for Niharika Payal

*By Arundhati Singh  
B.Sc.(Hons) Physics. 1st Year*

When the world was obsessed with  
roses, lilies, sunflowers —  
My mother used to tell me,  
I'm a tulip;  
for both the tulip and I  
adorn our respective fields as a  
bright chip of a Rubik's Cube  
that has spent a happy afternoon  
in a child's tender hands,  
accepting the randomness around,  
constantly singing a happy chorus of  
vivid colour.  
We blend in, but only to enhance our  
environment  
with our own individual flavour, and,  
beneath our early perennality  
lies affectionate modesty.

Unlike the red rose,  
we don't strive to impress anyone;  
we sprawl in the comfort  
of our own strength, our petals  
embracing their own selves.  
While sunflowers cannot stand the darkness,  
we illuminate what's heartless.  
If touched, a rose shall prick you apart.  
It's us who pray silently from afar.  
My mother used to tell me,  
I'm a tulip;  
So —

In our little tulip garden I now stand,  
trying to collect little pieces of her soul  
from the scattered colours dotting the grass.  
Perhaps, one day,  
I will merge with these colours too,  
just like the wave eventually  
returns to the ocean,  
and she and I could spend  
time in colourful eternity again.



# IRIS

## for Vighnesh Tekriwal

*By Anwesh Banerjee*

*B.A.(Hons)English. 1st Year*

Do you have any message?  
You thousand petalled thing  
of the cerulean ocean  
and the onyx sky?  
like your namesake from  
the gods would bring  
on time, missives of dark  
love songs or  
stamps of destruction?  
You are no human yet  
in your infinite  
silence and your million  
petals in falling stillness -  
all you have told, to the million  
starved eyes of lovers in plight,  
a testament of love  
too real yet frail,  
if she does or he does not.  
It's love in the time of corona  
your piteous bloom.  
cigarette stubs and razor cuts  
Are all the tellers of destiny  
and love we dreamers  
need this night



# CARNATION

for Priya Sharma



## *ISHQ AUR INQUILAB*

*By Aranya Sahay*  
*B.A. (Hons.) History, 2nd Year*

The quintessence of an undying emotion  
Unaltered and unconditional  
Like a solemn pledge to strive  
Against the cacophony of gunshots,  
Against the piercing gaze of prejudices.  
The flesh-and-blood stained flower blooms  
Infused with the warmth of spring  
Embodying the inimitable melody of love  
In the hands of a lover and on the shroud of tyranny.  
*Laal Salaam, Comrade.*



# HYDRANGEA

for Rachita Garg and Sumer Ram

## Defrosting the Memories of the Mountains

*By Anushka Mann*

*B.Sc. Chemistry Hons. 1st Year*

I remember, clearly.

My rendezvous with the soft hues of Hydrangea, ice blue and baby pink; one magical morning. The mountains of Himachal enveloped with a comforting blanket of mist and fog, temperatures dropping to zero with the sky coloured in a shade of greyish-blue, with strangely soothing darkness all around. I stepped out of my warm room, to absorb the magical view in front of me; an intimidating silence, with the occasional chirp of a distant bird. As I inhaled a deep breath, my eyes fell on a bush of Hydrangea. I walked towards it; the snow crunching beneath my shoes. The dewy petals of the flower felt soft on my hand. The icy blue colour so naturally blended with the backdrop of the misty, cold mountains. This bush of Hydrangea added softness to the cold landscape. A spark ran through my body, making me aware of how I felt empty and lonely, and content, happy and comfortable at the same time. What an odd combination of emotions! All of them different, but amalgamated all together in my heart, just like the hydrangea with its soft hues that warms the heart, present in stark contrast to the icy cold and mysterious mountain landscape. Yet, both blended so beautifully, to form a visually appealing magical view for my eyes to devour.

