

Whispers

An Anthology of Student
Poetry & Art work

July 2024 ©

Samrudhi Mohapatra 12A





Editorial Note


Gentle Reader,

Welcome to "Whispers": A Collection of Student Poetry and Art." This anthology is a testament to the creative talents and diverse perspectives of our students, where poems are interwoven with paintings, each depicting an emotion or a story.

Within these pages, you will discover a rich tapestry of artistic expression, where words and images come together to evoke feelings, provoke thoughts, and transport you to the inner worlds of our young creators. The depth and insight displayed in both the poetry and the artwork will surely move you. They not only showcase the creativity of our students but also serve as a powerful medium for reflection of their learning.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to the students for sharing their work, to the teachers for guiding their artistic endeavors, and to all who have contributed to making this anthology a reality.

May "Whispers" inspire, captivate, and leave a lasting impression on all who engage with its pages.



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AND THIS IS HOW IT IS
we go home
d we shut our doors
n't sleep with them open
a world sees in

brush into place
draid to show the world

My girlfriend

Acknowledgement

"Whispers" invites you into a world of captivating poetry, brought to life by our student poets. With stunning digital artwork by Arnav Karanjekar (10 A), Mitul Rasal (10A), and Aaron Joshi (10B)- Club heads of Artistic Graphic and Framework Club; each page is a blend of words and visuals that will surely enchant you.

The beautiful front cover by Samrudhi Mohapatra (12A) and back cover by Arisha Gaibi (6A) set the tone for this delightful journey.

Special thanks to Saanvi Galav for gathering the poems and the Art team for guiding the students with the artwork, with support from Ms. Rupali Nimbalkar for the digital work.

"Whispers" is a testament to the creativity and teamwork of our students.

Dive in and enjoy the magic of their words and artistry!

Happy reading!

Abandoned Library

I was filled with mortals who loved my books,
I loved those mortals' delightful chimes,
I cherished when they didn't judge me by looks,
I remember, while they were reading none
tracked time.

But now I am filled with despair,
For no one visits me anymore,
My broken heart will never repair,
With each passing night, my heart implores.

Nowadays, these mortals never visit me or my
friends,
They all use e-books instead of reading tomes,
Frisking online games which trend,
Suppressing in their small domes.

~ Vrinda Goyle , 8B

Village Life



Sreeparna Datta, 8A

Yearning for Love

But what about those girls,
Who never knew how it felt
to be drenched in love?

But what about those girls,
Who spent their lifetime
Trying to be enough for someone?

But what about those girls,
who were told they were unworthy
And never deserved to live?

But what about those girls,
Who wish they were completely
enamored by someone?

~ Mohika Vempalli, 10B

Life in Motion



Rida Fatima, 9A

Echoes of Unheard Battles

Have you ever noticed how her hands tremble?
Have you ever noticed how sweaty her palms are?
Have you ever noticed the fear in her eyes?
Have you ever heard the screams in her silence?

NO!

You haven't noticed, none of you!
You believe that,
Her hands tremble because she is angry,
Her palms sweat because she is lying,
There is no fear but jealousy and shame in her eyes.

You never heard her silent screams,
All you could hear were the dirty little voices in
your head.
Do you know how many battles she has been
fighting?
Do you know how many times she has given up?
Do you know why she chooses silence over words?
Do you know why she chooses tears over
everything?



NO!

You don't know her at all!

Everytime she thinks she has won one of her
hundred battles, there are thousands of others
waiting for her.

She has lost all her hope, but still keeps going.

She believes that silence is the best answer,
because words can't explain how she feels.

She chooses tears because it's been her
companion for many years.

Is she fooling herself or the world?

She fools her mind every night with her pretty
smile,

She fools the world by standing strong and
confident,

But only her close ones know how she really
feels.

Behind her silence,

There is a scream.

