

Rajkumar College Presents

Pearls Of Poetry



Letter from the Editor in Chief

Our last editions received much appraise and were very successful. Concomitantly, we see rise of fervour in students for the art of poetry, with a line of submissions from students from an array of classes. Here we present to you some of the poems penned by students of our school, along with articles on great poets like Sarojini Naidu, Alfred Lord Tennyson, the confusion of Malapropisms and finally a crossword.

We hope that students appreciate this endeavour of their fellow classmates and friends, and are motivated to pick up pen and paper and let their emotions describe themselves in glistening, pearlescent verse. It is only by the pearls of the sky, the stars, that the night sky is given its heavenly attributes. Each poem written is also like a star, twinkling and glowing in the pitch sky, giving someone on earth a celestial object to gaze at and incite wonderment, all while humming a celestial tune into the fabric of the universe.

Tanveer Bhamra
Editor-in-chief



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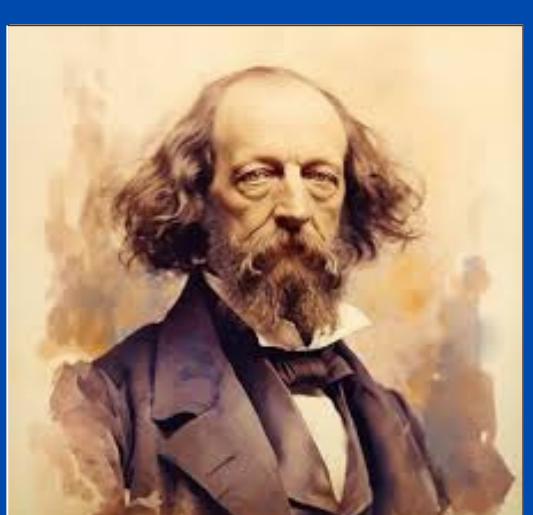
Tribute

Alfred Tennyson

Poet of the Month

Lord Alfred Tennyson was a famous Victorian-era poet known for his lyrical style and vivid imagery. After the death of his close friend Arthur Hallam, Tennyson fell into deep grief and remained silent for ten years before publishing again. His work often explored themes of loss, nature, and faith. While Tennyson is sometimes criticized for being overly sentimental, he also showed progressive views for his time, such as advocating for women's rights in poems like *The Princess*. Tennyson was also extremely reluctant to show his poetry and revisions to anyone during his famous "10 years of silence" where he did not publish anything. Today, Tennyson's "The Lady of Shallot" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" are some of the most cherished pieces of poetry from the Victorian Era. Though Tennyson's poems were written over a century ago, they are more than relevant today, as his themes of isolation resonate with the loneliness of the youth of the digital age. A sample of his poetry includes -

- Shubh Khatwani



Alfred Tennyson

**No time hath she to sport and play:
A charmed web she weaves alway.
A curse is on her, if she stay
Her weaving, either night or day,
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be;
Therefore she weaveth steadily,
Therefore no other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.**

-An extract from Lord Alfred Tennyson's
"The Lady of Shallot"

Sarojini Naidu

Pride of India

Prominent Indian poetess, freedom fighter and politician, Sarojini Naidu, whose voice echoed in every person's heart, was a tigress in the pre independence landscape, who kept the torment of the British at bay utilising only non-violence and powerful oration. She thus played an instrumental role in the independence of the country. She gave voice and words to the plight of Indians through her works. Naidu's literary work as a poet earned her the epithet "Nightingale of India" by Gandhi because of the colour, imagery, and lyrical quality of her poetry. She challenged the British by infusing elements of British Romanticism with raw and charged Indian Nationalism.

Sarojini Naidu was a prolific poet whose volumes of poetry included The Golden Threshold (1905), The Bird of Time (1912), and her collected poems, published as The Sceptred Flute (1928) and The Feather of the Dawn (1961)

Here I include an excerpt from her poem "In the Bazaars of Hyderabad" India.

- Dhimahi Kotecha



Sarojini Naidu

**What do you sell, O ye merchants?
Richly your wares are displayed.
Turbans of crimson and silver,
Tunics of purple brocade,
Mirrors with panels of amber,
Daggers with handles of jade.**

**What do you weigh, O ye vendors?
Saffron, lentil, and rice.
What do you grind, O ye maidens?
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.
What do you call, O ye pedlars?
Chessmen and ivory dice.**

The Change!

