



GENESIS OF POSSIBILITIES

Every new beginning is an unwritten page, not empty but thriving with possibility. Like literature, a new beginning is never merely an origin; it is an invitation to interpretation, critical thinking, and metamorphosis. In the chapters of a university, each academic year opens such a page, where every classroom becomes an exchange of perceptions, every question an insight into an intellectual journey, and every learner identifies as both reader and author of an unfolding intellectual expedition.

It is within these shared narratives that curiosity matures into wisdom, and ideas transcend the boundaries of the page to shape perspectives and purpose. As each chapter unfolds, the pursuit of knowledge becomes not only an academic endeavor but also a lifelong story of growth, discovery, and transformation.



SHUBH AARAMBH

The commencement of this academic year through Shubh Aarambh was symbolic of the genesis of possibility. As students turned the pages into another chapter of learning, they also entered a renewed pledge with intellectual curiosity, commitment, and discipline.

Such beginnings are of special importance to the Department of English. In literature, it is always assumed that the ending comes before the beginning. That there are texts without words that no one reads, and every page turned is one in which someone is hoping for something greater.



BLESSING CEREMONY OF AIRPORT ROAD CAMPUS

The Airport Road Campus of Kristu Jayanti (Deemed to be University) embodies the genesis of possibilities, inspiring learning, growth, and transformation. The magnificent building is home to innovative ideas and enriching conversations and becomes a centre of learning community. In this spirit, Jayantian Epistles, the newsletter of the department, continues, but it also serves as a history of a developing intellectual community. In all classrooms is the possibility of discovery, in all conversations is the possibility of understanding, in all questions is the possibility of innovation, and each learner is the possibility of transformation. As we move into a new page of Jayantian chapters, may we keep remembering and carrying forward the values that have formed us. May we keep welcoming the horizons that are calling us to. May our scholarship be intense, our creativity limitless, and our compassion boundless.

— Editorial Team

CREATIVE CORNER

WE DESERVE SUNSHINE

I look at lovers holding hands and then not.
Always a fling and never intact.
I knew love has the potential
To create, inspire, and fall apart
But it always gets the best of us.

I look to the sky cursing it,
Not knowing I could be filled with emotions
So intense, so blood thirsty,
All because the world chose to be mean.
A billion of us, yet it chose you.

I look at you, oh so sweet,
With so much love inside of you,
But you were made to believe quite the contrary.
Love could never be yours to hold,
So you sit there, waiting for it to find you.

Now I look at a reflection, so different.
Yet, isn't she the same girl?
Love was always something never in the stars for her,
Because no one could decode her head maze,
Neither could she do it for herself.

Maybe it's true when they say,
Two souls meant to meet are bound to meet.
With careful steps, you walked in and chose to stay, I never knew why.
And you say I came in with the love you searched for,
Complicated still, yet everything you've ever wanted.

Though this sounds like how it is in the movies,
We're still haunted by what was written,
Maybe it was beautiful in its eerie ways,
But it definitely built up solid walls - of
insecurity and hurt, scarred deep within.

Both hearts don't know what love feels like,
One broken by expectation, the other shattered by hopes.
But maybe this could be the legendary plot twist,
The one that consumes us whole,
And I hope we get to create our happy ending.

ANCIA LILY LEWIS
24JPEB04



"A farewell to familiar hills, carrying home in my heart as I return back to campus. As the mountains fade beneath the clouds, I leave behind my home and carry all the memories that I hold close to my heart."

SEVEVO SWURO
24JPEA48



A MISSED CALL

Oh, what I would have done
to have received a missed call from you, Dad.
To hear your voice
for one more time.
To know that you love me
as much as I do,
or maybe more?
To know that I will always be
your little girl,
and you,
my superhero.
A missed call
might have fixed it all.
To know that we share
the same pain,
might have helped me know
that I'm not going insane.
One missed call
is all I want,
and all you know now
are my missed birthdays.

ANGELINE BINU MATHEW
24JPEB05





MADHUBANI PAINTING

Domestic art practices are at the heart of India's rural communities, representing traditions and primitive impulse. Madhubani painting, is an ancient form of art that emerged thousands of years ago, depicting stories from epics like, Ramayana and Mahabharata in the geographical belt of North Bihar and Uttar Pradesh. This art of antiquity was usually practiced by women to decorate their houses and walls. With time, this art form was commercialized and comprehended as a form of folk art representing society, culture and mythological stories. The commercialisation of this art form contributed to the knowledge on Indian traditions, permeating to the market oriented goods of garments, upholstery, tableware, bookmarks, and other modern utilities. The popularity of folk art genres have resulted in the decentralisation of elite artistic cultures, encouraging an understanding of shared cultural identities.



