
The Ornate Circle

An annual literary magazine by the Department of English, Central University of Punjab

Issue No. 2, 2023- 2024



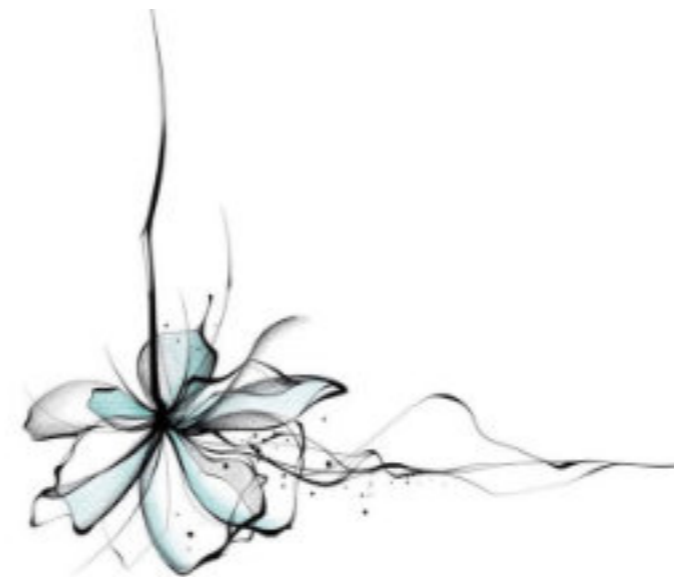


Department of English
Central University of Punjab
Presents

The Second Edition of

The Ornate Circle

An annual creative magazine



FOREWORD

It gives me immense pleasure to learn that the Department of English of the Central University of Punjab is releasing the second issue of the creative magazine of the University *The Ornate Circle*. India is a land which has given to the world great and memorable imaginative works. We witness the ideas of animate nature and personification of the environment around us in an exuberant way in classic works like Kalidasa's *Abhijñānashakuntalam* or *Meghadūta*. The great lore of epics like the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* have passed down various values, morals, ethics, and integrity lessons across generations. *Panchatantra*, *Jataka tales* and *Hitopadesha* have boosted the imaginative spirit of every Indian since their childhood, by generating fantastic imagery in their minds and opening their eyes to witness the wonder of the world they live in.

Creativity with a purpose has been the backbone of every venture that takes place across several disciplines on the campus of CUP, and to give expression to such great ideas has always been the aim of the University. I am also grateful to the esteemed external reviewers from different educational institutions who have screened the contributions and thank them for their support and guidance to the Editorial Team. I hope that the platform of expression being offered to the students is utilised judiciously. May every student give voice to their emotions and thoughts, and express new perspectives for all of us to ponder upon. I congratulate the contributors, the Editorial Team, the faculty, scholars and students of the Department of English for the release of the magazine.

Prof. Raghavendra P. Tiwari
Vice- Chancellor
Central University of Punjab

FOREWORD

I am delighted to know that *The Ornate Circle* is continuing its stint with its second issue, with a larger number of poems, prose and visual creations from the students of the Central University of Punjab. The work done by the editorial team to collect creations from past and present students, manage the external review process and compile the pieces to put together a well-formed document is indeed exemplary. I hope that the tradition of creative expression which has gained very good momentum in the past year of the inception of *The Ornate Circle* will continue. May this project be inspirational to all!

Prof. Ramakrishna Wusirika
Dean In-charge, Academics
Central University of Punjab

Welcome to the latest issue of *The Ornate Circle*, a testament to the vibrant creativity and intellectual fervour that defines the Central University of Punjab. Within these pages, you will journey through the kaleidoscope of human experience as expressed through the written word. From poignant poetry, thought-provoking prose, and stimulating artwork, each piece offers a glimpse into the diverse landscapes of imagination and emotion. I am immensely proud of the talent showcased herein and the hard work put in by the Editorial Board of this magazine, reflecting the dedication and passion of our students. May this magazine inspire, challenge, and resonate with readers, enriching minds and souls alike.

Dr. Shahila Zafar
Head, Department of English
Central University of Punjab

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The launch of *The Ornate Circle* in December 2022 started a venture which has grown with a lot of love and care, especially from the entire CU Punjab fraternity. This is evident in the response to our call for the second issue of *The Ornate Circle*.

We are immensely grateful to the students and the alumni of CU Punjab who sent in their contributions and hope that the magazine can continue to hold the support and encouragement afforded to us for years to come. We are also grateful to Prof. Raghavendra Prasad Tiwari, Honourable Vice Chancellor of Central University of Punjab for being an enthusiastic patron to the magazine. We thank Prof. Ramakrishna Wusurika, Dean In-charge, Academics, Prof. Anjana Munshi, Dean Research, and Prof. Monisha Dhiman, Director, IQAC for their continued interest in this venture.

The contributions in the second volume were carefully reviewed by a team of five external experts- Dr. Sushil Kumar, Dr. Neetu Purohit, Dr. Monica Sabharwal, Dr. Kanak Yadav, and Dr. Neha Singh. We thank them profusely for being very engaged in the process and for giving their time to the task entrusted to them.

This project reached its completion owing to the constant guidance from Prof. Alpna Saini, Dean, School of Languages, Literature and Culture, and Dr. Shahila Zafar, Head, Department of English. They have been holding us up and encouraging us at every point of producing the second volume and we will always be indebted to them. We thank the faculty of the department- Dr. Vipin Pal Singh, Dr. Dinesh Babu P., Dr. Prithvi Raj, Dr. Rohit Yadav- for their continued support to the magazine. We also thank Mr. Amandeep Sharma for his assistance during the preparation of this magazine.

The scholars and students of the Department of English have been cheering us on in the whole process, for which we thank them. We are also grateful to the printing press for aiding us in procuring the printed versions of the magazine. We thank the entire University for being with us, and having faith in us. Thank you all!

