



**LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, NOIDA**



IRIS - THE LITERARY FESTIVAL 2021

presents

MUSINGS OF A RHYME KETTLE

transitions





Principal's Message

Where education empowers one to aspire and invent, the subtle art of poetry encourages her to introspect.

It is endearing to perceive the clarity with which today's youth expresses their thoughts and feelings, and an understanding of their environment and situation. These are the skilled ambassadors of tomorrow, who have donned the mantle of responsibility to establish our nation on the world stage.

As the world grapples with unprecedented challenges in the wake of the pandemic, and the youth are compelled to adapt to new modes of learning and working, it is our endeavour as educators to provide a safe, non-judgemental atmosphere to foster creative expression in the youth. This newsletter is the first step towards that end. It is imperative to nurture young minds to discern the power of words used in communication. Their true ardour would be evident in their ability to exercise discretion while preparing for varied rhetorical presentations by way of using energetic words for debate and demonstration and cogitative ones for poetry and deliberation.

I congratulate the entire community of budding poets, whose zealous efforts have made our endeavour a success. I also extend my good wishes to each one of you with the hope to see you flourish in the rich craft of poetry.

Dr. Ruchi Seth,
Principal, Lotus Valley International School, Noida

Editorial

We, at LVIS, believe in the power of literature. Literature draws forth the best humanity has to offer and holds it up for scrutiny. It is not merely a voice, it is a cry. It is not merely a hum, it is a song. It is a movement which generates its own rhythm and spurs a joyous dance. It is what makes it possible for us to drink from the common stream of consciousness and remain one in experience.

The scope of literature, however, is too vast to fathom with its raging diversity of genres, themes and voices. Hence, this year we decided to devote our attention to the contribution of 'women writers' in an effort to hold up a mirror against their underrepresentation in literature and highlight their contributions in the canon. This is not a predicament of the previous century, contrary to popular belief. It is a dilemma, persisting from the distant past and is yet to be eradicated. Famous women writers are still comfortable hiding behind male pseudonyms or forced to prove their worthiness every step of the way to compete with their male counterparts.

The 5th LVIS Literary Fest, IRIS-Women in Literature was proudly organised on the 6th and 7th of August, 2021. The current compilation is an anthology of self-composed poems by the participants that were presented before a live audience during the virtual Poetry Meet, "Musings of the Rhyme Kettle". The event was an endeavour undertaken with great anticipation and enthusiasm to unite in one melody the voices of the youth, who have grown many years in a short span of time while being caught up in the wake of a viral pandemic. The theme of the poetry meet, *Transitions*, was chosen to encourage our students to shape their unique experiences and to hear from their pens, what growing up feels like in a world of missed opportunities and lost connections.

Come, let us revel in the spirit of the youth, let us lament in their grief and bask in eloquent prosody!

From the Editor's pen

1. Ms. Sukriti Roy (HOD, LVIS Noida)
2. Ms. Malobika Mukherjee
3. Ms. Sonia Elizabeth Gomes

TABLE OF CONTENTS

01. ARMY PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 01
02. BAL BHARATI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 04
03. CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL, GREATER NOIDA	Pg 06
04. CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 07
05. DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, GAUTAM BUDDHA NAGAR	Pg 09
06. DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, GURUGRAM	Pg 11
07. DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 13
08. G D GOENKA PUBLIC SCHOOL, GREATER NOIDA	Pg 15
09. G D GOENKA PUBLIC SCHOOL, INDIRAPURAM	Pg 17
10. GYANSHREE SCHOOL	Pg 19
11. INDRAPRASTHA GLOBAL SCHOOL	Pg 21
12. INDRAPRASTHA WORLD SCHOOL	Pg 22
13. JAYPEE PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 24
14. KUMAR MANGALAM WORLD SCHOOL, VIKASPURI	Pg 26
15. LOTUS VALLEY INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, GURUGRAM	Pg 28
16. LOTUS VALLEY INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 31
17. LOTUS VALLEY INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, NOIDA EXTENSION	Pg 33
18. MANAV RACHNA INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL	Pg 35
19. MAYOOR SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 36
20. NEW ERA PUBLIC SCHOOL, MAYAPURI	Pg 38
21. SANSKRITI SCHOOL	Pg 40
22. SHIV NADAR SCHOOL, GURGAON	Pg 42
23. SOMERVILLE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL	Pg 44
24. SOMERVILLE SCHOOL, NOIDA	Pg 45
25. SOMERVILLE SCHOOL, VASUNDHARA ENCLAVE	Pg 48
26. TAGORE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, VASANT VIHAR	Pg 49
27. THE HERITAGE SCHOOL, ROHINI	Pg 51
28. THE INDIAN SCHOOL	Pg 53
29. THE MOTHER'S INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL	Pg 55
30. UTTAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS	Pg 57
31. VASANT VALLEY SCHOOL	Pg 59
32. WYNBERG-ALLEN SCHOOL, MUSSORIE	Pg 61

THE CELLAR OF WORDS

~ *Kritika Pandey*
ARMY PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA



Boots march in a rhythm
As soldiers all French and Russian
Clamor the praise
Of the country with a bloody and brutal phase

I rundown to the cellar
Clutching sheets of dreams
Bound with the will to write
And inked in spirits of courage

I catch my laboured breath
And slump down against the frosty door
The wind flips open the cage
The cage where locked is my voice
Mother says I'm a woman
Pen to paper isn't my choice

But mother, oh mother
For Austen told me about Darcy
When father filled my mouth with words that
"Books aren't for you to fancy"
These pages chain me in paradise of dreams
Where the only voices echoing
Is my soul pouring of muffled screams?

Mother, oh mother
For when Shakespeare said,
"Love looks not with the eye, but the mind
And therefore, is the winged cupid painted blind"
Such is my love for this cage of mine
Where I string all my words elegiac and poetic

For father would rip it to shreds
Sanguine is the colour painted all red

For Brontë keeps me awake at nights
While I watched literature fall at gender's sword
My fingers traced Wuthering Heights.
I saw them drag her that day
For everyone stood still with nothing to say
Maybe they knew about her cage
Her words spread along as though aromatic sage

But mother, oh mother
For there will be a world
Where my pen will bleed not in sub rosa
Where the boots won't march to the cellar.
I stitch my imagination with the thread of oppression
But leave the needle sealed within the pages.

I close grandma's journal
With tears blurring my sight
I slip the laptop on the serene wood
My fingers tapping the keys furiously
When I hear my phone rings
My mind still on the woman in the cellar
The voice on the other side says,
"Congratulations, you won the best seller"



MUSINGS OF INKED FREEDOM

~ *Prathana Vaid*
ARMY PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA

A starry sphere, a dawning night,
I clutch my hands, trying to protect my pride.

I run down, holding my dreams,
as a fear of being forgotten
roams my mind aimlessly.

Words to words.
Mind to mind.

I try to gather the things that made me blind.
I looked at my hands holding a book

and the voices of denial echoed in the lonely minds.

A little felicitous. A little regret.
I cower into the depth of abyss,
and found peace within myself.

My words devour the raw pages.

Different shades of inks, indicates my presence.

A little felicitous. A little regret.
I cower into the depth of abyss,
and found peace within myself.

Page by page
I ink the words.

Counting the stars and melting the sun.
Will it be alright if I go more
or will the words stop when my mind would snore?

The pen in my hand
is a sword that shines bright.
It carves various curves

dipped,
in my ink of pride.

Feeling afraid of what the world holds.
Feeling afraid of what if I get lost.

I pity the souls
who never understood

the magic of being lost in the crook of words.
The melancholic feelings, voices, and desires

described within a few words.

Someday, I might be sitting,
All old and vain.

A happy woman who was once
fighting to keep her boat on sail.
Feeling happy that her life wasn't a waste.

The pages of a book will turn by itself
and I might see my name

on the inked freedom that will soon find a way
into the remembrance of inner selves,

just like they say.

THE FINAL THOUGHTS

~ *Mohit Purohit*

BAL BHARATI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA



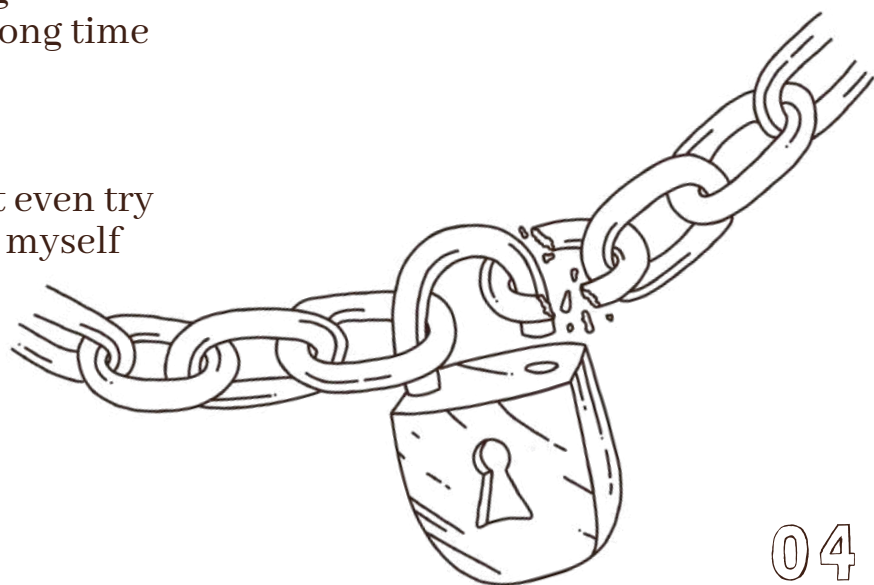
The clock points at 12
But the clock of patience inside me has stopped
I've been waiting for a wind to blow
And bring some new luck upon me
But why wait for the wind
When I can just use the hand fan

Who says I can't be free
From the things that the society wants me to be
If I can write this poem
Then who says I can't write my own future

Go ahead dear
Have no fear
I'll help you break the lock of silence
I'll help you set free
Just remember one thing
That it's better to say too much
Than never to say what you need to say again

I've decided to step out into the wild
But the vultures would be waiting
They've been without a kill for a long time
Do I even stand a chance?
Maybe I don't

But would I ever find out if I don't even try
If that is what I need to do to stop myself
From being just a number
Then I'll come through like I do
When the world keeps testing me



UNDER A NEW IDENTITY

~ *Tejaswini Kumari*
BAL BHARATI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA



Under a new identity

The girl begins to write her dreams

Filling in her thoughts and letting herself fly

Feeling the chilly winds touch her wings to the brim,

Doing her mighty best to leave the ground and touch the sky.

Under a new identity

She pours her heart out

And let's her pen ink dot the page

Letting the imprint scream aloud

The agony which her heart felt at every stage.

Under a new identity

She wrote what she wanted, but was she glad?

Having to take up a male pseudonym

So she won't get typecasted, which made her sad,

Because to fulfill her dreams she had to be a man.

