

2023



Chokher Aloe

Vision Beyond



a magazine by the

DEPARTMENT OF
ENGLISH

KHUDIRAM BOSE CENTRAL COLLEGE

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Department of English

“Per aspera ad astra”
Through hardships to the stars...





Meet the Editorial Team:

Soumabho Mukherjee

Saptami Bose

Ankita Das

Arnab Sanyal

Swati Das

Satyam Seth



Foreword by Editorial Team:

"Chokher Aloe.... vision beyond" 2023 is one of the finest representations of what is capable when undaunted creativity meets excellent precision and execution. This magazine is the brainchild of the English department which has been artistically curated and nurtured by our dear professors. It encapsulates the pure and unadulterated self of the students which they have presented through artistic creativity and literary writings. This Magazine is close to the hearts of students as they can be themselves and not be judged by the constraints of the society that is limiting than liberating.

Warm and heartiest greetings to one and all,

It is with great pleasure and immense pride that we present to you the 2023 edition of our departmental magazine “Chokher Alo...vision beyond”. I would like to sincerely apologize for the gap in the publication of the magazine in the last two years due to various unforeseeable delays. However, as they say- “Better late than never” and with the united efforts of the faculty of the department and the amazing editorial team, I welcome you all to dive into a world of art and creativity!

To begin with, I would like to extend my gratitude to our Teacher-in-Charge madam, Dr. Shubhra Dubey for her constant support to the English department in all its activities. We are also thankful to our General Body President Mr. Debasis Mallick for his encouragement and affection towards our students. No activity of the department is complete without the guidance and persistence of our dear Dr. Sriparna Dutta ma'am, and we are blessed to have you as our North Star. Without the continued support and participation of Kakoli Sengupta Ma'am, Rajdeep Mondal Sir and Somnath Bhattacharya Sir, the department would lose its dynamism. You are the most valuable assets to the department and I hope we continue to work together as a team in the coming days.

Lastly, I would like to thank the brilliant editorial team who have worked hard putting together every little detail of the magazine that you see before you- Ankita, Arnab, Saptami, Satyam, Soumabho, Swati.

The main aim of the magazine has been to provide a space for our students to showcase their creativity in not just writing but art as well. It never ceases to amaze me when I see how talented the students are as they express their emotions through words, paintings and photographs. Creativity takes courage and therefore, I would like to sincerely thank the contributors for sharing their work with us and hope that they continue to create and hone their artistic side.

With the hope and prayer that the efforts of the students will be appreciated and encouraged, I welcome all the readers to enjoy the magazine. Stay happy and stay blessed!

Warm regards,
Rinjee Lama,
Head, Department of English.

One Man`s World- Subhajit Saha

Sem 5

One man`s World,
In his soliloquy,
He urges the cosmos to conspire-
WREAK! BLESS!
Utter – Mors vobis!

He has no greed.
Freedom won`t be his alone.
He washes through the lands.
Hallowed plagues sweeps hollow men;
Purge of the dead.

Mustang loose on the coast,
Their knees break,
Teeth spoil,
Guts twist and turn,
Ribs force outwards.

Children that once played,
Who once made the alleys unliveable,
Now they rest, painted on the walls;
Painted with ash, tar and black.
Black is all that remains of them.

This is not the day,
God was not bothered by this.
There is no judgement, no fairness;
This is not punishment, this is none.
The creator of this hasn't been.

Oh well, I've opened my eyes.
The announcer of the subway calls me.
He calls me by the name I don't have.
He asks me to walk again;
Walk through this necropolis,
Walk to my grave.

Untold - Tannoy Acharjee Sem 5

Was I not right?

When I compared you with the moon? Was I not right?

When I thought you would heal my wounds?

Like the rain,

I always fall for you.

I flow like a river for miles, Just to be with you.

It hurts, when you ignore my presence Or want to stay away from me.

It hurts when I feel lonely, But you are unable to see!

Like the sun,

Your warmth keeps me awake on the coldest nights.

You are the brightest star in my universe That lights me up on the darkest sights.

Maybe I do not deserve you. And that is totally fine.

But the urge to be with you, Gives me hope to make you mine.

Darkest Night – Tanmoy Acharjee Sem 5

Even the darkest nights,
Are meant to be brighter again!
But what about my life?
Do I have to suffer this much,
With this endless pain?

What about the efforts?
Do they matter at all?
Or are they like the dust on the leaves?
Which goes away after rainfall.

What about the moments ,
We spent together?
Are they going to fade away?
Do I have to beg you all the time?
Just to make you stay?

What about the memories?
Are they going to stay till my last breath?
Will the feelings for you, remain the same?
Even if I get a life after death?

Elpis – Saptami Bose Sem 3

Tiredness taints the heart like an irreversible hue,
Pessimistic cogitation pervades the mind
And somewhere along the line, psyche ceases to give any
cue

Deceptive ocean of happiness devours one up in a way too
Clandestine.

Beyond everything it is acynically unstable sphere;
Brevity is the only ubiquitous verity here.

Perpetual diffidence of offing incessantly makes one his
prey

Elpis clenching onto cornucopia gets buried
amidst atrocious mayhem,

It is too turbulent to disregard the internal Fray,
Heart's laceration is often too grievous to excrete like
phlegm

Still a slender gleam of hope is potent enough for the birth
of
ecstatic reverie regarding a better future, a better
morrow.

What should I write? - Jeet Chakraborty Sem 3

What should I write?

What should I write?

Thinking so

I come at end with the night

What should I write?

I think of lover's flight

Or should it be

Nature's charming site?

Should I make 'em rhyme?

If not,

Would that be a crime?

Oh, what should I write?!

I think of a calculated hindsight

Or should it be

Hypocrisy made into light?

Shall I bring mourn?

Or shall I make bloom

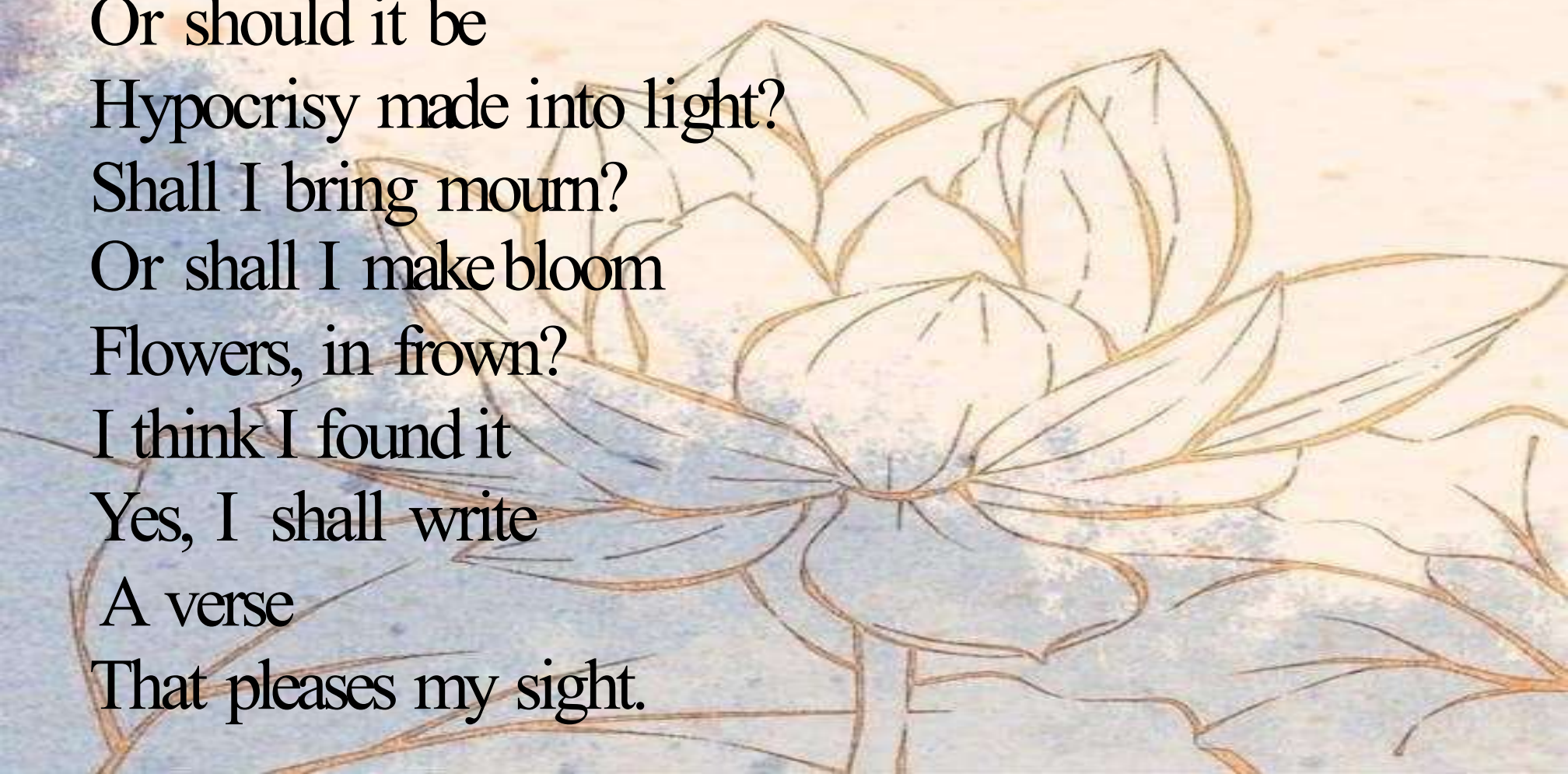
Flowers, in frown?

