

THE ENGLISH LITERARY SOCIETY  
EDITION 17

# TRECENTO



# The Miasma of Forsaken Dreams

By Samridhi Singh

'Tis an Augean task to leave behind the past.  
The affliction from the void, tends to immortally last,  
Ensnarling the vulnerable soul in a morass,  
Engaged diligently in crafting a crevasse,  
To shatter the spirit into a multitude of fragments;  
So that chain it together, can no enchantments.

Dreams – marooned: reside in those long gone erstwhile eras,  
The contrition from which – keeps casting chimeras,  
In a mind that is brewing a penchant for despair  
And attempting to decipher the worldly foul and fair.  
For those quondam dreams are, but evanescent already;  
For the mind claims forthwith an intrinsic remedy.

Once, felt those dreams like a plethora of things:  
Like soaring in the empyrean with the use of wings;  
Like gazing in the firmament at candescent stars;  
Like being entranced by the serene music from guitars.  
Lost in the tranquil reveries of the cosmoses galore  
Or in the ethereal mountains or a soulful seashore.

Now, feel those dreams in a contrasting way:  
Like being entrapped in the Hades – night and day;  
Like looking at the quiescence of the otiose skies;  
Like harking the cacophony from true blue lies.  
Lost in the macabre nightmares of a forlorn abyss  
Or in saturnine recollections – harrowing to reminisce.

Once – peerless was, in fact, the resplendence of that head,  
Which has now seemingly ventured into the territory of the dead;  
For it no longer conjures the mystic phantasms of a dreamland  
Or anecdotes of wisdom and a legion of theories so grand.  
Neither makes for displays of scintillate witticisms these days  
Nor glimpses portentously towards the triumphant ways.

But why am I reminded of those elapsed times anew?  
After all the felicity, melancholy, rage and rue.  
For those whilom dreams have now slept forever;  
The candor of those visions – again awakening never.  
So is it agony and tears or is it bliss and mirth?  
Or maybe the last smidgen of esteem and worth?

Perhaps, for eternity, unknown shall the answers remain.  
Perhaps, this queer proclivity is, in sooth, subtly humane.  
Yet, matters nothing, in this nebulous tale of duality,  
For much further beyond the horizon extends the reality:  
It is ingrained deeply in those potent bloodstreams;  
It is the undying desire for those forsaken dreams.

# Kolkata

By Aratrika Guha

‘Untainted memories of the rainy evenings

On the roof of our little home

At the corner of a "para" (neighbourhood)

That is my Kolkata,

My source of perennial joy.

Green-red houses stacked with each other

The rustic, homespun Shyambazar roads unaffected, still,

By the modern ways of life

The nonchalance of the rickshaw puller,

(The rickshaw is my Cinderella's carriage)

The crunching of feet on the gravel,

an adventure in itself.

The casual ruthlessness of the weary sellers,

Dhakai-Jamdani showrooms across the streets

Her daytime frivolity with the Howrah bridge

And night-time paramour with the Victoria.

Yellow taxis, and ferry boats

She doesn't shy away from the stark contrast

Breakfast at Flury's / Park Street

The sunset at the Howrah bridge.