Under a new identity,

Louisa Alcott became Mr Barnard, so it won't be hard,

For her to sell her dreams to the world

So they won't tear her down with shards

Leaving her to regret her fictions word by word.

It became a matter of pride

To build prejudice against those

Who wanted to take their pen on long rides

To freedom, without raised brows,

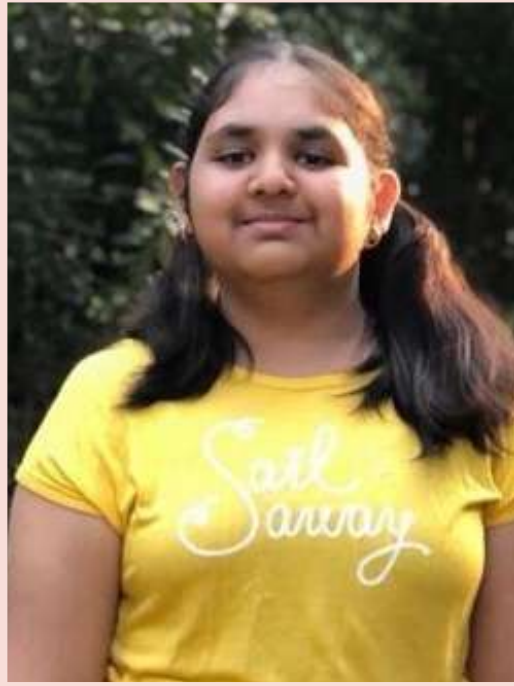
But still read what Jane Austen wrote.

It became a matter of her mother's age,

When Kamala had leave her mother behind,

Leaving her tears stream across the inked page,

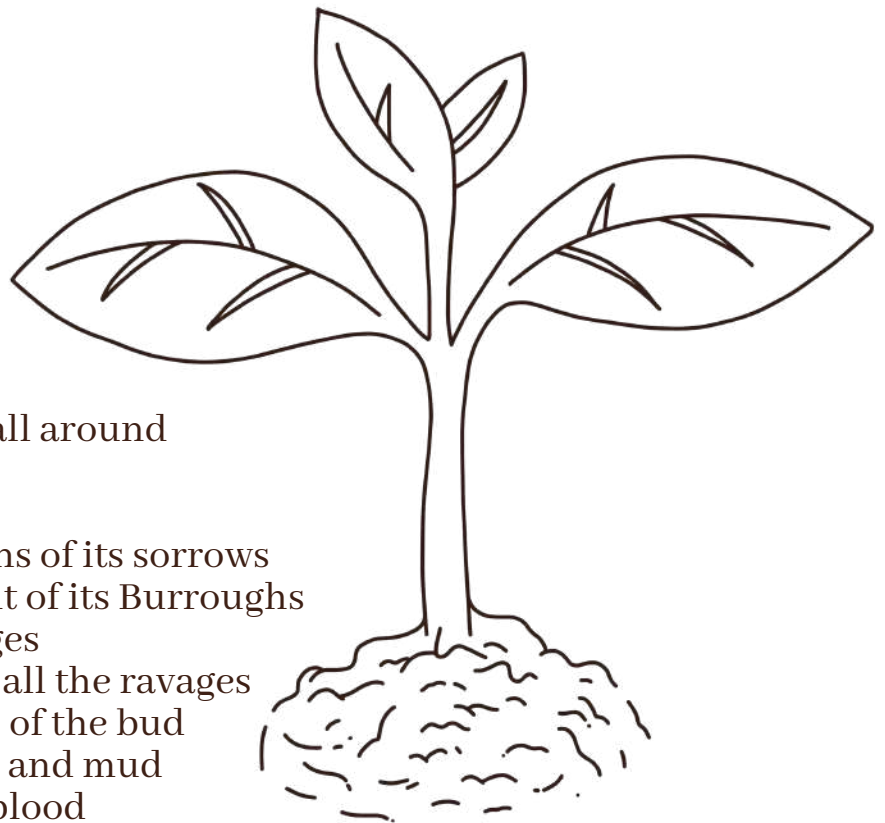
imprinting those words deep in my heart's find.



THE STRIFE OF A BUD

~ *Janhvi Saxena*
CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL,
GREATER NOIDA

A little bud in a deep corner
Waiting for a nod to come over
A wait too great
For the sun to illuminate
Hiding deep underground
For dusk and doom to be found all around
While noise is everywhere
But not a single caring sound
It is getting engulfed in the oceans of its sorrows
Loosing its only hope to come out of its Burroughs
But a ray of hope anyhow manages
And reaches underneath to heal all the ravages
To tickle the strength in the core of the bud
Smashing the bonds of disparity and mud
It labours with all its sweat and blood
In the end, a triumphing shiny sapling is born





A PORTRAIT OF THE OCEAN

~ *Harsidak Singh*
CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL, NOIDA

Tranquil but treacherous
Transparent yet turquoise.
The ocean was chaos caged,
Secrets hidden by its overwhelming allure.

The waves violently crashed
Whispering with hidden power.
A calamity is approaching
Barrelling, straight towards you.

It drags you closer, engulfing you
Slowly and then all at once
Water rushes in your lungs
A silent gasp for a final breath,

You desperately cling onto the sand, with all you have
But it disappears through your hands
Brown pearls of innocence slowly fading farther from reach
Taken by the sea or never even clutched

All you know is that the price has been paid
Childhood laughter and future despair echo in the water
You're stuck in limbo, not truly knowing who you are
Your nativity, stolen from you too young
Your cynicism given to you too early

You'll come up, eventually
Like all the rest, haunted eyes, a ghost among men,
A charred black soul and remorse choking you
Because just like the rest you too opened pandora's box

Who could blame you?
You were unmoulded clay
Carefully sculpted to become
Cruel and callous
Cold and conventional.

THE WONDROUS CLIMB

~ *Shohini Roy*
CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL, NOIDA



She spotted a stairway on top of which,
Shone a golden glimmer;
A path she couldn't resist and began her climb,
Not knowing what lay ahead of her.

Effortless was her first step, so she took a few more;
But she came tumbling back down,
To where she had begun,
Powerless, feeble and burdened with chores.

A prisoner of society and of home,
Trapped in her body and her own land;
No one seemed to appreciate, men let alone,
The magnificent magic of her hand.

Nonetheless, up she rose,
For there was nothing greater than her will,
And yet all these hooded people,
Seemed to push her downhill.

So she asked for a helping hand,
'Change your name and you'll win'
Obediently did she follow,
Nevertheless, was she crushed from within.

Years seemed to pass by,
And she was merely halfway through,
When a couple hundred angels picked her up,
Gave her wings and up she flew.

The power of determination,
The power of a strong will,
The power of unity,
Resulted in the wondrous climb.



IF LIFE WERE A SONG

~ *Tanistha Talapatra*
DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL,
GAUTAM BUDDH NAGAR

A little girl starts to sing a song
Only to stop midway and start another
Her indecisive self doesn't bother
Carefree and dancing along

A teenager starts to sing
Fidgeting with her appearance
Unsure about her coherence
More occupied in what others think

A young woman begins to harmonize
Her self confidence evident in her voice
As she is happy with her life's choice
Has a long way ahead but feels she has arrived

A middle aged woman starts to hum a tune
Busy with her household chores
And making a schedule for all her tours
Planning to buy her dream house soon

An old woman vocalises
Reminiscing the days of her life
Feeling nostalgic of all the delights and strife
Singing and humming till her last day vaporizes.

SHE

~ *Namya Lakhanpal*
DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL,
GAUTAM BUDDH NAGAR



She's the essence of love,
She's too wonderful for admiration.
She's the epitome of elegance,
She's the most beautiful creation.

She has the most beautiful smile
She has her eyes filled with grace,
She has the most tender little hands.
She's an angel to embrace.

She grows up but will always stay beside you,

She'll a bright guiding light.
She'll simply smile and

She'll tell you that everything is going to be alright

She'll serve the house like it's hers despite knowing that

She's not the head
She'll smile even when it hurts,
She'll hide the pain, sorrow and dread.

She makes the utmost sacrifice,
She makes us who we are.
She takes on endless pain and struggles,
She loves to infinity and far

She's a part of my life
She's a part of your life

She deserves all the respect in the world
She's a sister, a mother, a wife...



QUEENS

~ *Seerat Sharma*
DELHI PUBLIC
SCHOOL, GURUGRAM

Our poem starts in 1811
When a woman was a mere possession.
Jane Austen, a maiden of 21
Wrote sense and sensibility,
Her career had just begun;
With pride and prejudice, the patriarchy was broken,
A feminist was awoken.

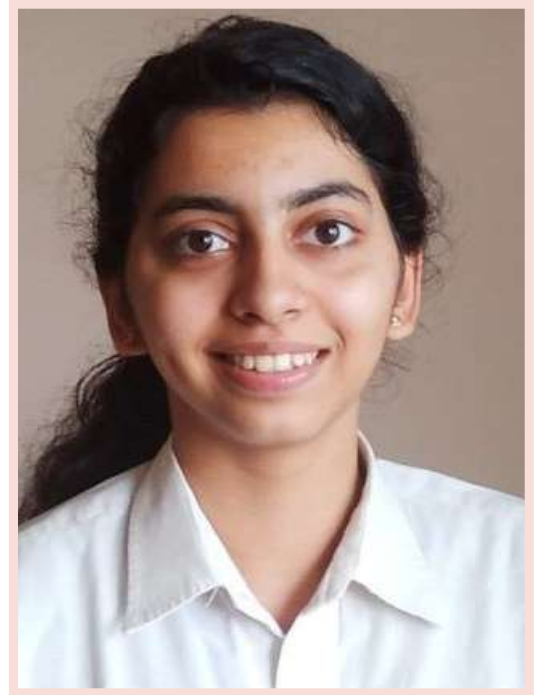
We fast forward to 1920,
When the people were still blind
to the prejudices against womankind.
Virginia Woolf once said, "For most of history, Anonymous was a woman."
A woman kept in the shadows,
Her life work- a misery,
Until Agatha Christie
Wrote books of mystery,
About independent and ambitious women
Just so Anonymous could get recognition.

It's now the present day,
Women have a lot to say;
Enid Blyton, Jojo Moyes and Jhumpa Lahiri,
With hope and courage in their eyes,
Started a revolution
To break the illusion,
A woman is not a mere structure,
She is a rational creature
With thoughts and dreams
All hail, here come our queens!



LADIES OF LITERATURE

~ *Maleika Hussain*
DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, GURUGRAM



Women and literature, a match made in heaven,
Going strong since the dawn of language.
This pair has lasted millenniums.

Sappho sang her Greek poetry in 7th century B.C.
Yet her minstrelsy can be heard even today
She made her mark on the world before passing away.

Then arrived the Bronte sisters- Charlotte, Emily and Anne.
They began their great reign, with unassuming novels and fake pen names.

