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RESONANCE

A TETSO COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY OF ART AND LITERATURE



 **TETSO
COLLEGE®**
STRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE



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Email - englishdepartment@tetsocollege.org

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Foreword

An emotional state of feeling happiness or inappreciable sadness when we reflect about an object or thing transpired in the bygone days is what we consider as nostalgia. Nostalgia has an interesting history. It was initiated and emblazoned by Homer in *Odyssey* (ca. 800 B.C.) through the poetic reflections of the eponymous hero when catching his breath from battling assorted monsters and menacing Gods. It remained dormant for 2,500 years.

Nostalgia has been shown to thwart loneliness, weariness, frustration and tediousness. It provides altruistic company to strangers and more magnanimous unprejudiced power to the outsiders. It has also the beautiful power to let adults return to their youthful, lively days by recalling their sweet teenage years. Often, partners brace and make-out their relationships when both of them share their nostalgic moments. It is said that even in cold wintry nights, people avail themselves to this nostalgia to exactly feel summery. However, nostalgia like others is not totally free from gloomy sides. It can sometimes bring back painful knocks when people remember unpleasant memories. It can lead to a depressive medical condition while living through non-recoverable pains. On the contrary, it can also help in gaining strength and build up more optimism in one's life. Likewise, physical warmth is gained by adoring the happy past of an individual or happy reminiscence. Its involvement gives a sense of satisfaction and help in connecting people more for reviving the things of the past. It again corresponds to homesickness, which everyone experiences at least once a lifetime. It is again a section that is attached to human beings and we have that inclination and it always drags us towards a more familiar, comfortable, and secure environment. Forming a life-long bond with loved ones is also a factor for those reminiscing and more mental anxiety comes up when the time of separation knocks at the door in one's life.

Nostalgia acts as a catalyst between past and present. It gives a sense of continuity and boosts up the meaning of life thus facilitating all the needs to the positive and fresh outlook of life.

This anthology on nostalgia consists of thirty short poems, two short stories and eleven illustrations; all conceptualising in diverse ways, the idea of nostalgia. Through the central theme of nostalgia, multiple tropes emerge and return across the texts, that of 'life', 'time', 'childhood', 'longing', 'grief', 'innocence', 'loss', 'nature' and 'growing up'. A common thread of eloquence and lucidity runs through the collection and makes itself accessible and identifiable to the reader through a universality of emotions.

Abenla Longkumer's *A Little Girl's Dream-Shattered* places nostalgia on line between the 'old' and the 'new'. The old is invested with values of 'happiness',

'bliss' and 'timelessness', which is then interrupted by the ruthless machines of modernity. She writes,

They said, 'We will build a new house of concrete with a tarred road.'

I cried and said, 'I want the trees, the birds and my old home.'

Ratna's *Childhood: Who Dares to Forget*, Salang's *Childhood Days*, Chipai M Konyak's *Like Eden* and Mughali Assumi's *Wistful Innocence 2010-2020* romanticise the past with a sort of innocence, which as if is lost and corrupted by the rough edges and cynicism that comes with growing up. Nostalgia then comes across as a 'rose-tinted' lens through which the past appears idyllic and flawless.

Milleni H Chisho's *Hope* is an interesting divergence from the overall tenor of the collection. Her nostalgia is dark and heavy with the grief of loss, yet at the same time looking forward to the hope of a world where not all-

Souls of men, dig in hunger

The outer world of a woman

Laghaka Kinimi's *Growing Up*, also displays a certain degree of maturity in how she reflects upon her own subjectivity,

As a cross-breed

Between nostalgia

And Oblivion

Kinimi invests more in the 'reality' of his 'foolhardy' past and what it means to have the 'mask' fall off in the present.

The anthology of poems ends with Yavisau E Sekhose's *Strong*, a narrative that firmly disrupts the romanticisation of nostalgia with remembrances of a childhood that erases the gender of a girl child and at the same time subjects her to the normalised violence that women encounter as part of who they are.

Ita Alley's *The Reminiscent of my Childhood* is an autobiographical narrative of her childhood; humorous anecdotes filled with adventure and reflection.

This anthology is an important literary contribution in the ideation of nostalgia, because nostalgia is not just about memory. It is as much about the present from where we see the past, and the ways in which we understand it. *Resonance* is one of those compiled works which have anthologized all the possible aspects of Nostalgia. This extraordinary soul stirring collection will not

only take you to many nostalgic moments of your life, but it will also mystify your soul to another level.

- Thokchom Sunanda Devi (Ph.D).
Asst. Professor and HoD, English.
St. Joseph University, Dimapur.

Preface

The Writers Club of the Department of English, Tetso College, takes immense pleasure in presenting the sixth eBook titled '*RESONANCE: A Tetso College Anthology of Art and Literature*' (ISBN 978-81-929456-5-1), based on the theme of 'nostalgia'. It is a collection of various pieces of writing from both the genre - the prose and the poetry, which has beautifully captured the sense of variant and distinct ways in which a person experiences and responds to the feeling of nostalgia.

Nostalgia forms a very distinctive part of a persona in almost every individual's life as we all tend to look back at the past with a craving for something that's already lost in the past or something that did not even exist ever. This fluctuation from present to past, and past to future keeps flickering, leaving a person with a sense of loss or a sense of incompleteness. Yet, some look at it as a loss, some as a precious treasure, some as a shelter to escape from the present, and some as a longing for what they haven't even had ever. These nostalgic pangs are triggered by a sensory reception and find their outcome in the form of words beautifully constructed and shaped in a literary structure.

The theme has been deliberately chosen to keep up with the Silver Jubilee celebrations of Tetso College (1994 - 2019), a wonderful occasion to look back at the years gone by. The theme of 'Nostalgia' is also in line with the previous eBook, '*Echo*' (978-81-929456-4-4) released by the Department of English in 2019. Significantly 'echo' and 'resonance' both are associated with the 'sound'. Whereas '*Echo*' voiced "the hidden beauty in nature, motivational quotes, the longing for the loved ones, the wonders of love in life, unearthing the hidden, venting out frustration, the power of truth and mundane experiences that keep our lives going", the '*Resonance*' is about voicing out the immediate invocation of a memory or emotion the moment our sight hits an object or is captured by a phenomenon as concrete as 'a wooden window' or as abstract as the imagination of 'Eden'. It won't be an exaggeration to say that the sixth eBook (fondly called as eBook 2020) is actually a camouflage of the human emotions underlying overtly and implicitly at the core of the respective write-ups woven together in this edition. The entries have been contributed not only by the students and staff of Tetso College, but also from other institutions across Nagaland, and also from independent writers not affiliated with any institute formally. Each entry is an expression of one's own thoughts, beliefs and experiences.

