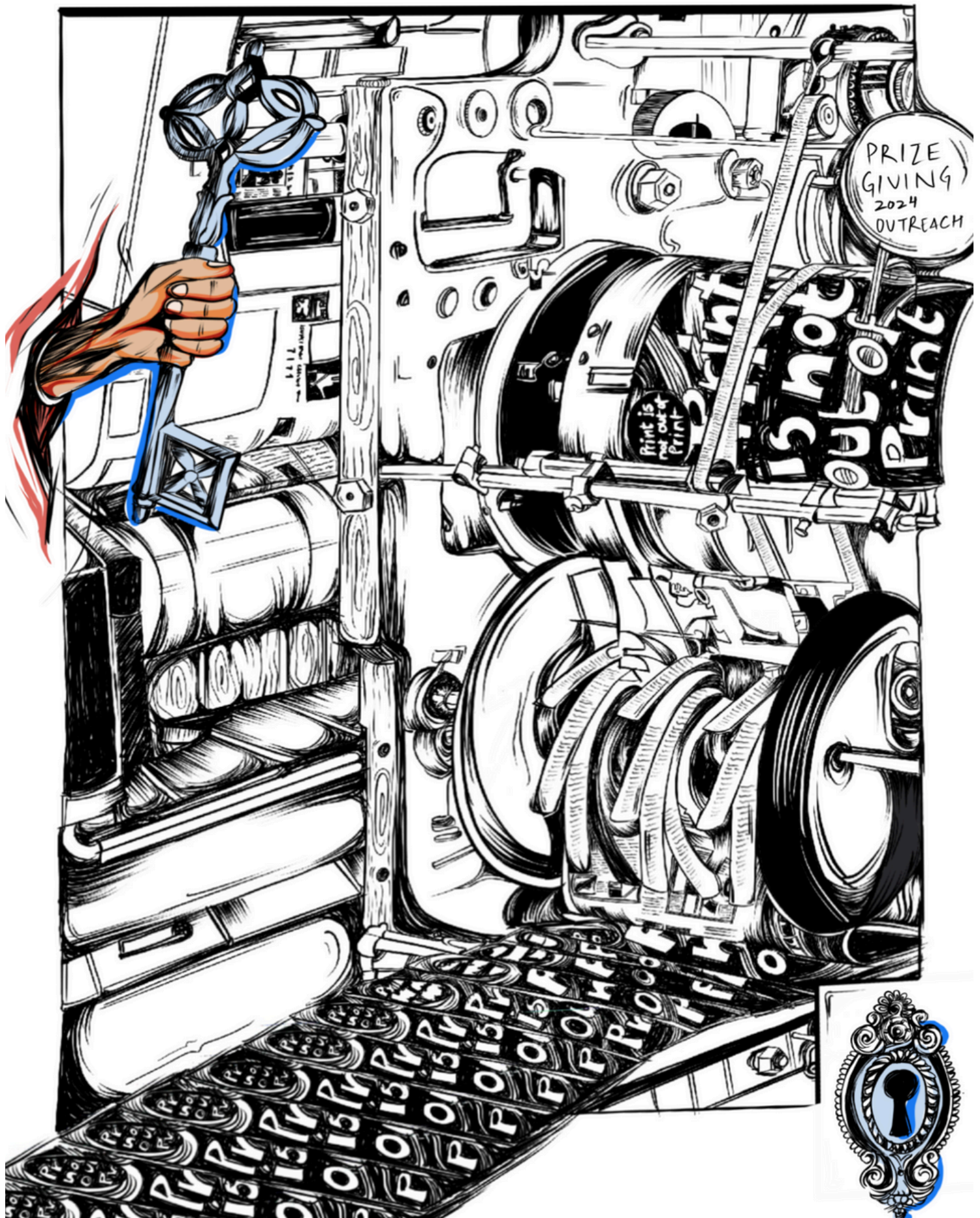


THIS PRINT IS NOT OUT OF PRINT



THE LETTERS THAT LIBERATE

The batch of 2021-2022 initiated the creation of 'Unfolding Archives', a platform for the girls of The English Creative Society to showcase their writing and to ensure that it received the attention it deserved. It quickly captured a lot of attention, offering a space for pieces that had previously struggled to find their place in other publications. The magazine evolved into a much-anticipated annual tradition, to showcase works that might have otherwise gone unnoticed.

This year, we proudly present a new edition of our newsletter, one that demands attention and resonates with the talent within the school. Drawing inspiration from the world around us, we've reimaged 'Unfolding Archive' into 'This Print is Not Out of Print', offering a new perspective. We hope you read these pieces with a fresh mind and appreciate the new voices while remembering the dedication it took to bring them to life.