Jane Austen and Mary Shelley's styles were poles apart
One was a romantic, the other had raw imagination.
Both were established in a male dominion.

Sarojini Naidu fought for India's independence and at the same time,
Wrote poems and prose for womankind.
She was a true inspiration for a whole generation of authors,
From Lahiri to Murthy and Roy to Desai.

The queen of crime ruled in a kingdom of men,
Christie gave us Hercule Poirot, the wise, witty and moustached Belgian.

Every childhood is incomplete without Enid Blyton or J.K. Rowling.
They revived the love for reading
In kids for years and years to come.

Gabriela Mistral wrote boldly, her feminist ideas created many enemies and allies,
Along the way she also won our hearts and a Nobel Prize.

Poets like Dickinson, Li Qing, Atwood and Angelou
Made simple life experiences seem a thousand times more beautiful,
While Morrison and Munro weaved tales about the unknown, the unusual.

Best-sellers, billionaires, women have achieved it all,
But the credit they get is quite small.
Their contributions were many, the awards won are few.
It's time these splendid ladies get their due.

HALO OF THE HIDDEN TREASURES

~ *Srisoniya Subramoniam*
DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA



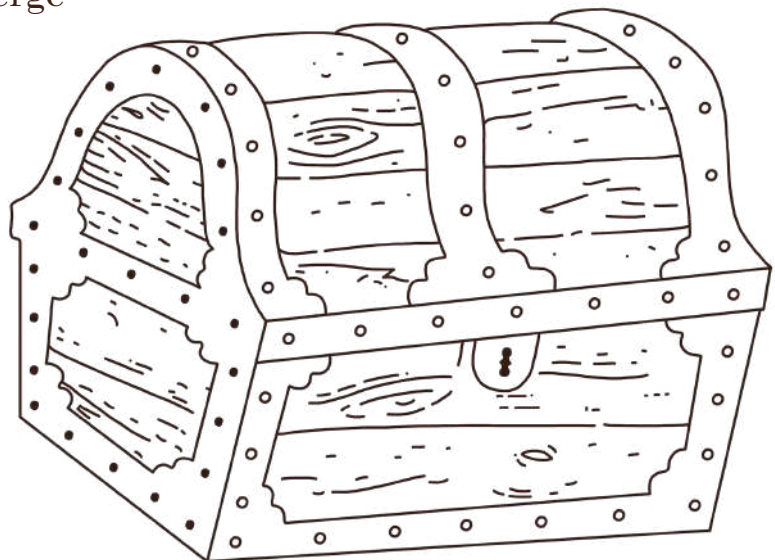
Once denied the right to write
Living under patriarchy, having masked their plight
The world could've lost their treasured insights
Unless, in disguise, they glimmered bright.

For most of history, women were denied
The chance to reveal their true artistic side
They bore the pain of insult and deride
Oh! But it was time to come out into the light.

Lady Portia along with Nancy Drew
These characters of fiction changed everyone's views
Women who were once portrayed as weak
Are now the protagonists, the writers seek.

J.K. Rowling and Enid Blyton's books
Have unfailingly kept us on our feet
Gone long and far to the heights of success
In the past, this for women was not an easy feat.

Keeping in mind that the world has changed
Young spirited minds now shall emerge
Anonymity is no longer the need
In literature, shall we be immersed.





WATCH

~ *Shakya Khatri*
DELHI PUBLIC SCHOOL, NOIDA

“Oh! Mrs. Pigeoncote has fainted again!”
“Won’t someone fetch the smelling salts?”
“The poor woman- I wonder when her bouts of weakness will end...”
“Don’t you know? She’s been like this since birth!”

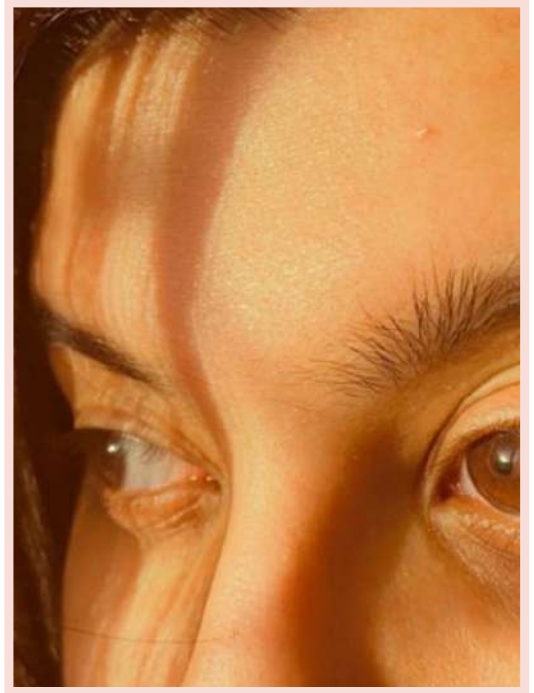
“Did you hear? Josephine the ‘little woman’ says she wants to study!”
“What? Has she gone insane?”
“How will we ever convince a man to marry
A girl, who’s aspirations we cannot contain.”

“Mary of Scots is about to marry her third husband!”
“How disgraceful! Has she no shame?”
“What in the world will the people think
of a woman looking for love to gain”

“You know? Kalpana wants to go to space!”
“Hah! Those are but lofty dreams”
“No one, cares about a woman
Who spends her life studying machines”

Oh ! but watch, watch Kalpana fly
Watch, watch as Mary learns not to say goodbye
Watch there as Mrs. Pigeoncote copes with her health
And watch, as Josephine becomes a writer with wealth.

TRANSITIONS, BLACKHOLES AND DREAMS



I wear these lashes at the edge of my eyes
like an apology.
Each time i feel sorry for wishing
something, i pluck one out
And make it bear the weight of my dreams
As it flies away
into the universe
Carrying a secret.

Scientifically speaking, if an eye lash goes
inside your eye
It naturally blinks and throws it out by
creating some extra tears.
The same way i can feel these eyes
cleaning the surface.
Discarding each dream,
Piece by piece.

The thing about cleaning is that it
declutters everything
And makes space.
Space for something new,
Something fresh.
And most of the times
You do find a new perspective and a new dream
But sometimes,
When you have too much room for new
You cling to the old.
Clutching it by the finger
Until you find another finger to hold.

Change leaves a deep void in you
That you've been Longing to fill.
So you stuff it with all the secrets that
couldn't fly away into the universe.

Someday when you run out of an eye lash to pluck,
And feel sorry that you can't find anything
to caste your wish on,
You become one.
One with the universe where all the
apologies don't seem apologies anymore.
They've got wings of their own,
Waiting to fly back to you but they can't.
Because you're one of them now,remember?

~ *Nityapriya Chadha*
GD GOENKA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, GREATER NOIDA

FROM DARKNESS TO FLIGHT

~ *Kaamya Dutt*

G.D. GOENKA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, GREATER NOIDA

Sitting alone in the darkness
Feeling a little numb
Walls around me like a harness
But still, I do not succumb

For a long time indeed
I have been thirsting for light
How much more should I plead
Is there a reason to fight?

Suddenly, just a little push more
And silently the walls break
Glaring light, I first time explore
Scared yet bold, I am awake

A beautiful heavenly world
Made freshly for me?
I look at myself unfurled
Who am I to be?

And lo & Behold
I cannot believe,
The walls did scold
In return wings are what I receive!

Truffle them a bit
Beads of moisture fly away
Am I ready to catch & commit?
A hesitant jump I display

And my wings talk
I soar high
I, who couldn't even walk
Is singing in the sky

Wondering Who am I?
Down below a little guy
Looks up to me & shouts by
Oh! a beautiful Butterfly



A PYLON TO SOUL

~ *Arshita Sharma*

G.D. GOENKA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, INDIRAPURAM



Nights are depressing,
The folk believe
But the wise owl knows,
What all it weaves.

Wandering in the moonless night,
I caught the sight of something beautiful
It was a butterfly
Just transformed from a caterpillar.

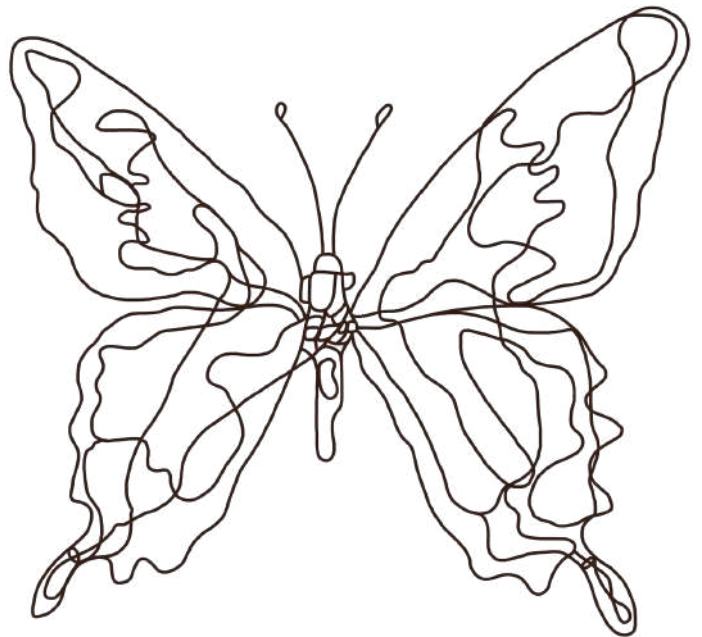
It wasn't something new
It wasn't something strange,
Yet on my mind
It left a deep impact.

A thought popped in my mind
Symbolizing a gateway to my soul,
Since always how many transitions
Have I gone through!

From laughing heartily
To crying without filters,
I wore my heart
Not leaving my feelings withered.

But now I don't smile without a reason
Tears have become a hidden treasure
Having learnt the sophisticated ways of life
I find my own emotions hard to describe.

This is life
Now I realize,
We erratic beings
Keep growing while reaching different skies.



TRANSITIONS



~ *Vidhi Pandey*
G.D. GOENKA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, INDIRAPURAM

Simple-sober colored clouds,
Lightning strikes, clear and loud,
Orographic rains are beauty scenes;
Vibrant picturesquely, fulfilling dreams.

Hyperactive birds and flies;
Overwhelmed flora,
Of varied shapes and size.
Glamorously dawned, sunset vibes,
Smooth roads and swift rides.

Springtime joy; playful colors,
Painting the Earth, our nature's valor.
Extremely sunny, daunting, and heating rays,
Warm climate with humid days.

Autumnal morning, windy type,
Leaves saying heartfelt goodbyes, clichéd hype.

Freezing- frozen white colored ice,
Cold and comfy, winters are nice.
Hoodies and jackets, soft and stuffed,
With blankets and coffee, seems like we're hugged!

Yearly weather, such a melodious rendition
These protrude as my inner transitions.!