Enjoy Reading!

The Editorial Team
The Ornate Circle

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CAN YOU PASS ME THE SALMON?.....	1
I STOOD STILL BY THE SHORE.....	3
YOU ARE BORN TO FLY.....	3
SADABA 'HER'.....	4
THE SKY.....	4
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT	5
THAT IMPERFECT CREEPER.....	6
AN OBSERVATION	7
YOU LEFT	8
SECOND'S FIRST 143.....	8
THE INTENDED SPIRIT.....	9
JUST LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER.....	10
PLUVIOPHILE.....	10
THE RAIN, YOU, AND ME.....	11
DARKNESS AND HOPE.....	11
DEATH – A SILENT WARRIOR.....	12
THE STAR.....	12
A WITNESS OF A SENILE CITY.....	13
EARTH AND ITS INDIVIDUAL.....	14
TRANQUIL BLUE.....	15
SELENOPHILE'S CONCERN.....	15
BOOK	16
RECALL	16
"I AM THE SOLDIER"	17
SHATTERING SILENCE.....	18

TABLE OF CONTENTS

19.....	A MEMOIR OF TEARS
20.....	DREAMS AND EMOTIONS
20.....	RAIN ON A SEASHORE
21.....	ECHOES OF DESTINY
22.....	ART CORNER
27.....	FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



CAN YOU PASS ME THE SALMON?

Can you pass me the salmon?
Oh, I don't eat meat.

I want to eat salmon-
Salmon will stay as a
souvenir in my stomach.
So, I will drool in my sleep – not forever – today.

I want you to cook spaghetti -
I wonder, are you pretentious, or is it me?
all the germs are jumping with the silent voices -
"I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" raising something-like hands in my stomach.
It seems to carve this for a lifetime, but minutes.
Before I open the packet of biscuit,
Why do you notice my birthmark on the left side?

Are you saying that, love is expressed in this way-
finding out insignificant but significant things?

"I don't love you, either!"
Oh! Now you are telling me about your mole.
How someone took notice of your mole and remarked.
I want to break something with my teeth -

I would like to mention instances apricots, peanuts-
similar to the impression of me in mind breaking food elegantly;

With all the focus on your mole and your phrases.
I will not tell you these cheesy words – There is no meaning of my existence without
you.
I will not tell anyone – I am glad to have you in my life.
"I told you earlier, didn't I?"
"I'm not in love with you."
And anyone!

I wonder,
Why I'm not thinking of my next birth!
Preparing ingredients for penne pasta;
Why is my brain throwing Thai curry to my throat?
"What do you want?" a waiter asked me,
and I'm not asking for either apricots or any curry.



"I would like - would like" my mind is thinking of all the dishes,
like opening every page in a hurry with a little glance to every page.
Every glance serves the taste- not-a-thing was different.

"Should I go for my regular food?"
I asked myself with no help from my throat.
In the end, I ignored the waiter, and you ordered.
I won't ask myself: why am I like this?
This is a very repeated question.
I like different things; otherwise, what's the point?
The table color matches my study table color.

It reminds me of – dry flowers. I put in a circle-shaped empty box
... whatever... the empty box to keep a cup of coffee and a glass of water.
I will keep a glass of wine,
but I don't drink wine.
My desires are struggling -
Once I pluck the two flowers for no one as well as for not myself,
Just for the act of plucking -

I put the flowers in the empty box.
Now, they're dry.
I call them dry flowers as the smell is leaving
or diminishing, or un-living them
like the breath to the body.
Sometimes, I call them dead flowers.
I feel thirsty – I recall my blue-colored water bottle,
I put in that empty box above the sometimes-called dead flowers.

Amisha Arora, MA English (2020-2022)
Alumnus of the Department of English

I STOOD STILL BY THE SHORE

I stood still by the shore
waiting to be washed off
some high, some waves too low
I stood, thus, in quietude.
I dug deep in conceit
shielded by none, but me
THEN came a quivering wave
drenching me along with it.

She asked, how long is eternity?
Will you stand until then?
I stood still by the shore
We coalesced to make waves again.

S. K Arif, MSc Bioinformatics (2023-2025)
Department of Computational Sciences

YOU ARE BORN TO FLY

Train Again Sweat and Faint
Feel The Pain!
Get up Set up Pick your Pace
Be Ready Again
Gather your Wings Feather by Feather
wander not thou hither and Thither
For you awaits a new sky
You are Born to Fly
It's your chance It's your Day
It will be easy I won't say
you will succeed not in a day
In High Spirits You Must Sway

Pankaj Deshwal, Ph. D. Research Scholar (2022 Batch)
Department of English

SADABA 'HER'

How beautiful could it be
No vibrant colours yet it gets my first sight;
No big stem yet it roots deep within me;
Not a vine yet feels nice when it's around me;
No big attention, yet I want to give all of mine;
No remarkable name yet it's the first thing that comes to my mind when I hear it;
No unique name yet it is delightful to run it in my mind;
No idiosyncratic fragrance yet it is my favourite;
No honey whatsoever yet it carries the sweetest memories;
No great reflection of sunshine for it is one with it;
In its world where people water it, I want to give it my time and love;
But how beautiful you could be.

Ajay Elangovan, Ph.D. Research Scholar (2023)
Department of Zoology

THE SKY

The sky is deep till infinity.
It collects me, you, and all of us inside himself.
With the first light of the sun,
it starts making different faces,
and this continues till the sun goes down.
Sometimes it makes faces even in the dark of night
when it is a golden moonlit night.
The sky is calm more or less,
but sometimes angry too,
it screams, it squeals,
even cries in sadness.
The sky is like a restless child,
it does mischief,
runs after the clouds,
sings while watching the rain,
plays with the birds,
and sometimes smiles like an innocent child.