There's a sense of loss, hope, contentment, longing, joy, realisation, appreciation, and pride in the poetic pieces whereas the short-stories featured in this edition revolve around the theme of nostalgia by literally invoking the past wrapped in childhood memories. This edition also features the poems that not only won the award in a poetry- slam competition organised as an intra-

college event, but also captured the hearts of the audience. A separate section has been devoted to the Art section catering to the visual creative talent of the artists featuring their sketches, painting and photography skills.

The image featured on the back cover-page has been photographed by Nengsanglemba Kichu, a B.Com 4th Semester student of Tetso College, who has won various photography contests organised by various institutes as a part of inter-college competition events.

We express profound gratitude to each and every one who has directly or indirectly contributed in the successful publishing of this eBook, especially to the IT Department who gave to this its final form which is present before our eyes!

Wishing a pleasant reading experience to our readers!

- Editors

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Poetry

A Glimpse of Happiness

-Apeinuo Ziephru, BA 2nd Semester Economics Honours

"I miss being young"
That's what my parents would tell me
When we sat together
Discussing their favorite memories.

Loud and clearly
They would exaggerate about their talents
Which sounded to me
Like it was their happiest achievements.

They would talk about amusing facts
On how they rode their bicycle down the hills
Or how they would steal things
From their neighbors groceries.

Sunset was the only alarm for them
As they feared to return home late
With scars and bruises and torn pants
All they could ever fear was how to excuse themselves.

Then with a heavy heart
They would look at the bonfire sparks
And calmly turn their shoulders towards me saying
"Dear, live your life to the happiest you can be"

Those words which didn't bother me back then
Now seemed to have been engraved deeply in my heart
As I look down at my parents' grave
Stoically thinking about my happiest past.

A Little Girl's Dream Shattered

-Abenla Longkumer, Asst. Professor. Modern College, Kohima

I grew up in a small village,
Where the air was crispy pure,
With trees swaying happily to the gentle breeze.
The splattering of the rain on the ground,
The smell of the earth after the rain,
Happy I was lost in nature's bliss.
I thought to myself I want this forever-
The chirping of the birds in the sky,
The cackles of the ducks, the moo of the cows,
All set in its dear place.
Life continues with the change of the seasons.
Happy I was with the unfazed nature,
Breathing in the beauty of God's creation.
Oh! How happy I was then.

Down, fell the trees one by one
Machines roared uprooting all, paving a new road.
"I don't like this", I complained in vain.
My world became plain with no shade of the trees,
Only the sound of the monstrous modern machines.
They said, "We will build a new house of concrete with a
tarred road."
I cried and replied, "I want the trees, the birds and my old
home".
The fumes choked me, I failed to get the smell of the fresh
earth after the rain.
Sniff...I tried to smell but it was all gone.
My heart aches and desires for my old world.
I wither, I fail in my new world.

Dear Me, I Lived!

-Alivi V Aye, BA 2nd Semester Political Science Honours

It's my eighth birthday.
Is it true that I am growing old?
Everyone I know seems untroubled.
The world ahead excites me.

The kid in my hometown just called me beautiful.
The cake I stare at has sixteen candles lit.
The world around me feels cold.
I have familiar hands on me in unwelcomed places.

They say everything happens for good, does it?
Or am I too young to judge the world?
How does it feel to be a twenty-four year old adult
With all those insecurities?

Those dark nights still make my blood run cold.
I have buried myself in the arms of isolation.
Someone told me humans are aliens,
Trained to deceive one another.

This cannot be the world I desired.
At forty, I feel old.
The eerie feelings are fading out.
The one staring back from the mirror is a happy soul.

A mother and a wife, is this ecstasy?
Today, their hungry stare reminds me of my bravery.
The beasts of my Pandora's box
Those unleashed are finally tamed.

As I gaze at the ninety-year-old photo,
Framed and kept on the polished mahogany stool,
My innocence stares back at me.
I lay on the warm couch my beloved carved for me;

My man! the one who called me beautiful.
My worst and my best, I have given to the world, I reminisce.
My soul is senile and I am contended.
To my quietus, I am nearing.

Dear me, I lived.

Hope

-Milleni H Chisho, Class 11 Arts

The last dimming light dies,
Yet welcoming back the darkness,
No warmth lies in her soul.
Cold as the dawn in winter,
She swims deep into her thoughts
Of never believing in love
From another soul again,
As the grief swallows her whole,
She lays in pain with a flicker of hope,
That one day she will swim up to the light,
That's arrived to show that not all
Souls of men dig in hunger
The outer world of a woman.

Childhood: Who Dares to Forget?

-Ratna, BCom 4th Semester

We laughed, we fought, we cried,
Enjoyed each day filled with sunlight.
Licked popsicles, played 'hide and seek';
Did not bother on a rainy day to fall sick.

Waited for rainbows after every rain;
Read comics while sitting on the window pane.
Monkeyed around on trees,
And for sure, we got stung by bees.

Over silly jokes, we laughed;
Tasty stolen fruits in our tiny pockets, we stuffed.
Chased butterflies, collected falling leaves;
Hummed along with the valleys and cool breeze.
"Take me back to when I was a child!"
But the past winked and just smiled.

Everything Except Blue Eyes

-K Kaluto Chishi, BA 2nd Semester Political Science Honours

The clear morning blue sky
 Would light up her pulchritudinous looks,
 Bedazzling eyes as she passed by,
 Making men yearn for her love,
 Making them crave for her beauty,
 And breaking hearts as she went by.

Never before had I gazed upon such a woman-
 Nature's bliss indeed she was!
 Like a magic spell, she enchanted all onlookers,
 Her beauty resonated in every innocent heart.

Her Innocence was like a pristine dove,
 Even nay-sayers failed to find fault.
 She was filled with hope and ambition,
 A dream she longed to fulfil fast.

From dawn till dusk she kept praying,
 Praying for good health and a suitor best!
 I asked the Lord to grant her her wish.
 She found in the end a match perfect.
 I turned out to be her charming prince, in fact!
 A poet, to whom her heart belonged!

Childhood Days

-Salang, BA 2nd Semester Political Science Honours

Paper planes when it's windy,
Paper boats when it rains.
Hide-and-seek that made you "out!"
For friends know your hideout.
Gone are the days when we'd run and play.

Heavy-bags, tidy-uniforms,
And sharing tiffin with our favourites.
Quickly getting done with homework,
Eagerly awaiting cartoons and evening tea-
Gone are the days when school was epic fun.

Those old memories - not saved in any pictures,
But saved in our hearts forever.
When life is mean, with worries and hate,
Memories of the past bring smiles,
Ever vivid and heart-warming.

Winter

-Likivi Zhimomi, BA 2nd Semester English Honours

It's winter again, of cold weather and warm feelings.
Every house filled with people and their laughter,
Then there's ours, with one less chair than winters past.

It's the same season.
But quieter, tired, and there's no you...
Bright light and inviting fireplace;
Many happy memories, tinged with grief.

When will this season end?
The cold pricks my skin,
And the void inside me cannot contain the pain.
What a beautiful life you had lived,
But the Sun set, when you left.

