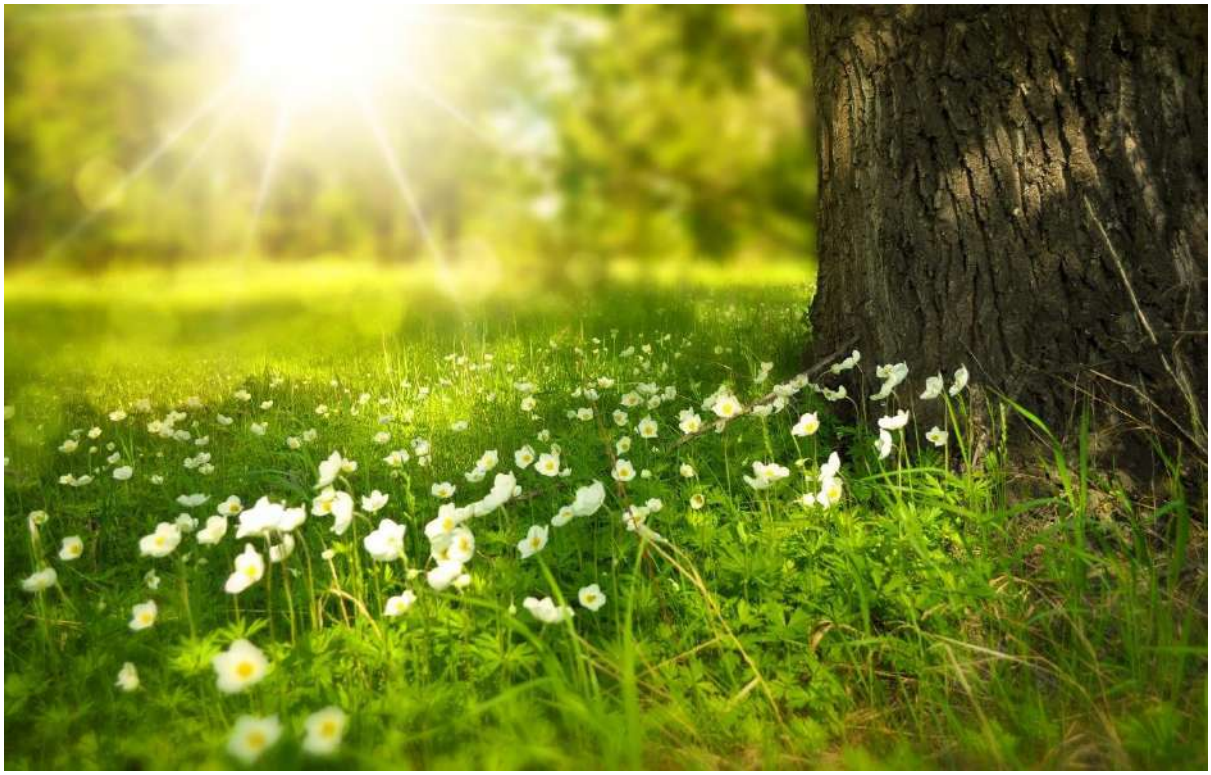
# Caesurae SPRING RHYTHM


## Vol 6, Issue 1, July 2024

**ISSN 2454-9495**

# Editorial

*Caesurae* introduces a creative section specially for the youth. We invite students to contribute their thoughts, poems, stories, paintings, their innovations, songs, books, photography, clips from performances and what they feel like sharing with us, nationally and globally. This is the space where their worlds can meet.

*We are here to listen to them*
*speak,*
*we are here in this space for them*
*to share their talent,*
*their ideas,*
*their views*
*and their Spring Rhythm*

This issue (Vol 6: 1) of the *Caesurae Journal* consists of three sections: 'Glimpses', 'Hues', and 'Musings'. In 'Glimpses', we have an Assistant Professor of Cooch Behar Panchanan Barma University capturing very thoughtful photographs on the relentless march of the machinery. 'Hues' contains paintings by three college students. Their works signify fresh approaches to art and aesthetics. 'Musings' consists of two contributions. The first one is a travelogue by a nine-year old. The second is a soulful poem penned by a young scholar and lecturer.

