



Delhi Public School (Patna East)

(Under the aegis of Delhi Public School Society, New Delhi)

Zephyr - 2.0 AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS



Preface

Zephyr—the quiet, contemplative breeze that drifts between worlds—has long symbolised renewal, subtle transformation and the invisible forces that shape our inner landscapes. It is this spirit of gentle awakening that guides the present anthology. Within these pages resides a constellation of voices, each poem a unique current of thought shaped by imagination, inquiry and heartfelt expression.

Crafted with dedication and artistic sensitivity, this collection captures the evolving literary identity of our young writers. Their poems traverse an impressive spectrum—from meditations on nature’s fragile beauty to introspections on memory, longing and the complexities of human emotion. Each verse stands as evidence of their ability to distill fleeting experiences into language that resonates, lingers and invites reflection.

Zephyr merges these diverse expressions into a harmonious tapestry, illuminating the depth and promise of the creative talent flourishing within our school community. It is my hope that readers will find, amidst the rhythm of these lines, the courage to pause, to listen and to discover their own quiet truths carried on the wind.

ARYA SHRIVASTAVA
&
POOJA SWARAJ
EDITORS

Acknowledgement

This anthology is more than a collection of poems—it is the result of countless moments of guidance, encouragement and unwavering belief in the power of young minds. We are deeply grateful to our Principal, Dr. Rakesh Alfred, whose steady vision and faith in our abilities offered us both direction and courage. His optimism lit our path, especially in moments of uncertainty and his trust made this endeavour possible.

Our sincere appreciation extends to the Deputy Head of Academics, Mr. Ashfaque Iqbal, whose constant support and confidence in the potential of this project strengthened our resolve. We are equally indebted to the English Department, whose patience, insight and heartfelt mentorship nurtured the budding voices featured in these pages. Their dedication to cultivating creativity has shaped this anthology in profound ways.

To our gifted students—your words, imagination and perseverance are the heartbeat of this book. Your willingness to share your thoughts so openly and fearlessly has transformed this collection into something truly meaningful. You remind us every day of the beauty that arises when passion meets expression.

This anthology stands as a celebration of everyone who believed in the quiet power of poetry and the unifying spirit of literature. It is a testament to what we can create when we walk together—with hope, with purpose and with the shared dream of giving every voice the space to be heard.

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Introduction

Zephyr 2.0 emerges as the renewed heartbeat of our school's literary spirit—an evolution of creativity, imagination and youthful insight. If the first edition captured the gentle breeze of expression, this second edition carries a stronger, more confident wind, shaped by new voices, deeper reflections and a maturing artistic vision.

In a world that moves faster each day, poetry remains one of the rare spaces where time slows down—where thoughts can breathe, emotions can unfurl and the quiet corners of the mind can finally be heard. Zephyr 2.0 embraces this essence. It brings together the diverse perspectives of young poets who dare to observe, question, dream and redefine the world around them.

The poems within this anthology journey through themes both timeless and timely—identity, nature, hope, resilience, solitude, change and the subtle complexities of growing up. Each piece stands as a reminder that creativity is not merely an artistic act, but a form of courage: the courage to feel deeply, to speak honestly and to transform experience into art.

This edition reflects the collaborative efforts of students, mentors and teachers who believe in nurturing the transformative power of literature. It is a celebration of emerging talent and the enduring belief that every voice, no matter how soft, deserves a place in the chorus of expression.

As you turn these pages, may Zephyr 2.0 invite you to pause, reflect and discover moments of connection within the gentle—and sometimes powerful—winds of poetry.

The Young Poets' Corner



The Breeze of expression

In the mountain village of Oakhaven, people of different skills lived in perfect harmony.

They shared the valley's beauty and a rainbow coloured stream.

Then, suddenly a devastating flood destroyed their village along with their crops. Despair, set in and the harmony they knew vanished overnight.

A young girl named Lily saw a group of squirrels who were dying of thirst. She couldn't let them drink dirty water so she provided a pot full of clean water to them, then she found hope to save the village. No sooner she realised the power of humanity, she inspired the villagers by saying:

We are stronger together.

