

# LITERATURE LITZEA

The zeal for literature

PG. Dept. of English  
N S C B Govt. College, Sambalpur

*Discovering literature beyond the cosmos*

Dr. Aditya Meher  
Editor-in-Chief

# Novara

STARLIGHT EDITION / AUGUST 2025

*A blend of love and hope for a soul  
enlightened by the cosmic lights*

POETRY | STARS | SOUL

DESTINY

WALL MAGAZINE

LOVE HOPE UNITY

LIFE

# LITZEAL

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## Novara

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

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Hail to those flyers riding on their wings and taking to the sky! May their venture into the interminable blue come to fruition! I am immensely glad to be a part of the 3rd edition of the Litzeal, the wall-magazine of the PG Department of English, NSCB College Sambalpur. It is a small step strongly rooted for a never-to-end mission. A sweet chalice of poems offered by our budding poets will hopefully draw innumerable eyes, ears, minds and hearts. I wish Litzeal may reach new heights in the days to come.

*Dr. Aditya  
Meher*

**Editor-in-Chief**



## **In this issue**

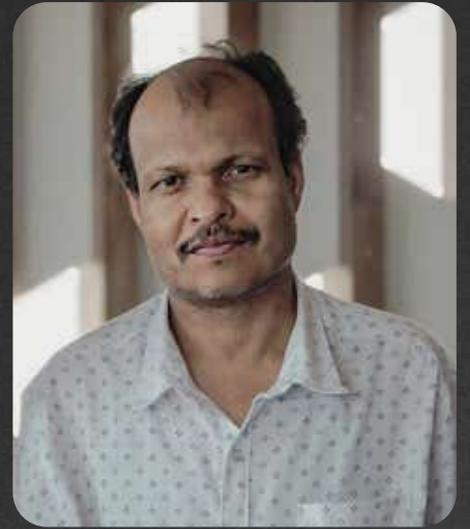
Explore literature beyond the cosmos, by the starlight of our young writers. From poetry upon life and love to the never-ending galaxies of hope and unity. Where you find your destiny through the cosmic blaze.

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# POETRY WITHOUT POETIC JUSTICE

Between the first and the last  
words of this life  
the other words are like  
poetic struggles and poetic strife  
sometimes said  
but very often unsaid  
with so many broken images  
so many fragmented symbols  
and obscure paradoxes  
with millions of enigmatic allegorises  
metaphysical myths and conceits  
to complete this incomplete poem  
leaving it  
which when storms this soul  
that very often very heavily strikes,  
without any definite poetic truth  
without any defined poetic beauty  
without any fixed poetic justice  
and yet we call these warring words:  
the most awful and absurd poem  
rarely written in romantic ink,  
but mostly with black colours  
without any radiant rays-  
red, violet, green, blue or pink...



*Harihar Mallick*

Asst. Prof, PG  
Dept. of English



# THE VOICE

Her deafening voice,  
The loudest in silence,  
Screaming out the soul,  
In the struggle to prove innocence,  
Ablaze under the sinister spell,  
She was squeezed,  
And made the ironic icon.  
Rahu swallowed the Sun,  
The baffling darkness continues,  
Her pining soul hovers to reconcile,  
Death gave life to the lifeless,  
But, the voice lost its view,  
And sleeps in slumber.



*Birasen Dalai*

Asst. Prof, PG Dept. of  
English



# THE UNFADING LIGHT

The potter's wheel hums in the dust,  
clay darkens his fingernails,  
a crow picks grain from the courtyard,  
the air smells of sweat and turmeric.

Men bargain loud in the bazaar—  
spices, silk, a broken watch—  
their voices clang like hammered brass,  
their eyes are sharpened coins.

But beyond the market's clang and glare  
a wind stirs, thin and austere;  
it lifts the mind like a kite from the hand,  
toward a sky where silence rules.

Up there, there is no barter,  
no fist closing on a jewel—  
only the wide, clean face of thought,  
a sun that burns without smoke.

Clay will crack, coins will rust,  
and yet the word, the idea, endures:  
From the dust of the courtyard  
to the light that outlives stars.



