Student Enrichment Activity Approval Form 2020-2021

Department: Cultural Committee

Program: International Poetry Day

Objective: To observe international poetry day and identify the talent of composing poetry among the students.

Need: To develop and explore the talent of writing poetry among students. Such talent are hidden among students which can be explored by organising such events.

Content: Poetry writing competition.

Resource Person: NA

Date: 21st March 2021

Time: Online submissions

Venue: Online

Cost/Budget: NIL

Proposed by: Ms. Steffi Savle



Verified by: Principal, Dr. Sridhara Shetty

MINUTES OF THE MEETING

Date: 12-03-2021

Agenda:

Time: 2:00 PM (on Zoom)

- 1. Discussion on organizing International Poetry Day.
- 2. Allocation of work among the team.

Minutes:

- 1. It was decided to organize a Poetry writing & reciting competition on International Poetry day on 21st March 2021.
- 2. Work was allocated among the team.

Following members were present:

 Teacher Members: 1. Ms. Steffi Salve - Cultural Coordinator 2. Mr Ashish Navik - Member 3. Ms. Swati Shetty - Member 4. Ms. Sujata Rizal Kotian - Member 5. Ms. Richa Sharma - Member 6. Ms. Sharanya Sanoj - Member 	Cultural Leaders: 1. Mallika Poojary 2. Swathi Shetty 3. Shruti Panhale 4. Nitish Jha 5. Omkar More 6. Harsh Mishra 7. Shivangi Shukla 8. Shrinav Shyam 9. NITISH JHA 10. SNEHA RADHAKRISHNAN 11. SIDDHI RASAM 12. Nikita Shetty 13. Ishika Shetty 14. Kinjal Ghorpade
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SCHEDULE

21st March - Online

International Poetry Day Report

"Life is poetry, where we are the writers".

The Cultural Committee of BUNTS SANGHA'S S M SHETTY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, COMMERCE AND MANAGEMENT STUDIES, POWAI, strives hard to make sure no talent goes unnoticed. With the same aim, the cultural committee organized an open event on the account of International Poetry day on March 21st, 2021.

This Intra-collegiate E-event was conducted through the official social media accounts of Emmorzeal on Instagram and Facebook, due to COVID-19 pandemic.

The event was a success with 5 students sending in entries of their self-written poetries in variance of languages such as English, Hindi and Marathi. This, in conclusion, the event boosted the confidence in young writers amongst the students to present their work in a safe and welcoming environment and gave them the opportunity to explore their skills and culture as a writer even during the tough times of the pandemic situation.

Some Submission Glimpses







UNESCO first adopted 21 March as World Poetry Day during its 30th General Conference in Paris in 1999, with the aim of supporting linguistic diversity through poetic expression and increasing the opportunity for endangered languages to be heard.

कहा था उसने. साथ देगी हमेशा बड़ी रहेगी मेरे साथ हमेशा कभी गिर गई तो उठाने केलिए सबसे पहले वो आती थी कभी टूट जाली तो संवारने केलिए सबसे पहले वो आती थी कहा करती थी . कि मेरी आवाज सुनकर उस सुकून मिलता है. सारी परेशानियां ना के बराबर लगती हैं कहा करती थी की. मुझसे ऊपर और कोई नहीं होगा उसके लिए की. में उसकी सब कुछ हूं कहा करती थी की मुझसे गले लगने पर उसे ऐसा लगता था जैसे सब सही है जैसे कभी कछ तलत हो ही नहीं सकता कहा करती थी की पाहे जो होजाए तेरा हाच नहीं छोडूंगी'. की. 'तू मेरी सब कुछ है. तुझमें जान बस्ती हे मेरे।' वो कहा करती थी और में सुना करती थी वो कहा करती थी. और में..में उसपर यकीन करती थी मगर आज. आज उसने केह दिया की. चुझसे बढ़कर कोई और है चु अब मेरे लिए इनके जरूरी है ये सुलबर और हुनेगा थम सी गई सब कुछ करू सा गया बोहोत कोशिश की उसे वापस लाने की मगर बस परी गई वी

आज तक लगता था की सिर्फ इस्क़ में घोका खाता है दिल मगर आज पहली बार दोस्ती में घोका कहा गया ये दिल।

Yes, my haters would be happy, but its nothing to be taken into lone light for. Maybe its a stage of my file, to let myself know that five got something work to do. Not for other's but myself. We tend to live for ourselves rather than for other's . To survive, to live, to cherish, to be happy, to love or hate ourselves. But at the end we all know, we are the only one's who will be there for ourselves. To be actually getting to realise the harsh reality?

Yes, sometimes it's alway to not be alway But have you seen general in the micror? Look at gurrell, shine a smin. You may realise your day wold be better them yesterday. The curiosity, the entimission you hald will eventually better your day It's always a cherry on cake to always test good and Cherish such moments with yourell and. To love yourself. The cu

Only You

Why do you do that? Everytime I try to give myself to the night, you knock the door of my heart heart Why? And when I call you, you don't even turn up in my dreame

When I think of you being my water, you come to me like a dissetlefying drink I beg you on my knees, you're nawhere but in the air, so they still bleed I'm fallog overy second and the bones tearing my flesh I hope that you could see, the pain inside me

As fragile as the wings of a butterfly is my heart Don't shatter it is what all I ask for Coze no matter how much I pretend to be a tree When it comes to you, I'l always be a petal of the flower kly

World will go on, new drama, new star will shine every other day But in the midst of all this, I just wanna be me for only you.

मेत्रील

पूर्व पोर्दे पाहतनान मला आज आठवण झाली. अपाण केलेख्या गमतीथी. एकनेकांसोबत घालवलेख्या क्षणांची. आयुष्टभार सीबत असून जवळ कथी राहत नाही. मुमच्याशिवाय एकलेंही दिन्सर येतील जा पुरुष हरवलेले हे दिन्सर येतील जा पुरुष पुरुष्टवाने प्रेर कथी तरी पुरुषा जीवनभर प्रदेशीक अस्या आठवणी जपून देवायला

All the agony and pain, Though was never a gain: I vowed to suffer my soul, For you, my love to hold.

With my eyes I saw it cease, Because you were never at ease: Still I loved you far beyond, Knowing you will one day abscond.

Writing became my love, when I actually started to see things.

Sounds weird right? It has meaning to it. I never knew the Moon talked back... never new the air can hurt and heal. I never knew the sea was hurting... I never knew the grass dance...

But, writing became my love when I actually saw these things

I never knew I could go on adventures to imaginary worldd I never knew the characters talked hock even outside the storial I never knew that all the workers of a story were the writer's happy momental I never knew the that the terms and the agong and the pain! It was the writer's aching heart graving.

Is that me I'm talking about? Who knows...

All I know Is that Writing became my love, when I started to write...

Yes I know there is a lot of mess, Hatred more and love less, Negativity flowing in and out of my surface, Amidst this chaos, I still want to confess,

I want to live more and die less.

participation list

Abhishek kSayali tawadeKumkum gaikwadSaad ansariBeulah Sundararajan

Feedback

General feedback was obtained from the participants and it was noticed that they wish to participate in more such events.

<u>ATR</u>

More such events related to poetry will be organized in future.