I walk across the city in my worn-out slippers,

Looking for Tagore, Teresa and Vivekananda

In every person

Romanticising as I go

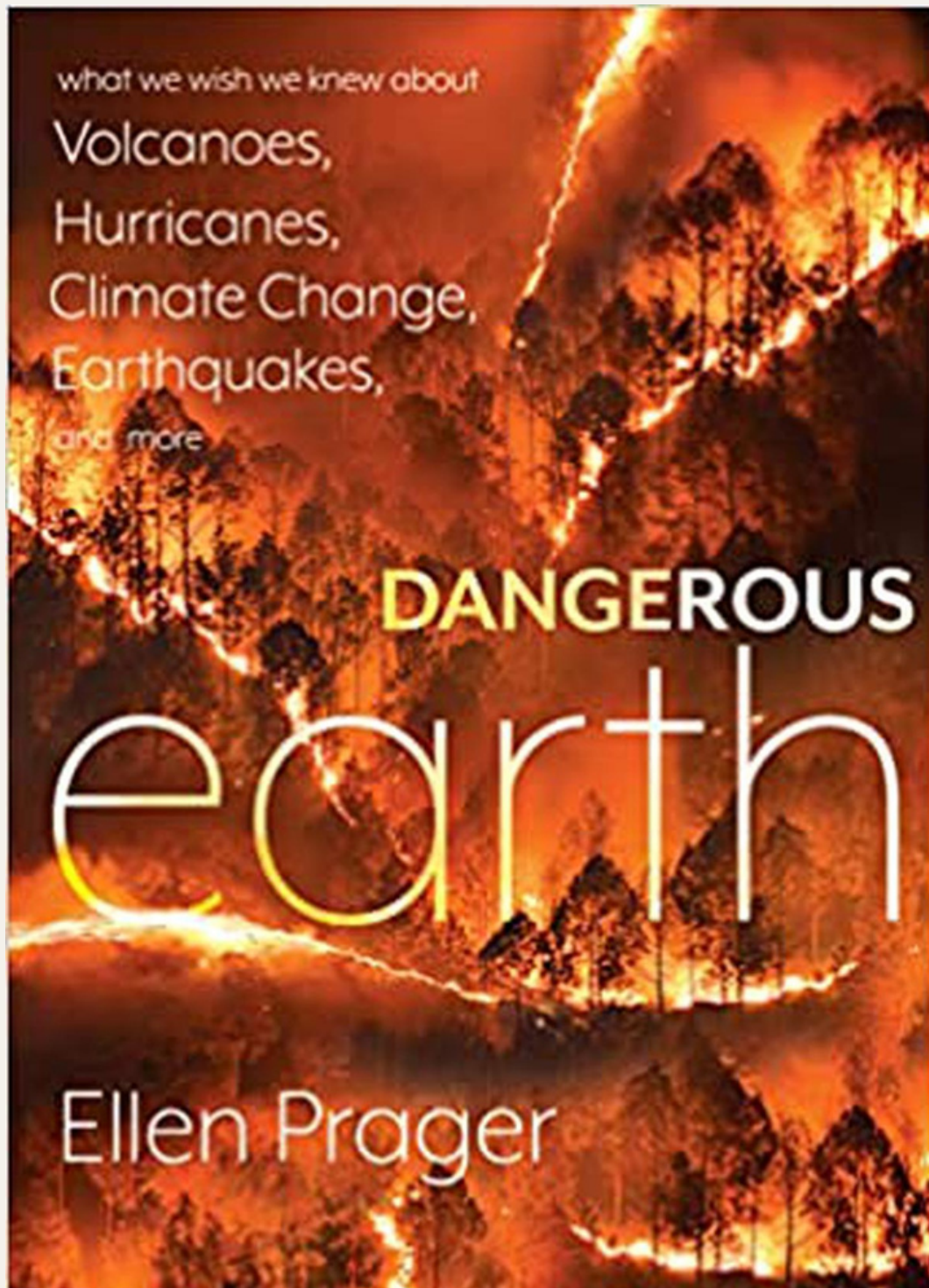
She is my Kolkata

My city of joy.



# Dangerous Earth: A Book Review

Annavaiah J C Bose, Department of Economics, SRCC



“In places where sufficient food, clean water, or health care are unavailable or limited, planning for a disaster that may not come for tens or hundreds of years is unlikely to be a priority, and may be impossible without outside assistance. Civil unrest or conflict can pose further obstacles.

Economic considerations figure heavily as nations, states, communities and individuals must decide what is acceptable risk. Is the cost of retrofitting a school in a tsunami zone too high when the next major tsunami may not occur for several generations, but could also hit tomorrow? What are we willing to pay to protect our children, ourselves, and our communities? If people have not experienced an extreme event, such as a major earthquake or hurricane, in their or their parents’ lifetime, they may not understand or even recognise the threats they face. And even those who have experienced such events may nonetheless deny the risks, or simply feel helpless.

