



SAHITYA CLUB

PRESENTS

A SOCIETY OF POETS

A MINI ANTHOLOGY BOOK



"Poetry is when an emotion has found  
its thought and the thought has found  
words."

- Robert Frost

The Society of Poets



*Dedicated to*

*The BBA batch of 2022-25*



*Their limitless imagination.*



## FRIENDSHIP

Friendship, wow what a wonderful thing!  
We talk with each other, walk back home with each  
other  
We'll never leave each other.



Friendship, such a precious memory!  
It jumps up and down like a monkey, It's as sweet as  
a toffee  
We are meant to be.

Friendship, something I'll forever cherish!  
we go together like food and garnish, sometimes our  
moments turn hellish  
but we'll forever be together and never perish.



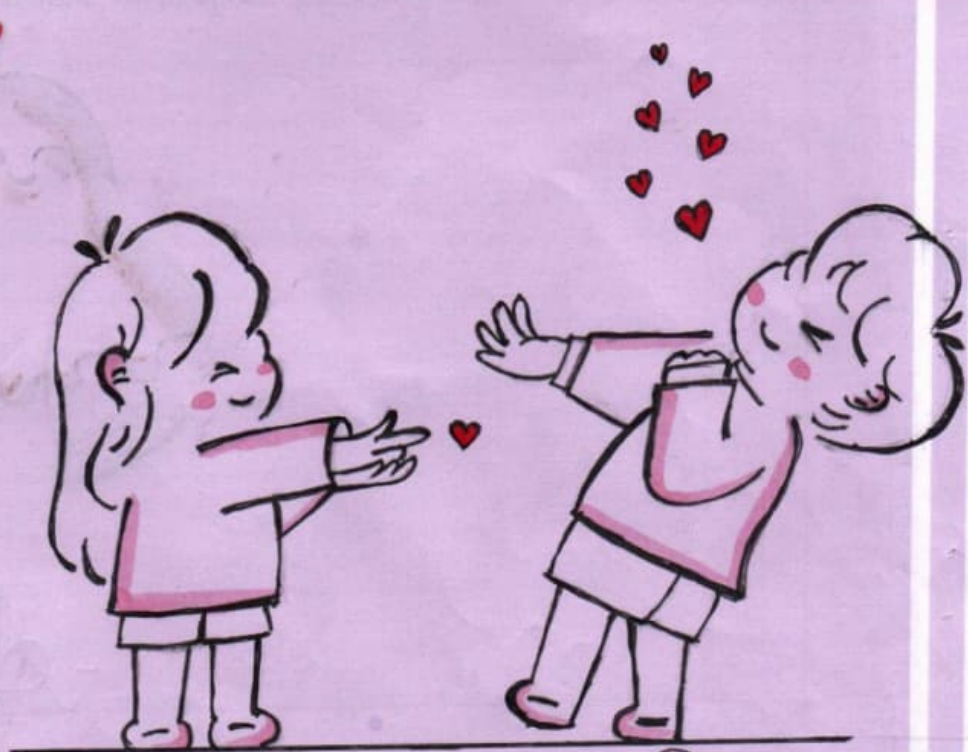
- Appeksha  
Gaur

STAR



This heart beats for you,  
Through joy and pain  
Do you love me too?  
For you my eyes rain

Eyes scrounge from afar,  
For one beautiful sight  
Of my only shimmering star,  
In the deepest, darkest night



- Dhruv Kohria

## दादा जी

नन्हे - नन्हे हाथों को थामे  
हमे विद्यालय से घर वापिस लेकर जाते।

आपसे ही शुरू हुई है हमारी जिंदगी  
आप और आपकी जिंदगी की सादगी।

पिता जी की डाट से हमेशा बचाया है आपने  
जब भी आप अपनी माला जपते और हम आपके पीछे छुपते।

आपकी हमे हमेशा याद आएगी  
आप ही रहते है हमारी बनगी ।



-Apeksha  
Gaur

माँ

जब भी ये आंखे खुली है  
बस उसे ही ढूंढती है यह नजर

तड़पती है ये आंखे उसकी एक झलक के लिए  
देख के लगता है उसे खूबसूरत कोई नहीं है इस दुनिया में

पता नहीं क्या जादू है उसमे  
एक सुकून सा होता है



-Nida Amin



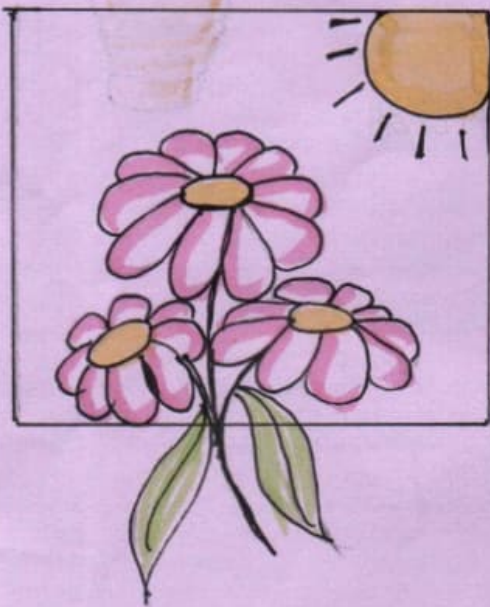
## FATHER

I couldn't put him in a poem.  
Should I call him the unseen wind?  
He walks as,  
a poised ray.

He is,  
light to the sight,  
bright among lights,  
a gracious father.

A rainbow in storms,  
Blazing million lights;  
Loom of colours, strong,  
a selfless hermit.

A lightened shoe,  
held in joy;  
that was once,  
Lost in the blue.



- Ruchirekha Das





## A GREAT DAY

Sitting on the bench,  
Hoping there's no wrench,  
Retconning ideas so particular.  
Exercising tonight my restraint,  
Yearning for a feeling peculiar,  
Assembling a poem with colours I paint.

Guiding others with self-learned,  
Heinous I think not, "how to poem."  
On the other hand, may have earned  
Sweet, sweet approval from them.  
Hey! Today's a great day after all.



- Shreyã G.



## THE VOICES IN MY HEAD

The voices in my head

what can I do?

Ceaselessly talking,

I want them to stop.

How can I break through?



They're loud

They're sad

They're quiet

They riot

They tell me what to do

They tell me what to say

They tell me what to think

They tell me to obey



Sometimes I just want to walk away

I want my peace to stay

"It's enough", I want to say

I want to keep them at bay

THE VOICES IN MY HEAD

These voices speak of truth and lies

Sometimes I don't know which is wise

Do I follow my heart, or listen to reason?

Maybe I'll just go with the season

A jumble of worries

A mess of fears

I'm constantly in a battle

With the voices in my head.

But I can find a moment

Of calm amidst the noise

By focusing on the present

And finding inner joy

I can break through.



-Shailja  
Manya

Poems are a way to describe emotions in short, quick, honest bursts of inspiration. And that's what we have done here - the meaning of different aspects of life rests in these words we've written; our labor of love.

The poems are full of vivid imagery and lyrical language, evoking the weight of friendship and yearning, along with the colossal love one feels for their parents. But it's not always sunshine and rainbows; the book also throws light upon the turbulent emotions that are often not spoken about, such as grief, inner demons and the stress of leadership.