Oly Roy (Joint Editor, Spring Rhythm)

Tathagata Sagar Pal (Joint Editor, Spring Rhythm)




# I. Glimpses

# Death Reckoning

**Dr. Saikat Sarkar***

We live in an era called the 'Anthropocene'. It systematically disrupts the notion of an 'unmediated' Nature. Human civilization, since antiquity, has thrived upon dismantling the course of Nature for material gain. These photographs bear testimony to the bleak reality humankind as of now inhabits. The presence of machinery in a natural setting, along with the dead bog, metaphorically substantiate the omnipresence of 'Death' perpetuated through human behaviour.







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***About the photographer**

**Dr. Saikat Sarkar** (M.Phil., Ph.D.) is the Assistant Professor of English at Cooch Behar Panchanan Barma University, Cooch Behar. His research interests include Ecocriticism, Postmodernism and Subaltern Studies.

Email: saikatsarkar5168@gmail.com



# II. Hues

# Eternal Grace- A Woman of Antiquity

**Anshika Shaw***



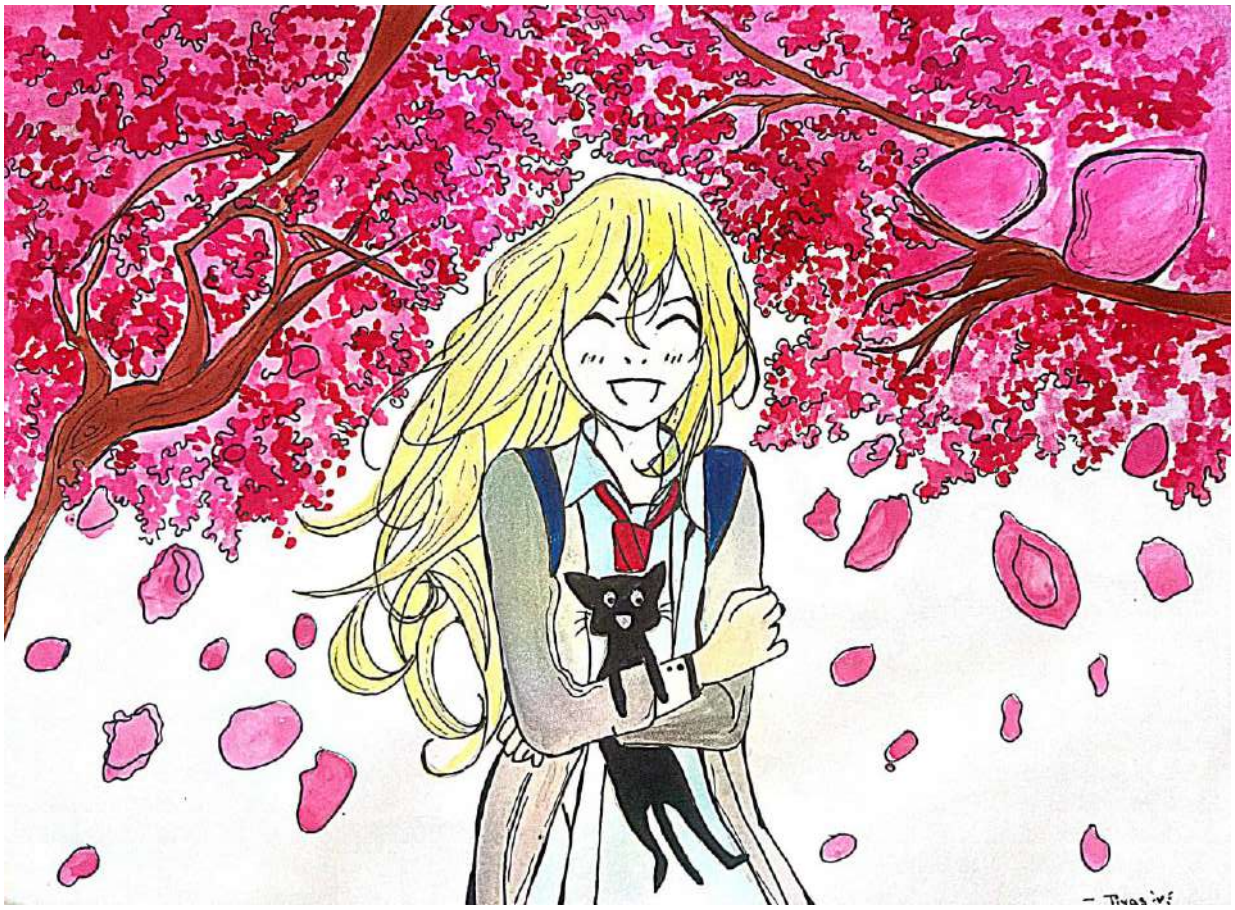
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***About the painter**