I think I found it

Yes, I shall write

A verse

That pleases my sight.



Let Us - Jeet Chakraborty Sem 3

Let us not build the bulking town,
Let us leave the gray,
And turn to green and brown,
Let us leave the air.
We don't want more frown;
Let us take seeds,
And once more dress the gown.

Let us forget the hunt for treasury,
Let us know now,
The doing of our treachery.
Let us see now
Actual killers of this butchery,
Let us soothe now
Our mother's misery.

Chair – Jeet Chakraborty Sem 3

There is a chair
Which I highly suspect can hear
Like a rule, on dark nights Starts
to cause its bizarre frights

Midnight, when I am in sleep
Knocks my peace a sound of creep
Topsy eyes spot a wooden layer
There it is, the creepy chair!

I have attempted many release
Sell, donate, hack even cold freeze
But every time it comes back
And at night I hear the same crack

Though in quiet I am writing this
I now hear a noise, the creaking of his I
feel it near

Oh, I can hear!

I see at the door, the same wooden chair.

Bon Voyage – Jeet Chakraborty Sem 3

I was now out in the vast sea, had it been the darkest night, I would have drowned. The tameless waves kept gashing against my tiny boat and the moon with her yawning rays brought fatigue to my eyes and body. The sound of the slushy water hovered in my ear and made my senses dull. Like a null I began to drowse in my solitary shelter. Soon the cold winds, which heretofore made me chill and submissive to some unknown upcoming damnation, ceased to scoff their hatred for I now felt a numbness on my skin. I reached my hand around the bleak boat in hope of anything, anything at all, to keep the sleep from swallowing me. I felt a wood-fiber poking out at a side so I tapped and then squeezed my thumb on it and the sting knocked the drowse off, although the trance was too crude to leave. With a second sting, undoing my thumb, I saw tiny blood drops sprouting from the middle like tears, I leaned in to the side and dipped it in the black water, very cautiously through, and scarfed the water a little just to be sure. The thing underneath which I just glimpsed did not reappear when I put out my hand and the water, slowly reforming its previous flow, showed a distorted reflection of my wretched face in its mocking stream.

I knew not how long but the night seemed endless, a sightless shadow that stretched infinite on the gloomy sea. I gaped my eyes to spot any thing that could give me the slightest hope but in vain I looked and soon got frightened feeling a cryptic stare from the ominous environs.

I remained still in silence until a narrow beam, furthest in where the boat was taking me, caught my eye. The baleful bar had risen so high and seemed to pierce the forbidding sky, which I felt as if shrieked an obscure cry. Gnashed I, my teeth, and felt as if some wild urge is taking over me but knew not what urge it was.

In length, when I had already crossed a ceaseless distance, my eardrums were shocked by a heavy beating of drums, the heaviest that can be absorbed. The ominous beatings felt like some ancient prayer, which moans the sanctity of its pray. When I perceived I could not comprehend how I came so close to the thing which heretofore only appeared as a beam to me. I was crossing through that baleful bar, which now I perceived, shockingly, as a gigantic gate of gray that stood so tall that my eyes reddened when I looked up, in vain, to calculate any measurements of its height. As I passed through the narrow peep of that monstrous gateway I could not help imagining, feeling deep down and shuddering at the thoughts of those unimaginable hands which made that gap for my entrance.

As I passed through the narrow peep of that monstrous gateway I could not help imagining, feeling deep down and shuddering at the thoughts of those unimaginable hands which made that gap for my entrance. I wanted to scream but realized that my voice had been seized. The numbness was returning and the drowse was again taking over. I captured after the gate there was no land but the same pale sea, stretching infinitely in the shadowy night. I sat down and reached my hand again to find the poking fiber but, to my surprise, I saw instead a nail, a single rusty looking nail. Staring at that solitary piece of metal again a sudden unknown urge filled me and in maddened rage I snatched the thing and stabbed it deep in my palm, again and again and again! I cannot realize the shrieks I had made were of pain or of pleasure but they set a motion through the black waves like despair. I finally got rid of that stinging drowse and stared at my bloody hand. As the numbness faded I could not tolerate the burning pain. I hurriedly leaned and dipped my hand in the black water and caught the sight of it. I stood motionless as the thing, which I had long before glimpsed and discarded as only a fragment of my imagination taking birth to torment me, gazed at my miserable countenance from underneath that water. I clearly captured its whole un-definable form underneath and the wickedness in those burning eyes. It swiftly moved underneath my vessel and with an abhorrent screech appeared from the other side of the boat and made some distance. I heard the drumming intensifying and the prayers taking the shape of something abnormal in my ears and observed slowly the appearances of more similar looking figures in the surrounding sea. I shuddered and felt losing my sanity in this chaotic horror. I shrank down, tremblingly, and began to mutter these incidents heretofore to sustain my sanity.

Mumbling again and again to this point I now feel a little courage. Yes, I can stand up. I do not see those things anymore and the drumming has faded a lot, though I can still hear it clear with those abnormal prayers. I am still sailing and the sea still seems vaster than ever with its endless night stretching to infinite. But a strange change has appeared, I now see a vast boulder of an isolated rock before me, in the middle of this devouring sea and I am heading straight towards it. I am wondering what is that thing doing here and wondering it, I again feel a primitive fear crawling inside my skin. Every instinct in my body is indicating to my upcoming damnation.

At this point my dreams have become a burden on me, all lofty and laughing at my misery.

Why thou art be so truthful?

-Soumabho Mukherjee Sem 3

Why is your presence so truthful?

Is it because I love you?

Oh beloved, I never loved you,

You were my heart, that kept me beating,

You were the mind what kept me thinking,

You were the breath that had me breathing

I never loved you.

Like every other organ, you kept me alive,

Loving is a term that will only be malign.

Never did I love you ever, for me only loving
you,

Would be living a life as a man forbid, for you
are more

Transcendental to be only loved, but to be the
only one,

Worshipped.

Oh Beloved – Soumabho Mukherjee Sem 3

Oh! what countenance you hold
So bold in air and mirth,
How can one be suspicious,
of your gracious birth?

Your eyes sparkle with glow, from stars afar,
but thy chaos, in thine optics are forerunners of
thine mumble scars.

Lo! Behold your petrifying beauty has turned
this stone to flesh, never did I know my heart
would beat, again to caress.

Creator! I condemn you for breathing life
into me, a man unfinished, a brute, a fiend.
How can she love a man born,

So base and mean?

Look at thy face

-Soumabho Mukherjee Sem 3

You smother your chastity like a powder puff but

Alas it would not make you enough,

You exhume fragrance of Goddesses alike but

deep down you know the stench of those you like.

Your touch is slender and shy, but only God knows what you want.

Dead or alive?

Your eyes are like Oceans blue and brave,

Only a few men heeded the clue and refused to end in a watery grave.

One fortunate day our hearts met but the tighter I held, the more, I sensed it dead.

Your heart was putrid and blue not because of the royal blood that streamed through,

Your grip became tighter and strong and when your ribs were crushing into mine I knew my love was wrong.

It was all a lie, your bosom was as rotten as a molested carcass filled with maggots and flies.

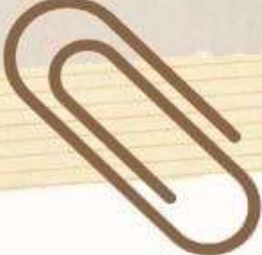
The moment you shared your bed with bugs alike, I knew my love has died.

Your honour in your bosom pres't, sighs into heavy rest.

Your radiance that of a moon, makes suitors sick and swoon.

You think your face is a boon but only a few know the death it looms.

Untold Story - Satyam Seth Sem 3




I don't know,
How the story started.
But I'm sure,
The end will be mine.

I only know the story
Will last, last until
The world wraps up.



It's an immortal story
Of two droplets, of pure water.
Have also pure intentions,
To mix in the ocean equally.