Sonali Sharma, M.Ed. (2022- 2024) Department of
Education



DON'T THINK ABOUT IT

Why are we so extreme?
Why is it hard to balance the ends?
Why can't we find a midway?
The question may sound too simple
But the answers to this aren't.
Even thinking about the question,
Makes me sound like an extremist
"Too simplistic" or "Too complex"
Where is the midway?
Think about it...

Human history has been,
A history of finding midways
But the root problem is
For how long do these mid-routes stay?
What if mid-ways become extremes in
Themselves?
Think about it...

Think about it
You may start balancing the ends
But what about extremism from my side?
Which made you think this way...
Why would you think like me?
This demand and alarm
"Go Deep and Think about it"

Arpanpreet Kaur, Ph.D. Research Scholar,
Political Science (2022)
Department of South and Central Asian Studies



THAT IMPERFECT CREEPER

What if I say the world is upside down?
Virtual, fragile, or maybe a Clown
Pacifying the threshold with some forbidden rules,
And those who didn't navigate were considered fools!

Or, Am I wrong?

Stretching all my intriguing thoughts way too long;
Questioning the dark, dusty smoke coming out of that chimney,
Which is nothing but a form of slow poisoning,

Poison of nasty, toxic air,
Infecting our lungs, layer by layer!
Oh! the poor creeper,
It doesn't seem like her roots go deeper!
It's okay, if she doesn't have deep roots,
At least, she can grow her own fruits!
And what about the battles she has fought with those weeds,
Surrounded by multiple breeds,
Nothing less than a test,
It was all about survival of the fittest
The scars and wounds on her stem
Show how she doesn't fit in the game
Bruises and cuts on her fellow leaves,
Implied how brutal were those venomous aphids!
And a few annual rings on her bark,
Showed how young she was,
Young, to be punished for her innocence,
The one, who was unafraid of the consequences!

After all,

She was never enough for this glorified world,
An imperfect creeper
happy with what she had,
Imperfectly perfect in this world!

Monalisa Mathan, M.Sc. Botany (2020-2022)
Alumnus of the Department of Botany

AN OBSERVATION

“Please wash your hands and have a seat,” she said, cleaning the floor and putting on the mat. My father and I visited the home of an old couple who were distant relatives of my grandfather, to give them the invite for my sister’s marriage. After a long conversation about family history and covering random topics, the old man asked to join them for lunch. As we sat down, the old lady placed freshly cut green banana leaves with pearls of water dotting them. She put some white rice and hot fish curry cooked with mustard paste. My mouth started to water as I smelled the food. Indian food remains incomplete without onion and green chilies, which she offered. My father told the aged couple, “Please join us for lunch. It is already late and you must be feeling hungry as well”. The old lady was reluctant to eat before she served her guests but finally agreed to my father’s request. The couple joined us for lunch. As I was eating, I stopped for a moment and started to watch the lady while she was eating. Her way of eating taught me many things, especially about food.

Her food was very well organized on her plate. She took small portions of rice and mixed them with curry. This symbolized discipline in her life. After which she gently pulled out the bones from the juicy flesh and placed it separately on her plate. She did not spill a single grain of rice and ate while enjoying every bite and licking her fingers. This shows she is patient, organized, and respectful toward the fuel she is providing to her body. Food provides us with energy and strength. The way we treat food gives a lot of information about our personality and cultural background. Meanwhile, she asked us if we wanted more food. As I continued eating, I learned that food is something that impacts our mind, body, and the people around us. Wasting food is a clear sign of showing disrespect towards and dissatisfaction with the food, not knowing about the requirements of the body. If we start contemplating what food we need and in what amount, our life becomes much more sorted and better. Eating the food with full attention and eagerness results in satisfaction. Our happiness with the food is an indirect expression of gratitude towards the person who prepared food for us. “Behind the foods that you have been eating right now there is always a farmer’s smile that gives you

strength in every bit of food that you eat”, says Festus S. Yoesafat. We must hence value the effort, love, and patience of the farmers, as well as the person who cooks and serves the food to us.

Food not only has an impact on our physical and mental health, but it also expresses our emotions and also causes specific emotions within us. Have you ever wondered why festivities are a time of good food and lots of desserts and sweets? That’s because good food becomes a sign of hospitality and happiness. And why do our mothers send food nicely packed in steel containers to our neighbors whenever they cook something special? This is to build a good relationship with them and look forward to creating a strong bond of trust, and understanding.

Food has become a part of our identity and culture. Food even implies good fortune and bad fortune. We often eat sweetened curd before going to our workplace because we Indians believe that work goes on in a good manner without any obstacles or any kind of hindrance. Food is a nourishment of our soul. When we think of any special day, we first think of cooking something special for someone. This shows our love, care, and delight in receiving someone as a guest. Hence, we should always be respectful of what we eat. Food wastage should be minimized as much as possible.

Soon after, my father and I finished our lunch, thanked the couple for their hospitality, and continued on our journey of inviting guests for the wedding. But the visit did leave me with a strong impression, echoing the fact that our surroundings have a lot to offer as lessons to us. We just need to be aware, observe, and learn them.



Akankshya Patel, M.Sc. Physics (2022 - 2024)
Department of Physics

YOU LEFT

You left, without any reason,
I got another chance to set my vision.
You gave signs, full of gestures,
You treated friendship, like a venture.
I was deaf, I was blind,
In other ways, I was left behind.
I wish I could ask you to stay,
But nothing left there, to say.
Earlier you were part of my life,
Now, it’s just become a memory.
It really broke my heart,
I just hate, getting flashbacks.
Now, I wish you all the best,
Just like my patience was put to the test,
One day you will realize what you did,
No more friends, we shall be.
Look again, here we go,
Leaving behind everything we know....

