

ARTSPOKEN

— MEHR DHAWAN —



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**Dedicated
To
Mother Nature**

Introduction



ARTSPOKEN is Mehr's first book, tracking a creative journey that began at the young age of 3. Now 14, her compassion and love for the environment drives her powerful advocacy. The overwhelming response to her Duality art and poetry exhibition motivated her to bring together a collection of her creations from across the years.

ARTSPOKEN is a heartfelt reflection of her growth as an artist, poet, and young changemaker, inviting readers to experience the world through her unique perspective.

A defining feature of the book is the uniqueness of her ability to weave together artwork and poetry. Demonstrating a mastery of both literary and artistic skills, she uses these twin mediums to create a powerful message of advocacy that explores the fragile balance between nature and human impact.

By pairing visual art with poetry, Mehr creates a layered experience that encourages readers to pause, reflect, and recognize their own connection to the planet. The book stands as a testament to her growth and a reminder that creativity can be an impactful tool for environmental awareness and change.

As an Author she pleads, provokes and connects the readers with nature; deep and compassionate flow, yet happy and optimistic - leaving a prayer for all to be aware of the environment, nature and mother earth.

डॉ. आशीष कुमार भूतानी, आई.ए.एस.

सचिव

Dr. Ashish Kumar Bhutani, I.A.S.
Secretary



भारत सरकार

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Government of India
Ministry of Cooperation



FOREWORD

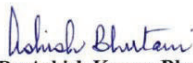
It is both a privilege and a matter of pride to witness a young individual discover a sense of purpose at such an early stage and pursue it with clarity, commitment, and integrity. Mehr Dhawan represents this rare confluence of creativity and responsibility, demonstrating how youthful expression can evolve into meaningful engagement with larger societal concerns.

From her earliest years, Mehr has shown a natural inclination toward artistic expression, using it not merely as a form of creativity but as a medium to interpret and respond to the world around her. What distinguishes her journey is the way in which this artistic sensibility has matured into a thoughtful exploration of themes that hold contemporary relevance, particularly those concerning the environment and sustainability.

Beyond individual expression, Mehr has translated awareness into action. Her initiatives reflect a proactive approach to addressing environmental challenges, combining creativity with outreach, education, and community engagement. Through her leadership efforts and sustained involvement in environmental initiatives, she has demonstrated that meaningful impact can begin at a young age when guided by conviction and supported by purpose.

Artspoken stands as a reflection of this journey. The collection brings together her artistic and literary expressions, offering insight into her evolving perspective on the delicate balance between preservation and degradation of the environment. It is encouraging to see a young voice articulate complex ideas through creative mediums, inviting readers to engage, reflect, and reconsider their own relationship with the natural world.

I commend Mehr Dhawan for her dedication and vision, and I am confident that her journey will continue to inspire many others. I extend my best wishes for her continued growth and future endeavours.


(Dr. Ashish Kumar Bhutani)



02, June, 2026

FOREWORD

It gives me immense pride to write this foreword for Mehr Dhawan, an MYP 4 student whose curiosity and creativity have come together to produce this remarkable work.

ARTSPOKEN is a collection of her artworks and poems that thoughtfully explores the duality between preservation and pollution, inviting readers to reflect on how our choices shape the world we live in.

Her work captures the delicate balance of our planet, the beauty that flourishes when nurtured, and the damage that emerges when neglected.

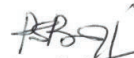
This book is a continuation of a purpose-driven dialogue.

Mehr's ability to engage with complex ideas and translate them into artistic expression reflects a maturity well beyond her years.

I hope readers approach this work with openness and curiosity, and in doing so, discover the voice of a young thinker ready to inspire.

Mehr, this is just the beginning. May you continue to write, to reflect, and to inspire.

Warm wishes,


Capt. Rohit Sen Bajaj

School Director



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**“Every individual matters
Every individual has a role to play
Every individual makes a difference”**

-Jane Goodall

1. Choices

Once in a world so soft and green
A soft glow lived in a peaceful scene

Rivers ran pure, wide, and free
And nature danced without a need to hide from me

All trees had a song to sing so sweetly
And the wind had a whistle to sing so soon to greet me

And all living things had time to cling
Colours danced in quiet hue

And Earth was a peaceful place, embracing you and me
But choices made and actions too

Caused Earth to change and Earth to view
The skies turned dark, and the woods turned bright

And smoke grew high with the dew
Darkness crept in where light once grew

And cities grew where birds once sang and flew
And now instead of song and hum

There is only grey, and Earth grows gloom
The colours we've made on our Earth have faded to grey, not white to black

In Cont..



Choices I
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

A memory of green, but it won't come back
But we've got our brushes in our hands

To paint a new and brighter sky than we'd planned
For every choice we make, no matter big or small

Can change the course of it all
The colours clash as breath in and out

Mind full of ideas, but many doubts
Going to the right and turning around

That is the time to think and route
Mind above matter, no space to scatter

Focus sharp like a laser beam
Think clearly and choose what seems

Pick the one for a brighter day
Happy moment, no burden to stay

Always positive and negative slay
Picking from now, the choice you may



Choices II
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

2. Banana Grove - Nature I

Nature II Banana Grove (Charcoal Painting)

Underneath the broad, green leaves

The quiet earth still breathes

The soft winds write tales

That nature alone knows

However, each shadow carries

Whispers of sorrow for all that is slowly being lost

For forests are lost to rushing hands

And nature bears the cost

Banana grove where traditions move

Leaves so giant that meals are served

Roofs are thatched, and spines are used

A cluster so thick which grows on its own

Nature nurtures and serves one and all

Black and white today, dry and declined

For our minds are capitally inclined

Let's fill the green with color green

For healing is when nature is seen

If Green is gone and forests are lean

What is left of us as humans, we cannot leave this unseen.

