



Tea Time Verse

Contents

Introduction
by Editor-in-Chief Fiction

Wonder Tastes like Madelines
by Rishitha Shetty

Remnants of Young Love
by Leyla Mehmet

An Ode to an Old Friend
by Kashvi Parekh

El Museo
by Anannya Uberoi

Untitled
by Zarnab Tufail

Material memories are like tidal waves of transience. A sentimental honouring of an aching past. Today, we bring you an issue seemingly surfacing those memories alive. I've always said that memories are not like clay pots that you mould with your hands, rather they are fragments of dust, dwelling upon your shoulder amidst a sunny afternoon and making themselves at home.

With *Remnants* as our theme for this week, we wanted to curate an array of buried memories. First kiss, favourite song, loss of a pet, separation from a loved one, moving away from home etc, memories such as these always lurk around our front porch no matter where we are and ruins of intruding past are recurring guests. After all, history is nothing but a passive intruder.

Lastly, I hope you enjoy these carefully crafted poems from our columnists. Personally, these poems weave a rich tapestry of grief, happiness and everything in between. Brew yourself a cup of coffee and indulge yourself in them. Sending you all love and warmth!

Kashvi Chandok
Editor In Chief

Wonder tastes like Madelines

By Rishitha Shetty

When Van Gogh's irises
unwrapped
in my eye,
I found that purple tastes
like
unflavoured ice.

There is something to be
said
about the accordion
crumble
of a night sky and
the unwrapping of irises.

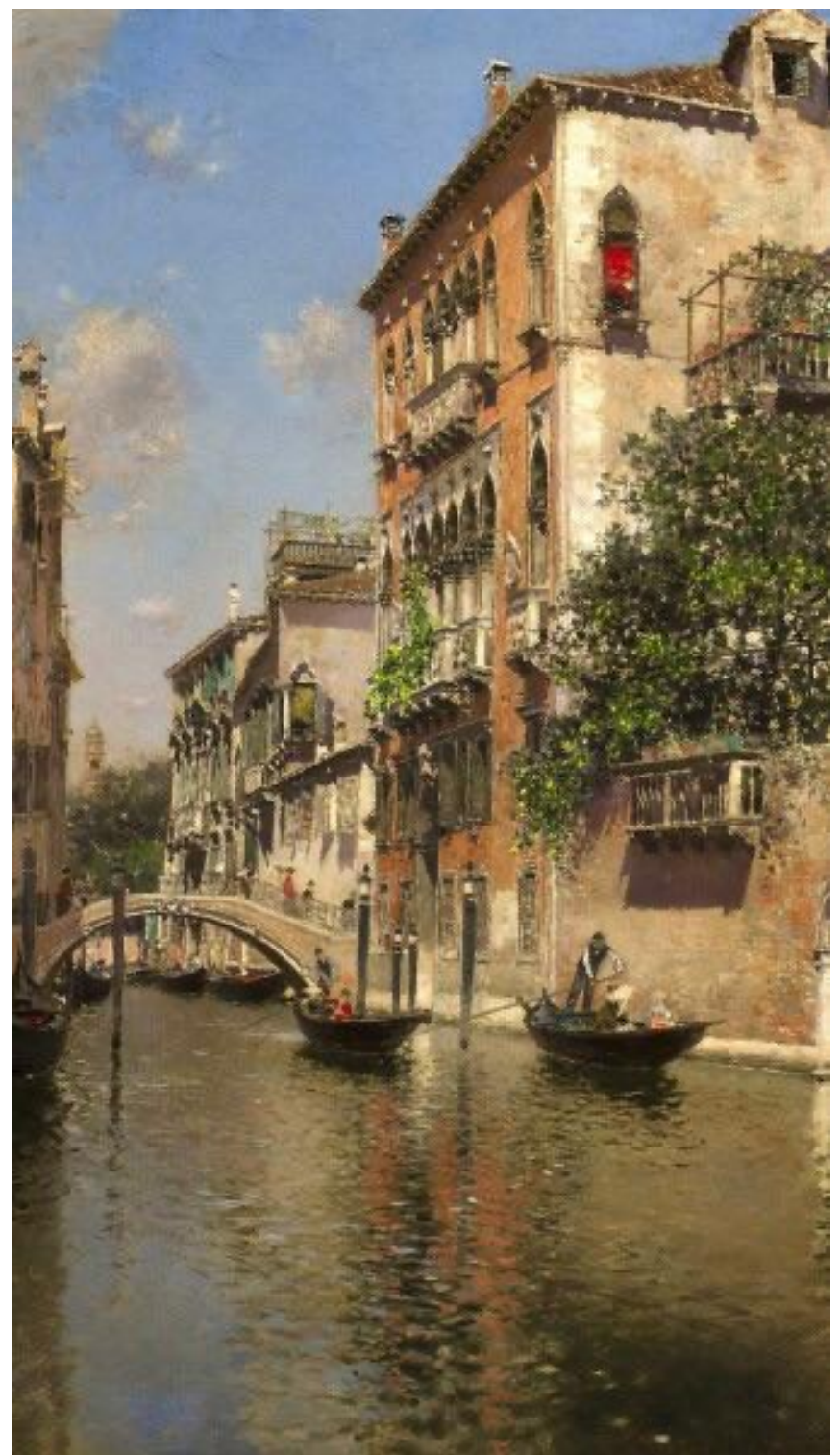
Jasmine garlands
shaking heavily,
spill wonder into
cracked pavements
A wise old woman
in my street
collects wonder and