Ocean, ocean of life,
Where only the souls can
mix, Referred as droplets of
water, Pure as nectar.



A Story – Satyam Seth Sem 3

A bullet fired
A soldier fell on the ground,
A wound was visible on the chest,
Nothing happened, just a man died,
A wife became a widow,
A mother became a Vilomah;
A daughter became fatherless.
Nothing happened, just a family was destroyed,
A life was lost by someone,
A life was taken by someone;
A Cheer has started and war has done
Nothing happened, but a sunny day ends with the
death of someone,
A story has been forgotten,
A story left to tell...

Last message to His Family – Satyam Seth Sem 3

Time,

Why running?

Stop, stop. Stop!

I need to inform:

I need to meet!

I need to 'love'...

I need to care.

An adorable family I've.

They need me.

Who'll be there for them?

Who'll be there ? As I am.

The hour of departure arrives!

Neither possible to cheat death.

I'm pushing too hard,

but my heart beats,

My nerves ,

My Body leaves me!

Before I leave them.

I need to inform them:

I want to meet with them,

I want to give all my love to them.

I must leave,

Areplacement for caring for them...

No one will help them in tough time,

No one will bring them joy!

No one will talk to them,

About their man who died for our country.



Can I?

- Satyam Seth Sem 3

If you, the midnight rain,
Can I be, the fragrance,
smells thee?

If you, the grass,
Can I be, the fallen droplets
on thee?

If you, the midnight breeze,
Can I be the curtain , to
hold thee?

If you, the moon at zero,
Can I be, the disturbing fog,
to hide thee?

Indeed if you, if you.



Unknown Letters to my Father

-Mausami Das Sem 3

Hey dad, are you proud of me?

For how far I've come to be?

As a kid, we grew closer than they thought,

For it was your ideas that I always sought.

You were my superhero who would always fight for me,

When did it become that you started fighting with me?

There wasn't a day I ever saw you cry even showing any signs
of fears,

Then why because of you I was the one to shed tears?

For you, I became a disappointment whom you started to
abhor,

For all I just wanted was your affection to soar.

Father, you were supposed to take me safely to my first prom


Then why did you become the one who you were supposed to
protect me from?

I cannot abhor you for your absence

Just letting you know that all I needed was your presence.

Five Pillars of KBCC English Department

-Pallab Kr. Paul Sem 3




In ivory towers, where wisdom's fountain flow,
Five scholars stand, their minds are a brilliant spark,
Our five Professors wise, in knowledge they bestow,
Their passion for learning leaves a lasting mark.

Firstly, our most favourite Sriparna Ma'am,
She has come to our life like Flaming Lamps,
Our new HOD and another most favorite Rinjee ma'am,
She always supported us and told us "never give up, little champs! "

Professor Kakoli Ma'am, Floods us with materials, and my mentor,
She is a good advisor in our class,
Professor Somnath sir, who is our favourite educator,
he had cleared our many doubts, at times he gets very angry, but he is very kind to us.

And last, My professor "cum" big brother, Rajdeep Sir
Who delves into the depths of the unknown,
Discovering the meaning of life,
making our knowledge grow.



***Life is too short to know about –
Anurup Das Sem 3***

Take a breath and loudly shout,

Life is too short to know about.

Don't tell a lie from your mouth!

Life is too short to know about.

Respect everyone without any doubt,

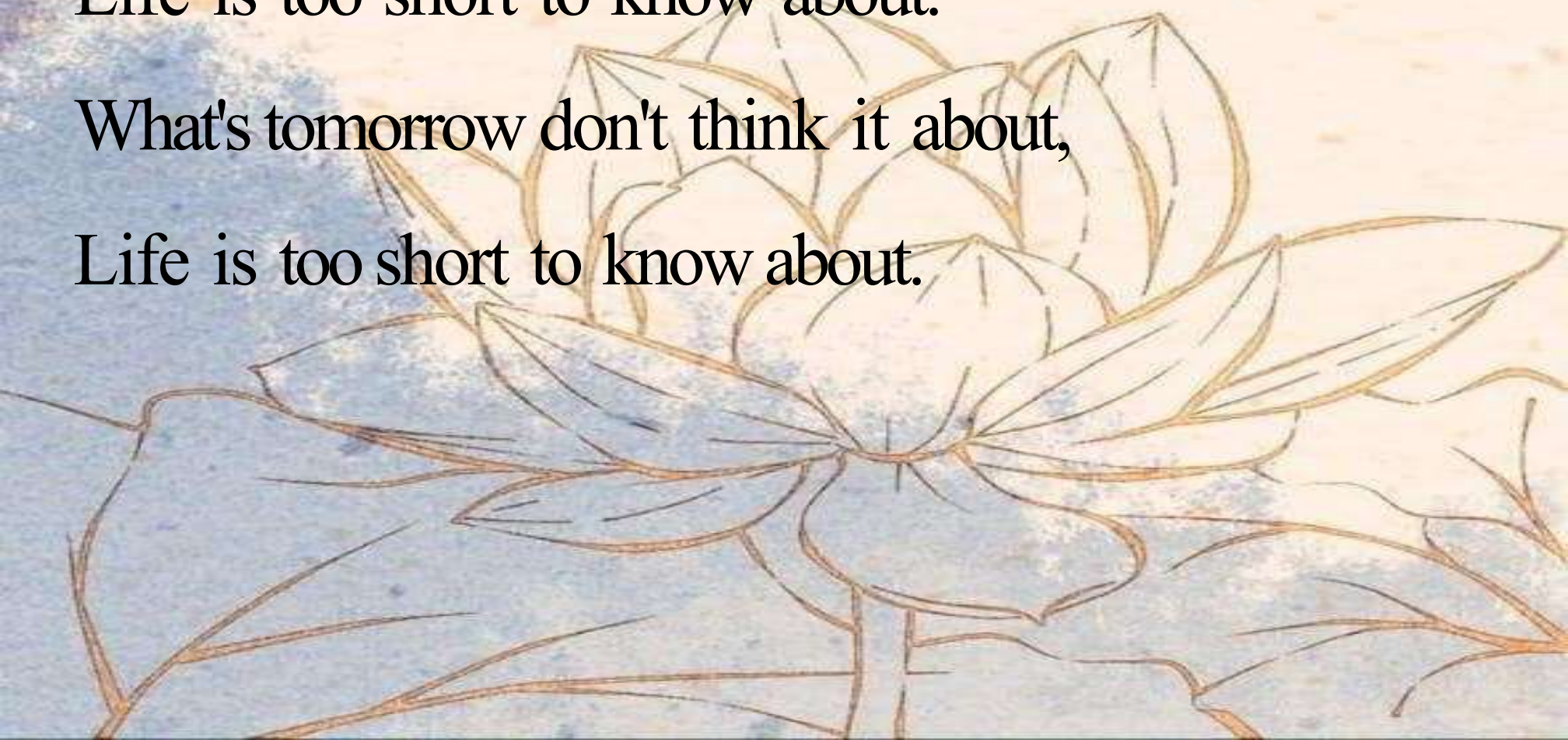
Life is too short to know about.

Forget sad things and chill out,

Life is too short to know about.

What's tomorrow don't think it about,

Life is too short to know about.



***My Beloved Electra –
Samrat Chakraborty Sem 3***

The winter aroma, and me by myself.

The roses why placed in curtailments of
routine?

For which eyes to commend?

For which soul to love?

For which dissent to paint red?

Why the bed wants you after the contempt?

Why is the abomination desired by the
sinner?

Does the sin hold the name love?

Is my hatred my stream of love?

How black my fate is, how I chose to
paint my life in your colours.

You lie naive.

I happen to be the intellectual.

Still if love prevails, may by God's grace

you be my sassy you

That day I will write a novel in your
heart.

Rickshaw puller – Aditya Narayan Sem 1

A Rickshaw puller slogs his
rickshaw,
And a rich man sits idly in the
seat.

He pulls the rickshaw all day,
but the rich man was enjoying the scenes today.

He drops his sweat from his head to toe,
but the sojourner was smoking some
cigarettes, a while ago.

He pulls his rickshaw on scorching road with bare
toes,
After reaching the destination he was handed ten
rupees,
And asked to go.

The paltry sum will yield him only some
rice,
But the sojourner will complete his,
Meal with meat cooked nice.



Teacher – Harsha Jaiswal Sem 1

My trainer , My guide,
You give me the knowledge wide,
We like you, we love you
You give us the wings to fly,
You show us the right path and tell us the right
things to do.
I always say teacher is god
Teacher is you.

Mother`s Love – Harsha Jaiswal Sem 1

Mother is the backbone of every
individual's life.

There is no love like a mother's love.
A mother's love is unconditional and
endless.

When needed by her children, a
mother's love will shine.

Mother's heart is filled with care.