-Abhisri Singh K/02259, Sehaj Sanghera S/02253 & Vaanya Shekhar S/02556

*“What is a poet? An unhappy person who
conceals profound anguish in his heart but
whose lips are so formed that as sighs and cries
pass over them they sound like music.”*

-Soren Klerkegaand

*"To proceed dialectically means to think in contradiction, for the sake of the
contradiction once experienced in the thing, and against that contradiction. A
contradiction in reality, it is a contradiction against reality."*

*-Theodor W. Adorno, Negative Dialectics, pp.
145.*

*"The philosophical identification of art falls under the category of truth. Art is a
thought in which artworks are Real (and not the effect). And this thought, or rather
the truths that it activates, are irreducible to other truths - be they scientific,
political or amorous. This also means that art, as a singular regime of thought, is
irreducible to philosophy."*

-Alain Badiou, Handbook of Inaesthetics, pp.

THE EYES BEHOLDING



The ones who only ever knew white and peace would look at the sky's brightest
hue of grey and yet call it dark.

Those who never got embraced as a child would try to collect flames to
burn down their household to feel its warmth.

For that one beggar across the street, a ten rupee note would shine like a diamond as
for one in the mansion the same note is one of disdain.

When rain pours, many would lie on their beds in solitary staring at the fan, while
others would run to their garden and dance with the breeze that ruffles through their
hair.

A lot would look at the mirror just to check their reflection each day, while others
would call it an object to be feared off as it stands still yet knows more than others.

The pigment of their skin is dark, so their death needs to be a murder, yet still
there are a few who march on a sunny Sunday protesting and screaming for
justice.

Therefore, it is said,
Beauty lies in the eyes,
The one beholding.

-Eshanee
Pahwa
P/2799

CTRL-Z, YOU

If there are erasers to erase words written with pencils, If there are whiteners to erase words written with pens, If there is white paint to erase whatever's painted, If there is a delete button on our laptops to erase mistakes.

There must be a way to erase you, erase the words written by you. There must be a way to erase, delete you completely from my heart. Because I have thrown out your things. I have thrown out your hoodies, I have thrown out the cards, chocolate wrappers, ribbons, teddy bears, diaries, hats, lockets, rings, bracelets you gave for me.

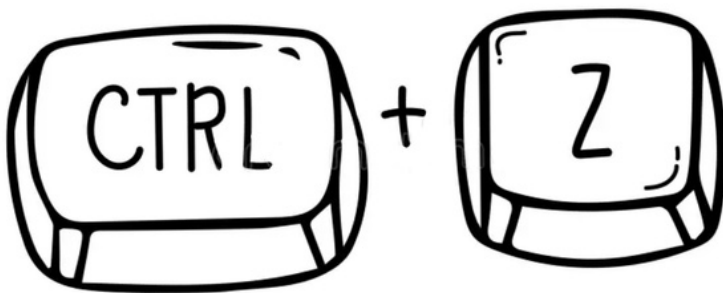
I have thrown out the leftover cake we baked, I have thrown out the cds of the films we watched together, I have thrown out the pizza boxes we drew all over, I have thrown out the posters we put up together in my room, I have thrown out the baseball hat, we sewed our initials over. I have thrown out everything.

Everything that reminded me of you.

Then why do I lie in my bed and still think about you. Why do I pick up the pen and still start writing about you. Why do I still read the books, you told me to read, over and over again.

Why

There must be a way to ctrl-z you. Delete you. Erase you. Ctrl-Z, you.



-Deveshi Sharma
P/2346

A FOREVER FLAME

As fickle a word it may sound, yet,
To meet this 'limitless' horizon,
We are bound.

This thought of forever is a farce,
For in life's turmoil,
Forever beautiful remain only sparse.

The perception lies in your hands,
If forever's the destined dawn,
Or be it the time slipping,
Like a loose handful of sand.

For it's the infinity as seasons welcome the wild
musk, Beware its bleakness,
It may wither off like a grain from its husk.

For forever is a mere hearsay,
Flame's lasting only as long, as the wax may stay,
For I,
See life in the melted wax as forever's the life in the lifeless.

-Abhisri Sing
K/2259



NO-ONE KNOWS

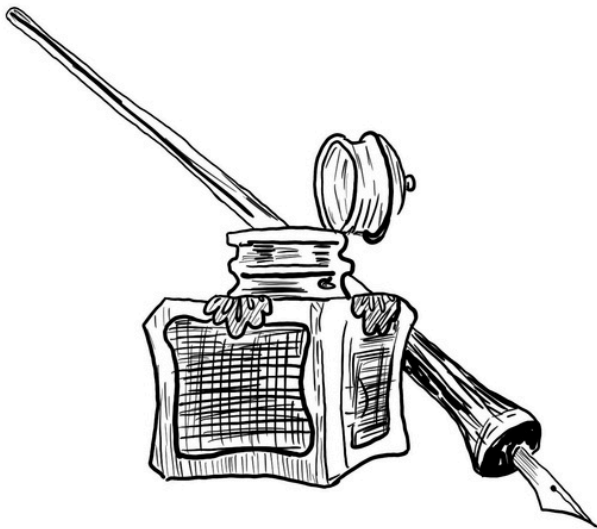
Though my worlds are art,
I read in words,
Though my mind conjures up the stars.

