
Tea Time Verse
The Remnant Archive

Contents

Dissolution
by Zarnab Tufail

Lament
by Anannya Uberoi

Here I am
by Leyla Mehmet

A Book Review: I'll Give you the Sun
by Kashvi Parekh

Editorial
by Nehal Lala, Editor-in-Chief Non-Fiction



i will let this ocean love me one last time
before becoming one.

Dissolution

By Zarnab Tufail

<u>Trigger Warning: Mention of suicide</u>

this may sound like a love song
covered in red acrylic
and locally grown roses
in jasmine-scented tea

but darker silhouettes
appear in the corners
like trauma spying
on my fading hands.

i am drowning

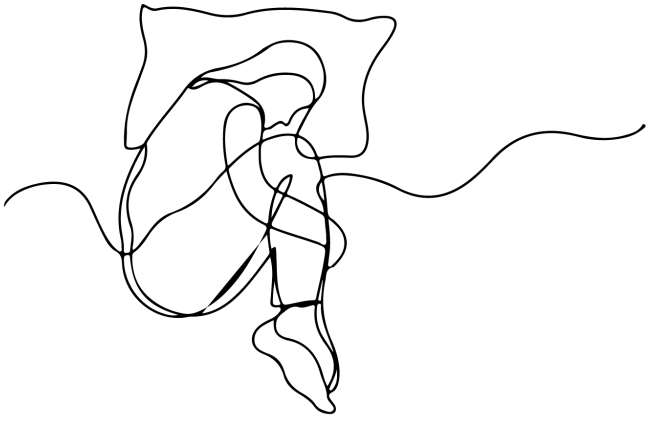
in cold waves
my body numb with pain
and dissolving with sea salts

it floats through
the solution with bonds
broken in water.

this is not a love song

but a suicide note
covered In red acrylic
and locally grown roses
in jasmine-scented tea

i will let this ocean love me one last time
before becoming one.





licking dirt off their wilted mouths as though
they were fresh tangerines in summer baskets
from the wilds of the country.

Lament

by Anannya Uberoi

Look at you, burrowing away in the tall grass
forming furrows between the alluvial soil,
hunting down the body of a black magpie
that was kicking dead grapes into the river.

Look at you, picking clovers on the walkway,
licking dirt off their wilted mouths as though
they were fresh tangerines in summer baskets
from the wilds of the country.

Look at you, axing the woodshed of your backyard,
twittering away to strange woodland birds
with choked voices that pick with their beaks
bursts of wintergreen on your homespun khaki.

Look at you, popping pills, spitting sunshine,
sprouting burnt seeds beside flaming roses
in ditches formed for earthbound wings
that plummet at once into filthy bends of the hungry soil.





As if they're seeking me,
Exposing me,
Wanting to attack me.

Here I Am

By Leyla Mehmet

I step out onto the cold balcony floor,
Staring outwards from my 17th floor.
Don't look down, you're scared
Of heights
But here I am,
Living on the 17th floor.

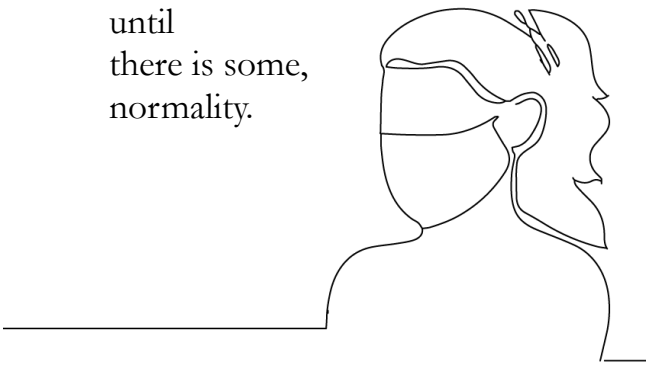
Here I am,
Staring outwards,
Being confronted by,
The numerous skyscrapers.
Their lights staring back
At me,
As if they're seeking me,
Exposing me,
Wanting to attack me.

Wait, what's
that noise?
Oh yeah,
The DLR.
I used to get those
On almost a
daily basis.
Now here I am,
Trapped,
The lights gleaming,
Smirking,
As they stare
Back at me.

When will I have the
Freedom to travel again?
Freedom to both travel
And to feel safe?
I don't feel
Safe,
These lights
Are still attacking me,
But here I am,
On the balcony.