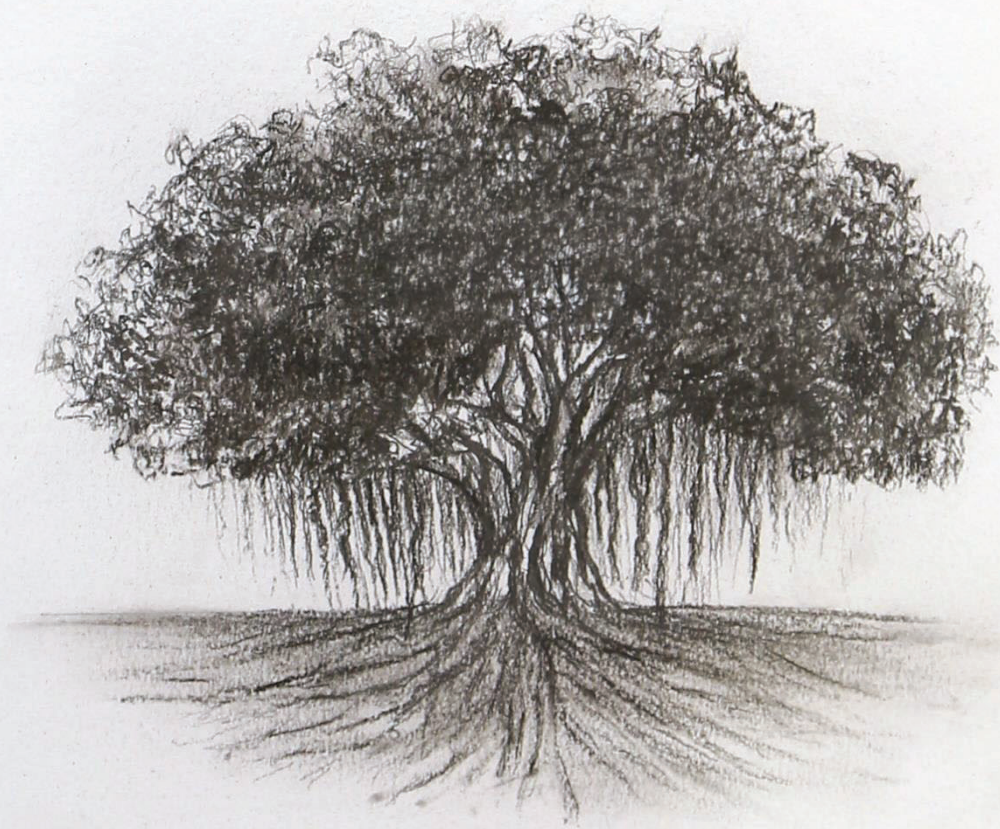
Please plant trees and this noble act must be done by every human being on this planet.



Nature in B&W I
Charcoal on textured paper 13 years

3. Banyan Tree - Nature II

The roots dig deep into the memories of this place
The limbs extend wide as if to protect all that remains
However, the thinned air and restless winds warn us each day
Of how fragile even ancient trees can be when nature slips away
Exhibition of Life, Freedom of Thought
Millions of ideas, only some are bought
And for some, we never give up, but never fight
Banyan Tree signifies family, showcase of generations and legacy
Nature's sculpture is alive and breathing
Where leaves and roots are together gleaming
Where Sun loves to come and rest
Where Moonlite creates a fest
Banyan Tree is Black and white
Till you decide to be Nature's knight
Let's turn it emerald from charcoal and white
Let's make the wrong right
To sit under this beautiful Tree
Many found peace, enlightenment and felt free
It has many stories wrapped in itself
It has many lessons to teach us and tell
We need them(Banyan Tree) to be alive with us
That's why I am making all this FUSS



Nature in B&W II
Charcoal on textured paper 13 year

4. Cabin in the Palms - Nature III

Whispers of the cabin

A lonely hut, protected by a thinning circle of trees

Once, I heard the songs of nature in the waves of a gentle breeze

Now, the brittle trees and dying greens cling to all they can

A silent reminder of nature, waiting for a gentler hand

And whispered

Alone it stands without any green

Sad, it feels amidst these thinning trees

Where once it heard chirps of Birds

Where once it saw colored feathers of the birds

Where nests looked like fairy feather houses

Where Squirrels ran around creating spaces in others' houses

More Whispers

Hut speaks to me and the trees

It urges, pleads, and requests to be free

She wants her roof to have branches above

She wants the shadow of the trees to rub

She wants the love of the dove

She wants the fallen leaves to scrub

Let us get the Hut what she wants ... she deserves to have it all and flaunt



Nature in B&W III
Charcoal on textured paper 13 years

5. Curiosity

It starts so small—a flicker, a spark
That dares us to wander into the dark
A question blooms where silence lay
Why is the sky blue? What makes night from day?
It tiptoes in when no one's near, a voice that asks what others fear
It peers through cracks in every wall. It wonders why the apple falls
It stares at stars with open eyes
And dreams of walking through the skies. It touches fossils buried deep
Wake thoughts that never dared to leap. It sits in silence, then explodes
On winding, wild, unknown roads. It opens books and dares to look
Between the lines, beyond the hook. It listens not to "do not try,"
But lifts its gaze to ask, "But why?" It pulls apart a clock to see
What ticks inside its mystery
It finds in dust a universe, and turns the ordinary into verse
It questions kings and bends the rule, Unfolds the world beyond the school
It's in the ant and eagle's flight
It burns in darkness, craves the light. It pokes and prods, it wants to know
How flowers bloom, and rivers flow. It's not afraid to lose or fail
It rides the wind, it hoists the sail. It lives in eyes that glimmer wide
In children who refuse to hide
It walks through doors not marked or named
In search of truths not yet proclaimed
It sings in labs and art and lore
In every open, wondering door. It dances in a painter's hand
And scrawls new maps of unseen lands. It's why we build and break and dream
It's why we ask what silence means
It's in the heart, the soul, the bone
A light that hums when we're alone
For curiosity is not just a thought— It's all the magic humans sought
It's Newton, Curie, or a child of three ..
Who asks, "What's under that old tree?" So let it burn, and let it lead
Through every wild and wondrous need
For in its glow, we learn to see
The endless world of what could be