When days on earth are over,

A mother's love lives on.

Be thankful for our mothers who
love with higher love,

The power God has given to our
mothers,

and strength from up above.



Money, Happiness and Love

-Pranab Mohanty Sem 1

In a village, the three close friends named, Money, Happiness and Love lived together in peace and unity. However, their lack of any proper source of income contributed to their increasing difficulty in bringing food to their table. As a result, they were often found roaming from village to village in desperate search of work.

One day they all went together to the village in their neighbourhood to continue their food search. However, at the end of the day, they felt highly disappointed as no one stepped forward to help them out. Meanwhile, they felt their bodies weakening due to starvation and hence, decided to sit under a palm tree and rest for a while.

As dusk began to settle in, the three friends noticed an old man walking down the lane towards his hut, with an axe in his hand. They approached the man and asked him kindly for some food. The old man was poor but very kind, so he asked them to come with him to his home and they all followed him inside.

The old man's wife instantly lit up at the sight of the guests as she considered their arrival to be a blessing. She eagerly asked them to come inside and settle in. However, the three friends suddenly came to an abrupt halt and shared a look of concern with each other. One of the friends informed the woman, "We three together cannot enter, so you have to choose any one of us."

Both the old man and his wife were perplexed by this predicament. However, the old man was an extremely intelligent person. He first thought of choosing money due to their financial crises, while his wife made the decision to choose Happiness, as they could enjoy the luxury of leading a happy life due to a lack of money.

However, both the old man and his wife did not settle on their initial decisions. After having a further discussion on this topic, they turned towards the three friends with a smile on their faces, as they asked Love to enter their home.

At this, Love smiled back at the old couple and shared a warm look with its friends as it entered the house with both Happiness and Money.

For Bob Dylan – Kakoli Sengupta

In a folk-filled realm, where words alight,
A troubadour of truth, a poetic knight.
Bob Dylan, your melodies enchant,
A poet's soul, forever gallant.

With your guitar, a weapon of choice,
Your voice, a clarion call, a velvet voice.
From the depths of your being, stories unfurled,
Weaving tales of love, justice, and the world.

"Blowin' in the Wind," a timeless plea,
Questioning the winds of change we see.
You sang of war, of civil rights,
An artist unafraid to fight.

From "Tangled Up in Blue," to "Forever Young,"
Each lyric, a melody bravely sung.
You painted portraits with your pen,
A wordsmith beyond compare, now and then.

Times they may change, but your legacy's secure,
A songwriter unparalleled, that's for sure.
With every strum, every line you wrote,
You touched the hearts of so many folk.

Bob Dylan, your influence profound,
A troubadour's spirit, forever renowned. Y
our words, a gift to the world's embrace,
A poetic legend in this earthly space.

Green Gold- translation by Rinjee Lama of Nepali poem “Hariyo Soon” by Tika Bhai

A tea bush

Should be seen in the soft light of the early morning sun.

The tender buds that shine like snow

Capture the warm scent of the youthful garden girls.

And nurtures an “Autumn Flavour”

Mangali – lives here

Her youth dies on foreign tongues as intoxicating nicotine.

This is what they call Green Gold.

In plastic gumboots, raincoats and bags they turn into

Hyptonized animals who walk every time they hear the siren blaze.

Their cheeks droop and fall as they walk

With dark circles under their eyes,

Yellowed bodies and sparkle free laugh.

Like a tiffin box that hangs from a cedar branch

Their stooping heads carry the weight of green gold.

Every single bush here carries the burden of thousands of dreams.

Nation!

That grips the scars of the colonized wounds,

Collected under the feet is a pool of fear.

Amidst this is anation of strange people

Which is named ‘Kamaan’

Here grows Green Gold.

Whose roots have spread across the courtyard of every house to the prayer room,

Whose roots have entered the minds and hearts of man.

The people stand holding hands

As if wading through a flood,

As if facing a natural disaster,

Without a son, without a daughter

who leave the village seeking employment.

And to cultivate their dreams

Stampeding the roots, stands

Green Gold.

Paintings



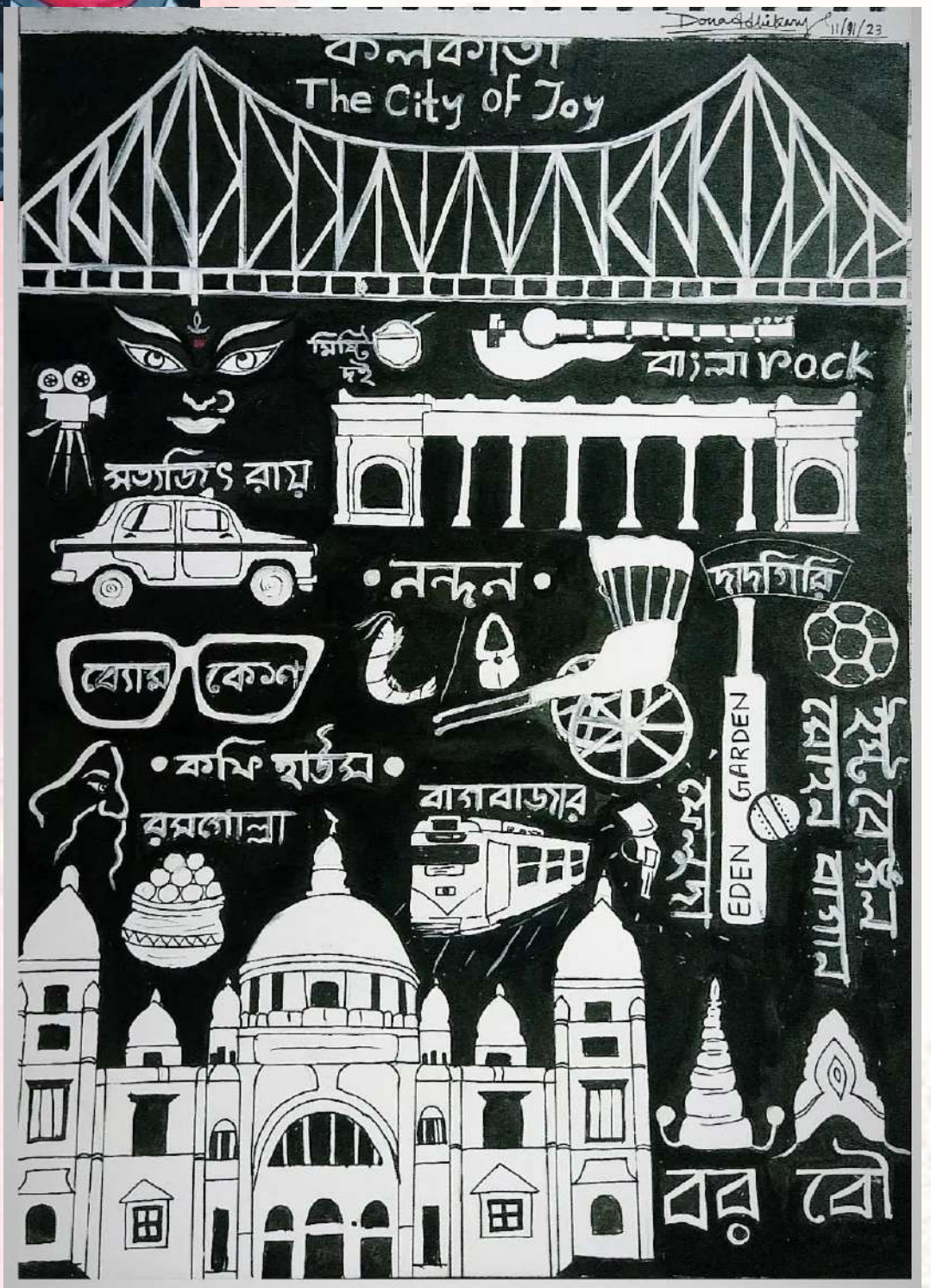
"Silence"

