



MES College of Arts, Commerce & Science

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

proudly presents

Meraki

To do something with soul,
creativity or love

Edition 3



Letter from the Team

Hello MESites,

Here is the third edition of the English Club Wall Magazine, the Creative Corner named "Meraki" here once again to celebrate the creativity of young minds and the beauty of seeing art in everything.

This magazine is all about presenting a platform for our students where they can freely release the artist in them and showcase it to everyone. Art in any form is encouraged because to find beauty in anything is a great gift and should never be looked down upon.

The word 'Amateur' is often spoken as if it were a dirty word. 'Amateur' comes from the Latin word 'Amare' which means "to love", to do things for the love of it, so, it is okay to be an amateur because it just shows that there is something that you love, that your heart is capable of doing something more than just pumping blood.

With that in mind, we hope that there will always be art in the world and we will all try to keep it alive as much as possible.

Hoping to comfort your minds with our vision.

-The Team of Meraki

POEMS

Devotion

Oh God!
I pray to thee,
Help me save my hide!
For your existence is meaningless,
Unless you stand by my side.
Borderline treachery,
Blatant hypocrisy,
All my deeds unholy,
Hence I pray to thee,
Help me save my hide!
For your existence is meaningless,
Unless you stand by my side.
Convenience and consequences,
One I can't spare and one I wish to share,
Hence you must "help" me,
Save my hide oh God,
Your existence meaningless,
Unless you stand by my side.

-Deekshith Poovaiah
3rd BA PJOE



Existential questions

What are you?

Are you the broken tooth, thrown up on the terrace?

Or are you the flawless image of your birth giver?

Are you the uniform that you wore?

Or are you the infinite questions of curiosity?

Are you the stream that you chose to pursue?

Or are you the naughty thought that resulted in a mischief?

Are you the blood that drains out and the hair that sprouts?

Or are you the insecurity of your appearance?

Are you the one known for your commitment towards your significant other?

Or are you the one trying to figure out how you'll be spending the rest of your life?

Are you the one with a building and the car?

Or are you the one with a long term scar?

Are you the ash in the tiny pot?

Or are you the memory of someone so called yours?

When you can change your forms and shapes so many times and in so many ways in a single life time,

Why are you fixated about trying to establish a great identity?

What makes you so worthy of your own respect that you see yourself above all?

Or is it that unless you don't put others down, you can't feel better about yourself?

Why are you trying to define your self in terms of what others must think of you?

**-Charitha M
3rd B.A PJOE**

Two in a Tale

There are two sides to a coin
A head and a tail
Like two unknown sides
Of an elegant fairytale.



The brighter part of it
Shines upon you
There's nothing but good it says
All to end as a happy tale.

From the handsome, young prince
To his beautiful fair bride
The horses, people and castles
Add to the creator's vision and pride.



The villain, however
Never speaks his tale
What he does is forbidden fruit
Said to make all good men, pale.

The darkness remains a metaphor
For all rogue and evil
It is meant to scare you
So to not tread, alongside the devil.



Who is good, who is bad
Cannot be judged through a tale
For you're a gallant prince in yours
Just they are in theirs.



-Kritika Mohan
1st B.Com B

A Snowy Dream

I feel wet snow
on my cold, dry skin
As the darkness falls
to settle in
The stars shine bright
to lead my way
Through tall, snow-covered trees
which bend and sway

I know not where I came from
or where I shall go,
while strange noises crunch
the new fallen snow.

I have no fears
of this strange, dark place
where sounds surround me
without a face.

The night goes on peacefully
dark and slow,
with all its beauty shining
as a glistening glow.

I have been here before
though I know not when,
as sure as I know
I will be here again.

A place that is quiet,
safe comforting me,
while the icy brook flows
around a sweet-smelling tree.

I feel wet snow
on my warm, soft skin.
It is this dark place
that I want to be in.
Then I open my eyes
and it all floats away
as bright warm sun shines
on a brand-new day.

Window panes covered
in sparkling frost,
reminds me of a beautiful thing
I have lost.

my heart tells me in hours
this day will be past,
when the night time comes
to me slowly at last.

I am back in the snow,
so pristine and clean.
Sadness shows me I've found,
this was only a dream.

-P. Sharanya
3rd B.Com D

A Glass Half Empty

Asking for a promise, so true and real
Is like finding a treasure chest with half the deal
All one asks is some trust , and in plenty
But is left instead with a glass ,half empty.

Wander into the night, so bright and clear
Shone the full moon, reminding us of our dear.
All one asks is some love, and in plenty
But is left instead with a glass, half empty.

Knit a sweater for a child, so cold.
Dyed in navy, embroidered in gold
All she asked was for some company and in plenty
But is left instead with a glass, half empty.

The lonely roads, led to a thicket so dense
Alone he ventured, with anything but sense
All he asked was some light , and in plenty
But is left instead with a glass, half empty.