- Dhimahi Kotecha XI D

Changes have come since I have started growing, Lots of thoughts keep on flowing. Staying in my mind; not going. Making all my time boring.

This change I am not able to bear, Because of this I am always in fear. I want to accept the

change But the fear doesn't. I want to take this fear out, But how can that be?

My mind is like a forest in which I am lost, Making my presence feel like a ghost.

Always

overthinking about this change, My thoughts remain in a range.

Life - Khushi Sao XI E

Darkness in soul,
Surrounded by light
Is this called a life?

A question arise, when everytime I rise.
I search for a place in moonlight
Where somebody could hold my hand and say
"You will be alright."

But I forgot It's life
Each one of them, behind you with a knife.

Edge of Childhood - Ayushi Sethia XI D

Childhood felt like endless skies:
Running wild; there were no ties.
Summer breeze; laughs were cold.
Dreams, whose reality was unknown, were as soft
as cotton clouds. I lived in moments, free
and bright:
Not a shadow; just pure light.

But now I stand in teenage shoes
With heavy thoughts and tangled views.
No more chasing butterflies:
It's deadlines, pressure, and silent cries.
The world expects; the world demands
And now I feel its weight, which makes it tough to
stand.

School days fade away; slipping fast:
I thought those times would always last.
The hallways echoed with our glee,
But now they're filled with "Who will I be?"
Goodbye to carefree lunchtime talks
And aimless after-school walks.



The future is knocking on my door, But I'm not
sure what it's all for.

Childhood looms with big decisions,
But childhood held no such divisions.
There, I was safe, wrapped in the now.
Here, I am lost, still trying to figure out what and
how.

Yet in the tension of this fight,
I'm growing wings to take my flight.
The best days end — it's true and clear,
But maybe there's more waiting near.

Though childhood fades, and the golden days must go. I'll
face comes – I'll learn, I'll grow.



Apterous - A.C. Noir IX

She lies in the garden with her dress and bows:
All she can wonder is what the sky feels like;
What having wings could be like.

She hopes to know how having a voice can feel and plucks the flowers
with her “delicate”
hands.

The girl could only wonder what flying could feel like, as her wings were
“never there”.

The collection of flowers gripped by her hands is pulled away by a
creature of wings.

She plucks some more, they are pulled away again, because apterous
creatures aren't made
for show and tell.

She found a way to pluck more flowers but all she can do is pull them by
hand, because
apterous creatures must not work by mechanics.

All she can do is look pretty
With a hollow mind and a heavy heart. Where no one truly knows what
her moulding is like

Where no one knows where her wings are,
Because they must not be found, Otherwise, apterous beings could really
fly.

All that's left of them is the scars of the wings that were once there;
And all she can believe is that they were never there.

Perceptions of Perfection

- Madhura Sood XI A

You can write for hours, and hours,
About all the things you wish you could be,
But the truth of the matter is simple,
People are not poetry.

It's fine to be rough around the edges,
To be brushed up, broken, and scared,
But it's not right, to let people tell you,
That it's a reason to change who you are.

It's fine not to know what you are doing,
Since your feelings don't have to all rhyme,
Though a poem once complete, is eternal,
You have the freedom to change overtime,

You can't be trapped in the lines of a
notebook,

Because people are not poetry.



Gaze at the Flowers

- Yaduvarthan Bansal XI C

Gaze at the flowers, so bright and fair,
In a green field, they dance in the air.
Their lovely scents bring joy to my heart,
But one day – Alas, they will part!

Petals will fade and colors will change,
As seasons pass, life will feel strange,
Yet in their beauty, we find delight,
Moments of joy that make our day bright.

So let's enjoy them while they are here,
Treasure each bloom, hold them dear
For every time they've gone from view,
The love they brought will forever stay with me, or you.



The Chair beside the Fireplace - Sanjeevni Shukla VIII D

There is someone I'd like you to meet—

So gorgeous and sweet.

She lives in a comfy house,

Which is beautiful inside out.

She has a habit to heal her heart,

Now she sits beside the fireplace and spills her heart,

To an empty chair, or soul who is her mate,
To never be judged, the friend is so good at art.

He is an unknown, a soul so grown,
Divine at heart, he is the one good at art,
The art of listening to her, whenever she is down,
He's been with her with every up and downs.

One day she lost him too,
To an unknown place, down in the meadow,
He kept walking away, with no reason to say!

She was all alone;
Had her heart shattered like broken glass once again.