Curiosity
Acrylic on Canvas 9 years

6. Blossom

Blossom is the word that opens it all
World of flowers, when they happiest of all

Colors and fragrance are at their best
Everyone is infatuated and love in the nest

When darkness disappears, and beauty rests
When life is alive, and it feels like a fest

Blossom is something that must be seen
It's a celebration of kings and queens

When green is covered with the beauty of serenity
Blossom is the focus on happiness and joy

It's the time of the year to enjoy
When nature is playful, and flowers are its toy
Where we all can sing and say, " Oh boy"

Blossom is the time of gratitude and thankfulness
When the colors in nature do not allow any blank

It's the time when young lovers do pranks
Where families gather and fill in their love bank

Blossom is when you stay in the present
Blossom is to experience what is called pleasant



Blossom
Acrylic on Canvas 10 years

7. Bloom

In a world so wide, with skies so blue
Every dream can come true for you and me
Hearts full of kindness, minds open wide
We can flourish together, side by side

Like flowers in a garden, we bloom
We grow together in one room
Our colors show
Learning new things
Day by day
Helping each other
Along the way.

We chase our dreams
Both big and small
We know we can achieve them all
With courage and strength.
We take each stride, with our friends

In this journey of life, families by our side, we all belong
Singing together a joyful song
So let's spread kindness, do our best
In a world where we can all rest

Human flourishing is like the sun
Shining bright for everyone
With love, hope, and dreams to share
We make a world that's for all and fair

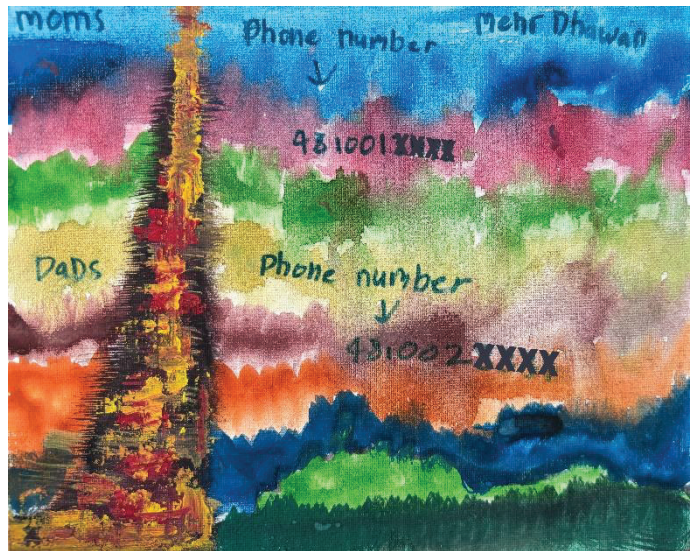
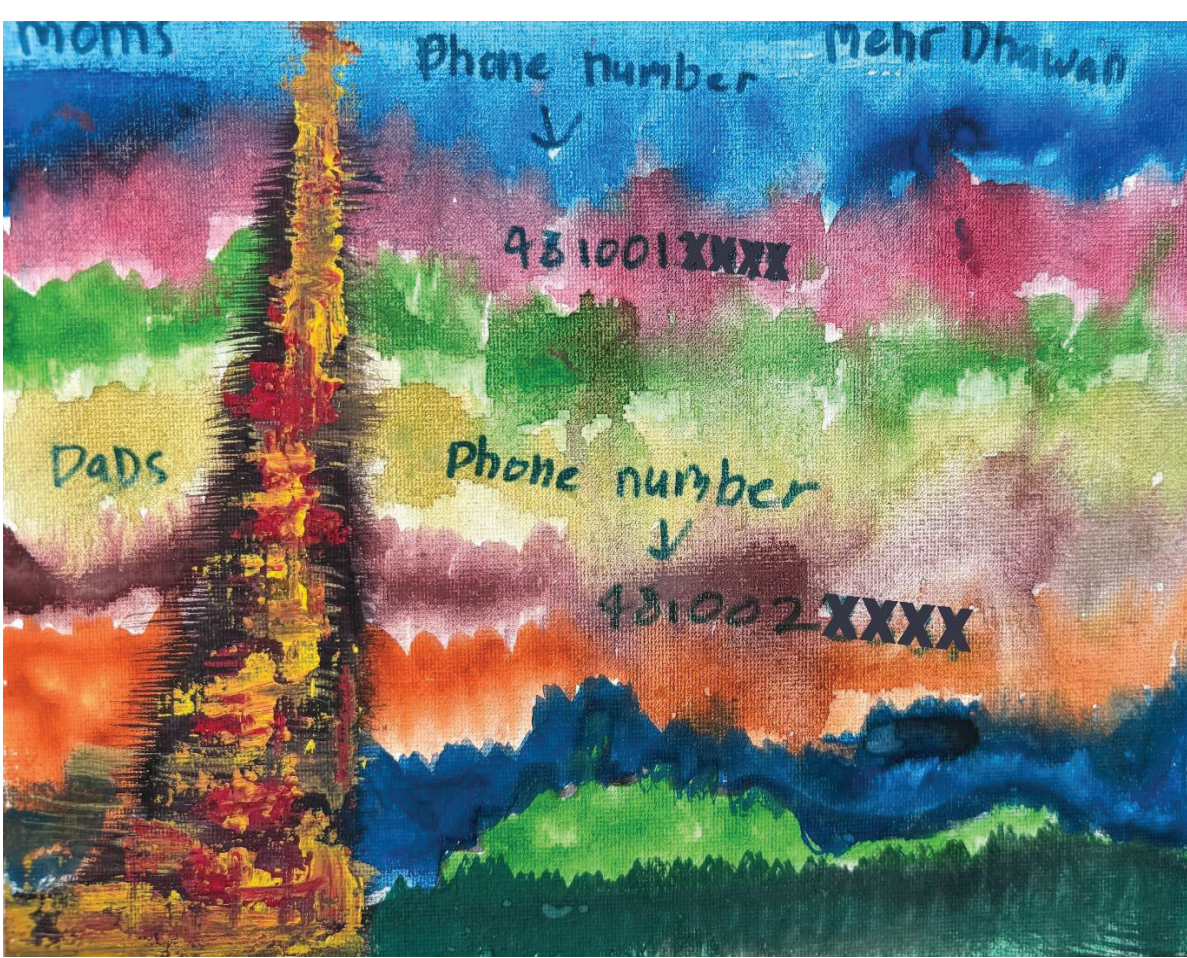