Humans by nature are creatures of the short term, especially today when gratification comes from nearly instantaneous likes and retweets. Planning and investing for the future and events that may not come to pass in our lifetime is not something we are historically good at...science should not be based on or guided by politics. It should be based on facts, evidence, observations—data. Debate and discussion are hallmarks of good science, but they must be based on credible data. Ideology, self-serving agendas, electoral concerns, and so on should not dictate policies and investments having to do with science or science-based issues. When political leaders and information providers promote policies or actions based simply on their beliefs or

motives they are putting thousands, if not millions, of people at risk, and our economy as well.”

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and investments having to do with science or science-based issues. When political leaders and information providers promote policies or actions based simply on their beliefs or motives they are putting thousands, if not millions, of people at risk, and our economy as well.”

The conclusion of the book is clear and inescapable: “For now, we have only one planetary home—Earth. It is a dynamic, beautiful, and wondrous place. It is also fraught with powerful, unpredictable phenomena that can kill and destroy what we hold most dear. We must continue to invest in understanding our planet’s dangerous forces, while also using what we have already learned to make the Earth a safer place now and for future generations.”

If you do not heed this conclusion, then you have consciously or unconsciously chosen to embrace Death, sooner or later.

Listen to Chris Rea—The Road to Hell, and “E”.

And then do read this book.

And read and write poems like this:

Warned

By Sylvia Stults

The sands of time have rendered fear

Blue skies on high no longer clear

Stars were bright whence they came

Now dimmed, obscured, pollution's haze

Crystal clear our waters gleamed

Fish abundant, rivers streamed

Ocean floors sandy white

Now littered, brown, pollution's plight

Trees towered high above



Trunks baring professed love  
Birds chirping from sites unseen  
Gone, paper joined pollution's team

One can't blame pollution alone  
As they say, you reap what you've sown  
So let us plant a better seed  
Tear out old roots, cultivate, weed  
Protect what has been given for free  
Our waters, skies, wildlife and trees  
For once they're gone, don't you say  
Consider yourself warned of that fatal day

# Reverie

By Irenic

This is not your typical love story. Our eyes didn't meet, her smile didn't charm me and there were absolutely no butterflies in my stomach. When I met my first love only three thoughts plagued my brain -

1. I'm hungry (which to be fair I always am)
2. It's way too hot (it was the month of may)
3. I want those crayons

You see I first met Sunaina at a drawing competition and while I was never much of an artist I always loved making a mess with colours and Sunaina had the biggest set of crayons I had ever seen. So naturally I wanted them and when she refused to share them with anyone I was furious! How could someone be so selfish so stuck up?!

This would have been the end of our story if my parent weren't such extroverts! They decided to befriend Sunaina's parents and set up a play date for us. I was furious! How could they force me to hang out with someone I don't like? There was no way I was gonna hang out with her. So naturally, after a major tantrum and a promised chocolate cake I caved. I set up my room, organised my board games and started preparing myself mentally for the much dreaded event. However, to my surprise Sunaina turned out to be great company. She was witty, fun, smart, a bit too competitive and just a blast to be around. Despite our rocky beginning we became very fond of each other. One play date turned into two which then turned into three until we were inseparable. That summer was spent riding

bikes, playing board games, and lazing around- all in her company.

Unfortunately, like all good things this too came to an end. The summer break ended and along with them my time with Sunaina. She went back to her hometown leaving me behind. As I waved goodbye to her at the railway station I experienced my first heartbreak. Like I said, this is not your typical love story. This isn't a Romeo and Juliet or Heer Ranjha kind of story. This is a story about Jai and Veeru. This is a story about the first friend I ever made. The first person I ever gave my heart to. The first person who taught me what it means to trust someone, to love someone.