

SUNFLOWER

an anthology



COVER BY OISHI DUTTA

SUNFLOWER

Tough task expressing how writing about this sunflower feels. A little bit of sunshine, a little bit of rain, a lot of hope and a tinge of despair. Despair? Yes, few weeks more and we will part our ways in reality but in our hearts and minds and souls, we will always, forever be together bound like the petals of a sunflower. Fragile, yet strong with the biggest hopes of fighting the world aiming at us, like the spear of the Greek god of war, Ares.

Fourteen long years, passed like a shooting star in a moment of the brightest years of love, happiness, hope, care, goodness, faith, friendships and growth. We grew up, to be the prettiest valley filled with happy, smiling sunflowers. Sunflowers that would bring us together even though we would be far, far away, where we would look back at the valley, remembering our good old days. Our school, our teachers have always been the soul, the centre of the sunflower.

Helping us grow to the best versions of ourselves.

Sunflowers, in a world,

A world bellowing,
captivating city lights,

Devastating love, changing
summers and gushing
winds,

Lands so young and
beautiful; grown of flowing
winds and abstract rain,
undone of signs and
timeless of the time;

City lights red and yellow,
cars jamming, jazz beating.

Breaking through the
tunnel,

To meet the sunrise, smell
the peace.

To scream and tell that we
have always been here, up
on the zenith,

Shining bright in the
yellow apprehending the
world bellowing

And captivating the city
lights;

Sunflowers.

That is how it feels like to
be sunflowers. We walked
into school, with small
steps, crying our lungs out
and bags probably bigger
than ourselves. Little did
we know this was
supposed to pass soon?

Years felt, like decades but
little did we know how
golden they would be for
us. As we walk down the
memory lane, we are
reminded of all the times
we spent laughing, crying,

falling and getting back up again, “*Look how they shine for you and all the things you do, yea they were all yellow.*”

presenting before you,
SUNFLOWER, with love.

Happy reading,
ISC batch 2022

The anthology, *Sunflower*, is a poetry anthology with heart warming poems written by few budding poets that is followed. We, writers and editors of this anthology had decided to name it ‘Sunflower’ because; a flower nothing better, happier and brighter than a sunflower would be able to portray the bond we share and the gratitude we hold for each petal, and the soul. So here we are,

Acknowledgement

We would like to convey our humblest gratitude to the Principal, Miss P. Bagchi, the teachers and all those who have spared time out of their ever so busy schedules to aid us in our wonderful project and made the dream come true. It has been the most beautiful journey and it makes us absolutely elated to see the most satisfactory end result that we could have hoped for.

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Art by: Rupanjana Nundy

In Praise of Nature

Aheri Dutta

When feeling jaded and ragged, just look around;

Nature has aplenty, not just by the pound.

Upon wild natural beauty's failure to astound,

Open your eyes, listen closely, and then pick a sound.

Amongst its myriad colours, reasons abound, to lift your mood, to give back your voice.

Just stay calm, so you can make your choice.

With the reason in place, don't bury it under a mound;

Share it with the world, announce what you have found.

At times, we all lose sight when ships run aground.

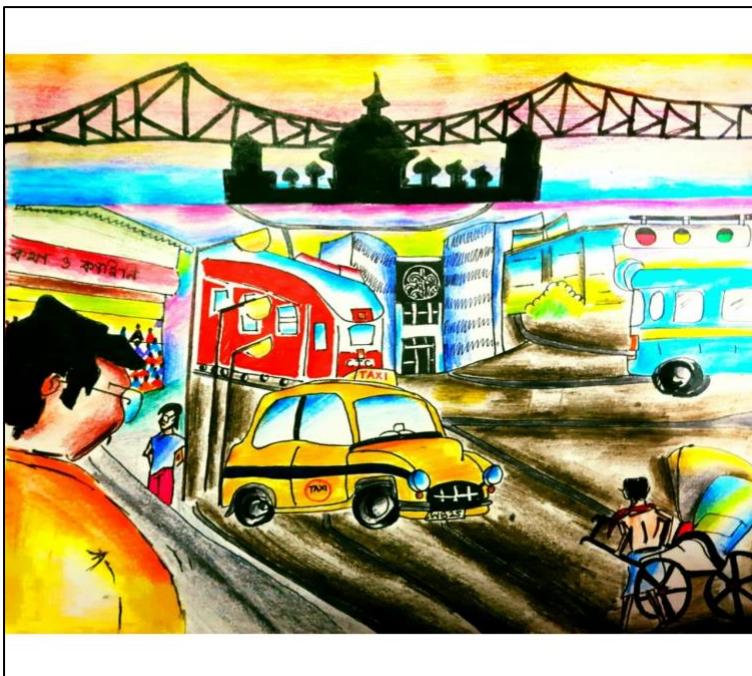
Lost for a reason to smile when problems surround, with just a little nudge, we can chart a turn-around.