Motivated by her words, the tanners, potters and farmers pooled their unique talents and worked side by side. They shared struggle and formed an unbreakable bond.

Oakhaven was rebuilt, stronger than before. The villagers learned that true harmony, filled by hope and humanity meant, supporting each other through adversity. The rainbow stream once again reflected their resilient community spirit.

Sathvik Jain (6-C)



The Blueprint of Us

Pencils down, books are shut, but the lesson aren't through,
The real stuff of life is the world we walk into.
In the lecture halls and study groups, in the hustle and the rush
we're learning to listen and to not just shush.
It's the shared late-night caffeine, the collective sigh,
The knowledge that we're all just trying to get by.

Harmony isn't about everyone getting an 'A',
It's about the study group where we find our own way.
Sharing the notes, explaining the concept with care,
Knowing a win for one is a win we all share.
It's the different perspectives in the class that collide,
Forging new insights with nothing to hide.

When exams loom large and pressure builds high.
The whisper of hope is the reason why we try,
It's the sight of the finish line after a long, weary night,
Believing our effort will lead to light.
It's that belief in the future, the job, the next stage,
Turning the next blank and daunting new page.

And humanity's the network, the campus-wide web from the
international students to the quietest one in the library.
It's seeing the struggle and reaching a hand,
A global understanding across every land.
It's the simple connections that are honestly made,
The knowledge that no person's future should ever fade.

Sridhi Singh (6-A)



Harmony, Hope and Humanity

When winds of worry cross the sky
And shadows of sorrow drift close by
A single spark, a gentle flame,
Reminds us all- we're just the same.

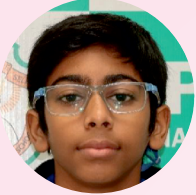
Harmony hums in nature's tune,
In rivers flow, in sun and moon.
It lives in hearts that choose to care,
To listen, love and simply share.

Hope is the light that never fades,
It blooms in darkness, softly laid
It whispers dreams in weary ears,
And turns our doubts to golden years.

Humanity – the soul of all,
That lifts the weak, that breaks each wall.
When hands reach out, when eyes can see,
The world becomes what it should be.

So let us walk with spirits free,
Bound by our truth—our unity.
For peace will grow, eternally,
Through Harmony, Hope and Humanity.

Ved Vedant (6-C)



Hope and Humanity

Hope is the light that pierces night
Let steel flames, rise, resilient and bright.
It whispers promises of dawn to be
And mends the soul for all humanity.

Humanity, a fabric, strong and vast,
Woven with threads that last through long.
In every act of kindness,
The truth of shared existences stands straight.

Together, bonded by hope and grace,
We find compassion in each others face.
If single heart can universally plea
Unity and Peace for eternity.

Md. Sharique (7-B)



The Spark of Hope

Across the world, from near to far,
Every heart shines like a star.
When we listen, share and care
Harmony grows everywhere.

Hope is a whisper in the night,
A tiny spark that brings us light.
It lifts our dreams, both big and small,
And helps us rise each time we fall.

Humanity is a gentle art
A warm smile, a giving heart.
It lives in hands that choose to help,
And soft voices with kindness felt.

Together we build a world so bright,
where love is strength and peace is light.
with golden hearts and minds that care,
we create a tomorrow fair and rare.

Archisha Agarwal (5-B)



The Unfolding Map

The forest keeps a secret in its growth,
A slow, sure testament to silent truth.
'The bark', a parchment, scarred by winter's frost.
A map where no direction is quite lost.

Each leaf unfurls a green and fragile hand,
To catch the light and better understand
The air it breathes, the subtle pull of rain,
The ancient rhythm of return and gain.

The roots spread deep, a hidden quiet reach,
Beyond the wisdom the loud winds can teach.
They learn the ground, the stone, the hidden spring.

The silent, grounded power of everything.
And we, observer, watching all this rise,
Forget the map is written in our eyes.
The journey is growing, green and vast,
A constant present that outlives the past.