I feel like coronavirus
Is lurking everywhere
As if it's playing a game
Of hide and seek
Seeking me
Whilst I hide
The air,
My hiding spot,
a form of
Protection,
Or at least
That's what
they say;
are the lights
assisting?

Here I am,
here I shall be,
trapped by
those lights,
until
there is some,
normality.





i'm probably dreaming about
driving a humungous jeep through African forests
or living in glass house that shatters because of the wind

A Book Review: I'll Give you the Sun

by Kashvi Parekh



"i am not a morning person

when the day breaks,
i'm probably dreaming about
driving a humungous jeep through African forests
or living in glass house that shatters because of the wind

when the day breaks,
i'm probably drooling all over my white pillowcase or
tossing and turning while i dream or maybe i've even fallen of the bed

when the day breaks,
i'm probably in deep sleep or getting the rest i need to battle the next day

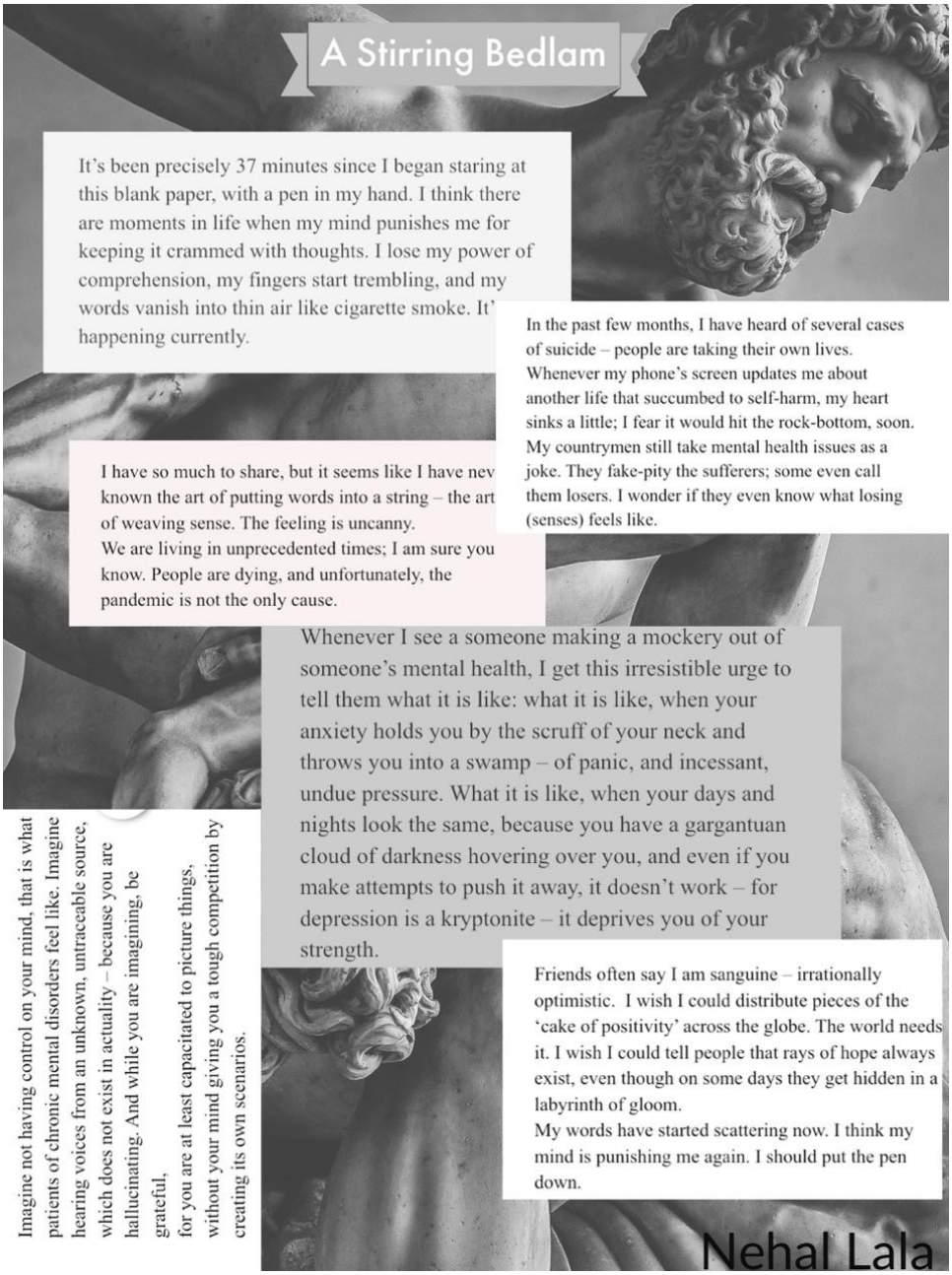
i am not a morning person"

”I'll Give you The Sun" by Jandy Nelson made me fall a little more in love with love. I felt more in touch with my surroundings and very grounded after finishing the book because of its wholesome characters & fluid storyline.

