



Delhi Public School Patna East

Under the aegis of Delhi Public School Society, New Delhi

Zephyr

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS



Preface

Zephyr, a gentle breeze that stirs the soul, serves as the perfect metaphor for this heartfelt collection of poems. Curated with creativity and passion, this anthology reflects the imaginative spirit of our students, weaving a mosaic of emotions, experiences, and aspirations.

Through the delicate art of verse, Zephyr takes readers on a journey of self-expression and discovery, showcasing themes that range from the beauty of nature to the complexities of human emotions. Each poem is a testament to the young poets' ability to transform thoughts into words that linger in the heart and mind.

Zephyr stands as a proud reminder of the literary talents within our school, inspiring readers to find their own voice amidst the quiet whispers of the wind.

NIVEDITA DUTTA

✻ EDITOR ✻

Contents

1. Seasons of the Year	01
2. My Adventure in Chocolate Land	02
3. The World I Dream of	03
4. My Favourite Food	04
5. Friendship and Kindness	05
6. Superheroes	09
7. Tale of the Stars	13
8. Books	14
9. A World Beyond	15
10. The Road Ahead	16
11. Who Am I?	17
12. Echoes of Silence	18
13. The Lover of Nature	19
14. Time's Ticking Clock	20
15. Music of My Soul	21
16. Curiosity of Life	22
17. Beauty is Everywhere	23
18. Our Tricolour	24
19. Being a Puppet of the Brain	25
20. The Battle	26
21. Why Can't Life Be Like Literature?	27
22. Seasons of the Soul	28
23. Echoes of Malignance	29
24. The Colours of Life	30

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The Deputy Head of Academics, Mr. Ashfaque Iqbal for his steadfast support and belief in the potential of this project.

The English Department for their unwavering support, insightful guidance, and encouragement in nurturing the poetic voices within our school.

And our talented students, whose hard work, creativity, and passion have brought this anthology to life.

This collection is a reflection of our shared efforts and a celebration of the vibrant literary spirit that unites us all.



Seasons of the Year

A poem which joyfully captures the changing seasons, bringing them to life with vivid, playful imagery.

Here we go round the year again,
The year again, the year again.
Here we go round the year again,
To greet the different seasons.

Winter time is time for snow,
To the south, the birds will go.
It's too cold for plants to grow,
Because it is the winter.

In the springtime, days grow warm,
On the plants, new buds form.
Bees and bugs come out to swarm,
Because it is the spring.

In the summertime, the days are hot,
Ice-cold drinks I drink a lot!
At the beach, I've got a spot,
Because it is the summer.

AAKRIST RAJ (4D)



My Adventure in Chocolate Land

A whimsical and sweet adventure is beautifully painted, inviting readers into a world

of delicious delights and magical discoveries.

Riding on the gummy bear,
I land on the chocolate square.
Found a fountain of caramel,
A creamy river and tree truffles.

Saw above the cloud candies,
Delightful was the pancake sun.
The land was filled with squishy buns,
And choco mounts with candy cones.

Deep inside the coco cave,
I delved into pastries and cake.
Got some cashews, hazelnuts,
Gems, pistachios, and currants.

Wow! Such a magical land—
Jellies and milk everywhere.
Found people who are cupcakes,
Such an exciting new place!

AARADHYA SHREE (4A)



The World I Dream Of

A creative imagination of a whimsical world with delightful contradictions and surprising ideas.

I dream of a world,
A world of imagination,
Where magic flows.

I dream of a world,
A world of fascination,
Where chocolates grow.

I dream of a world,
A world of landlord tenants,
And a noisy silencer.

I dream of a world,
A world where servants are
Lazy, and kings brisker.

GARVIT (3C)



My Favourite Food

This playful poem captures the joy and excitement of enjoying your favourite food, pizza!

Pizza, pizza, oh so fine,
My favourite food, all the time!
Melted cheese and sauce so sweet,
Toppings of my choice, can't be beat.
Corn, mushrooms, and olives too,
I love them all, on my pizza, it's true!
Friday night, pizza night is my delight,
Gather around and take a bite.

ALI HAIDER KHAN (3C)



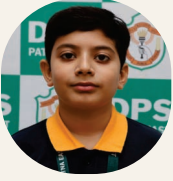
Friendship and Kindness

A short, yet beautiful poem which celebrates the joy, loyalty, and treasure-like value of true friendship.