SHE

~ *Manvi Chaturvedi*
GYANSHREE SCHOOL

His talons perched firmly
To the Alder branch
The Phoenix snarls, feral, fierce,
She sighs, still chilled inside.

The writer's hair grows longer,
Her feelings grow numb.
Her patience only prolonged,
And her hopes may die young.
She demands a change in the world,
And the world, in her name.
Her quiver of lexemes held back,
By an old man's folktales.

The winged creature suspires,
As she flies above the ever-changing cosmos.
Like a magnificent, forbidden treasure,
Even as she is spotted,
She is declared cursed.

The writer, with her pages of wisdom,
Also roams about in a small lane within these cosmoses.
Alas, recognized only for her flesh and her anklets,
But not what she writes, in those yellow, dusty pages.

They both cry, yes,
The Phoenix and the Writer,
Or as all called them,
The fowl creatures.

Ignorant, they all fail to see her angel wings and golden tears.
They are blind, believing her to be a mythical creature of Utopia.
Some afraid, that her wise and witty eyes can end every argument.
If only this could change.
The Phoenix and the Writer,
She prays for a change,



Not in her name: to fool the bitter world into buying her tales.

Not in her life: to ignite again from her ashes and live a new life.

She prays for a change,
A transition in the world,
To see her reality and power
And as a Goddess.

She is wise.
She is a dream come true.
Every little girl's spirit animal.
She.

THE UNVOICED EPIPHANY

She goes by name of a goddess
With the existence of eternal hands,
Extend power to her uprightness,
On her own two feet, she stands.

Born with grace, a life giver, a magic maker,
A phantom of delight aspiration.
The words emerging on the pages forsake her,
Waiting for some divine inspiration.

Pushing her on one unbreakable knee,
Prejudices against her reign
Indestructible she jumps, jerking herself free,
Moving forward cleaning the dreadful stain.

The societies' restrictions long expire
The spoilt divas behind designer sunglasses and a book
Hiding eyes too raw with fire of desire
Creating multi-layered and complex reality outlook.

The true essence of her being,
It's more than we can ever see.
Who is she?
She is a woman.



~ *Suhani Khanna*
GYANSHREE SCHOOL

PAPILLON

In the age when the reputation of Enheduanna,
was in flames of molten lava
No one could look upon another with vexation,
She burned down every conservatives nation

When the screams of Draupadi,
Lighted a feral sea
I was astray,
But I heard all about it
Throught the narration of Pratibha Ray

Once the news of a murder scatters in mist,
people refuse to trust Miss Marpel,
doesn't she live in a small town of faux marbles?

As said in an elegie of Swift,
"Women like hunting witches too"
My memories float and drift,
and move towards a new society, a new you

Mountains of potential,
Wasted like the drunken men on streets — Who, till date are met with
speeches of deferential,
They joke about our emotions in their office meets

While the music made people swoon,
Virgina Wolf took a turn thrice
And wrote Jacob's Room,
Letting the line of literature suffice

Someone summoned the God of small things,
and they brought joy
and paintings in rows of rings,
Behind a shape that rose — was that of Arundhati Roy

Ten thousand years is a long time,
For them to hold their temper termed vile
And freeze in the moment of a false smile,
Was it any good
When we practiced diffenciate and divide?

Can we neglect?
That we were born as caterpillars in pain,
Nourished and evolved
Through the chrysalis of a thousand Janes,
And the society leveled — its butterfly wings towards the sky



~ *Jigyasa*
INDRAPRASTHA
GLOBAL SCHOOL



THE AMARANTHINE BEAUTY OF WOMEN

~ *Naanya Narula*

INDRAPRASTHA WORLD SCHOOL



“From a daughter to a sister,
She grew and learned to care,
No matter how much he did pester,
She never hesitated to share.
Share the love she got with him.
Yes it was her little brother Tim.

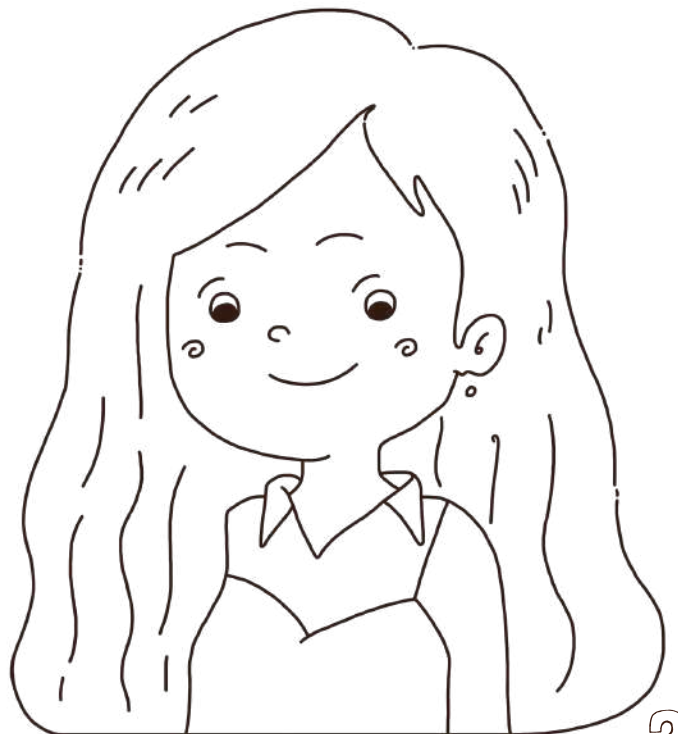
From a sister to a wife,
She stood a little stronger,
In agreements and in strife,
She held onto him a little longer.
Held onto him in sickness and in health.
Yes it was her husband Dowealth.

From a wife to mother,
She felt a little softer,
Her angels’ face with kisses did she smother,
She loved them and their precious laughter.
Loved them to her heart’s core,
Yes they were her kids, Kyle and Eleanore.

From a mother to a friend,
She moulded herself a little flexible,
Promised to protect them till the end,
And cherished them as much as possible.
Cherished every memory,
Yes they’re her family.

This transition never stops,
but when did she stop to breathe,
So she moulded herself again,
To breathe through it all.
To find time and happiness in chaos,
Yes this is her life.

And though she wished a lot from her life.
She never regretted a moment of it.
O! Woman thou name is not frailty!





CULMINATION OF PATRIARCHY

~ *Adwika Vishal Jaiswal*
INDRAPRASTHA WORLD SCHOOL

Women have left no stone unturned,
About their success we all have learned,
Women have suffered a lot at hands of men,
But they pledged to never fall off the glen,
Throughout decades women have struggled to get free from men,
But times have changed now from then.

From earth to space,
Absence of women is not a case,
Many did not believe in educating women,
They were given brooms in their hands rather than pen,
But women's literacy rate is increasing day by day,
Underestimation of women is starting to decay.

But now that women have started writing,
A flame of empowerment they are lighting,
Writings of Adriene Rich is a symbol of struggle,
As in life of Alison Bechdel tragedy juggle,
Pieces of Amy Hempel has humour,
Clarice Lispector pieces on sadness were a boomer.

She overcame everything that was meant to destroy her,
Energy of a women cannot be measured in an ampere.

MAYHEMS

~ *Bibia Maria Biju*
JAYPEE SCHOOL, NOIDA

"I am a poet,
And I am not going to die"
These, were the words,
mayhems upon my mind
twisting, turning
to be heard, Aloud.

Lying awake,
I made a wish
to the stars
to give me the strength
to do the wonders
I am capable of, yet
Forbidden!

In those scrambled pages, on the floor
several unexplored emotions,
rhymes,
poetry lies.
Embracing my scars imprinted by time
I, bounded by the say of patriarchy
am halting this cage of speculations!
like the Wild Water crushing the obstacles
on its way, to the boundless ocean.

My ideas
emptying into an exotic unfamiliar world.
My beliefs
are the seed to upheaval.
My opinion's
Shook the ground beneath their feet.
My battle!
it's against my own breed.
My existence,
is an impulse
racing in the blood of generations.
My experience
rewrote the History, nurtured Literature
and rendered to the Revolution!





MIRROR OF MY SOUL

~ *Khushi Dhir*
JAYPEE SCHOOL, NOIDA

Aspire to be listened
I show a different persona.
Loosing myself little by little,
Only to gain myself again.

The black swan inside of me
Throbbing to reclaim the power again.
I believe in myself
Yet my back hurts
In order to let my wings sprout.

My shadow, I wrote and called it hesitation,
It has never hesitated after becoming that.
It keeps appearing under the stage of light
Keeps glaring at me scorchingly like a heat wave.

Disobeying the hell of a society,
Granting a special pardon to my dream.
Becoming the subject of my own life,
That's always been suppressed.

My scars lie in these pages
Trapped beneath the patriarchy
It must rain, it must pour
To bring my soul back to life.

Lured by the sound of piper's pipe
I bestir, crushing repression and oppression.
Changing the course of literature
I found a new soul, that can see the unseen.

The testimony of my life lies in the rugged pages
Of prancing poetry
That bears the human soul of love and immortality.



WOMB TO THE WORLD

~ *Devkaran Singal*
KRMANGALAM WORLD
SCHOOL, VIKASPURI

When a girl was born it wasn't a moment of sheer bliss
Rather they would be killed with a punch of a fist

They were often termed as weak
But nature didn't make them meek

Women are the starter of the family
But their birth was often called a tragedy

Before women were not allowed to study and expected to hold a tray
Even though in nature the lioness taught its cub how to hunt its prey

During the time women were drinking glasses of insult
Some women writers rose above all odds into the front

Women started to raise their voice
And literature was their respectful choice

Agatha Christie , the mystery queen
Her writings left everyone deceived

Jane Austen's foray into the world of romance
Made her imagination stand up amongst the best
Pride and prejudice taught us to learn from our mistakes and pass the test

Creative mind of women could be stopped but never be destroyed
Whenever it has exploded it has left the world obliged

Be grateful to these great writers
Their extracts would always be aside us

They have carved the path of progress due to their love for literature
Now its our job to keep up this incredible venture



VICTORIOUS

~ *Srishti Chawla*
KRMANGALAM WORLD
SCHOOL, VIKASPURI

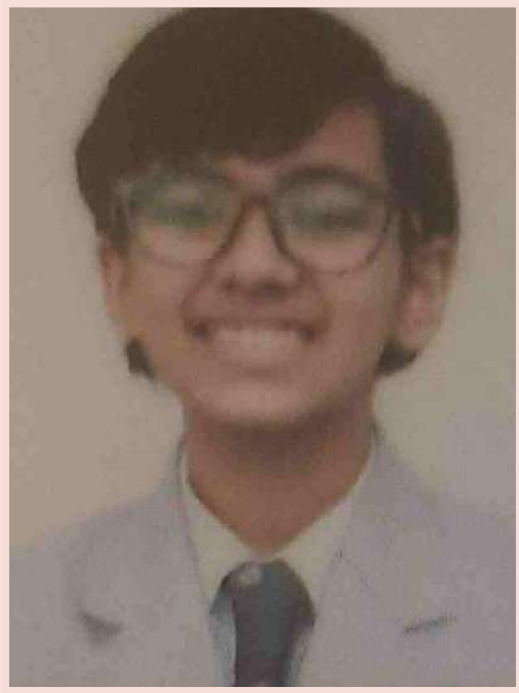
Thoughts that poured from a female tongue,
Seemed unworthy of ears.
The last resort of the womankind,
Was to turn to the pen and paper.

