



Kristu Jayanti College

AUTONOMOUS Bengaluru

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Krysalis

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Design: Sheba Serlin



Sheba Serlin

I looked at her and found my next poem

They say you shine like a beam of light into a prism,
Anyone who passes by is hit by the hue of your soul.

She's a shade of scarlet, you and I could never be.
How do you tell a butterfly not to flutter it's wings?

A silent rebellion, paradox of thoughts.
Melody one can't bound, serene yet raging.

She fades like a petrichor but lingers in memories.
You're a treasure over the glistening ocean under
a sky full of stars.

She dreams in colour's that drive away the blues.
She's made of poetry, but my verses are premature
and this poem needs extra verses to describe her.

I'll write my verses in Arabic for you,
So you can decipher them in accordance to
the assonance of the Azan.

Am a full piece of art, she says.
Girl, you aren't just art, you're a museum full of art
with galaxies under your skin.

People remember art and forget artists

Keziah Grace Shibu

Virtual Journey

Cling! Cling! Cling!
Rang the virtual doorbell.
Her flight announced the journey.
The girl's fingers were
ready for the departure.

Snapchat and YouTube are the
destinations where
she likes to have a quick rest
before landing on her
favourite land, WhatsApp
and Instagram.
Snapchat captured her awesome pics
whereas YouTube entertained her.

As the fingers touched
the surface of WhatsApp,
her friends sent out their invitations
through video calls and voice messages.
Whereas the Instagram land
updates latest trends and info
which helps her to catch a glimpse
on her friends and her stars.

She was forced to return
from Instagram as soon as
she heard the voice of
her not so preferred
spot, Zoom!

After hours of journey,
the girl heard an alarm
of her flight's engine
crying for fuel
which forced her to
end the virtual tour,
and enter into the
world of Reality.

Sandra Binoj



Smile

An immediate skill
I gained it with minimal practice
Not much pain
An easy curve expanding up
From east to west

Tracing down the lane
A history of smile in everybody's life,
It sets to bloom
At the infancy of every men
A part of any life on earth

A child's device to communicate
The first language, easily acquired
A response to the mother's look
A response when fed happily
A response to dad's call
A reciprocal smile,
That becomes a cause
for other smiles to bloom

In the past
Women under rigid rules and shut
among the four walls
Only knew to smile
To smile and suffer
The same community of less power
Rising staunch and sovereign
Now knows to smile and fight

Men in the earlier days
Smiled...
Jeering at women's pain
But now fathers smile
On every gallant act of their
daughters

Men smile proudly on their
beloved's freedom
Sons smile when they see
Their mothers happy

An incredible beauty it
stores in Itself
Smile
Creates bond
Destroys too
It marks the beginning
It is also the end

Smile has a mile in it
Ever noticed?
It says;
Though it is short mile
running on the face
It has long miles to cover in
life
So,
Never lose a smile

Seba Saji





Sheba Serlin

Sheba

An excuse to all my unfinished poetry

Random words scribbled,
 On the corner of my notes,
 In the middle of my art.
 Incomplete lines,
 Unfathomable feelings.
 All hidden away,
 Under the dust of insecurities,
 Under my paint of uncertainty.
 Will I ever complete them?
 Sit down and see the death of them?
 I'm too scared.
 Too scared to kill,
 My shining sunflower,
 Head over heels with her lover.
 Too scared to kill,
 The moon in tranquility,
 Caressing my cheeks.
 Too scared to kill,
 The little me's giggles,
 As my Papa kisses my feet.
 Too scared to kill,
 My four lined poetry,
 With the ink of reality.
 I hope to leave them incomplete,
 Guard them with my very life,
 My happy pills in little lines.

Sheba Serlin

The Dark Maiden

His name was abnus, as nightmares haunt him,
 as sombre as kohl. crowds around pointing,
 He was in love with the night sky, laughing and thus a recluse.
 her ebony gown, studded For aeons, she has been
 with sequins, sweeping the antonym of beauty,
 the floor of the sky. her shade dark as tar.
 She walked gracefully They shut their eyes
 from one end to the other, as she appeared on the horizon
 enveloping fragments of and woke only when her
 blue into blackness. fair sister shone bright.
 People called him a loon Her name disgraced as
 for loving her, gazing into the old man robbed,
 her starry eyes the virgin deprived of her
 but she understood his true worth innocence,
 He watched her every night, plots hatched and carried out
 their love infinite, against the silent, black canvas
 never enough to unite. splatted with the blood of evil.
 She knew the ache of his heart, Her glorious colours,
 the secret tears, they failed to perceive.
 shared the pain of a fellow The patterns of the hunter,
 outcast. his dog and chariot,
 Saw him from birth, wonderfully sewn onto her,
 ridiculed for the colour of his skin, the stories she longed to tell,
 his pillow wet in his sleep, unspoken.

Riya Merin





I wanna be kind. Kind without reason. Kind without regrets. Kind without returns. My whole existence revolving around walking that extra mile, turning the other cheek, forgiving without apologies, loving without expectations. I wanna reach out to every soul in sight, let them in, shelter them, feed them with warmth, clothe them with hope, keep them under my wings; until they grow strong and violent, until they rip out my heart and bathe in my blood, until they pluck out my feathers, eat all my flesh, until all that remains is bones and ripped out skin. I wanna be KIND until then.

Sheba Serlin

Happiness is...

When with no reason
 There is a satisfaction
 Being with family, friends, kin
 Simply being loved
 Smile offered to others
 Getting it back too
 Fun, laughter...
 How happy is this world
 Without materialistic pleasures
 Lets live...
 Just for the sake of
 Simple happiness

Seba Saji



Sheba Serlin



Absurdity

My pen pierces primrose
 thorns
 on a fragile skin
 bleeding the paper in blue
 blood.

As I stitch emotions
 splashed with grey waters
 in between the lines
 wailing
 Sirens of helplessness.

Words are too heavy
 Chewing lemongrass
 Which I plucked from the
 fields of heartbreak.

Go create a concrete
 mixture with
 Metaphors brewing in Oak
 barrels
 behind my mind at
 high flames of despair.

Cascading into a martini of
 poisoned poetry,
 Burnt heart soaked in
 beeswax candles
 adds kerosene to the
 mulberry hopes
 of an everlasting love.

And gold pink dreams,
 Dipped in whirlpool of lies.
 Hung on the branches of my
 wet eyelashes,
 Igniting a wildfire in my
 scarlet soul.

Gushing out of a cracked
 bottle of my frozen heart,
 Baths my midnight into your
 muse.
 With the shrill violins of my
 tears,
 And I shimmer my pain in
 the slivery waves of the
 moonlight.

Keziah Grace Shibu