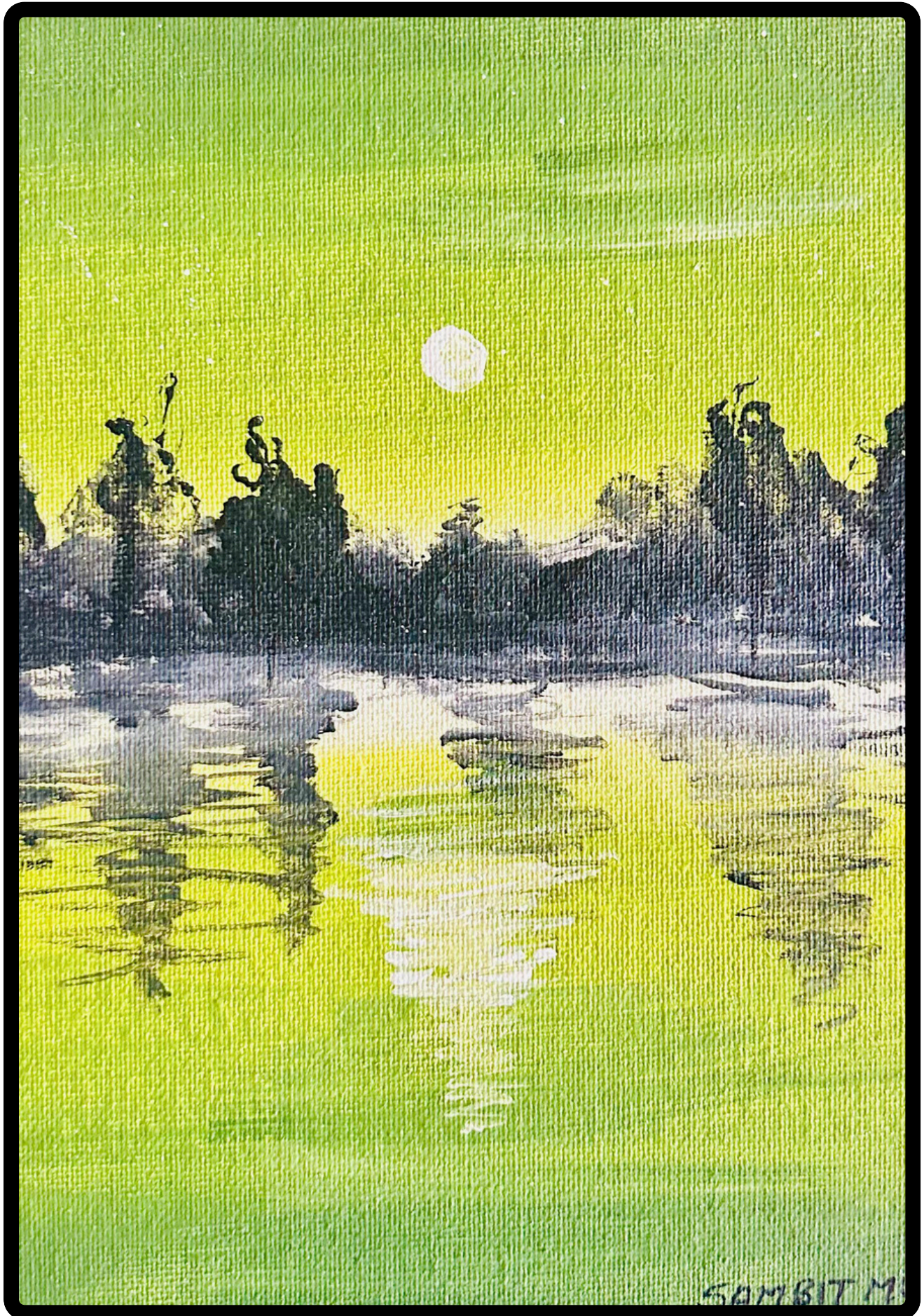
Living like a princess,

Is all that she dreams.