*Satyaranjan Bhoi*

Lecturer, PG Dept. of  
English



# YOU = LOVE

"Who am I, MAA?"  
I asked,  
curious, soft Voice.  
She smiled,  
touched my cheek,

"You, the priceless piece of my FLESH,  
Living example of LOVE,  
of SACRIFICE,  
of AFFECTION."

"IMMORTAL ME,  
Live within you.  
In your blood,  
in each heartbeat,  
echoing through generations  
like a river carrying stars."

I paused,  
"Can I find someone  
who'll love me  
like you do?"

SHE, took my hands,  
Holding the WORLD,  
whispered:

"Be kind, my son.  
Be the warmth in cold places,  
Become LOVE itself.  
You won't need to find it,  
YOU = LOVE,  
And people,  
one day,  
will find YOU..."



*Rahul Debata*

Lecturer, PG Dept. of  
English



I despise the ones who roam behind a mask,  
Yet hate myself—for I too play that part.  
The world teaches this cruel masquerade,  
And I loathe the smiles that feel so staged.

But what can I do? There's no escape.  
This forced attire—the earrings, the kohl—  
They weigh me down, they make me ache,  
Yet to survive, I wear them though sore.

That yellow sari, that hollow show,  
It troubles me more, you know.  
To trim the front, let the back hair grow—  
Such strange rituals I can't condone.

Not seeing the truth behind innocent eyes,  
Leaves me restless.  
To bind someone with thoughts not their own,  
Feels wrong to me, like a heart overthrown.

These thoughts keep me tossing, turning at night,  
But I must walk with the world in sight.  
I am different, and wish to stay so,  
Yet fear being crushed if I let it show.

I long to be alone, to drift and be free,  
But I'm human—so I lean, I need, I plea.



*Neha Panjwani*

Lecturer, PG  
Dept. of English



# A KINDER FLAME

Rested in man's bosom  
beneath human faculties  
lies unstirred  
a power beyond kings

beyond man's demise  
untouched by fate's cold hands  
a kinder flame burns  
by the name of hope.

*Jagaran Pujari*



# VOICE OF THE SHELTERED WOOD

Amidst the dewy meadows, where hush holds sway,  
A lonely boy went drifting through the day.  
And then, thy love, a golden beam,  
Flushed the pallor, restoring the dream.

The blossoms bent, the wandering winds rejoiced,  
And where dread dwelt, now joy and song voiced.  
He found in thee a hush—smooth sheltered wood.  
The laughing skies, the streaming river's flood.  
No greater treasure could his heart esteem,  
Than thy sweet soul, the center of his dream.



*Anurag Nath*



# IN THE HALLS OF DREAMS



In college halls, we laugh and roam,  
But sometimes friends can feel like home.  
A buddy you trust might drift away,  
Yet true friends stick, come what may.

When life gets tough, seniors lend a hand,  
With teachers who care, we learn to stand.  
We hit the books for grades that shine,  
But we also sneak out, just to unwind.

In these wild years, we find our way,  
Creating memories that forever stay.

*Sonia Pati*



# THE GARDEN OF WHAT-IFS

I wander through the arcade no soul can see,  
My thoughts bloom wildly, no one is there to agree.

Each question created a doubt,  
Nobody knows what this is about.

I hold the weight, with a smiling face,  
The world sees calm, a gentle grace.

We call it chaos, too heavy, too much,  
Yet pulchritude is born from our lovable touch.

As we know the stars quietly glow,  
I know i overthink - yet i endlessly grow.



*Chunhun Sharma*

# NOVARA

Welcome friends, the journey's new,  
Novara shines in me and you.  
Step by step, let's walk as one,  
Together we rise, our dreams begun.

No divide, no fear, no fall,  
Unity makes us strong and tall.  
Hand in hand, we'll light the way,  
Novara's spirit is here to stay!

So lift your hearts, let voices cheer,  
A brighter tomorrow starts right here.  
With love and unity as our guide,  
In Novara's flame, let's get unite.



