

# ***LOTUS BUDS***

— JANUARY ISSUE —



## *Restore Earth, Assuage Her Pains*

*Who would've known that someday her lungs would  
be on fire, Who would've dreamt that her crystals  
would dissipate,  
Who would've thought every inch of her would be  
bruised,  
No one could've dreamt of seeing her sink.  
Like a burning house she yells,  
Like a human failing in life she cries,  
Feeling as helpless as someone who knows they're  
about to die, She cries, cries for help.  
Knock knock, someone there?  
There to help her from escaping death?  
There to be able to accept their mistake and rebuild  
her? There to cure her ails?  
She yearns to survive but we enjoy seeing her  
dwindle,  
She wants to be our constant but we religiously  
follow that change can be our only one,  
It's high time that we bandage her bruises, wipe her  
tears, and see her relive,  
Who knows, tomorrow we may be assimilating our  
ashes in her when she starts playing with our lives.*

**-Maahi Agarwal**



## *A Journal Entry in Germany*

*I'm sitting in the porch of the house looking at the leaves ; yellow, green and brown, surrounding me. "It's autumn", I think. The breeze has a steadfast rhythm to it and the leaves seem to be swaying to its beat. I had never known what the breeze sounded like, but then I knew and fell in love with it. It seemed to trigger my emotions, my sadness swayed and resurfaced with its rhythm. I'm sitting under a huge tree, one that I feel has so many stories to tell. There's a leaf stuck on my shoe, one that fell from the tree. It's holding on, just like I am, to all the positive feelings in me. A bird is chirping, "Who's it talking to", I wonder. I feel as if the branches of the tree are protecting me. They're looking down at me, making sure I'm happy and safe. Little do they know, they're a part of the reason I'm happy. Everybody's listening, the trees, the leaves, the wind, the birds. They all have a soul, a spirit, so eminent I can feel it. They're listening to me. They're listening to the music, "Until I Found You".*

**-Leela De  
IX B**

## *Origin of Soulmates*

*In cosmic dance, a fateful design, Two soul's entwined, destiny's sign. From stardust whisper, a tale unfolds, Soulmates born their story holds.*

*Before time's echo, a silent vow, Entangled spirits, then and now.*

*A celestial weave, threads unseen, Blinding heavens, a love serene.*

*From distant realms, they journey near, Guided by fate, dispelling fear.*

*Echoes of eternity, whispers of grace, Two souls converging, an ancient embrace, In the tapestry of existence, a divine art, Soulmates entwined, never to depart.*

*A symphony played by cosmic hands, Love's origin written in celestial sands.*

**-Nandini Agarwal  
Mirin Banerjee**



# *Beasts without Claws*

*Blood-stained face, eyes wrung in fright, Her footsteps tread in the moonlit night. Her eyes bend before the Goddess's gaze, Her mouth quivers as she kneeled ablaze.*

*In twilight's gentle skills she roams,  
The verdant canopy she slowly combs.  
With a bow that glides, graceful as a dancer,  
In pursuit of a man who couldn't take no for an answer.*

*Her innocence woven into a bridal gown,  
The wedding ring like shackles bears her down. Her eyes no longer gleam at a playground.  
Her childhood's nowhere to be found.  
Laughters silenced by marital vows,  
Before Armetis she gently bows.  
With a newfound purpose now the huntress wanders,  
Of the symphony of forest life she grows fonder.*

*His eyes were darker than the moonlit night,  
His claws were sharper than they appeared in plain sight. The wolf howled, nuzzling besides her feet,  
Oh, but I'm talking about the man who'd soon bleed.  
They kissed away each other's scars,  
Piercing an arrow into their horrid past,  
They shunned the beasts who as man we greet, As though two parallel lines they will never meet.*

**-Atira Dewan  
Hunar Chowdhary**

# *The Creation*

*O Prometheus, did you know?*

*These eyes that you carve, pressing a wilted petal To each orb,  
These eyes that you polish, with thumbs so soft, Will one day stare at their  
reflections in the whites Of their children's unblinking, peaceful eyes.  
And when their tears would reek of their stench, These rose-shrouded eyes would  
call for revenge.*

*O Prometheus, would you weep?*

*To see these clay fingers besmeared with red, To see them wrapped around tools of  
death, To see them curl around their brothers' throats, And drag their mothers away  
from light,*

*When their fingers tremble against the trigger, Is it you, calling to your creations?  
Were you thinking of the nightingale's cry, Or, the harp that lulled the court to sleep,  
When from the mud on the rocks that dried, Sprung the two ears of being?*