**Anishka Shaw** is a student of English Literature at St. Xavier's College, Burdwan. Her journey of painting began from a very young age and has been a driving force in her life. As a passionate painter, she enjoys experimenting with different mediums and techniques to continually evolve her painting style. Painting, for her, serves as a meditative practice, offering her a sense of tranquillity and fulfilment.

# The Last Lie of April

**Tiyas Chakraborty***



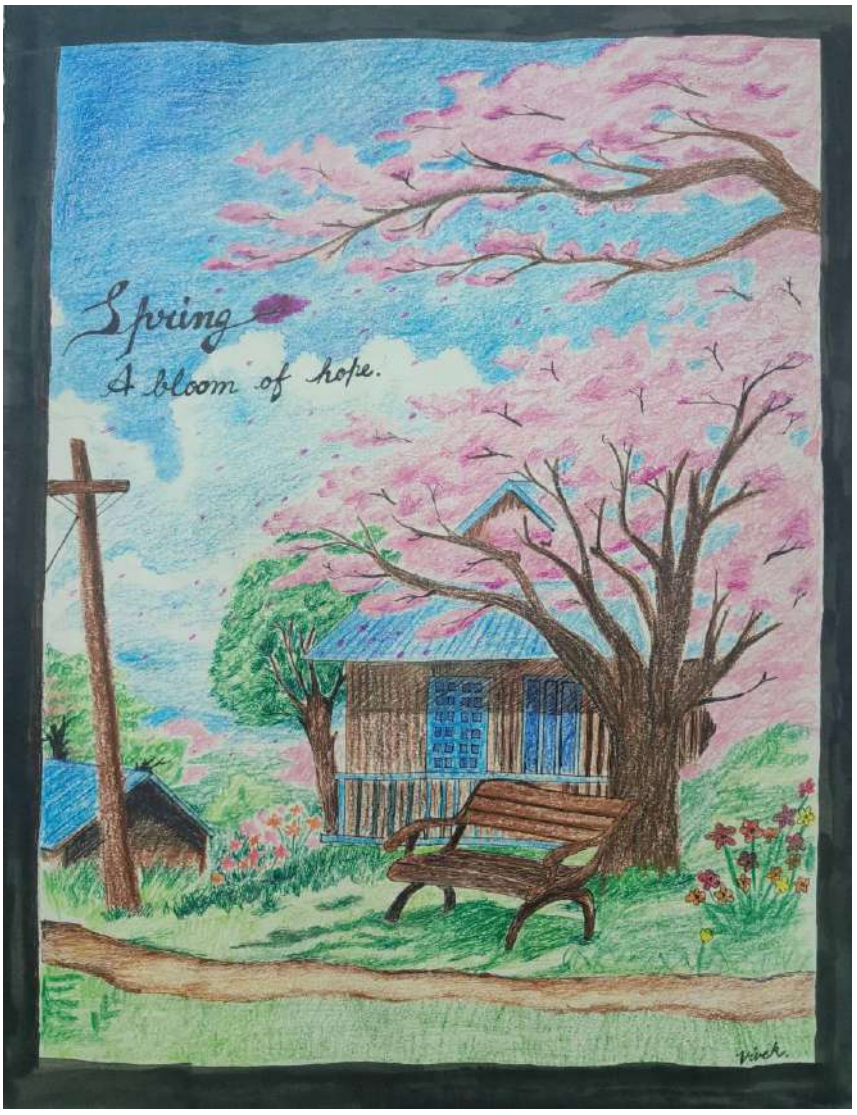
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***About the painter**