Bloom
Acrylic on Canvas 10 years

8. My Eiffel

Bonjour lesamis

Have you seen the wonder of the world
There are many, but one that is tall
It is made of Iron and stands next to water
With bridges crossing over it sees what matters
It's pretty for some
It's romantic from various turns
It's strong and straight
It's unique and creative
It's magnificent with arches
It gets narrow as it larches
It's a place to party
It's a place to start things
It's a place to feel something
It's a place to get clicked or selfie
It's a place to visit
It's a place for loved ones
It's a place for memories that each floor carries
I gave one floor to my mom and one to my dad
Their numbers are written, and they are glad
My mom loves this piece of metal
It's rather large, but a memory petal
She goes to Paris and wants only EIFFEL
And that's why I call it her travel desert
Not tiramisu, no cake, but a fruit trifle
My dad is smiling and showing me from the window
Hotels we live in open to its view
One thing if I may add, color green through the metallic clad
Imagine a tree running through
Eiffel turns green and that's the view
When I was 8 months I had visited for the first time
And I remember I turned upside down
When I saw this and had just found
This is not just a fantasy or a tick on the list
It is a real experience and not to be missed



My Eiffel
Acrylic on Canvas 10 years

9. Beautiful Life I

In a sky that was once painted with fluttering wings
Only painted birds now rise and fall
Paper shadows of a beautiful life we used to have
Can be origami dreams in a shrinking world

Will the future be paper- turning into shapes of birds?
Or will we see the line, formation, circle of arrows in the sky?
If these beautiful creatures leave the skies
There will be a vacuum in the stratosphere

Space will feel high, and life in the sky will be dry
We cannot lose these special ones
With beaks so unique and colors so cool
With lessons to teach and traits to learn

With humans on the ground and birds all around
When we raise our heads, we see these magical ones
It's a blessing, it's this beauty
We should be in wonder and be ready for our duty

Duty which joins and connects
Duty that binds and protects
Duty which makes our life ...
Truly bountiful with all its beauty!



Beautiful Life I
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

10. Beautiful Life II

Golden fishes swim in a sea of painted hue
The sea is calm yet somehow dead
For soon the sea may not have any fish at all
Just colors drowning in a sea filled with plastics

We protect our homes fiercely, so
We fought many battles and rightly so
Our race has done what it meant to be and not
Our race has risen in compassion

And fallen for reasons which are not
In this hustle, we humans are caught
Our ambition has tied our heads in a deadly knot
We can't see what is beautiful

We can't see water is all they have got
It's their world, where plastics wrought
It's their life that we need to protect
To keep this beautiful world alive

We need to speak and must rise
Life is Beautiful is not just ass line
It's the truth that tells everything is fine
We must not temper and rearrange

Our duty is to admire and not to interfere
With cosmic balance, it is right and fair



Beautiful Life II
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

11. Bees Party

Within the frame, one single flower
The flower's petals are like wide yellow flames
While they are all different, no two are the same
In the middle of the flower, dark and mysterious

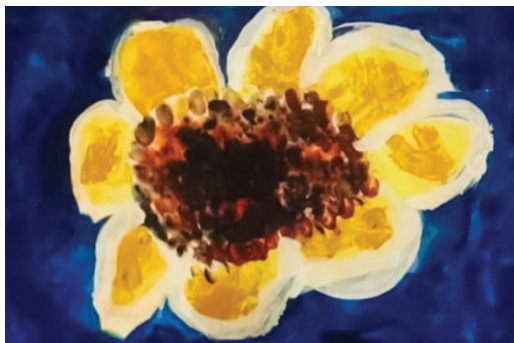
Is a place filled with tiny creatures – can you see ?
Where many come to dance, and spree
The delicious nectar of the flower
The deep, rich blue – may be sweet and sour

Increasing their intensity and luminosity
It makes me think and adds to my curiosity
You can feel the sound of wings and of joy
Bees are happy and it's a day to party

From the incredible yellow they add to the hue
From their womb to the comb, a secret world
Stealing joy from the blossoms and creating a honeyclub
This shows when we are happy and having fun