Akash Deep Shukla
Ph.D. Research Scholar, Food Science and Technology (2022)
Department of Applied Agriculture



SECOND'S FIRST 143

Hey, I know this is crazy,
You and I are like seconds.
You make me feel like a butterfly,
But an authentic adorable weird one.
You playfully tease me with
An unreadable expression.
I rarely let out my emotions,
But went out all my anger on you.
You are such a sweet silly person.
I seriously admire you for who you are.
And I don't know when we will be together,
But never give up till the end, till it's over.
Bad, good whatever the result will be.
It's hope that gives life a wonderful meaning.
Sweet and sour adventure
Caramel nutty flavour,
Up down roller coaster keeping our Second's First 143!

Apurva Singh
M.Sc. Microbiology (2022-2024)
Department of Microbiology

THE INTENDED SPIRIT

Yes, I am oversized,
Sometimes I don't even get clothes of my size,
And it makes me realize,
That there will be days,
When I won't be able to rise.
I know not everyone likes me,
But not everyone can write like me.
I am not perfect,
But for me I have respect.
I may not have a proper shape,
But I face reality and will never escape.
I am a woman with dreams,
And the weight of my body can never stop me it seems.
I may not have a jawline,
But it is my confidence which makes me alive.
My body can never define me,
Because it is the inner beauty that designs me.

Yes, I have scars,
But for me, they never acted like bars.
Instead, they made me realize,
That my body has its own charm,
To which nothing can harm.
I know people will question my marks,
But they will get answers through my sparks.
I too am scared sometimes
But to over think on silly things,
I don't have enough time.
One day my scars will become my beauty,
Because they never come in between my duties.
I may carry them throughout my life,
But I hope to be judged on the basis of my vibe.

Ayushi Kaushik, M.A. English (2023-2025)
Department of English

JUST LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER

Just like a piece of paper
I'm fragile and light,
Just like a piece of paper
You might want to crumple me up,
Just like a piece of paper
You might want to tear me into pieces,
No, I won't let you try,
No, you can't make me cry.

Just like a piece of paper
I seek to transform into a paper plane
That will soar into the sky,
That will fly so very high,
So high that you will never reach my height,
So high that one can never cite,
Just like a piece of paper
I'm fragile and light.

Tanya Gupta, Ph.D. Research Scholar, Pharmacology (2023)
Department of Pharmacology

PLUVIOPHILE

Hearing the Brontide,
The feeling of the shower cascaded down my spine.
The amaranthine inertia gripping me tight,
Breaking it, I wanted to be a beholder of the sight.
Stretching my hand out in the ubiquitous night,
The emanating petrichor enthused from naught to infinite.
Drop by Drop as I received the heavenly screen,
My soul gave away every worldly pain.

Maneeshi Mani
M.Sc. Environmental Science and Technology (2022-2024)
Department of Environmental Science and Technology

THE RAIN, YOU, AND ME

The cold breeze touches me
I feel, as if it's you
The melodious sound of drops
I listen to, as if it's you
The delightful perfume all around
I smell, as if it's you
The sky filled with compassion,
I witness, as if it's you
The birds outside the window,
I smile, as if it's you
The clouds disperse away
I bid farewell, as if it's you

Azim Jamal, M.A. Geography (2022-2024)
Department of Geography

DARKNESS AND HOPE

There must be more to darkness
Than simply an absence of light
Something poetic in the night's solitude:
The wind, the singing insects, the moon's might.

Some fear the darkness that comes with the night
Might the shadow merge and corrupt their cause,
I stand here stretching my arms straight
Brimming with strength for yet another fight.

It's not easy to manage grief
Put in a box and thrown away
But, O' soul, It's also a relief
When the process of life holds sway

Don't you worry in the darkest of times
Exhausted, lost in the journey of life
March forward with your stumbling steps
For morning sun awaits at the end of night

Abhinandana Sahu, M. Sc. Zoology (2021-2013)
Alumnus of the Department of Zoology

DEATH – A SILENT WARRIOR

The sudden realization that
death overpowers everything
made me lose confidence
in trying to achieve.
Death is a silent warrior
always winning its battles,
and we, its mere servants.
Wandering alone in the streets,
I pondered over the futility of success
before death,
The value of the tapestry of existence?
But my aspirations charged my wings of dreams
To get up, and work, without any doubt.
Ow, I thank those who surrounded me
Helping me move forward
Even as death awaits somewhere, patiently.

Aardra A Chandran, M.A. English (2022-2024)
Department of English

THE STAR

I want to be a star,
Like the sun.
Close to heart,
Loved by Everyone.
In the sky, it fills the light,
Spreads happiness worldwide.
Removing the blemish from this life,
It makes the eyes shine bright.
Cherished by the children, source of their smile,
Giving energy to their mind.
Leads a person to strength,
Shows the path of peace,
Those who try it to seek.
Gives them enlightenment.
That's why.
I want to be the star,
Like the sun.
Close to heart,
Loved by Everyone.

Anandi Mahadiptha Saxena,
M. Sc. Food Science and Technology (2022-2024)
Department of Applied Agriculture

A WITNESS OF A SENILE CITY

In a hot summer afternoon
I wandered through the streets
Of a vintage city
My eyes caught the sight of
Beauty in senility and authenticity

Mature buildings, cracked walls
Textured paint that tends to fall (off)
Green algae and moist moss
Grew on the damp surface
Symbolizing life and hope

Hanging wires of electricity
Through a threat to human safety
Connected the homes, shops
And poles of light
That brightened the whole city at night

Vintage posters, stickers, and bills
Advertised the old movie reels
There sat a man holding a fluffy sheep
Selling Attar, clothes, holy threads, and flowers
Along with sharing millions of memories

Narrow road full of crowd
Lead my way to an eatery of spicy food
While watching the small batch of pigeons
Who gathered to eat the left-over grains

This place was a living dream
Reminding me of golden years,
Those romantic transitions,
Experiences- charming and heartwarming!

