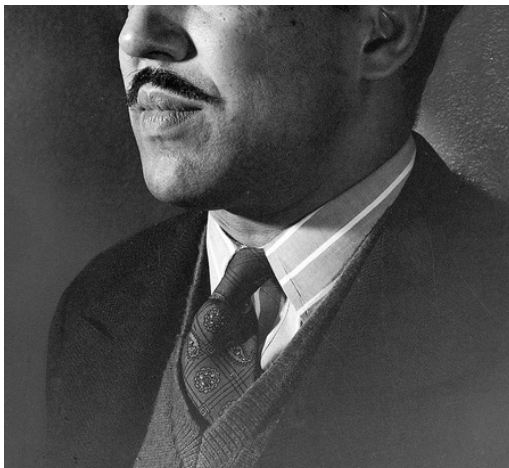


# Quill's Will

Quill Loom : Weaving Poetic Threads

Volume 7  
Issue 3





# Acknowledgements

As we unveil yet another edition of our college magazine, we are filled with gratitude and enthusiasm for the creativity and dedication that have gone into its creation. In this vibrant compilation of poetry, we celebrate the power of expression and a spectrum of emotions and hues that come alive on every page. Here, we would like to extend our gratitude to all our well-wishers

First and foremost, we thank Dr John Joseph Kennedy, Dean, School of Arts and Humanities, whose vision and leadership have played a pivotal role in fostering an environment of creativity and innovation. Our heartfelt appreciation also goes to Dr Anil Joseph Pinto, Registrar, whose expertise has been invaluable in ensuring the smooth coordination of various aspects related to this magazine's publication. We are grateful to Dr Shobana P Mathews, Head, Department of English and Cultural Studies, for academic insight and encouragement that has inspired countless students to explore their talents and contribute meaningfully to this magazine. Furthermore, we extend our thanks to the dedicated coordinators, Dr Joseph Edward Felix and Dr Sreejith D, who have worked tirelessly behind the scenes to bring this magazine to fruition.

We also extend our appreciation to all the contributors whose commitment to sharing their voices and vision made this magazine a treasure trove of emotions, and inspiration. A special word of gratitude goes to the entire Quill's Will Team for standing in unity and bringing out the best version of this edition. Last but not least, we express our heartfelt appreciation to our readers whose engagement and curiosity fuel our desire to continue delivering fresh and thought-provoking editions each month.

Thank you,  
Team Quill's Will





# Foreword

Poetry, like the natural world, merely appears unedited; and that's the beauty of it. If it appeared otherwise, there would neither be hope nor tomorrow. Very much like the speculations on creation, the purpose of poetry eludes every cut-and-dried method of exploration. Those who desperately look for an answer are themselves not poets. They either teach poetry or write about it. And they should not be taken seriously. As Rainer Maria Rilke writes to Franz Kappus in *Letters to a Young Poet*, "Nothing touches a work of art so little as words of criticism: they always result in more or less fortunate misunderstandings. Things aren't all so tangible and sayable as people would usually have us believe; most experiences are unsayable, they happen in a space that no word has ever entered, and more unsayable than all other things are works of art, those mysterious existences, whose life endures beside our own small, transitory life."

In a perfectly parallel mode, it can also be said that no discourse on grief can make one undergo it. And knowledge of figures of speech won't make one a poet, for poets are not made. Poetry appears when the primal word collides with a primordial tribe. Here, one is not alluding to the "accidental tribe" that calls itself "poets" (the writer calls them 'versifiers') and claims to "manufacture" "poetry", for poets don't network; hyenas do. They roam in clans and don't miss any chance of gnawing at any carcass in sight. Since poets are not made, one wonders what it is that this tribe makes - a coterie of imposters, meddlers, brokers, or "deluded innocents"? The Athenian philosopher may have misconstrued one as another, but approach with a tremendous sense of empathy and you'll see that his intentions are not quite misplaced. If he had believed that poetry strove for truth (*aletheia* in ancient Greek) and not *doxa* (popular opinion), he would not have dragged poets through the desert of dialectic, which clings to a problem doggedly to its "indubitable end". Maybe he met Socrates too early. How one wishes he weren't caught in the crossfire of history (for it is poetry and not history, which humanises time by turning it into moments) and harbours a desire instead to meet the version of Plato before he consigned his poems and plays to flames! Maybe he met only the representatives of the "accidental tribe", who roamed, from polis to polis, in clans. Perhaps, the telos of his dialectic were not redeemed by the pathos of life.