Impossible can be achieved and miracles are done
Orange gold Honey it's called ..
From flowers, to bees and honey comb after all
Bees Party is not in vain, it is to create in effort and pain

Pretty it looks to those who see
Lesson to learn for what we can be



Bees Party
Acrylic on Canvas 5.6 years

12. Switzerland

What world is it if it's not natural
All predictions about our Earth are mainly "factual"

We don't need more concrete development
We don't need more architectural experiments

We are impairing Mother Earth
Just like society impaired us

We're building and re building
With no thinking

What if our actions
Divide the world into fractions

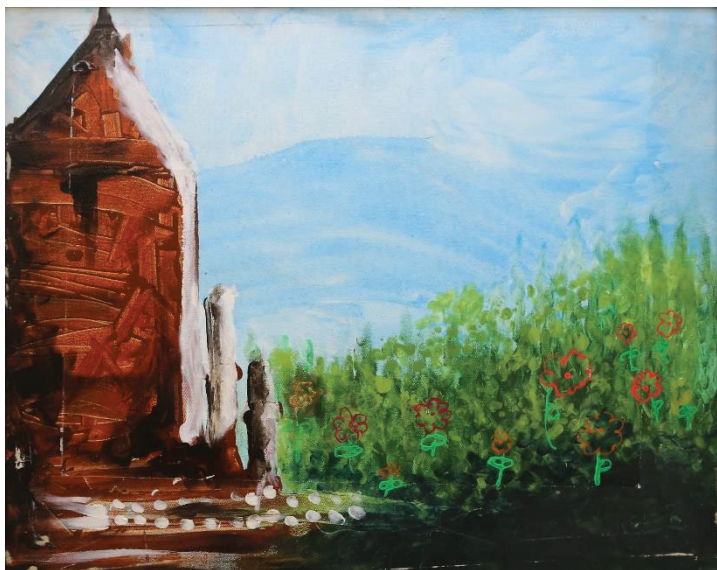
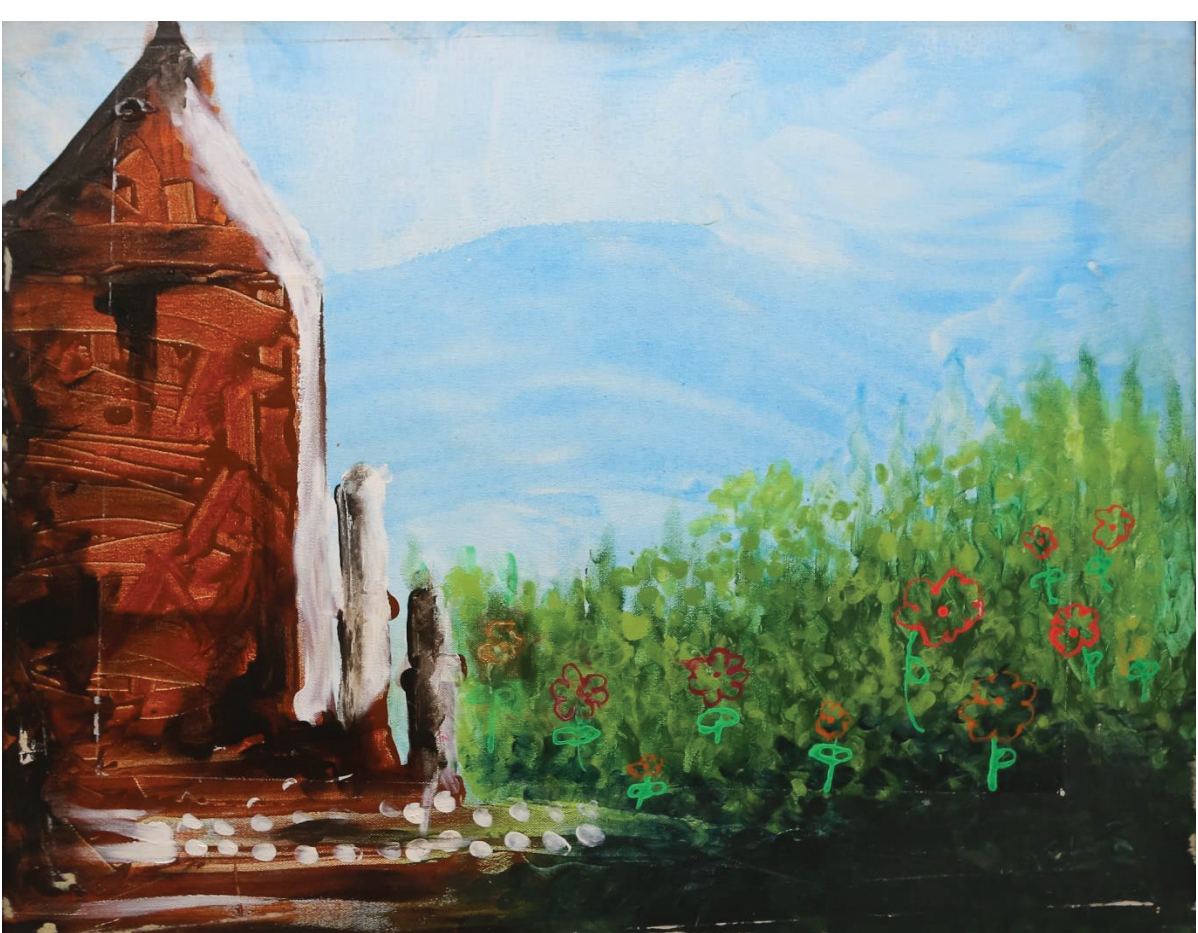
Preserving our world is what we need
Preserving our world is how we will continue to breathe