Nashrah Syed, 12A



Reflection



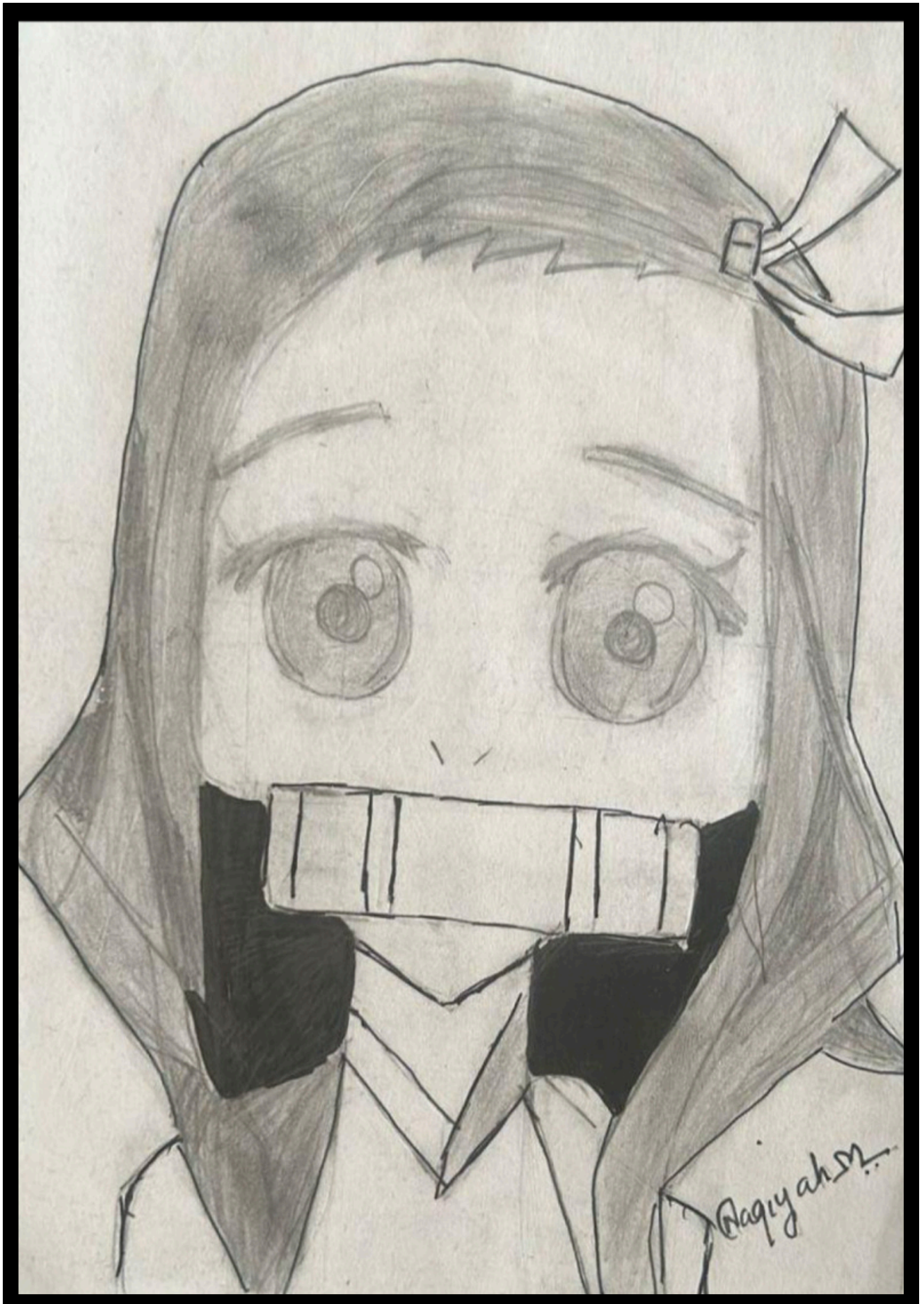
Sambit Mukherjee, 6A

Scars of Silence

You can't help me
So you pretend
That the salty scent of my tears
Is the sea
The pink flush of my face
Is a winter gift
Dead eyes are a mask glued to my
face
You can't quite scrape off
You are scared of scratching lines
into my skin.

~ Nevidita Ana Bhala, 8A

Silence



Naqiyah, 6B

The Star

On a dark night,
With no cloud in sight
And a clear sky
With planes in flight
A single star burns bright
The only star in the sky.

To some the star holds memories
To some a beacon of change
To most it gives its light and warmth
To everything in range

