

Attendance Register

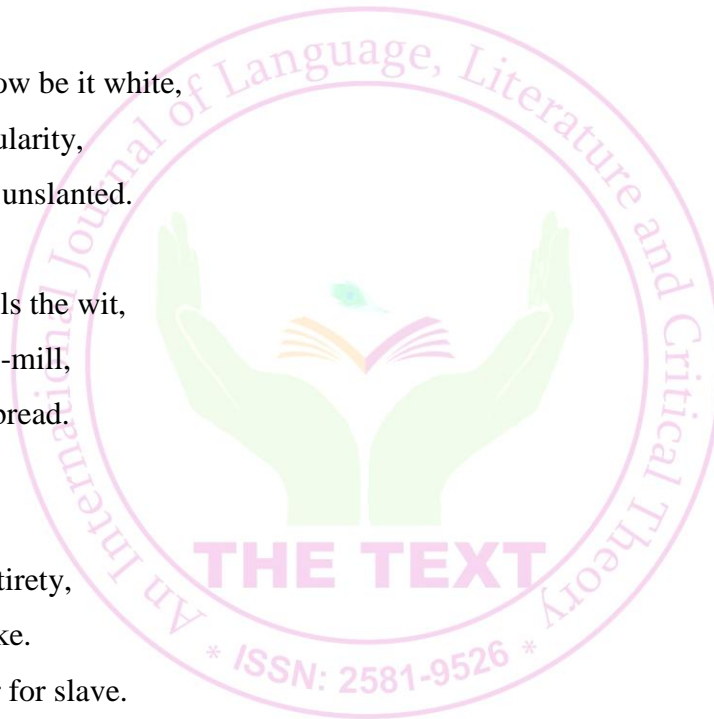
Preeti Kanawjia
King George Medical University
Uttar Pradesh

Quirky little thing,
Lying in the chest,
Clues to the clue,
Of the collars ahead.

How be it blue or how be it white,
Punctuality and regularity,
It's two chaperones unslanted.

Aligns time and drills the wit,
like the run -of- the -mill,
To wrangle for the bread.

So sullen, yet sanct,
This Chronicle's entirety,
Have nothing to stake.
Neither for king nor for slave.



A Globe Painted White

Preeti Kanawjia
King George Medical University,
Uttar Pradesh

Proud as a kid, she was vively;
Spent every passing-moment spritely.
What was the guilt, she never knew,
Until a day, it found her bull through.
What she went across, she could not say,
Coz then, she was meek to chortle her usual way.

Earlier no thought was ever lasting,
But now cynicism keeps forecasting.
Pessimism and thoughts, not about family; not about pain,
Not about any worldly thing, which one can gain.

Now the friends who'd have turned foes.
Bosom buddies, gossip far from her, hiding in the meadows.
Oh! What an outwit and implausible transition,
For now 'sharing' has become a history,
And she's kept aloof about all the crucial work and decisions.

Rancor more than fear or fear more than rancor,
She cannot conclude,
For now is a labeled dreaded species,
Her dignity, setting off to uproot.

Her caste, her race, her creed, her nation
Nothing she wants at the cost of extermination.

Number identity she wishes to bear,
So that nobody on Earth lives in fear,
A globe painted white,
She loves to behold;
With no etched boundaries, not even its debris!

