

Entry 1

The virus

By ShivVitthal

In the dead of the night,

A wheel turns, fortune.

Under the blue of the sky,

A virus churns, deaths.

In the serenity of lockdown,

A River flows, skin-shedded.

In the length of corridors,

Minions move, headless.

In the echo of an order,

The Hunger walks, footless.

In the cold of the space,

The Earth sighs, relief.

In the quite of the morning

A Bird chirps, hope.

Entry 2

This is Solitude

By Swayam Prakash Singh

It's past midnight and raining.

Not a heavy downpour,
Just the regular tip-tops,
With the occasional thunder.

Silent and hooded someone walks
Through puddles on the dark streets
Between blinking neon lamps
And unconcerned couples

The world's out of focus;
She just trudges on.
Not a care what's ahead
Not a care why

There's music in her ears,
Glasses on her face
Ugly strangers eyeing her
Lustfully calling her

But she doesn't listen,
Nor does she see.
Not a care; she's blind with sight
Not a care; she walks

Her lids are barely open

Not because she's sleepy

She's tired of hurting

She's tired of living

No friends;

They all but left

No family;

Everyone close died

She lives alone

Her house has a room

Her bedroom, living room

And dying room.

Entry 3

I Dreamed Too High

By Arsh Shaikh

I looked at the sky

Thought I could go there

I dreamed too high

I thought all was possible

I thought all was easy

I dreamed too high

I thought I was special

I thought it was meant to be

I dreamed too high

I thought it was sane

Even though I cried

I dreamed too high

Dreams or fantasies

Who knows anymore

All I know is

I dreamed too high

Entry 4

By Purkayastha Devatrisha

Amidst the quarantine blue,

The online meet was at two,

The shoddy connection

Made me listen,

While you sounded like a cockatoo.

Entry 5

The void

By Indra Narayan Chakraborty

1/

Time, settled down like dewdrops
on a silent bench.

The park,
was embracing the darkness.

2/

Those gloomy nights
Those distant days
while the shades flew away
the white stands still.

A lit up canvas
swirls into the dejection of
a not so distant reality.

3/

The little girl was dancing
In front of the open window.

In the midst of an afternoon silence

The old tree saw a flower blooming.

Entry 6

Pandemic

By Aditya Chincholi

Scouring hands search,

For soaps and masks,

While the feet scurry,

Desperately along the borders,

Of crowded subways and markets,

Preferring to pace up and down,

On the carpets of their homes,

Where the food is stocked and loaded,

And barrels of alcohol are rubbed,

Every five minutes,

On palms bearing silver spoons,

And tables bearing hot coffee mugged.

If fear can strike at the heart,

Of this fortified castle of glass,

Where behind closed doors,
And these towering walls,
Lie thee cowering unsheathed,
Then spare a thought.

Spare a thought,
For those from the war-torn lands,
For those who flee,
The drought-hit bands,
And most of all,
For that shed across the street,
Where a family lies huddled together,
With no soap, no sanitizer,
No money for extra food,
No paid leave either.

For its not thee who will die,
From the disease or unrest,
Thou only dies from fear,
Money can buy you the rest,
But spare a thought,
For they who cannot buy,
For they who, for your sake, must die.

Entry 7Unsaid

By Aditya Chincholi

Lost in translation,

In the midst of times,

Hundreds of thousands,

number the conversation,

But the message,

It stays between lines.

Entry 8From Logos to the Cosmos...

By Chakradhar

Oh Logic! Sharper than the sharpest dart-

The Sultan of certainty Thou Art;

Eternally striving to make some sense,

Enchanting the Pundits ever since.

Sure you are utterly smart,

But never made for a poet's heart.

It's my turn to let you part,

For the kind of puny tool you are-

You just know to feed on facts,

And brag about the stern extracts.

Obsessed with dissective glance,

Have you known the Cosmic Dance?

Integrity is the king of keys-

To know the whole the way it is!

Transcending the logical creed,

One shall ken the magical indeed;

Here I go to take my chance,

Romancing the timeless trance!

Entry 9

Family Jewels

By V.R.