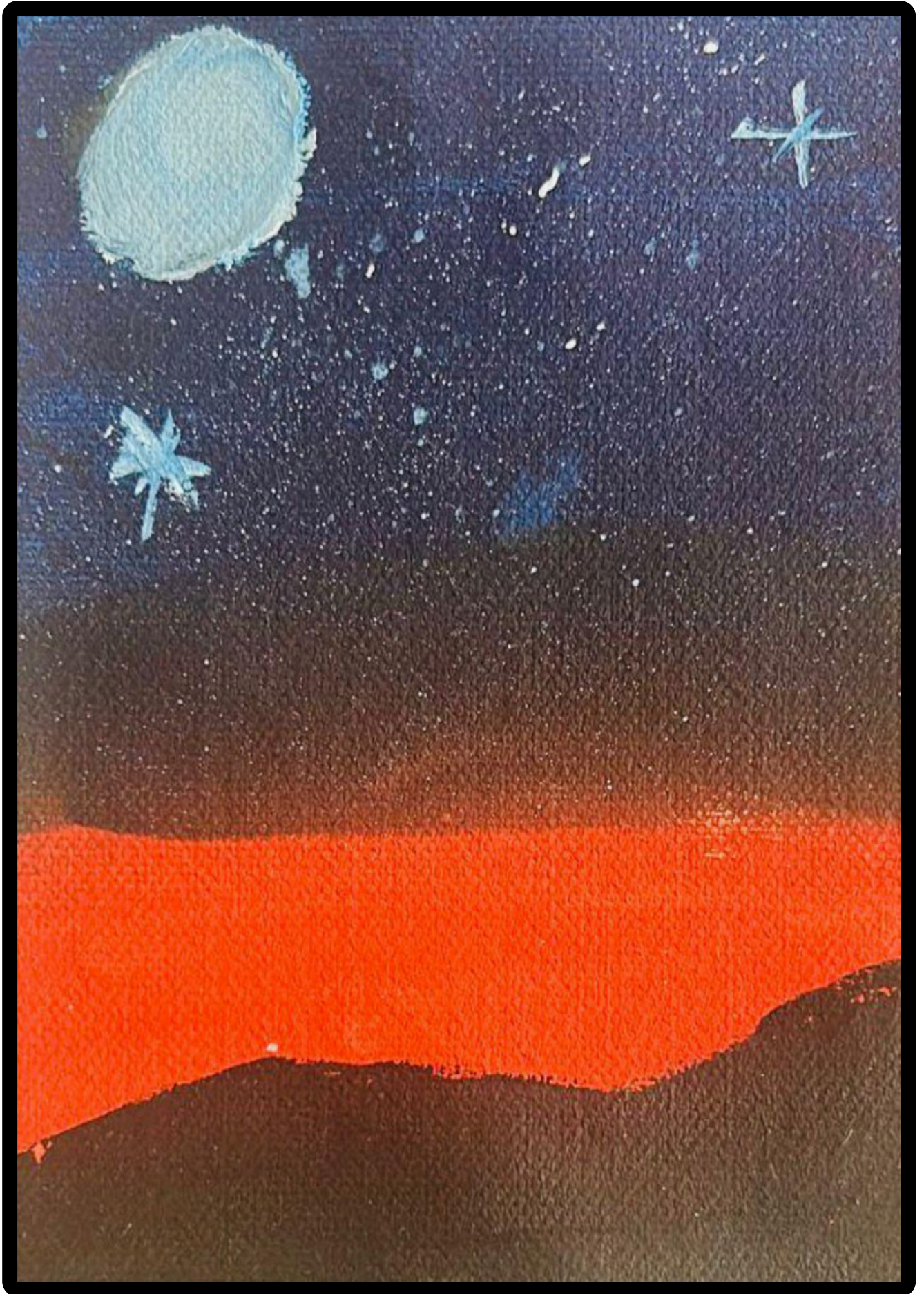
But to me that star is different
To me it's a sign of hope
It inspires me to go on with life
That I have lesser problems to cope
That star gives me power
Every single night
It's surprising how so much
Resides in a single light

And even in the darkest hour
In the bleakest night
Even in the pitch black darkness
The star shines strong and bright.

So persevere like that star
Have some determination
And you must journey far
With that dedication
You'll be great one day
It's not really that far
Just never ever give up
And shine like that star.