For hobby per se, Madhubani painting is being practiced by artists in India on paper using round brushes and acrylic colours. These above paintings are done on white chart papers, using 0 power round brushes and a black marker pen.

The expressive patterns in Madhubani paintings can be found in the thematic implementation of symbols, murals of sun, moon, leaves, birds or natural elements and traditional lifestyles, with repetition of geometrical shapes. However, the debate remains that the commercialisation of this timeless art form is decontextualizing its history and promoting standardisation?



DR. BARNASHREE KHASNOBIS
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR



"Where sunlight fades and the sky lingers a little longer."



SHREYA S SANTOSH
24JPEA51

BETWEEN THE BEATS

The stage lit up as I began to perform,
My soul wrung and spun to the beats.
Of the drum.
I broke off my toes to fit her ballet slippers.
Poured my life into performing just to see
Her chipper.
Then my ear caught the sounds of a hum,
It sounded like freedom gently whispering, Run.
“What are you doing?”, Consistency screeched,
My heart dropped because I’d skipped a beat.
Yet I felt like whirling and hurling off my shoes,
As I frolic across the backstage,
Until my feet bleed out from not following
Her rules.
That’s when I saw a glimpse of his face.
Inconsistency grinned and blew me
A kiss with the wind.
Sometimes, when the beat slows down, I feel
A trace of his lips on my skin.
Consistency smiled, she had me beguiled.

JEMIMA JIM MATHEW
24ENGA04



“Chasing waves, finding peace.”

DEEPIKA HARISHANKAR SELVAN
24JPEB13

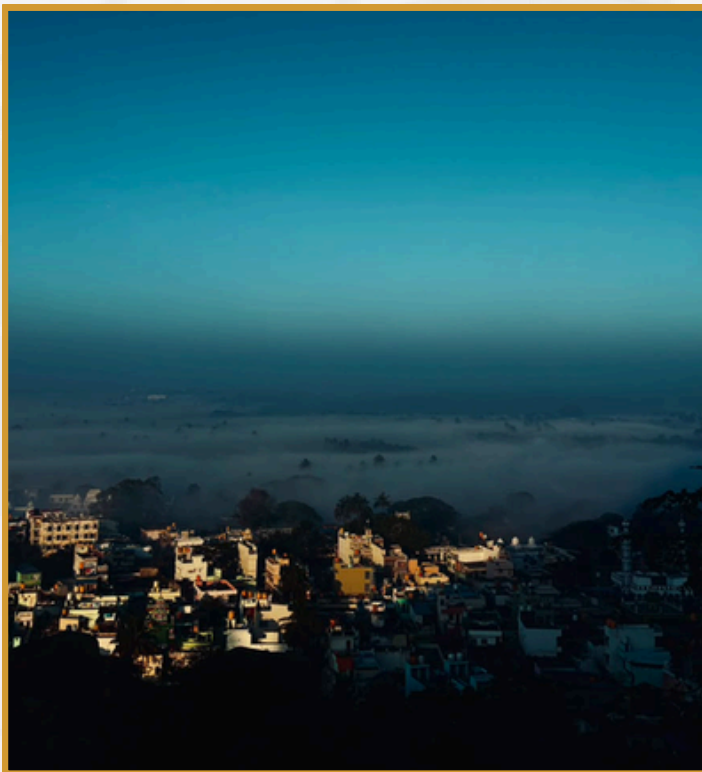


ELIAHU

By the word of the Lord, the heavens
were made.
That summer eve I looked upon
heavens
The eye of the sky, in a slumber sunk
low
The canopy above wove a tapestry
alive,
It bled an orange red
It stitched a pretty pink and out grew
a blue, and a white glowing bright,
And the clouds reflected all, of the
beauty’s mighty sight
And all the while, the wind, whispered
in my ears,
A still small voice on the Mount of
Horeb
I looked up and saw Orion’s Belt and
the chains of the Pleiades,
I drifted out of thought and time.
I braced myself like a man and had
not a word to say.
I breathed in and out.

YHWH
YHWH

JEREMY DANIEL
24JPEA24



“Where the sky meets silence.”

EDLYN ROSE JOSE
24JPEB16