Dam of Life

-Bendangkhaba, BA 2nd Semester English Honours

It all started at home-
With toys scattered on the carpeted floor.
Love and care from kin I bear,
And piggyback rides from my uncle dear.

Then at school-
Listening with aspiration as my teachers taught,
Playing 'tag' with my friends during break.
Falling down did not exhaust me,
It only gave me the will to rise stronger.

And finally as an adult, I
Look at myself in this hourglass of life.
With changing season, and varied moon,
The dam of memories grows titanic,
As waves of memories swell deep within and pass by,

I cannot help but cling on, with a sweet pain.
These memories make me feel young again!

Growing Up

-Laghaka K Kinimi, BA 2nd Semester

I wonder
If I was born
As a cross-breed
Between nostalgia
And oblivion;
Fumbling through
Childhood
A rigmarole,
Disjointed
Happenings,
Isolated moments
Of happiness that
Jostle between
Becoming an adult
Or remaining
An adolescent;
My Foolhardiness
Wears off
Along with my masks.

The Rain

-Imkongtongzuk Tzudir, BA 2nd Semester
Political Science Honours

And so it's the rain again!
As every drop sinks to the ground,
My soul sighs in this divine rhyme.
Every drop that falls on window panes
Every flash of lightning that illumines,
Remind me of the days we've lived.

The cold air that rain brings,
Gives chills to this barren skin.
Yet, I am not aware of this feeling.
Why does my past resurrect itself?
The rain sprouts memories like forgotten seeds.

How the rain reminds this maiden of an abandoned life!
How the rain brings memories to this untainted heart!

As the days go by,
As leaves wither and sun set,
Drifting apart from you, dear love
Brings nothing but bitter tears
That rain down on this face, you once loved.

Can an umbrella save me from this rain?
I long for the past, I long for us;
I dream of our togetherness.
Are promises made to be broken? With
A broken heart I sit, melancholic, as it rains.

Writing these lines of me, of you
I wish this rain would never stop.

I'll Never Forget

-Yevika M Kiba, BA 2nd Semester
Political science Honours

I'll never forget that cozy coffee shop
Where you and I first met.
I remember how I ran behind your car
Under that beautiful sun.

When you lowered the window glass,
Ecstatic, I saw you smile.
I had gotten late and ran to reach the cafe
To meet was our fate.

When I saw your face, I was taken aback
Time stopped, as you dazzled in black.
Our first date; I remember the coffee we ordered,
And the hesitation we felt to speak.

The silence turned musical when you had asked,
"How's your mochaccino, Faisal?"
I remember I had laughed so much hearing your funny
jokes
That *Foujis*¹ do such & such..."

Time raced while we talked,
Amidst the slowly falling snow.
I remember the farewell, the whispers of love,
The agony of holding you one last time.

And in this bunker now, your memories keep me going,
Amidst death and air-raids, there's life in this.

¹ Hindi word for 'soldier'.

Like Eden

- Chipai M Konyak, BA 2nd Semester

Some distinct perfumes and smells
 They sometimes collide into me;
 In the streets, in some neighbourhoods,
 From some people passing by,
 Which projects in an instant
 Vague images and scenes-
 Of times when a rupee was a fortune to me.

On my dumpage like mind,
 Some scents ring a bell,
 Remind me of my nursery teachers!
 I can never specify one,
 I can't blame a memory of my tiny brain.
 Of images seen 16 years ago,
 Like landscapes hanging at the far end,
 Shadows of clouds leaping,
 Green and blue trees swaying,
 Civilizations scattered like butterflies.

Reminding me of those days
 When I had no beef with solitude;
 When solitude and I were confidants
 Under the four moods of the sky.
 Shared a perfect petrichor of the countryside,
 With a yard full of loaded produce of every kind!
 It was a little world of mine!
 Carefree and blissful, this was my Eden!

Lost

-Yavisau E Sekhose, MA 2nd Semester,
English Honours

Walking down the path of spring,
Singing songs of cheerful glee.
Not burdened by the worldly care,
Dares he to bask in joy to share.

In confidence he found a comrade,
And trust became his guide,
A merry face he kept
Even in times of plight.

His mind a vessel of curiosity,
His eyes a window of positivity,
All to him were his own,
And grey was still unknown.

Yet time brought a different phase,
And I am all alone
No confidence or trust
Whom I can call my own

I have but broken trust and grey,
Binding the positivity of the day.
Yet, flames of innocence remain,
That burn my pining soul,
And give me a desire,
To find that child long lost.

Nowhere and Everywhere

-Anulu Nyekha, BA 2nd Semester,
English Honours

I'm here on the beach,
Throwing rocks into the sea.
As the pebbles skip the waves,
My heart skips a beat,
I can't help, but think.
These stones are just like you and me,
Though I think they will go forever;
But in the end, they sink.
Until there's nothing left
Until we are in shambles
Lost in a feeling,
Nowhere and everywhere.

My Wooden Window

Hizenlo Tep, BA 2nd Semester Economic Honours

I remember my old wooden window,
The handiwork of my Father.
Such moments of glee, I remember.
The Sun came peeping in the mornings.
As I looked out of my window,
I saw nature so lush and green,
The wonderful things anyone has ever seen.
So cool, so calm and so full of life
They made me forget all my strife.
But the window I remember is broken,
And it's an empty feeling now
Because I don't know where to go.
The months are the same, year by year
And leave me stuck in a new place
Wishing it wasn't so!

Traveling Down the Memory Lane

-Keren Kent, BA 2nd Semester,
Political Science Honours

Time moves forward and so does my age!
But it isn't in my hands to turn my life's page.
I still long for the days, the time that has passed,
For the days seem to be much better in the past.
There are lots of things that I wish could appear,
And also many things I wish had disappeared.
It's no longer easy to be in peace,
Nor for my soul to be at ease.
Nights are no longer dear like before,
And gatherings aren't real anymore.
Missed the ample 'food and fun' times,
With no fear at all, as there were fewer crimes.
I dare say there was a lot of temptations,
Which usually created unwelcomed tensions.
But words of encouragement that gladly I received
Are the ones which helped me from being deceived.

Wistful Innocence 2010-20

- Mughali Achumi, BCom 4th Semester

I often find myself
Reminiscing the good ol' days -
The streets, the school, my best friend,
Labelled 'forever' on temporary things,
And lived in the moment with glee.

Sipping a cup of hot coffee,
That smelled of 2010,
I leapt to see the little ones
From my verandah, chirping like sparrows,
As though their joy knew no bounds.

A decade has gone by.
I sit on the couch,
Recalling how my best friend
and I used to wander in the woods,
Picked mushrooms, laughed and sang.

This wistful innocence creeps wholly,
with every little memory.
For a moment, I pause
Smile, breathe and look forward
Wishing to be a kid again!