*Alas, you were wrong, so beautifully wrong;*

*The symphonies of humanity that echo through the night, Cries of children,  
explosions, and the wails of sirens,  
Are but music to our ears, ears that bleed  
In the absence of their lover's heartbeats,  
But listen to the television news in peace.*

*You who chided Epimetheus*

*For letting the savage wear God's gifts, What have you made, Prometheus?  
I gaze out of my window, and see the vultures circle around, Baring their heads,  
sniffing the air, waiting, waiting,*

*Waiting for the lights to dim, for the night to let  
Its ink bleed into the trembling moon.*

*You who held the palette in your hand, Were you moved by the poetry of the sight, Of  
the crimson wine against the dark skin?*

*You knew not, did you, Prometheus?*



## *The Fire*

*In truth it was not a dreary night,  
The night I grabbed the dancing flames and fled,  
I've brought them what could be the greatest gift  
But they see the branch of a weeping willow, dead  
The gods hunt me, though we were never friends,  
They've hunted my brethren, and now they hunt  
me Tricked Athena, defeated Ares,  
Despite my achievements, they see a dying willow  
tree*

*Hephaestus is red hot with anger, much like his  
flames I stole, My spirits would not shy away from  
flight*

*If only humanity worshiped me, but no  
They see a scapegoat willow, set alight  
A thief's a thief, no matter what  
Maybe only myth fanatics and some girl writing  
poems know of me, But they sit in light, from the  
fire i brought*

*At least they see more, than just a burning tree*

# *The Punishment*

*Haven't you all been punished unfairly? So why must mine last for an eternity? I feel it every day in my regrown liver, The ones I fought for, are forgetting me I am livid, I am angry*

*How dare they? So soon?*

*I've only seen the scorching sun, red with anger  
Like flames, but she's white with anger, the moon*

*It's been a millennia- maybe two, maybe three  
My blood has created quite a few rivers by now*

*To give them their hope and light,  
But then to be forgotten somehow*

*To describe, for humans love description  
(Apart from the fateful willow tree)*

*An eagle rips my liver and heart*

*While I'm chained to a cliff with echoes of the heavens laughing at me The  
mothers warn their children,*

*Don't be Prometheus, don't steal from the gods,  
But gods are jealous and drunk on power*

*Try to see what I have given you*

*You live through might because of me*

*And the day I grow wings, I'll flee and, off this cliff, I'll fall*

*They will remember my name then,*

*My name is Prometheus and I will burn them all.*



# *The Aftermath: Frankenstein*

*You tread a path I know too well.  
Whatever is beautiful, they tremble before it.  
For beauty isn't just the gentle flower against a lover's  
brow,  
Or the baby's laughter against the mother's breast,  
When the sky splits open and tremors crack the ground,  
That is also beauty.  
When you breathe life into a thought too great, too  
fragile  
For others to handle, that is beauty.  
I created monsters, and you created what these  
monsters cower before. And yet, I admit to you, friend:  
When the eagle curves its beak,  
When the musk of my blood burns my nostrils,  
That is not when fear slithers up my spine.  
Nay, it is only when these lumps of clay Think of me – as  
a God, as a beast, Do I remember what I have birthed.*

**-Debangi Tapadar  
Sneha Saha**

# *Midas' Golden Touch*

*There once dwelled a being, Whose single touch,  
Turned all to gold,  
A gift both bright and dire,  
A most coveted desire.  
With every touch,  
A transmute took place,  
From common to precious, How splendid it was!  
To spend life now,  
In eternal glory of gilded gold.  
But then the incurable prophecy, Which he had long forgotten, Befell him.  
On a preternatural night,  
His loving touch,  
Turned his daughter into a golden crystal.  
To this sight the man shrieked,  
And smiled no more,  
He pleaded- Take me back thus gift and let  
Love not die. For his avarice took away  
What was pure and true, The 'blessing' reversed his euphoric days, And Midas'  
curse came true.  
Midas now wiser,  
Had the learned value of love and kin, For he knew,  
Wealth lay deep within,  
For the golden touch- a dream so bright, Can blind you to love's eternal light.*

**-Annika Basu  
Krttika Mahipal**



# *Loom of Fate*

*Underlying the woven tapestry and glistening web of life and death,*

*Are the incandescent, seamless lines of the mystery- whose revelation mortals await. Divine deities, bold, brazen heroes and mystic, bewitching maidens*

*All are puppeteers to the unfaltering hands of the sisters weaving the loom of fate.*

*Their astronomical, unwavering and definite power flurries through the masterpieces of storytelling.*

*And their foreboding presence shadows every legend, myth and tale crafted meticulously by mankind.*

*The brilliantly red thread of life spun, apportioned and snapped by the sisters of destiny. Attached powerfully to every character in the aureate history of Greece we can find Daughters unspoken, the trinity overrule even the King of Kings.*

