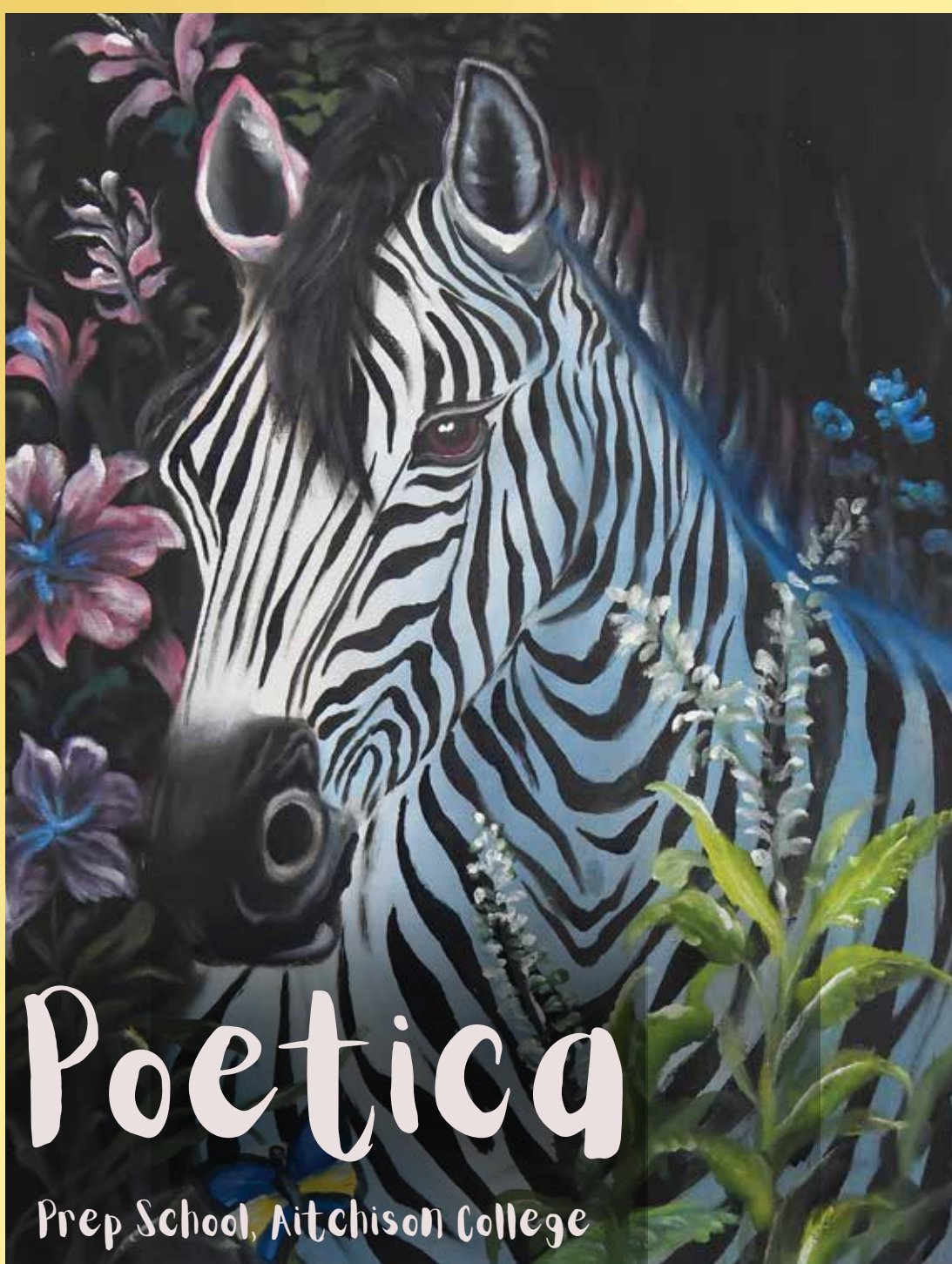




# Poetica

Prep School, Aitchison College

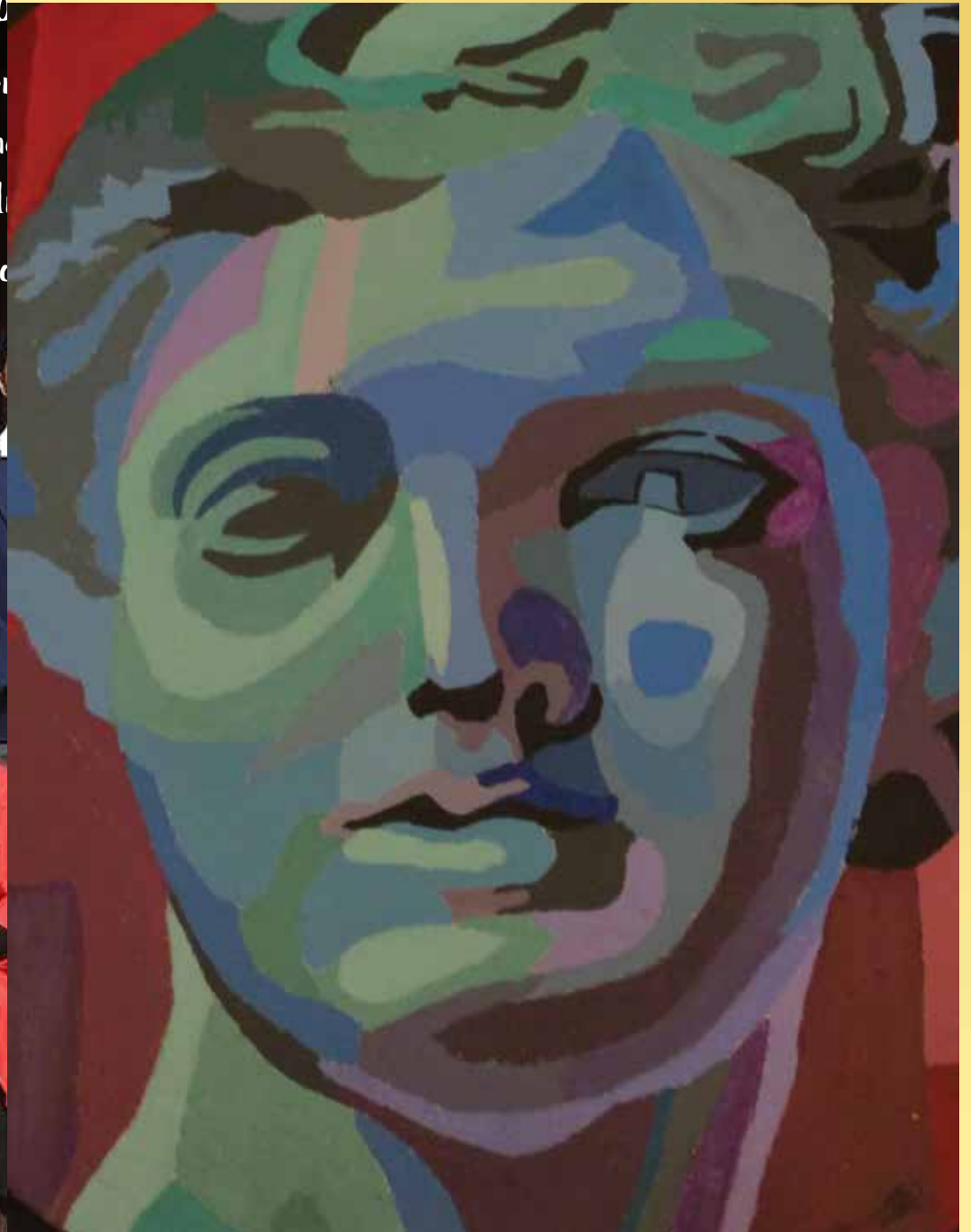


# Poetica

Prep School, Aitchison College

# Poetica Editorial Board Group Photo

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Mr. Muhammad Tariq Jamil (Deputy Head)  
L to R (Standing) : Abdullah Dareshak, Syed



## 21. Lonely Star

Zain Shafi, M2F3

Out there is the lonely star,  
The only one that is so far,  
Only visible in the dark of night,  
Shining bright with all its might,

Far away from all its peers,  
The one that no one hears,  
Somber and light against the horizon all black,  
Yet, it's difficult to see what it lacks,

Loneliness is good,  
For it makes us brighter under our hood,  
And if the hood is lifted,

The lonely star's imperfections will be sifted,  
The lonely star shines brightest alone,  
The most beautiful thing that has ever been shown.

## Graph (Academic Session 2024-2025)

n Nasir, Mr. Faizan Haider (Staff Advisor),  
cipal), Raja Ashfaq Ahmad (Headmaster),  
master), Syed M. Aaliyan Zaidi, Musa Hayee  
l M. Nadir Ali Sherazi, M. Shayaan Saqib



## FOREWORD

*As editors, we are delighted to present the second edition of Aitchison College Prep School's annual English poetry magazine, Poetica. This edition is filled with vibrant voices of our inventive student poets. It encapsulates the spirit of imagination, emotion, and self-exploration that elucidates the essence of poetry. Each poem is a testament to the distinctive voices within our student body, and we are proud to showcase the artistry that flourishes within the walls of Aitchison College.*

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### ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

Syed Nadir Ali Sherazi

Raja Asad Saeed (Cover)



## 20. Let chaos reign!

Syed Ayaan Rizvi, M2F1

Not all that burns will endure,  
Not all that shines is truly pure.  
Upon the precipice, we see:  
Not every spark was meant to be.

The brightest heat consumes the air,  
While softer stars with patience fare.  
They wait, they watch for those who know  
That even glow must dim below.  
