

THE VERDANT QUILL



POEMS OF
METAMORPHOSIS

By Eva Tushar Deochakke



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INTRODUCTION

We are poets.
We bleed on paper
We are wallflowers that spring
from persistent feeling,
We are, to those who poetry brings
The solace of cathartic healing
As I entrust you so,
With my soliloquies savored
from most fleeting moments,
A foretaste of this candid collection,
I say,
what better way to start us off,
than with a poetic introduction?

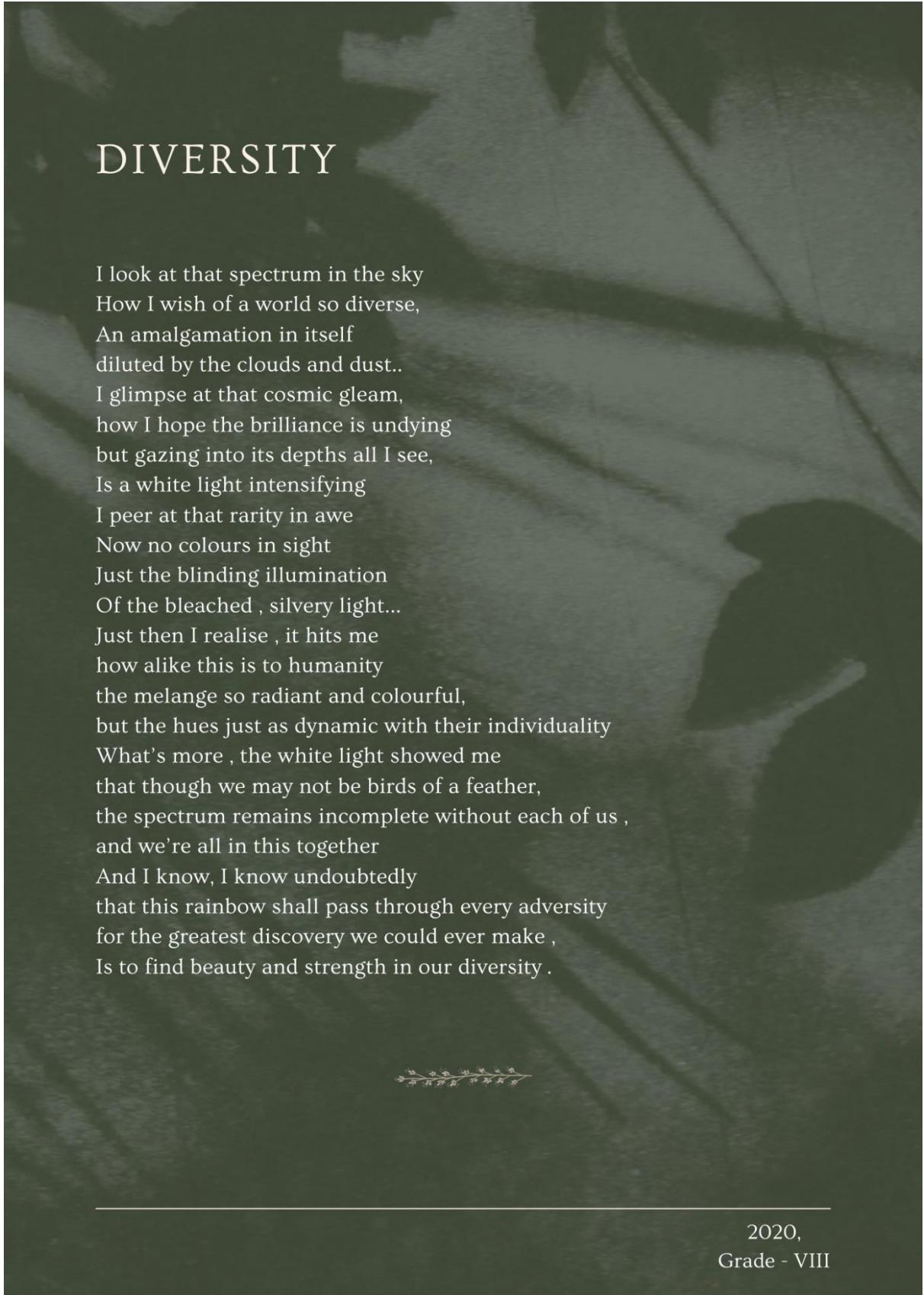
By Eva Tushar Deochakke

PART I:

REFRACTIONS
OF
ACUMEN



DIVERSITY



I look at that spectrum in the sky
How I wish of a world so diverse,
An amalgamation in itself
diluted by the clouds and dust..
I glimpse at that cosmic gleam,
how I hope the brilliance is undying
but gazing into its depths all I see,
Is a white light intensifying
I peer at that rarity in awe
Now no colours in sight
Just the blinding illumination
Of the bleached , silvery light...
Just then I realise , it hits me
how alike this is to humanity
the melange so radiant and colourful,
but the hues just as dynamic with their individuality
What's more , the white light showed me
that though we may not be birds of a feather,
the spectrum remains incomplete without each of us ,
and we're all in this together
And I know, I know undoubtedly
that this rainbow shall pass through every adversity
for the greatest discovery we could ever make ,
Is to find beauty and strength in our diversity .