'Twas a day or seven since the battle commenced
for seven acres of land that held the key,
To restart his life that sunk to depths

which would make many an anglerfish rife with envy.
It would seem that fight he must, against
his uncle, his brother, and his schizophrenic mother,
For his own company that sought to find
in the haystack that is this land of pitch black —
The needle that glimmers after many reflections.
Two score years back, Flint had been told
the story of this land and the riches it holds,
And how he too was a diamond in the rough,
For he has a mind plenty smart, but waste it he had;
Twas a day or seven since that fateful night
of mistakes and martinis one too many,
The secret of the land, alas, revealed
to the apparent stranger that shared his double queen bed,
Who was the wife of a man that ran a business
that sells jewels of many kinds, strung by thread.
'Tis true that blood runs thicker than water,
Although they both boil when given the same heat,
And boil it did for the owner of the business,
Manhood spurned, a void in the heart
that can only be filled with ambrosia
... nay, revenge sheer cold.
The land shall be wrested and its contents harnessed,
And those not in favour — rightly laid to waste.
'Twas a day or seven since room was made
in the Tartarean tomb, rocky with air ancient,
Mixed equal parts with regret and shame and mirth and tryst
extracted from relics of ages bygone
that lay rotten and rigid and ashen and hushed,
Devoured by life minuscule — as is their bidding.
Adding to the air and the earth and no more,
'Twas a day or seven since his father — Flint — was bought this home.

Entry 10

By Uttiya Roy

One winter it rained in Kolkata,
I wore a red shawl
Beneath underground trees
And wove your yarn about
Her Windows
They said they would release us
Of pain, of sorcery, with waxy
Gold coins with which to pave
Our way
It was 27 years then
Since, they broke the doors
And killed our brothers
You could smell the blood
On the wind, irony, a spitoon
Of all those who forgot prayers
Once theirs were answered.

One winter it rained in Kolkata
And they said that Banyan trees
Would fall before it was done
So much culture hidden among
The forest of your mind
Bedazzles us still
For you have found a way
To condemn us all

Before we even begin
Thus, falls the veil of home
Among shadows, a third obscured
By the masks crafted by statesmen
Whole, only while setting fires to
The hearths of men

One winter it rained in Kolkata
She smelled of mustard oil felled
From Jasmine trees
Her face as many stories
As people have ever told
There are serrated blades from whence she came
To grate coconut in kitchens, to pierce
Skins of women who dared defy
men who raped them
Her's only smelled of home
And every year sharpening men came
To hone her kitchen blades whole
Making offers so that they could sharpen
Her "Nadus" into instruments that kill

One winter it rained in Kolkata
Clouded starts no longer showed the way
And by the law of land

We were denied mourning rights
What we got were sticks instead
Stuck by the lampshade where
Ideas could have formed once
Dreams shared by many & denied to all
And staircases that can only be climbed
By the way of the rich
Come what may, we still sit together
Benches dictated by the men in orange
Meant to equalise
But, instead showing faces of brothers
Turned to faces of an enemy

One winter it rained in Kolkata
Spells written long ago were torn
You & I smoked a cigarette
By the beach in her eyes
For the city was blinded by hate
Nothing worked and emptiness
Fell by pot-fuls amidst the trees

One winter it rained in Kolkata
Birch trees grew on traditions
Fires were lit under beds
And I breathed in my shawl

To make it warm

For you

Entry 11

An Ode to MDP

By Krishna S Girish

The day expires, and the onion smog

Coats the land with an ashen pallor

To disturb with weeping deep-set squalor

A layered biting chill of elegiac dusk

Shrouds over a sluggish slumbering dog.

The gut-perched rubber branch wails

In the moonless darkness of fledgling stars

And the rumble and drivel of distant cars

I toss coins to sleep's never-sated well

They'll dredge out blessings in rusted pails.

Staring at the sun is a practiced pass

Falling up the Penrose steps to light

Three hours past the crowning of midnight

The night canteen is chittering, alive

Behind the caprice of a door of glass.

With a swordfish hanging above my chest
The night wafts into hours, like sticky toffee
As I seek my elixir, my fuel, my coffee
A zombie cannot pay the price for his honesty
But surely for a Maggi, a tea, and the rest.

And ah, the people thronging all around
The corner couple into affections strayed
Beside rivers of discussion, seasons fade
Friends who never left your mind's recesses
Embrace you in their waves of sound.

No matter how far or how long I'm gone
There's a certain constant in Yogesh's smile
Through the gaps in the plywood stile
As he cheekily says, "two thousand rupees"
For the sandwich you've got your eyes on.

Men dressed in the colour of pain, astray
But that's an overshot catch, a fusty fable
Friends swing legs from the edge of the table
All is golden and bright for a little while
Till the world's pleas again call you away.

Long will I yearn for your nightly guiles

Its quiet salvation among storming sea
A fount of happiness, of breaks and of tea
When work and night drag away your hopes
I rely on seeing there my friends' wide smiles.

A beacon of salvation in endless night
Like symmetric integrals, your past is vanished
Your worries for a little while now banished
In your midst are your friends, in this haven
Yes, everything's okay. Everything's right.

Entry 12

The Chapters of LIFE

By Yashi Jain

As the moonlight gently creeps
Ov'r my dark room
The heart doth get filled to the brim
With infinite thoughts that bloom.