Not all that gleams ascends the skies—  
Some fires are strong, though less they rise.  
Let fires rage on, let embers fall,  
Let the heavens dim, turn cold to all.  
We shall not chase their fickle heat,  
For the fire that lasts is cool, complete.  
Let the world tremble, let stone and clay  
Break as the earth begins to fray.  
Yet in the stillness, soft and slow,  
A truer spark begins to grow.  
Let chaos reign, let storms converge,  
Let fire consume the mortal surge.  
Yet do know, not every glow must flare—  
In silence, you shall find it there.  
Thy soul shall bear the night's dark weight,  
And what you claim shall illuminate.

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# 1. Poverty

**Arham Nawaz Memon, M1G2**

**Hungry faces strive for more  
But fail to receive, just like before  
Drowning in a pool filled with pain  
Where nothing but miseries are allowed to rain**

**They stand in the streets, line by line  
Waiting for just, a tiny little sign  
Stomachs are empty, clothes are thin  
It feels like a war, hard to win**

**The rich and famous, forget to see  
The troubles of kids who are hungry and weak  
Sheltered behind their locked gates,  
They do not care to see the poverty rates**

**Everything seems so hard to find,  
Yet they still walk with resilience in their mind  
Hope rises in their fierce hearts  
Even when they have nothing in their carts**

**The tides will turn, their time will come  
When no one will be hungry, and life will be fun**



# 19. Life at a New School

Aahil Saleem Nasir, M2F2

Going to a new school  
can really make you feel like a fool  
And deep inside my soul  
I wanted everyone to think I was cool

Misgivings line up in my head,  
Filling my heart and soul with dread,  
Making hard for me not to shed  
Shed a tear  
out of fear  
Its ok, the end is near  
But I would still never dare  
To ever ask anyone to share

My peers stare at me to no end  
While the pathway stretches forth with no bend  
I wonder if someone will hand a pencil for me to lend  
The unfamiliarity gnaws at me  
Like an unsightly and ugly scab on the knee  
A grey gloominess stretching out as far as I can see