Van Gogh used paints,
I use ink,
We both create Irisis,
A culmination of stars,
And sometimes we both stuff ourselves with yellow paint,
Waiting for our theory to work.

Monet painted his lilies,
Wordsworth spoke of his daffodils,
I drank the art in,
Before making myself sick as I stuffed, willingly, in myself
An abundance of the poison tree.

I read in black and white,
I write in ink,
The artists paint with colours,
We conjure up images and we all eat paint,
At night, alone and cold though, I bleed crimson.

And that, no one knows.



-Vaanya
Shekhar
S/2556

DORMANT

I don't feel the need,
To give this poem a page
I don't feel the need,
To ink down what I believe
The way the waves fold over,
How the cloth of old saris mimics those cascading
movements How the cracks in the mud,
Remind me of the veins in my hands
The bruise on a lip,
Of the rotting palm
The tiles on the bathroom floors,
Of sailors arriving home after eons
The sweet hum of a hermit thrush,
Of the gentleness of walking barefoot,
The flight of birds,
Of a passionate dance
A childhood scar that slits the eyebrow,
Of the road that stopped the wildfire
The habit of clutching a clip to the hem of your shirt,
Of a declaration of confidence in self
The art of misunderstanding,
Poems flow with the wind,
Just as strongly as those passed down through pages
They need not be said,
For how they are felt,
Observed,
Sensed,
Breaks their dormancy
to give way, to life.

-Akshara Singh Meel
K/2941



SINK II

Superior vena cava,
Aorta, ventricle,
Vein, artery.

Muscle tissue compacts
To make a whole that pumps me
Through life.

My heart bled
You bled that day.

I'm sorry my friend, Who I
would rather call a sister,
My mind hollowed itself out
Where you told me of the insult
To your world that day.

I heard screams but it was my ignorance
that kept my eyes from crying,
In the name of your pain.

I'm sorry sister for your words that they spat
On your body in the aftermath of,
Violence painted your throat,
That sandpaper raw.

Sometimes i think about what happened

And feel the scars.

Sometimes, regretfully,

I hope that when you finally exited
You sank into water instead of being

Forced to die,
raw and tortured.

-Gauri Agarwal
M/2519

ENVY

I like the way the moss,
Hugs the bricks and the
walls, All whirling and
enveloping, Warm.

I envy it.

I like the way the clouds,
Secure the sky from the prying,
wondering eyes. Hiding the sun and the
stars in its grey cocoon. Safe.

I envy it.

I like the way the
tower, sits atop the green hill.
It must be pretty up there, near the
heaven. Peaceful.

I envy it.

I envy the walls, because I lack warmth.
I way the sky, because I lack safety.
I envy the tree, because I lack peace.
I envy the birds, because I lack a home.
because
everything,
Everywhere,
Reminds me of,
what I lack.



I like the way the tree,
Huge and branched, shields its
bird, Embracing them with its
inches and trees. Home.

I envy it.

I want the moss, the clouds, the green hill,
the trees, To engulf me,
In its arms,
and embrace warmly.

-Sehaj
Sanghera
S/2253

EVEN THE SUN ISN'T ENOUGH

I'm only half awake but I'm already writing poetry about your eyelashes,
Can you believe it?

You screamt blue,
When I asked you your favourite colour.
And now,
Its everywhere,
I see it everywhere,
The sky, my own water bottle, the random dog collar on the street, the flowers I plucked out
Looking at hues of blue
Its all about you.

I heard you laugh for the very first time,
Like really laugh,
It's dark in the car but I can still see the crinkles by your eyes,
It's like a camera flash in a windowless room,
And it's the best thing I've seen all day long.

Every morning the sun has to relearn how to outshine you,
Most days even she is not enough.