2020,
Grade - VIII

UNASHAMED CONVERSATION

This goes out to those “unwanted” weeds,
To those whom we pay the littlest of heed,
Those who put up with themselves everyday,
A battle, so futile, resigned in every way.

This goes out to all those shunned souls,
To those in need of open hearts, and unbarred doors
Those who no matter how disabled,
Are helplessly, but incessantly labelled

This goes out to all those who stand ‘insane’ in society’s eyes
Yet who are much more human than anyone could ever realize,
For I may not understand what it’s like to be in their place,
But I know, that they are undoubtedly not the ones of disgrace

This goes out to all the people you know,
who right now require kindness and patience
Solace, love and affirmation,
A shoulder to cry on,
With just a bit of your appreciation.
And most importantly,
Acceptance, and unashamed conversation.

To all those people who are prone to this world of stigma owing to mental
illness,
Let us replace ‘I’ with a ‘We’ and work to make it wellness.

2020,
Grade - VIII

WHEN I ENVISION INDIA..

My vision for India,
Isn't as clear as the dawn of freedom our martyrs brought upon
the country
Not nearly as clear as the billion droplets of blood, sweat and tears
that their years of turmoil fetched
No clearer than the zeal of unity and togetherness that was etched,
Within the heart of every peasant, every soldier, every citizen who
bore a fire to overcome this boulder
Of the struggle for freedom

My vision for my country lies in the lesser spoken of;
The underrated, unappreciated fields of a village so unrevealed,
but not uncommon
That yet today lacks a decent education;
that yearns for eradication (of narrow mindedness),
but possesses infinite hope and neglected potential

My vision for India
Lies in those schools where every girl bears the gift of learning she
rightly deserves,
And a house that radiates with pride,
knowing that she will grow to soar through the skies,
Whether in a spaceship,
whether in her 'doctor's coat',
or on a canvas full of her hues.

My vision for India,
for the India I wish I'd grow to see,
It is the India,
where education is belief..

GRATITUDE

The more grateful I am,
The more beauty I see;
For miracles are everywhere,
You just have to believe.

Believe that there lies something greater in your fate
That this failure is not the end
That each step on the track is an opportunity
To take that leap of faith
To be just one bit closer to your ascent

Your ascent to prosperity
Your ascent to success,
To achieve your purpose,
Or a prize you so dearly wish to possess

They say, 'Have faith and you're halfway there'
I say, what about the half that remains?
Is it nerve, patience, perseverance and quality of conscience,
That ameliorate those rocky terrains?

I impugn,
For in the mines of our hearts lies another power, an attitude,
That builds to what we deservedly call gratitude,
That we so often forsake,
An invisible string that for granted we so often take
And abandon unappreciated

What I see around me, is humans ever so seldom realize,
Gratitude is more than endlessly being thankful;
It's valuing the present, being hopeful for the future,
A degree where progressive satisfaction lies.

Good things are all around us, I've garnered,
And to be grateful is to see,
That miracles are everywhere,
One just has to believe.



WHY?

A mere child of interest, I had to know it all,
why I could play with a truck,
but not with a barbie doll?

Why I could see all the colours,
but pick only one
For blue was what 'all boys chose',
A cliché I couldn't outrun

Why I was bruised everyday,
but still had to fight back
For if I chose to walk away,
'manhood' was what I lacked

Why I must use my voice
to never beg, but to demand,
and yet learn to suffer in silence,
when in need of a helping hand

Why the man in me had to be carved out
By society's standards, not from within
While the child in me was stifled,
with not a trace of the boy he was,

and not a trail of what he could've been
Why it all shook my confidence,
and yet to bring myself back, I try,
but I knew I lost all I had
when I was told " Boys don't cry..."

2020,
Grade - VIII

AGONY OF THE VERBALLY BRUISED..

The agony in my head,
Tears I mustn't shed,
Memories echoing with dread,
Deliberating what should've been said..
The delusive eyes,
The fabricated smile,
Masking the demeaned soul,
Shattered by words reckoned vile ..
The urge to remain strong,
To seem unaffected, remain withdrawn,
To shut out the whispers and the provoking,
No matter how broken..
The pining to fade away,
To hinder from falling prey,
Prey to this world of verbal abuse,
Prey to this world where many have been bruised...