However, this issue of *Quill's Will* is quite redemptive in this regard. It does not inflict discourses on poetry but witnesses the intimations of "something that wished but knew not how to be" (Savitri, Sri Aurobindo). Is it not poetic!?

Dr Bidyut Bhusan Jena  
Department of English & Cultural Studies  
Central Campus



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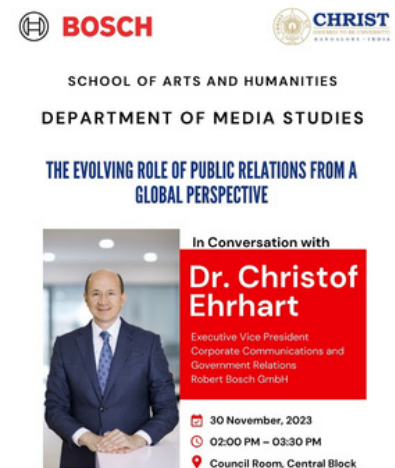


# Newsletter



The Department of Psychology, CHRIST (Deemed to be University), is organizing the “Brain & Behaviour Conference 2023”, a national conference on themes like genomics, neuropsychiatric disorders, neuropsychological rehabilitation, MRI, brain pathology, and many more. Dr. Sanjeev Jain, Dr. John Evans, and Dr. John P. John are invited as the keynote speakers for this conference. It will be held from 14th to 16th December 2023 at the K.E. Auditorium, Central Campus.

The Department of Media Studies, CHRIST (Deemed to be University), hosted a talk in collaboration with BOSCH. They invited Dr. Christof Ehrhart, Executive Vice President, Corporate Communications and Government Relations, Bosch, to address the gathering on “The Evolving Role of Public Relations from a Global Perspective”. It was held on 30th November 2023, from 2:00-3:00 PM at the Council Room, Central Campus.



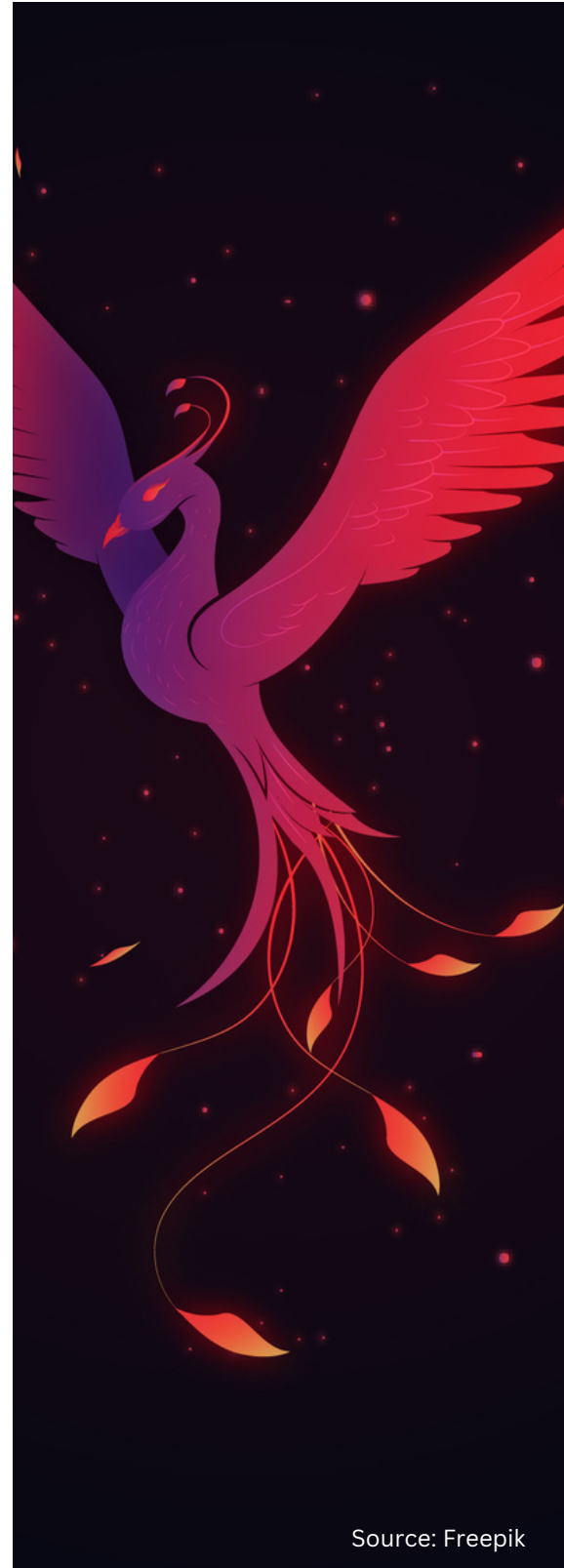
The Centre for East Asian Studies (CEAS), Department of International Studies, Political Science, and History, CHRIST (Deemed to be University), in collaboration with Mizuho India Japan Study Centre and IIM Bangalore, is offering a one-year online program on Japanese Language, Conversation and Culture Study, starting from 15th January 2024. The course fee is Rs. 12,000, and the application deadline is 10th December 2023.