## **2.Time**

**Aahil Saleem Nasir, M2F2**

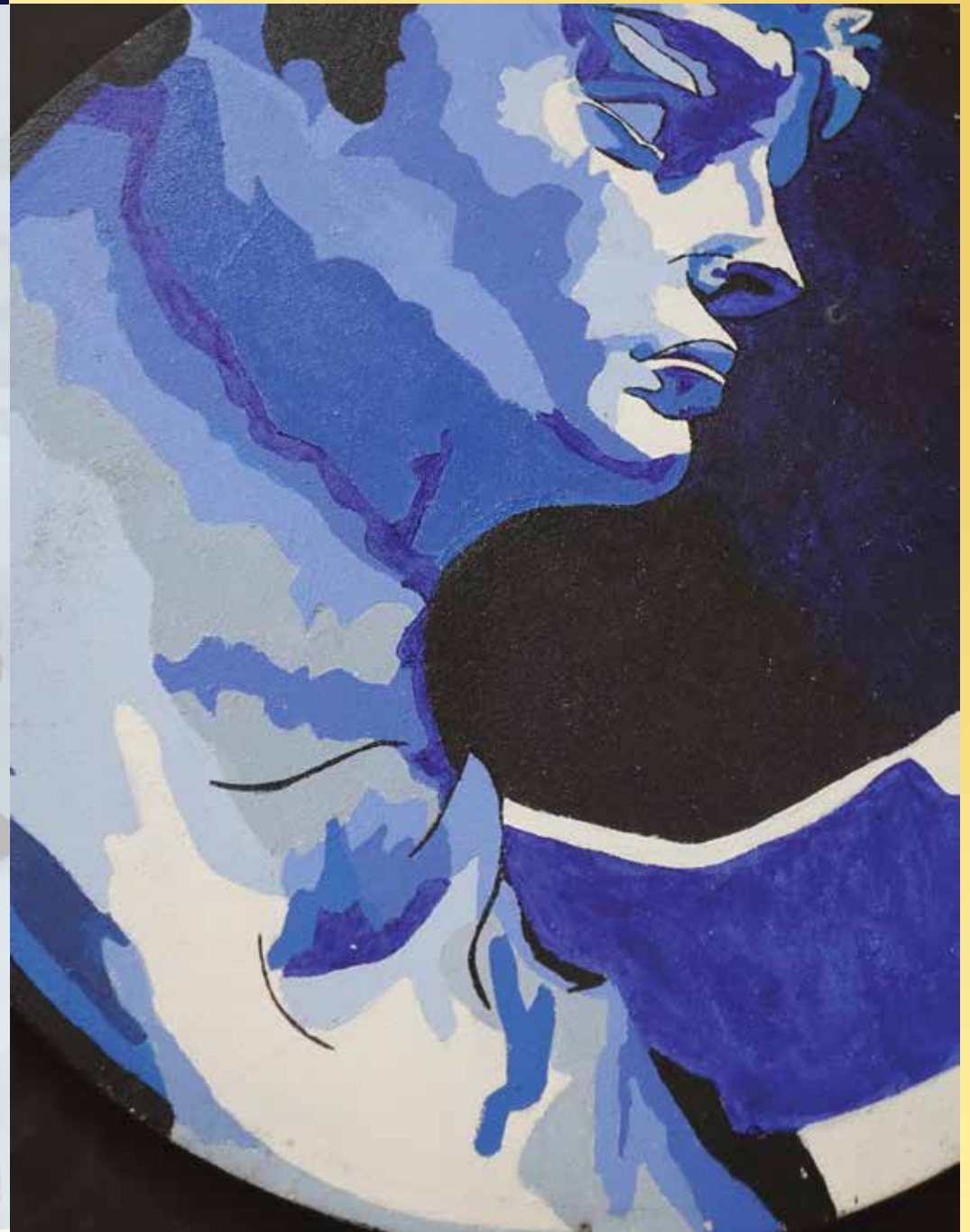
**Time, oh time, where did it go,  
Leaving behind a tale of woe.**

**Once shinning ever so bright,  
Now knowing anything but a limitless fright.**

**Time oh time, where did it go,  
From up to down, high to low.**

**Once a toddler, now all grown,  
Leaving me but disillusioned and alone.**

**The essence I seek lies in nothing else,  
But in time alone, and time itself.**



# 18. Tyrant of Time

Syed Nadir Ali Shirazi, M2F1

Beyond the ticking hands, the tyranny of Time,  
Its march was eternal, yet its mercy sparse.  
From the first breath drawn to the final chime,

It claimed each life, yet left its scars—  
An architect of endings, bleak or sublime.  
Time arose unbidden, the sovereign unseen,  
With no beginning to mark, no end to seek.

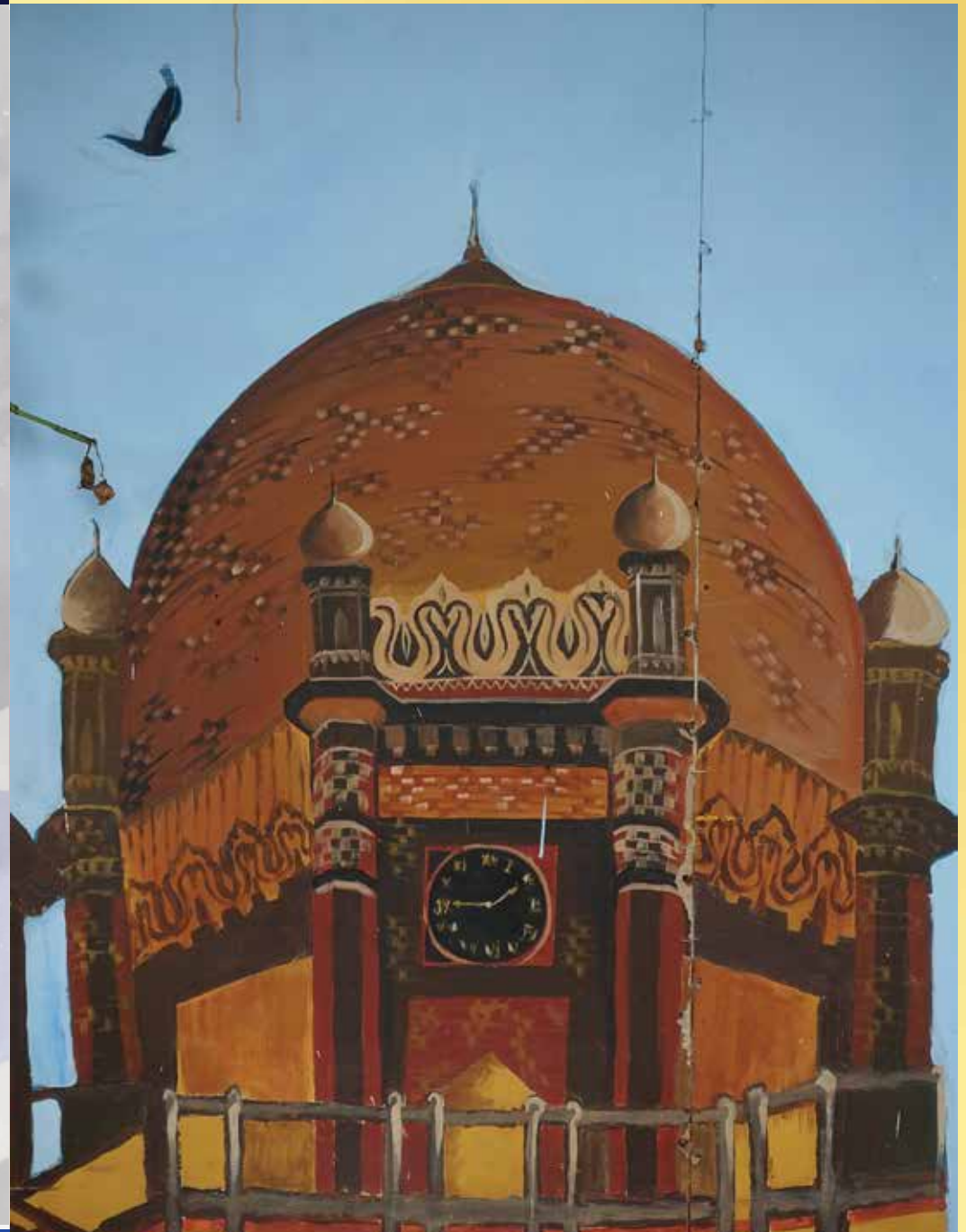
It built the world, unhurried yet keen,  
And rendered all equal: the mighty, the meek,  
Shaping ages with a hand so serene.