A friendship is like a band,
Loud, melodious, and grand.
Friends are always there to lend a hand—
A faithful friend across the land.

A friend is like a treasure hunt,
Always there to cheer us when we're glum.
A caring friend, a loyal friend, is all a person needs,
And that is the true face of friendship indeed.

PAKHI AGRAWAL (5B)



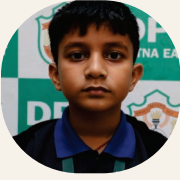
Let's Be Friends

A wonderful expression of the joy of friendship and the simple pleasures of sharing time together!

Would you like to be my friend?
That would be so fine!
We'll run around in your backyard,
And then play in mine.

We'll walk to school together,
And share our lunches too.
Oh! What a lucky kid I am,
To have a friend like you.

VANSH (4D)



Kindness

This poem beautifully emphasises the simple yet powerful impact of kindness in our lives.

I can choose to be kind,
Each and every day.
I can choose to be kind,
In everyone and every way.

A little bit of kindness
Makes the world a little brighter.
A little bit of kindness
Makes my heart a little lighter.

Plant a seed of kindness
To make the world perfect.
Plant a seed of kindness
To make me a boy perfect!

YUG SINGH (4C)



Friendship and Kindness

The value of friendship and the powerful impact of kindness are celebrated in the poem.

A true friend is a treasure rare,
Someone who cares and shows they care.
They lend a hand and listening ears,
And go out with us when we are in fear.

They share their toys, laughter, and fun,
And stick with us until the day is done.
They lift us up when we fall down,
And wipe away tears when we frown.

Kindness is a gift that is free to give,
And friends who show kindness are treasures to live.
So let's be kind to one another,
We are best friends forever and ever.

ATHARV SHRESTH (4D)



A Tribute to Teachers

A heartfelt ode celebrating the unwavering dedication and transformative impact of teachers.
A poem which beautifully captures the profound influence teachers have in shaping minds and
nurturing dreams with patience, kindness, and passion.

A guardian of knowledge, a guide on the way,
A teacher's influence shapes minds every day.
With patience and kindness, they help us grow,
And nurture our dreams as they watch us glow.

Their passion for teaching is evident in all,
The way they inspire and make learning stand tall.
They encourage our questions and help us find
The answers we seek and a love for learning, kind.

A teacher's impact goes far beyond the classroom door;
They shape our futures and help us reach for more.
So, here's to our teachers, who give and give with glee,
A heartfelt thank you for all that you do for me.

ARNAV AGARWAL (5B)



My Teacher

A beautiful celebration of the dedication and care of a teacher who nurtures both learning and play.

My teacher is the best,
She never takes rest.
She works day and night,
To make our future bright.

She teaches us every day,
And also gives us time to play.
My teacher, my friend, is always there,
With knowledge and wisdom, you always share.

AYAN SINHA (4D)



My Superhero

The everyday heroes who make a difference in our lives without needing superpowers are highlighted here.

They don't wear capes or fly in the air,
But superheroes are everywhere.
They are out in many ways,
Turning dark times into sunny days.

The teacher who makes math fun,
The friend who helps you when you're on the run,
The parent who loves you night and day,
The neighbour who helps when skies are gray.

The nurse who cares when we're feeling ill,
The worker who makes sure we get our fill,
The kind stranger who smiles so wide,
And the sibling who's always by your side.
They don't need powers or magic light.

SURYANSH RAJ (3C)



Superheroes of My Life

This poem beautifully highlights the quiet, everyday heroes in our lives, celebrating their steady support and unwavering presence.

No capes or masks, no secret liar,
My heroes walk among me, unaware.
They don't soar the skies, nor fight the dark,
But shape my world, a brilliant spark.

My parents, guardians, steadfast
And true, with gentle words and gaze.
They light my path, through darkest haze.

These heroes, I honour them, forever and the same.

SHIRISH (4D)



Tale of the Stars

The cosmic wonders are marvellously captured with a charming blend of science and poetry!

They twinkle so far,
It is a tale of the stars.
The big and hot star says,
In the language of cosmic rays.