Aakrist Raj (5-E)



The Anthem of Friendship

Side by side, we rise as one,
United hearts, our work begun,
Love in every laugh and song,
Where friends uplift and make us strong.

Hope is born in simple acts-
Listening ear, a gentle act,
Together through both, joy and strife,
We paint the brighter side of life.

Hand in hand, we face each day,
Bridging gaps along the way.
Humanity in every word we share,
A bond that shows how much we care.

Let friendship be the anthem true,
a melody for each one of you.
Echoing the promise that we bring,
of Harmony, hope, let the friendship begin.

Divyanshi Sinha (5-E)



When the World Breathes Together

When the rivers meet and oceans sigh,
When doves of peace begin to fly,
When hands that fought now gently hold.
The world becomes a heart of gold.

Harmony is not just a song-
It's right instead loud and strong.
It's in the smile we choose to share,
In helping hearts that truly care.
If we all blend like colours bright,
The world will glow with pure delight.
Let every soul, both near and far,
Shine together like one star.

Shlok Rastogi (5-B)



Small Things Matter

A little smile can brighten days,
A little help can guide our ways,
When we care and gladly share,
Harmony is everywhere !

Hope shines like the morning sun,
Telling us the best will come,
It keeps our dreams safe and high,
Like stars glowing in the sky.

Harmony is being kind,
Showing love to all we find,
Small good deeds we choose to do,
Make the world feel new and true !

Karamveer Singh (4-A)



The Heart's Compass

When storm descend and braches break,
fragile paths the faint may take, remember
this:

The sun still climbs, beyond the rush of
different times.

Don't wait for luck nor fate's decree to set
your inner spirit free. For strength resides not
in a day but in the choice of what you say.

Steer by the light you hold inside the unseen
guide that will abide. A hopeful mind is the
truest art.

Krishna Gopal (6-C)



Gentle Rhythm

The river flows, the mountain high,
One common earth beneath one sky,
In difference, a strength we see,
A gentle rhythm, wild and free.

When voices blend and hands can meet,
The sound of kindness is so sweet.
With open hearts, we find our way,
In harmony, my brightest day.

Adarsh (5-E)



Born with a dream in my tiny chest

To see the earth in beauty dressed;
To fill my parents' humble hands
With joy and love, with life's best gifts.

But soon the world revealed its face,
A show of glitter, hollow grace;
Where truth is cheap and lies held high,
And masks outshine the honest eye.

God's warmth was swapped for toys and gold,
Love replaced by things we're sold;
They cheered my birth with grand delight,
Yet I knew nothing of their sight.

At three, I barely knew to speak,
Nor what these grown-up voices seek;
I cried my way to school each day,
Longing for home, to run and play.

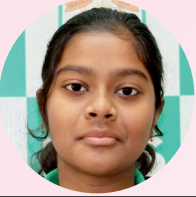
"Study hard, you'll rise one day,"
But childhood slipped and flew away;
For in the race of marks and might,
My gentle dreams fell out of sight.

Numbers became my pride and pain,
Prestige, the prize I hoped to gain;
Yet why I came to live this life,
Got lost beneath the stress and strife.

Now grade ten's gate stands sharp and near,
Board exams whispering fear;
What if my scores fall short, I think,
And make my parent's honour sink?

In chasing dreams they wished for me,
I drifted from Who I'm meant to be;
a child of joy, a heart so bright,
forgot my own life's simple light.

Aditya Sinha (8-A)



Where there is Hope

Where there is hope,
there is a reason to live,
a reason to smile,
and giving the best you can give.

Where there is hope,
there is always a light,
a place for improvement,
curiosity shining bright.

Where there is hope,
there is the strongest will,
the motivation to step up,
a destiny you can fulfil.

Pragya Dwipt (8-B)



The Hour of Hidden Harmony

At dawn, a pale thread of light is spun,
The wind steps in where the night is done;
The sea lifts softly, a rising tone,
A whispered hymn the sky has known.

The trees lean close as their leaves reply,
Small silver tremors against the sky,
and even the city, carved in stone,
slows its pulse to a gentle zone.