Anik Kumar Paul-Sem 5



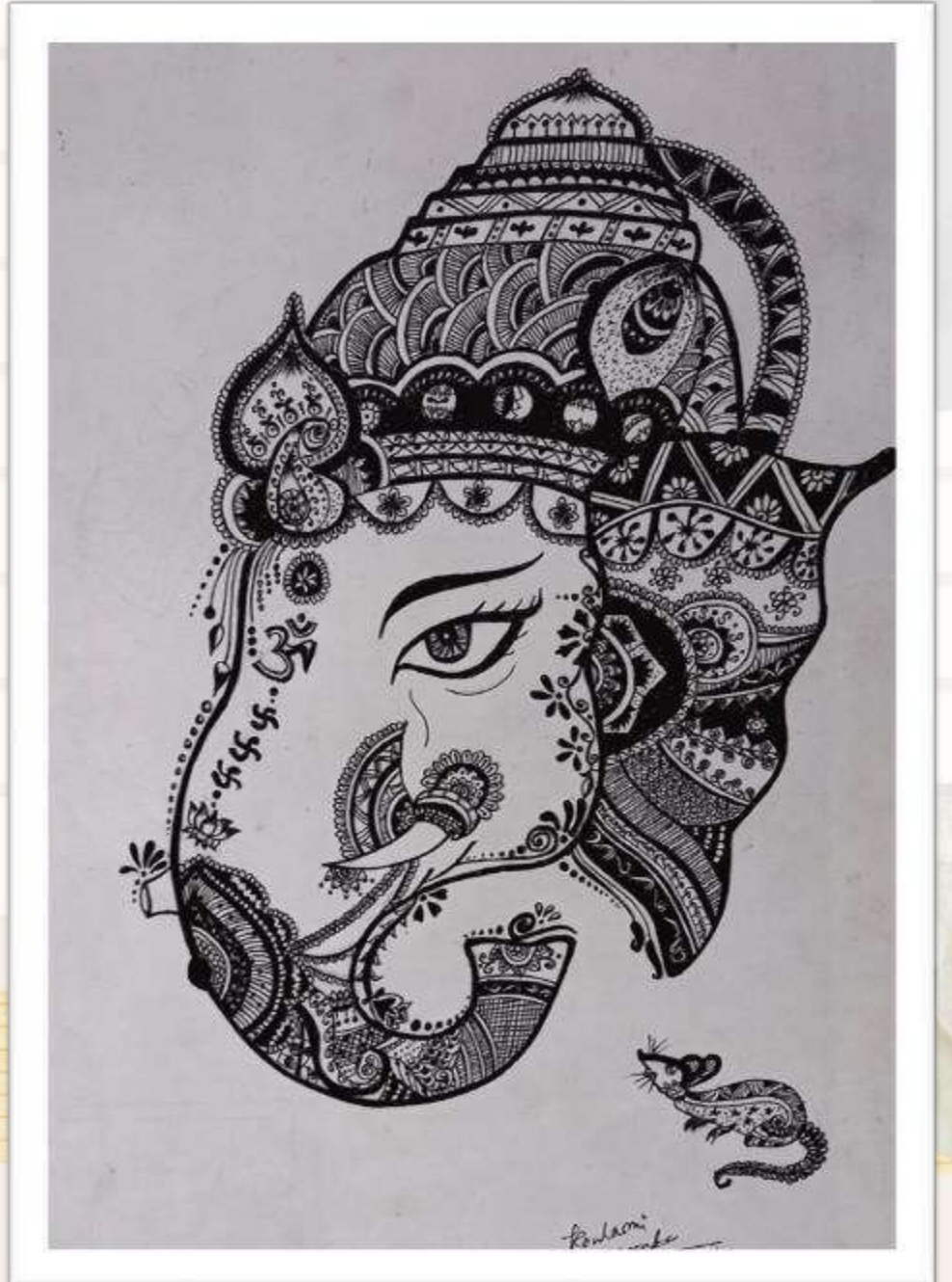


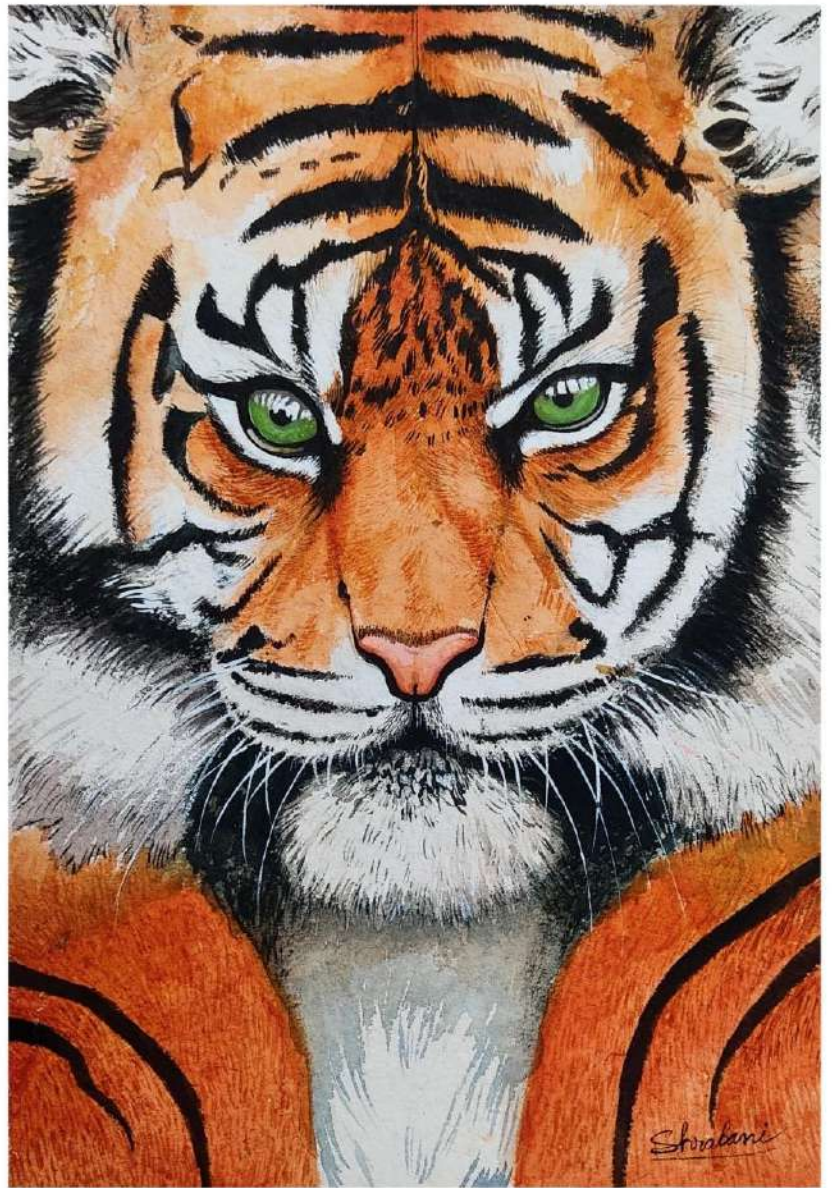
Dona Adhikary-Sem 3





Poulami Mondal
Sem 3



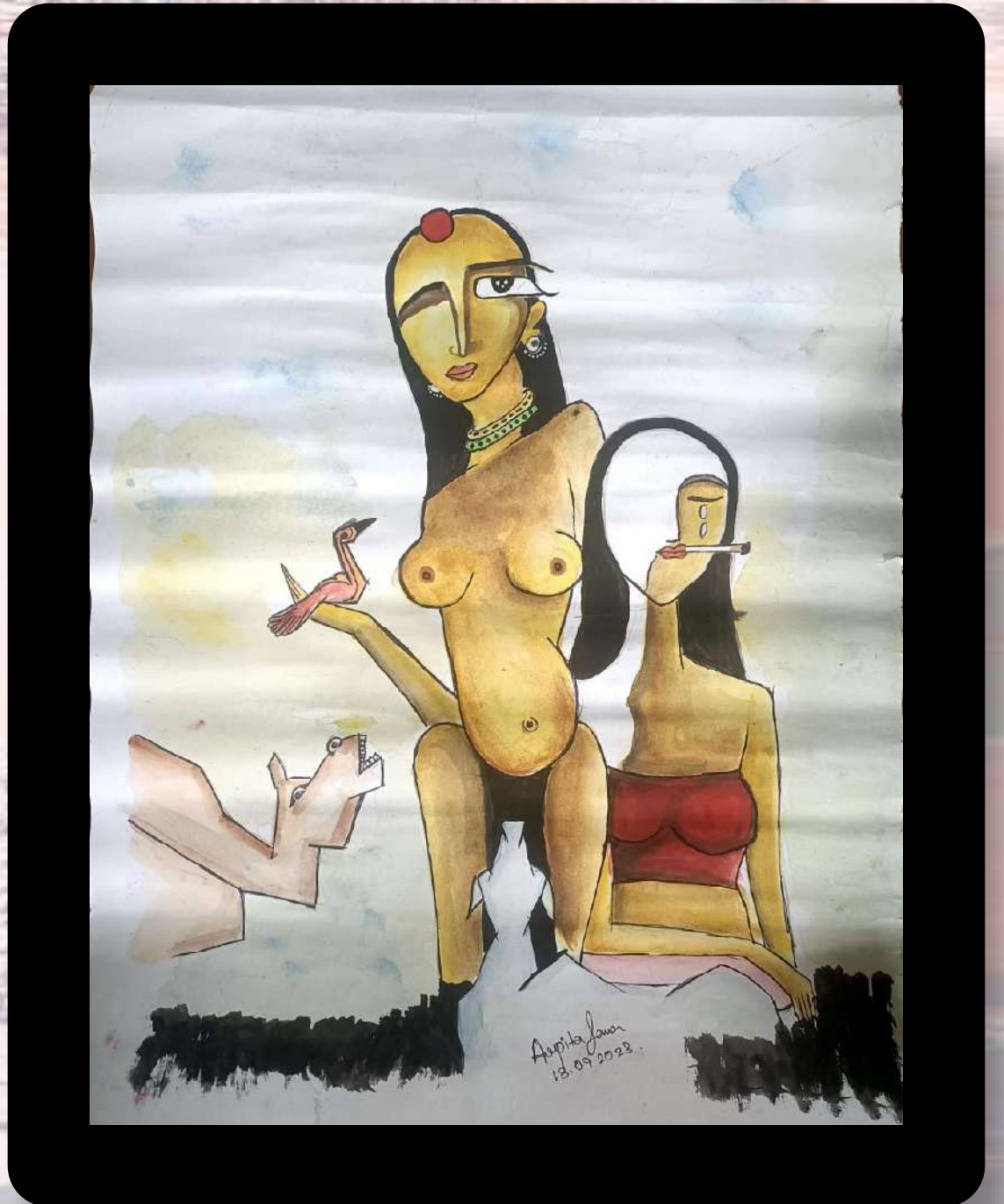


Shrabani Sikdar-Sem 3



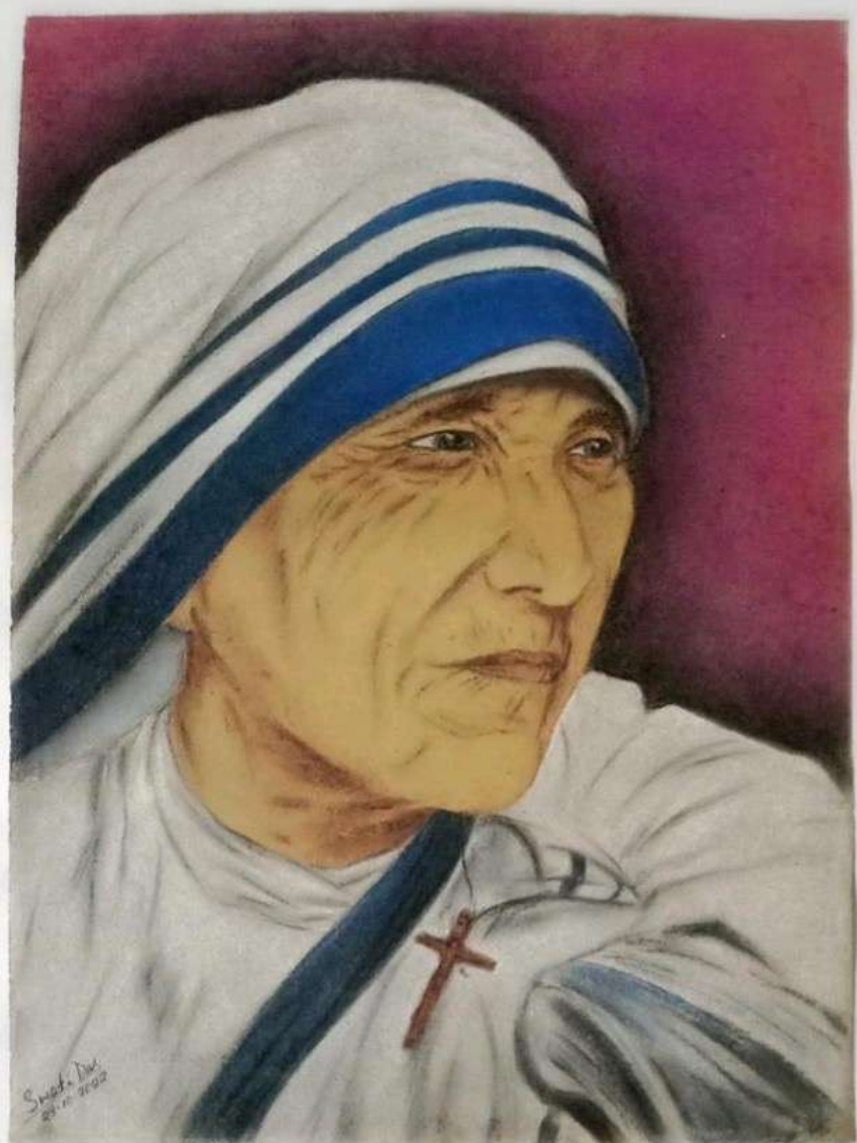