The nearest one is pretty much fun,
And that is our little sun.
The sun acts as a shield,
Because of its magnetic field.

Their source of energy is fusion,
Which sometimes creates confusion.
Their distance is vast,
Yet they connect us to the past.

In the day, they seem shy,
As our sun dominates the sky.
In nebulas, they are born,
By black holes, they are torn.

They tell us the universe's tale;
They have never let us fail.
They twinkle so far—
It is the tale of the stars.

DHANRAJ SINGH (10A)



Books

The power of books to transport us to new worlds and expand our imaginations is celebrated here!

Books are keys to a new world wide,
Opening minds and hearts inside.
They take us far, to places new,
And show us things we never knew.

With every page, a new tale unfolds,
Of magic, wonder, and secrets told.
Books are friends that never part,
And fill our hearts with joy and art.

Books are magic that take us away
To far-off lands where we can play.
They show us wonder and secrets too,
And help us learn with a wow or two.

Books are keys to unlock our mind,
A world of wonder for all to find.
They take us places far and wide,
And fill our hearts with joy inside.

So let's read on and explore with glee,
With the wonderland of books, and see!
For in their words, we find our own,
And discover worlds yet unknown.

NAITIK UPADHYAY (3C)



A World Beyond

This poem thoughtfully challenges societal norms and expectations, encouraging a broader view of the world beyond conventional limits.

A universe revolving around the sun, it seemed,
Such an untruthful truth, not to be believed.
A world beyond;
Doesn't quite sound so good.

The night where we wake after being asleep,
The sunrise where reptiles creep.
A world beyond,
Doesn't quite sound so good.

A socialization that begins by meeting,
Rather than initiating by tweeting.
A world beyond;
Doesn't quite sound so good.

A society provoking pink for gentles,
Females favoring blue; well, it dismantles.
A world beyond;
Doesn't quite sound so good.

A sport being played under the sunshine,
Despite binge-watching on Prime.
A world beyond;
Doesn't quite sound so good.

Rather than scapegoating the Gen-Z,
Survivors refrain from being lazy.
The world should be beyond our expectations;
As it's true, the sky is not one's limitation.

A world beyond;
Doesn't quite sound so good.

KR. DIVYAM (8A)



The Road Ahead

This is an inspiring piece of resilience and determination, capturing the essence of perseverance beautifully!

This road in front of me
Is as scary as it could be.
But I will gather hope,
And walk this road, learning to cope.

This road may have its ups and downs,
But I will never let myself frown.
Perhaps I may fall along the way,
Yet I will rise and walk, come what may.

People told me it was too long,
But I believe that's where I belong.
No road in life is ever easy,
And the path to success is often uneasy.

SHIVAM KUMAR (10A)



Who Am I?

A poignant poem beautifully captures the internal struggle of self-discovery, determination, and the pursuit of personal freedom.

Surrounded by people, yet feeling alone,
Even though animated, I am as good as stone;
Simply existing, not living yet,
Being me, not knowing me, but.

Reaching inside, yet feeling nothing,
Not being someone, not doing something;
Up until now, I didn't have to choose,
What will I do now, when there's something to lose?

Who am I? I ask myself,
Am I the one providing me help?
Who am I? I ask of me,
Am I the one who sets me free?

Will I be the light,
Guiding myself through life?
Will I fight the fight,
To be me, to strive?

Debater, leader, writer, student,
Can I be all, or even one?
Time to time, I like to vent,
Hearing my own future, I lay stunned.

I will not be the bird,
Who doesn't trust its wings;
I won't be the prisoner,
Who could have been king.

I will toil hard, I will know myself throughout;
I will look in the mirror, seeing me looking out.

ADITYA BAIBHAW (10A)



Echoes of Silence

The haunting power of inner silence and unspoken sorrow is conveyed through the poignant words.

The echoes of silence are so loud,
Not a word is spoken, yet noise abounds.
The silence dwells within my thought,
Finding neither joy nor what it sought.

The thoughts so sad are deeply entwined,
Refusing to leave, for solace they never find.
They feast endlessly on sorrow's wine,
Lingering long where shadows align.

KANISHKA AGRAWAL (10A)



The Lover of Nature

This poem wonderfully captures the deep connection between a person and nature, portraying a harmonious and joyful relationship with the natural world.