A gold mist drifts where the shadows, fade,
Soft as breath on a window made;
and morning gathers, layer by layer,
like light poured slowly through quiet air.

And for that moment, faint but true,
the world moves whole, in a golden hue-
every fragment, earth and air,
breathing together, unaware.

Medhavini Rai (8-B)



Born of scars and stardust

She stood again, though her wings were torn,
Through shattered skies, her silence mourned.
Yet from her scars, the stars were born,
For even broken wings can soar once more.

The dawn embraced her weary soul,
Light stitched the cracks that once stood tall.
she danced through storms with fire in her veins,
And rose from pain like summer rains,
Her spirit burned where shadows hid,
Hope crowned the scars the darkness left.

She walks in light, her fears left behind,
A warrior born, of heart and mind.
The winds may change, yet she will stay,
For hope within her will light her way.

Medhavini Rai (8-B)



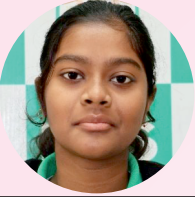
Letter to My Younger Self

You were never weak;
You were just waiting to grow.
I know you've suffered a lot,
But now -it's your time to glow.

The storms tried to break you, still you bloomed,
You stretched your wings beyond the gloom.
Their mocking words could never let you down,
The fire that forged your lighting crown.

You've learned the act of rising again,
To dance through loss and smile through pain.
No chain can hold the soul you found-
You are thunder, 'brave' and 'unbound'.

Vedika Pathak (8-B)



Nowadays

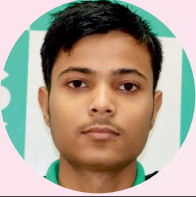
Ignorance is bliss,
for truths are harsh.
So-called praises are,
just criticism masked.

Hate is disguised,
In captivating smiles.
Some serpents live,
behind human eyes.

Empty words nowadays,
define your worth.
Real people are booed,
and perfect ones loved.

Still some smile,
pretending to care.
We're keeping humanity alive,
somehow or the other way.

Pragya Dwipt (8-B)



The Spark of Joy

Joy lies within your soul,
“It’s your identity”,
accept it from a heartfull,
as it’s your final destiny.

You have a chaotic day,
and a turbulent life.
Just ignore it;
with the joy of light.

It keeps you happy,
and away from all distraction.
You love it,
Just like an affection.

A small pinch of joy
on your face everytime;
is the key of your life,
for a lifetime.

“All the kinship hereis fragile”
you are the one;
who just can’t live without a smile.

Vedansh Pathak (8-A)



Harmony

Harmony is not the silence,
but the stitching of differences.
A hundred metre cloth where thunder and
lullaby,
share the same thread.

It is the river that does not argue
With the stone in its path,
Only shapes it slowly
Into something rounder.

Harmony is the choir of unmatching birds,
Each note a feather,
Yet all of them flying
In the same direction of dawn.

Harmony is the art of many without losing one.

Shashank Singh (5-C)



Harmony Finds Its Way

When people smile and hearts are bright,
The world is filled with gentle light.
If we choose kindness everyday,
Harmony will find its way.

Hope is like a shining star,
Guiding us no matter how far.
It tells us troubles never stay,
Better times are on the way.

Humanity is standing true,
Helping others like we do.
When we care for everyone,
Life becomes warm like the Sun.

So let us live with love and cheer-
A happier world begins right here !

Satvik Gupta (4-A)



Where Has All the Feelings Gone?

Are we humans ?
Or is it just me ?
Is it so hard ?
To live in peace and harmony.
Where have all the feelings gone ?
They can't just disappear
And that is my biggest fear!

Yash Vishal Dwivedi (5-E)



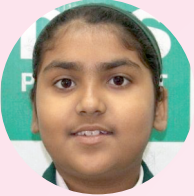
The Guide to a Dark Night

In harmony we stand as one,
United beneath the golden Sun.
Hope this guiding light keeps shining bright,
And guiding us through the darkest night.