*Rohan Nayak*



## SHE IS MORE

She's not merely a girl with quiet eyes,  
She has taken the world with loss, and remained.  
She's heard the truth of a hundred lies,  
And still finds ways to love, to remain, to sound.

She has carried days heavier than my years,  
And smiled in places no one saw her pain.  
She's lived through storms, and turned every page,  
And offered more love than anyone could gain.

She is the past, the present, all at once—  
Not just a heart, but history in skin.  
A soul who's burned under long and heavy suns,  
But dares again to dream, to let light in.

She's not a name, or role, or passing part—  
She is a world steeped gently in a heart.

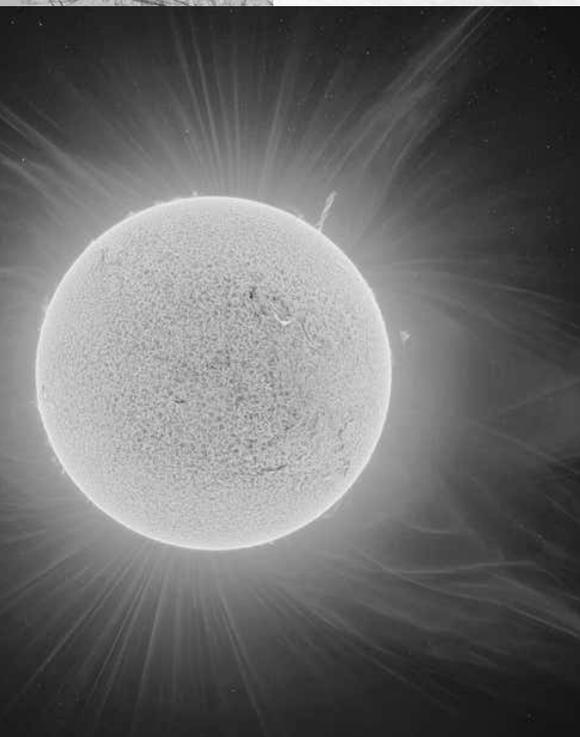
*Udit Sharma*



# WHERE PATHS MEET KINDNESS

A smile that waits at every gate,  
Nor too early, or too late.  
I know the sun will rise at dawn,  
But not the paths my feet have gone.  
I know the seed, but not the tree,  
Nor what its branches yet may be.  
For every journey wakes a morning bright,  
Where dreams press on through the veiled  
night.

*Pawani Pattnayak*



## WIND OF CHANGE

In cities tall and ocean wide,  
The Earth shifts with the turning tide.

Forests burn and rivers dry,  
While smoke and sorrow fill the sky.

But in our hearts a spark remains,  
A will to heal to ease the pains.

With sincere hope and hands entwined,  
We seek the balance we must find.

The winds of change now call our name,  
To mend the world too, far from flame.

Together we can shape the way,  
Far brighter skies and greener days.



*Swati Subhadarsini*

*Change*

# WHISPERS OF DAWN

The night has ended, the sky turns gold,  
A quiet promise the morning holds.  
From broken paths, new roads arise,  
Hope blooms again beneath the skies  
Every ending Whispers, "Begin once more".

*Bhabatmak Padhee*



# AUXESIS

Gaze and gaze and gaze and  
gaze then arise

Like a sage, fully concentrate

Then raise with full of zest,

And don't stop,

Because life is full of different  
phases

Everyday, every moment is a  
chance to upgrade

And at last welcome to  
Almighty's land.

*Harsit Arya*



# WINGS OF TOMORROW

Sunlight tiptoes on blank pages,  
Whispers of stories yet to bloom.  
Yesterday folds like origami,  
Dreams stretch their wings in quiet corners,  
Tomorrow hums a melody of new chances.

*Trupti Nayak*



# A GENTLE BEGINNING

Yesterday's shadows slowly faded away,  
Your calm words guide me through the gray.  
Hands once unsure now feel safe and warm,  
Moments together chase away the storm.

The weight I carried feels lighter today,  
Old fears are quiet, they slowly drift away.  
A gentle trust grows inside my heart,  
Soft and steady, a brand-new start.