There she stands,
Kissed by sunlight,
Her face beaming with joy,
Enjoying the breeze.
She lies on the soft grass,
Gazing at the sky,
At the endless number of clouds,
So vast and high.

She dances in the rain,
As if it were the shower of smiles.
She tries to catch the butterflies,
Amidst the fields of daffodils.
She stares at the moon,
Singing a song of solitude.
She gazes at the constellations,
As if searching for a lost star.

She's awestruck by everything,
She couldn't live an ordinary life,
With the beauty of nature hidden in her eyes.

PRAGYA DWIPT (7A)



Time's Ticking Clock

The fleeting yet cherished essence of time is enfolded in the lines, reminding us to treasure every moment.

Tick-tock, the little clock,
In our hearts, it takes a walk.
Seconds flutter like a wing,
With joy and wonder they can bring.

Tick-tock, the seconds glide,
As we stand here side by side.
Moments are precious, oh, but so few—
A glimpse of a world so new.

Tick-tock, the clock is kind,
A gentle whisper, peace of mind.
Love and laughter, hugs so tight,
Filling the hours with pure delight.

Tick-tock, both day and night,
Time's a gift, pure and bright.
Though it passes through our hearts,
It never truly departs.

RAGHAVI RANJAN (6C)



Music of My Soul

The poem beautifully conveys the transformative and universal power of music ,
likening it to a divine gift that speaks to the soul.

Music, my soul's sweet melody,
A symphony of joy, wild and free.
In every note, a story retold,
A rhythm that makes my spirit bold.

From gentle lullabies to rock's wild roar,
It fills my heart, forever more.
A canvas painted with sound's bright hue,
A masterpiece, forever new.

A language understood by all,
A universal, magical call.
A harmony wild and carefree,
A gift from above, divine and pure—
Music, my soul.

AKSHAY SINGH YADAV (8A)



Curiosity of Life

This poem enchantingly portrays life's balance of contrasts, celebrating its ever-changing rhythm with profound grace!

Life is a dance of light and shade,
Where joy and sorrow intertwine.
Like dawn and dusk, each day is made
Of moments both yours and mine.

The sun shines bright, its warmth so bold,
Yet in the night, the stars unfold.
We laugh and cry, we rise and fall—
In every heart, there's room for all.

So in this world of joy and pain,
We find our peace within the strain.
For contrasts shape who we can be—
Like night and day, we're wild and free.

SHREEJA AGRAWAL (9A)



Beauty is Everywhere

This poem beautifully reminds us to appreciate the beauty around us, both big and small, in every moment.

Beauty is everywhere,
In the green nature,
Or in the colourful flowers.
In a rainy day,
Or a child playing with a ray.

Beauty is everywhere,
In the hot sunlight,
Or the cold nighttime.
In a beautiful painting,
Or while listening to a song.

Beauty is everywhere,
In a happy person,
Or in every emotion.
In a dream,
Or in every thought.

Beauty is everywhere,
In yourself,
Or in every animal.
The only thing is how you see that thing,
In a beautiful way or in a sad way.

MANSA PRASAD (7A)



Our Tricolour

The poem captures the anguish of battling inner demons, where hope dims and healing feels elusive, yet the fight for survival persists. It reflects the pain of unseen struggles and the resilience to overcome them.

Swaying high in the azure sky,
Our tricolour flutters, soaring by.

The flag of dreams, great and bright,
Guiding us toward a future of light.
Let its hues never dim or decay,
May corruption be swept far away.
No mother's tears shall ever fall,
No trees should perish to greed's call.

May every night bring peace profound,
And safety wrap us all around.
Let not foreign lures lead us astray,
For our strength lies in Bharat's way.

Come, let's lift our nation high,
Restore its glory, let it touch the sky.
From the golden bird to vibrant flame,
Let Aryavarta reclaim its name.

SAI SUBRAMANYA PRASAD (10A)



Being a Puppet of the Brain

A creative expression of the struggle and frustration of finding inspiration, likening the mind to both a treasure and a maze.

When I write poetry,
I spin my mind,
But the topic—
Oh! That I can't find.

But lil' do you know,
About your brain,
It is filled with ideas,
Like a bag of grain!