As children of Delhi Public School, Patna
East,
We stand together,
United as one with love and kindness,
Our journey begins with pure brightness.

Let's choose to be kind, let's choose to care,
And make this world a loving place to shine
For the sake of humanity, let's stand united
Guiding us through the darkest night.

Ali Haider Khan (4-D)



The light of Harmony

When hearts unite and hands extend,
All pain and hatred find their end.
A spark of hope lights every face,
And fills the world with gentle grace.

Through love we heal, through peace we
grow,
And teach the world the way to glow,
For kindness blooms where care is sown,
And harmony makes hearts our own.

No wall too high, no dreams too small,
If we stand strong and love for all.
Together we can build a new world,
A world of hope for me and you.

Aradhya Gupta (6-B)



Streets of Red

When I walk through the streets of red,
The pictures of the streets make me mad.
People over here divided into two,
Majority are cruel, Innocents are few.
Shedding of blood is a routine case,
But fear lies on an innocent face,
Man is busy running in a rat race.
For him being more powerful is the only craze,
He is busy checking. Is he standing behind
someone?
We must stick with hope.
For we don't know the end,
Like we don't know the beginning,
But truth must remain.

Yug Singh (5-C)



The Clay and the Flame

We were born of dust and dreaming,
Moulded by a nameless hand-
Each soul a spark of starlight,
Each footprint pressed in sand.
We built with stone and longing,
We sang to skies unknown,
And every age of silence
Still echoes with our own.
We are the fire that questions,
The tear that dares to fall,
The hand that lifts a stranger,
The voice that breaks the wall.
Not gods, not beasts, but something more-
A bridge between the two,
With hearts that break and mend again,
And still believe in the truth.
So let the world remember,
When towers turn to dust:
The greatest mark of being human
Is learning how to trust.

Raghavi Ranjan (7-A)



My dreams

My dreams are bright like stars at night
They fill my heart with hope and light
They tell me, “Try, don’t ever fear”,
“Your goal and wishes are always near.”

Sometimes they hide, sometimes they
show
But with hard work, they start to grow.
Each dream I have is special to me,
It shows the person I want to be.

Dreams are not just things we see,
They are the steps to who we’ll be
So I will dream both day and night,
And make my future big and bright.

Naitik Upadhyay (4-D)



A Better World

Harmony helps us live as one.
Hope shines bright like the morning sun.
Humanity means being kind and true,
Helping others is what we do.
With love and care in every heart,
We make the world a better place.

Garvit Agarwal (5-B)



A World Made One

A rainbow shines after the rain,
A song of peace through joy and pain.
When hearts reach out and hands entwine
The light of hope begins to shine.

No walls can stand where love is true,
No hate can last when skies are blue.
For every soul beneath the sun,
Is part of all - a world made one.

Vansh (5-B)



Our Kind Heart

Our heart is like a garden,
Green and wide,
Where care and friendship always hide.
If we plant seeds of love and gentle grace,
We make the whole world a better place.
Being human is being good and true,
Helping others is what we must do.
Let's use our voices to speak what is right,
And make our humanity shine so bright.

Keertika Patel (5-A)



Seeds of Hope, Songs of Harmony

Hope is the seed the dawn delivers,
A spark that rises from the dust;
It teaches weary hearts to waken,
And whisper softly still, we must.

Harmony is the song that follows,
A weaving of voices calm and bright-
Different notes, yet joined in meaning,
Turning shadows into light.

Humanity is the hands that hold us,
the pulse We share, the breath will keep;
A promise carried through our sorrows,
A bond that runs both side and deep.

And when these three walk side by side-
Hope to guide and hearts in tune-
We shape a world where love grows wider,
And peace can blossom, so on...

Evyavan Singh (4-D)



Harmony Is Everywhere

Harmony ! O Harmony ! How I will miss you.
Harmony means playing catch,
with my friends after school.
No fights, we laugh and run,
It feels really cool.
At lunch I like to share, my biscuits and my jam,
we pass water too.
To thirsty little Tom,
Sometimes my sister shouts.