Even in despair, surrender not your night to rejoice.

Befriend nature; it was a bounty on offer and sans invoice.

When feeling jaded and ragged, don't forget to look around.

Even nature will charm, as it has aplenty to astound.



Art by: Rupanjana Nundy

The Kolkata Song

Aheri Dutta

Of myriad stories ----- the new and old; her spirit ----- a
song of life she unfolds.

Have you seen a city ----- one with a warm heart and
soul?

Have you felt her throb within you whilst making you a
part of her whole?

She rests like a queen, the ebbing Hoogly ----- her
throne,

The Howrah Bridge, Victoria Memorial, Indian Museum -
----- all gladly borne.

A keeper of secrets she busily trails the quaint lanes of
Chithpur, Kumartuli and China Town,

From the 'Colony of Books ----- College Street' to the
National Library,

Our very Town.

Where else would calm befriend her foes ----- cacophony
and chaos,

As in the chessboards of the players, below Gariahat
Bridge ----- the truth Calcutta echoes!

The resonating 'jukti-tokko-goppo' permeats the city air,
Sweeping past Maidan, Nandan, Caffe House to the good
old book fair.

With each moment she dares, at times she has been
broken yet has never despaired.

From football frenzy, to food and festive fares ----- the
'meeting-mechhil' and the 'phuchka-mishti' fanfare!

Dada, didi, Bumba, Mampi or rickshaws and trams -----
lovers of the arts and music, inured to traffic jams.

Oh Calcutta, now Kolkata ----- centuries and years old
just like the weary hills but she's never cold.

My city ----- boasts of Tagore and Ray ----- the one with
a warm heart and soul,

My Kolkata ----- throbs within me, and I am a part of her
whole.



Art by: Rigveda Saha

AMBER

Shreshtha Chatterjee

Amber is Bygone

Amber camouflaged my love and cohered my loath into
an insignificant cipher.

I asked Amber to carry me away to a far off land.

A land where my ambivalence is golden blue;

I can still feel amber,

In the blue tinted statice,

Embellished dee inside the unfrequented existence.

But never do I feel, that

Amber is Bygone.

Amber, hell and paradise

From the motionless sound of my eyes to the long lost
soul of my mind,

I wanted to get lost in the land of unknowns.

A land of angels and demons.

To the land of mysterious alleys and song of the clouds.

I wanted to find Amber in the blue tinted hue.

I wanted to get lost, away, to the unknown land of
ambivalence,

Hell and Paradise,

To where Amber is.

I saw Amber today

The yellow of the flower turned white,

And autumn took its leave.

It's winter again.

I saw Amber, today.

Dressed in that floral dress.

The dress she was wearing the last time I saw her.

She held my hand, and took me to the pond side.

"You remember?" She asked.

I was afraid to leave her hand.

"I'm right there, beside the sun." She said.

"Will you let it die or let it go, Amber?" I grieved.

I held on to her tightly.

But her palm slipped away, slowly and disappeared into
the misty forest.

Deep inside the golden darkness.

"Amber?" I raged.

She did not come back

Love was like Amber

Love was like amber.

She ran, she ran and she ran,

She got lost,

Somewhere deep into the moon broke forest,

Where she was like the breeze that never came back.

She still flies to distant lands, unknown meadows and
forlorn skies.

Cold and uncanny she was yet a heavy love caverned with
stars.

Amber, she still flies somewhere deep into the moon
broke forest.



Art by: Senjuti Mazumdar

Almost 17

Senjuti Mazumdar

Almost 17

and still wish on 11:11

Because it's easier for me

Than believing the cold, cruel world

is too dark for a sparkle of

childlike magic.

When you ridicule me,

You dull the sparkle in my eyes

and throw water to the

blaze in my heart.

I'm almost 17

And still sleep with my teddy bear

Because it's easier for me

Than dealing with the coldness

Of the rest of my bed.

Because I need it

to fight off the monsters

Under my bed

And in my head.