-Eshanee Pahwa
P/2799



STRANGLED

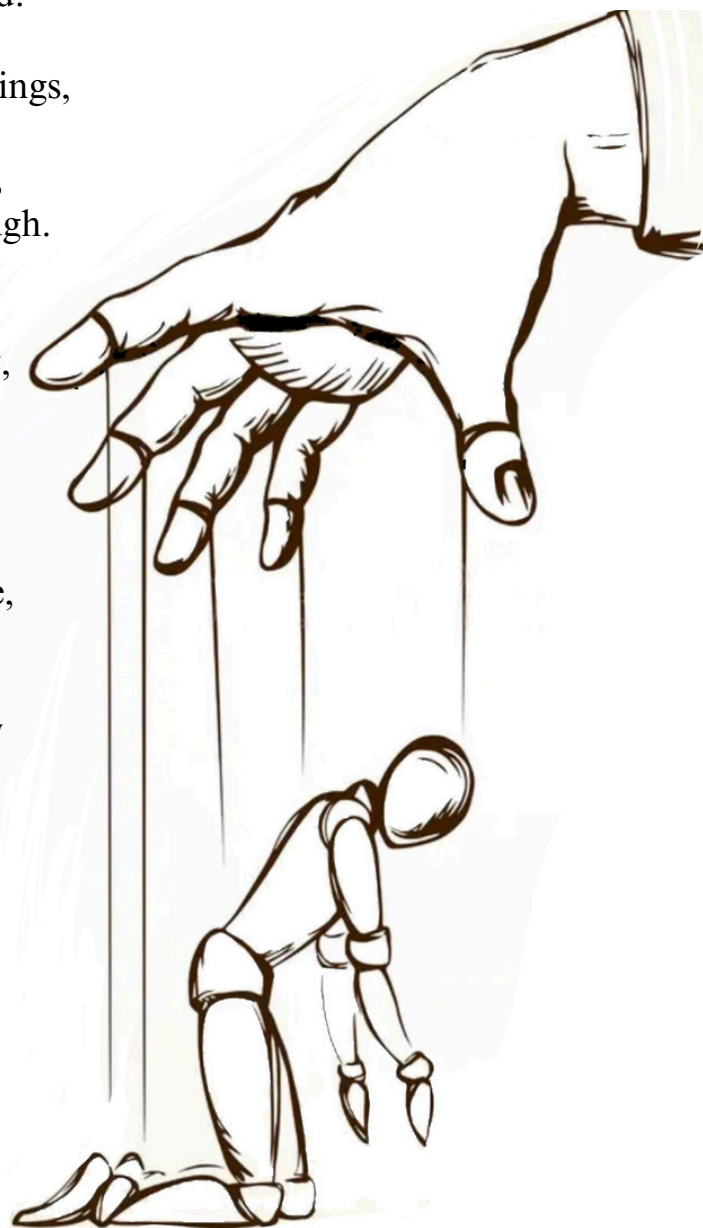
It's a portal
An escape,
The rubble created within my own consciousness,
To skip into reality
I'd rather jump into the netherworld.

Dreary with blemishes of my own writings,
Running to find an escape,
Shunned out by my own screeches,
Fastened with crutches, I crawl through.

Sore, bulging eyes
yearning for the tears to ebb away,
Crush away my wrecked reach,
Strangled onto a threshold
where life meets the dead.

The blackhole awaits the perishable,
I see the corpse
of my wakefulness,
I'd rather live in this dark captivity
than to face the mortal.

-Abhisri Singh
K/02259



WILTING

I am wilting. As a flower. I am wilting. One by one. Piece by piece. Petal by petal. It feels like each day I live, sucks a little more life out of me. Making another petal fall to the ground. Each day I tire, I exhaust a little more, but I never get watered, never a single ray of the sun, never enough soil to help me revive, relive, relight.

I am wilting. I know I am. It's all getting to much for me.
I could collapse or explode.

Petal by petal falls each day and now the ground is nearly full. And the last couple of petals left have already started wilting.
I am wilting. It won't take long.

I am wilting.



-Deveshi Sharma
P/2346

AT TWENTY-FIVE

Often, my free time passes away, thinking
Dreaming, about what is to come
What is written in the book of my life
Etched in it, a special story just for me
A rainbow of feelings, thoughts and people
That I will be experiencing in the roller coaster of life

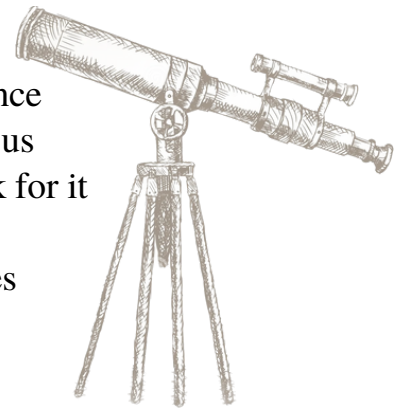
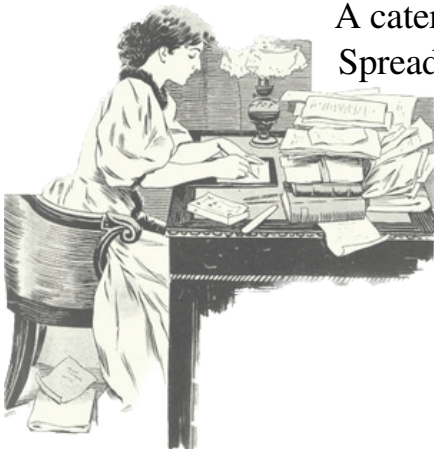
Will I be an author, writing a novel
Drafting ideas and words
Reclining onto a comfortable spot outside
The winds softly caressing my skin
Calling out tons of emotions
And I'll pour them onto paper

Will I be an explorer
Searching for the darkest, deepest secret of
Life- the scanty, fragile creature pretending to be strong
Kicking dirt off her knees and wiping her face
Looking in this corner and that, in that place and this
To find and give meaning to things, things that matter

Will I be an astronomer
Begging for something bigger than our existence
Bigger than what the constellations try to tell us
A secret message written only for those who look for it
Endless possibilities of endless theories
And I will drown in a black hole of mysteries

I think I know now, I know what I will be
I will be kind, I will be warm
I will lift shadows of sadness off people
A caterpillar that has morphed into a beautiful butterfly
Spreading its wings to soar among the clouds, the stars
I will be a good person, at twenty-five.