Shinjini Saha-Sem 5

Arpita Jana- Sem 3





Swati Das-Sem 3



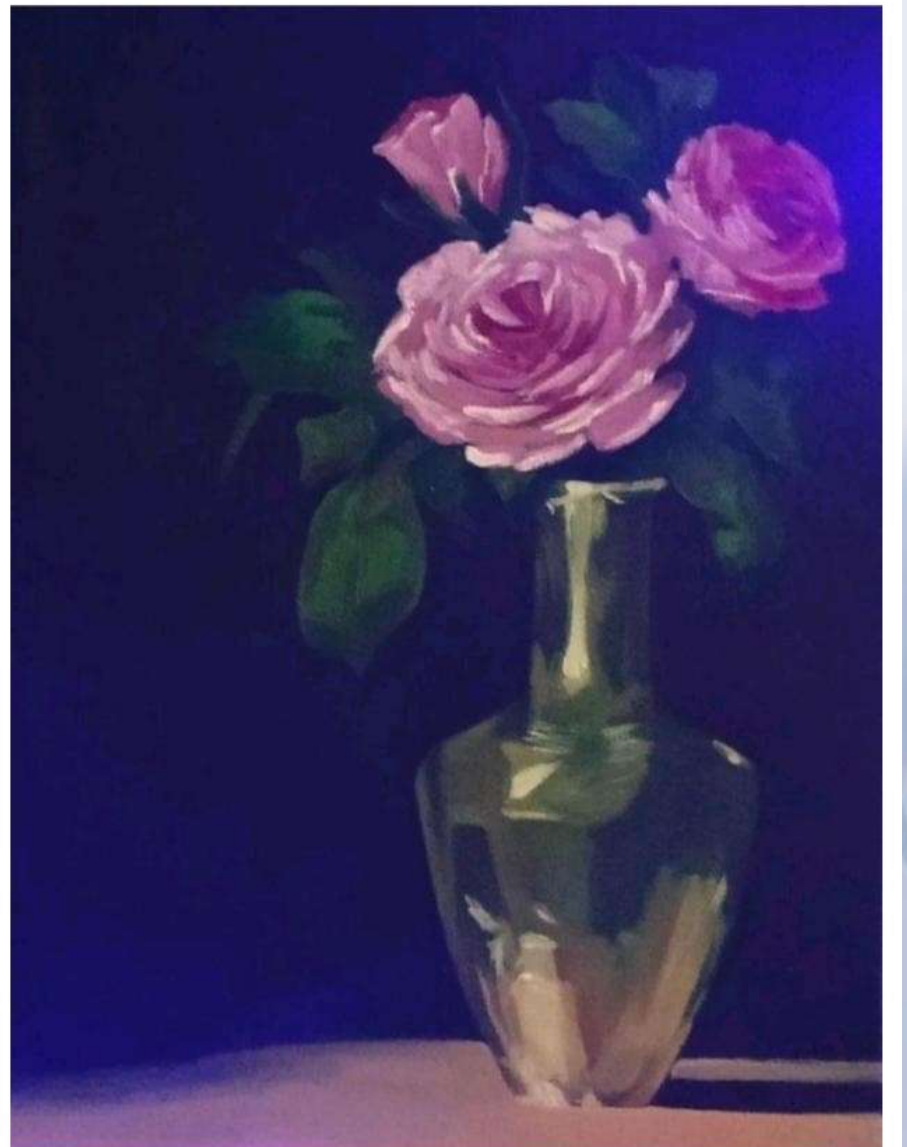


Sumouli Adak-Sem 3





Sneha Sen-Sem 1

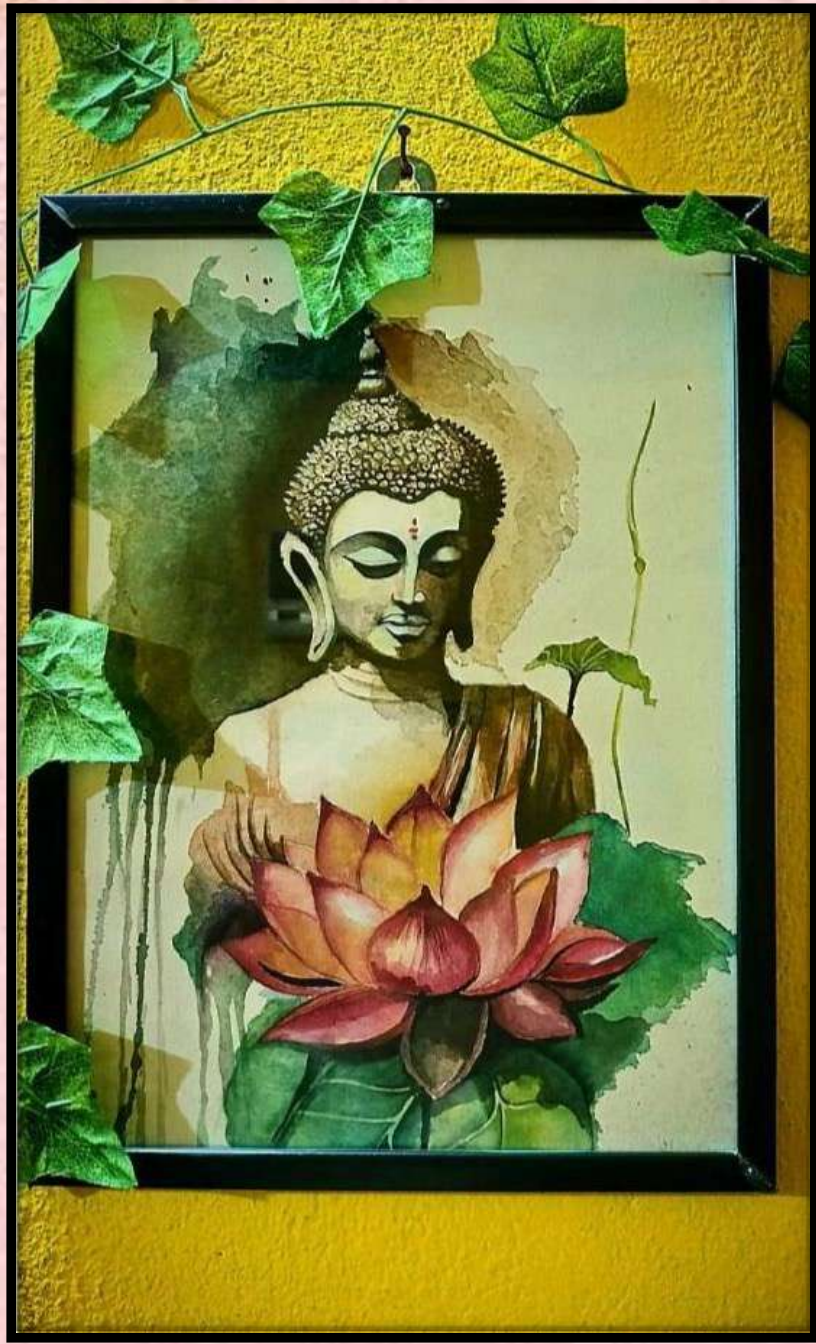




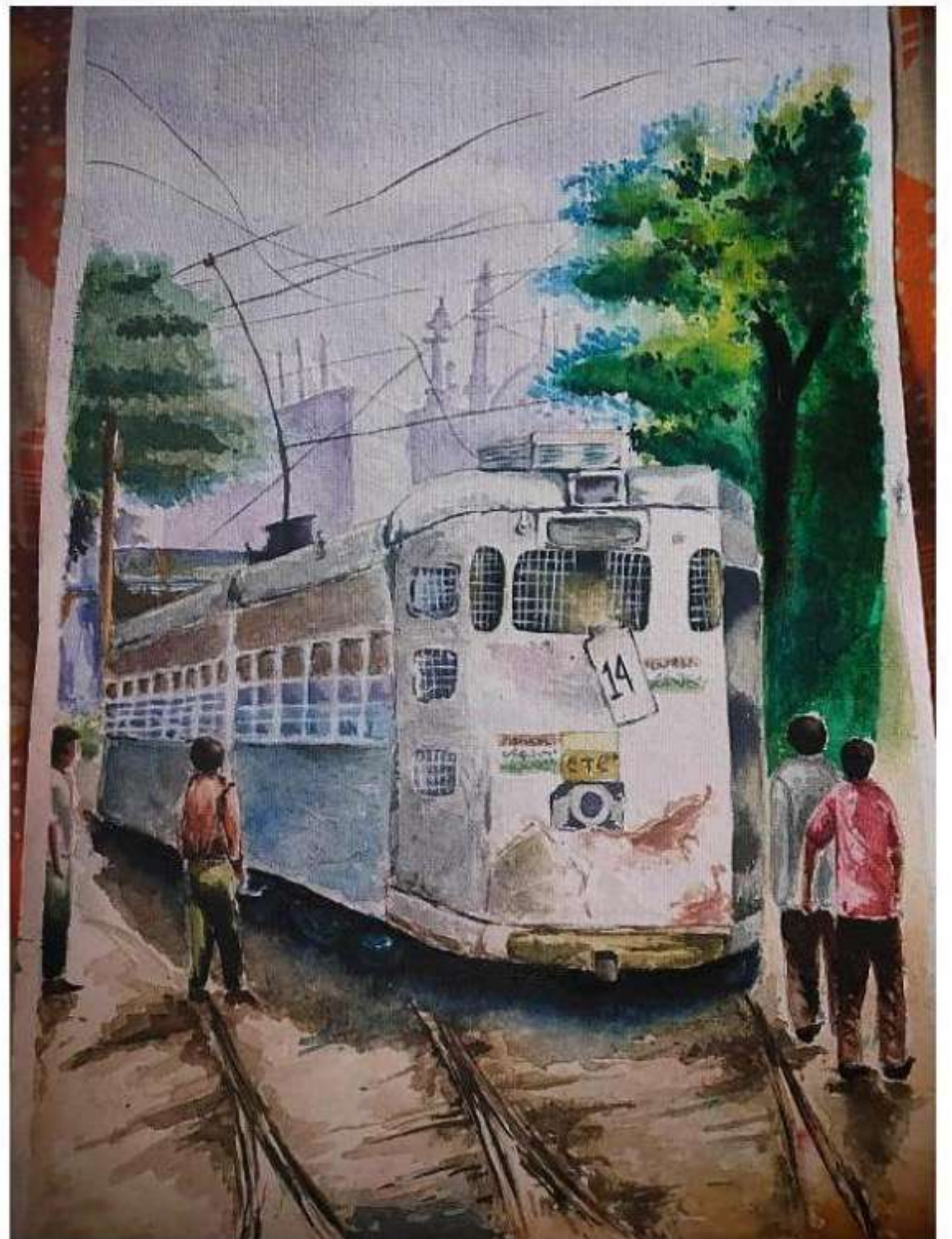
Pritam Ghosh-Sem 3

Satyam Seth-Sem 3