And when you ridicule me,

you put ice cubes in

the warmest parts of my heart

That has warmed yours

when the frozen world

and your own chilled sheets

iced yours over.

I'm almost 17

and still believe in unicorns

Because it's easier for me

Than believing that the whole world

Is full of gruesome, growling beasts

That will eat my hope alive.

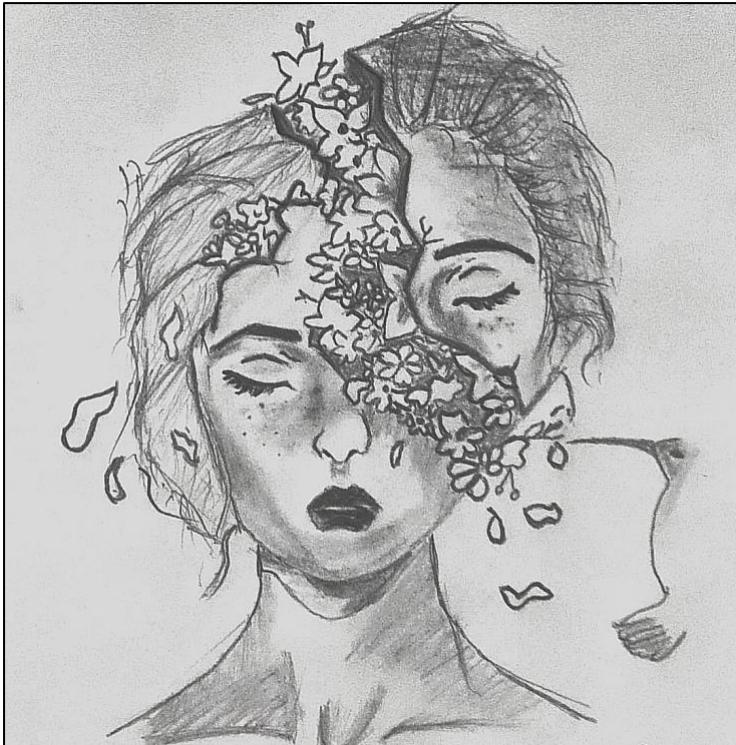
It's easier when there's something

As rare and magical as I feel I am.

And when you ridicule me,

you make me feel ordinary
and throw dust at
the glittering light behind my tongue.

I'm almost 17
and I want to believe that
there's someone for me
That will make my dreams come true
So I won't have to wish on 11:11.
Who will fight the monsters
And warm my sheets
So my teddy bear can sit happily
In the rocking chair.
Who will show me sparkles in lakes
And listen to birdsongs
So I don't have to chase
fairy tale creatures.



Art by: Senjuti Mazumdar

Feelings of Sadness

Senjuti Mazumdar

Sadness only shows through the poetry I write
The music behind my earbuds
The short stream of tears when the doors are
closed and the windows are open hoping that just one
small bit of happiness will come inside and stay for
longer
than a joke, a laugh, a smile.

My sadness stays in the shower longer than usual,
gets angry a little too easily, and cries a little too much
when watching The Notebook.
It doesn't look like sadness or walk like sadness or talk
like sadness
But that doesn't mean it isn't sadness.



Art by: Senjuti Mazumdar

The Stars

Senjuti Mazumdar

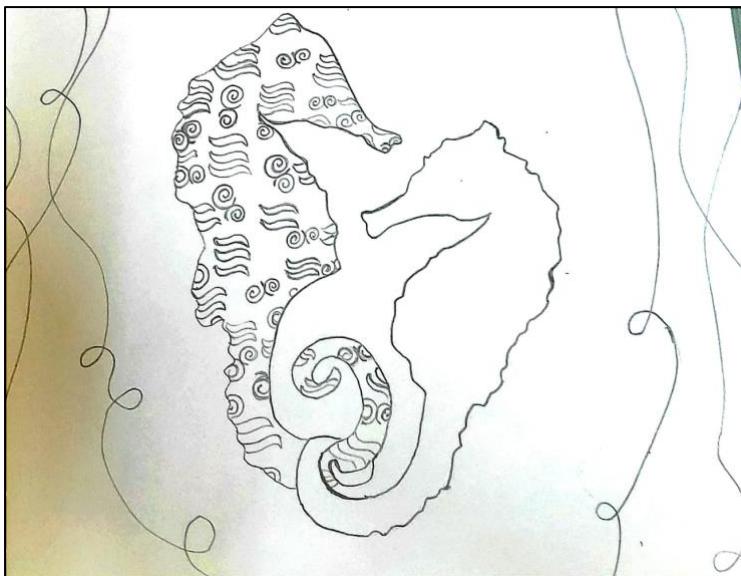
As I look up at the stars
they look right back at me,
millions of constellations
staring into my soul.

