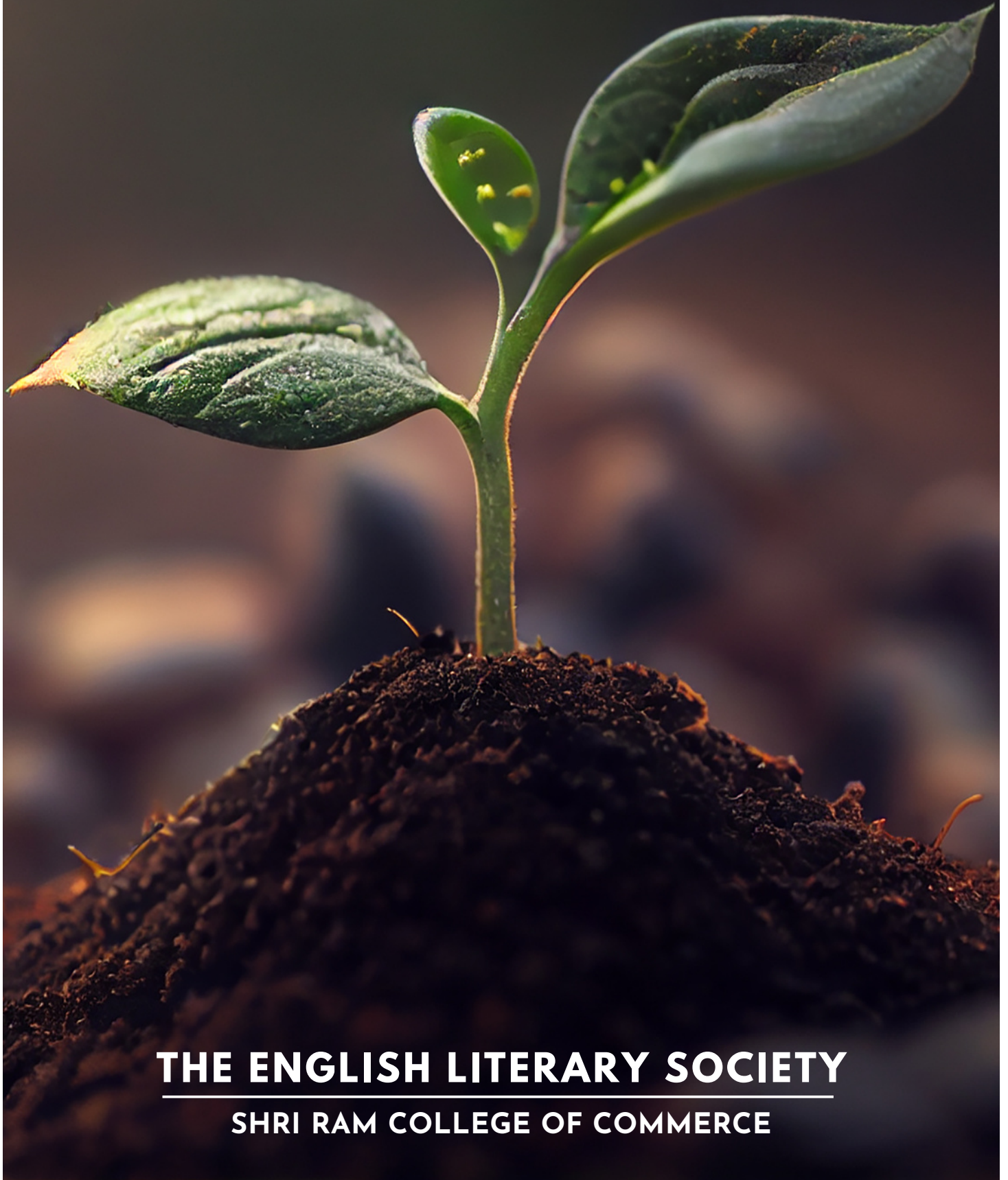


# TRECENTO

EDITION 24

---



**THE ENGLISH LITERARY SOCIETY**

---

SHRI RAM COLLEGE OF COMMERCE



# ***Index***



- **Indian Poems for Green**

---
- **On a new road**

---
- **It's Never Too Late**

---
- **New Beginnings in Culture**

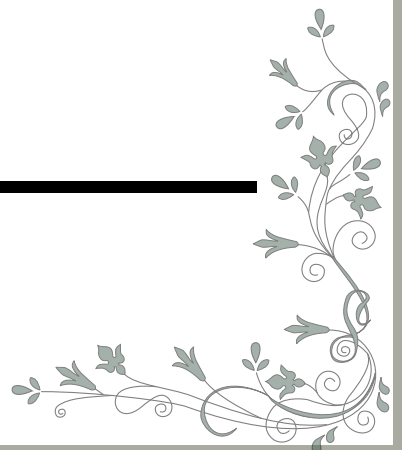
---
- **Ink of Renewal**

---
- **I left a piece of my he(art) behind**

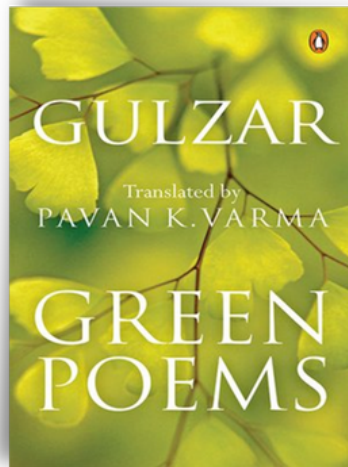
---
- **Poem**

---
- **Prose**

---



# ***Indian Poems for Green***



“Poet, novelist, songwriter, film scriptwriter, playwright, producer, dialogue writer, director, intellectual, and famous for his uniqueness and innovation in every field, Gulzar has donned more hats than one. Whether in poetry or prose, his distinct expression has helped bring about ever new aspects and emotions in the journey of life.”

Gulzar, a greatest Indian, is the pen name of Sampooran Singh Kalra (born 18 August 1934).

On June 5, the World Environment Day, I read all the poems in his book as pictured above. Indeed, as the translator says, this is a “poetic text that reinforces the work of professional environmentalists. In my view, it should be a prescribed text in schools and educational institutions to bring home the message of environmental preservation, taking this vitally important area beyond merely academic and professional concern.”



Nature speaks out through Gulzar's poems. Nature becomes the observer of humans' finite and puny worlds and their myriad irrelevant preoccupations. In the process, we discern the majesty of nature on the one hand, and the limitations of human vanity and endeavour, on the other. Gulzar invites you to read his poems thus: "Some dry leaves dropped from the tree. The season was changing. But the rustle of the leaves had something more to say, I heard them. What they said was profound, to save the globe from rotting. 