Now she's gone crazy,
She sees him again.

Just where he used to sit,
On the chair beside the fireplace.

Nobody understands her, nor do they want to. She is in her own
world, a world of
fakeness, she is retarded, but it's not like she can say how she felt
the great
betrayal!

Paintings on the Street

- Shubh Khatwani IX E

Walking by, paintings on the street I saw.

None of them I could ever draw —

From an idle man sitting on a beach;

To a little girl eating a peach.

I look at them and I wonder

If these people are still alive.

I look at them and I wonder

Whether they are in paradise.

Who knows their story,

Except these paintings of lost glory?

Where did they live? What did they do?

Were they even properly bid adieu?

They don't know I exist,

I think about them.

They don't know I exist,

Yet, how many such thoughts have passed through such men.

Yet, they are here, smudged in oil and paint.

Yet, they are here, just a little too faint.

They were created by an artist, but immortalised by another. Their
body dies, but their
thought lives further.

Yearning for What Was

- Khushi Baid XI D

I remember the chilly air that touched my face
And the butterfly in my stomach when my sister pushed the swing a little
too high.

I remember the dirt on my feet when we played ice spice.
The anticipation when we only had one uno card left,
or only one more city to make a set.

The rush we felt while playing hide and seek,
And learning new skills every week like skating, skipping and chasing
new dreams.

The stunts we used to pull on our tiny little bicycles,
And the wounds we'd hide from our parents, like little secrets.

I remember the days when only the parents had mobiles –
When the two minute talks were our only mode of communication.

Now,

All of us hold our own smartphones,
But somehow, we are further apart than we were before.

Now our conversations consist of memes and reels;
The connection somehow lost—fading, fleeting.

Now, our whole life is online,

But something still feels incomplete.

We yearn for the connection and the company we had,
That somehow we lost between time and screens.

We grew up, but maybe we didn't.

We all lost something we never knew we needed.

POESY - Anubhuti Loonawat XII B

All I see is green and white
While musing I retire for the night,
Though darkness covers my eyes.
It's that deep brown that keeps me in the light.
My mind fixated on that chocolate color, warm –
Yet I am lost in my thoughts as if it's a norm.
Alas it's far away, my dream;
All I want are those colors, I see.

no, no, NO!
Don't make my boat row
Away from its destiny; Its fate
Don't make me realise it's too late –
Too late to dream about colours, about peace,
Because peace is too far away
And I won't see these shades without Breaking each into a piece,
Because those pieces aren't here – no way.

I wake up, drenched in sweat and ecstasy.
Reciting in my head like poesy,
those moments, filled with color, warm,
But now that they exist no more, there is a storm
Of emotions, of longing, of hurt.
I'll try my best to make sure they convert
But till then all I see is green and white.
While musing, I'll again retire for the night.

Echoes of Unlived Lives

- Rajnandini Singh XI B

In the corners of my mind, they wait
The lives I never lived, the paths I hesitated to take,
 The roads I left behind, the dreams I'd lose.
What would I have been, if I had gone that way?
 Would I be happy or lost in dismay?
 A thousand questions left unanswered,
 A thousand words, left unspoken
 My mind full of doubts;
 And my heart full of regrets.
Sometimes I wonder and it makes me sigh,
 The lives I didn't live, the reasons why?
 Perhaps in this silence, I am free.
 A single thread, in eternity,
 But still, I wonder what I'd see
If I had lived the lives that could have been.

The Golden Buzz Era

- Shreya Banjare

Laughing loud, we share the day;
Chasing dreams, and fun at play;
In every class, we find our way;
Together here, we'll always stay.

From every class we skipped;
To the times we were sick;
The dreams we lived in;
The place called “BOARD’IN”.

The night-talks with my friends,
After the day ends.
At present, the time spent,
Will never ever come again.

These days are Gold,
These memories unfolding,
Can't be sold;
Are priceless and untold...



Memories - Garvita Singh XI F

We all were teens,
And we met in ninth,
But hardly talked; only sometimes,
Not knowing, that we will become friends after some
time.

We all were young
With foolish minds.
Laughing and giggling
At meaningless jokes,
Unbothered about the time that goes by.

Skipping class,
And bunking the lectures that bored us
Was definitely bad, but we still did those.

We forgot that time flows,
We were left with few months at the end of the course;
Deep down in our hearts we knew
That we will never meet soon.