~ Jennah M. 9 A

Dawn



Mitul Rasal, 10A

Breeze of Tenderness

She was so beautiful
Pretty, prettier than the moon
In the empty dark sky

She was so full of love
Her love blew dandelions
In my heart for her

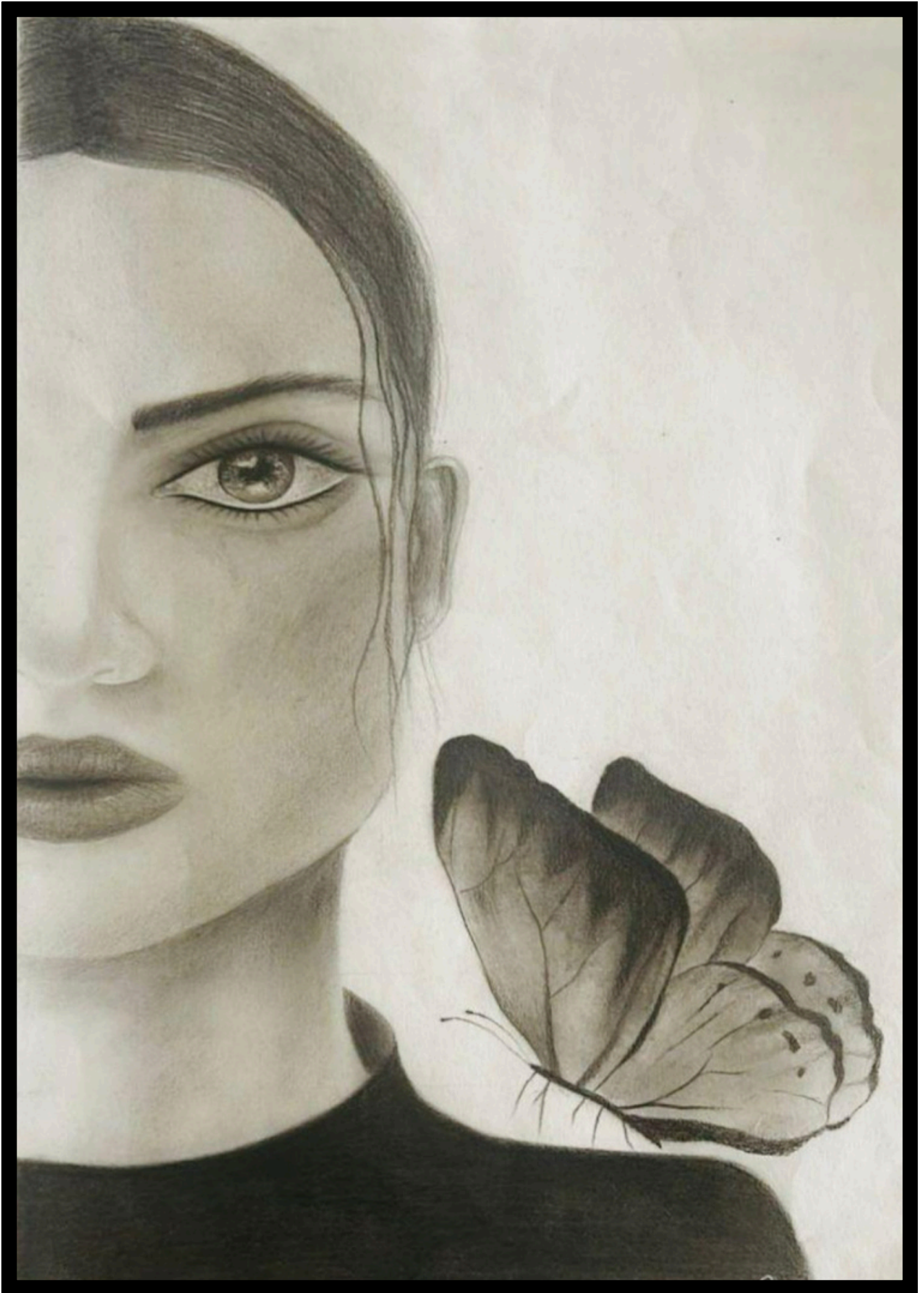
I look at her and I know,
I know that
She was created for the meadow of
Roses

She walked by me,
And the smoothest breeze of tenderness
Blew in my hair

Her laugh, a laugh so contagious,
A laugh that made me realise,
She is the best thing ,
That I've ever experienced

~ Mohika Vempalli, 10B

Youth



Sumruddhi Mohapatra, 12A

Display of Love

A display of love
She looked at the moon
And he looked at his moon

A display of love
She gazed into his eyes
And he pretended he didn't know

A display of love
He slipped his hand into hers
And her heart fluttered like butterflies

A display of love
Her heart held him
When her hands couldn't

A display of love
He played basketball
And she sat admiring him

A display of love
At the end of the day
They're each other's only homes.