Stretching my aching back,
I feel old at just twenty.
Alas! A strange feeling fills my heart.
Realising my life has just begun,
I cling to sweet memories,
As I have a long life to live!

I Recall

-Sungjemlila Longkumer, BA 2nd Semester,
Sociology Honours

I recall of days
When out we'd go,
Butterflies we'd chase.
But that's long ago.
I recall of times
When home we came,
And committed crimes
Oh! in board-games.
I recall of years
When older I grew,
I had lost my peers
And my days went blue.
My childhood was somehow
I know not- how!

Strong Shoulders

-Bepetoli Yeptho, BA 2nd Semester
Political Science Honours

"Come little one!" said he
With open arms he counted till three.
Skipping and hopping I ran unto him
Tripping a little on my way.

Upon his shoulders he lifted me.
Up to the sky I would fly!
No place higher than daddy's shoulders,
A place where I always felt bolder.

The years passed by quickly,
And swiftly, up I grew.
Forever, like I still am
Daddy's little soldier I'll always be.

A Mizzling of Emotions²

-Chubamenla, BA 6th Semester, English Honours

You remind me of
Rain; A torrential downpour
After a parched week.

² Editor's note: This poem is a *haiku*. A *haiku* is a form of traditional Japanese poetry which usually has 17 syllables in the 5-7-5 pattern.

The Place I So Long To Be

-Ilitoli Shohe, BA 2nd Semester,
Political Science Honours

Would I live in there or ever see it,
The place I so long to be?
My childhood dream I long to fulfil,
With high hopes I still believe.

Will I be astounded or agonized?
These thoughts my mind can't cope,
For, only time will tell
Of what it holds, yet, I still have a hope.

Shall my belief still remain intact?
Undoubtedly, my stance will thrive,
Won't change nor fade,
That drive shall forever be within,
Till death to me Goodbye has made!

For, it is Paradise I reckon,
For, it is the place I so long to be.

Good Old Days

-Limtsikhiung, BA 2nd Semester, English Honours

Oh, how wonderful were those days!
Playing joyfully under the hot sun.
The sun smiling, setting its hot rays,
Hoping wistfully, was I with my hands full of buns.

Under the shadow was I taking rest,
Ignorant and carefree of everything.
Those good old days were the best,
Where I worried not about a thing.

With a thud I woke up.
All those things disappeared suddenly.
Faced with worries and sorrows
I saw my wretched look terribly.

Oh, how I miss those good old days!
Wish to turn back time, but it's gone away!

Farewell My Friend

-Imdangjungla, BCom 4th Semester

Feel not sad for the long gone my dear,
No more struggles but to wake in eternal peace.
Oh friend! I weep with poisoned tears,
All joy, fun and laughter are shut and ceased.

Motionless I stand when I see you lying there
In a helpless state I bid a grievous farewell.
Two winters have passed since that day,
Still you shine and glow in my eyes
And our friendship will never quell.

With weary heart I feel empty,
Feeling lost and blue, all in vain.
Wish the truth may comfort me,
May smile and laughter defeat my pain.

No more sweet days, no more good years to say
As I weep with flowers and candles beside your grave.

Whisper

- Toto Zhimo, Class 11 Arts

You know it all
All's in your heart.
The tantrum still moves
Heavy laden heart bears it all.
You see the flowers dancing in the field
You long to be so, too
'Scream it out loud', you say to yourself
But you only whisper
For, the words in you do not allow.
Back in the darkness again
To your only best friend - your soul, your mate!

In My Life

-Kitoholi, BA 2nd Semester Sociology Honours

In my life was an absolute darkness,
A darkness pushing me to the corner.
There came my Miss Moon of complicated conspiracies.
She shed the light over that lost traveller.

In my life was missing a dense pound of laughter,
A laughter that could totally hurt the belly.
There came a crazy joker from heavenly circus,
She filled my life with amusement.

In my life was lack of love,
A love whose bond would be stronger than the moon and
the earth.
She walked from a fairy land, and entered my heart.

This life greeted me a lot with that lot of tears.
The pain I suffered was like a stab, but I am done with all
those fears!
Love! You mended the broken heart and strangled the
demons-
Like a medic treats her patient
Like a mother that cares for her child.

Oh! My Father in Heaven!
How miraculous are Your doings!
Your blessings in the form of flesh
And she's out there spreading love.
I invoke Thee to guide her,
Bless her life with prosperity.
Oh Saviour!
How mighty is Your work!

The Naga Sepoy

-Thupui Vese, BCom 4th Semester

Hills flooding flocks,
Guns hunting the jungle beings;
Net fastening on the water stream.
The village yard crowded,
From women to children!
Spearing that kills,
Bullet guns never the same - of their needs.

The soldiers riot the hunters who now gone to the
underground,
Of Hunger and thirst, they trembled.
Too brave for a soldier,
Those hunters were hunted down.
And in peace, they laid rest underneath.
Many lost to the world, a home they wanted to build.

Until I was born
The underground crumbled to the surface,
And hunted not of the jungle beings,
But their own kind.
"Crush the Hunters", said their tongue
For duties are to protect homes.
Guns have replaced duties to ease the job,
For there is none to blame.
I'm born of my ground and not for them,
Nor their ground, not mine.
I hunt the fishes and fished the animals,
'The Naga Sepoy' I call myself.

Not A Slam Poet, I'm A Slam Prose Person!

-Nisha Dahiya, Asst. Professor. Tetso College, Dimapur

I don't have that flair for writing beautiful poetry!
 I don't have that gifted talent, to make rhyme, to follow a rhyming scheme!
 I am sorry but I am not sorry about my expressions going as abc.
 I am more about what I've got to say, concerned less about its genre; I'm all about the theme.

I have things to speak out, I have ideas to share.
 I have shams to expose, and hollow ideologies to tear.
 I have kept a mum for long, now it's my turn to declare,
 I have let my words loose now, they're gonna burst in your ear.

No, I'm not a slam Poet. I'm a slam Prose Person!
 My thoughts are a slam to our system, woven in a prosaic expression.
 Once, twice, thrice; it has happened hundreds of times
 Now enough is enough, let me speak, irrespective of any rhymes.

Long ago 'they' claimed – "A small family is a happy family!"
 I really didn't mind.
 But I had a problem / I still have a problem;
 'cause to me they sounded logically blind.
 I was left aghast when for one issue
 a very dangerous solution they did find,
 They tried to popularize it, and infilled people's mind
 with a slow-poison like tasty wine
 "Hum do, Humare do³" – and many more slogans of such kind.

No, I didn't agree; neither do I agree with this false home design.
 For them it takes only four members
 (NOT five-six-seven, nor eight or nine)

³ Hum do, Humare do - the concept of a couple having only two children

Momma-daddy, a daughter and a son, to call it a family,
 a home to define.
 In a society of joint family system,
 this new dream in young eyes got intertwined;

I saw it in a model-making competition,
 about population control, in the school of mine.
 'A small family is a happy family!'
 again this was highlighted as the theme line.
 I also made a house-model;
 Included almost everything, to make my theme shine.
 Every toy-thing was there;
 two baby dolls playing, two big ones were at dine.

