

अफसाने

Jashn-i-Rukhsat

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Editorial

Writing, designing, and editing this edition evoked a motley of memories of our laughter, sorrow, our successes and failures, and, most personally, the togetherness which, alas, is going to be snapped by time. As we wrote, flashes of our online meetings on Google Meet, our discussions on book recommendations, our hectic schedules leading into events, and our brief encounters yet carefree smiles on bumping into each other in the venerable Ramjas corridors, fluttered before our eyes.

Where there's excitement and vigour to outperform your expectations in giving you a befitting farewell—one that creates unparalleled Afsaane for us to savour and fall back on when the tides are rough—there are aching insecurities too: Are we doing enough? Shall we retain camaraderie we are proud of against this ruthless distance creeping in?

This edition reflects our collective desire to celebrate you, celebrate our camaraderie, and celebrate Wordcraft. For the final time, presenting *Afsaane*, from us to you.

The Due Memories

Rotating the hands of the clock
Round the never-ending degrees of time,
The glistening dawn of togetherness,
Is drowning down in pieces of mine.
Pointing to when we all began with you:
Crafting the “wordcraft;”
Exploring the flowers
Which bloomed in your presence;
And now being handed over to take care
of
Will always be a memoir of essence.
The chaotic, however, peaceful laughters,
And the hustling of words in meetings
Some with frowning attitudes and
others....
With blissful quotes
Can never be refrained against
a constraint of time.
These memories will always extend along
Until they reach their prime.

- **Saloni Agrawal (Statistics, I)**

Photographs by

Urmi Maitra (BA (hons) History, I),

Aryan Vats (English, I)



What If?

In the midst of nature,
I stand by,
Those scintillating drops are
reminiscent of you,
When winds pervade your doughty
endeavour,
When the nightingale traces us back to
your benevolence,
What if our togetherness never ends?
When each foliage reminds us of our
bond,
When each splash portrays thrill imbued
by you
When each serene sunset sketches our
affinity, when each walk triggers us of
our time spent,
What if you don't leave?
Each spectacle triggers your memories,
Each gaze renders our insight ,
Each plinth represents your
significance.
We're assorted and came to be coalesce,
If we became a gem, you're a facet of it,
What if you would've stayed longer?

- **Nitya Singh (Political Science, II)**

The Tree

There is a tree by the riverside—
A tree full of kindly shadows and
nourishing fruits,
A tree of hope,
A tree of dreams,
A tree of attachment,
A tree with stories... centuries-old,
A tree, with stories new
A tree crafting tales of travellers
which pass beneath,
Keeping in memory their travelogue,
witnessing their journey
Once again the time has come,
autumn, when the tree sheds leaves
But keeps in its deepest recesses,
memories of loved ones
Of bonds, tears, fears and life here
The river flows by,
the boatman arrives and ferries the
travellers towards sunshine and spring
As they bid adieu to what had been
their shelter for three blissful years
The tree in its heart smiles
To tell tales to newcomers and the
travellers who'd visit again
Thus, the tree stands.

- Sristi Ray (BA Hist. Hons. II)

यादें

याद आती है,
जाने कहां छिप गई तेरी बात,
पर यादें छिपकर भी मन के कोने में,
एक "आह!" की अनुभूति दे जाती हैं,
उन्ही यादों की आज बारात आ रही है,

मुझे याद है,
तुमने कहा था, "क्यों आ गया मैं यहां,"
शब्दों की गरिमा को भूलते हुए,
और अधरों से कहा था कि,
"यही तो कहना था मुझे तुमसे,"
तुम जीवन की चाहत में,
जीना भूल गए।

मुझे याद है,
तुमने कहा था, "अर्थहीन है यह संघर्ष,"
मन की वेदना को छिपाते हुए,
और अश्रुओं से कहते
अभी नहीं, "अभी तो हम मिले हैं,"
तुम जीवन में मिले तो,
पर जीना सिखा गए।