-Idha Rathi
S/2839



THE DROWN

At night we hope,
Crossed fingers, sprinkled salt,
For grey skies to turn into pores,
I used to drink the sun in the summers,
Now I wish to drown this place.

With all the gasps, the screams, the displeasures,
The cold seeping into our bones, teeth clattering-
Water sprinkling on our heads to wash away the hate,
The hate that left their eyes to latch onto my skin,
Cold water, salty water, water to drown and to create discomfort,

They say art should comfort the discomforted,
Is rain not the original form of art,
The sway of the trees, the sickeningly predictable beat of the drops,

Air is heavy with the scent of wet leaves and the songs of forgotten ghosts,
Shoes stained- sticky with mud, a lack of umbrellas means all the voices are
gone, The cold needs to seep in and take over,
My heart beats too fast, my blood is too warm and I care too much.

I drank too much of the sun all these past summers,
It needs to rain, I want the drown,
Cold seeping into all bones, teeth clattering, water washing away the displeasure,
It is odd how quickly at the lack of warmth, cold turns into comfort.

-Vaanya Shekhar
S/2556



EUTHANASIA



Dead mornings
The smell of dead bodies lingers near
Creates sharp pain in my heart

The deafest pretends to hear,
The blind pretends to see,
Death in shadow,
Can hear its footsteps towards us,

In the realm of choices,
Where the shadows play.

Euthanasia shuts,
Like a delicate ballet,
A patient's gaze,
A silent conversation,
Euthanasia stands,

Where empathy resides?

-Mahika Pun
K/2694

16/10/2024

And poets talk and write and bleed of-
Love, lust, death, hurt, pain, greed,
Friendships, last times, first memories-
Take me away, I can not be a poet.

I am tired.
Eyes burning, heart clenched,
Stomach never hungry, a lull in my head-
It's going to be alright, child, it's going to be alright,
The pain, though,
stifles my breath, it can not escape my throat.

I am no poet. I am just a girl.
Laurie, I thought once, was right,
Now, I have changed my mind.

Scholar numbers shaved off my soul,
Words don't stumble out of my fingertips,
The magic is gone, I am tired,
Flickering eyes, aching chest, worn down smiles,
Watered down ink, overbearing coffee,
Counting days like a twelve year old at night.

Not a poet. Not a human. I don't know what
I am, can be, will, except for,
Tired,
Without magic, without the stumbling words,
Without the bright smiles and throated laughs.

contd.

Love, lust, death, hurt, pain, greed,
Friendships, last times, first memories,
I do not want to know any of those,
They shatter and break and curse and- and, and-

I remember the stop in my heart when I heard of you,
A balcony, a trashed room, ambulances,
Four notes on the end,
All their names on page-

Without yours.

I just know this; when $\frac{1}{5}$ of your childhood dies, you do not
Believe it, you can not swallow it, when the other $\frac{4}{5}$ address it, you
Stop-
And you realise,
One initial is missing, now, forever,
Good-bye is not an easy sound, Liam, and
I am so tired.

-Vaanya Shekhar
S/2556



ECHO - CHAMBER

The streets are filled with my name,
I blink and I've been turned into a piece of fame.

They call me their saviour, they call me god,
But the only word that I can think of is sheer "fraud".

I look down, I see flowers on my path,
But on my hands there's blood, not just scars.

My body reeks of the scent of death,
But the death's not mine, it's the one I've led.

My body is here, in midst of the crowd,
That screams my name, Oh! So loud.

But my heart is where that child cries,
While at my feet, his father's head lies.

-Muktika Singh Rathore
S/2188



GHOST OF MY MEMORIES

Yes, you can't see through the ghost
But if you could, you'd see hidden memories
You'd see a mosaic of the starry nights I looked at
Of conversations I had and of the times
I felt the most alive

The ghost hovers around me
Passing through doors, passing through bodies
Just a mere cloud of nothingness
Carefully sewed together with my past
A reminder of the time flying away really fast

The ghost sways along the rhythm
Of my childhood songs as deja vu washes over me
And I, I drown in the familiarity
In the warmth of what was experienced
In the cold, harsh truth that they're now no more

Basking in the sunlight, the ghost lays
Kids laughing in distant memory
Not one bit scared, not one bit fazed
For the innocent faces didn't know back then-
That the past will simply be a dream, hazy and distorted
Nostalgia envelopes me when I stare in the
Eyes of the ghost of my memories.

-Idha Rathi
S/2839



DIS-

Writhing in a corner,
Words pausing midway at the base of my throat-
The wind finally knocked out of my carcass,
It chants your disapproval, your disdain, your displeasure, your disgust, your dogma,
your-

My lips curl, your dogma,
Now, Drenched in spit,
Pulverised under my heel like the love of the five year old,

You bore your teeth into-

Forgive forgive forgive, forget forget forget

Why?