Primarily, it is a tale of two twins – Noah and Jude Sweetwine. Noah tells the story from when they were thirteen years old, he is the purest and most innocent angel who is madly in love with painting and the idea of remaking the world whereas Jude, who tells the story from when they’re sixteen, is a fierce rebel with a strong impulse but of course, she has her own reasons. Both of them are beautiful artists in their own way, being different and the similar at the same time. They shared a powerful connection as children but over time, something happened to change their lives forever. Jude buried her true self into a dark room that no one has a key to and opened the door of grief for immense guilt to flood into her soul. Noah, the boy who loved a boy, turned into your stereotypical lacrosse jock in a varsity jacket surrounded by people for every second of everyday from preferring to paint meaningful stories in solitude. Yet, as said in the book, their true selves are lying underneath these imposter ones, aching to flourish and bloom.

Jandy Nelson beautifully unravels all the tiny, power-packed plots of the story and keeps the reader involved throughout. What i loved most was the characterisation. It is absolutely stunning, I could see a little of myself in each one of them and every single scene was so carefully written that the slightest hand or leg movement would speak volumes about a character's personality traits. If I had to pick favourites, it would easily be either Guillermo or "Oscore".

Reading this was like receiving a big warm hug, having my heart broken and painting the world all at once; I would recommend it to every single artist out there or really just anyone who needs to find a little happiness and sunshine in this chaotic mess of a world at the moment.



A Stirring Bedlam

It's been precisely 37 minutes since I began staring at this blank paper, with a pen in my hand. I think there are moments in life when my mind punishes me for keeping it crammed with thoughts. I lose my power of comprehension, my fingers start trembling, and my words vanish into thin air like cigarette smoke. It' happening currently.

In the past few months, I have heard of several cases of suicide – people are taking their own lives. Whenever my phone's screen updates me about another life that succumbed to self-harm, my heart sinks a little; I fear it would hit the rock-bottom, soon. My countrymen still take mental health issues as a joke. They fake-pity the sufferers; some even call them losers. I wonder if they even know what losing (senses) feels like.

I have so much to share, but it seems like I have nev known the art of putting words into a string – the art of weaving sense. The feeling is uncanny.
We are living in unprecedented times; I am sure you know. People are dying, and unfortunately, the pandemic is not the only cause.

Whenever I see a someone making a mockery out of someone's mental health, I get this irresistible urge to tell them what it is like: what it is like, when your anxiety holds you by the scruff of your neck and throws you into a swamp – of panic, and incessant, undue pressure. What it is like, when your days and nights look the same, because you have a gargantuan cloud of darkness hovering over you, and even if you make attempts to push it away, it doesn't work – for depression is a kryptonite – it deprives you of your strength.

Imagine not having control on your mind, that is what patients of chronic mental disorders feel like. Imagine hearing voices from an unknown, untraceable source, which does not exist in actuality – because you are hallucinating. And while you are imagining, be grateful,
for you are at least capacitated to picture things, without your mind giving you a tough competition by creating its own scenarios.

Friends often say I am sanguine – irrationally optimistic. I wish I could distribute pieces of the 'cake of positivity' across the globe. The world needs it. I wish I could tell people that rays of hope always exist, even though on some days they get hidden in a labyrinth of gloom.
My words have started scattering now. I think my mind is punishing me again. I should put the pen down.

Nehal Lala

Editorial : A Stirring Bedlam

by Nehal Lala

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I have witnessed victims receiving unsolicited advice from acquaintances and strangers, alike. They are told, "If you remain happy, you won't ever feel depressed". But happiness comes from within, right? So, what happens to those whose insides are shattered and spirits are crushed?

Money can't ever buy a person happiness. It surely provides one with momentary pleasure, but you can't equate the temporary satisfaction of purchasing a commodity with

genuine happiness. (I am now wishing that materialism should have remained limited to Charvakas only).

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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

Cover painting: Cy Twombly