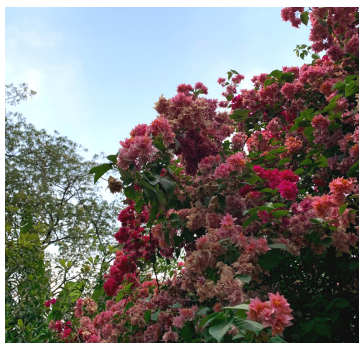
I remember, clearly.



## हाइड्रेंजिया

शिवांगी कुमारी, इतिहास ऑनर्स,  
रितिक, राजनैतिक विज्ञान ऑनर्स

सच्चे भावों के दर्पण सा,  
है प्रकृति की अनमोल कृति।  
रंगों के इसके अजब खेल,  
है सुंदर कार्य विधाता का।  
अलग अलग रंग दिखलाते हैं,  
इसके वृहत से रूप कई।  
है कभी निकालता भावों को,  
हो जाता फिर भाव शून्य कभी।  
इक पल में ये जिज्ञासु है,  
है चंचल, चपल और तेज।  
फिर रंग बदलते ही हो जाता,  
शांत और संयम से लबरेज।



*Photographs by Anisha Bhargava  
and Rachita Garg*

# रातरानी नैना दुबे को समर्पित

## रातरानी

प्रत्यूष शर्मा

हिंदुस्तानी वोकल्स ऑनर्स, प्रथम वर्ष

काली रातों में सफेद खुशबू का पुनीत शीत,  
सन्नाटे भरी रातों में खुशबू का मधुर संगीत,  
हो तुम नन्हे-नन्हे तारों से,  
सफेद पुष्प के फुहारों से,  
मेरे गमों को कर दिया हजम,  
तुमने रोके मेरे टहलते कदम ।  
मन में खुशबू श्वेत शांति,  
व शीत का हुआ निवास ।  
व्यथा व विष रूपी विचारों,  
विकारों का हुआ निकास ।  
नवीन प्रफुल्ल प्रसन्न प्रतिष्ठित,  
विचारों का हुआ विकास,  
दिल करता है,  
बस अपने कदमों को,  
यहीं गाड़कर रखदूँ,  
एक सांस में ,  
तुम्हारी सारी खुशबू भीतर,  
संजोकर रखदूँ।





# Why should flowers talk?

*by Krishna Priya*

*B.A.(Hons) English, 2nd Year*

Set out for a walk I did  
A walk for escape?  
From the mundane walls or  
Regards surround  
I met a few agents...  
By tucking in the golden curls behind ears,  
Marigold smiled, i stopped to pat her  
Wiping away sweat, sunflower put her head up  
Looking for her unrequited love  
'I need winter' cried Daisy  
'She can't wait to wrap herself under snow'  
Tulip sniffled while arranging her pretty petals  
Is summer over already?  
Lily came in wearing a white gown  
As white as any white you could imagine,  
It was brighter than the sky,  
and it was whiter than the clouds.  
It was as though it were a cloud,  
A cloud that seems to be a white rabbit  
Who turned out to be Lily's fantasy.

The sweet whisperings of lovers  
Pervades the silence while they gave each other  
surprises

Carnation blushed amidst the apple blossoms  
Reminiscing her unknown lover  
Pink carnations and blue hydrangeas  
formed an ethereal blanket.  
while her emotions became wispy  
and eager as they overtook her.  
their caramel sap oozed out of pores  
Wetting the soil bed.

Our love has witnessed  
how those orchids cling to each other.  
And our passion,  
like the coals in a grate, will perish.  
Our love has seen  
how the wind twirls among the petals  
Our love has roots and lips that have magical spells.  
The lists are put aside, and in the dark forest,  
What still has a grip on your heart?  
along my heart will live with  
the bees that got trapped in petals like our love!  
Let the marigolds rejoice..  
Let the sunflowers bloom..  
As long as you shine, the world lives in light..  
In the light of love!



**AFSAANE  
2021**

# **MEET THE TEAM**

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