'Save the environment and keep the globe green', they said. I have heard many a leaf—and trees, rivers, mountains and waterfalls. I am relating their stories to people in poems. Hence I decided to call this collection Green Poems."

Four of these many poems that can be savoured, are as follows:

#### 1. The Forest

When I pass through the forest it seems my ancestors are  
around me

I feel I am a newborn baby

And these tribes of trees

Are rocking me in their arms.

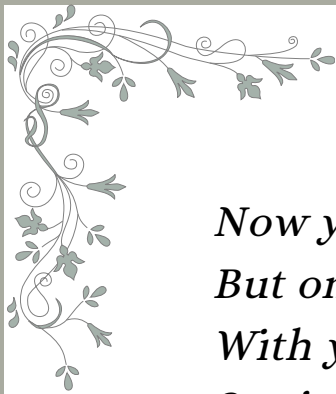
Some play a flower rattle, others sprinkle fragrance on my  
eyes

One very old, bearded bargad

Takes me in his lap, surprise writ on his face,

And tells me:





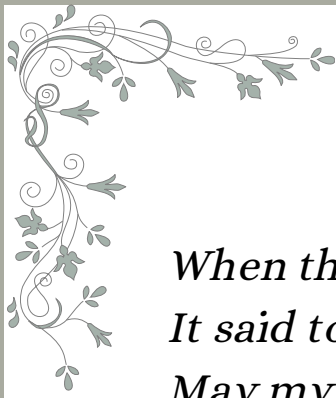
*Now you have begun to walk  
But once you too were like us  
With your roots in the ground  
Straining with all your might to catch the sun,  
You had just arrived on earth  
And I saw you slithering around,  
On our branches you would climb, jump down again,  
Scamper around  
But once, standing on both legs, you could run  
You did not return  
You became a part of the rocks, of the mountains!  
But even so  
The water in your body  
The soil in your being  
Is from us  
You will be seeded again in us  
You will return to us again.*

## *2. Leaves in Autumn*

*When leaves fall in autumn  
What do they say to the branches?  
We have lived our season and must leave  
But you must continue to prosper  
You have to nurture the progeny of coming seasons  
And bid them goodbye.*



