

Tea Time Verse

The Remnant Archive

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Message from the Editor

Dear Readers,

The thought process behind the establishment of The Remnant Archive was to preserve memory through art form. Memories of grief, loss and celebration linger amongst all of us. We wanted to honour those memories, those experiences that shaped us and fed our art.

With TRA, we wanted to build a pandora box of such memories, hence the name, Remnant: a part or quantity that is left after the greater part has been used, removed, or destroyed and Archive: a repository or collection especially of information.

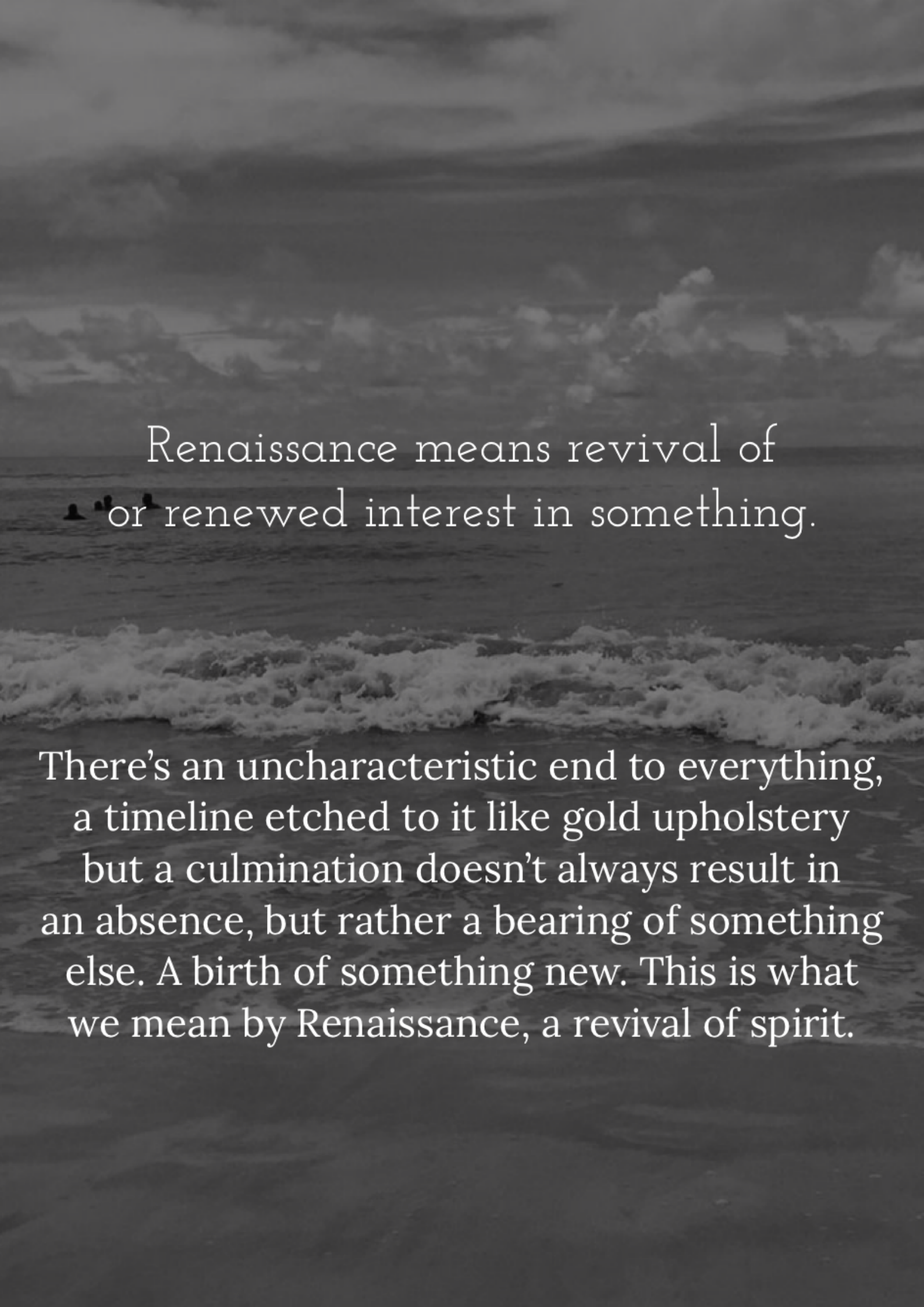
When we conceived the idea of having a magazine, we wanted it to be just right. We wanted it to stand for the right beliefs and act as a platform that highlights marginalised voices. We're proud to let you know that we are a team entirely of women.