Yet, the pages of the lady,
Were buried under words of man.
It was the era of Middle Ages,
And a patriarchy ridden society
Didn't desire to embrace female talent.

The lady penned the adversities of the kitchen,
With their longing to witness the vast world
Beyond the four walls.
Their protest against their unjust position,
Was the dawn of a remarkable period.

Jane Austen went on to depart the moral
To love without pride or prejudice.
And what would our childhood have been,
If it weren't for Rowling's mischievous tales of Harry Potter?

The seeds sown to escape the throttles of humanity,
Had germinated into a tree of imagination and creativity.
And at last, with a long struggle,
The pen of the lady has emerged victorious.



TRANSITIONS

~ *Suhani Agrawat*

LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, GURUGRAM

My mom once looked into the eyes of my 5-years-old self with rage,
It was my fault; I hadn't picked up my crayons because the show on the
TV kept me engaged
That time, I buried my face in my hands, too ashamed to see mommy
in face
I had been so embarrassed, that memory is hard to erase.

Years later, one fine day, mommy looked into my eyes with pride
I participated in a competition and lost, but to her what mattered was
that I tried
I handed her my certificate and buried my face in my hands, too shy to
see mommy in face
Oh, I had been so happy, that memory is hard to erase.

The Sun rises and the Sun sets
Each day is a transition, one should never forget
A transition is always fundamental,
The ways of this world have always been developmental.

However, some things remain constant, just like the Sun
No matter what, it never has a transition done.
Transitions will always take place outside,
It is the transitions inside you that counts, that is what gives you pride.

I had been on cloud 9, sitting on my grandfather's shoulders
He carried the weight of my 6-year-old self on his aching back. I had
never known anyone bolder.
I created nuisance in the entire house with a wide smile on my face
The memory is so vivid, it is hard to erase

I had never felt so down, I heard the news of how grandpa passed away
His voice echoed in my brain, leaving me with nothing to say
I stood transfixed. Finally, I resolved to change
I treated this transition by promising to be sincere just as he wanted
me to, till my maximum age.
There was silence in every corner of the house, I sat with a distressed
frown on my face
The memory is so painful it is hard to erase

There'll always be transitions, it is up to us to use them
They will help us to become better than before
Or they'll make us suffer more
Whatever the case is, they'll always be in store.



PLUMS AND PROMISES

~ *Aradhya Mishra*
LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, GURUGRAM

The little girl, of seven years of age
Lies quietly in her parents' bed
Convinced that some monster,
Will wrap its bony fingers around her ankles
She stretches her tightrope arms out,
Balancing courage on her fragile elbows
To find the nearest light switch
But it is out of reach, the little girl
Is afraid of the dark.

She has not yet learnt that her arms will stretch farther and
Her elbows will become stronger
Yet they will not always reach the light switch.
The little girl of seven years of age
Lies quietly in her parents' bed
Making up stories
She tried to do it like her grandfather, the way he told stories
As effortlessly as he chewed plums,
She has not yet learnt that chewing plums is not easy,
Those plum pits have cyanide,
For what is a little girl of seven
If not the flesh of a sweet plum, ripened in the sun
Slowly, being eaten away by aphids.

A young girl of seventeen years of age
Lies awake in her own bed
She tries to breathe, quietly,
Convinced that some monster
Will wrap its supple fingers around her neck
She stretches out her trapeze bar arms
Courage swinging its way towards the curtains,
To plug any leakage of sunlight, the young girl
Is scared of the light.

But she has now learnt that
On some days, the sun will be the plum
And on others, it will be the pit, but she
Does not need to retreat into the dark.
The young girl of seventeen years of age,
Remembers the voice of the man in the picture beside her bed,
"A tree will grow inside me now" he'd laugh,

Things have changed now, and she recalls
She has now learnt that our bodies turn plum pits' worth of cyanide
into vitamin
And there are a lot of things still left to learn,
For what is a young girl of seventeen,
If not a curious wanderer, listening to plum pits falling,
Echoing, in her own bones,
Hoping that a tree will grow inside her.





YOUR POETRY

~ *Anvii Mishra*
LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, NOIDA

Blood red asphalt glistens under the rising sun.
We'll beg the land for forgiveness sometime.
But today, we, the nameless spirits, shall rise to make ourselves whole.
And on what offence would you charge us?
Our bodies are already imprisoned in your words, your manners and
your rituals.
Your imagery is trying to paint us in pretty red lipstick. Your poetry is
trying to choke us in fancy corsets.
Your metaphors make me question if we truly are objects. But today,
under the reign of the rising sun,
the swallows whisper and the honeysuckles call to us.
"You the nameless spirits shall rise to reclaim your bodies." We've got
nothing to lose; not even ourselves.
And so, we revolt.
There will be thunder. There will be lightning. There will come a
tumultuous wave.
And finally, under the glory of the setting sun,
We, the nameless spirits, shall write of ourselves becoming whole again.

A LOVE POEM FOR YOU

~ *Kriti Nagpal*
LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, NOIDA



You are like a beautifully written love song
for a coarse voice and a sore throat
waiting to be sung along

Your eyes do not hold in them, the ocean
they are soft and strong and weak and subtle
they represent the world of your emotions.

Your hair isn't the thick trees
swaying and dancing by the breeze
your hair beholds a powerful story
long short straight or curly
they celebrate your ancestral glory

Your lips, they aren't made only for sweet wishes
and pink kisses
they are for screaming and yelling and shouting at the world
for the qualities it misses.

So don't let them tell you
you're not allowed to be a resistance
don't let them define
the magic you bring with your existence
please you are not an ocean or a muse or a dream

You are definitely not an angel that's made tough
you are a soul with a heart
and that
is poetry enough.



LITERATURE AND WOMEN

~ *Ashwika Hans*

LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL,
NOIDA EXTENTION

Literature has witnessed the roles of women
Evolving through ages and ages.
The talent and capability of women
Have led them write pages and pages!

In ancient times women were considered,
Innocent in weak
But their extraordinary writings
Have led literature to its peak!

Literature is the composition of
Novels, stories, drama, poems, describing adventure and
nature
Women such as Jane Austen, Mary Shelley and Toni
Morrison
Have really changed the face of literature!

TRANSITIONS - WOMEN IN LITERATURE

~ *Kasshvi Saxena*
LOTUS VALLEY
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL,
NOIDA EXTENSION



Socially backward, economically inferior. Prim and proper were the women portrayed in Greek mythology women's rights were very limited women promulgated to be disciplined women were blamed for demolition of settlements and death of men. It was unrealistic to see goddesses using their powers for vengeance.

The women of the Medieval times were surprisingly more candid than novice might expect of an era where the ideal of femininity was Mary In a careful reading of the literature of that time, one finds the emergence of women visionary

The theme of superiority of men was the classic genre of Elizabethan. infinitesimal access mere necessity for the procreation process. Modern literature encountered feminist pioneers. Women surmounted and bestowed today's readers with novel perspectives. strong independent female to inspire young colleen.

The revolution was lighted by modern literature This journey accompanied by complexities and adventure.

WOMEN IN MEN'S WORLD

~ *Kashika Kochar*
MANAV RACHNA
INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, GURUGRAM



Writing by women are more than just small writings
they show history through women's lens
they show women's everyday fighting
for us to read their works ages hence
looking at the 19th century

Mary Ann Evans story is two hundred years old
When a girl was born without knowing what her fate holds
She took on the name of George
So that forward she could forge
Her passion for literature leads her to success
And gave all women's social progress

Middlemarch, Silmaril were the best books written by her
Everyone appreciated it whether it was children, madam, or sir
Though she was not beautiful by face
She was far ahead in life's race
An inspiration to all she died as we lost our precious gem
But in her own words I quote
"Our dead are never dead to us, until we have forgotten them"

WOMEN, TAKE A BOOK-STEP

~ *Mahika Kalra*
MAYOOR SCHOOL, NOIDA



She was used and hushed,
Kept for pleasure and their lust.
The bitter truth from ages ago,
Upon women, still echo.

The Medieval words spoke of her
As a thing, from old lore.
She was torn up, between
Virgin Mary and Eve.

Then, came an era
Where the words were not ephemera.
Served her with her longing justice,
To be seen as human, not a thing so helpless.

The book of the city of ladies,
Christine de Pizan's praising's,
For a her without babies,
Broke the chains of child raisings.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet,
Ending with a love of red velvet.
The two lover's tragic quarrel
Led to the start of a lover's approval.

She now stood before men,
This time without showing her hem.
The age of change was here,
And she bade her past self with happy tears.

Maya Angelou's words touched hearts,
Rosa Parks touched the stars.
She watched from the height,
As other hers took flight.

Today, every woman is touching the sky,
Because of their sacrifice.
The generations of women now,
Shall never have to bow.



RETURNING TO MY LAKE

~ *Rajshree Choudhary*
MAYOOR SCHOOL, NOIDA

The lake I see from years ago is suddenly stagnant today,
I fear she's deeper than all that time ago, demonic still.
Inexplicable it is, the water seems darker but lighter yet,
The pebbles I tossed into the water somehow,
Make the same ripples and I am afraid if I fall,
I would never be who I am anymore.
I am terrified of change, the change this lake brings with,
The shrikes that perched on its drowning trees are ravenous,
Mean spirited, dissimilar from the ones who were my friends.
The lovely willows I slept under are of thorns and gracelessness,
And I do not know whether I should dip my feet in.
Do I stay or do I leave?
I knew better than to dive but now that I am in the water,
All the water lilies on the other side draw me in.

I feel blinded of everything around me,
The water surprisingly remains still around my arms.
As soon as my eyes are under water,
My skin goes cold and I feel the sudden touch of grass,
And I am being pulled down by my legs.
I struggle, flail my arms, kick the ground my feet are unable to reach.
I cry and my screams are swallowed by the deep water.
I knew the lake was no more my confidante or my escape.
What I needed now was to surrender to her current,
She engulfed me, her ground guzzled down my flesh as I fought.
But an omniscient power pulled me from the earth,
And when I finally swam to the surface,
I sensed my soul again and my heart resurfaced from its burial.
I saw the willows leaning into the water in all their glory,
And I found myself walking across her bridge to that omniscient power,
With her drowning wisterias in my arms.



WOMEN IN LITERATURE

~ *Shruti Kakka*

NEW ERA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, MAYAPURI

Moon marked and touched by sun
my magic is unwritten
but when the sea turns back
it will leave my shape behind.