On my bed, I freeze
While hundreds of emotions deliquesce
And flow within like a gusty breeze
Making the usually steadfast mind a mess.

These lingering thoughts persist
Haunting , plaguing, smothering me like a shadowy ghost
In the silent night, unwilling to quit

Their helpless feeble host.

SING, DRAW, WRITE!

Hests the mighty mind

Oh! The master of my alive corse, I request to thee,
Pause the blustery wind, for its sleep that I need to find.

On and on, goes the loquacious mind
A truly dreadful feeling rises, of being left behind
Till these thoughts evaporate
And move out through my boudoir's gate.

Now the sunlight softly spills
Over yonder chamber's walls
The thoughts that remain, use a feathery quill
To manifest themselves, as a tale of icy winter or fall.

So, I present to thee
An epic of my story
Which in my diary, thou would see
As an account of no glory.

The recital doth begin
In the guise of a chapter,
My memoir woven in the mornings
After some nights spent in hearing the heart blabber.

And yet again, a chapter of life doth close,
To pave way for another
Incipient experiences and new memories fain await
That might someday in this diary wonder.

Nothing would make sense to thee

If thou flutt'r through these lived pages
for, cryptic art the tear washed letters of sorrow or glee
The rose petals abound on random places.

Some chapters receive a chance
To reside in just half a page
For those might be aleatory outbursts
Of love, isolation, grief or rage.

Some chapters might have long-lived
In tons of pages, enduring century
Hundreds of sleepless nights, that spiraled right into
Tragicomedy or an enduring love story.

While glancing at this diary
Standing contiguous to the death door
I would live each of these emotions and the ripped papers
That won't be remembered anymore.

Entry 13

A tale of lady Clementine

By Yashi Jain

After the tales from the quarantine,
I merrily present to thee
An epic of the life of Clementine,
Filled with so much joy and glee.

Dunnest art these times
Which might wend so far
Still, the mistress sings and rhymes,
Catching each bawbling moments like butterflies in a jar.

The lady flies hither and tither,

Carried by her wings of passion
Her heart has escaped the armored cage,
Filled with gloomy ether of the future.

Tiny tiny grains of sand
Keep passing through the hourglass.
Yet, her unworried blithe mind flutters to a distant land,
In a huge ostrich feather.

Her hazel eyes wander
In the cobwebs of her brain,
Searching for lost, unspoken words
That would give her thoughts some shape.

The stretched chords of her throat
Resonate with the frequency of the piano,
With the beats of the drums, they cavort
And laugh as she sings the songs, forever she doth know.

Her neurons play in the field of fractions
Exercise as she jots down some equations
From delta and epsilon to rings and ideals
They traverse them all as she proves some theorems.

These wast the grooves of lady Clementine
An heir of Newton, asking you to Quarantine,
She sings and plays and writes and rhymes
Even in these darkest of times.

Entry 14

“Blue Star”

By Gaurav Beniwal

O Humanity! In all your glory, you put a wrong foot in your story
Obsession of the distant stars, demise of the blue star
Fickle is your faith, hurting are your ways
In all the conquest, you have everything except you
Looking all around you but, inside you, shallow is the vision
Uncommon is the gift of consciousness, far rare is its right use
River losing her gleam, Mountain weeping off her white
Forest shedding all their green, Ocean facing all their blues

Yet O Humanity! Beware of the greatness; it has its own ways
It claims nothing, forgets nothing; Leaf of the autumn told me once
Greatness prevailed before you, it will after you
One mammal short, no problem at all
She has her other kids to tend, who don't hurt so much
Let's all find a way to her heart, for it can still be mend
Look beyond your conceit, a little beyond your own greed
Ask for who you are; deceit not your own heart
In your high grounds, potential is of the sky
Go aloof for that's your nature, yet, never again forget your roots

Let honesty be your reminder
Let fire be your light, let air be your compass
Let water keep you flowing, let earth be your heaven...
For Greatness prevailed before you, it will after you!

Entry 15

In Love
By Niturkar Pranav

Timeless has been the business
Of selling dreams, making promises
Not in politics, but in relationships
Things become more important than life itself

What do I get out of this?
Being the sole concern
Unable to access the being
Lonely and mournful within

How to use people?
How to make them do
What you want them to, but
Why should they even listen to you?

Because they talk the same language
Wear similar clothes, have same beliefs
Essentially share something in common
But busy proving your uniqueness, aren't you?

Where there is give and take
Let's not call it love
Some needs, some arrangements
Let's not sugar-coat this

Some words of appreciation
Certificates or gifts
Can't measure or display
What's big, what's small in love?