~ Mohika Vempalli, 10B

Faces



Nayana Sareesh, 8B

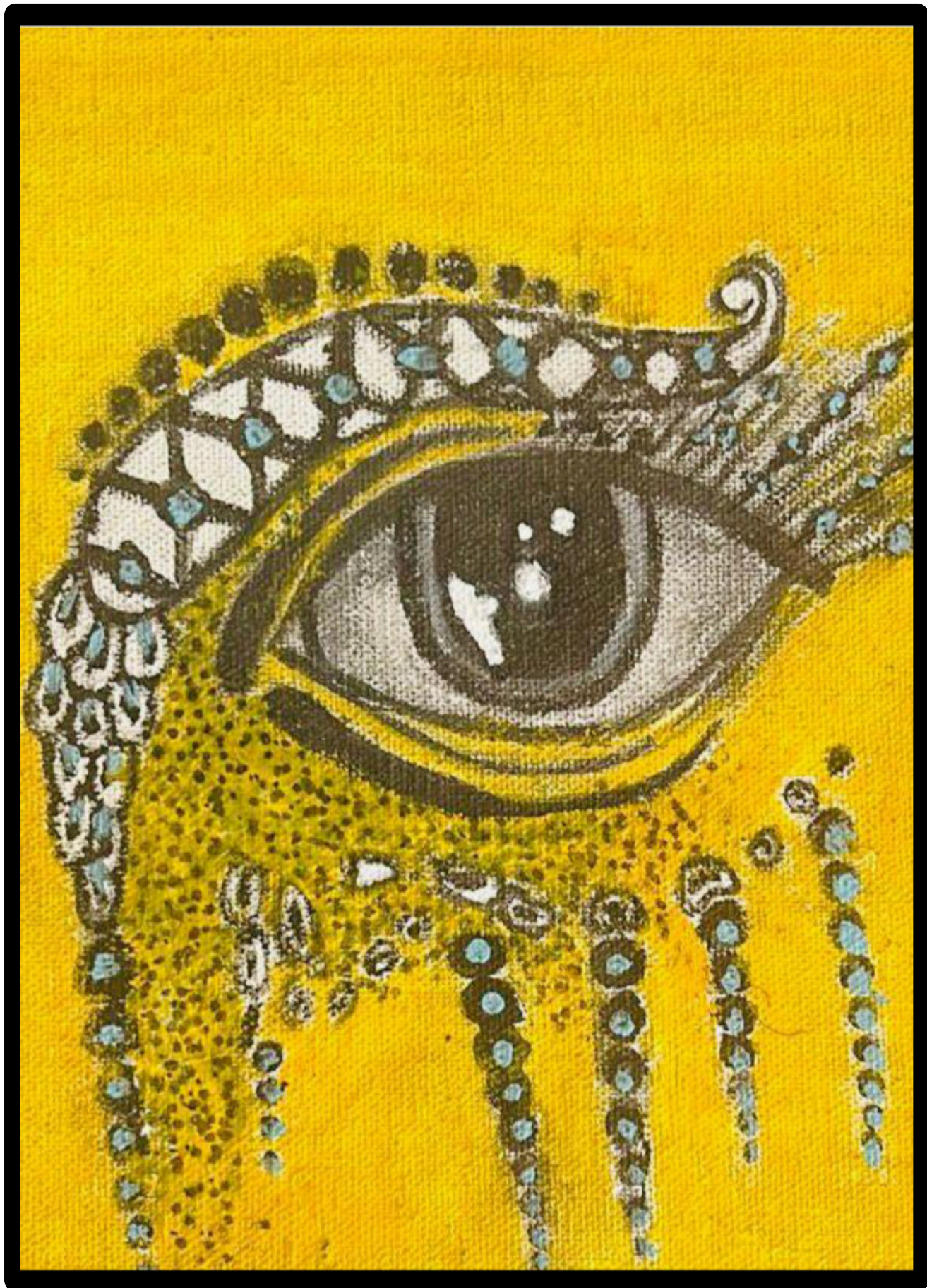


Reality

Life is a game,
It's all about fame,
There is nothing to do,
Cause we ain't a crew,
Money is life,
Honesty is a knife
This is reality,
With no immortality,
The world is a beautiful lie,
Where we all have to die.