I seek no favour
untouched by blood
unrelenting as the curse of love
permanent as my errors
or my pride
I do not mix
love with pity
nor hate with scorn
and if you would know me
look into the entrails of Uranus
where the restless oceans pound.

I do not dwell
within my birth nor my divinities

who am ageless and half-grown?
and still seeking
my sisters
witches in Dahomey
wear me inside their coiled cloths
as our mother did
mourning.

I have been woman
for a long time
beware my smile
I am treacherous with old magic
and the noon's new fury
with all your wide futures
promised

I am
woman
and not white.



WOMEN POWER

~ *Panshul Verma*

NEW ERA PUBLIC
SCHOOL, MAYAPURI



Greek mythology treated women
Merely as sexual objects,
They were looked down upon
And considered societal rejects.

As the Victorian Era dawned
Women wanted to break free
By now, even in India
They had some rights and liberty!

Pandita Ramabai, Mirabai and more
Changed society's outlook.
Mahadevi Varma, Jaishankar Prasad
Glorified women through books.

Women of the 20th century
Are independent and evolved
Mountain, ocean, sports and space
In all fields they are involved

Women have now won
Pulitzer, Booker and Nobel.
But Harry Potter's J.K. Rowling
Needed to be gender neutral.

What more does a woman need
To prove her own mettle?
When will the society accept her
When will the scores settle?

METAMORPHOSIS



~ *Nandini Tewari*
SANSKRITI SCHOOL

Cook, feed, wash and raise
For this were we only made?
No dreams, ambitions allowed
Lower your eyes and drop the pen now

No freedom, it felt like a cage
Of a bird, couldn't escape
Fold your wings and keep them aside
For they will be no use to girls alike

So, what should we do now?
Zip our mouth or scream out loud?
Settle down or fly around?
Pan on stove or pen on the poem?
Fight for the right or be out of sight?

Unspeakables, we are not
Silent speakers, we are not called
Like the phoenix, we shall rise
Flames and fires shall we light



A WOMEN WARRIOR

~ *Vanya Kapoor*
SANSKRITI SCHOOL

In the darkened shadows of twilight
In the annihilated land of hell
Was a woman held hostage
Bound by a rope

And a knife was behind her -
The fiercest of them
For she was the devil itself
To the misogynistic men

It was she who was blamed for all the ravages
She who was oppressed
She who was a property just for procreation
To all the men

But to her
She was juxtaposed by submissive women
She was the most aspiring activist of them
Yet she was killed by the knife for defiance

In our hearts,
She'd be a warrior
Standing out
A symbol for justice, equality in the blasphemous society
To all the women travelling down the same lane, hoping for a better place.



~ *Aaishi Gupta*
SHIV NADAR
SCHOOL, GURGAON

TO THOSE 'PHENOMENAL' WOMEN

What a struggle it is
To be a Muggle,
No 'liquid luck'
When as a Muggle
You are stuck.

Staring at the lonely sky,
And waiting for an owl,
To bear me a Hogwarts letter
And help me leave this Muggle world
For worse or for better.

Sometimes I wonder
About the Sorting Hat
Courageous or Clever
Which one am I?

Might I just be 'Divergent'?
Like Tris or Four,
Troubled by doubts
Circled by shadows
I don't know
Who I am anymore.

Or am I the Girl on fire,
The whistling Mockingjay?
Tireless in battle
Night and day?

I bear my creative weight,
I burn to innovate,
To find my right to write,
And light the fire to liberate.

There was a time when,
For us 'twas a fight to write,
But not anymore ...
As we wield our pens with might.

I am Veronica,
And Joanne,
And Susan.
Here is a humble token
Of my gratitude
To these 'phenomenal women'.

TO HAVE A VOICE

~ *Naina Sardana*
SHIV NADAR SCHOOL, GURGAON

Once upon a time, if you were a woman
It was a crime to have a voice
To write was frowned upon
Women were only good for lowly things
To scrub grime,
To feed their husbands on time
And to birth children;
A needle was better suited than a pen--
That's what everybody thought.

Then change came through words and pages,
As the orphan girl sent away to a cruel school
Changed her life without a man's help
And the woman who declared she never needed any men
Didn't let grandeur and riches cloud her vision of herself,
And the blundering tomboy who chopped off her beautiful hair,
Became her family's most cherished wealth,
While seeking the words to find her own voice

They created history ...
The kind not to be found in books,
And showed us how change looks,
When they take us to places unknown--
Be it the corridors of Thornfield Hall,
The rolling greens of Pemberley,
Or a cozy house in Plumfield ...
Everywhere, it was that voice
They searched for
Hidden within them all.

This is my ode,
To all those women
Who have had it tough
And yet looked for a voice
That said nothing for them is ever enough.



A

PERFECT

LADY

~ *Anushka Malhotra*
SOMERVILLE INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL



They look at her.
An angel they see.
They call her a perfect lady.
But all she ever does is
sit still and look pretty

She wants to spread her wings
She wants to fly
She wants to break her cage
She wants to be free.

She pushes them all away.
A fire is ignited within.
She wants to run, to fly and to cry,
and look them right in the eye
And tell them she's not a perfect lady.
She can't sit still and look pretty.

Now, she breaks her cage.
And spreads her beautiful wings.
She flies high,
In the blue sky
Free from her captivity.

She falls down.
But she does not lose.
She gets up and flies again.
She makes mistakes and falls.
But she gets up each time.
She's brave and witty.
And yes, she is pretty
But that is not her identity.



I AM A WOMAN

~ *Hemaanya Arora*
SOMERVILLE SCHOOL, NOIDA

We are in 1840 and I am a woman
Passive, weak, deceitful, innocent,
Our basic portrayal made and the message sent.
A message too harsh, a message too strong,
A message implying that women don't belong.
I am a woman and I tried to write,
I was faced with nothing but criticism and spite.
I admire those ladies who tolerate those taunts,
I wish I too could write but their commenting still haunts.
I hope to write, I hope for my unspoken voice to be heard,
I hope to free my inner bird.

We are in 1960 and I am a woman
A woman portrayed so wrong,
By those men, who were considered extremely strong.
But now it's time for me to raise my voice,
To make that long delayed and necessary noise.
And so I choose to fight,
I choose to earn back my rights.
I choose to equalise,
I choose to make them realise.
It is about time that we change their perspective
and show our real selves to the whole world,
It's about time that we free our inner bird.

We are in 2021, and I am a woman
A woman who writes,
A woman who recites.
And today I am writing about you,
Nothing fictional, everything so true.
I am writing about how those baby steps make the final product
And how small decisions worked.
Today, I am writing about those who changed our lives,
Louisa May Alcott , Mary Shelley and many more
for what they went through and how it impacted young minds
Because today, I want them to know that their voices did not go unheard,
For today, we have freed our inner bird.

A WOMAN OF HER WORDS

~ *Khushi Jeet*
SOMERVILLE SCHOOL, NOIDA



It wasn't that long ago
When reading a tale from a woman
Was considered an eye-sore
Not so long ago that a woman's dream
Was seen as a rebellion extreme
And not so long ago that a woman's pain
Had never in her own words been explained.

Yet some brave women to whom I owe this freedom
Picked up the mighty pen
And the story of the world
Has never been same again.

It must've taken courage
To call out the injustice
It must've been a struggle
To stand strong against the prejudice
It must've taken all their might
To stand against the winds of time.

But she lived her truth
She knew her worth
She chronicled her journey
She was a woman of her words.

Her mighty words were the winds
That gushed in an era of change
For when a woman read the tale of a sister
One in a similar pain
That pain became force
To demand and take what's rightfully yours.

Women are brave, women are scared
Women are kind, women have secrets unshared
Women are angels, women have flaws
Women are humans after all.

And as humans they have the right
The right to express and to rebel
The right to confess and to dwell
The right to dream and to fly
The right to give ink to ideas and touch the sky.

My freedom to write what I feel
Is her gift to me
For she was a woman of her words
And hence I can be a woman of mine.

Her pen struggled against the friction of society
So that mine today can glide free.



SHE WHO FLIES WITH WINGS OF WORDS

~ Navya Pandey
SOMERVILLE SCHOOL,
VASUNDHARA ENCLAVE DELHI

Enough for her is the power of her pen
She need not carry a sword
She is not on the lookout for sanction by men
As liberty and equality are her rights.

Her only ornament is the power of words
She wears them with profound pride
Her will to express herself is unstirred
Her only objective - to speak her mind.

She is proud, but not prejudiced
In writing down what She feels
Creativity is her glorious gift
In her poetry resides the power to heal.

She burns down all her fears
When her pen is on fire
And through this instrument makes it clear
That sitting quietly is not her desire!

She is Austen, Alcott and Arundhati
She is the Brontes, Mary Shelly and Blyton
She is Christie, Woolf and Chughtai
She is Elliot, Lahiri and Emily Dickinson.

She is a true rebel, an adroit artist
She is the Hope diamond, glittering in full measure
What she produces is not mortal, but an eternal gift
For She is a woman in literature!



THE WOMAN & HER QUILL

~ *Sulagna Moitra*
TAGORE INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, VASANT VIHAR

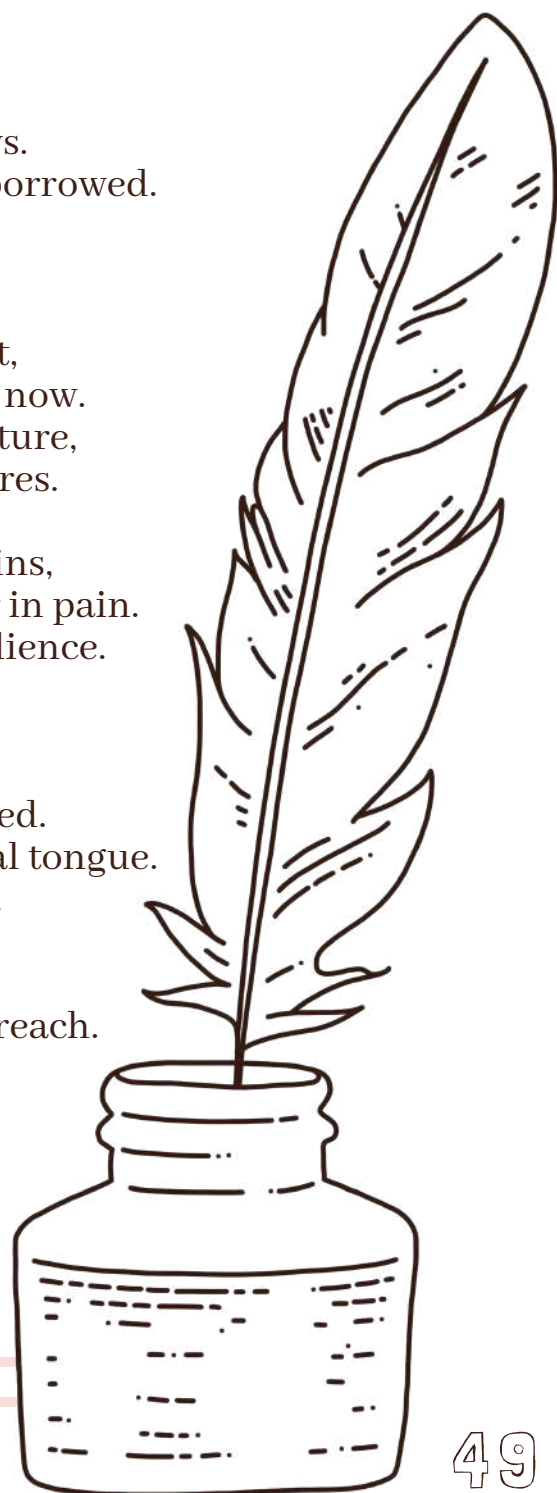
She first wrote about her life, her pains and her sorrows.
Her first words were written with a quill that she had borrowed.
She wrote under a name that was not quite hers,
but her words were remembered all around the world.

