

Rotaract Club of Khandwala

Organizes

Poetry Writing

Date: 15/09/2023

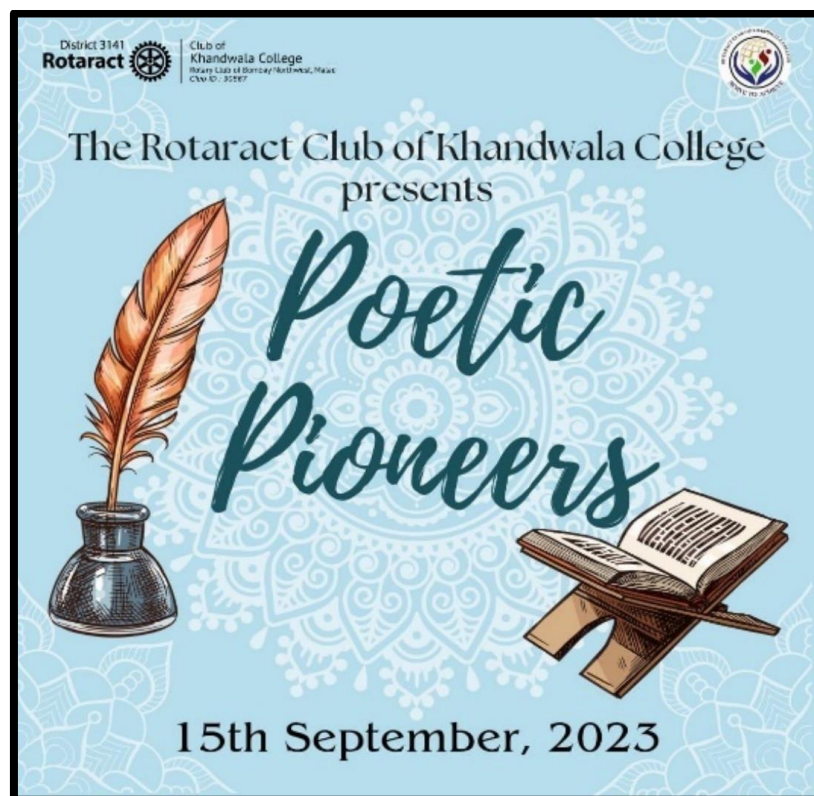
Venue: Khandwala College

No. of Participants: 16

Description:

Editorials Avenue hosted a creative and expressive Online Poetry Writing Competition that brought together 16 passionate wordsmiths. The event provided a platform for participants to pour their thoughts into verses, exploring themes close to their hearts. Whether it was through rhyme or free verse, each poem reflected a unique perspective. The session encouraged literary expression and added a poetic touch to the club's atmosphere, showcasing the incredible talent within our student community.

Brochure:



Brochure of the event

rule

Photographs

WHY THEM YOU ASKED!

He is sweet,
who could run 5 miles just to give a hug;
Or I can state one who can give his heart away just for you.
He is dumb ,
who knows he is in love but still hated to claim it
But his sweet gesture made you fall for him.
He is Evil,
who hates the world but for you he can love the world and
also burn it down.
He is sunshine,
who becomes the light to your darkness,
Or who would bring a smile to your face.
One who could give you all the happiness he can.
He is dark,
who can't see a drop of tear on her face,
who loves you for you are,
who loves you just enough to leave everything and come searching
for you.
Or who can fight the whole world for you
Or who can't hear a word against you.
He is psychotic,
He is manipulative,
He is tormenting,
He is in Mafia or he is a blue eye Italian
He is A Indian King who fell in love with a commoner or
He is a guy who only wears tuxedo but seeing him in kurta
makes you fall in love with him all over again.
Yet,
They had one thing in common
The love they gave
But ,
I haven't seen my man
Still deep down I know them so well
As,
men around me seems to be fake
While the irony here is the man I am stating isn't even my reality
Oh I wish to be fictional just because my existence over here
isn't supported.

-Nidhi

Let me go before you miss me

Let me go before you miss me
As now home is not the home,
It's just house on the way,
Everything together but still away.
I wonder!

Got all nails done,
With my high heels on,
Yet we trying to hold on everything,
While tangled in thrones.

How long?
How long I will be in me,
When everything feels dying,
Will hurt myself first before anyone,
Since it's a rule and now am lying.

So when my death arrives,
Don't you look for me,
Go to the sleep to feel alive,
Life is damn short, live live live!

-salonedave

DON'T TELL

There are lots of things
They won't let me do
I'm not big enough yet,
They say.

So I am patiently wait
Till I'm all grown-up;
And I'll show them all
One day.

I could show them now
If they gave me the chance,
There are things I could do
If I tried

But nobody knows,
No nobody knows,that I'm
Really a giant,
Inside.

Sample photos of the event