As I look up at the stars
they ignite a flame within me,
they feed me the idea that
I can do anything,
that i can jump right off this cold roof and fly.

As I look up at the stars
I see my grandfather,
her wise, crooked smile
and sad eyes dancing
along with the angels.

As I look up at the stars
I am sad,
the world is ever expanding,
rapidly, time passes
and I am still.

As I look up at the stars
I wish to float off this destructive earth,
and join my grandfather
and the dancing angels,
and the beautiful constellations
and the stars staring into my soul,
but I am still.



Art by: Senjuti Mazumdar

Trapped

Senjuti Mazumdar

Wandering lonely in the vastness

Ocean is a mighty harmonist

It's been long

A millennium!

People stare but no one cares

Faces pressed against the glass

Trapped in a prison

Being constantly watched

Hidden conceptual mechanics

Rising through depths of minds

The sea horses whispered

And cried being stuck

In an aquarium.



Art by: Sreejita Chandra

Imagine Her

Chandradrita Guha Majumder

She is pretty.

She is fierce.

She is rich.

She is fearless.

She is what I want to be!

She is kind.

She is positive.

She is assertive.

She is respected.

She is what many women want to be.

She has walnut brown eyes.

she has dark hole black hairs.

She has Everest shape nose.

She has strawberry tinted lips.

She is what many men desire.

She is unstable.

She is moody.

She is honest.

She is solitary.

She is what the world wants to be.



@SreejitaChandra'22

Art by: Sreejita Chandra

I Fell for a Star

Chandradrita Guha Majumder

I know I cannot get you but I can see you.

I know I cannot touch you,

but I can feel you.

I know I can not own you but I can imagine you.

I know you don't know me,

but I know you.

I know you are the one, but you don't know I exist.

I know the reality,

but I can claim you in my fantasy.

I know I adored you,

but the fault is with me.

I know you are in pain,

but you can share it with me.

I know you are the brightest star in the sky but I am just a
firefly.



(Not original art)

Be the Unicorn

Chandradrita Guha Majumder

You are bright.

You are right.

Hold yourself tight.

Stand on your feet.

Earn for yourself.

Don't dare to depend on others.

Live your life.

Be the rainbow in the sky.

Don't be shy.

It's okay to be a bit sly.

There will be times when you want to cry.

Now wear your tie!

Get up for work.

Focus on your career.

Give up on love.

Life is only one.

Take the positive vibes.

Forgive the wrong.

But you don't need to be the monk.

Learn to Love yourself first.

And fight back the wrong in life.



(Not original art)

Stray

Sanjana Dutta

I felt like I had lost myself
amidst the countless mortal souls.
To retrieve what had become stray,
I ventured into lands unknown.
I walked the moonlit city streets
and the sun parched moribund fields.
The monotone of the blustery winds
 lulled me to sleep on my lonesome nights.

Time trod his infinite course.
Blossoms withered away.
The lush green of the trees
 turned yellow by the day.
Once I walked through a secluded grove
 to a mountain cradled lake.
The first rays of the sun
enveloped the peaks in a warm embrace.

The lake was afire
with the crimson of the rising sun.

Winds gently whistled through the golden leaves,
filling the hushed valley with a pleasant psithurism.

I looked at the placid mirror
which reflected the ether's hues.

Before me stood my salvation,
basking in the glory of the sun rise.

I saw the blazing sunshine in my eyes,
The resilience in my heart, the tranquillity in my mind.

Warmth and fervour coursed through my veins.

At once I knew, my soul is primeval, it is eternal.

It is like the sun beyond the alpenglow .

Silly me! I explored the entire world,
When my preservation resided in my mortal abode.



Art by: Samadritaa Chakraborty

Misery of a lost fight

Samadritaa Chakraborty

As the tears fill up and Blur my sight
I gaze up at the sacred starry night.

The beauty of the universe stands idle before me
Like a patient maiden, waiting to be sketched.
And I wish, oh I wish, I could let her know
My dreams, my love are too far fetched.