I am happy at the end
For the unforgettable memories I own,

The One Who Flew Away -

Anahita Kapil XI F

The bird flew away to test its wings,
To explore the world, to see new things.

His hope leaped up high,
As he dreamed to claim the sky.

He flew until his dreams came true,
And through these experiences he learnt
Everything now he knew.

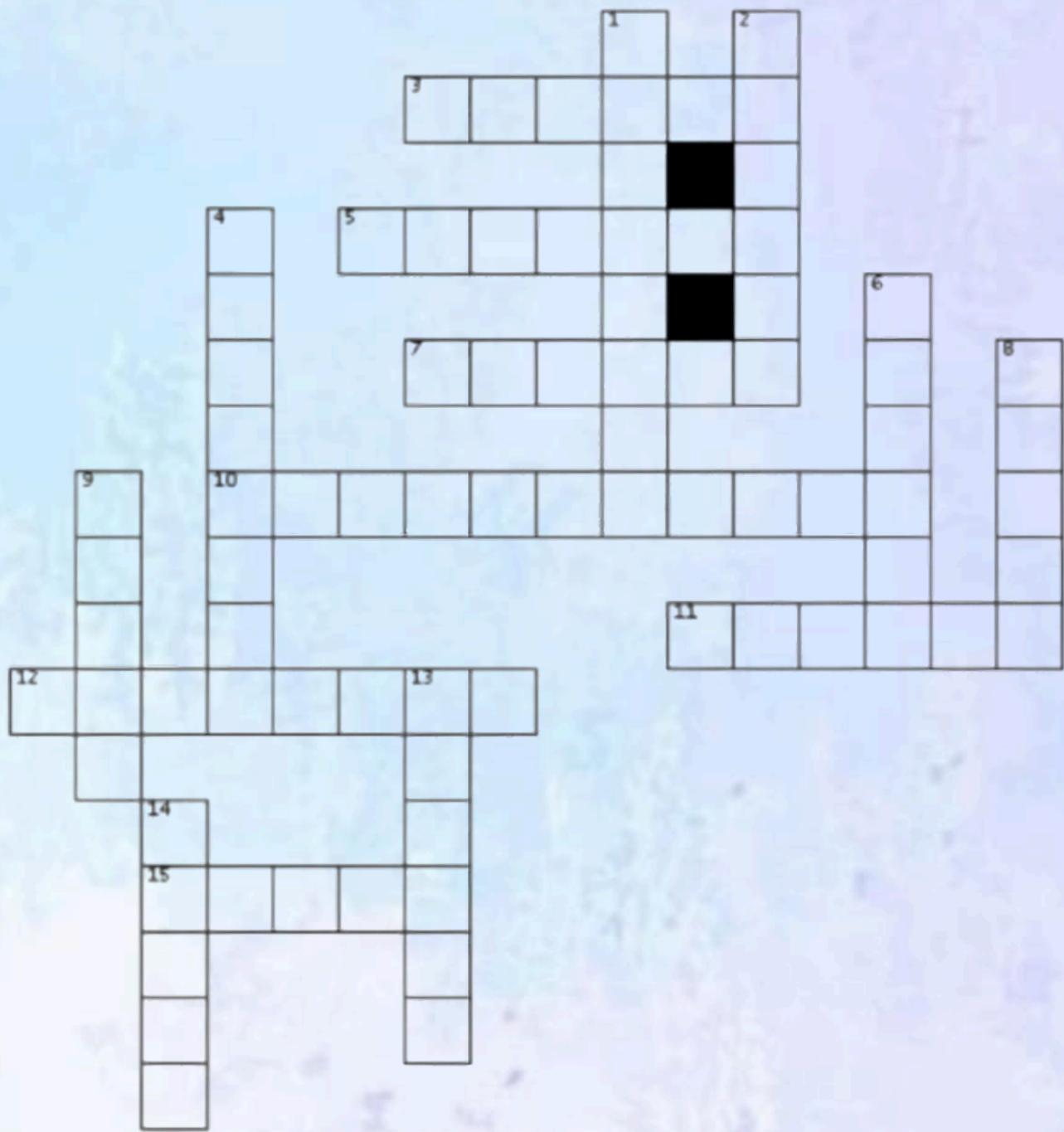
He flew to the wondrous bond of light,
Where he found everything to be lustrous and bright.

He danced and he twirled,
For him there was no ending to the wonders of the world.
And when everything seemed right,
He experienced a sudden sink to his glorious flight.