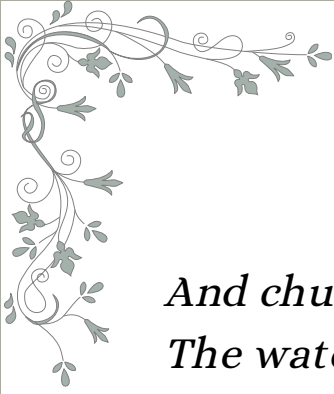




*When the time came for the branch to be pruned  
It said to the tree, addressing it directly:  
May my years be added to yours  
You have to grow, become even taller  
Don't miss me, other branches will grow in my place.  
What did the tree say to the earth  
When the ground was mercilessly dug up, disjuncting its roots  
And uprooting it from the soil?  
The earth itself was forced to say:  
Remember, when as a tiny seed you peeped out  
And saw the leaves when they first sprouted?  
Come again, to be born in my womb  
If I survive!*

*3. I Told the River  
I had even told the river:  
It is difficult to travel  
Unruffled up to the sea;  
Some people will  
Use spades to cut your banks  
They will drag you  
Over stony ground and thorny land  
Catch you down from cliffs  
Arrest you in the plains!*




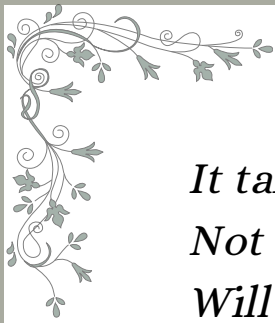


*And churn and whip up  
The waters deep inside you  
An angry sky will  
Rain hailstones at you  
Some wayward season  
Will rip open your waves  
When you reach your destination  
Your fizz will be no more  
And your body dismembered.*

*4. The Dirty City*  
*The atmosphere of the whole city is dirty*  
*We slither around in the prickly heat*  
*Larvae die in clean water*  
*And people begin to cough when the air is pure!*  
*Dust and grime makes no difference now*  
*They can be brushed away easily*  
*An ordinary cake of soap is enough*  
*To keep one's clothes and character clean!*

There are many other great green poets in India. For example, consider Gieve Patel (born 18 August 1940) from Mumbai. He is also an all-in-one—a poet, playwright, painter, as well as a physician. This poem “On Killing a Tree” conveys his sympathy and empathy with nature:





*It takes much time to kill a tree,  
Not a simple jab of the knife  
Will do it. It has grown  
Slowly consuming the earth,  
Rising out of it, feeding  
Upon its crust, absorbing  
Years of sunlight, air, water,  
And out of its leprous hide  
Sprouting leaves. So hack and chop  
But this alone won't do it.  
Not so much pain will do it.  
The bleeding bark will heal  
And from close to the ground  
Will rise curled green twigs,  
Miniature boughs  
Which if unchecked will expand again  
To former size.  
No,  
The root is to be pulled out —  
Out of the anchoring earth;  
It is to be roped, tied,  
And pulled out — snapped out  
Or pulled out entirely,  
Out from the earth-cave,  
And the strength of the tree exposed  
The source, white and wet,  
The most sensitive, hidden  
For years inside the earth.*







*Then the matter  
Of scorching and choking  
In sun and air,  
Browning, hardening,  
Twisting, withering,  
And then it is done.*

To conclude, the green poets such as Gulzar want us to respect the natural world. They know that the world is fragile, perennially endangered, forever held hostage to humans' effortless ability to unthinkingly desecrate nature, unmindful of the consequences this can unleash on their own long-term well-being.

These poets express, and express well, impersonating themselves as nature as also keenly observing why humans do what they do to nature.

Long live Gulzar and Patel and poetry of such poets.

References

<https://www.rekhta.org/poets/gulzar/profile>

<https://www.learninsta.com/on-killing-a-tree-summary/>

**By Annavajhula J C Bose, PhD  
Head of Department  
Department of Economics, SRCC**





# ***On a new road***

---

"A new place it is!"

"Also completely different from where I have been all through my childhood."

Both excitement and nervousness coexisted in her voice. She was packing all her new stuffs but with a trembling hand. She was excited for the new chapters of her life but was carrying with her all the memories she made all those years. She was ecstatic to experience living away from home but was not ready to leave her pillow full of memories and laughter behind.

She was not haunted with the fact of living alone but what if she would be left all alone.

She was looking forward to that journey to her destination but will miss the company she was used to all these years.

She was thrilled to make new memories but was not sure of the new people she was going to meet.

She knew she would make friends but doubted whether the company would be as amazing as the old.

She wanted to chase her dreams but felt she would be deprived of the support.

She was not afraid of the hardships but couldn't get over the comfort which she has always been offered.

She was ready to spread her wings but was afraid to leave her nest.

She was ready for her new morning but wished that night lasted forever.