I hope i don't remember your words,
When I'm 97 and shrivelled in a corner-

Will you free me by then?

-Vama Garg
P/2262



RED

Hanging onto life by a single thread
“GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE”, they said
My eyes blur into a shade of red
MY house,
MY country,
MY family,
My paradise turned into a threat
As their visions turned red.

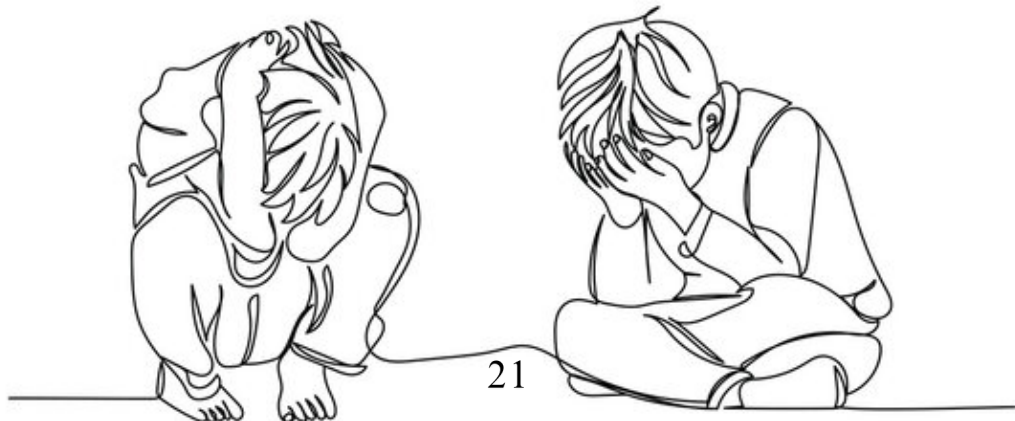
“STOP” we yell, as the glass shatters,

“STOP” we plead, as it enters our skin,

“STOP” we cry, it really didn’t help,

Broken families, Broken hearts, are all that’s left.
Hanging onto life by a singular thread
Oh God, please don’t let my vision turn red

-Sehaj Sanghera (S/2253) &
Amaaira Arora K/2523
(Creative writing and Art Installation
Best Over-all Delegation in MSC)



IS IT A GOOD DAY TO DIE

My name is Glasgow glacier,
Soar is my middle name ,
I am sitting happily in the summer noon now.
Ouch to my dilemma!
Where is my white sheath going? Global Warming it is!
Soon I will drift and shift from this world, Thanks to
the slack attitude towards my kind.
Inaction is choking me, Anthropocentrism shall reap no
results, The clock is ticking.
My anxious self thinks, “Is today the day I die?”

-Raisa Gulati
C/02264



THE TRIAL OF GOD

It was time. The jury was here, every child
dead in the past fifteen centuries, every
man and woman wronged present.

It was the day of judgement,
The trial of god had begun.

He sat there, jahova's witness,
Christ off of the cross,
Mohammed as his representative,
An ascetic lost in a forest.

God sat there, his demeanour lazy,
His hands covered in the black letters
Of books that he wrote and books
That I read.

At the trial of god, an elephant as the
judge,
Children as a jury, and everyone else as a
witness.

At the trial of god, a coin is tossed,
A question is told, an answer is asked,
And a man is put down at the gallows.

At the trial of god,
His wings appear and an echo whispers
To us, for god is only what we made ,
A knowledge that we have put out,
A projection of our anonymity.

At the trial of god, a child asks,
'Why did you do this?'
And a cavern stumbles out our own
words.

'When did I ever do anything that you
didn't want?'



PUZZLED

Have you ever felt,
Like you don't fit in,
Like a part of a 100 piece puzzle set,
Except you're the 101st piece,
Like the human version of the quote, From your
favorite T-shirt when you were 6 years old,
“Be a flamingo in a flock of pigeons.”

Well what if I'm not a flamingo,
What if I'm just one of those mediocre birds,
The ones who don't have flamboyant colors,
And mesmerising wings,
Just a combination of grey undertones.

-Keya Choudhury
M/2014
Batch of 2023-24



SOME TEN YEARS HAVE GONE BY

Some ten years have gone by,
Finally, it's time to demand a change,
Trust me, it starts with your enemies and
gradually this disease touches your loved ones;
With ease, it penetrates the soul,
ripping apart your goals.
Trying to find a cure, are you?
Well, I tried too!

Let's say, a few more shots of those reality injections
for you will be perfectly cured to realise that
'in this overcrowded world, you're on your own now.'

-Sarah Chhawchharia
P/2590



ODE TO SHAKESPEAREN WOMEN

Tell me, Bard, is a woman hungry a woman starved?

Her father's daughter, her mother's only dream,

Teeth chipped, hair gnarled,
She spits blood on your poetry.
Ophelia's death was no beauty,
Nor was Beatrice a feminist,

Oh, but they were tired,
so immeasurably tired.