Paths that were tangled now feel clear,  
A quiet beginning I hold close and near.



*Arpita Meher*



# FRIENDS

Friends are like rain,  
They help you to  
reach your goal  
just like a train.

Friends make your barren  
life fertile,  
They stand by you  
in misery and turmoil.

Friends are like air,  
They look after you  
with loving care.

Friends are the source  
that strengthen your breath;  
Without friends, life  
is worthless as death.

*Sushrita Mendali*



*Friends Forever*

# A STEP TOWARDS A NEW BEGINNING

New dreams, slow halls, a fresh start  
I left my home behind  
To follow that little beam of light  
I said good bye to the people of my mind

This new beginning, a story to tell  
A chapter unfolds, with dreams to compel  
Let's walk with a path with hope and cheer  
And make this journey one to hold dear.

*Anshuman Parida*



# THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The sleepless night I never asked for,  
The demons inside me  
keep knocking at my door.

That night feels so reckless,  
and yet I try to surrender to sleep.

The past tangled in my skin,  
refusing to let me  
enter the future.

*Rani Nayak*



# ETHICS TAUGHT, VALUES LOST?



*Akash Das*

In many universities, "Ethics and Values" is a part of the undergraduate syllabus. Covering 25 marks, it's meant to teach students the importance of ethics and values in their personal and professional lives. But there's a growing concern: everyone treats it like just another subject. You know, study for the exams, get the 25 marks, and move on. But is that really the point?

When we learn about ethics, it's about more than just passing a test. Ethics are what guide us in life - in our jobs, in our relationships, in the choices we make every day. They're what help us figure out what's right and wrong. But if we're just gonna study ethics like we do math or science, without really thinking about how we apply them in real life... then what's the use? It's like learning about healthy eating but never actually eating healthy.

Ethics are super important for figuring out what's right and wrong. Values shape who you are and how you deal with people. If students don't get these things down, it'll be tough for them when they have to make big ethical choices in real life.

This is particularly relevant for topics covered in the UG Ethics and Value syllabus, such as Women Empowerment, issues concerning children, being ethical as a student, knowing the risks of smoking and drinking and many more - all these things are part of UG Ethics and Value syllabus. Understanding these topics is a must if students want to grow into responsible people who know what's right.

### The Problem with "Just a Subject" Mindset

When students think of "Ethics and Values" like just another thing to learn - like a topic to study - they might totally miss the big deal about it. Ethics and values are all about how we behave, how we make choices in life, and how we treat others. If we just see it as something to cram for a test or learn theoretically, we might not really live it out in our daily lives. And that can create a gap between what we learn and how we actually act out there in the world.

### Universities' Role in Emphasizing Ethics and Values

Universities and educational institutions need to clarify to students that ethics and values are not merely subjects to be passed for academic credit. Instead, the main goal of studying ethics and values is to impart crucial life lessons that shape how students behave, make decisions, and interact with others. There's a need to spread awareness among students that this subject isn't just about studying to get a passing mark and then forgetting about it.

By emphasizing the importance of ethics and values in real-life applications, institutions can help students understand the significance of internalizing these principles. This way, students will understand that the study of ethics and values is meant to guide them in making thoughtful decisions, treating others with respect, and contributing positively to society.

### A Suggestion : Teaching Ethics Early

In my opinion, ethics and values should not be taught at the college level because by that stage, it may be too late to effectively instill these principles in students. By the time students are in college, they may have already developed certain behaviors or habits, such as smoking, despite being taught about the harmful effects of such behaviors in an ethics and values course. I believe teaching ethics and values at the school level would be more effective because students at this stage are more impressionable and can be influenced in their development. For example, if students are taught about honesty and respect for others in school, they are likely to carry these values with them as they mature. I emphasize that prevention is preferable to attempting to modify behavior later. In school, educators can shape a student's character, whereas in college, students are transitioning into adulthood and making more independent decisions, making it more challenging to teach them new values.

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*Thank you* 

*See You Again in our next publication!*