Our extremely talented columnists, whose writings you will be reading in this issue are from different corners of the world; hailing from countries like India, Spain, Pakistan and the United Kingdom. We're glad that even with this first leap of our magazine, we're able to garner a diverse bunch of audience.

At last, these are dissonant and taxing times, so consider Tea Time Verse a small gift from our side. We wanted to bridge the gap between readers and creators, so here we are, bringing an issue every week full of heartwarming poetry/prose.

Thank you for believing in us, your support matters the most. We hope you have a good time reading these tiny issues over the next few weeks and then later on, indulging in our Autumn issue, which may I add is tuning out to be beyond our wildest expectations. Happy Reading!

Warmly,
Kashvi Chandok
Editor-in-Chief Fiction



Renaissance means revival of
or renewed interest in something.

There's an uncharacteristic end to everything,
a timeline etched to it like gold upholstery
but a culmination doesn't always result in
an absence, but rather a bearing of something
else. A birth of something new. This is what
we mean by Renaissance, a revival of spirit.



Hers is a room of masked trees
and ruffled silences milled in the country soil.

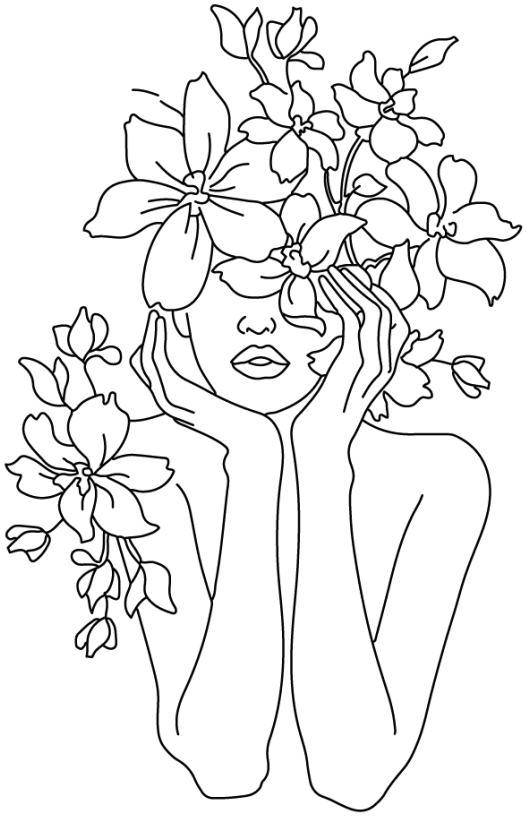
How the Grass Renews her Leaves

By Anannya Uberoi

With baby feet, she grows
out of a mound of ivory sac in the snow.
Like sea-wrack and slow-cooked blackberries
swept and served respectively,
she fixes our streets, leaf by leaf.

She reworks tufts of rotting tissues
and agonies, greener with the collected pulp
and splinters of sun-inflicted wood.
Hers is a room of masked trees
and ruffled silences milled in the country soil.

This is the grass of Renaissance, but she blows
eastward in the trade winds.
She blows differently.
You can feel her quake between your fingers –
the unrest of shattered bones and cuts
of life erupting, moving slow with
the flow of the wind, whirling
even the ghosts of shallots and parsnips
merged in the aqueous earth.