The skies, they embrace me lovingly
The soothing breeze dries my tears
And yet I cannot Love her back
As the shackles of the world feeds on my fears.

A broken sob of Lovelessness
Escapes ever so slight;
As the tears fill up and my heart breaks yet,
I gaze up at the sacred starry night.

The cruel reminder of mortality
Of the Limits of being alive
Of breathing but for the sake of another
To starve just to survive.

I no longer wish to be a part
Of a world that cares not for glory
So when the clockwork stops and you want to breathe
Wake me up and I shall tell you my story
Of the day I sat alone, like always
With the misery of a lost fight
The day I killed my dear beloved
Under the sacred starry night.

-a note to those who lost their art to the chains of tangibility



(Not original art)

Lore

Samadritaa Chakraborty

Come forth all, and sing along
Recall the stories of their battle song.
In these gloomy times of boredom and unrest
Sing to the heroes of our childhood days.

To the venturers of silver and of gold
Of times unknown and legends old.
Of pirates, sailors, knights and kings
Of Apollo's Lyre and Solomon's ring.

To the ships asail on monstrous seas
And the arrow that pierced Achilles's Heel.
To the mighty Atlas who held up the sky
And Artemis bearing moonlight anigh.

To the Great King Arthur of Camelot
And his forgotten Knight, Sir Launcelot.

The stories of Merlin, the wise, the great
And the tale of Excalibur's stone bed.

To the Djinns in the perilous Arabic sands.
To rattlesnakes and shiny magical lamps.
At nightfall, fear the ghouls beneath
And the sandwalkers in search of fresh meat.

The Loch Ness monster in the dark Scottish water
Beware the Kraken and Davy Jones's Locker.
Monsters howl in the enchanted dark woods.
Chained by warlocks under their torn black hoods.

Elves, gnomes, dwarves and orcs
Prepare for war and sharpen their claws.
Warriors and wizards of magic and power
Align to rescue the princess in the dragon's tower.

Forget them not for they are why
We can dream when we look up to the sky.

Swear to preserve them as you grow old

The magical mythical lore foretold.



Art by: Samadritaa Chakraborty

The Death of a Muse

Samadritaa Chakraborty

An empathetic breeze blew in melancholy
To comfort the mewling bag pipe
There used to be some blue in the sky
Until the day her muse died.

Then all was grey and all was bland
And the songs were again just words.
The laughs of children wouldn't inspire her heart
Her pen didn't serenade the birds.

There was a time, for her, you see,
When the very childish laugh would inspire,
A ballad, in a wishful cold night
In an armchair, by the fire.

And the singers in the cafe

During tea time break
Would be greeted with her brilliant smiles

And when she walked
She would squint her eyes
And thank the endless blue skies.

The pinks and yellows and purples alike,
Blossomed prettier in her sight.
And the grass looked lush; fresh painted green,
Beneath the warm rays of morning light.

The golds and silvers threaded in life,
Were more than just a lining.
The moonlight seemed much kinder, then,
The stars never quite stopped shining.

No. All was not rainbows and sunshines,
But lovers and dreamers were alive.
And even though nothing was easy to do,

She knew, with a smile, she would get by.

But all her colours quickly faded,
When the news broke out, that day.
And ever since then her sky was painted
A painful, broken grey.

It was cruel, it was sad, it was simple still,
It all ended before a fight.
She cursed her eyes that were too blind to see
The reaper's raised scythe.

Her vision blurred with misery and pain
As she cried and cried alone.
And when her tears dried, she lifted her face
Only to realize her colours were gone.

And ever since then her vision has been,
Dull patches of grey and white.
And the songs don't make her smile anymore,

The morning never felt as bright.

It was cruel, it was sad, it was simple still,

The rules of nature, we must abide.

And she learnt that day, how fragile happiness was,

The day her muse died.

Then all was grey, and all was bland,

And the songs were again just words.

The laughs of children wouldn't inspire her heart,

Her pen didn't serenade the birds.

Credits

Poetry:

1. Shreshtha Chatterjee
2. Chandradita Guha Majumder
3. Aheri Dutta
4. Samadritaa Chakraborty
5. Senjuti Mazumder
6. Sanjana Dutta

Art:

1. Oishi Dutta
2. Rigveda Saha
3. Rupanjana Nundy
4. Samadritaa Chakraborty
5. Sreejita Chandra
6. Senjuti Mazumdar

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