I say “okay, don’t cry !”
Then we build a block tower
And reach for the sky.
Harmony is home, harmony is field
Harmony is everywhere, Harmony is everything.

Harmony ! O Harmony ! How I will miss you.

Harmony is, when grandpa tells a joke,
We all sit close together,
Eating spicy egg yolk. I love harmony a lot.
It makes the world fun,
Everybody together,
Like rays from the sun!

Harmony ! O Harmony ! How I will miss you.

Vivan Birla (4-C)



Where Hope Begins

When we speak with kindness in what we say,
Harmony slowly finds its way.
And when our hearts feel lost on cold,
Hope gently whispers brave and bold.
It tells us softly, “you’ll be alright”.
And helps us rise again to light.
Humanity shines in the hands that care,
In smiles we give, in moments we share.
Together we mend what the world goes through,
with Harmony, hope and hearts so true.

Dharna Shree (6-C)



The Different Colours of Flowers in the World

Our world is a bouquet of different colour flowers
Some big some small
Some blue some bright,
Some go dull and some have light
There are no black and white.

Sometimes we think we aren't enough
But stand strong when times are tough,
We don't lose hope in spite of the dark
Because the light within us ignites the spark.

Now let's do our work of love and care
What we have is all to share,
Stay open to help for those in need
Keep empathy in your arms and put down your
greed.

We've come so far by doing the wars
Let's end this up with a peace call
And this is the heaven and this is the hell
And it's up to you what you choose.

Aaradhya Shree (5-A)

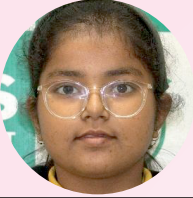


When Hearts Remember

When hearts remember, we are one,
No sky too dark, no dream undone,
people rush, dreams collide,
How fragile, how fierce this things we call being alive,
hands once broken learn to mend,
we hurt, we heal, we fall apart,
hope, stubborn as a sunlight,
no border drawn can cage the soul,

No creed can break the human whole,
If loves the seed and peace the tree,
Then harmonies melody
That turns through times that whispers close
Humanity still loves right there.

Aryaan Shah (4-A)



The Light That Sets Us Free

Hope rises quietly at dawn,
A gentle light for all to see.
Harmony hums where hearts respond,
Uniting voices tenderly.
And in our shared humanity,
We find the strength to set us free.

Anika Golvara (5-A)



Class Teacher—The Guardian of our Classroom

Our class teacher is a morning breeze
entering with calm footsteps
that somehow straighten our notebooks
and settle our thoughts
before we even speak.

She knows our names like melodies
each one carrying a story—
some loud, some shy,
but all important
in her gentle sympathy.

She notices everything:
unfinished homework, nervous eyes,
hidden talent tucked away
between the pages
of ordinary days.

Her encouragement is a quite
superpower,
lifting us when we feel small
reminding us that, progress matters
more than perfection ever could.

And so we trust her completely—
not just with our marks
but with our fears and hopes,
because she holds our whole class like a family

Ananya Vaibhavi (6-B)



My Mother, My first Miracle

She wakes before the sun,
carrying warmth in her hands,
as if morning itself
waits for her voice
to begin shining.

Her smile is a gentle shield
softening even the hardest days,
and her eyes know the language
of my heart
without any words.

Her hands weave comfort
Into every lunchbox,
every goodbye,
every promise,
to “try again tomorrow”.

I love hear footsteps
hers would lead me home
every single time-
quite, steady,
and forever mine.

Ananya Vaibhavi (6-B)



Hearts Full of Laughter

Children's day with harmony, kindness and hope.

Happy Children's day.

Lets come and enjoy today,

Little champs and kindness crusaders,

They are our future saviours.

This day is filled of laughter and joy,

then let the children celebrate and enjoy.

Childhood is filled of laughter and fun,

Let them laugh, play and run,

The innocence of the children is cute,

Then why should we keep them mute?

Harmony is filled into their hearts pure

They are the future saviours for sure.

Happy Children's day,

Lets come and enjoy today,

Little champs and kindness crusaders,

they are our future saviours,

this day is filled of laughter and joy

then let the children celebrate and enjoy.