BEAUTY MISJUDGED

You put me down with your harsh utterance,
About my size , my shape, my scars.
You hurl at me with your judgement.
Picking out my defects , and what they are

You remark me on my bearing
How it makes you aghast
You point out all my flaws like knits
Endlessly, making me seem outcast

You censure us , the people of colour
We're "dark-skinned", not dark !
But little do you know, society,
This colour signifies nothing , but a proud trademark!!

You may ridicule me for my appearance
But I don't need your "help"
Because I know my worth more than you do,
And I've learnt to love myself

So hear me out this time
For I'm the voice of beauty misjudged ,
Beauty that you couldn't recognise ,
But funnily enough , you judged

So hear me out dear society
For justice is my thirst
And remember , don't you assess me
Without knowing my story first.



THE DROP LIES IN YOUR HANDS..

The drop lies in your hands,
Please don't let it fall,
For the world showers itself with comfort,
Silencing mother nature's call,
For the earth perishes slowly,
Yet blindly we stand tall,
For it's forgotten that what was once taken as endless,
Isn't so endless after all..



AN ODE TO OUR MARTYRS...

It was a distressful demise
That occurred a few days ago
The death of innocent soldiers
A time for Indians low.

The reason might be revenge,
Or an act of sheer spite,
But peace was surely disturbed,
And so were the people's rights.

This little world must realize
That each other we must not despise
Try to be content and wise
And ensure happiness never dies

So here let us pray,
May God show us the ideal way
And let us wish peace to those lives
Who faced this distressful demise.

*The tragic event that we now call the Pulwama attack occurred on 14 February 2019, when a convoy of vehicles carrying Indian security personnel on the Jammu-Srinagar National Highway was attacked by a vehicle-borne suicide bomber in the Pulwama district of the erstwhile state of Jammu and Kashmir.

This poem is meant as a remembrance/tribute, a way to honor the soldiers whose life was taken by this disturbing occurrence.

2019,
Grade -VI

PART II:

SONNETS
OF
NAIVETÉ



WOMEN EMPOWERED

(THIS POEM ACKNOWLEDGES A UTOPIAN FANTASY OF THE POET AT 11-YEARS-OLD THAT IS, IF THE WORLD WAS RUN ENTIRELY BY EMPOWERED WOMEN)

Discoveries were made
Success and praise towered
Since our early past
Since our women were empowered

Mistress or serf
They evolved and paved a way
For tomorrow's egalitarian society
And a clearer day

Discriminated or not
They gave a lot
Worked hard and fought
And a valuable lesson they taught

To all of us, the youth
They brought, proud history and modern civilization
and we soulfully owe them gratitude
For this impeccable leadership and its creation

Today, the world keeps advancing
And never stops moving forward
But seldom do we realize
that a big role indeed, was played by women who were
empowered



2018,
Grade - VI (Interhouse chart competition,
Winner)

LIFE - WHAT IS IT?

Life - what is it ?
A journey or a mission
Or possibly a great phase
Of phenomenal transition.

Life – what is it ?
Its hurdles mighty as boulders
And the weight of dedicated efforts
We must carry upon our shoulders

Life – what is it ?
An ocean plenty of defeat
When conquered diligently
Offers an enticing treat

Life – what is it ?
A gift nature has to offer
To all who deserve it
A desirable honour

Life – what is it ?
A book we must write
To inscribe our destiny
And ignore the puddle of plight

LIFE- WHAT IS IT? (CONTINUED)

Life – what is it ?
A strand away from death
It hides the stage of suspense
When you could cease your last breath.

So remember what is life
Both a war and a ride
Against our human frailty
Where we are ourselves guide

So remember what is life
A bliss from above indeed
And cherish what it gives
And improve seed by seed.



HAPPINESS

Happiness is priceless
Or so people say
But what makes it special
Unique in its own way?

It isn't a boon
Or a gift that you possess
Rather a belief in yourself
And a way to progress

Life isn't always perfect
But it's being happy that brings grace
To the toughest of times
When it holds your pace

It reminds you of hope
And not performing to prove
But to learn along the journey
And to constantly improve

So friends, to conclude
Happiness defines no deed
But sometimes to make things better
A smile is all you need

2020,
Grade- VIII

FRIENDS

A friend is a boon of God
To support and teach and learn
It is indeed lucky to have friends
And it is a gift you have earned.

Friends may come and go
Like stars that ever glow
A bond that will eventually grow
Whether in high or low.

Friendship is a wish come true
Its life for a lucky few
It helps and supports you
I am thankful to friendship
You should be too !