Housing Tenants

By Zarnab Tufail

predating misery:
this house was abandoned two years ago. bells have not run since. dust dances in the gloomy sunshine like a never-ending show. chairs creak as the wind blows. roses die and water can't be found. darkness hugs this house like a long lost friend. rusted locks are tired of welcoming unanticipated windstorms. pain caves inside stakes of trauma scattered on the floor. agony rules slaves like an unavengable king.

foreseeing hope:
inside the cave, hope is hugged by fireflies. water gushes beneath this wooden floor. all i had to do was ask for permission. permission to open this floor and allow underneath water to breathe. i bathe myself in lavender scented water. my body smiles. i light some candles. dust gives one final show before disappearing in thin air. chair rests. darkness embraces light. locks ask to be replaced. pain sneaks out. agony packs its bags.




Elegant Theatre

Feeling, Revived.

By Leyla Mehmet

You know that feeling,
When you've had a bath
Or a shower
And the steam
The heat
Hits your body
And you come out
Feeling,
Revived.

You know that feeling,
When you've let your hair grow long
Haven't bothered to style it
You go to the hairdressers
Wash, cut, straighten please,
And you come out
Feeling,
Revived.

You know that feeling,
When you haven't slept great during the week
Waking up at 6:30 am every day
Going to sleep at irregular times
You go to sleep early Friday night
Wake up at 9 am
Feeling,
Revived.

***

The current job situation,
Makes me feel
Downhearted
Discouraged
Facilitates
Rejection.
Or is that just because
I am not good enough?
Time will tell.

I don't feel like,
Applying anymore
Feeling,
The same,
Sadness.
Feeling,
The same,
Normality;
Jobless,
Lack of prospects.

Yet the next day,
The sun shines bright
Through my balcony door
As the blind rolls up.
I load up my laptop,
Check LinkedIn jobs,
Feeling,
Motivated
Hopeful
Feeling,
Revived.

You see,
This feeling of
Being revived,
Is only temporary.
You go back to feeling,
The new normal
You have made,
After a few hours
Or a few days.
Until
Another,
Revival.




Gracious Opulence

An Inherent Dilemma

By Kashvi Parekh

I've been thinking a lot about what it means to be Good or Evil and the subjectivity of it all. Can Good exist without Evil? What if I'm at a crossroads where I need to pick between being Good and being just? Is just being not Good enough? Desiderius Erasmus' quote offers an explanation to these questions.

"Nature, more of a stepmother than a mother in several ways, has sown a seed of evil in the hearts of mortals, especially in the more thoughtful men, which makes them dissatisfied with their own lot and envious of another's."
- Desiderius Erasmus

Erasmus was a Dutch Philosopher and he grew to be one of the greatest scholars of the Northern Renaissance. His work, though unstructured, encompasses ideas of humanism, the nature of faith and several other topics give way to a greater philosophical debate.

It is his belief that some men are born evil. When Erasmus says "sown a seed of evil", he implies that Evilness is like a plant that grows incessantly in the hearts of some men. These men are never satisfied and they perpetually long for the possessions or the attributes of another. This raises another question in my mind - **Is being ambitious considered to be Evil?**

Ambition has been viewed as Evil by many Eastern traditions because it ties us to worldly pursuits. According to them, ambition keeps us away from living a spiritually fulfilling life because it hinders inner peace. If this is true, aren't we all Evil? Or, are we the victims here? Victims of the Western influence which has convinced us that ambition will be rewarded with success?

To answer this, I turned to research about the Renaissance people, who shared a core set of values including secularism. According to them, secularism means worldliness or a belief in the importance of this life on earth. Making money, traveling, and building a home are secular activities. Meditating is not. Neither is praying. The spirit of the Renaissance was more secular than religious and thus, it prioritised worldly pleasures over self-actualisation.

This leads me to believe that perhaps, the answer to my question lies in creating a balance. When it comes to ambition, there's a fine line between chasing things with integrity and chasing them with greed. It is our intentions that determine the nature of our pursuits. If we strive to be Good and pursue ambition in a way that facilitates inner growth, we can create a middle ground between the East and West. A place where desire and morality merge to provide us with room to grow but also a place to rest and reflect.



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