# Phoenix

Arya Shukla | 3 CEP B | 2230205

They say life's too short to worry over petty things  
Then why at the end is she left with bleeding broken  
wings  
The soft muffled cries filled with pain  
Echoing through the room, with her soul tied to  
chains  
No one to listen, no one to care  
The pretty face, which cried last night  
The beautiful smile, which screamed with fright  
Were all hidden in those dark eyes  
Which had seen all the fake promises and lies  
Which spoke a thousand words  
And begged the lords  
But little did she know  
She was born to be the Phoenix  
And light the fire which lay within, just waiting for  
the spark  
To change her into a woman  
To make her inevitable  
And make those pay who were the reason every girl  
cried silently at night  
Who suffered in vain and had no one to rescue them  
from the pain  
To make her the one who watched over you  
And makes them think twice before anything they do



Source: Freepik





# Guardian Angel

Arya Shukla | 3 CEP B | 2230205

Stormy skies  
Lightning high  
The little girl stares through the window  
Her eyes reflecting the lights  
Out she dreams of being something big  
Do something great  
All she wanted was to act  
To sing, to dance  
To show the world what she could do  
But the world had other plans  
Hate, anger, pain, anguish, hurt  
"What did I do to deserve this?"  
She'd ask herself in the mirror  
Years gone by  
Still no change  
Then, one day, the mirror replied  
"You were sent to be the guardian angel for the ones  
like you  
Your big thing still awaits  
Your masterpiece, which isn't quite complete yet  
Not music, not acting  
You are their saviour  
Their guide from darkness to light"  
She took the words by heart  
And made it her purpose of existence  
Sending out signals  
To those who needed,  
Looking after this world  
Like a Guardian Angel.



Source: Pixabay



# Reaching

Arya Shukla | 3 CEP B | 2230205

With every passing day  
I become a distant memory for you  
Drowning deep in your unconscious  
Making a place in the forgotten cave  
Lying beside the bones of those  
Which seem like they never existed  
Yet you become the crystal of my subconscious  
Inhabiting my days and nights  
The projector of my brain  
Playing the episodes over and over  
Like they happened yesterday  
And I am the wounded soldier  
That can't forget the battle  
How do I cure, when even the doctor's treatment  
fails

How do I heal, when the injury only deepens with  
each movement  
How do I stitch the pieces of my heart back  
together, when all the needle does is prick and the  
fragile thread breaks  
I seem to be standing in the middle of a never  
ending saga  
Of relentless yet failed jumps towards the sky  
Which could lead me to heaven, to solace  
Where suddenly it'll stop hurting, it'll stop  
bleeding  
And I'll be at peace.



Source: Pixabay





# The World That is Meant to Be

Yagna Saachi | 1 BACE | 2331801



Source: Pinterest

UNITY

The world that is meant to be  
Where compassion is a common  
action,  
Where trust is not hesitated,  
Where love is only given,  
Where beliefs are not merely stated,  
Where people don't hesitate to lend a  
helping hand,  
Where the massive thought of greed  
dies to one humble man.  
Where tears flow with a smile,  
Where we don't think to jump a mile,  
Where papers don't decide for you,  
Where life is not laid down for you,  
where we choose the person we love,  
Where we choose the work we do,  
That's the world that is meant to be.



# Ask the Bleeding Man

*a poem on*

## Chandra Shekhar Azad

Shikhar Sarraf | 1 BACE | 2331784

Born in a neglected countryside,  
Collar strapped tight with pride.  
Left childhood behind for a dream of swaraj he had seen,  
Bore lashes with head held high at fifteen.