Years later she ventured and mused and thought about,
technology and science and the world that she lived in now.
She wrote how it would be to live in a century in the future,
how science would bring new wonders and new creatures.

For some time her ink dried, for her words were in chains,
it seemed everyone wanted to silence her and keep her in pain.
She fought against those zealots, bravely and with resilience.
To truth and to equality, she sought her allegiance.

Today she writes these verses that you read and hear,
telling you that a woman with a quill is force to be feared.
No chains can hold her down, for she speaks a universal tongue.
Her words echo the sound of warning bells being rung.

No genre, no language can limit her reach,
her ink bleeds through all these differences that you preach.
Through the darkness and silence she had emerged,
her words and ink are here to purge.



AN INDELIBLE MARK

~ *Mughda Tushar*
TAGORE INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, VASANT VIHAR



A Time Machine did I get
On the journey of literary past, I beset

In the deep past, I heard a cackle
Women attempting to break the societal shackle

Mysterious Sappho in ancient Greece
Composing despite pressure and controversies

Challenging the Patriarchal bound
Akka Mahdevi and Mirabai generating devotion all around

In the time after Shakespeare,
Jane Austen defining romance in literature

Then I saw Agatha Christie
Weaving tales of hair-raising mystery

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein
changing the game of sci-fi storylines

Louisa May Alcott's "little women"
telling us about love and virtues hidden

Pandita Ramabai and Savitri Phule did I see
Striving to make Indian women free

Inspiring legacies woven through the times
Despite restrictions these women shine

Proving Women to be at par,
is in fact their indelible mark



VINDICATION EN ROUTE

~ *Kabir Dev Mittra*

THE HERITAGE SCHOOL, ROHINI

In the misogynistic society that we reside in,
They can steal my breath,
They can steal my life,
They can dictate me what to do;
But my faith resides in me and my sisters.

One day the era of man will turn to dust.
Patriarchy will turn in his grave.
And women will come out of the shadows to celebrate.
The writers will ink the date to commemorate.
The women will rise and Maya Angelou will smile.

Satan seduced Eve,
Adam ate the apple at his will.
The young females read and wonder;
Why did Eve become a fallen woman?
To voice themselves and to break the shackles of Male Chauvinism,
They write but under a guise.
George Eliot and A.M. Branard become famous names.

Centuries pass and more awakened souls are born;
Like their ancestors they also question why women are forlorn?
But this time the women are rebels.
They write and they question and they present the voice of The Second Sex.
Simon de Beauvoir becomes a revolutionary and needs no guise.

She says even though the sun is set past the horizon,
One day, it shall shine bright.
Me and my sisters who made houses a home,
A man into a husband,
Will no longer celebrate in our houses,
But will go down the street and dance under the moon.

And so it gradually happened,
My sisters and I broke this thick glass of sexism,
And toppled the mindset of masculinity.
As the pillar of the man fell,
From the clutches of nether, women emerged and rose.

Taking every punch in their stride,
My sisters proudly stood hand in hand
With The Pride.
They dismembered patriarchy,
Left no gender and sexual orientation aside.

And so the sun shone bright,
The celebrations resumed,
But this time,
The words of women were printed with their names.
The words of women were also celebrated.
And the words of women were also commemorated.

METAMORPHOSIS

~ *Ishita Duggal*
THE HERITAGE SCHOOL, ROHINI

My past has taught me
As well as my present,
That it's hard to adapt
To unprecedented transitions.

But I've learnt from Rupi,
As she has changed and grown,
That it's facile to stay housed, in our own comfort zone.
That It's safe to follow the society's mundane norm.
But honestly, change, feels much more like home.

I must say, it's not going to be easy for me,
To follow my heart into a full blown storm.
But I trust whomever I'll turn out to be,
That I will metamorphose and reform.

With time, the tides of change will come,
And I shall let them take me away.
And yes, I could just give in and drown ,
But I won't let the pain have its way.

I'll do my best to stay afloat,
And with the wreckage of the old ship that was me,
I'll create an even stronger boat.
'Cause that's what Maya and Emily and Sappho taught me.

So no, I'm not afraid of changes to come,
As those who are reluctant,
are nothing but ghosts.
Instead, I'll show you the powerful,
influential woman I can become.
Into raw energy and beauty,
I shall one day metamorphose.





WOMEN THROUGH THE AGES

~ *Aarushi Menon*
THE INDIAN SCHOOL

When the universe came to be,
Eve was born from Adam's rib.
She was not deemed worthy to be created by Him.

When she wrote her first words, her thoughts and her feelings,

Her quill was taken from her hand.
She dare not possess the power to move the world.

When she stood up for her freedom, an equal existence amongst men,

Her mouth was sewn and her ideas, locked.
The key cruelly dangled in front of her for a lifetime.

History remembers her as a gentle force of life.
Insignificant, and unable to influence humanity.

It forgets her strength, resilience and power,
Her dauntless will to stand up in the face of evil.
It forgets her rise to the top of the universe,
Finally having the world in the palm of her hand.
It forgets her emerging as a butterfly,
Free from the trials and tribulations of society.

History forgets her!



WOMEN IN LITERATURE

There is a certain girl
Who sits beside an archaic fireplace
The burn of its sizzling ashes-
A glassy reflection of the flames in her own eyes
She sits there, listening
To the light mumble of the broken syllables,
Digging a graveyard for themselves
In the depths of her meshed chambers
What her lips hum
Ever so lightly
Are the words she stole, surreptitiously
From her brother's rusted pages
And she weaved the syllables into a song,
The words of which still remain
A hidden mystery.

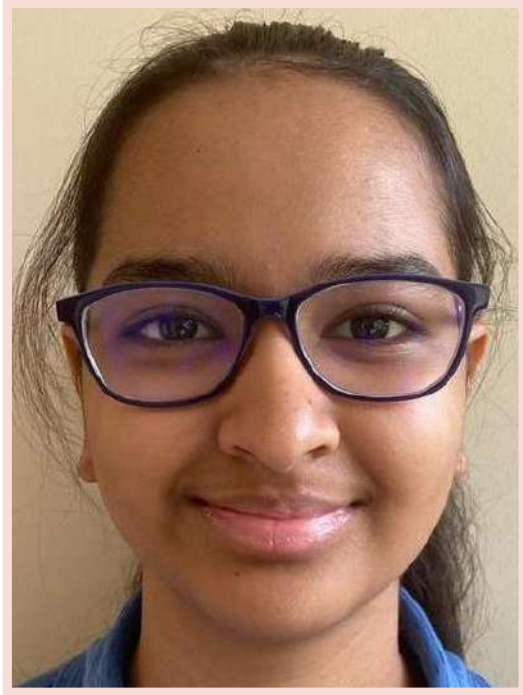
She was almost twenty
When she stumbled upon
The white leaves buried
Under the heaps of dirt
And it spoke volumes of innuendoes
About how she was kept in the dark
Deaf to the languages that screamed at her
Under the moonlit night
And blind to the battles
She had to fight.

Her words wouldn't be like Sappho's
Lost and dead
Revolution sparked in her eyes
A scintilla of another era that was to commence
Her shattered expressions gave birth
To profound stories on paper
Stories that lended a
Rhythm to their beating hearts
Sound to their silent musings
And life to their existence.

"When pain is over, the remembrance of it
Often becomes a pleasure."
I grew up within the enigma of
Austen's mind and the complexity
Of her very soul.
In homes that were built on words,
Feelings and emotions
That had long been buried.



~ *Zunairah Husain*
THE INDIAN SCHOOL



PHENOMENAL

~ *Hoshika Gupta*
THE MOTHER'S
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

Instead of Dresses, ribbons and shiny things,
jewellery, skirts and gold embedded rings
I'd rather wear jeans and climb on trees
feeling more comfortable and at ease

but apparently due to that I wasn't feminine enough,
it's not proper for a lady to act so rough
a woman uses her beauty as a weapon,
with her charms and looks she beckons

I thought with me something was wrong,
I myself didn't feel feminine enough and thought I didn't belong
still, no matter what I did, I couldn't change my mind
found dresses, jewellery, makeup unrefined

but life moves on, so did I
learnt from my experiences over time
I'm a female, doesn't what I like or dislike
doesn't matter if instead of parties I'd rather go on a hike.

whatever style I rock,
you can see it in my walk, the way that I talk
with my posture straight, and my head held high
in my strut as I walk on by.
I'm a woman.
and I'm Phenomenal.

HARBINGERS

~ *Arnav Gupta*

THE MOTHER'S INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL



From spring to summer
to fall to snow,
They waited, waited for the sun to shine on their lives,
For change to show.

The girls weren't taught
to read, write, weren't allowed to be educated,
Taught to rely on their husbands,
They didn't dare speak or become literate.

The ladies were given over
to the ones they had to rely on
for their life, was for serving them,
But alas, a new tree cannot be planted unless the predecessor is cut by its stem.

But these women dared, they challenged,
A wind cannot be stopped- it sways the people, tells them to move accordingly,
A sailor moves respecting the storm, not the other way 'round.
These women dared, they challenged, silently at first,
They read, they wrote,
They watched their work spread under rechristened, different names,
Names which they were supposed to rely on.

Change is taking small steps towards the goal,
These revolutionaries progressed, defied, fought,
Forced to face the wrath when caught,
But they weren't afraid. They weren't.

These bravehearts resisted, they inspired,
and only so much water can be contained in a tank,
before it bursts, scattering the shards of glass everywhere,
glass that cannot be picked, will remain forever,
breaking the order, and establishing another for the better.

There emerged the Austen's, the Bronte's, the Shelley's, the Alcott's, the Gaskell's,
the Chopin's.

They weren't Little Women anymore,
They were Proud enough to break the chains of Prejudices,
The Frankenstein rules of society,
Bringing about the Awakening, and Wuthering Heights of change, North and South.