My teachers looked a bit confused
 and I saw a judge frown!
 I had given a twist to my perfect model,
 By adding two more dolls around.
 Yes! Deliberately unapologetically
 I had increased the members' count.
 My 'happy family model' claimed six members formula –
 be it in a village, city or any town.

My idea of population control was not hollow,
 It was strongly founded on a solid logical ground.
 The judge asked me why six members
 during the question-answer round.
 It's not a small family; they objected;
 nor any good logic they found.
 I, being a mere child, knew things but I couldn't speak it out.
 Maybe I spoke in bits and pieces, and they found it as a babbling
 sound.

I told them less than what I should have told, so my idea they did
 confound;
 But now I realize, it's necessary; it's a call of duty I let my ideas
 roam around.

Lend me your ear, and hear me patiently! Listen to this resonant sound
My question to their question is still relevant; it's still logic-bound.

"What about the Grandpa and the Granny?"
Where are they in YOUR Happy Family?
YOU say it should be just four-members;
So, no room for them in your model? Really?
Where will they go? Why do they need to be left alone?
If a happy family consists of parents and their kids;
Why and where've these old parents' children gone?

No man, but the time has answered all my questions well.
If you wonder- what's gone wrong in our society; Look back! they tolled the bell.
Don't we see the broken nuclear families, and overcrowded each Old Age Home?
These elders had no room in that 'model family', blindly they were left to roam.

Where are those harbingers now- the champions of population growth?
Did it work? And, why did it go wrong? Any idea, or you ever even thought?
I know it, I knew it from before, I can tell you well now.
With passage of years I'm better at expression, let me explain it somehow.

You shouldn't have jumped to four from eight or ten. Your foundation was wrongly laid.
You discarded and ignored the 'gradual remedy' concept, and ended up being failed.
Ah! Your recklessness! Your sham! Your stupendous idiocracy when you all said-
"Hum do Humare do" without even getting afraid
Of what will happen to the two who parented these new parents;
You overlooked the fact that they wouldn't stay here forever.

You forgot -the old gives place to the new ones, when their time has come.

The new ones grow and get old, and give place to the next new ones.

This simple rule of balance, how could you just ignore?

See- I was right! It takes six to make a perfect family- happy and small.

Nobody is left out, it gives room to all.

No gender imbalance, family values also cherished intact!

Maybe things would've been better without such ideological defect.

Our generations would grow up with those values inculcated in them,

The values they lack now 'cause the parents also are busy, ahem!

No Grandpa to tell them stories, no Granny to teach words benedictory?

We have lost this battle, alas! There's been no victory!

I Write Anyway⁴

-Sungjemlila Longkumer, BA 2nd Semester Sociology Honours

As I write, thoughts rush in- "Is this right?
 Afraid I sin", I write anyway to women out there,
 Do not shy away, voice out what's unfair.
 She returned home alone that evening.
 Well not so alone, in the streets were men standing,
 Her attempts to escape? Oh! Forlorn!
 They say, "A woman should walk under a man's shadow
 And he will give her the warmth"
 But that night? She felt the warmth she didn't want!

He makes his excuse - she was in short skirts,
 But, women don't go around raping bare-chested men
 And use that as an excuse.
 What about my 5 year old sister?
 So pure and innocent, barely even lived
 And came the sexually deprived monster.
 Oh, I remember, "monsters" I was afraid of,
 Growing up to realise, Humans are even scarier monsters.

Growing up to realise, I see my mother as my mother
 And my sisters as my sisters
 But the sexual predators see them as- "opportunities to appease".
 Someday, I wish to see an essence of freedom in her face.
 Someday, I wish to see women growing at men's pace.
 Someday, I wish to feel, this place is a "home safe home".

⁴ Editor's note: This poem was declared the runner's up in the _Poetry Slam Competition_ on the theme of 'Orange the World: Generation Equality Stands Against Rape', organised by the Tetso College Women Cell & the Anti-Sexual Harrassment Committee, in collaboration with the Nagaland State Women Commission (NSWC), on 2nd December, 2019

I write anyway, to women out there,
You are capable, capable of so much!
You are unbreakable, so GO!
Take charge!
I write anyway to women out there.
We'll do much better.
We'll build the sky together.
There's a fire that grows within,
Let the revolution begin!

I write anyway to women out there,
To those who have broken their bondage,
To you I pay my homage!

Strong⁵

- Yavisau E Sekhose, MA 2nd Semester English Honours

From the moment I was born, my father called me son and
robbed me of the very essence of being a daughter.
As a child I grew up receiving lessons on how to be a 'woman'
while being called 'son'.

Got my first job, sure my father was proud but all that pride was for
the son and none for the daughter. Why?
First day at work, I'm excited but I should have looked forward to
something else perhaps?

They sat there in a group of two or three and called me names. I
avoid just as I had been told and they
Start to play their games! They pushed me to the ground and
grabbed my collar,
What happened next?
Let's not even bother.

They tore my clothes and touched the parts I didn't adore.
I shouted and screamed, I resisted. Should I say more?
What should I call that day?
My fate? Destiny?
Oh wait!
'My Fault', I was scared.

I saw the world flash before my eyes and I was all alone.
Some looked at me with sympathy, others with disgust
But all of them were gone.

⁵ Editor's note: This poem was declared the winner in the _Poetry Slam Competition_ on the theme of 'Orange the World: Generation Equality Stands Against Rape', organised by the Tetso College Women Cell & the Anti-Sexual Harrassment Committee, in collaboration with the Nagaland State Women Commission (NSWC), on 2nd December, 2019

I stood at the front door of my home
 With the hope of getting love and comfort none had shown.

Oh! I still remember the worried look on their faces,
 How my mother went pale and my father lowered his gaze in
 shame,
 And called me 'oh! Daughter'
 A walking taboo at my home, my world confined to the four
 corners of my room,
 I realized I had to stand up! I had to fight!
 But this only added a chapter to my plight.

I went to the doctor for examination
 Little did I know I would be greeted *with* the questions-
 Was it late?
 Were you alone?
 What were you wearing?
 But none cared to ask me how I felt.

After being labelled
 A relentless whore in the police station which they did not say out
 loud,
 I turned my gaze to justice.
 Oh! That mighty justice which I read about.

Life did not give me second chances but justice sure gave them.
 Said they are juveniles or maybe it's just the never ending trials
 But be still for I didn't go empty handed
 I was gifted with the overnight fame
 Which gave me a spotlight in the headings of newspapers that
 read:
 'Another Woman Raped'

It was astonishing to see my country unite
 Overnight and demand the justice I may not get
 Where was this unity when my screams filled the air?
 Where was this unity when I had no strength to spare?