**-Khushee Bhalotia**





# ***It's Never Too Late***

---

As we traverse through the journey of life, we face many ups and downs. Each trough represents a difficult stage, an arduous path. Each trough is followed by an upward trajectory – as things improve, life becomes sweeter, not bitter. It is essential to keep hope during such times, it is vital to not lose willpower.

- This is the story of Devanshi Yadav – from losing her father to surviving an acid attack and sexual abuse, her journey has been one of the most arduous ones of all. To safeguard others from the trauma she experienced, she established ‘Shaheed Ramashray Welfare Society’ – an NGO working towards providing free legal assistance to victims of sexual abuse and domestic violence. Her courage and determination have truly saved countless individuals and have helped them gain justice.
- Paws in Puddle. Started by a family as a small initiative to feed street doggos during the pandemic, this organisation now caters to vaccinations, medicinal care and sheltering our furry friends in need. The head of the family, Ms. Kanak, is a 90-year-old woman who wakes up at 4.30 a.m. every day to cook for them. It's because of people like her that make us believe that there are still some compassionate and empathetic people left in this world.





- Good morning, Mumbai! Lisbon Ferrao found his morning to be far from good when he saw his kids playing with plastic instead of sand on the beach. The plastic-strewn beaches of Bombay became hazardous to marine life and humans alike – and he wanted to make a difference. He is currently heading the ‘Vasai Beach Cleaners’, a group of environmentalists who have collected over 650 tonnes of plastic, and recycled it to cover potholes and make paver blocks. We wish him the best of luck and success in his purpose and vision.

Stories of these new paths give us the strength to acknowledge our old ones and face our current situation, as we steadily await our new beginning. As one stands at the precipice of this uncharted realm, there is an intoxicating blend of trepidation and exhilaration, a thrilling anticipation of what lies ahead.

As we begin our new chapter, we wish you well to yours. To love, to courage, to new beginnings - cheers!

- Dhvani Arun

### **References:**

- <https://www.thebetterindia.com/328258/devanshi-yadav-bareilly-ngo-legal-help-sexual-abuse-victims-domestic-violence/>
- <https://www.thebetterindia.com/328239/animal-rescue-and-rehabilitation-centres-in-india/>
- <https://www.thebetterindia.com/325386/changemakers-transform-polluted-water-bodies-idbi-bank-environment-conservation/>






# ***New Beginnings in Culture***

---

"Culture" in its literal meaning generally refers to patterns of human activity and the symbolic structures that give such activities significance and importance.

It is a critical aspect of social life. It is at the base of the beliefs that inform people's lifestyle, religion, etc. Thus, culture implies a patterned way in which people live and think and what distinguishes members of a given social group from others. Notably, culture changes across different periods because each generation adds unique aspects before bequeathing to posterity. Culture is constantly evolving. Invention and eventual loss in culture is somewhat inevitable. Inventions may be ideological or technological. While culture loss is the inevitable loss and replacement of old cultural patterns with new ones. The forces of these variables are responsible for replacing old cultural symbols and artefacts, and promoting societal progress. Now these new beginnings in culture or a shift in culture have both positive and negative sides to it. The ease these changes bring along is commendable. For instance, if we look at the internet, undoubtedly it has made our lives much more convenient. It has opened doors to globalisation. Then there are changes in the mode of transportation, communication which too has considerably reduced the time and energy which we had to invest earlier. There are changes even in the way education is imparted to us. Basically, there has been a shift in our lifestyle, clothing, traditions and what not.





These paradigm shifts just as they have their perks, the negative consequences can't be ignored. We have somewhat lost our traditional ways and methods being too dependent on innovations. Changes are for good but it doesn't mean a complete cut off from our old ways of doing things. The ignorance of our culture is prevalent. It also means a loss of our identity as we have distanced ourselves from our very origin. In the wake of new beginnings, we have forgot to preserve the timeless thread of our traditions that has bound us together for ages.

An overview of both the positive and negative sides lead to the conclusion that while we must embrace the changes that sort of stand for innovation and broadening our mindset and our ways of living, we must also hold on to our heritage. We should try to build an inclusive environment around us that calls for evolution but at the same time is rooted to our origin.

**- Khushee Bhalotia**








# ***Ink of Renewal***

---



Life is a journey marked by cycles of change and transformation. Just as the seasons shift, so do the chapters of our lives. In the quiet theatre of existence, the words "Just when you think it can't get any worse, it can. And just when you think it can't get any better, it can." echo like a refrain, a subtle reminder that life's melody is full of unexpected harmonies. And in the midst of this symphony, new beginnings unfurl their wings. Each of these beginnings holds a whisper of anticipation, a fragrance of hope, as if an artist stands before a canvas, or a poet before a blank page, brimming with the potential of uncharted tales.