Lighting those fears , bracing the storm
Strong , undeterred and facing all harm
Al one asks is some strength, and in plenty
But is left instead with a glass, half empty.

All you sometimes need, is elegance and aplomb
For destruction is nothing, but a dirty little bomb
All one ever asks, is some support in plenty
But is left instead with a glass, half empty.

-Kritika Mohan

1st B.Com B

Pretty Shards

I look into the mirror
And see myself brave and strong
Kind, beautiful and free- spirited
Like nothing seemed to be wrong

Who knew the mirror took form
From a few hundred shards
Lying there with no home to go to
Everyday, as they held guard.

Their sharp edges maim
Like those who betrayed and shattered you
But the unharmed core was the relief
Someone you could always turn to

The journey wasn't easy
The shards sunk into your feet
But you learn to co-habit
With each step and heartbeat.

In the end, the light shone
Held every shard I'd tread on
Made it into a beautiful mirror
Into which I continue to stare on.

-Kritika Mohan
1st B.Com B

DRAWINGS

Behelit



-Chiranjeevi S.
3rd B.Com D

The Lake



**-Shashi Rekha V.
1st B.Com B**

Pathway by the River



**-Sushmitha Ravi
2nd B.Sc.**



The Elephant

-Niharika V.
1st B.Com B

Ganesha

-Navya N.Shastry
3rd B.Com D



Batman



-Chiranjeevi S.
3rd B.Com D

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**-Adarsh V.
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III B.A. PJOE

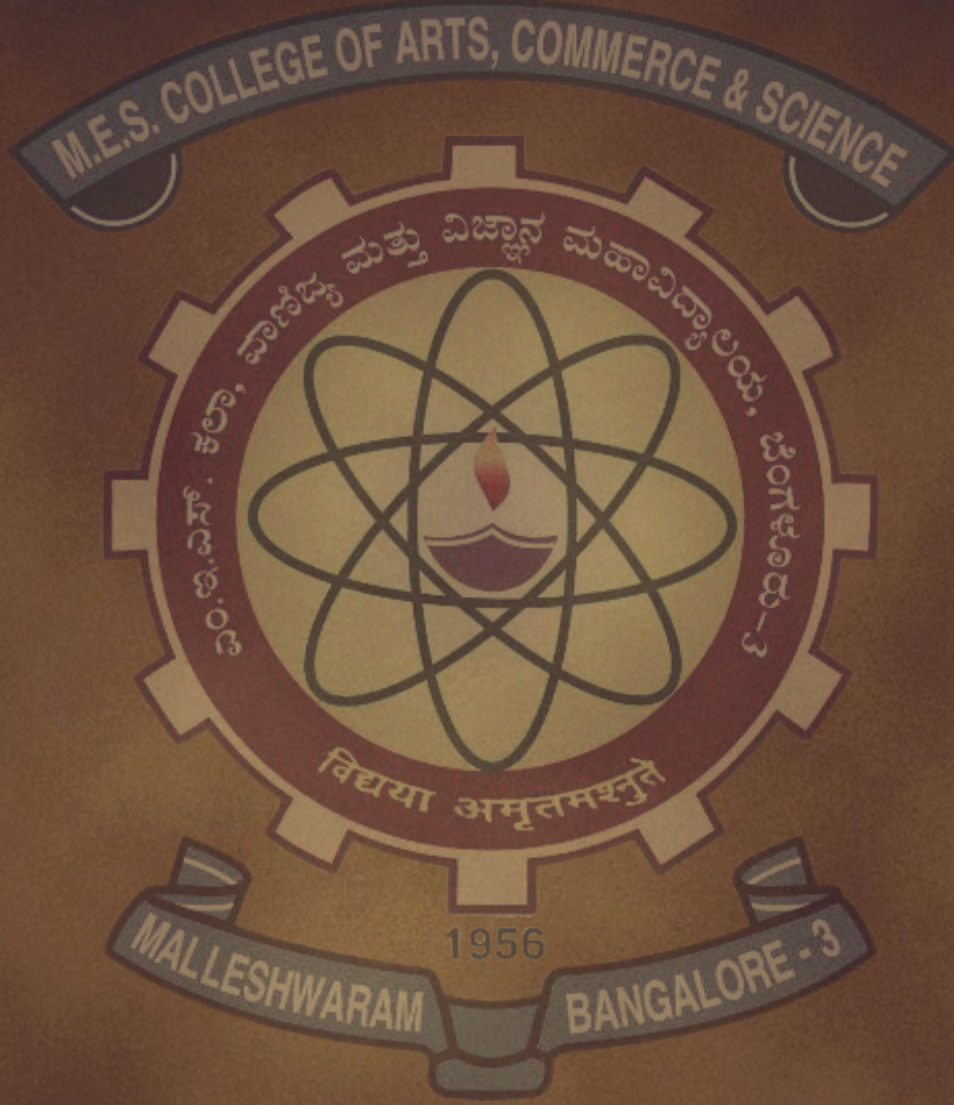
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