मुझे याद है,
तुमने कहा था, "बात चंद दिनों की है,"
और बातों ही बातों में,
रात-दिन, सुबह-शाम, मुझसे चाहत करते गए,
और मैं भी तुमसे पूछता रहा,
प्यार क्या कभी किसी का पूरा होता है,
प्यार का तो पहला अक्षर ही अधूरा होता है।

- तुषार पराशर (सांख्यिकी विशेष, II)

Capturing Memories

Penchant for capturing every moment,
To keep our memories alive,
Such are the brats with the "smile please"
motto on, Doting the capture and perpetually
caressing it,
Who said memories cannot give happiness?
Swooning over the memories lived,
Photographs are tantamount to re-creating
them,

Who said memories cannot give peace?

Scintillating drops in our eyes,
while remembering moments spent
Obviating the aloofness between us and you,
Propelling us to relive those moments,

Who said memories cannot stir emotions?
Ambivalent contention of joy or regret,
Allaying age-old intact emotions,
Eradicating the callousness of dear ones,
Is the present forfeit or blessing?

Few seldom ignite tears,
Few stirs tears of happiness,
Few swallow myriads of ambivalence,
Few just live in it,
Who said memories cannot be an epiphany as
such?

- Nitya Singh (B.A. Pol. Sci. Hons., II)

Memories?

Was it all in the memories?

'Definitely not'.

The memory I kept, subconsciously, was not like a writer's daily nostalgic glum party but of how dreadful times could be bearable, just with the right people (person, perhaps?) around.

'I was one of those times where everyone was lost, some even more so than others, especially us—the kind who are left to play the catch-up game always, but little did we know, and littler our heart, that fate is a cunning little minx. And maybe even this ever so devastating online 'nimbus' could actually have a silver lining. Looking back, it's hard to pin it to the exact moment when these memories began, as it was a smooth sailing on a river with no ends on either side. Ah, just how ungodly of me to make such bad metaphors for you. I feel like I'm punching my own ticket to hell. Will be looking forward to seeing you there.

But as the end begins to loom large over our heads, I can't help but ask why must you leave so soon? *Why, God? Why?*

Why must you, too, leave me in this ever chaotic entropy of sheer abhorrence? *Et Tu, Brute?* I have (and will) always wished for this camaraderie to age like fine wine. Even if it doesn't, who cares? We'll party sober.

- Kanishk, (B.A. Prog, II)

പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട ഗുൽമോഹറുകൾക്കും പ്ലാശ് മരങ്ങൾക്കും,

ഗുൽമോഹറുകൾ പുത്തുതുടങ്ങി, പ്ലാശ് മരങ്ങൾ തീ പോലെ പൂക്കൾ വിടർത്തികൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. പുതിയ വേനൽക്കാലം എത്തി എന്നതിന്റെ സൂചന.

വേനൽക്കാലം തുടക്കമാണ്, പൂക്കൾ പൂക്കുന്നതിന്റെയും ഫലങ്ങൾ കായ്ക്കുന്നതിന്റെയും പുതിയ മുഖങ്ങൾ വന്നുചേരുന്നതിന്റെയും... പക്ഷെ അതേ വേനൽക്കാലം ചില വിടപറയലുകളുടേതും കൂടിയാണ്.

ഈ രാജാസിന്റെ വരാന്തയിലിരുന്ന് ഇതൊക്കെ ഇരുന്നു ചിന്തിക്കുമ്പോൾ,
ഈ ഒഴിഞ്ഞ ഇടങ്ങളിലെ വരാന്തകൾക്ക് ഒരൂപാദ് കഥകൾ പറയാനുണ്ട്.

നിറയെ ചിരികളും, ആലിംഗനങ്ങളും, ചുംബനങ്ങളും, അട്ടഹാസങ്ങളും, പാട്ടുകളും, നിശബ്ദ നോട്ടങ്ങളും, കൈകോർക്കലുകളും, പ്രണയനിമിഷങ്ങളും...

പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട രാജാസ് ഇത് നിനക്ക് വേണ്ടി കൂടിയാണ്. നീ നൽകിയ നിമിഷങ്ങളും, ഓർമകളും... നിനക്ക് നൽകാൻ എന്റെ കൈയിലുള്ളത് കണ്ണീരും കുറച്ച് ഗുൽമോഹർ പൂഷ്പങ്ങളും മാത്രമാണ്!

- Rahmath RI, (BA Hons. History, II)

വേനൽ | Summer

Dearest Gulmohars and Plashes,

Gulmohars have flowered again, Palashes have sprouted their fire like flowers, a note that the summer is here.

Summers are beginning, the beginning of flowering and fruiting and the vergence of new faces... But still some summers are moments to say adieu.

Sitting here in the corridors of Ramjas and thinking, these empty and narrow corridors have some stories to tell...

Lots of smiles, hugs, kisses, laughs, songs, silent glances, holding of hands, and romantic moments...

Dearest Ramjas this is for you,
To all the moments and the memories,
I only have Gulmohars and some tears to give you!

यादें हैं ये

ढलता सूरज उगता चाँद थोड़ी देखती है
दिल का कोना और उसमें जगह ढूँढती है,
ना वक्त की पाबंद हैं, ना समय लेके आती हैं;
जब आती है तो दिल से आँखों में बह कर निकल जाती हैं।
उनकी बातें चंद पलों पर होठों पर तो होती हैं
पर अब वो सुनने के लिए पास हमारे तोड़ी होते हैं।

ना शब्द होते बयां करने के लिए...
रूह से रास्तों में लेके चल पड़ती है
जब ये यादें जेहन में आती हैं।
नील क्षितिज-सी यादें उसकी
मैं अंत खोज ना सका
नदियां सी बह के निकल जाती हैं।
यादें उनकी...
ना रोक सका, ना उसमें बह सका।

सोचा था किनारा बन जाऊँ,
मगर वो यादें किनारों पर रुकती कहा है!
झील सी आँखे उनकी गुलाब से होंठ
महज़ यादें हैं अब
ना रुखसत होती उनकी अदाओं की यादें
ना रुखसत हम होने देते हैं।

यादें हैं कमबख्त कभी कराती अपने होने का है
कभी कराती अपने सपनों का है
भला अब कहा है?
यादें है महज़ यादों में है।

- संदीप नवोदयन (भौतिकी विशेष, II)

DO YOU HAVE TO GO?

I don't remember
all of your face, just
that you had
dark rose lips.
There's a cut on
the side of your neck,
I know, though I never
noticed the soft freckle
in between your fingers.
I remember you wore
a pink white-embroidered
long silk but what was the
book you were reading ?
I didn't notice its cover,
did neither ask you about it
in the next poetry session
we met. Your poem floats
in my head as a
confused mixture
of some vague words,
incomplete phrases
which I shamelessly
complete using some
words of my own

when I recite them to
people to save myself
from the embarrassment.
I desperately want to
prove I remember you,
all of you. "Metaphors"
you had repeated this
word twice in a single stanza
is only as far as I am
able to recollect.
I laugh. I don't have a
thousand memories of you,
not even a hundred, not even
as many that would
last a cup
of fine filtered
espresso. You are a dried
flower petal hidden
inside a half-read
book of poems, which
I flip over sometimes,
only on days when
I arrange my bookshelf
and then I remember ...

- Aadrit Banerjee (English, I)



Illustrations by
Anisha Patel Mona (BA (Hons.) History, II),
Anuska Kumari (B.Com (Hons.), I)

PUT TOGETHER BY

Aarya Jamkar
 Aryan Vats
 Hrithik

Jatin Rana
 Kashish Keshwani

Parth Seth
 Rahath RI
 Sristi Ray

CONTACT US

 www.wordcraftramjas.com
 [@wordcraft_ramjas.litsoc](https://www.instagram.com/wordcraft_ramjas.litsoc)