Time gave us the gift of a fleeting now,  
Yet Memory returned to the graves of then.  
Each moment was lived, though none knew how,  
Until it was swallowed and rewritten again—

The living forgot; the past took its vow.  
Time's tyranny led to the dread of the end,  
A ceaseless river that wore stone to sand.  
Its waters, unyielding, refused to bend,  
Yet Memory, cunning, would take a stand,  
For it could reshape what Time could not mend.

But Time was not cruel; it simply was.  
It gave no solace, yet it offered the new.  
And Memory was not kind; it worked with flaws,  
Turning fact to fiction, the honest to the untrue—  
Both masters of man, yet neither the cause.

Oh, let us rise, beyond their thrall,  
To cherish the moment, unclaimed, untamed.  
For Time and Memory, though they bind us all,  
Shall neither be bowed to, nor ever blamed—  
For we are the weavers, the makers of it all.



### **3. Teenage**

**Abdur Rehman Azim Khan, M2A1**

**In the mirror, changes start to show,  
No need to worry, it's all a part of the flow.**

**Emotions swirl up like a raging sea,  
Finding yourself who you're meant to be.**

**In the hallways, glances and whispers abound,  
Struggling to embrace catharsis, yet unfound.**

**We'll feel insignificant and all so small,  
For our confidence will soon take a considerable fall.**

**Gradually we'll learn to rise and grow,  
Cause all this is yet a part of the flow.**

**Fearing rejection, craving perfection,  
Life after all is just a misconception.**



## 17. Somewhere on a misty road...

Syed Umar Shah, M2F1

The raging river steals my eyes,  
And it asks for a kiss,  
Waiting feels my cries,  
What the heck is this?

I know the peril of my actions,  
I know the storms,  
People talk about fortune's tactics,  
While I wonder if I'll ever see tomorrow's sun.

Everyone treads upon life's path,  
And my path is a road in the dark,  
I can't see, think or breathe if you may ask,  
With a mist looming in every task.

They say they run empires with ultimate precision,  
And I can't seem to make just one decision,  
Perhaps my brain pours only mist and fog,  
Or perhaps I'm just missing a cog.



## 4. Reality

Altan Jawad Gillani, M2F1

Letting feelings flow nowadays is like treason,  
The world is lost, besides a lucky few.

Everyone fights an internal battle,  
For one who wins, a hundred lose.

Most can see no further or away,  
Than the dark clouds above them that sway.

But a few witness the sun's bright shine,  
And ballads and tales are written on those,  
who witness its golden hue.

Inside runs a raging river anew,  
If allowed to flow, it becomes the truth about you.



# 16. Silent Storm

Abdur Rehman Azim Khan, M2A1

In the dead of night a light flashes,  
As in the angry clouds electricity clashes.

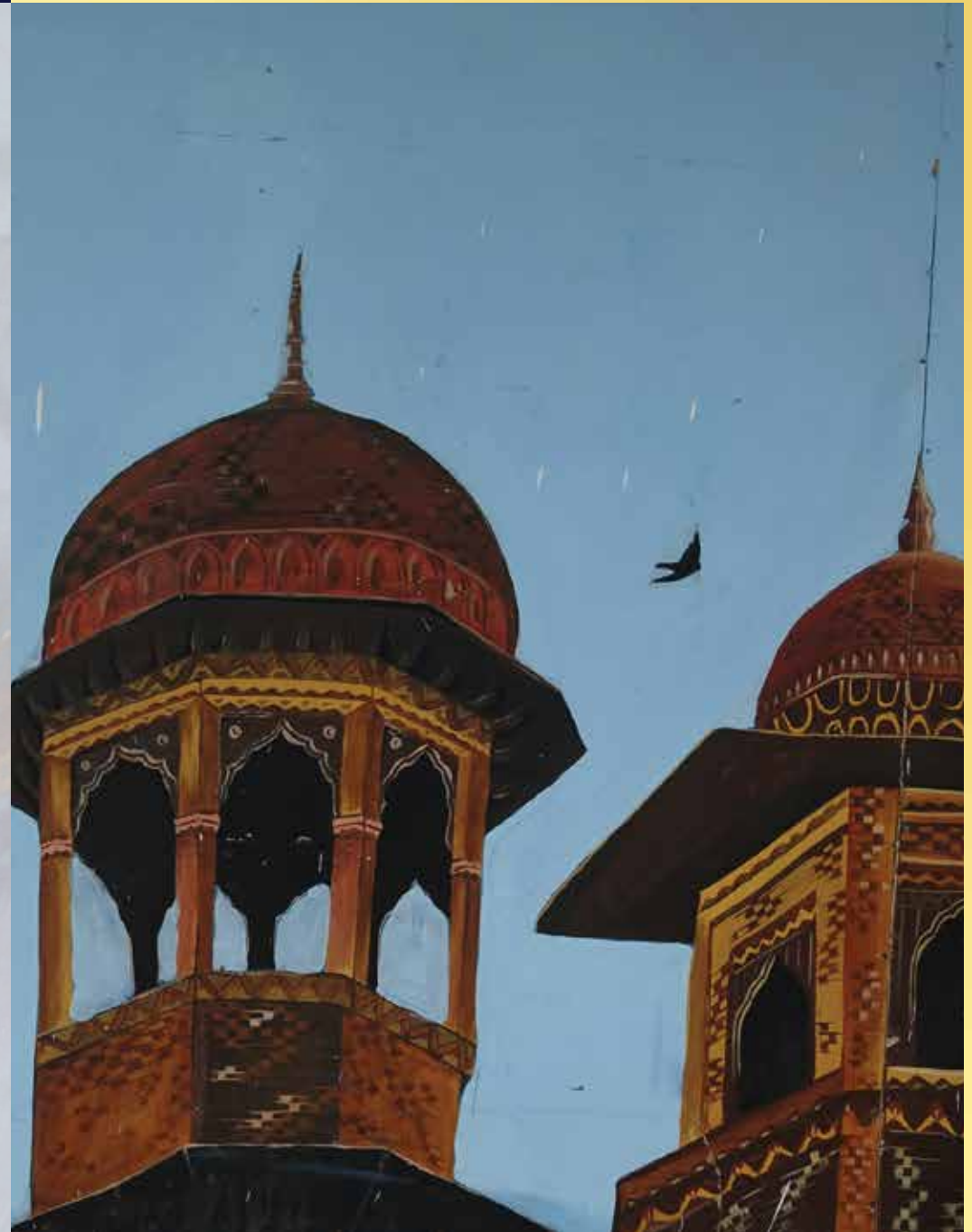
Lightning flashing,  
But no thunder crashing.