Ophelia's flowers speaks in
tongues, Why, Jessica was
never a prodigal, Merely a
daughter lost.

You, who held power in the nib of your
quill. With power placed on the tip of her
tongue.

Carry it forth, and set it free.
Anger mingled with divinity,
Is stored in Shakespearean Women.
Tragedy stains their fingers, their mouths,

Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Cordelia, Ophelia,
Desdemona, Cressida, Cleopatra, Portia, Juliet, and so
many others, Thousands of women sepulchered in the
tomb of your words, Bard.

The needle points north, as it had, and
always will.

Mothers, sisters, daughters, we are of the
same stock.

Our womanhood, Our girlhood,
Our agony.

-Sidhi Sachin Deshmukh
P/2472
(Batch of 2023-24)

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Our agony.

-Sidhi Sachin Deshmukh
P/2472
(Batch of 2023-24)



MY REMINISCENCES

Sitting on the rubble of broken pillars, looking at the dull commodious streets reminds me of a time when it used to be impossible to get through because of the crowds. I am reminded of the once vibrant street shops. I remember how I used to sit behind my father on his bright red scooter, ranting about my day happily. I recall how I used to bid farewell to my friends after school with a smile on my face. Never did I once think that a day would come when that content smile would be wiped from my face.

-Riya Gopalan
M/2664



OATH TO A KINDLED BLAZE

I swear by Vivekanand, the thinker, Chanakya, the deviser, Gandhi, the dreamer, invoking all those embodying the divine to be my watcher and wielder as I hereafter, light a torch, and embark upon the journey of upholding the blaze of this oath to the best of my faculty and judgement. I will look upon him who has fabricated this charter as my beacon for unbiased thought and sage intent. I will regard his foresight as cardinal and will perform every action in my power to endorse and defend the charter's honour against all adversaries bearing true faith and loyalty to the same. However, if need arises in our evolving world, I will do justice to its amendment to the best of my judgement and ethic all the while maintaining its ancestral soul. I will impart this covenant to his descendents in all its traditional virtue and upheld righteousness and if circumstances condition it so, in its vital amendment and evolved structure. The regimen I adopt shall be for the benefit of the governed not for their harm or for any illicit purpose. May I fulfill this oath and stray from it not, gaining staunch belief and reputation in my loyalty to this constitution among all men, but if I do, may the contrary befall me.

-Vama Garg
P/2262



SURREAL TRANQUILITY

My wings are one fire,
one with a hateful desire,
Living amidst hollow souls,
All we hear is human cries and groans.

Tarnished and tattered,
Dreams lay shattered,
Home has become a forever dream,
Sounds of tranquil narrow stream.

Carefree child is now aghast,
grey folks dread the blast,
Is this how they'll remember our past?

War will end with leaders shaking hands,
Old woman will wait for her martyred son
Lay dead who, within the sand.

Perceiving whatever we see,
In bloodshed finding absolute glee,
Darker hues, men more cruel,
life without bloodshed is surreal.

-Abhisri Singh
K/2259



MASKS ARE SAFE

A mask is an inferno. A mask is something
That resonates the sounds of sincerity. We
Wear masks because they make us feel protected,
Despite knowing that it may not always be the case.
If you look close enough, you realize that we always
Wear masks, real or metaphorical. A mask suffocates
You with lies of security.

I saw a person wearing a mask. Their face was red,
There were tears of pain, of sadness, of betrayal, and yet,
He didn't stray from the mask, trying to believe that he would
Be safe. The only time he took it off was at home,
Which was just a bigger one.
We all do that though, don't we, wear a mask.

-Gauri Agarwal
M/2519



ECHOES OF DEFEAT

The sound of the ball,
Hitting the metal bar of the goalpost,
The sound of cheering,
As my kick deflects and,
'IT'S NOT A GOAL'
echoing in my mind,
The final penalty, The final match
It's all over now.
Going up on stage,
Silver medal in hand,
Next year, I guess?
Failure plastered on my forehead.