CHANGE AND US

~ *Tiya Singh*
UTTAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Life awaits new changes, challenges
each passing day new transformations
Not a realm of vestal felicity
can one find in here,

A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world
New transitions,
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain

They make us what we were not, what they will
And shake us with, the vision gone by
A change came o'er the quidnunc spirit
Puissant, enough to teach something

That to repine is ineffectual
much of a nescient act
So, to get grips with the new-fangled metamorphosis
is the only modus operandi to encounter exuberant glee!!!

LIFE'S SWANSONG

~ *Anushka Singh*
UTTAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



A flamboyant sky and an airy deed,
Oh! I can smell it now, an unprecedented feel.
The swift sunbeam on my solemn face,
The withered leaves unto the brimming ground,
Bringing with it, the fall splendour.
But in all joy, what do I see? A military Veteran,
confined to his sorrowful end.
Surrounded by flowers, but the flowers for the dead.
"Such is the nature of it", an eerie voice I hear.
"I am reminiscing.
I am reminiscing.
The time I met my entrancing wife.
The time I held my lad for the first time.
A time that feels so close, yet so far.
My destiny, which nevertheless
brought me a miserable end.
It is not my funeral, but an eternal repose,
of my soul.
With guards of honour and shorts of salute,
All my years unto sheer desperation.
See, my child, everything dies. Everything.
But not thy words, thy deeds, thy soul."
They draped his motherland's flag
on his coffin. And carried it away,
far away.
To a place I cannot recall.
Oh, where was I?
Yes, I was praising,
the delicious but transient joy of nature.

WHY I WRITE

~ *Anand Athialy*
VASANT VALLEY SCHOOL

10 years ago...

I can't control my emotions,
Can't keep them locked up inside.
But my notebook is sympathetic and tolerant,
And so, I write.

I pen down my ecstasy and euphoria,
My anger and frights.
My notebook sleeps silently and still,
And I? I write.

Yes, I have people whom I can talk to,
Friends in whom I can confide.
But none understand me as the paper does,
So I opt to write.

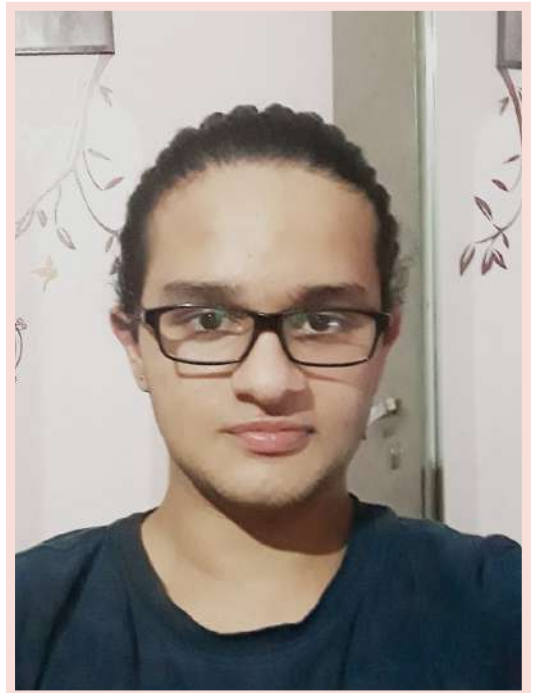
Oh, mortal humans don't get me!
But my notebook's patience is infinite.
And my stories? Boy, do they need patience!
And thus, I am compelled to write.

My notebook keeps several secrets of mine,
But the biggest one I'm going to indite,
Is the secret of my transition,
That I'll tell my notebook about tonight.

Present-day...

"Why are you so vocal about being a transwoman?
Why is that always your books' central theme?
Equality is important,
But isn't this a tad bit extreme?"

"I once was struggling with this change myself",
I tell them, and they go quiet.
"And that is why," I continue,
"That is why I write."



WAVES

~ *Nikasha Manaktala*
VASANT VALLEY SCHOOL



“Thunderstorm”, they cried.
Waves were crashing; clouds thundering.
There was turmoil at sea,
The rushing waves buried them.

Buried them under the ever-hungry sand.
The waves were strong again,
Just not strong enough.
To carry the currents, or the bare men.

Weak. Useless. Slow.
Just as frail as they could be.
The waves were gentle and calming,
But no one understood their beauty.

Destroyed with electric currents,
And changed with dams.
The waves were not waves anymore.
They were power-less, but powerful.

Their sheer determination to flow,
To serve all those who were lost.
Poseidon, was frightened of the waves.
Yet, the waves were fragmented and torn apart.

Centuries later travelers gazed,
Gazed down the memory line.
Wished they had cherished the serene waves.
Now, they were waterfalls.

Waterfalls that could create,
Ponds. Rivers. Lakes. Seas.
Waterfalls that could destroy
And blow out humanity

They rushed rapidly,
Encircling all those who left them.
All those who questioned their ability,
All those who failed to see them, for who they were.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT!

~ *Gauri Sharma*
WYNBERG-ALLEN
SCHOOL, MUSSOORIE



Who would've thought,
That a little girl born in 1882
Would go on to change the world,
By writing in her little nook.

Who would've thought,
That a lady,
During the trying times of world war,
Would come up with a safe and imaginary place,
For the children to escape from.

Who would've thought,
That a woman,
Would stand up and fight against social prejudices,
Empowering others to do the same

Who would've thought,
That a mother,
Could take care of her home
And instigate feelings of patriotism
By writing lines as little as ten.

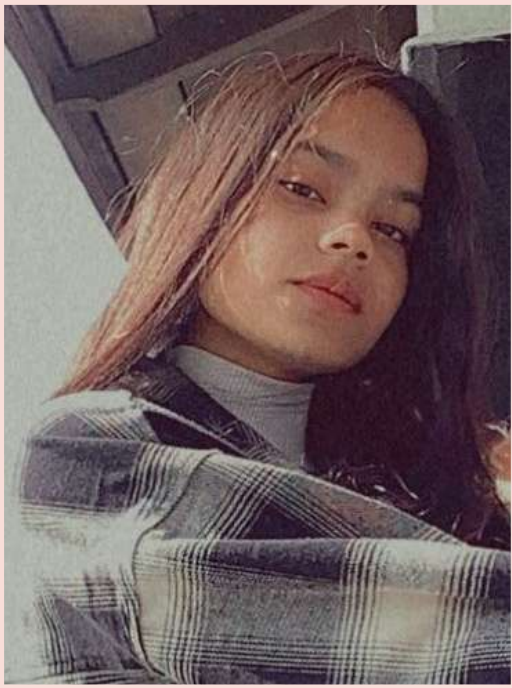
None it seems and that's what everyone thought wrong.

Their names have gone down in history,
For the right reasons, it seems.
What the world is today,
Wouldn't be this way.
If it wasn't for their contributions,
It wouldn't be this easy.

They cried out in pain,
For others to cry of laughter,
And as it is discernible,
Their efforts didn't go in vain.

The power they hold,
Is nothing comparable
And the stories they told,
Humbled everyone's home.

Little did they know,
That young persons like you and me,
Would look up to them,
In their power and glory
And would hope to do the same.



THE REVELATION AND THE COMMAND

~ *Isha Jaiswal*

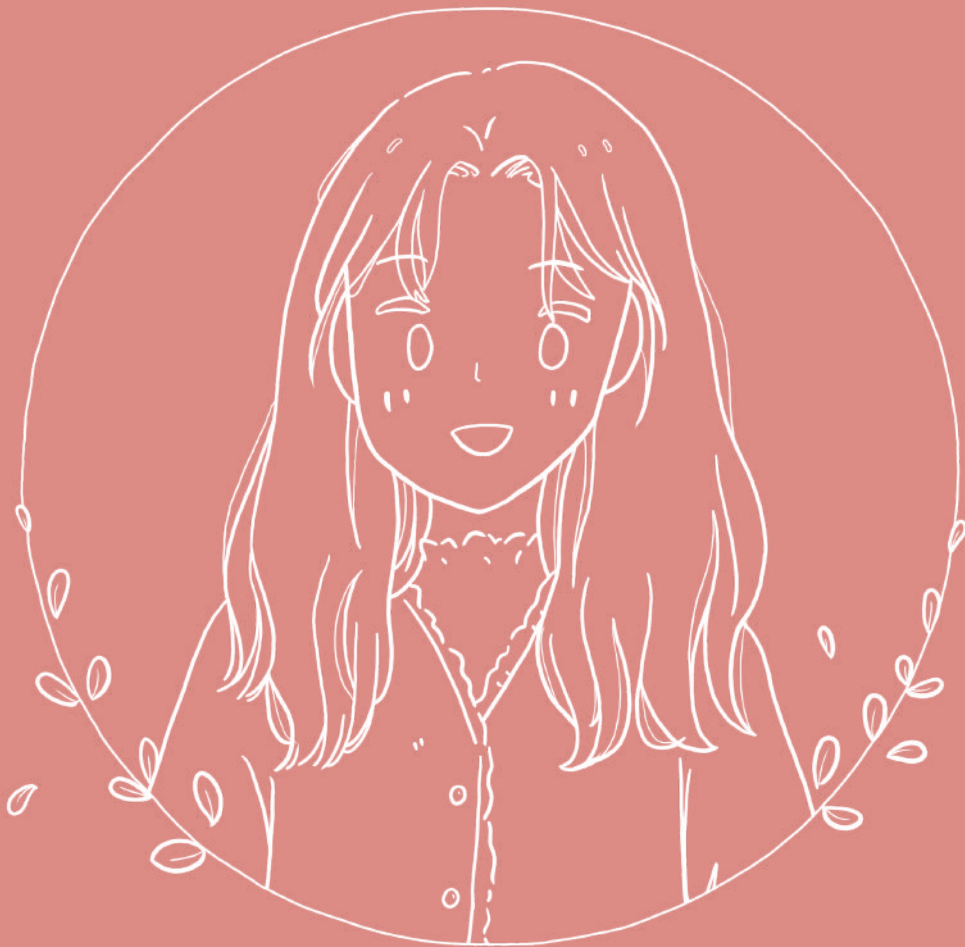
WYNBERG-ALLEN
SCHOOL, MUSSOORIE

Penned down by different names
In secrecy for so long
To make believe and dwell upon
The revelation of what is wrong
Bring forward the sword of wisdom
Take off the lid and write a song
Whose command carried power
Yet, no man ever wrote so strong

Decades of words piled up in paper
The ink has dried a long time ago
No one could erase it then
No one will dare to do so
Voices setting strong figures free
Obliged to provide and bestow
Whose command carries power
That smashed conventions with the inks flow

Aeons have passed like winds
The road will be busier than before
The odds have been ruled out
Come on the streets and break that door
Iris of colour have filled the garden
In this paradise there will be plenty more
Whose command carries power
That own themselves but were perceived as yours!





DESIGNED BY
Aayushi Bikash Kumar