

The Poetry Appreciation Society

FREE VERSE



桜
梅
桃
李

Oubaitori

/oh-buy-toe-ree/ Japanese

(n.) the idea that people bloom in their own time and in their own way just like flowers

editors' note



some confide in scattered hues of silence
shying from the blaze of light
each bud shall explode
leaving a streak of light

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エヴァ

WISHING UPON AN IMPERMEABLE PERMEABILITY

I have lived for long in this realm
And sometimes, in the middle of the night
I think there is a need for more venues
Through which I can move effortlessly
I thought of this as I tossed and turned in my bed
And realised I could only turn left, right,
on my back or my stomach
There was no other way to be
While sitting on a chair
I realised I could only sit
With legs down or crossed or folded
Stretched or curled
The more I thought, the more the limitations stared back at me
Every movement is simply a confinement
I look around
And find everyone a prisoner to this setting
Talk the same way, walk the same way
So the diversity we celebrate
is perhaps only a myopic vision
Because where is the diversity in a stipulated environ?
Let me expand as much as the universe
And not a rubber band
And let me be fluid
And not fixed
Let me be cellular
And porous
Let me have cavities
And a see-through personality
Let me be real
Let me start as an embryo
And remain rudimentary.

Ms. Shefali Nautiyal

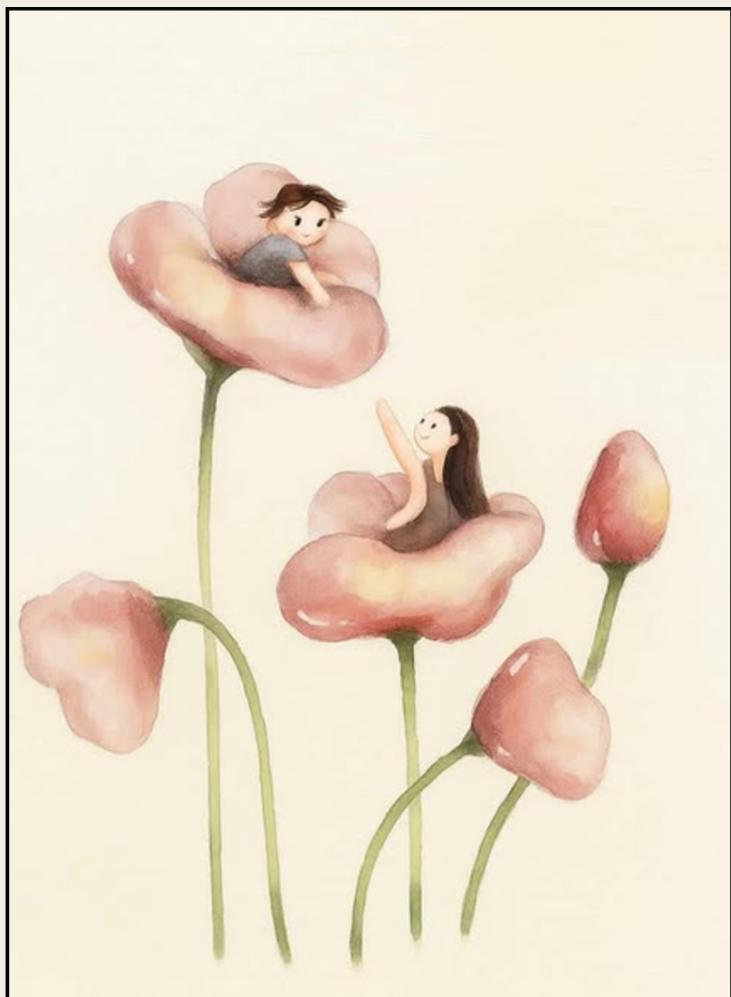


Plums fall one by one,
Each branch holds its own blossom
In small hands plums cradle

-Mahi Sinhal

梅

千本桜



成長

Does the plum envy the peach,
as the peach envies the apricot?
I wonder if they know—
the sun does not rise for all at once,
and yet each still finds their own dawn.

Only when the leaves
turn from green, to brown, to white
does the world remember
how beautiful change can be.

I wonder if they know
that mortals wait for every bloom—
not to compare,
but to marvel at their quiet grace.

I wonder if they know
their doubts are needless—
for they are loved,
loved and remembered
through every season they grow in.

They need not change,
for they are the change.

