

# The Midnight Light

Rishika Sinha, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, ENE



The road is still the same, rusty. The voice is still the same, a mumble. Rows of silent houses - stone deaf, all asleep. Only the midnight whispers, accepts the downcast eyes, and all that's as beautiful as the fathomless. The streetlights have exercised control over your walk. Stars fail to fleck the purple twilight sky. Covered in the deepest hue of caramel, the guitar saunters along. With a million promises-notes, you walk.

What's keeping you awake? Hope? What's keeping you awake? Dreams? What are all your songs about? Them, your desires? We compare ourselves with others. Our state with another. We know of happiness the best when we've been blue. We fall hard while trying. We fall hard trying to be more than our capabilities.

Time and again, the thunder breaks. You fall hard. You brush off the dust. Your vallum wins.

Your home is a glasshouse. You aren't protected. You might not know how to pull through or if you will ever succeed.

But *hope is a waking dream*. On these dusty roads with the streetlights leading your way. On these silent streets, through all the malaise in the air. You walk, holding yourself together, towards your dreams, towards your journey's end.

## A STORY OF SHAPES

Pranjal Srivastava, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, COE

You sit with a hot cup of coffee from Nescafé. It's not been long since you joined college. People are bustling with excitement for the uncertain and new. You have your hopes as well. But right now, it is a story still writing itself. You take a sip of that coffee, and the disseminating warmth makes you close your eyes in a moment of soft tranquillity. As you open them, the coffee seems still as hot on your table. The laptop screen stares at you blandly. It's been almost three years since that day at Nescafé. Yet, it seems the warmth of coffee is not the only thing that has remained the same.

You still have hope. People tumble through college, evolving through their perceptions of hope. The first year is when you go about trying to connect the dots. You join societies, meet people and find new things to do. All to find that one thing that sets you apart but also makes you fit in. Soon, you connect enough dots and begin to see a vague pattern. It is not about running to and fro around the campus anymore. It is about finding that one spot at the OAT where you can sit and absorb the crimson of the

gorgeous DTU sunsets. You still hope, just not to find new things but to build the things you have already found.

Then, the vague pattern of the dots you connected falls into lines and paths to follow that you draw out on an infinite empty canvas. The world will begin to broaden beyond what you could ever imagine. Maybe the idea of hope begins to seem like hearsay in the face of this enormity that awaits you. But you will still hold onto it, and things will fall into place. Or at least, that's what I hope for you, having witnessed this journey so far only.

I do not know how the end of college will be for you or me. The lines might come together in a circle or go far away from this point, but we will never stop tracing them. The most important thing that college will teach you is that the only way to go is ahead. The only constant (besides coffee) will be hope. The dots will keep connecting themselves, and you will always have a story that is still writing itself - a story of shapes.