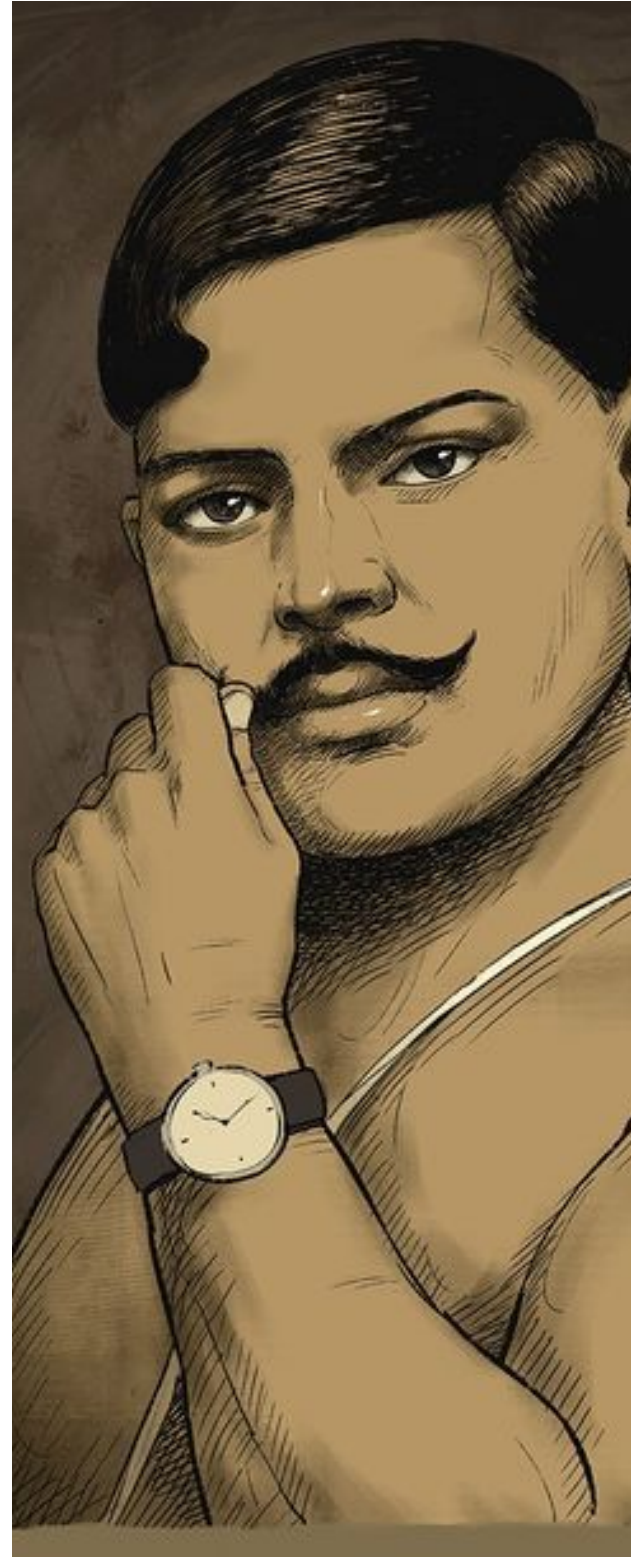
Albeit all his vigor went to vain,  
'Azad' he roared out loud as his name.  
Looted trains and fought many wars with no pity,  
But the greatest of them all was witnessed by the sangam city.

Two against eighty but his pistol didn't once waver,  
The land shook up having not seen no one braver.  
Reminded of a vow, he saved the last bullet for his own,  
The tree under which his body lay was nothing less than a throne.

The tree still stands and so do his tales,  
People pass by throwing coins at the dead man's place.  
But I say, his wound still bleeds,  
For every child that is hungry sleeps.

When a man is thrown out for his caste,  
When a woman's mind till the kitchen lasts,  
When the corrupted smirks as the deprived weeps,  
He still sits beneath the tree and bleeds.

Walking on the soil which holds his blood,  
With lores of many alike in our history shoved.  
When stepping aside for the weak seems not fair,  
When your hands resist giving a share, ask the bleeding man over there.







# LIMBO

Ankit Chakraborty | CEP | 2230136

It was so sudden,  
Like the changing weather.  
Drenched in the feeling of ecstasy,  
Darlin', you made me feel happy.  
But I was drowning in the ocean of my fears  
That the end was near.  
What seemed perfect was never destined.  
It turned into a catastrophe.  
The paradise was in my head  
And not in the real world.  
Should I risk what we have to be truthful to my  
feelings?  
I'm in a limbo.  
Would you share the same feelings as I do,  
Or would you look at me as if I'm doomed?



# Meet the Team

## *Editorial*



Nistha Kalita  
Editorial Head



Oishika Ghoshal  
Coordinator



Koyena Choudhury  
Editor



Aryasmita Dhir  
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Srilakshmi  
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Sana Kamal  
Editor



Esha George  
Editor



Meghna Manoj  
Editor





# Meet the Team *Design*



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