INSPIRATION

Every life has an inspiration
Whether you like it or not
It leads you to decisions
And adds value to thought.

An inspiration can mean anything;
Right or Wrong,
It's yours to choose
With a will that's strong.

It creates an idea
With an extra-ordinary vision
And brings you to the discipline
Of consistent precision.

Though many in our world,
are inspired by the Great,
Everyone who put effort,
Got to success straight!

So work to be an inspiration,
And follow your own way,
Inspire yourself the most,
And people will look up to you someday.



2017,
Grade V

LITTLE MISS STORY

This is the tale of a short and sweet story
That was a tad troubled and wanted more glory.
It cried and whined all day long
And couldn't decide that was right or wrong.
She said, she did not have a face,
She couldn't show her beauty, elegance or grace.
And "Oh!", she complained, "I'm a helpless case!"
This miss story, wasn't happy at all,
(I couldn't make that out 'til last fall!)
Then one day, a girl happily hopped,
Right into the book store, and for hours she shopped.
She looked for a book, instead found a lonely tale,
Its sweetness amused her, however it looked pale.
The little girl came to me and then she seized,
Grinned and said "I'll buy this, please!"
She paid the bill and advanced to the door
Beaming like a fairy, left the store.
Now Miss Story was elated to know,
She was deemed unique, and her magnificence showed!
Me, you or an unfinished tale,
Everyone's beauty definitely unveils!



PARENTS

These people are our everything

And they are way more than our best friends
Can you make a guess ?
That's right! They are our parents!

Day or Night or any other time
They always think of us
So, behave yourselves in front of them,
And do not make a fuss!

Though I have sometimes disrespected them,
And I am shameful too.
They'll always be in my heart
Wherever they are.
And Mom-Dad I love you!

You have taught me a lot
And guided me throughout the right way,
And that's why to me,
Every day is parent's day!



2016,
Grade - IV

WORDS

Words are so playful,
It's hard to choose which kind.
Though words are so useful,
They simply boggle your mind.

But I have noticed that
Words are very common in use
To use them for eternity
You cannot refuse.

Words are so much in demand,
Its as though they are something grand,
Yet, I don't get why
What's so great in them to apply!

But still only words can impress
By showing what you think, how you express.
These can help you in progress,
And will soon get you success.



2015,
Grade- III

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOOK

I am a thing called a book,
And that's my pretty name.
With me don't be very stern,
'cause I like playing a game!

I come from author's land,
Where they make and put me up,
Be very careful holder,
And handle me with love.

I'm transported to the shop,
Where you come and take a look,
(And say) "Oh! I want to buy this,
This very intriguing book!"

And then you take me home,
And read me all the time.
But once you're done; that's right! I'm dust,
Nothing short of a literary crime!

I am a thing called a book,
And that's my pretty name,
Keep reading my dear friends,
it might just bring you fame!



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I'd like to thank my wonderfully supportive, and incredibly patient parents - Mamma and Baba, thank you for always encouraging the poet in me. You push me to do better and I am endlessly grateful for it. To my friends, who cheered for me whenever I recited a new poem to them regardless of how silly it was.

To my 4th grade teacher in the after-school creative writing club, my YLAC 2020 (Young Leaders for Active Citizenship, A youth for social impact program) mentors and my teammates, whose feedback this book would be incomplete without, and who taught me to be bold and speak my heart in my poetry, to keep searching for newer depths, but to never second-guess my capability.

Lastly, to my dear readers - there is a poet in all of us, and to nurture it is one of the greatest gifts you can give to yourself! Onward and upward!

Keep Writing!



ABOUT THE RHYMESTER



Eva Tushar Deochakke

Eva has grown from a effervescent toddler dancing on popular Bollywood dance numbers at The Shiamak Davar academy, to self-learning English Classics on keyboard, in her primary school years, participating in Indian Idol Junior (an acclaimed reality singing show) to outshining in Kathak with a National Prize in Classical Dancing, to enjoying a round of Golf as a routine for years.

Consistently excelling in academics, Eva has won accolades for her elocution skills at MUN ~ Model United Nations and YLAC ~ (Young Leaders for Active Citizenship). Her stint at TKS - The Knowledge Society amplified her perspective about her learnings from The Sustainable Environmental & Water Studies (SEWS) Program at Stanford, and her team making it as a runner-up at the Harvard Youth Lead the Change (YLC) conference.

Although Eva is an extrovert, at times she prefers solitude and loves to pen her views and various ideas as embodied in her poetry. Thus, displaying an array of skills and learnings, which makes Eva a truly holistic individual, assured to make a noteworthy bearing on any path she may pick to pursue.

THE END