If only they could see themselves
through the eyes of a child—
watching soft plum blossoms
spill colour into the waning world

-Riya Jagwayan





THE ORCHARD

In the orchard, the air is perfumed with letters begging for spring.

Plum's buds blush fervently, her delicate skin dares to touch the hands of winter.

Frost stubbornly clings to her fingers, staining them silver.

Flowers continue to whisper and tease.

Apricot lingers and delays, Peach thunders longingly.

Both their flowers eventually bloom in a surge so violent in their beauty.

Cherry holds her buds together, the parrots take the quicker fruits home.

They ignore Cherry, and leave her untasted, waiting alone.

She's the last one remaining, left for the children to take.

At night, the moon watches the flowers grow.

She's never been criticised for not shining the same each night.

She's not been screamed at for not rising on time each night.

Because the moon doesn't have to be full and filled with light, every night to be admired, and neither do the flowers.

-Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi

SILENT EPIPHANY

The epiphany is lost in the summer,
the cicadas hum the daily prayers,
still in sight, still sit waiting.

The flowers bloom.

The sunlight shines over the oaks,
Oaks: for the shade they provide, they are shy.

Cicadas dotted over the crown, the trunk, and the branches,
They greet the world in silence which lies in the stillness of a
blooming moment; unnoticed.

-Evah Gondalia

THE BONZAI

In the rancid smell of rain,
As her reflection ripples red
She dances, desolate in her delirium.

In the raging rivalries of Rome,
He stumbles, stutters, burns and bleeds
Amidst the colossal finery of the palace's
prison walls

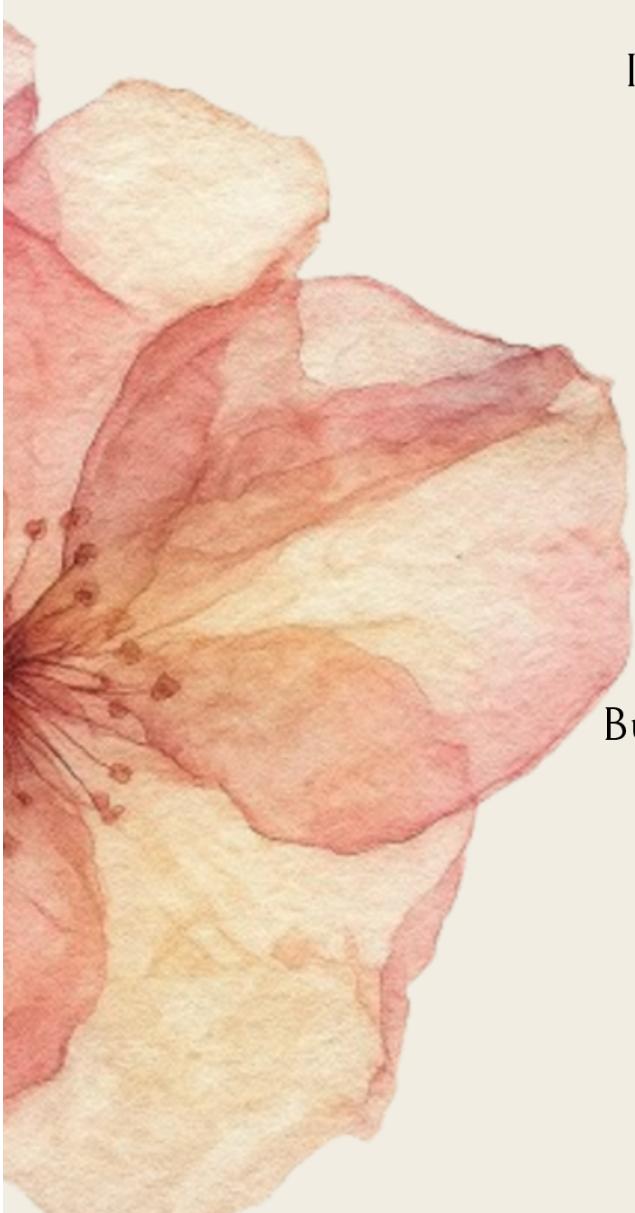
They don't kneel- much to the fury of the
demigod's fiery chariot wheels
And in the mighty musical, sweet mango
gardens,

The children don't play- they weep and whine
Laying golden flowers over the graves of all
Who wanted their 'Hair in clippers' and their
toes tiny;

for all who failed to keep the beautiful
bonzai bijou.

