



---

# Tea Time Verse

---

Sweet Disposition

*The Remnant Archive*

# *Contents*

Introduction

Inflections  
*by Anannya Uberoi*

The Artist and The Entrepreneur  
*by Kashvi Parekh*

Conquering Time is Futile  
*by Leyla Mehmet*

Wars I Have Fought  
*by Zarnab Tufail*



*We have a profoundly resolute and unaltered piece of 'time' that appears to go on unscathed despite the dynamism and vulnerability of everything surrounding it.*

*-Victoria Lacchetta, Art Head at The Remnant Archive*

The above photoshoot was an endeavour by the LIFE magazine to amalgam the radical Philippe Halsman and Jean Cocteau to create visual poetry.

One of the resulting pictures of the pair depicts Cocteau and Coleman apparently “floating in a room,” an image that demonstrates Halsman’s surrealist sympathies and his early interest in using tricks of the camera to suspend gravity.

In this issue, our columnists have written about this image from their individual perspectives.

# *Inflections*

*By Anannya Uberoi*

At four, the man is to meet his sexuality.  
The clock is on a flexuous routine,  
on its dial are dead branches  
of corkscrew willow untied at the root  
and stamped to its moon white.

Before hands can touch must he  
hasten a glance at a parallel mirror—  
it is capable of more than an upended torch  
and an unimpressible wig stand.  
Its silvering will show what's to become  
of the sweat on his face, the curl of his  
hair, the race of his feet over the chair.

The shadows of his limbs may follow him  
to the tryst, or hang upon the wall like  
eclipsed staccatos of a fervent motion that was,  
or a fervent motion that may be.

Who can know the shade of the man's shirt  
from the color of the acrobat's body? Perhaps  
they are the same, seething rust—or the same,  
soaked blue.

These are not bodies distinct from  
each other. This is one man harmonising  
to a long-due legato. This is one man leaping  
from cover to corpus, from calm to crying lungs,  
from monochrome to full-blown colour  
against the clicks of a dishonest clock impressed in still life.

# *The Artist and The Entrepreneur*

*By Kashvi Parekh*

I contain two selves - the Artist and the Entrepreneur. We count on our intuition and operate because of our obsession. We don't think outside the box - we break the damn thing down to destroy the idea that a limit to thought exists in the first place. Our minds are constantly buzzing, and our hearts racing.

The only time we slow down is when we're meditating, which is when we express our gratitude for each other and for the world. During this meditation, we listen. We align ourselves and we try to find some common ground. Amidst the constant adrenaline rush, we occasionally enter a liminal space to contemplate our ambitions and aspirations. How do we work together?

Should we?

We bleed and blend until we reflect the other to create an equilibrium. A moment of sanity, of clarity, of stark distinction amidst this catastrophe. In this state, we enable mindfulness, alternatively known as the state of deep thinking wherein the Artist and the Entrepreneur co-exist but are forced apart to manifest a breeding ground for ideas and their execution.

I am drained after being in this state but I am satisfied. It takes strength to pull myself out of it, but it takes courage to act on the plan for the dreams we fathomed. I draw this courage from my two selves - the Artist and the Entrepreneur.

I still haven't fully uncovered how they coexist but I'll leave you with this: Think like an Artist, work like an Entrepreneur.

# *Conquering Time is Futile*

*By Leyla Mehmet*

Time flies by,  
Or do we fly by time?

Time waits for no one,  
No matter how much,  
You try to grab time,  
You can't  
quite reach it,  
You can't  
control it.

We try to control time,  
We plan our days,  
Organise our hours,  
But time,  
Cannot be controlled,  
It has to,  
Go by,  
Even if that does,  
Literally suspend us into air,  
As we try to  
seize it,  
As we try to  
save it,  
As we try to  
conquer it.

That piece of work you,  
Needed to finish by the end,  
Of the day,  
You feel an urgency to,  
Stop time,  
In order to,  
Finish it,

You try to  
stop the clock,  
You stand  
on a chair  
To reach for it,  
To grab it,  
Only to be  
swept away,  
By its  
uncontrollable force.  
You try to go back,  
To the past,  
To your childhood,  
To those cherished memories  
You try to retrieve,  
But time  
doesn't rewind,  
time  
continues on,  
and your present,  
becomes your past.

Time waits for no one,  
It passes by,  
It is always  
passing by,  
Whether we like it  
Or not,  
Don't try to conquer it,  
Otherwise  
You'll float.

# *Wars I Have Fought*

*By Zarnab Tufail*

we will beat time and humans to be alive in the moment.  
i will long for you when my future snatches me from your past and you  
will make sure i don't feel alone.  
your mother will curse me for breaking glass and shattering her dreams,  
and my mother will ask me to let go of you  
'she's hypnotising you. get in your senses.'  
i will not listen and entangle our fingers and lives,  
time will declaim war on us  
and we will get stuck somewhere between your past and my future.

# *Meet the Team*

KASHVI CHANDOK  
*Editor-in-Chief Fiction*

RISHITHA SHETTY  
*Editor Fiction*

NEHAL LALA  
*Editor-in-Chief Non-Fiction*

ARSHIYA MAHAJAN  
*Creative Director*

VICTORIA LACCHETTA  
*Art Head*

ANANNYA UBEROI  
*Columnist*

KASHVI PAREKH  
*Columnist*

ZARNAB TUFAIL  
*Columnist*

LEYLA MEHMET  
*Columnist*