Do not come holding placards
Do not light the fire
Do not let the light of hypocrisy shine bright on your face
After you made me a symbol of disgrace.

All this time I stood alone
I know I'm scared
But I am strong.

Short Story

Short Story:

Dr. S. Erika Assumi
Dean, Tetso College

Apfuho and Messa

As a child, I grew up listening to magical tales of men, women, warriors, talking animals and spirits but there was none who could hold as much fascination than Apfuho - the incorrigible rogue, swindler and trickster. There are many renderings of his origin; some say he was half-man or half-animal, although no one could tell what kind of creature he was but everyone agreed on what he was. He was notorious for his trickery - trickery, that is not guided by malice rather mischief. Thus, from village to village, he made his home but the hearth never settled. Sometimes he had to live in the forest, being subjected to periods of exile by the village chief and the council of elders. Fortunately for him, despite all the enemies, he made good friendships too. Mostly with animals, but it was Messa, a guileless man who stayed friends with Apfuho when everyone abandoned him.

One cold morning in the season of the jhum, Apfuho sat by the fireplace cooking the chicken he had stolen from the neighbouring village, when Messa came looking for him. "Oh, Apfuho! What are you cooking?" He replied, "I'm cooking meat." "And where did you get it?", continued Messa. And as is the nature of Apfuho, he began to spin a curious tale, "Well, the cow grazing in the meadow gave it to me!" Sparked with incredulity, Messa probed further, wide-eyed and excited, "Really? Is that really possible? Do you think I can get some too? I would also like to eat some meat." "Sure! All you have to do is to go behind the cow, grab it's tail and give it a pull, after that hold out your palms. The cow will drop some meat into your hands, it is as easy as that!" "Wonderful! I will do that right away."

So, Messa hurried away, cheerful at the thought of the meat he will be cooking for dinner. The cow was indeed grazing in the meadow. Messa walked right up to the cow, grabbed its tail, gave it a good pull, and held out his palms, waiting for the meat to drop. But you can imagine Messa's surprise when the cow cried a loud moo, kicked him so hard that he flew up only to land on the cow's back. Startled by the screaming man on his back, the cow made a dash and the last we saw of Messa was when he was holding on to the tail of the fear-stricken cow; both man and animal screaming and mooing for their dear lives. This went on until dusk; many said that they saw a man holding on to the tail of a cow even as the Sun set.

It was late at night when Messa returned home; hungry, tired and scraped sore to the bones. "Ah, how Apfuho tricked me! Now, I don't have anything to eat for dinner and it is too late to look for food as well." And so, he went to sleep without a morsel of food, vowing never to listen to Apfuho again or be friends with him, but we know many tales why this is not true. In the morning, the bright and spritely Apfuho came knocking to find Messa and cajoled him over a bowl of rice gruel and chicken feet. Messa couldn't help but forgive Apfuho, out of hunger or otherwise, but the friendship remained despite the challenges.

The Reminiscent of my Childhood

Ita Alley
Writer, Dimapur

We had a huge playground a few blocks from my house. Every evening I went there with my friends and played to my heart's content. Sometimes we played dress up, of course, using the leaves and sticks or whatever we found there for our costume, or sometimes we played tag, not just a normal tag where one kid ran until he or she caught someone. Our tag was somewhat different where the party would be divided into two groups. One group would run and the other would catch. The kid caught would be held hostage with both the arms spread wide apart and would have to remain like that until someone from the group came to rescue. The daring rescue act had only one rule-, the kid who went for rescuing had to go under the hand of the other kid;, if it's a success, they both run, and if not, the rescuer would have the same fate

as the friend. Of course it was not easy, there would always be someone or two guarding the hostage. I didn't much enjoy this game because I always had sore arms at night. And then there was another type of tag where we formed a chain and ran. First a single kid ran until another was caught. They held hands and ran, each kid caught was required to hold the other kid's hand and run, thus forming a chain. It was always fun in the beginning until someone stumbles and falls, breaking the chain or worse taking the whole chain down. Most of the marks I bore were because of these games. Sometimes when we didn't feel like running around we would settle for five stones. This game starts harmless until a fault is found or a kid loses his or her cool for not being an expert in catching all five stones while flipping the hand, the angry

kid would then throw the stones roughly on the ground where at least one stone gets bounced and would hit the nearest kid on the forehead, thus starting a war of stones. Even when each game we played turned topsy turvy at the end, I always found myself going to the playground with my friends every evening and I remained there until someone from my family would threaten me with a stick and I found myself running as if for my life towards my house.

There were times when we rode my bicycle in turns. Since most of the kids in my colony didn't own a cycle, I asked a little in return every ten minutes they got for riding my cycle. This became a routine until it didn't. There were two reasons, firstly someone complained about it to my mother. One evening as I was waiting for a kid to finish his ten minutes, my mother showed up with a stick. As the kid came near the tree, that was the finishing point, he abruptly stopped and turned pale, before I could turn and see what

made him look like a vampire, I heard my friend say, "Tali, your mother is here." My friends ran off and the kid on the cycle, parked my cycle very carefully at the spot where he first stopped and bolted after my friends. I was left alone, and I was glad because the amount of scolding I got that evening was earful. I was sure that my friends would have laughed and made fun of me later. All my sins for the ten lives that I had lived so far were brought into light.

That night I was given a choice, to live as a child of God or an imp and rot forever in hell. I didn't know much of what those words meant then, but my mother's threatening expression made me choose wisely. And thanks to her, I was regular to Sunday School after that incident, which made me win a prize at the end of the year for being the most regular kid. Another prize I won was at the quiz on Biblical stories, attending every Sunday I was bound to learn a thing or two.

Secondly, the kids who rented my cycle, all got their own at some point. So, my cycle renting was short lived.

I had a favourite bakery. The amount of visits I paid were so frequent that the workers there knew my name, my parents' name, my house address and my favourite pastries. They would recognize me even from far. I used to take that as a compliment being their regular customer until one day I took it as a curse, for it was the owner who recognized me on that fateful day even when I was at the far end of the field, and reported it to my parents.

It started with a game of tag. Since it was a holiday, I ran towards the field, after my lunch, with my friends. As we were playing, a fight broke and two groups were formed, girls versus boys.

My friend had a tendency to get into fights faster than lightning and within minutes all hell broke loose. She was holding a boy who was a few inches taller than her over his

neck with one hand and punching him hard on his stomach with the other.

"Whose hands are short now?" she screamed as she hurled punches after punches. Imna, whom I came to know as the boy who last rented my cycle, tried to get away from my friend's boney clutches but he remained intact. Punches were thrown from both the sides but my friend didn't lose her grip. So, as a last attempt, Imna used his both hands and pushed her hard on the ground. It was then that it officially became a girls versus boys fight.