**Tiyas Chakraborty** is a student of English Literature at St. Xavier's College, Burdwan. Her journey as an artist started when about four years ago, she saw Manga Art for the first time and instantly felt a connection. Now, art is a realm she visits when reality seems too harsh.

# Spring- A bloom of Hope

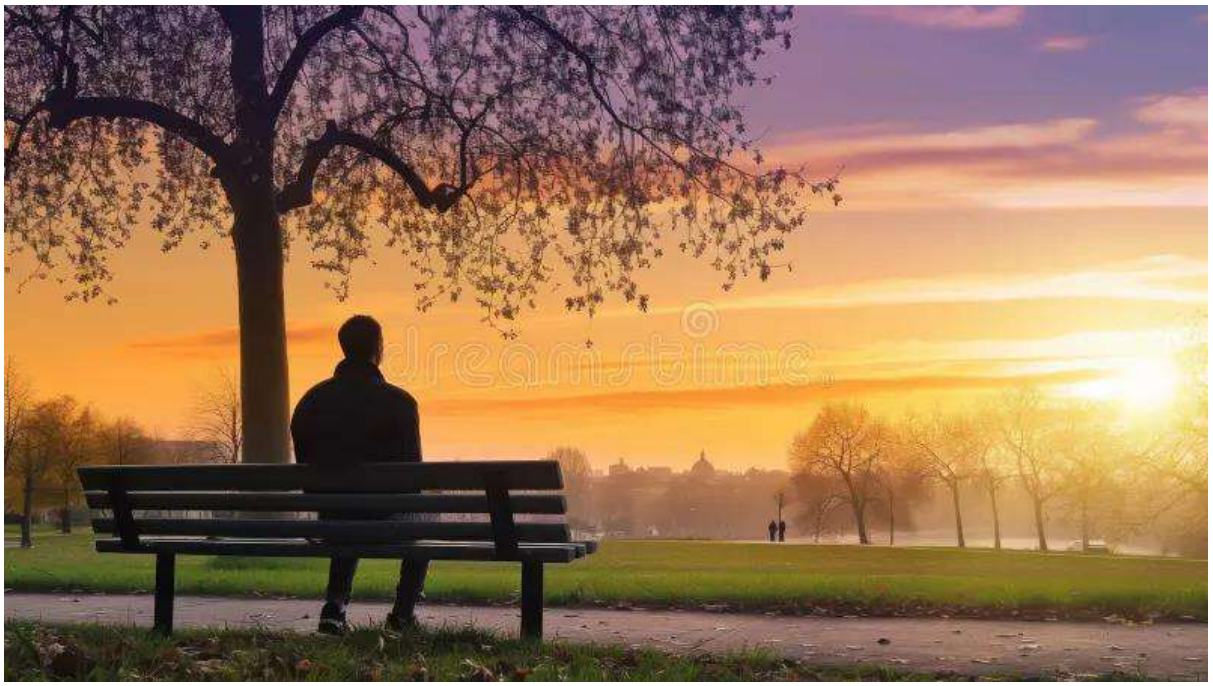
**Vivek Rajak***




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***About the painter**

**Vivek Rajak** is a student of English Literature at St. Xavier's College, Burdwan. He loves painting because it allows him to express his thoughts, emotions in ways that words cannot fully capture. Drawing is his gateway to imagination and creativity. Through sketching and illustrating, he can bring to life the characters and the worlds that exist solely in his mind.