-Prarthana Goenka





MILENA'S MESSAGE TO KAFKA

It is a long path my love
Burgeoning with dilations
The clock ticks apart
But I don't wither

It is a long story my love
There it lies in the unwritten
In the dark corners of my desk drawer
But I don't pause my chronicles

It is a long storm my love
Dust wavers far and near
Blinds me in the eye
But I don't hustle for it to settle

It is a long dream my love
Wrapped in hope and silent songs
Though shadows slither and creep
But I don't lose sight of dawn's promise

It is a long flame my love
Burning steady through the night
Though winds may chase its light
But I don't let it extinguish

-Tamanna Baid

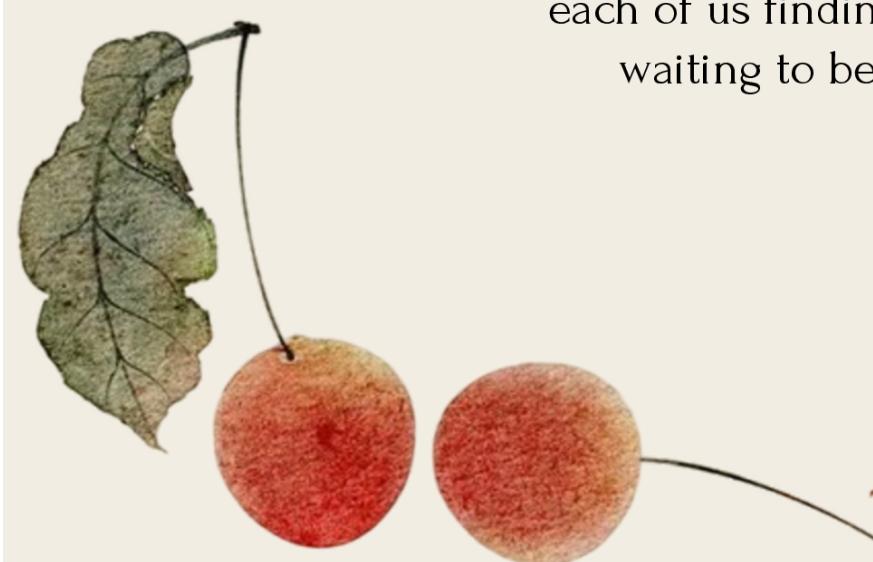


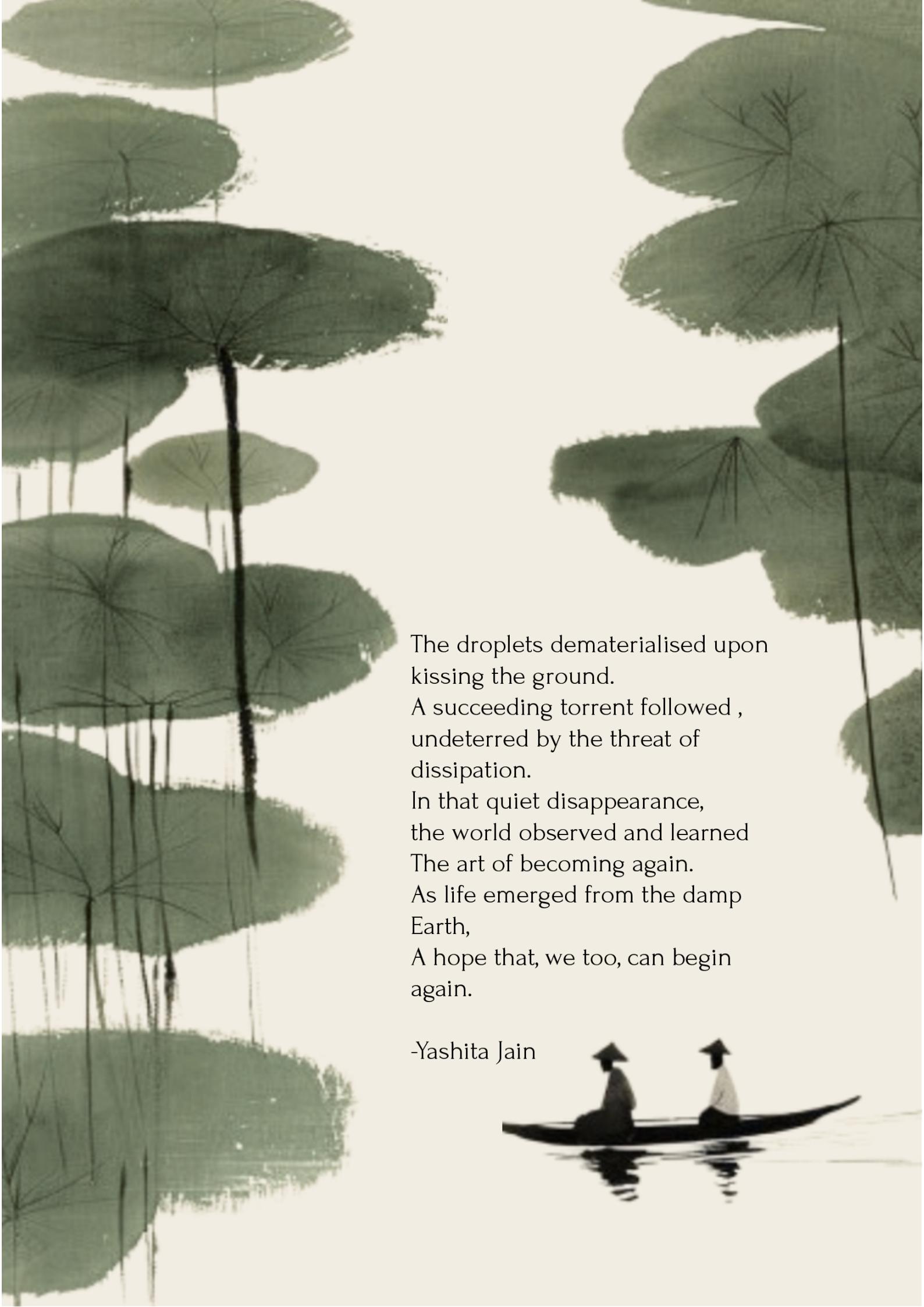
四季の歌

We are flowers on the same tree,
yet our petals dont wither off at once.
Some linger through the summer sun,
while others are caught in the first breeze of autumn.

Though our roots are entwined ,
we unfurl in the quiet of our own hours,
each of us finding its rhythm in the seasons.
waiting to bear fruit in our own moment.

-Mahi Sinhal





The droplets dematerialised upon
kissing the ground.

A succeeding torrent followed ,
undeterred by the threat of
dissipation.

In that quiet disappearance,
the world observed and learned
The art of becoming again.

As life emerged from the damp
Earth,

A hope that, we too, can begin
again.

-Yashita Jain



THE AMOROUSNESS OF PATIENCE