As we ran for cover, my friend told me that Imna complained about her hands being short because he was finding it difficult to hold and run during the chain tag game. Stones, sand and anything we could find on the field were hurled at each other. And when that wasn't enough, verbal abuses were next. My Sunday School lessons all gone with the hot afternoon wind. At some point someone cried from both the groups. My other friend

cried because she was told that she looked like a witch who lived in the woods and I was their leader. It offended me so I retorted with, "You smell like fish and axone."

"You smell like bamboo shoots", someone shouted.

"You smell like mustard oil." That was for a boy.

"Your hair is like steel wool and you have short hands." This was for my friend.

"So what! You cried while I was hitting you." This was for Imna.

"Let's go home!" someone from the back pleaded.

I find human minds ridiculously difficult to understand. It reminds us of the memories that we are most fond of or the things that give us most pain. Two people might be at the same place and time but they might have different memories of the same event. What I remember of that day might not necessarily be the same memories of my friends. I speak of this because even now when we get together, we all

remember that incident and retell our own side of the story.

For me, I remember that the day was warm. It had a slight rain in the morning which made the mud damp and may be because of it, my friends slipped while arguing about short hands. I still haven't figured out how the bakery owner recognized me that day because I was covered in mud from head to toe so did all of my friends. It would have been difficult even for our parents to recognize us from that distance. But maybe it was his speciality to recognize children who came bearing trouble or may be not.

We all went home with scratches-courtesy of our fingernails, twigs and stones, with torn clothes, and heavily sunburnt. We didn't talk to each other in school and even during the classes. When someone from our group talked to someone from the boys group, everyone from our group would start giving a cold shoulder to that particular girl and vice-versa. Even after a week,

traces of that fight lingered with healed scratch marks; and skin still dark with the burn from the sun.

That incident booked me a place at a boarding school. I wasn't given any room for explanation. So, at the start of new academic year, I found myself in a hostel uniform with tears in my eyes. I cried for three days until a senior next to my bed snapped and told me rather rudely to accept my fate. Then I cried because of her scolding.

I accepted my fate out of resentment. I didn't want to play with my hostel mates as I terribly missed my old friends. I thought that I would be betraying my old friends back home if I made new ones at the hostel. So, I turned to books. I read every book I could get hold of, of course, apart from my school books, from Tinkle to Archie to novels that matched the thickness of the Bible. When I couldn't separate myself with it even when I got back home, I realized that I wanted to become a writer.

Life has a unique path laid out in order for us to find our destiny. Who could have thought that I would find my right path had that incident not happened? Or Imna and my friend would marry each other after a decade, for it was after that they started fancying each other? Or the friend who was called a witch once would get a modelling contract? The kid who was called out for smelling like mustard oil went on to live abroad (Germany, to be specific), with his aunt the next year. We all got scattered as we grew up, but the bond that we formed after our parents forced us all to watch a repeat telecast of Shaktiman back to back at Mama's house during a birthday gathering, we emerged as glues and became inseparable. We formed a friendship stronger than our chain tag game.

Every now and then when we are in town we often visit the field, light a bonfire or just gather around and relive the childhood days with our laughter ricocheting throughout

the field. The chilly breeze, the
stones, the trees, the sands, the

nature around us, all serve as
reminiscent of our childhood.



Art Corner

Art Corner

“Youthful Bliss”

Photograph by Nengsanglemba Kichu, BCom 4th Semester.



“Pastoral Bliss”

Photograph by Nengsanglemba Kichu, BCom 4th Semester.



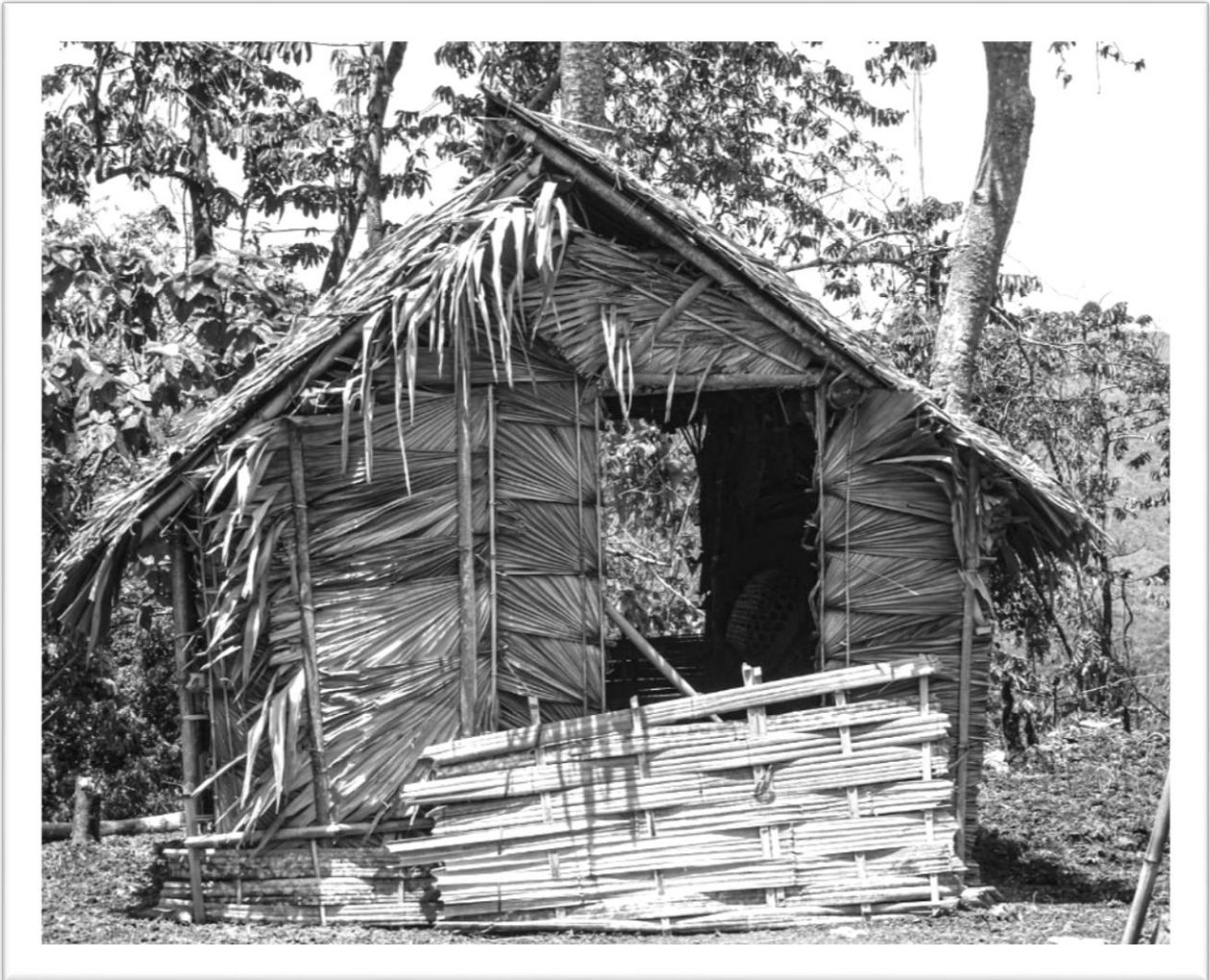
“Alluring Darkness”

Photograph by Abhishek Bhowmik, BA 6th Semester English Honours.