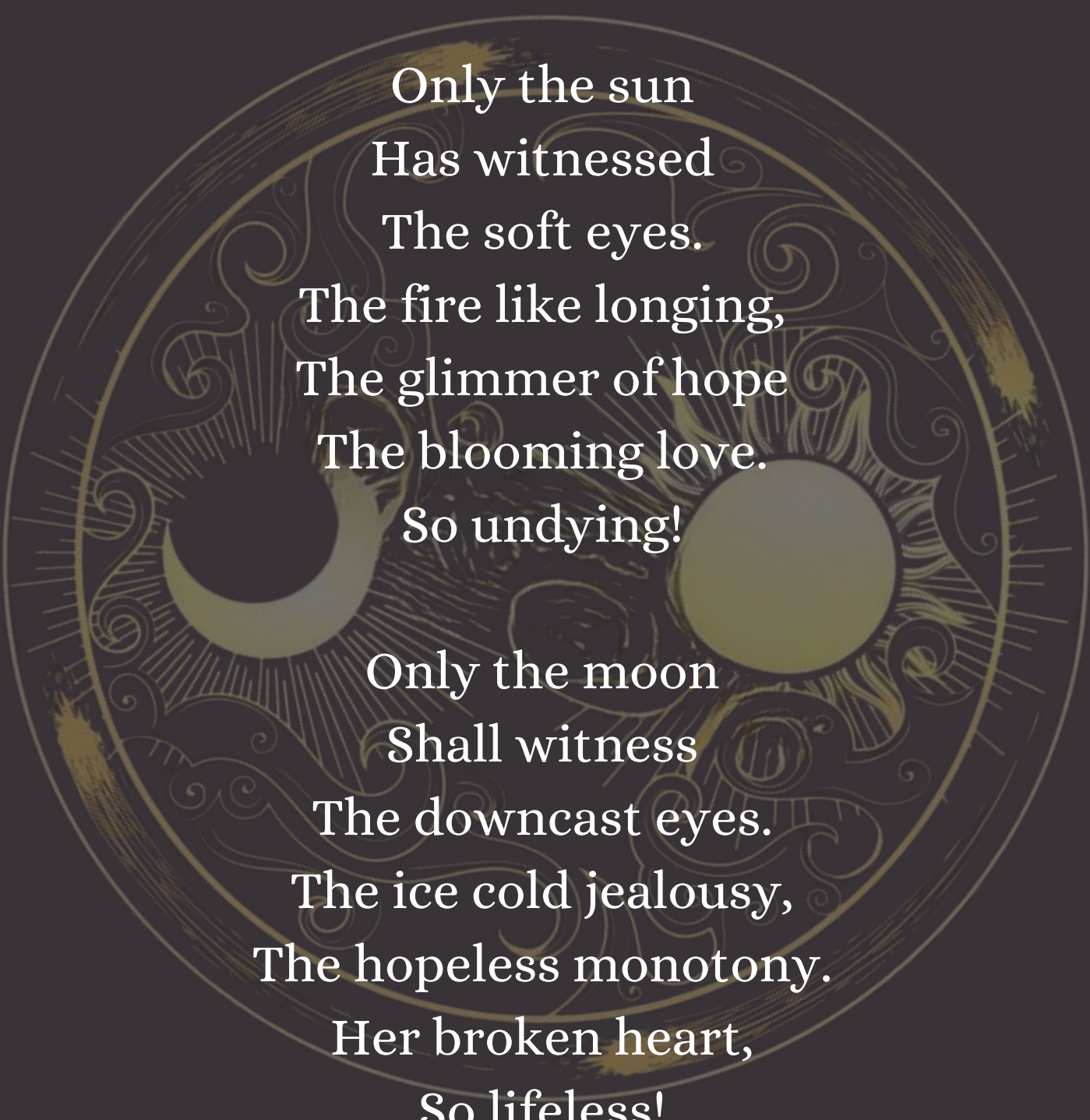
~ Zainab Pathan, 8B

Precious drops



Dharpana Nadar, 6A

Celestial Tales



Only the sun
Has witnessed
The soft eyes.
The fire like longing,
The glimmer of hope
The blooming love.
So undying!

Only the moon
Shall witness
The downcast eyes.
The ice cold jealousy,
The hopeless monotony.
Her broken heart,
So lifeless!

~ Nevidita Ana Bhala , 8A

Flight



Sussane Khan, 8A

Unveiling the Veiled

Behold, her transcendent armor
She forged it by ripping pieces
off of others
Now it is a patchwork of every
alien element that
She could plunder
So nobody shall begin to fathom
What lies concealed
behind skin and gossamer

~ Sanvi Galav, 8C



Arisha Gaibi, 6A

Whispers: A Symphony of Verses and Visuals invites you to delve into the creative depths of our student poets and artists. This inaugural collection marks the start of an exciting journey, promising more enchanting creations to come.

Plot no. 2, Sector - 35G, Near Tata Hospital
Kharghar, Navi Mumbai - 410210