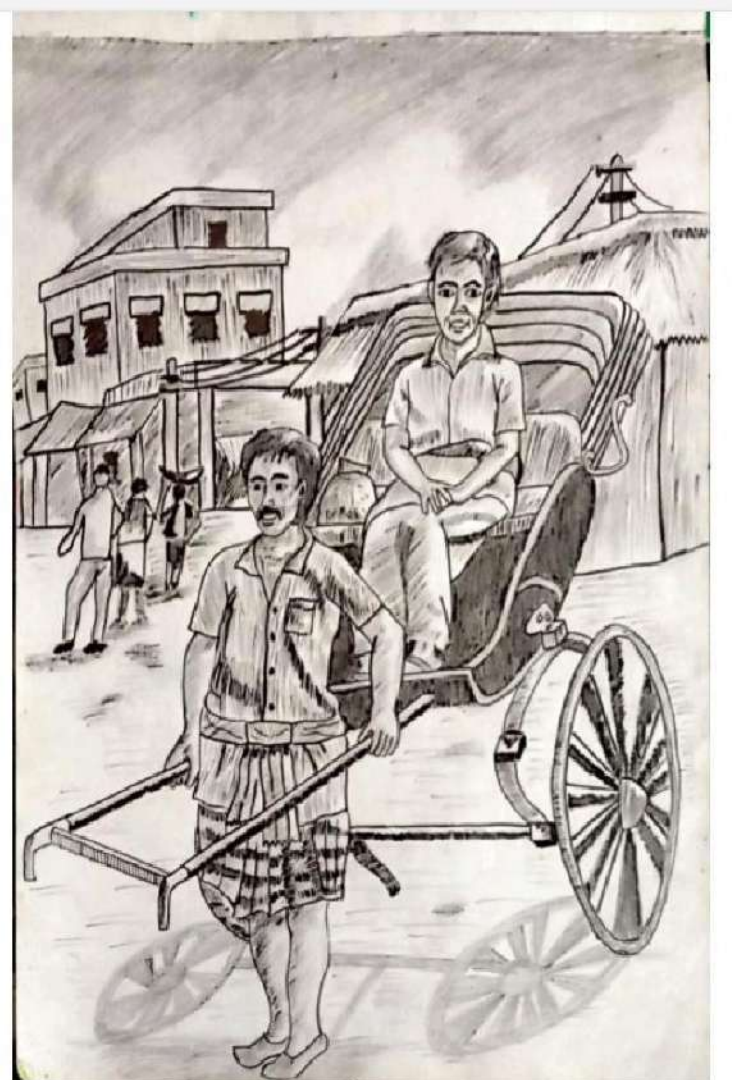
Arnabi Saha- Sem 1





Kashish Singh-Sem 1

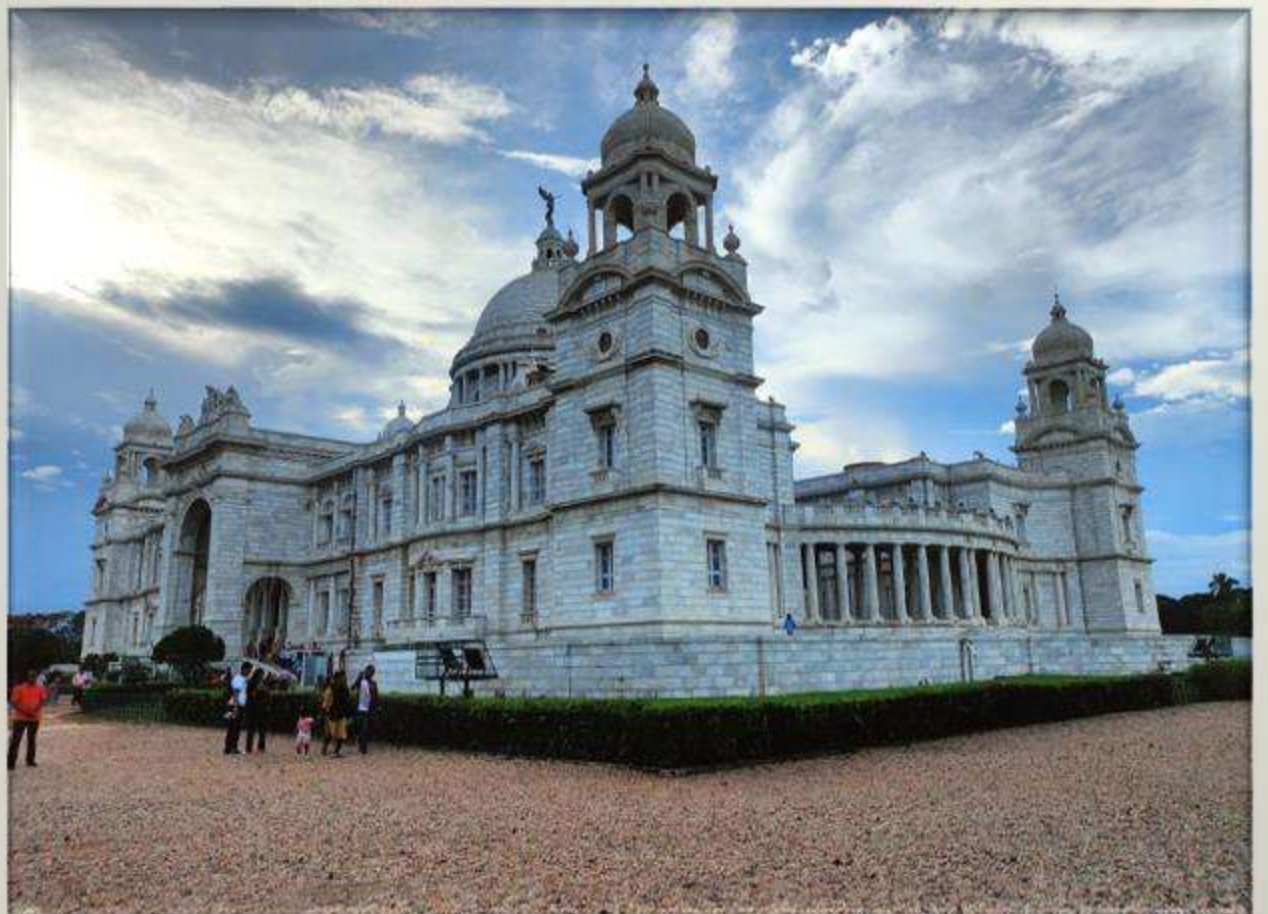
*Pranab Mohanty
Sem 1*



Photography



Satyam Seth
Sem 3





Satyam Seth-Sem 3





Saptami Bose-Sem 3





Anik Kumar Paul-Sem 5