Akankshya Patel, M.Sc. Physics (2022 - 2024)
Department of Physics

EARTH AND ITS INDIVIDUAL

One day I was roaming around,
Suddenly rain started,
I felt something going on,
Ohhh yes, that was my thoughts,
It's hard to manage our life in hustle,
No, it's not hard until we assume it like that,
Said a friend-philosopher,
It's fine sometimes to dive into the deep thoughts,
The Earth mother of living and non-living,
The power of calmness, energy, and love,
Nature always nurtures its own beings,
Have you ever imagined?
When you are not feeling well,
And you are just sitting on the ground,
At that moment you realize the beauty of nature,
The Earth is full of peace and love,
The sky is telling you how life changes according to the monsoon,
The fragrance of soil after the rain,
The chirping of birds sounds pleasant if you are calm,
The Autumn teaches you everything has to leave one day,
The spring teaches you, that one day you will be healed and recover,
Spring also conveys the message of joy and happiness,
Everything on this Earth has its own significance,
Whether it is individuals, nature, season, or any creature,
The only thing is that we have to realize our own importance,
We have to follow our idealistic and practical principles simultaneously,
Then doesn't matter through which problem you are going,
You will be able to do all your deeds with intrinsic motivation,
The Earth takes care of her own creatures,
Now the terms and conditions for individuals
How they will treat our mother of love and care,
Whether this Earth deserves greedy ones or humans in real,
Just remember your attachment to and importance of nature in your life,
For a writer it is the inspiration, for the philosopher, it is the depth of thoughts,
For the psychologist nature is the way to heal someone's mental disorder,
Let us heal together, let's respect our Earth, let's be its good son and daughter

Seeta Prajapati, M.Sc. Zoology (2022-2024)
Department of Zoology

TRANQUIL BLUE

I want to feel tranquil,
Those exquisite sights of mountains,
whose amenable heights,
have mesmerized my eyes.
I want to long for,
That cool sundry breeze,
over the meads,
bringing reprieve to my nerves.
I pine to see,
Those zigzag routes,
passing through the verdancy,
and distant roots.
My eyes are thirst for that soothing river,
coming through the foggy air.
Oh! those long-haired animals,
That wooden domicile,
I pine for it.
Oh! Mother Nature.
We are bound to bow to you
and sure to say
The beauty Mother Earth possesses
Is beyond all viciousness.

Srija Mondal, M.A. English (2022 - 2024)
Department of English



SELENOPHILE'S CONCERN

I wait for the sun to set
To get your beautiful sight
I wish I could catch you
When you shine up bright
Every day I talk to you
Like a mandatory rite
I can only feel you
You are so simple and quiet
Sky feels so confined
Without your cool light
Something dies inside me
When I find a new moon light.

Azim Jamal, M.A. Geography (2022-2024)
Department of Geography

BOOK

This book is for you!
When all means of communication are closed,
Read this, and we will be together.
When it mentions a street,
We will be talking while walking there.
In the evening,
We will both be sitting at a kiosk and drinking tea.
When someone is fighting against an unjust system,
We will be together in that fight.
When someone is crying in it,
We will be crying with him too.
When someone is loving in this atmosphere of hatred,
We will also be in love with him.
When it's night,
We both will be together, waiting for the new morning.
This book is for you!
When all means of communication are closed,
Read this and we will be together!

Ashwani Kumar, Ph.D. Research Scholar, History (2023)
Department of History

RECALL

The blood of countless lives nurtured this land,
Bodies are fettered,
But hearts filled with undaunted courage,
Lakhs of them were sent to the jaws of Death.
They bore intolerable cruelties
with a smile on their face,
Despite endless attempts were made to knock them down,
they stood their ground, unbowed.
Their unwavering spirits won at last,
Unfettering the motherland from the shackles of alien reign.

Oh! The Citizens of this glorious land,
Recall the all-untold sacrifices of your unsung heroes,
Reckon, what being are you an "Indian" meant for?

Pawanpreet Kaur, Ph.D. Research Scholar, Political Science
Department of South and Central Asian Studies



"I AM THE SOLDIER"

I am the brave son of this motherland,
I am the powerful fence at the borders,
Which no bloody enemy can ever cross,
I am the real power, the peacekeeper,
Patriotism is my weapon, the source of my utmost strength,
As long as I stand, peace exists.

I am a Soldier,

Every time my motherland is in danger,
My blood never shies away from shedding,
I don't die when a bullet enters my head,
But I die a painful death,
When my countrymen disown my sacrifice,
Shout slogans against our own motherland,
And celebrate those who wounded her,
Fighting against whom, I laid down my life.
Now, I am dissolved in the lap of my motherland,
And I am proud of it.

I am the martyred Soldier,

Now, when I am blown away,
Don't search for my scattered body parts,
Just promise me to never let the parts of my motherland scatter,
From Kashmir to Kanyakumari, Gujarat to Manipur.
Be one, be a family, be the children of one motherland 'BHARAT.'

I am the martyred Soldier of United Bharat.

Now, when I am gone, let me tell my countrymen,
'Josh' is still high, my motherland is still safe,
My countrymen are still secure,
I am still alive in my countrymen.

Ankush Sharma, Ph.D. Research Scholar, History (2020)
Department of History



SHATTERING SILENCE

I tried to find my kith and kin but failed.
I found myself in a deserted palace,
Accompanied by the shadow of darkness.
The scenario left me flabbergasted and startled.
Yet in the past, I have witnessed such an astounding situation
When I was in the Wicked abode.
So, I coup boldly.
Subsequently, honoured and awarded,

I tried again to find out my kindred.
However, they didn't let me,
Bidding me to sleep till doomsday.
I fell asleep abruptly and heard wailing and whining.
I lifted my head and, in a flash, beheld a man,
Who was not unknown to me.
I strived to talk with him like he did
Neither of us could succeed.