*For they are offsprings of dark, echoing, magnificently fearless Nyx- Goddess of Night. The Sisters control every life wandering the lonesome world.*

*Melting souls with the intoxicating darkness or ushering them into luminous light.*

*Klotho, carrying the spindle and the loom, spins the fleeting thread of one's existence. While the careful measurer Lachesis, determines the length of the starkly crimson thread of life. The inflexible Atropos snaps the thread of mortals and divinities alike.*

*The radiant God of Archery had to deceive the Sisters of Faith with debauchery to shield Admetus.*

*For even he, the mighty son of Zeus couldn't obstruct the sisters' rigid way. To save him from the fiery wrath of the makers of destiny.*

## *Loom of Fate*

*Alcestis, the devoted wife, fell into the arms of Death,  
pushing her Admetus away.*

*The King of Olympus, warned by the ever-mysteriously  
powerful Fates. Witnessed the murder of Sarpedon.*

*His beloved son, but all that he could do was accept  
duly what the mastermind sisters had in store.*

*They determined the fate of the tortured Persephone  
dragged to the Underworld by Hades.*

*Giving her the justice she deserved, indiscriminately,  
not less not more.*

*The Fates are unprejudiced, and their thread spins to  
the rhythm of justice, They may be harsh shatterers of  
reality while also be the unspoken sorcery which adds  
streaks of magic.*

*The loom of fate underlying our lives has made each  
transient voyage spectacular, like an exquisite,  
celestial one-of-a-kind classic.*

**-Nandini Lakhotia  
Leela De**



## *Medusa: Unveiling the Mythical Enigma*

*In days of old, when Gods did roam,  
A tale of woe, a story told,  
Of Medusa, fair and bright,  
Betrayed by Athena, plunged into night.  
Poseidon, God of sea and earth,*

*Lusted after Medusa's birth,  
He took her for his own delight. And left her with a  
curse, a fright.  
A monster, an ugly beast,  
Bronze hands, wings and snakes for locks. Each  
person her eyes set on,  
Was seen turning into stone.  
But behind this once lived, a girl, Young, charming,  
with a heart of pearl. An innocence taken for granted.  
A character for years, painted.  
So you better delve into the deep. Question what you  
hear or see, Because the real her or he,  
Lies underneath.*

**-Miraaya Gupta  
Arushi Kanodia**

# *Icarus Descends*

*Nothing reached his senses over his fiercely joyous screams and the  
wind across his face;*

*He didn't even notice his father's pleading voice or Apollo trying to  
warn him of his fate. He didn't even notice the scorching wax burning  
his back.*

*Dripping from his feet into the oceanic expanse below, creating trails  
of blood.*

*He fell;*

*The warmth of freedom shone golden on his smiling face.  
Detached feathers surrounded his open arms, trying to fly up to the  
Fates and plead for his young life; Death, disguised as gravity pulled  
his frail legs towards the unforgiving ocean.*

*He fell but he wasn't afraid;*

*He was simply glad to have felt the glorious, scorching heat of  
freedom after being trapped in the cold for so long,  
To have tasted its sweet wine, with no regret for consuming it whole;  
He smiled even as his toes grazed the surface of the water, Because  
before Icarus fell, he flew.*

*And so he died, a free man, his soul filled to the brim. The taste of  
freedom fresh on his lips,  
Salty as the sea which engulfed him.*

*The ripples took with them - fresh blood, fresh life. But mortals, as  
they are,*

*Stood unconcerned undisturbed,  
They smiled, "It was retribution"*

*The anguish, the hatred, the revenge That was buried deep for long,  
Deep-dyed within the cooing partridge. The father cried over his fate,  
And Icarus went down as "overambitious".*

**-Vritika Garg  
Sara Raghav**



# *Pandora's Plight*

*In ancient days, a tale was told,  
Of Pandora and her box old.*

*A myth of wonder, caution, and woe, A story that  
continues to grow.*

*She was a maiden, fair and bright, Given a box, sealed  
so tight. "Open not," the Gods did say,  
But her mind led her astray.*

*She opened the lid with curiosity's call, Releasing chaos,  
a torrent that would fall, Troubles and woes, like a  
tempest they flew, Into the world, where they spread  
and grew.*

*Hope emerged from the depths of woe,  
A glimmer of light in darkness' flow. Though troubles  
unleashed, chaos abound, Hope endures, in whispers,  
it's found.*

*So, in this myth of Pandora's plight,*

*Remember the power of hope's pure light. Even in  
darkness, when all seems lost, Hope survives, no matter  
the cost.*

**-Maahi Agarwal  
Sohani Chowdhury**