The clouds flicker with a luminescence,  
As the sound of thunder is an unknown essence.

Rains overflow the mighty mud,  
And in the streets approaches a rapid flood.

All this is part of a silent storm,  
Where nothing is spared or let to be born.

Soon little earthworms emerge from the moist soil,  
As lightning clashes with every tin and foil.



## 5. Mask

Fuad Zaman Khan, E2CG

The actor for the movie loved wearing the mask prop,  
So much so that it would just pop,  
Even when helpers tried to take it off,  
The actor would lie to them that he still had a task,  
Until once the actor finally wanted to take it off,  
But now the mask wouldn't budge and all would laugh,  
So he felt as if he should go to a judge,  
For the actor thought that someone glued it to his face,  
But soon he realized the mask was his real face.



# 15. World Unkind

**Musa Alam, M1F4**

**Watch! Observe, but never touch,  
Deny thy self, such fruitless lust,  
It is not nature that made you frail,  
But warped justice that made senses fail.**

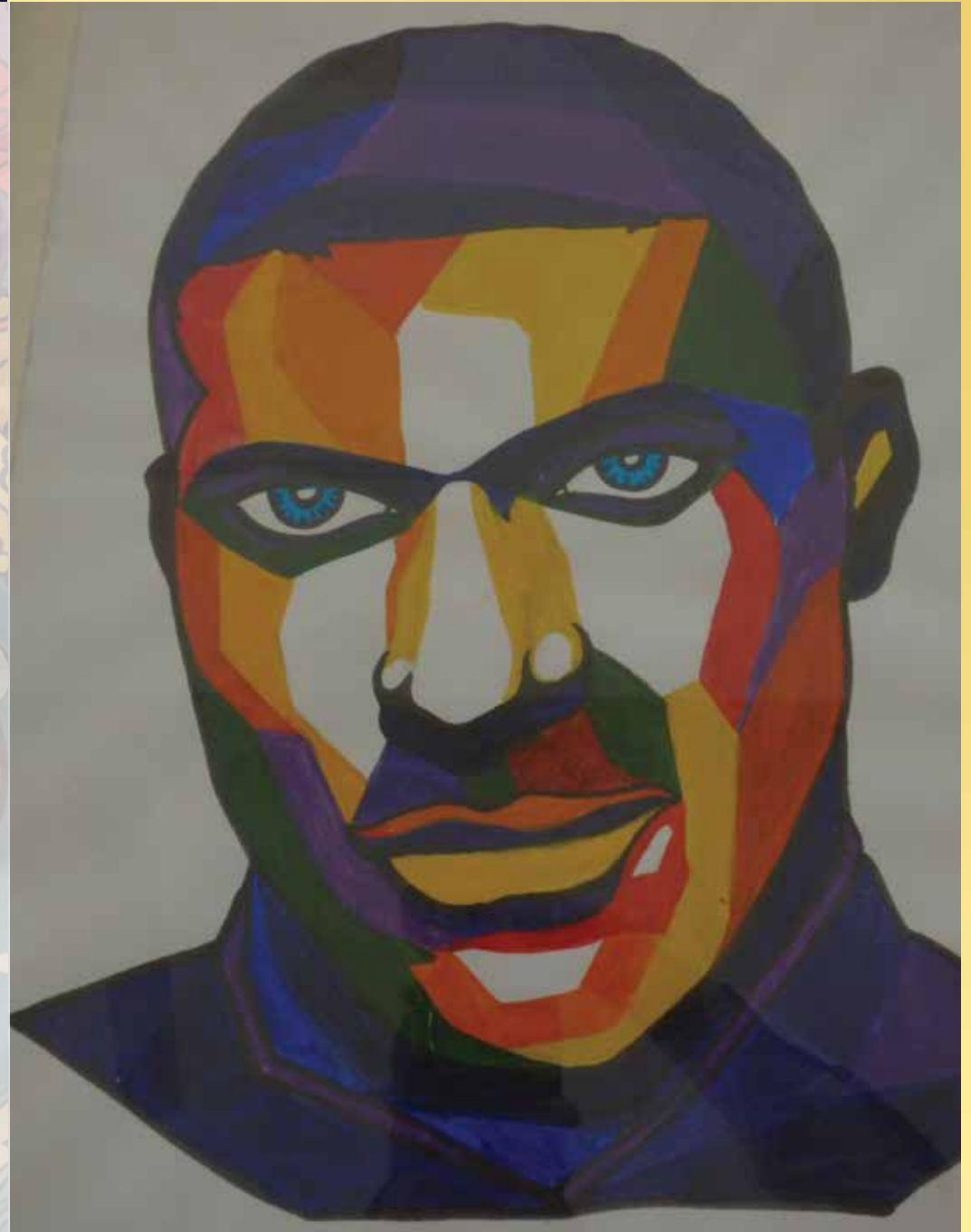
**You hear no sound,  
You see no color,  
You feel alone,  
Like many others,**