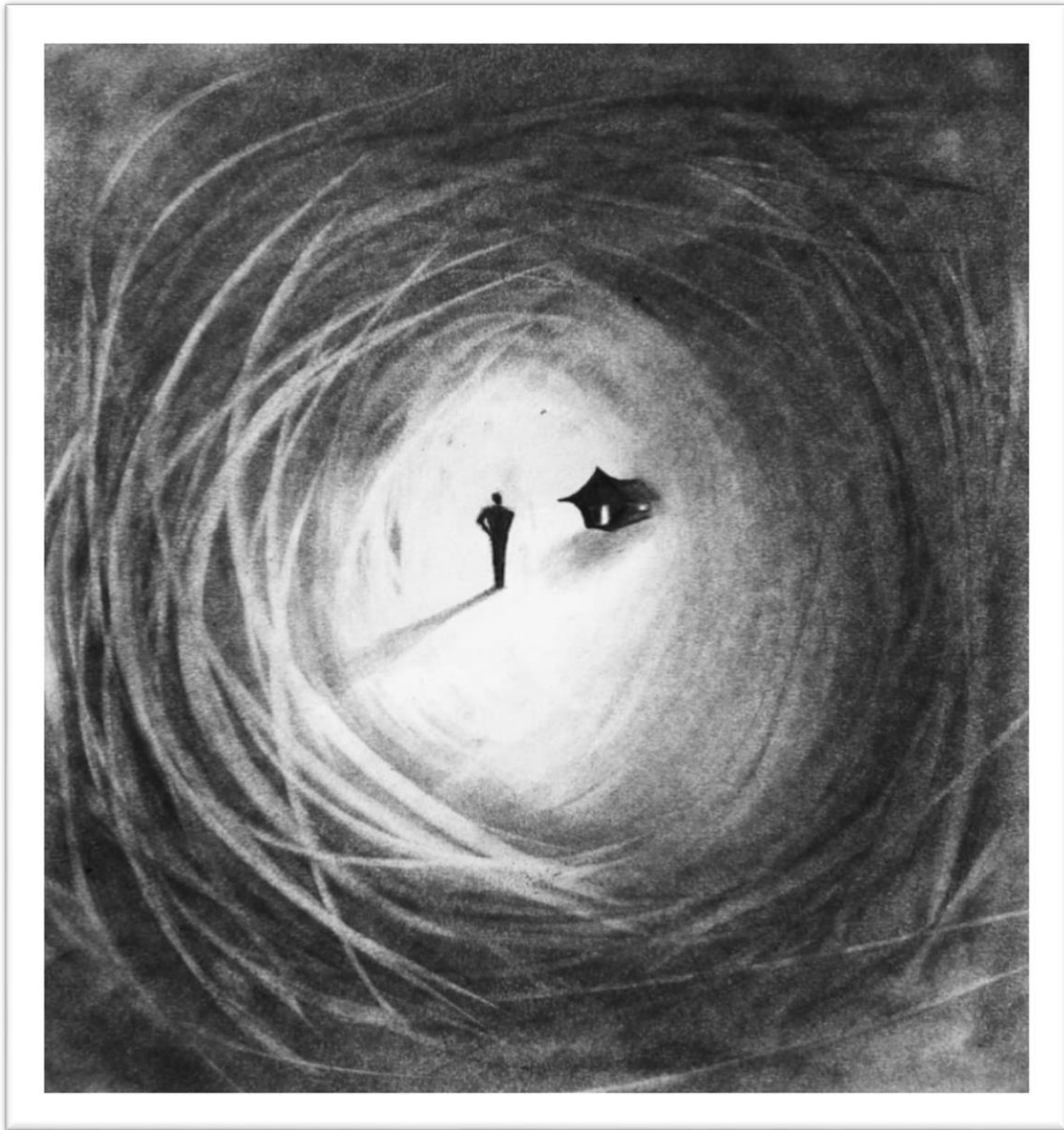
“So Much in the Quaint Hut”

Photograph by Nengsanglemba Kichu, BCom 4th Semester.



“Lost House in the Memory”

Pencil Sketch by T. Hongthei Phom, Artist. Dimapur, Nagaland.



“Holding on to the Roots”

Photograph by Nengsanglemba Kichu, BCom 4th Semester.



“A Flight to Memories”

Pencil Sketch by T. Hongthei Phom, Artist. Dimapur, Nagaland.



“A Smooth Sail”

Photograph by Nengsanglemba Kichu, BCom 4th Semester.



“An Hourglass of Life”

Pencil Sketch by Neikolhi Tsido, BA 4th Semester English Honours.



“Childhood in Coketown”

Pencil Sketch by Paimalie Chuilo, 4th Semester English Honours.



“Mate”

Painting by Paimalie Chuilo, BA 4th Semester English Honours.



Blurbs

"Very sincere; take the reader for a pensive trip down memory lane. *_Resonance_* bears loud tones of belief while resonating a past not completely separated from the present. It echoes colourful shades of expressions beyond the sentimental to the rationale of a past we can daily seize and recreate."

- Chenonlo Woch

Jr. Section Officer at Nagaland Civil Secretariat, and a poet.



"This anthology is a plenteous page turner which amuses and engages the audience with overwhelmingly diverse creations that ooze with originality and appeal to readers of all genres. To sum up, it's an astonishing read."

- Dr. B. Aarthi Priya

Asst. Professor, English. Sri Meenakshi Vidiyal Arts & Science College, Valanadu Kaikatti, Trichy.



“A poignant sense of Nostalgia flits back and forth, pervading throughout the pages of Tetso College's sixth e-book edition of Resonance. The poems in this collection encapsulate what it is to grow up, which is to experience both beauty and loss. The philosopher poets delicately explore the eternal human quest for truth and meaning whilst delving into vivid memories of childhood, lost innocence, love, and the disillusionment that life can sometimes bring. It is telling that bygone years

are commonly associated with nature, as evidenced by the rich nature imagery scattered throughout the collection. The poets contemplate the years to come with imagination and a hope, both wary and tentative. Nostalgia may evoke intense yearning for the past but along with this ache comes acceptance and gracious resignation in accepting the irrevocability of past carefree days. Insightful verses on women and gender provide the occasional break from the common theme of nostalgia. The young poets masterfully employ the free verse technique and the poems are each deeply personal, offering the reader an intimate glimpse into the soul of another fellow human being. And in doing so, may perhaps offer a reflection of the reader's own true self.”

- Dr. Avinuo Kire
Writer and Educator, Dimapur.