Not every season calls for thunder,
some bonds arrive like quiet rain
slipping into soil,
roots composing quiet hymns
long before a leaf can listen.

I do not count the years

Patience is its own gift.

Even a seed knows

that bloom is not the goal,
but the steady stretch toward light.
So let the world measure blossoms
I will not.

Oubaitori

I would wait a lifetime
for the flowering
that was always already ours.

-Gaurangi Dhyani





the tendrils grow out of my veins
and make their way to my heart
from what used to be a barren land
with cracks in the ground and all life gone
i see saplings growing out, and sewing it back together
each new leaf silently promised me
a future with a little too many flowers
for now the blades i used to cut them all,
are blunt, tarnished and forgotten
the water i refused to give
is provided by the sky every night
i plant frangipanis and daisies, and jasmines and violets
because after a long time i decided
to grow my garden again

-Aahana Gupta

ECHOES OF BLOOM



Beneath the hush of morning mist,
The gardens stirs with whispered light.
Each flower bends in measured time,
A quiet testament to its own rite.



The cherry leans into the dawn,
Its blush fleeting tender flame,
The plum in shadows waits its hour,
And scents the air without claim or shame.



So too our hearts unfurl unseen,
In secret corners, slow and wise.
No fleeting gaze, no hurried hand,
Can hasten what the soul supplies.