A new beginning, the breathless moment when one dares to step into the unknown, fueled by the raw courage to embrace change. Just as the sun's first rays chase away the night's shadows, we, too, have the power to illuminate our lives with fresh purpose. The quote reminds us that life is a symphony of highs and lows. When life's burdens seem almost insurmountable, new beginnings emerge as a lifeline, ready to stitch together the tattered pieces of our spirit. Yet, when we find ourselves amidst life's peaks, the words ground us, a gentle nudge to remain humble, reminding us that there is always more to explore.





Let's embark on new beginnings with hearts wide open, understanding that each chapter presents its unique array of challenges and triumphs. As the day draws to a close, the essence of this quote murmurs that life's intricate tale is woven with threads of change, and every fresh start gives us a chance to inscribe onto the pages of our lives - a chance to enrich the very fabric of our narrative.

“Just when you think it can't get any worse, it can. And just when you think it can't get any better, it can.” — Nicholas Sparks, *At First Sight*

**-C. Lalmalsawma**





## ***I left a piece of my he(art) behind***

---

Got on a flight, not knowing where I would go. Started a journey, not knowing how it would end. I packed my life in two suitcases, leaving behind the notebooks I poured my heart into. I see people using the most words they can from the thesaurus, but all I have are a pocketful of words I stole to describe the void coexisting with mayhem in my mind. I always thought of myself as an artist; scribbling a landscape seemed easier than painting a poem. Pictures are easier to hide than words. It takes longer to interpret the meaning that they hold. All that it takes for someone to understand your prose is spending a day with you. With a quiet persona comes a loud mind, my inner monologue being louder than my own voice. I want to be the light of a chandelier, but all I can offer is a candle. I want to be the ocean, but all I have are my tears. I want to be a book, but all I can write is a paragraph. With my portraits, I can hide my imperfections and remain an observer of the world, living like Dorian Gray. Writing makes me realise that the most sensible thing is to be confused. It forces me to revisit what I etched onto paper. But maybe that is what I have been craving all this time—to be a participant, not just an observer. And maybe one day I'll place a paintbrush in a writer's hand. For now, the pages are empty, and I'll cover the canvas in a new language.

**-Sandhya Agarwal**





# ***Poem***

---

As the frost in air faded,  
And the sun got warmer,  
As the thunderous clouds dispersed,  
And the sky got lighter  
You realized you did not have to  
Hold onto past any longer.

You closed the old chapter of your life,  
Afraid what the new chapter might bring,  
Though keen for a life with a new outlook,  
Eager to set free from the past string,  
You realized you did not have to  
Hold back from stepping into the brooke.

You see light at the end of the tunnel  
You have been moving through for so long.  
When people doubted your potential times uncountable,  
But you turned a deaf ear and emerged strong  
You realized you did not deserve to  
Be a topic forgettable.





The heavy success that has bound your feet  
Was replaced by the lightness of a new spring that had set your  
wings free.

You were a person under the sun's heat,  
You let yourself to be carried away by a breeze.  
You realized you did not deserve to  
Let your laughs get seized.

This is a new dawn, my friend  
That came after many sleepless nights.  
With the new environment, let yourself blend,  
Let yourself soar to new heights  
You realize that it is your life  
For you to comprehend.

**-Shriya Singhal**





# **Prose**



Amelia stood on the cliff's edge, staring out at the vast expanse of the ocean. The sun's gentle glow illuminated the horizon, marking the start of a new day. She took a deep breath, feeling a mix of excitement and trepidation.

After years of a monotonous routine, Amelia had decided to leave her old life behind and embrace new beginnings. She had packed her belongings, left her job, and moved to a quaint coastal town. The salty breeze whispered promises of change as she took her first steps on the sandy beach.

Days turned into weeks, and Amelia slowly settled into her new surroundings. She discovered a passion for painting the vibrant sunsets and the dancing waves. As her artwork gained recognition in local galleries, she also found herself making friends with fellow artists and kind-hearted locals.

One day, while browsing a thrift store, Amelia stumbled upon a neglected piano. She had always dreamt of playing, and she decided to give it a try. Hours turned into days, and soon, the melodies she coaxed from the keys filled her cottage and the hearts of those who passed by.







Her music drew people together, creating a sense of community she had never known. Strangers became friends, and the town began hosting impromptu beach concerts, celebrating the joy of new beginnings.

Amelia's journey of rediscovery and her embrace of new passions transformed her life, reminding her that each sunrise brings the chance for a fresh start. And as she played her piano on the shore, her music echoed the theme of the town itself—resilience, hope, and the beauty of embracing the unknown.

**-Gaurang Tulsian**