Yashvi Parashar (5-B)



The Life

Our life is like maths,
with many rules attached.
The letters are only eleven,
but the meaning is vast and even.

We should add our friends,
subtract our enemies,
divide other's sorrows,
and multiply our happiness.

Joys and sorrows are twins,
both being the gifts to win.
We should take them with pleasure,
as there are life's measure.

Shahma Sharique (6-C)

*Verses
from
the Mentors*



May You Rise and Still Stay Grounded

May you have the courage,
To soar high and touch the sky.
And even if the heavens greet you,
May your feet stay rooted—
Steady on the earth below.

May your dreams be vast and endless,
Wide enough to light your way.
And may love walk beside you,
With success following close—
A gentle caravan in your stride.

May you rise, my dear students,
Yet stay humble as you grow.

Md. Ashfaque Iqbal



Thirty Years of Chalk Dust

She stands at dawn before the sun,
a tired smile, a life half-run.
The world outside keeps shifting fast,
but her classroom stays, her anchor, cast.

Her hands once soft now bear the trace
of endless papers, years of grace.
Chalk dust gathers on her skin,
a quiet armour, worn thin.

Some days her voice trembles low,
some days the lessons hardly flow,
Some days she sits, alone, unheard,
a warrior built from every word.

She's fought through storms no one has seen:
broken roofs, budgets lean,
crowded rooms, unlit halls—
yet she stood firm through it all.

Thirty years of unseen wars,
of guiding minds, unlocking doors.
Though the world forgets her name,
her students carry forth her flame.
For every tear she hid away,
there's a child she taught to find their way.
For every night she graded late,
there's a dream she helped create.
And when she walks the halls today,
her steps are slow, but bright as day.
For though this path has carved its scars,
she knows her work outlives the stars.

She turns a page, her heart still true,
a teacher's life: old, yet new.
Struggle shaped her, year by year,
but love is why she's still here.

Ms Jossy Joseph



We Are All Stories in the Same Library

We are all stories in the same library.
Different themes, different covers, even different shelves.
But we all belong to one place,
one room, one world, one shared space.
We are different from each other,
yet we are meant to be together.
Because all of us, side by side,
make this library a world worth reading.
Some of us are soft poems.
Some are winter tales, loud with courage.
Some are still writing our first pages.
Some are guiding and mentoring others.
And some are waiting for their dreams to unfold.
Yet in this vast library of life,
every story matters,
every voice belongs,
every word carries meaning.
When we choose empathy over judgement,
our pages blend beautifully,
woven with harmony, hope, and humanity.
Together, we create a library
from which the world can learn.

Arpita Maheshwari



The Silent Grammar of Hope

In the vast hush that follows every collapsing certainty,
when even the steadfast architecture of reason trembles,
there emerges—almost imperceptibly—an unnamed presence
that arranges itself within the mind like a careful syntax
of light attempting to reconcile the darkness.

Hope, in its enigmatic discipline, does not declare itself openly;
instead, it weaves subtle clauses of reassurance
beneath the louder arguments of despair,
constructing long, unpunctuated breaths
that guide the faltering spirit toward continuity.

It resides in the intricate pauses
between one surrendered dream and the next fragile attempt,
a quiet lexicon of persistence
written not in ink or flame
but in the faint, luminous residue
left behind by every moment the heart refused to collapse.

And though its grammar is seldom spoken—
composed of metaphors too delicate for ordinary speech—
it shapes the weary soul with an invisible precision,
teaching it the syntactical courage
to arrange its fractured ambitions
into sentences that still aspire toward dawn.

For hope, ultimately, is the language
the universe whispers in the margins of despair:
a silent but sovereign articulation
that instructs even the most broken spirit
on how to translate darkness
into the possibility of light.

Amaaf Parwez



Where Hope Still Breathes

In the quiet corners of our days,
when the world feels too loud to bear,
and every path looks like a question
we are too tired to answer—
hope still breathes.

