

MAY Issue

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May Issue

The Letter From The Editor:

This month was all about exams, Grade 11 and 12 were busy with their exams.

Prachi & Chitrali

Poem- Putting Together the Broken Pieces of an Imperfect World

No, it wasn't a crash
Just a quiet affair
But the pieces fell apart all right.
Unobtrusive. Silent.
The beginning was lost
In the middle of nowhere.

Now the silence is deafening.
Words reduced to ashes
Swirling in a misty haze
Where eyes once locked in knowing;
Vast confines of spaces
In narrow alleyways of time.

Give me the broken pieces
One by one
I might still make sense
Of the familiar jagged edges.
There must be a song somewhere
In this medley of thorns.

Perhaps a bud or two that
Had just forgotten to bloom.

Mrs. Mayura Tiwari
Coordinator – Grade 6 English Faculty

Face to Face with a Bully!

I was six years old when I first got a taste of bullying.

I used to lay in my bed with a pillow over my head and my brain, well as good as dead.

Why did this ever have to happen?

My head was down and my heartbeat rising whenever you came around!

What's your problem? What do you want?

Every time you made fun of me I tried to run but you still followed me and I felt outrun!

You make people sad, mad and that makes you glad?

Really?

That shows who you are!

You rob people's happiness and make them feel meaningless, lifeless, and numb!

You waste our time making us do things for you but don't you realize how much of a disgrace that becomes for me and you?

You force us to do your work while you still go around being a jerk, troubling people.

Why must you do this?

What do you get out of it?

You never care or dare to apologize to me,

Instead you have literally hypnotized me!

You need to stop doing this!

Just go away,

Don't come back again my way,

So I can for once enjoy a proper school day!

Aryaman Srivastava

Nationalism and Patriotism-

6 am. I stand at my balcony,
Angrily; to loud sounds of
National progressions.
There is a child, running,
With plastic flag to keep
It from sitting still.
Another girl, in a corner,
Wearing Ethnicity; wrapped
In a lehenga and jhumkas.
I stay, at balcony; observing.
Father calls me out.
Telling me to wear mine.
Father, I can't, I tell him.
My walk is antinational
And lehengas are not my thing.
He laughs a "you're-too-young-to-
Be-antinational" laugh.
Don't worry, I say.
Father, I tell him.
I'm bound by two chains,
Stuck here. In white-washed shameez.
My Patriotism is a proud child;
Naive, his rockets took him to Mars.
My Nationalism, a rebel,
With followers hundred and ten. A stubborn brat;
Throwing stones at windows of
Ideas he couldn't comprehend.
He is a sucker, for cinemas,
And standing at anthems
Admiring keeping eyes out for beafs.
My Patriotism sings, in her free time,

For women in help.
But my Nationalism, when ideal,
Protests and mobs, protecting;
Sad ideals alike in fear of them.
But, My Patriotism is a polite child;
A victim bullied by Nationalism
With spears and bloodshed alike.
He renders me in delirium of a condition
Leaving me out of progressions.
Father labels me an antinational,
I don't counter.
As shackles of my Nationalism,
Bind me to this square-spaced balcony;
Keeping my jhumkas in shades of
Ethnicity that someday,
would follow my Patriotism
in lie of camouflage,
Instead.

Mehr Chawla
Grade-12