Let me tell you about my favourite land
There is a land called Switzerland

Fairy Tales made in heavens sand
Nature bounty of alps and rainbow bands

Place so pretty it needs no brand
No human to touch no machine to land

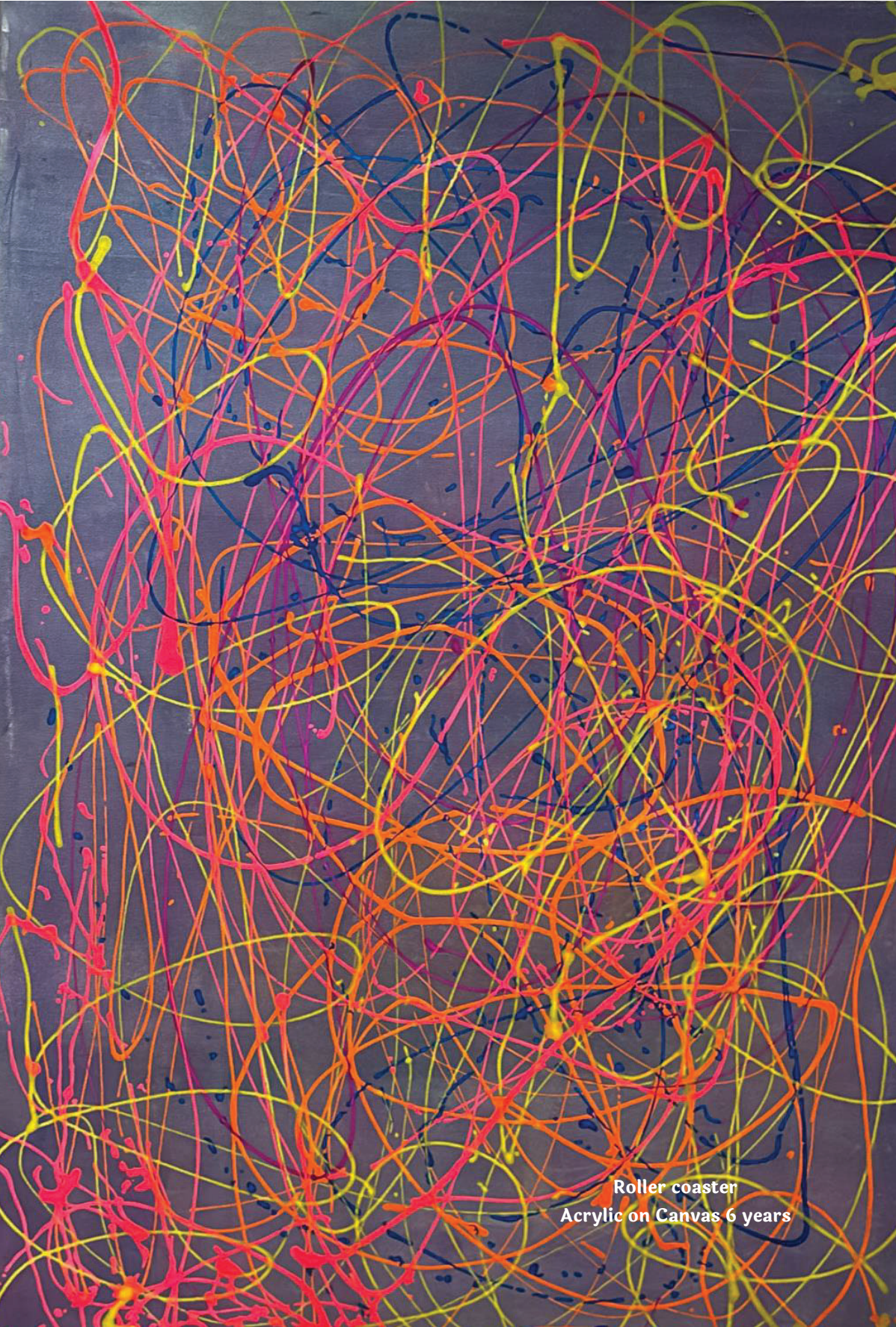
Preserve this bounty and if you can
Must visit and see what it has



Switzerland
Acrylic, Watercolor on Canvas 5.6 years

13. Royal Fair's Roller Coaster

A spark—a raging storm
A crazy mess of neon lines
That race and spin
Like the laughter of someone laughing too loudly
Along with the restless thinking in your head
Across the blackness of night—twisting and turning
In loops that never seem to repeat,
A wild cacophony of color and noise
A rhythm that is wild and alive
Every line is a spark
A thrill that flies through the darkness of the ground
An echo of painted screams
And a joy that will never allow you to settle down
It's like running without stopping
Chasing something that's just beyond your reach
And every moment bends and breaks
The peace of your mind
The Colors are Clashing, But Fit
Like many stories told together
Like a carnival of jumbled lines
Where the meaning of the line dances out of bounds
There's no point of rest
No place to catch your breath
Only constant motion pulling you along
A rush of moments sewn together
Into an endless, colorful song
In the beautiful electric maze
You will lose control, but not resist
Because the royal fair's beauty
Is found in the chaos you feel
It Doesn't Ask for Reason or Peace
It Just Asks for You to Experience the Peaks and Valleys
Of All Things Outside of Reality



Roller coaster
Acrylic on Canvas 6 years

14. Happy Snakes

In a meadow bright and free
Happy snakes dance joyfully

Their scales like rainbows twist and gleam
A child's sweet laugh, a painted dream