In the darkest rooms of the heart,
when every door seems locked inside,
and even our own voice feels lost
in the noise of a thousand others,
and when our thoughts scatter
like whispers lost in the wind,
hope blooms silently, fragile yet strong.

There are moments when choices blur,
when one step forward feels like stepping into fog.
And the world pulls us, everywhere except where we want to go.
Even the smallest light can end the dark,
and even a fragile hope can calm the heart.

Doors will open. Paths will clear.
And the voice inside you—
the one that rises, even when you fall—
will lead you home.

Hold hope close.

It does not promise an easy road,
but it promises that you will not walk alone.

Pooja Swaraj



Where Hearts Learn to Heal

In a world that rushes, loud and fast, Some bonds are
made to gently last. Where laughter hums and sorrows
sleep, And promises aren't hard to keep.

Love is not fire, nor storm, nor ache—
It's the quiet choices we softly make.

A handheld tighter through fear and doubt, A whisper of
faith when lights go out.

Harmony lives in the spaces between, In moments
simple, unspoken, serene. Two souls learning the same
slow song, Teaching each other where they belong.

Hope is a sunrise we grow inside,
A place where shadows refuse to hide. And every day, with
courage new,
We learn what love can make us do.

So breathe, believe—your heart is wise. Even broken
wings remember to rise.
For the world become softer, real—
Where hearts learn to trust, to hope... And heal.

Swati Priya



The Light of Class

In the heart of 8A, Hope rises like a bright morning sun,
for these children carry a spark that turns ordinary days into promise;
their laughter paints the classroom with courage,
and in their curious eyes, I find new reasons to believe in tomorrow.

Harmony breathes gently among them, woven through every shared smile,
in the way they lift each other up, turning differences into strength;
they speak a language of unity without ever trying,
a soft reminder that peace begins with simple acts of understanding.

Humanity lives in their kindness, their open hearts, their eager hands;
they teach me daily that compassion has no age, only depth,
and because of them, this room feels alive,
a place where I learn as much as I guide, humbled by their shining spirits.

Sunil Gupta



Threads of Karma

Every action, a thread we spin,
waves of energy, ripples within.
What we sow, we reap in time-
karma's echoes, a mirrored rhyme.

In life's vast weave, threads entwine;
intent and deed, a pattern define.
Compassion leaves a gentle trace,
hurtful acts leave a darker space.

The universe notes each intent,
and returns to us what we meant.
So let kindness be your guide
to shape karma, where love resides.

Like seeds planted in life's soil deep,
actions grow, and their fruits we keep.
A cycle turning, night and day-
karma's lessons, guide us on our way.

With every thought, word, and deed's might,
we shape the future in morning light.
Choose paths of peace, of love, of care,
to harvest joy, and blessings share.

In karma's mirror, we see our face-
reflections of intent, time's steady pace.
Let empathy and goodness lead,
to a karma woven with love's thread.

Ms Aarthi



Social Harmony

In lands where many tongues entwine,
Where countless faiths and colors shine,
India breathes a vibrant song—
Of hearts diverse, yet bound and strong.

From mountains high to oceans deep,
One pledge of peace we vow to keep;
Through every tongue, through every creed,
Unity blooms in thought and deed.

Though forces seek to break apart,
Through caste or creed, they test the heart;
Yet love and justice still shall stand,
To weave one soul across the land.

Let children learn this noble art—
To see one world in every heart;
To speak with kindness, live as one,
Till hatred fades and peace is won.

For harmony is not mere dream,
But strength that makes a nation gleam;
Through dialogue, respect, and grace,
We build one home — one human race

Kumari Vandana

About The Book

Zephyr 2.0 is a vibrant collection of poems that captures the imagination, emotions and creative voices of our young writers. Blending fresh perspectives with heartfelt expression, this anthology explores themes of nature, identity, hope and the everyday experiences that shape us. Each poem offers a glimpse into the inner world of our students, showcasing their evolving literary talent and unique artistic vision.

A short yet meaningful journey, Zephyr 2.0 celebrates the power of words, the beauty of reflection and the spirit of creativity that binds our school community together.



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