**You fear not what is unknown,  
For, monotony has already grown,  
The ennui of life, the null of death,  
All the same, like waking and rest.**

**The world is unkind and such is the universe,  
The insufferable and suffering an endless curse,  
And while you care for what is new,  
Something beyond the world you knew,  
You know only challenge, not of pleasure,  
Your mistake, your faults, a count you cannot measure.**

**But did you start?  
Did you give in?  
Or let out a roar,  
From deep within?**

**Let determination grind and un-biasedly churn,  
To scrape against the inflicted burn,  
Yet you refuse to crumble to mere dust,  
For against the world unkind, endure you must,  
So that when all that's left is a lifeless husk,  
Your pristine image shall never rust.**



## 6.War

Zain Hassan, M2F1

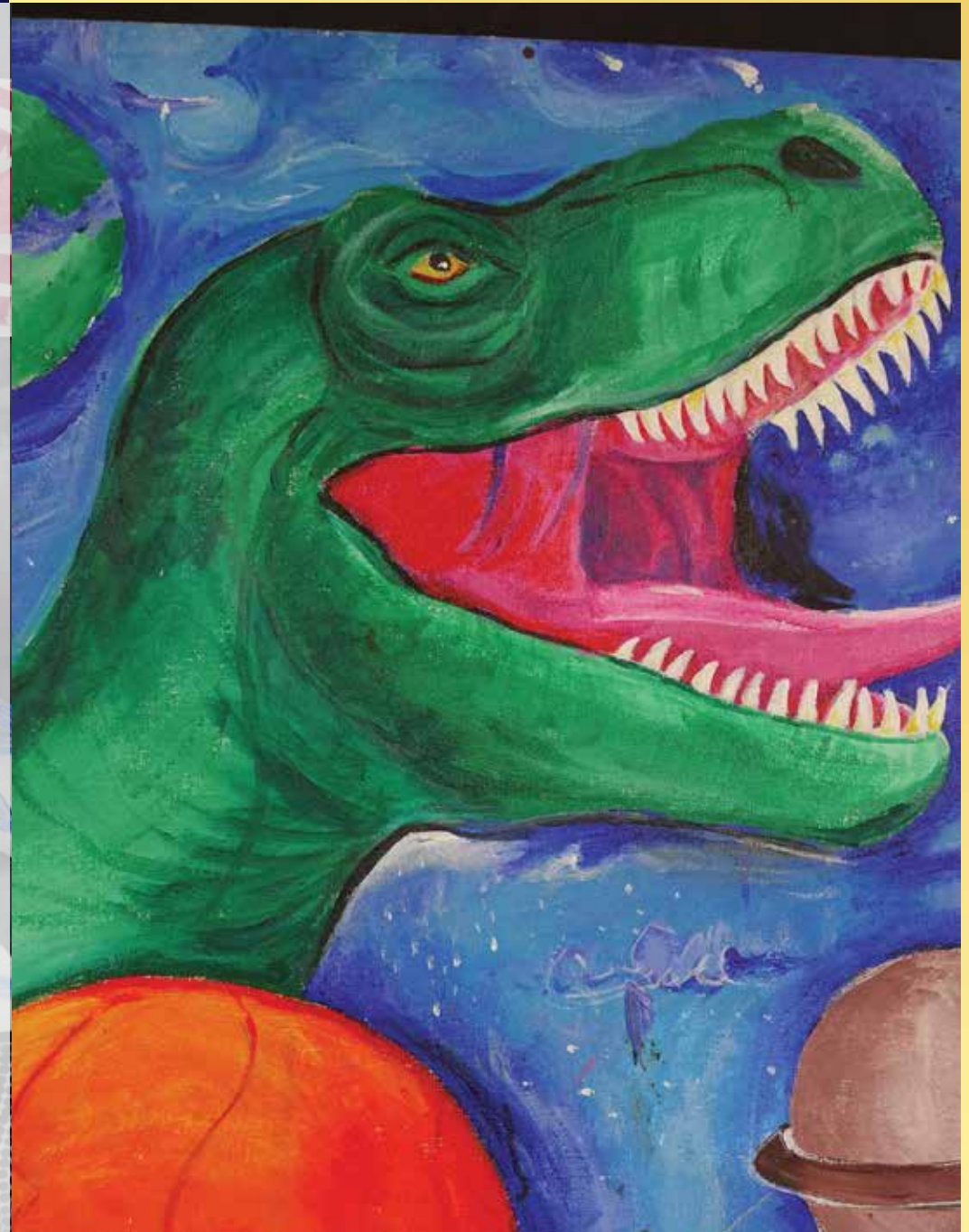
Happiness, a faraway dream,  
From their eyes we watched it drain their gleam,

Then the sorrow overtook the field,  
And from far away, we heard screams,

Women and children, begged and pleaded,  
Citizens and soldiers each one of them acceded,

Lies, disparity, disloyalty as no familiar concepts,  
Trust, laughter and prosperity, all foreign prospects,

Death, a fate that mocks us all,  
The casualties it reports are truly tall,  
And on us, the masses, it takes a toll.