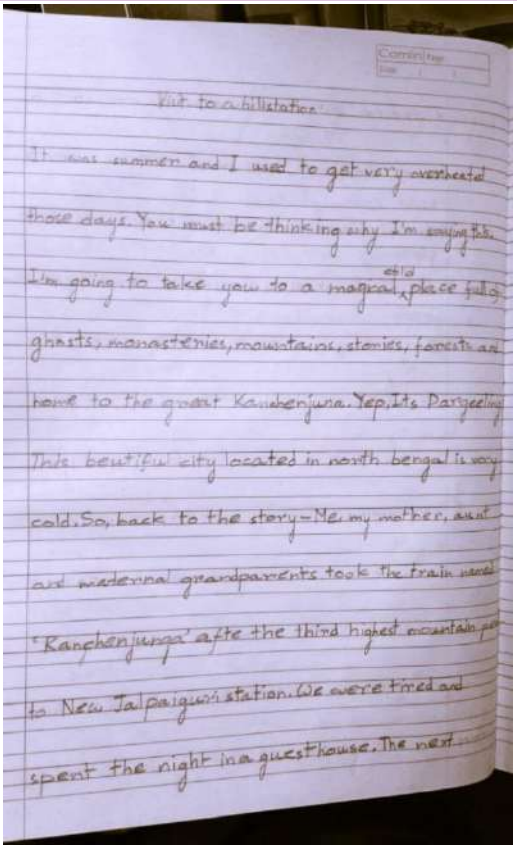


# III. Musings

# Visit to a Hill Station

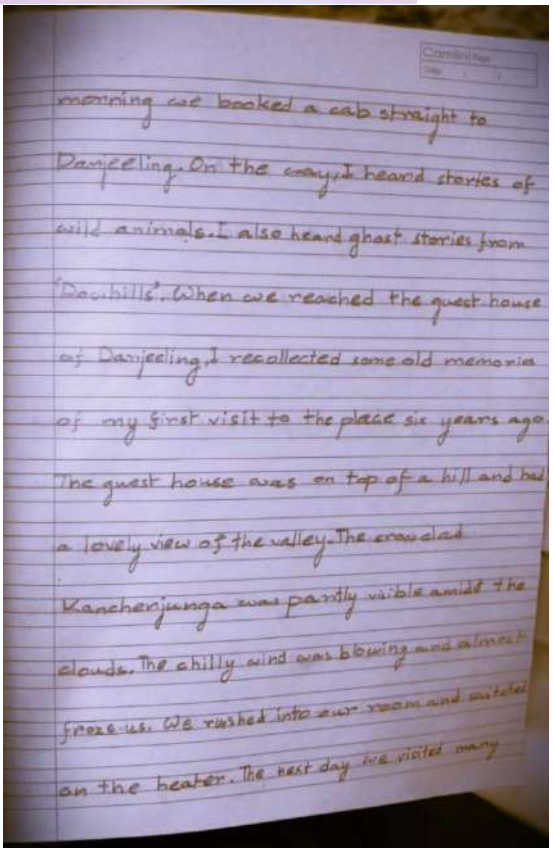
**Nishtha Sinha***

It was summer and I used to get very overheated those days. You must be thinking why I'm saying this. I'm going to take you to a magical cold place full of ghosts, monasteries, mountains, stories, forests and home to the great Kanchenjunga. Yep, it's Darjeeling. This beautiful city located in North Bengal is very cold. So, back to the story- me, my mother, aunt and maternal grandparents took the train 'Kanchenjunga', named after the third highest mountain peak, to the New Jalpaiguri Station. We were tired and spent the night in a guesthouse. The next morning, we booked a cab straight to Darjeeling. On the way, I heard stories of wild animals. I also heard ghost stories of the 'Dow Hill'. When we reached the guesthouse of Darjeeling, I recollected some old memories of my first visit to the place six years ago. The guest house was on top of a hill and had a lovely view of the valley. The snowclad Kanchenjunga was partly visible amidst the clouds. The chilly wind was blowing and almost froze us. We rushed into our room and switched on the heater. The next day we visited many places like the creepy graveyard in the forest of Lepchakha, a lake which is shaped like Lord Narayana's foot. We even took a toy train ride, visited a monastery and shopped is the Pashupati Market, Nepal. We walked on the Mall Road and did some shopping. I also enjoyed riding a white horse named 'Pyara'. It had braids in its mane with colourful rubber bands. We had delicious breakfast at Keventer's as we enjoyed the view of the valley. It was time to return home and resume normal life. I felt that the hills were looking at me gloomily and hoping for my return. I too wish to visit the 'Queen of Hills', Darjeeling, again.

