

WHEN IN ROME



Poem: Prisha Khemka 10A
Artwork: Sarah Sreshta

'Monochrome' was the name of our band,
The dreams we had, were stupidly grand;
We only played covers,
Different shades of the same idea!

A red flag on a black canvas,
My own clothes in the school campus,
A blue drop in a sea of green;
I remember, wanting to be seen.

That dream changed when we started,
It stayed the same, until we parted.
I then hoped our pale imitations,
Would take over the radio stations...

The beats we made were not meant
for dancing.
The silence in the crowds was deafening.
So, we learnt the Beatles song,
And this time, everyone sang along.

We became a small-town sensation -
Everyone liked our identical renditions.
We sang of popstar heartbreaks,
Because our own were never meant
to be shared!

They said that our USP was "blending into the
music",
Our conscious lack of originality was
apparently 'ironic'.
As, when in Rome...
Our band was called 'Monochrome'.