Thus, we both desperately killed the emerging desire.
Nowadays, I randomly hear that groaning
But when I listen, I feel rejoiced and delighted.
However, I know the tears are no more for me.
As this arid place is drying up more and more,
The agony and anguish of fence and wall,
That stood like a shield in my desired path,
Becomes a hitch to me.
I want to come out to live
As I was living with my kindred,
But I'm forcibly stopped and denied.
All hope gradually shattered and I shrivelled!
Silence shattered!

Israr Ul Haq, M.A. English (2022 - 2024)
Department of English

A MEMOIR OF TEARS

“Corona”, the scary word, has indeed taught us many valuable lessons, through the pain of frequently losing loved ones. It serves as a reminder of how unprecedented life is. There are no guarantees in life, and things might take a turn when least expected. I have personally gone through a similar experience.

At 4:30 a.m., when the world was still shrouded in darkness, my mother's phone rang, and her sobs turned into a storm that jolted me out of the depths of my dream. I did not understand why she was crying. The family was wide awake and together. Everyone was curious and anxiously exclaimed, "What happened? Why are you crying? In a pathetic tone, my mom let us know that her uncle had passed away.

As soon as I heard this my eyes swelled up and tears flowed like a never-ending tale. Tring- Tring-Tring, the phone chimed once more, it was my Mamu. He informed us that our grandfather's last darshan was not permitted due to the pandemic, thus we would not be able to see him one last time. It was such a terrible experience in my life. My loving grandfather, who once proudly carried me on his shoulders while showing me the village, and who loved me immensely, was now no longer a part of this physical world. Fate denied me the chance to seek his final darshan and left a grandson marked by misfortune. Despite my strong insistence, only my big brother was given the chance to visit.

My grandfather didn't seem quite old enough to whom to bid a permanent farewell. He was like a loving buddy who never reprimanded us and instead lavished us with affection.

Despite being blessed with loving family members and grandchildren, my grandpa could not receive his loving kith and kin to attend his funeral. His lifeless body was barely surrounded by the blank stares of the community. This pandemic has thus drawn home a valuable lesson! Unbreakable and inexorable, life is a river of fate. One who flows along with the tide, will also reach the sand bar and say goodbye. Let's therefore be like the wind and spread love and forgiveness throughout the earth.

Narendra Khilar, M.A. English (2022 - 2024)
Department of English



DREAMS AND EMOTIONS

Oh, dear accuser, don't be dismayed,
For my dreams of you, a charade they made,
A puppeteer of emotions, you claim I played,
But the plot thickens as the truth's displayed.

In your dreamscape, am I a ghostly apparition?
A figment of imagination, your heart's rendition?
But when awake, a villain in your rendition,
Ah, the irony of your dreamy volition.

How curious it is, this love's inception,
From playing with hearts to dream's affection,
In slumber, I'm adored, a fond recollection,
Yet awake, I'm scorned, a heart's rejection.

Forgive me, dear accuser, if I laugh,
At this tale of dreams and emotional gaffe,
A fickle heart's drama, a tempest's wrath,
In separation, our paths took a different path.

But fear not, for life's a stage of fleeting scenes,
Where emotions waltz within dreams,
And as you pine for me in those dreams,
Remember, in reality, we're no longer a team.

So, dream on, dear accuser, and let your heart muse,
In slumber's solace, where love's lines you choose,
But as we walk separate paths, we'll refuse,
To let dreams bind us, for we've paid our dues.

Himanshu Baliyan
M.A. History (2020-2022)



RAIN ON A SEASHORE

I was walking on a seashore
Feeling wet sand below my feet
Waves thrashed through my legs
Making ripples in my heart
I ran to the horizon
Embracing the cold water
Raising in the ecstasy of the sea
But in the middle of joy
There was a steep sorrow
Resting underneath myself
Then came the rain
Drizzling on my chest
Hissing cold breeze within
Water drops pierced my skin
Reaching the bottom steep
Dissolved every bit of sorrow
My dead cells were reborn
Passion rejuvenated my veins
Fingers started motion
I began to write

Hijaz Salim, M.A. English (2021 - 2023)
Alumnus of the Department of English

ECHOES OF DESTINY

Upon a stage of strangeness, a tale did unfurl,
And destiny's script did summon me, a pearl.
A first meeting, a dream's ethereal dance,
As if by enchantment, I encountered my own expanse.
Pray, tell, he inquired, a shadow of concern,
Why do thou wear sadness, a sombre urn?
Have disputes with kin cast shadows dark?
Did dreams once vivid lose their celestial spark?
In his gaze, life's riddles like stars did gleam,
Hopes; tapestry woven in night's moonbeam.
He queried, did family's embrace remain true?
Or did deceit sow seeds amongst the cherished few?
Not every shadow hides a traitor's art,
In this grand theatre of life, a complex chart.
Did family's bond hold firm or crack?
Was loyalty real, or a fickle act?
Discover joy, he imparted, in pain's embrace,
In this tapestry of existence, find your place.
This peculiar meeting, a gem to hold,
His words of wisdom, like treasures, unfold.
In that ethereal moment, a heart took flight,
Days later, destiny and dreams aligned right.
Found comrades true, in trust's warm embrace,
Love's story blossomed - a masterpiece's grace.

