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Back to Life

They tried to make her fall,
 Turn her voice into a wall.
 But she is more than what they did,
 She rises again, no longer hid.

The road is long, the scars run deep,
 Some nights she wakes and still she weeps.
 But step by step, she start to see,
 The world still has a place for her.

No chains remain, she's not the same,
 She will not live inside the pain.
 She takes her light, she takes her name,
 She won't be trapped inside the shame.

She chooses to live, to dance, to sing,
 To love, to heal, to feel the spring.
 Not just to breathe, but to be free,
 To take back all they stole from her.

Silent Ashes

She walks where the moonlight cannot reach,
 shadows curled beneath her feet.
 The air is thick with ghosts of hands,
 pressed like whispers into her skin.
 A body once her own, now foreign,

a temple defiled, turned to ruin.
 She gathers pieces in trembling palms,
 but they slip like sand, unholy, undone.
 Her voice...
 a thing lost in the valley of silence,
 where echoes refuse to return.
 She stitches her ribs with quiet prayers,
 but the thread is made of mourning.
 Night does not end, only shifts.
 The morning sun is cruel in its knowing.
 She watches it rise, an indifferent god,
 burning, burning,
 but never for her.



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Itch

I was born on the border between an accumulation of
 tears and weakness in the blood
 I stand on this edge again, no longer a child
 unacquainted still with the beauty of form
 I stare at this gaping chasm, the siege of my heart and I
 stare at the sickening soft rise of light that surrounds your
 neck and here I find a distance that resembles death.
 I commit the crime, I deny it, apologize politely and talk of
 peace

Are we forgetting something in this rush to excise the
 ringing slogans of human dignity our parents read to us?
 How has your deprivation become a measure of my life?
 Do I love you because you are an occasion for conflict?
 Do I dream of you out of reasons justified by necessity or
 because you incentivize living for me - becoming a
 touchstone to my existence?

I wish I could tell you how my departure wasn't voluntary,
 how it felt more like expulsion, like exile
 I stand here and search for things that make me feel lost
 when they are lost, for obscure shapes and empty calls of
 tar-streaked devotion, eroding imagination and dream
 I commit the crime, I deny it, apologize politely and talk of
 peace

Are we more mature now, objecting to the practice of
 laying the blame of our misery on each other, on the
 colour of our fates, on the discord between our wounds
 and our hands?

I try to make my love small, to rake the soil beside me and
 bury it somewhere in a breach in its womb
 I fear sometimes that I may have violated your idea of
 love, may have ruined its symmetry, may have pushed
 you behind a wall of inspired longing and lead you to
 celebrate past misery as I in turn defend past happiness
 I still believe sometimes that this is a minor
 inconvenience, that the night has woken you up in lieu of
 an itch and that I will get you a glass of water and put you
 back to sleep and see my peace reinstated beside me
 when you rest your head on my shoulder
 I commit the crime, I deny it, apologize politely and talk of
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