His heart no longer roared,
His tired wings and feet now soared.
And all bruised when he longed home,
He realized that he was all alone
And he had flown too far to be known...



Poetry Crossword



ACROSS

3. Indian poetess known for her versatility, poems showcase feminism in her tone, she also got featured in one of Google's doodles in February 2018
5. African-American poetess and Civil Rights Activist, used the themes of loss, music, discrimination struggle, and pain.
7. Indian poet, writer, composer, playwright, and philosopher explored the themes of love, loneliness, women, nature, and humans prominently.
10. Group of poets who used sonnets, to depict the theme of love, beauty, and classical allusions, used empty and traditional verse, along with expressive language.
11. Literary artists from this era used allusions, idioms, new rhythms, realism, fragmentation, unusual word order, and even free verses.
12. American poetess, scholar, and essayist showcased the themes of feminism, oppression, social justice, and politics, in her work "Driving into the Wreck" which is her most well-known work.
15. Irish poet, won the Nobel Prize in 1923, one of the founders of "The Irish National Theater Society"

DOWN

1. The Greek mythical muse of heroic and epic poetry
2. Theme of poetry which depicts beauty, uses imagery, allusions, and illustration, along with cultural and seasonal references, and connects humanity to wildlife.
4. was a poet, painter, and translator who was also one of the founders of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood"
6. an English poetess, poems depicts vivid imagery, lyrical prose, Gothic themes, and the themes of love, loss, the afterlife, isolation, and spirituality best known for her only novel Wuthering Heights.
8. A British Nobleman, was one of the Major figures of the Romantic Movement in Europe.
9. Irish poet, playwright, and author known for his vivid, witty, ironic, and satirical style of writing, was famous among kids.
13. Father of modern Indian English poetry, Padma Sri recipient
14. A poet from the Tudor era, who introduced sonnets into the English literature.

Malapropisms

A malapropism is the incorrect use of a word in place of a word with a similar sound, either unintentionally or for comedic effect, resulting in a nonsensical, often humorous utterance. It takes roots from the character of Mrs. Malaprop from Richard Brinsley Sheridan's play *The Rivals*, who speaks other words having a different meaning than intended by her but sounding similar. Here we present how a conversation between Mrs. Malaprop might go for a person in poem form.

“Good Morrow, my dear! I trust you are quite well,
I've just been to the market to buy some fresh smell—
I mean, fresh fruit! Yes, that's it, indeed,
And I hope you'll agree, it was a most productive deed.”

“Oh, Mrs. Malaprop, it's lovely to see you today,
But did you mean 'fresh smell'? Was that just a stray?”

“Ah, my dear, I've no time for such trifles and squabbles,
For the weather's so temperate, it gives me the bubbles!
And speaking of bubbles, I've been to the mall,
Where I saw an old friend, a great linguist, too—oh, what's his name?
He's known for his pantomime, yes, that's the game!”

“Do you mean 'pantheon' or 'pantomime,' Mrs. M?
A linguist, you say? Or perhaps he's a gem?”

“Ah! 'Pantheon'—that's it! Or, no, 'pantomime,'
A very impeccable man, with most sublime rhyme!
And he said, 'The world is but a stage for all,'
Which reminds me, you must hear my cousin's grand ball!”

"Your cousin's ball, Mrs. Malaprop? Do tell,
Will it be quite a sight, or a grand carousel?"

"Oh yes, it's a grand calamity! So much tactile fun,
The guests shall all balloon till the night is done!
And the food! I've ordered the finest meatloaf you'll see—
With, of course, some plutarch to garnish, so tasty and free!"

"Plutarch? You mean 'platter,' or perhaps 'platypus,'
For plutarch's a thinker, not something to discuss!"

"Yes, yes, you are absolutely correct, my dear friend,
It's just that my mind does at times comprehend
Things a bit wrong—oh, what's that word I'm trying to say?
It's the opposite of contradiction... antipathy, that's the way!"

"You might mean 'sympathy,' if you care to know,
For antipathy would give a very cold show!"

"Ah, yes! Sympathy, my most heartfelt thanks!
Sometimes, my thoughts seem to travel in ranks!
But let us not flounder in this conversation,
For life's but a journey of joyous frustration!"

"I think you mean 'fluctuation,' Mrs. M, you see,
But your words always bring such joy to me!"

"Well, darling, I flounder in the best of ways,
For my misunderstandings are all the rage these days!"

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