Hari Om
M.Sc. Microbiology (2020-2022)
Alumnus of the Department of Microbiology



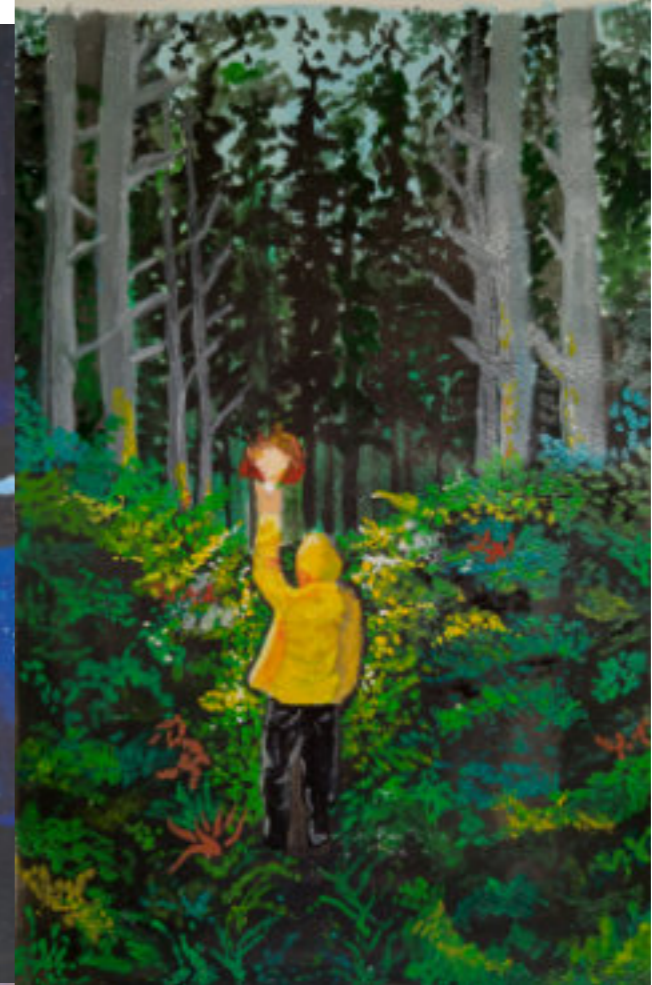
ART CORNER



Nikitha A,
M. A. Political Science (2022- 2024)
Department of South and Central Asian Studies