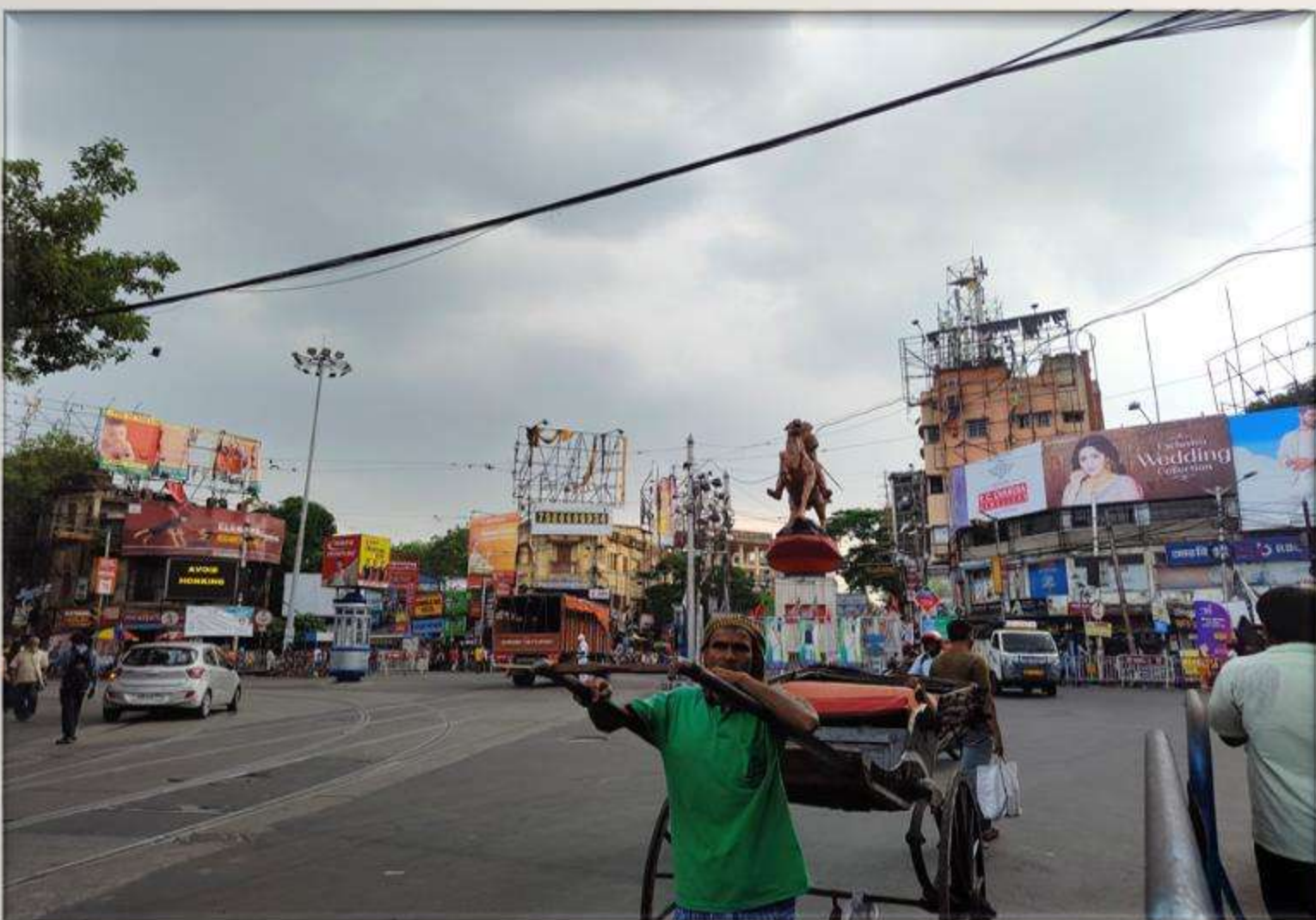


Pranab Mohanty-Sem 1





Puja Das-Sem 5





DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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Khudiram Bose Central College

71/2A, Bidhan Sarani, Kolkata-700006