# 14.Darwinism

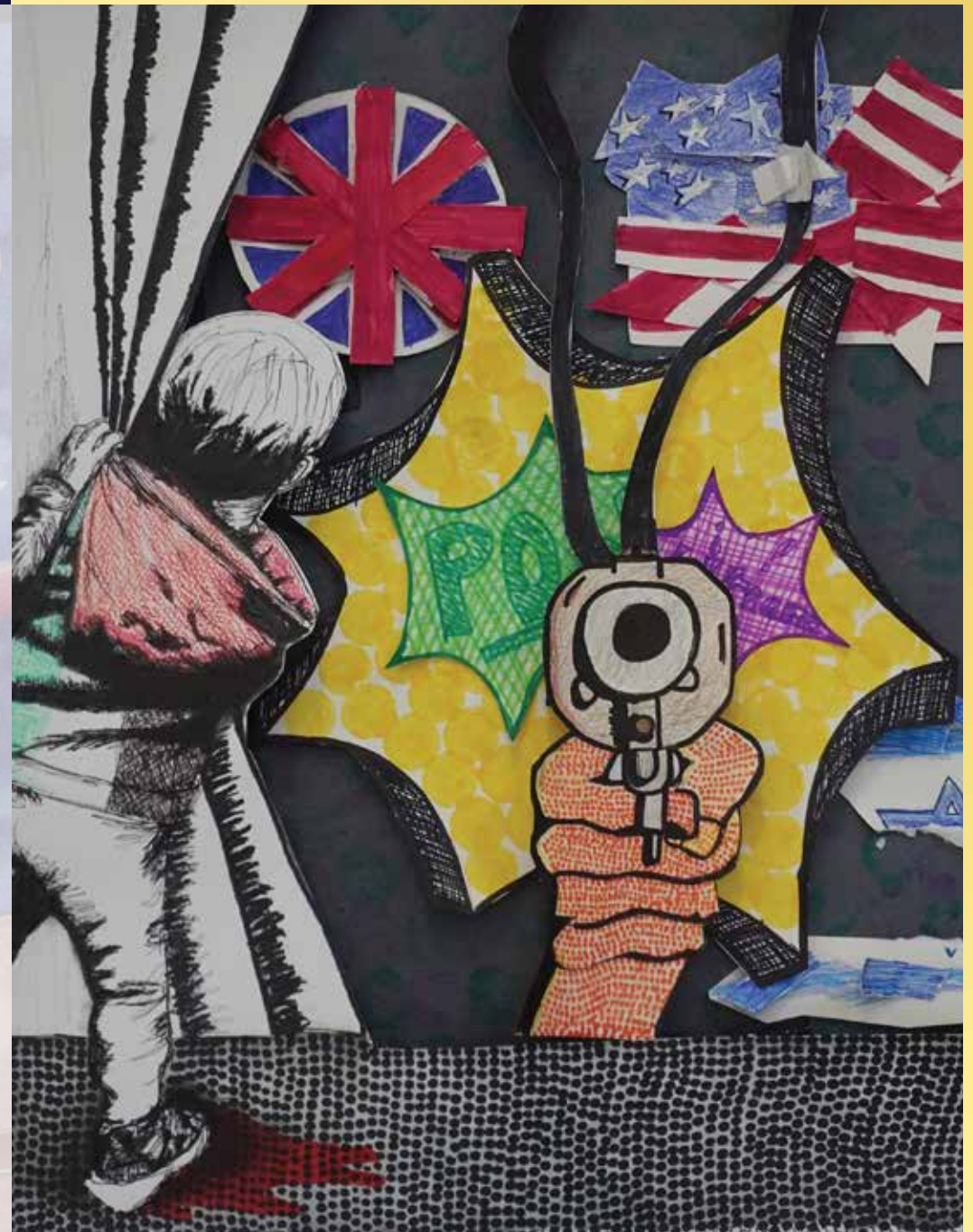
Hussain Aslam Bhinder, M2F5

Evolution has been in the running for an eternity,  
We've all been dying for who knows how long,  
Buried deep in our own fragility,  
Waiting for the final tune in this song.  
I've known this, you've known this,  
Since the beginning we've gone through this,  
So why is it so hard to hang up the call,

Telephone booths in heaven are expensive you see, not present in a sprawl.

Nobody told me that that day might come,  
Nobody warned me that my radiant sun might set,  
So when they told me his time had shrunk,  
I yelled aloud "bet!" and let it sunk.  
And now I can hear the angel choir,  
With their falsetto symphonies and golden lyre,  
I can see his health, an ash in that raging fire,  
I can imagine his face, made up of stars in Ursa Minor.

Yet, as I gaze upon his coffin, white like chalk powder,  
I talk to him like I would in any regular hour,  
Then I succumb to a teardrop shower,  
Pleading to my aged martyr.  
But, alas! Time is cruel as it is just and eloquent,  
Holding the monkeys God sent,  
Into His own image, creating a fine gent!  
Worthy of the heavens perhaps, as some Arch Angel said.  
I wished to keep him for a while more, and hence I begged without relent,  
But that sorrowful farewell had to be manifest



# 7.Juno O Juno!

Hussain Aslam Bhinder, M2F5

From her ivory throne,  
She observes the spherical orb of coal,  
Cursing her subjects of clay and mold,

Juno, oh Juno!  
What bitterness you hold,  
Juno, oh Juno!  
Why is your heart ever so cold?

From her heaven thunder sent,  
Tears led to fists highly clenched,  
In vengeance and anger, scarlet drenched,

Juno, oh Juno!  
She is innocent, has not your pain felt?  
Juno, oh Juno!  
Don't go after her in the mortal realm.

From her aura she gave away,  
Lifeless, her pale body gave away,  
And her highness stood stationary, under death's clear ray,

Juno, oh Juno!  
You let your anger lead you astray,  
Juno, oh Juno!  
Turn back immediately to your godly way!



# 13. Untouchables

Rana Mohammad Arshman, M2F4

No matter how hard I try,  
My hope fades and dies,  
My efforts go to waste,  
My mouth develops a bitter taste.

I aim for the sky, yet plummet to the ground,  
To failure I am bound,  
My work and dedication,  
Leads to disaster and devastation.

My mind is just torn in two,  
Why am I destined to always lose?  
Why can I not succeed?  
When that is my only need.

I try and try, again and again,  
Only to think about it in vain,  
That when will I finally be free,  
Of this endless circle of destiny.



# 8.Cycle of Life

**Syed Aaliyan Zaidi, E2G1**

In those days, when silence was rare,  
Joy all around but no one would hear,  
But why oh why would no one care,  
Was our opinion just not fair?