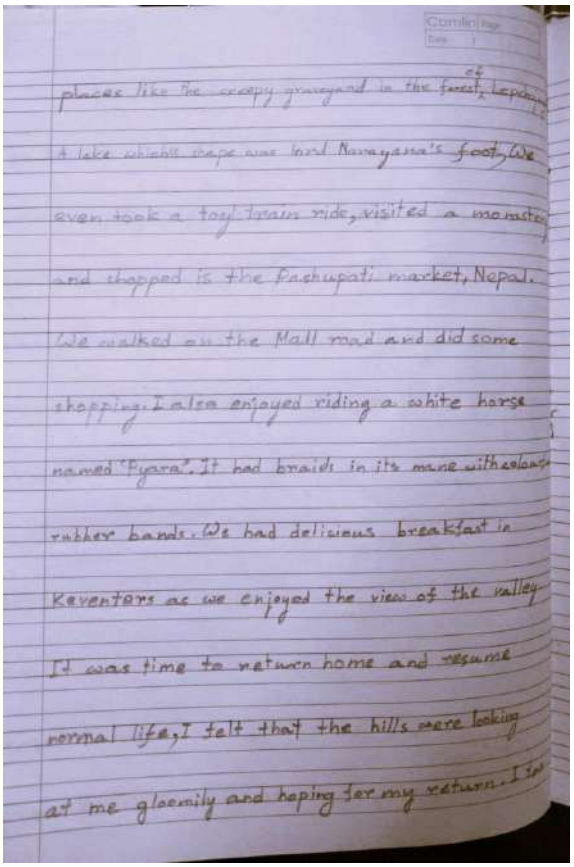


Visit to a hillstation

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wish to visit the 'Queen of hills' Darjeeling again.

***About the author**

**Nistha Sinha** is nine years old. She is a painter and singer. She comes from a family of classical singers and is receiving talim from her mother, **Shreemati Sohini Singha Mojumdar.** At this age itself she has been a playback singer for a Bengali Serial.

# Whispers of Vernal Rebirth

**Sagar Rakshit***

In dawn's embrace, a verdant symphony,

Emerald whispers weave through tender air,

Petals unfurl in a dance, ephemeral and free,

As Earth's slumbering heart awakens to care.

Boughs burgeon, their whispers soft yet profound,

Chorusing with robins' trills, a hymn of renewal,

Blossoms blush in hues divine, where life is found,

Spring’s artistry painted in shades most beautiful.



Zephyrs murmur secrets through foliage lush,

Caressing blooms that stretch to kiss the light,

Underneath the azure vault, the world's hush

Breaks into murmurs of growth, a vibrant rite.

Rivulets of silver laughter serpentine,

Through meadows clad in velvet green attire,

Wildflowers, in their chromatic design,

Adorn the earth, setting hearts afire.

Awake, oh world, in spring's gentle hold,

Where every breath is a promise anew,

In this tapestry of life, stories untold

Unfold in whispers of vernal hues.

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***About the poet**

**Sagar Rakshit** is a Ph.D. research scholar at the Department of English, Cooch Behar Panchanan Barma University. He completed his M.A from Rabindra Bharati University, Kolkata in 2019. He is also working as a Guest Lecturer in Siliguri College of Commerce for Communicative English since 2021. His areas of interest include Feminism, Gender Studies, Queer Studies, Popular Culture, Film Studies and Postmodern Literature. He has presented his research findings at national and international conferences. Additionally, he has contributed to academic book chapters and journals with his area of expertise.