To know this
Is truly pain,
Almost like being
In treasure with a blindness bane.

You too know this feeling,
Of not catching the thought train,
Like me, almost everyone somewhat,
Knows that they are sealed by their brain.

ATHARVA SINHA (7A)



The Battle

The poem captures the anguish of battling inner demons, where hope dims and healing feels elusive, yet the fight for survival persists. It reflects the pain of unseen struggles and the resilience to overcome them.

What is the worst battle one ever fights?
The battle with oneself
When he loses his hopes
When he loses himself
He fights for his very existence
Finding that straw to hang and hold onto
Into the dark world of inner self is the worst.

When every drop of his tear screams his pain and grief but seals
his lips
Coz it's always been unheard, unseen and unhealed.
When the black hole tries to gulp him
But he squanders to come out himself
Battles never lead to happiness
And so does this.

NIVEDITA DUTTA



Why Can't Life Be Like Literature?

Life, unlike literature, lacks the harmony of structure and shared understanding, leaving us to wonder why it can't mirror the beauty of crafted imagination.

Why can't life be like literature?

Wherein the plot of the story,
Is beautifully sculptured,
The metres of the poetry,
Are amazingly structured.

The rhythm of the verse,
That perfect alteration between
Stressed and unstressed syllables
Brings out the imagery, employing
The technical rules that an author enables.

And the best part is 'Understanding'.
The readers visualise vivid colours
And get a lucid picture.
Together the writer and the reader
Travel to their world,
Their own world of imagination, a miniature
I wonder,
'Why can't life be like literature?'

KARISHMA DUTTA



Seasons of the Soul

The poetess embraces different aspects of herself and finally leads to a deeper understanding and acceptance of herself.

I yearn to be Spring's vibrant hue,
Unfurl my petals, let joy shine through.
In full bloom, I'll spread happiness wide,
And let the world's blues gently subside.

I long to be Summer's warmth and light,
To bask in the sun's inner strength and might.
With every ray, I'll grow stronger and bold,
And let my spirit radiate like the sun's gold.

I wish to be Autumn's fleeting sigh,
To let go of all and feel the lonely sky.
Standing alone, I'll sense the emptiness deep,
And find a strange solace in the silence I keep.

I aspire to be Winter's quiet night,
To look within and ignite my inner light.
In the stillness, I'll discover my soul's voice,
And find a peace that only solitude can rejoice.

Yet, the best season I know is the one I create,
A harmony of all, where love and joy participate.
For in the garden of my heart, I'll cultivate the best,
And let the beauty of all seasons forever rest.

DILSHA K T



Echoes of Malignance

The poem captures an unyielding spirit that rises above destruction, pain, and adversity, embodying resilience, defiance, and the inevitability of justice.

Sever my wings, you cannot halt my flight
Row me down, you can't help but explore
me swimming across with competence might
and longings for more.

Incinerate my emotions, combust them to ashes,
You cannot cease me swaying
as the Zähre that creeps through the lashes
to deheft you to dust; biting!

Delude me to inferno, you cannot dwindle
the credence throughout the plight.
Amidst the blazing heat, I'll kindle
and be one of a kind- to bring day back from the night.

Sing me to sleep to death, put me to the sepulchrous pit,
You'll watch me live and hear me roar.
Within the stretch, you will admit
Karma slamming you hard to the core.

AMAAF PARWEZ



The Colours of Life

Life is full of ups and downs, but its true beauty shines when we face it with hope, courage, and strength.

Life is a journey, a winding lane,
With sunshine moments and pouring rain.
Ups and downs, like waves in the sea,
Shape who you are, and who you'll be.

No use in pointing, no one to blame,
For challenges come to sharpen the game.
You can't just sit and dwell in despair,
Rise with courage, and face it with care.

The storms may rage, the winds may howl,
But within you lies a spirit so foul.
Stand tall, unbroken, through every strife,
For trials reveal the true colours of life.

The air may grow heavy, the nights may feel long,
Yet hope will whisper its steadfast song.
Hold on to dreams, let them keep you alive,
Through every storm, it's hope that will thrive.

So embrace the journey, the joys, and the pain,
For after the struggle, there's always gain.
Life is a masterpiece, a work of art,
Painted with courage, hope, and heart.

SONAL SINHA



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