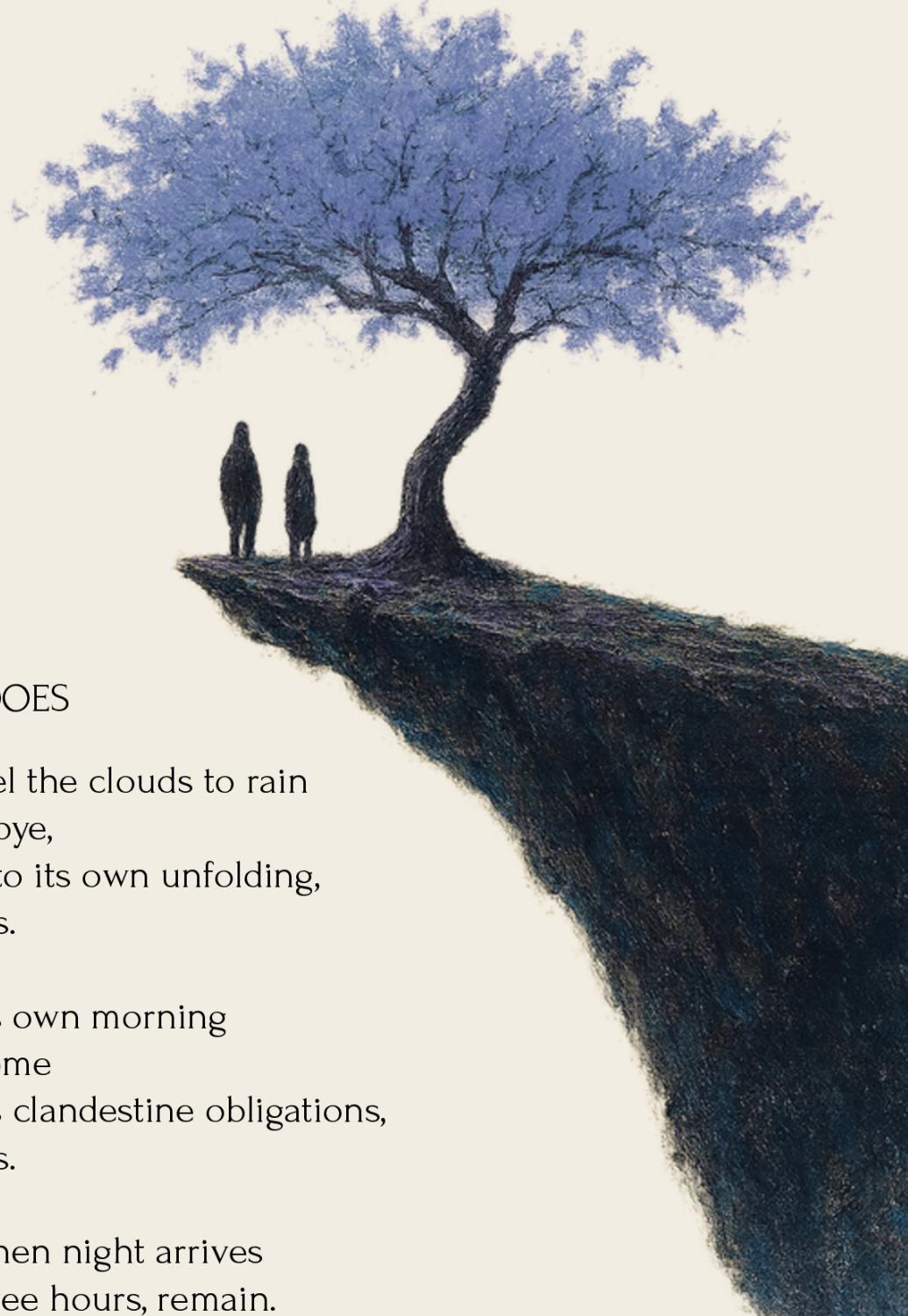


Some hearts ignite with sudden sun,
Some glow beneath the silvered moon,
Yet every bloom, however wild, fierce
Will rise in time, its own pure tune,



And when at last the garden sings,
With petals, hearts and fragile light
We behold the quiet symphony
Each soul a flower, perfect bright.

-Tanya Chauhan



SO AS EVERY MAN DOES

Time does not compel the clouds to rain
nor bid the sun goodbye,
each secret consent to its own unfolding,
so as every man does.

Each does exist with its own morning
Yet we welcome it home
The Earth protects its clandestine obligations,
so as every man does.

Some ghosts exist when night arrives
while others in the wee hours, remain.
so as every man does.

Do not measure them with a common rod,
Nor weigh their words on a single scale,
For what is slow, still deserves harmonious existence,
so as every man does.

-Saanvi Gupta

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