Around the trees they swirl and play
Chasing sunlight through the day

The flowers bow, the grasses sway
Nature joins their bright ballet

No fear, no fight, no hiss, no harm
Just colors weaving nature's charm

Each snake a ribbon, soft and kind
A world of peace in a young mind

Through tiny hands, the colors flow
A dream of love the world should know

For in this dance of joy and art
Lives nature's rhythm, pure of heart



Happy Snakes
Watercolor, Acrylic on Canvas 6 years

15. Galaxy

A stillness found in the silence, in which the shadows have life
The watercolor mist and acrylic stardust spin around each other in slow motion

It is a map of the universe, a soft, wide sea of velvet and mystery
The immediate presence on this map of the universe is light from a multitude of stars

The light scattered throughout the night sky represents a story of life and death as they exist together
Separated by the universe and distant in time, continuing on behalf of the cosmos

The universe contains a sound, a rhythm, a form of motion within all of creation
The existence of these celestial bodies is hidden from us, and most can only dream

However, through the artistry of visual media and sound
We are able to share these dreams and create a home in the vastness of the unknown



Galaxy

Watercolor, Acrylic on Canvas 6 years

16. The Golden Tree

Against a sky of violet deep
Where midnight dreams and shadows sleep

There stands a tree of golden hue
Its branches brushed by starlight too

Born of card and painted grace
It glows within that twilight space

Each stroke a whisper, soft, divine
Of nature's power through human design

The blues and purples softly blend
Like dusk that never wants to end

Yet through the dark, that golden flame
Reminds the world from where we came

A symbol strong, both wild and free
The soul of earth in one bright tree

It speaks of life, of roots that stay
Of hope that never fades away

For even when the skies grow cold
The heart of nature gleams in gold



The Golden Tree
Acrylic on Canvas 6 years

17. World of Colors, Song of HOPE

Strength Beyond Limits

They walk a path less traveled by
Beneath the same wide-open sky
With hearts so strong, they face the climb

Breaking barriers, defying time
Their hands may tremble, legs may tire
But their souls burn bright with endless fire
A world that sees their "can't" and lack—

They prove it wrong, they fight back
Each step they take, a triumph won
A race they run beneath the sun
For strength is not in limbs or sight

But in the will to stand and fight
They paint the world in hues so rare
With courage carved from deep despair
Their stories echo, far and near

A song of hope for all to hear
So let's not pity with our gaze
But honor them with love and praise
For those who rise, though faced with pain
Are stars that shine through life's domain



World of Colors, Song of Hope
Waste to Art, Acrylic on Canvas

18. The Black Plant I, II & III

Against a sky of bursting hues
Red yellow and violet blues

The canvas breathes with colours bright
Yet one form halts the endless light

A single stalk, so dark, so bare
Its roots are tangled in poisoned air

Not green with life, not touched by rain
But blackened by the world's disdain

The colours shout of what once was
Fields of laughter, gentle applause

Of rivers running, children's play
A world not yet decayed, not grey

But see the plant, a lonely mark
Its silhouette is deep and stark

It tells the truth the colours hide
The earth is bleeding deep inside

In Cont..



Black Plant I
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

Each petal gone, each leaf erased
By smoke and fumes the skies are traced

The soil once rich, now choked with ash
The winds are soft, now sharp, now brash

The painting cries, though silent still
Its story bends to human will

How beauty fights, yet falls apart
When greed consumes the planet's heart

Do you not see? The plant was green
Its veins once pulsed with vibrant sheen

Now black, it stands, a final plea
A shadow where a tree should be

The background glows, a cruel disguise
A carnival painted of lies But truth is inked in that dark stem:

A warning we must not condemn
For every plant that fades to night

In Cont..



Black Plant II
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

We lose a spark, a thread of light
And every colour soon will fade

To match the shadow we have made
So let this painting hold your gaze

A mirror to our reckless ways
One black plant, alone in pain

Yet from its death, we might regain
If we choose now to change our song

To heal the place where roots belong
Then collars will not stand alone

And plants need not be turned to stone
But if we turn our eyes away

This blackened plant is here to say:
The world we love, the skies we knew
Will darken too, because of you.



Black Plant III
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

19. My Tree

Beneath the dream-filled sky, a dark tree stands strong and wide.
The branches reach out like the ultimate question.
The tree roots are bolted to the ground with a solid foundation of faith.
The leaves fall in a blaze of gold and fire, indicating the passing of time
and not just the loss of life.

The colour of everything revolving around the tree seems to change constantly,
yet the tree does not change.