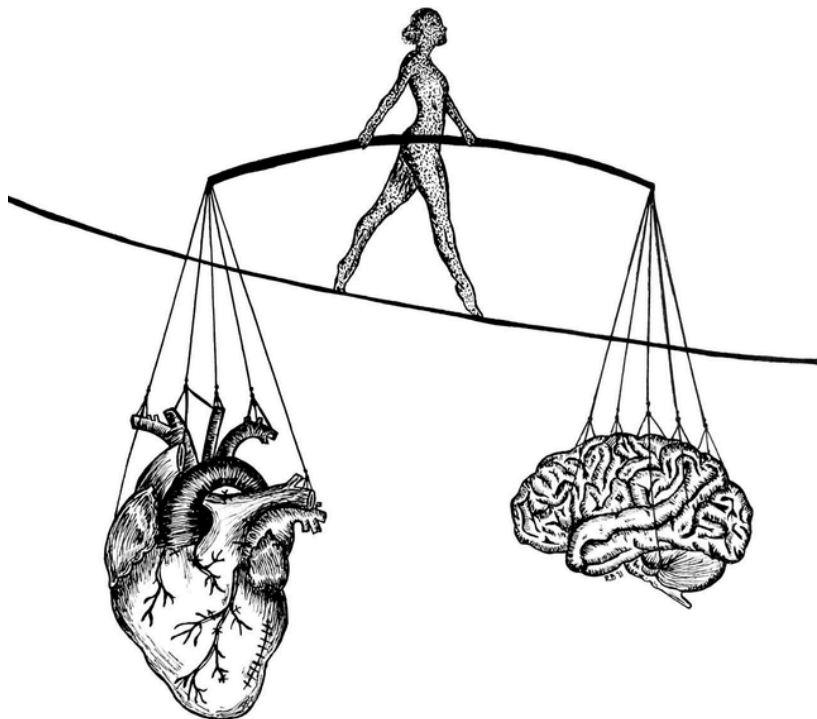
-Sehaj Sanghera
S/2253



LOOPHOLE OF THE HEAD-HEART CONFLICT

Walking through the doors of life
Swiftly sliding through the edges of a knife
Stuck with a head-heart conflict
Trying to recollect what i depict
Life being complete,
Yet throwing it's imperfections
Find ever a point, where parallel lines meet?
A small boat moving about,
Faces and survives "love", the ocean's "shout"
Reaching the shore being it's only goal
As it spins round in the ocean's bowl.
Listen to the head or heart you decide
Outcome being destruction or pride
Life isn't always true
Flows with its own challenges
Of which, overcome only a few.

-Abhisri Singh
K/2259



Light Within the Dark

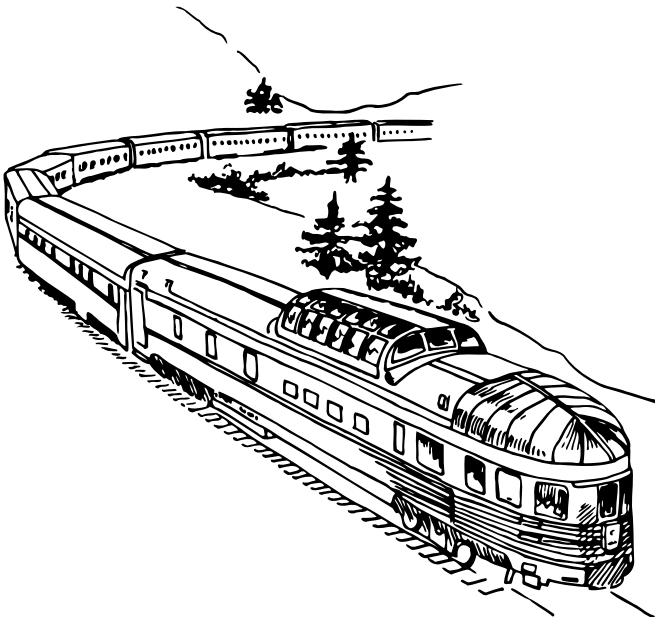
Light within the dark,
it strikes a chord uptill the spine,
asking for freedom, when its already mine?
Shivering voices, muffled screams,
Feels like someone just tread past my dreams.

Prejudices swining all across the way,
The 'Blacks', do we have a say?
This is the issue against white skined greed,
I am talking about 'Apartheid.'

A voice, a figure we need,
till when for 'Whites,' do we bleed?
A fair dark man's message of living through labour,
Was his ideology not to gain famous,
least did Gandhi care about cast or creed,
resolved to remove 'Apartheid.'

Young man was thrown off the train,
was there something that could get him to refrain,
steadfast and tread on,
through the trail of the fiery cobblestone.

From a child crook,
to his experimentation with truth,
"Be the change you want to see in the world"
And these, he proudly stood before the 'Trianga's' twirl.



-Abhisri Singh
K/2259

Afterword: From Mr. Mukherjee P.

Words have their own elasticity. They can suffocate. They can liberate. They can roll off the tongue. They can free the sense. They can bind ourselves in cages of our own making.

Words are living paradoxes, breathing oxymorons, bridges of tomorrow and half buried remains of the past. Each of the texts crafted by students negotiates contours of life in all myriad hues. There are socio-political undertones, personal extracts from an ever-evolving diary of lives experiences and large conversations with the world.

Yet, the angst takes over at times. But, those gusts of anger are mellowed by earnestness of youth and the voices that collide creates a tonal scherzo. Throughout the year, students from MCGS use their pens for different modes of creative articulations: Essays, Haikus, Haibuns, Sonnets, Aphorism, Reportage, Diaries, Short fiction, Long form writing and Speeches....The pieces that you read are texts that come from such a churning. Re-read the lines that passes you by in the moments of quite contemplation. In my journey of three books and writing workshops with MCGS students I have discovered voices that want to shake off dogmas to step into a workable utopia.

Welcome to the world of walls of belonging and unbelonging.

MEET THE TEAM

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