ties them to her
saree's edge.

a city blooms out of my

bones today-
the thrumming heart missed
by every cartographer-
Much like the sounds of
flipping pages.

the first time I ate madelines
they tasted like
memorised words
Like Proust's little pinch
searing my tongue. A cookie
breaks
in my palm-
like frugal stories,
I will hold my breath
for the crumbs.



Remnants of Young Love

By Leyla Mehmet

You loved me,
You adored me,
You made me feel
Wanted.
You made me feel
Alive.
You made me feel
Human.

I felt as though
I was the only person
In your world.
As if all you could see,
All you could hear,
Was me.
You were consumed
By me.
And you wanted
To be.

Photos on my phone
From 2015,
Your clothes

In my cupboard,
Your vinyl collection,
Joining mine;
A music marriage,
All just remnants,
Of our young love.

I sit here,
In our flat,
And reflect.
We may not be
The same,
We are adults,
We work, we have
Commitments.
But our love remains.
We scan the flat,
Seeing the remnants,
Of our young love,
Dotted around and,
Still within,
Our hearts.



an ode to an old friend

by Kashvi Parekh

there's an elephant in the room
i can't see anything beyond its enormity
and i sense that you can't either

neither of us wants to address it;
we talk about everything there is to talk about
over a cup of coffee and some shared pancakes
everything but the elephant

i'm starting to feel the weight of its pillar-like leg
on my chest
crushing me into the earth
weighing in on my remorse

they say that you can miss something
and not want it back
well,
i don't really miss it
but the selfish child in me wants it back?
she is throwing a duplicitous tantrum

she can't stand the thought of losing her bestfriend because
that would mean losing a piece of herself
she won't go back on the promises she made to you because
those promises are sacred

she will never leave you hanging because
she knows that it would only kill you more;
even more than it would kill her.

and if she died,
i would become a coffin for the child in me
the misty-eyed, overly emotional kid
who is clinging onto every excuse she can fathom
to preserve whatever is left of this friendship
to say "i love you" and mean it
to rekindle the bond of platonic soulmates.



El Museo

by Anannya Uberoi

In the summer we hide between the bones
of a *pterosaur* caged in the shade of
a slatted zone where Dutchman's pipe
flowers like a buff belly turned inside out
on a buried morning river.

Time cages barren trees as lithic, elementary
origins of a part of the whole that was once
an abundant courtyard of green and prints
of claw on cliff-turned riverbeds.

We do so because we want to learn from
futility that fate is constantly upturning
the rubble of yesterday, that it is possible
touch a rib cage and be stirred like
tenderloin soup again.

There is more life, unheard-of, in new haunts,
anxious plants wiggling for breath
in corners of *petroglyphic* rocks—
time always costumes the timeworn
in bursts of rich clay brown.

In the summer we collect, rock by rock
the remnants of our many summers together,
and as we do, our slatted vision changes,
our arched feet are bolted to the bone,
the *carboniferous* structure at once to life,
the scrap of our desperate days flings to flight
upon its carpal wings again.



Untitled

by Zarnab Tufail

some carry pain in large pearls
their necks wrapped in gifts their lovers left
at their doorsteps, in their hallways, on their faces.
i like it better in breakfast with jam
sometimes i put it in my sugar free tea
each sip digesting a part, a memory, a withdrawn poem.
then later at brunch, she finally shows up
we share a cheesecake
covered in remnants of her sadness
and talk about her philosophy of love
i hit the mall in the late afternoon
find happiness isn't in store yet
trauma looks good so i stuff my cart
with fifteen shades of it.
another stack i couldn't resist buying
if only i could give away old pains before
buying new ones.





Meet the Team

KASHVI CHANDOK
Editor-in-Chief Fiction

RISHITHA SHETTY
Editor Fiction

NEHAL LALA
Editor-in-Chief Non-Fiction

ARSHIYA MAHAJAN
Creative Director

VICTORIA LACCHETTA
Art Head

ANANNYA UBEROI
Columnist

KASHVI PAREKH
Columnist

ZARNAB TUFAIL
Columnist

LEYLA MEHMET
Columnist