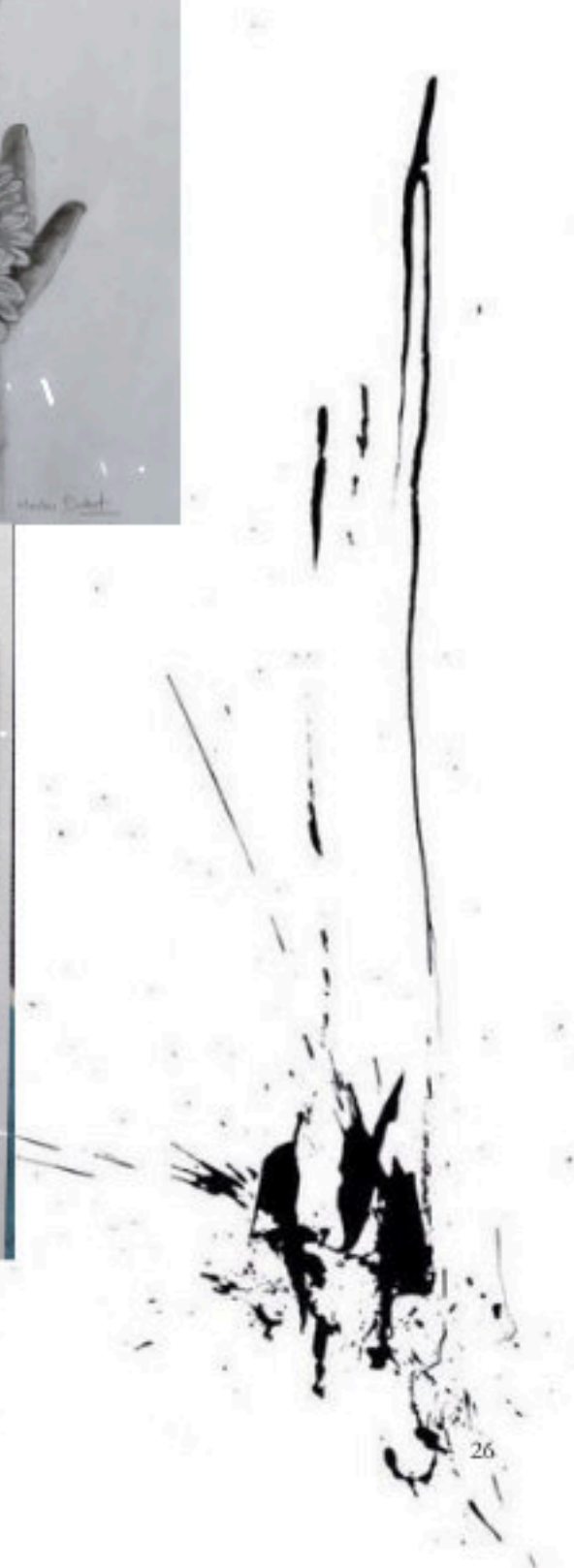
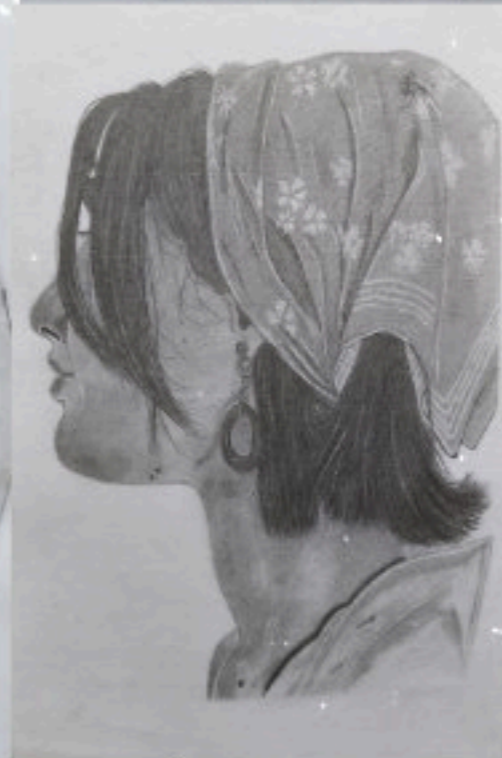
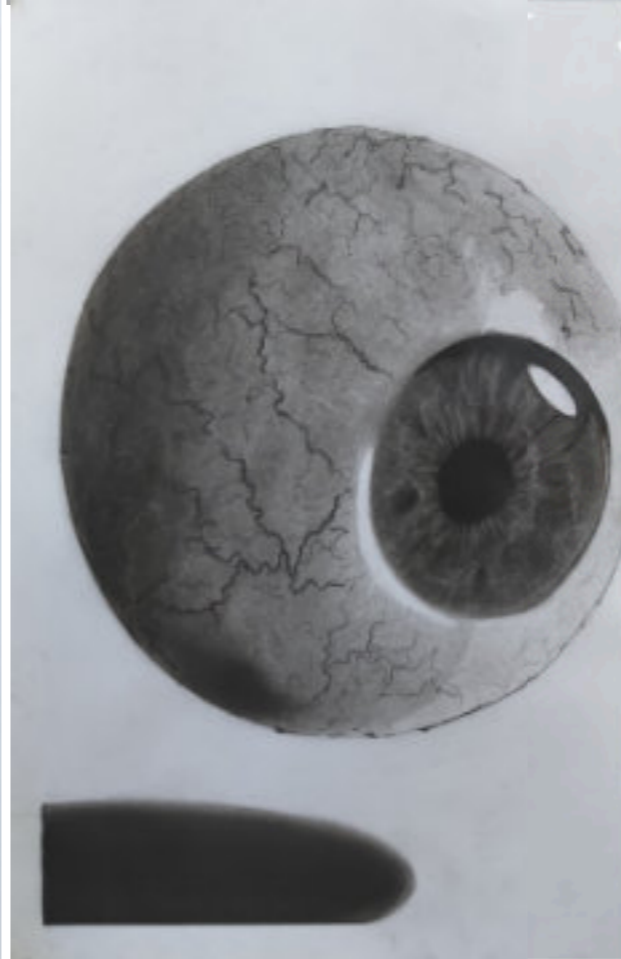
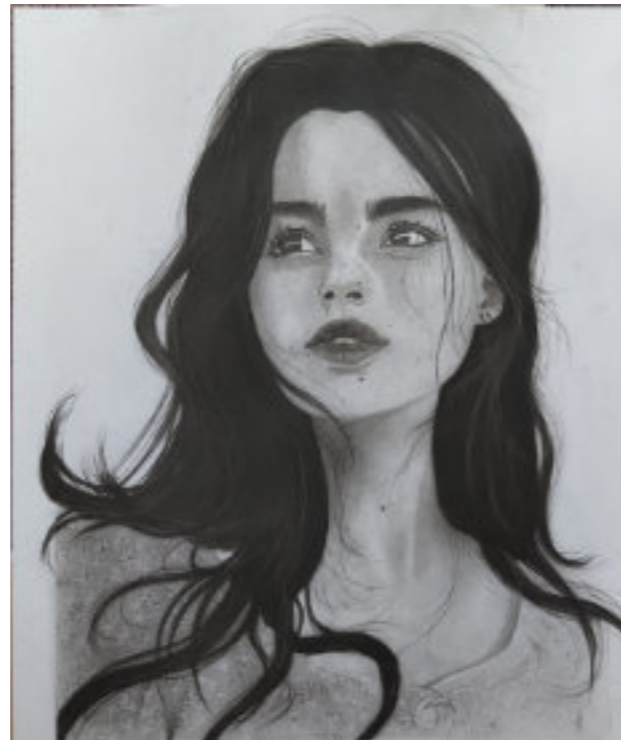


ART CORNER



Mehak Sudriyal, M. Sc. Microbiology (2022 - 2024)
Department of Microbiology

ART CORNER



Madhu Dubat, M. Sc. Physics (2023 - 2025)
Department of Physics

FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

The Ornate Circle invites submissions to its third annual issue for the academic year 2024-2025. The magazine accepts all kinds of creative pieces that include but are not limited to poems, short stories, essays, short plays, monographs, original illustrations, paintings etc. The magazine is open for submissions all year round and creative works can be sent to the mail id ornatecircle@cup.edu.in in .docx format along with a cover letter declaring the originality of the work. Plagiarism is strictly not entertained and the Editorial team reserves the right to reject entries if they are found unsuitable for the magazine.

EDITORIAL TEAM (2023-2024)

Ph.D Research Scholars (English)

Anusha Hegde
Lakshmi G Reghunath
S. Shilpa
Jahnu Deori

M.A. English (IV Semester- 2022 Batch)

Anjaleena Biju
Akshara C
Israr Ul Haq
Srija Mondal

M.A. English (II Semester- 2023 Batch)

Ayushi Kaushik
Nandhana Suresh



REVIEWERS (2023-2024)

Dr. Sushil Kumar
Associate Professor & Head
Guru Kashi Department of Languages,
Punjabi University, Guru Kashi Campus

Dr. Neetu Purohit
Assistant Professor
Department of English
DAV College, Bathinda

Dr. Monica Sabharwal,
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Punjabi University, Patiala

Dr. Kanak Yadav
Assistant Professor
School of Liberal Arts
IIT Jodhpur

Dr. Neha Singh
Assistant Professor
Kamala Nehru College
University of Delhi





The Ornate Circle
Issue No. 2, 2023- 2024
Department of English
Central University of Punjab