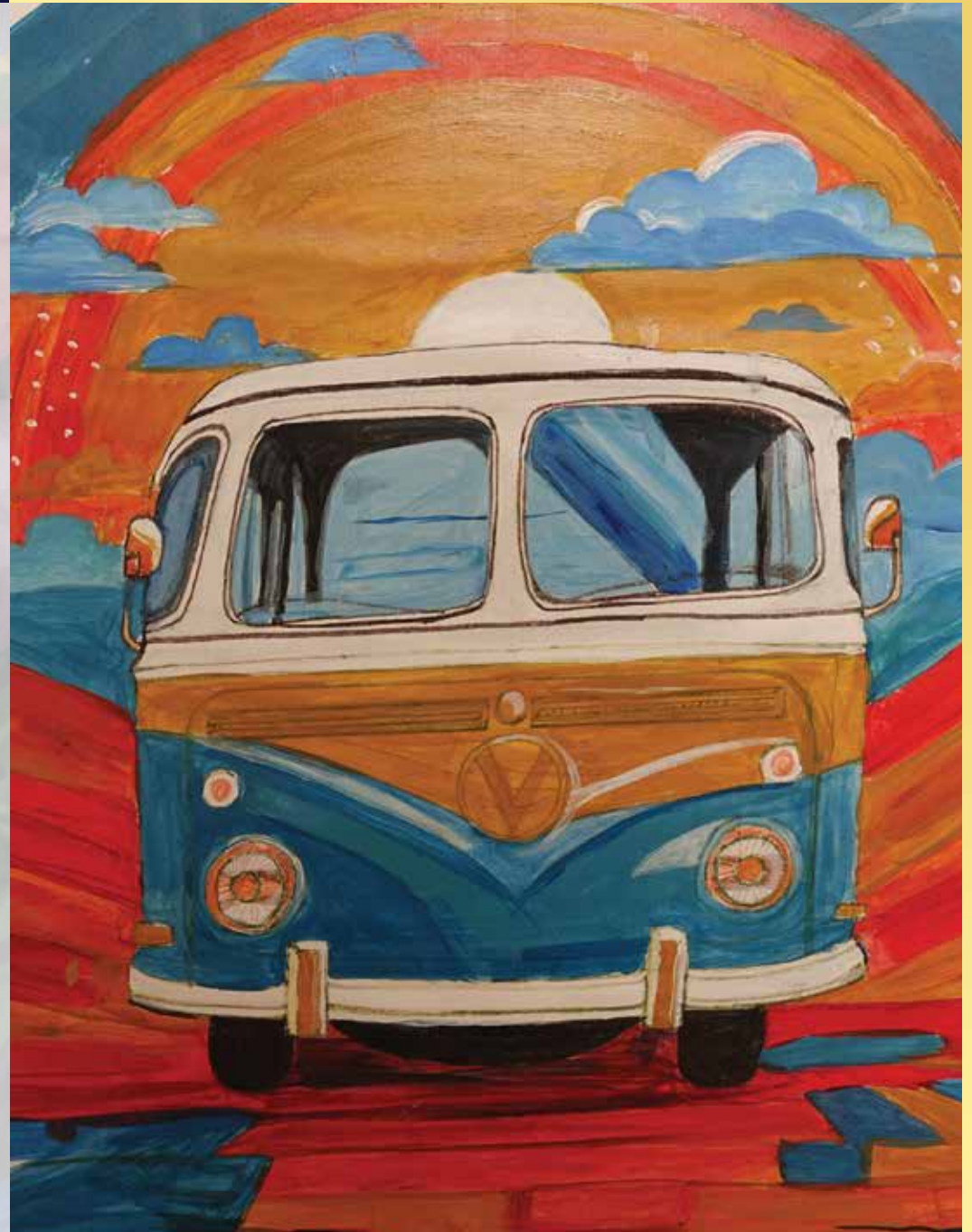
Well put that aside,  
I admit, I would not abide,  
But, tell me the truth,  
Was every child considered wild?

The frustration I felt,  
It was like kneeling,  
Well they did give us life,  
But did they make us their servant?

Gradually, as you'll grow up, you will find  
That they did give us their ultimate time,  
It felt invisible, but it was there,  
In every moment when they were here.

But eventually when they go to the skies,  
Their cloak will vanish and you'd realize,  
That it meant a lot and we should've cared more,  
And then you'd cry, until your eyes were sore.

Until, finally in time when the tears would extinguish,  
Their legacy would be passed down,  
And you would do the same,  
To suffocate your children in a similar upbringing realm.



## 12. Taste of Rainbow

Musa Haye, E2G3

The red in the rainbow,  
As red as a cherry,  
As red as an apple,  
Falling from a tree.

The orange in the rainbow,  
As sour as a lime,  
A burst of flavors in my mouth,  
Worth every dime.

The yellow in the rainbow,  
Shining as bright as the sun,  
If you eat it raw,  
Your tongue turns numb,

The green in the rainbow,  
As green as the grass,  
The color of disgust,  
Like eating a sea bass,

The blue in the rainbow,  
As blue as the sky,  
Tastes so good,  
Makes me wanna fly high up the sky



## **9.Fire and Ash**

**Syed Nadir Ali Shirazi, M2F1**

**There was fire, once, and man was its keeper.  
It consumed all it touched, yet he craved its light.**

**It licked at the edges of forests and steeples,  
A fleeting rebellion against the endless night**

**Man fed it his dreams, his fears, his name.  
The fire asked for nothing, yet it took everything.**

**It forged his empires in the heat of its breath,  
Then left him kneeling in the ruins of ash.**

**For the fire remembers nothing it ever destroys,  
But the ash remembers every cost, every pain.**

**It clung to his hands, his lungs, his soul,  
A reminder that creation and ruin are the same.**

**And yet, from the soot, man stood once more,  
Not as a conqueror, but as a bearer of remorse.**

**The fire is his hunger; the ash, his grief.  
Together, they are the makers of eternity.**



## **11. If...**

**Mohammad Ayan Khan, E2G3**

**If I could have it all to myself,  
If I could have told that to myself,  
The beautiful fields, the beautiful cities,  
Everything mine and nobody to snatch it.**

**I would live the happiest life,  
The beautiful cars, the luxurious buildings,  
The urban lands, the peace of the villages,  
The lush green grass, the noisy harbors,  
Everything mine and nobody to snatch it.**

**If I could have it all to myself,  
And nobody to wake me up from my dream,  
Else it'd vanish never to be seen**



## **10. Sunset**

**Syed Murtaza Hussain, M1A3**

**The sun was falling down,  
Like people who drown,**

**The sky had an orange tint,  
Which gave the moon a hint,**

**The birds flew towards a fiery ball,  
Which seemed not as tall, but as if it were to fall,**

**The rays bathed the planet,  
Like a comfy blanket,**

**Predators waited for the darkness to rise,  
To pick someone their own size,**

**The ball of flames said its farewell,  
And through the darkness welled an unlimited hell.**