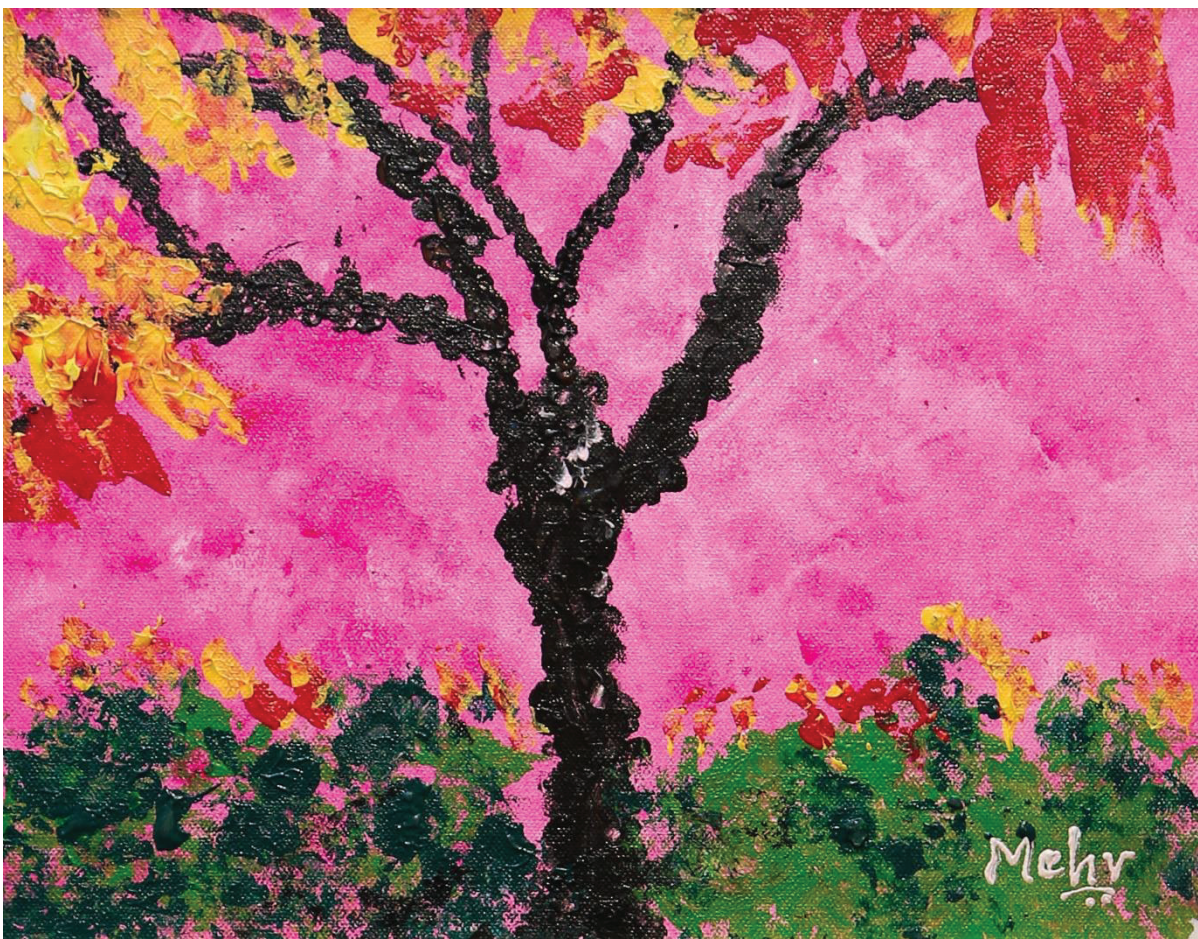
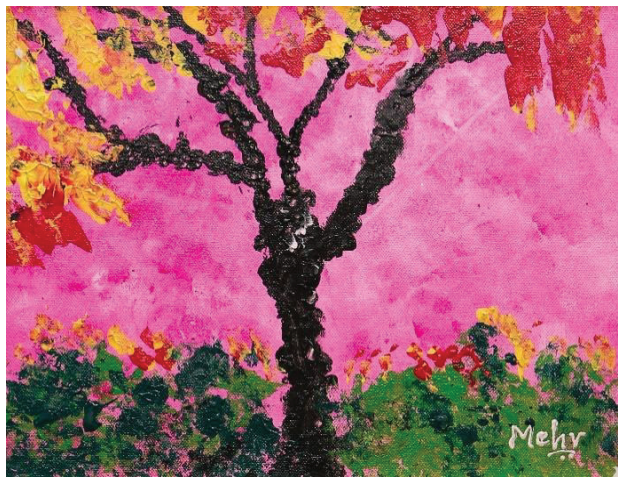
Pink sparkle is the space of possibilities
Branches, our efforts.. Leaves our experiences and fruits our rewards
Nothing is right and nothing is wrong
Each moment is precious, that is true and strong

This tree shows us that even in the midst of chaos,
beauty continues to grow and cosmos is born
My Tree continues to reach for the heavens.
Exhibiting possibilities of life and wounds to be forgiven

My Tree has taught me very early in life
To hold on to oneself over the years is harkle
To bear the fruits in space of pink sparkles
Happens when we are rooted with strength,
When we live with hope, agility and intent.

Art of Life is taught by the tree
It cannot move but is happily free

Like the tree experiences life rooted with strength .. that is the lesson we need,
that is the ART of LIVING.



My Tree
Acrylic on Canvas 2.5 years

20. Lost and Found

The sound of the wind, carving the cold
Blows the ice, drills a deep hole

Lake is frozen, so is mind
Silence settles and whispers decline

A brightly painted canoe slowly drifts in the distance
The light of the paint contrasts with the chilling effect of being outside

And tells us softly, through fragile and kind phrases
how we relate to life and its phases

The graceful, small penguin stands beside a small girl in red
against the warmth of winter, holding her head

The canes they hold, while both thick and thin
Serve more as hope and discipline

Cradled in life's waters, not to be strong not to be weak
But the symbols they carried on their travels as they seek

The waters, both dark and deep
Speak of things we lose and things we want to keep

But whether it be during the cold and uncertain times or not
The lost will never be gone forever; they will always turn into found !



Lost & Found
Crayon, Watercolor on Canvas 3.5 years

MEHR

21. Capers

Below the calm blue expanse
Where sand glimmers at a distance

Tower over heads with twisting form
Providing a place to sit or stand

A bright flower of a white color
Brushing against the painted blue
As it flowers.

There is a small person walking around with a red hat
Each step, they walk through silent places filled with nowhere to be
But yet everything around is alive; nature is around them

There are stumps of trees that have been cut
Remnants of another time, this will

Of everything that had been there
Once, and all that has remained.

This little person stops to rest
Not alone, but feeling not his best

The shadows of the past of another
For nature's trickery to make the present's surprises far more enjoyable to
them.



Capers

Acrylic on Canvas 3.5 years

22. Rumble in the Jungle

Rumble in the jungle, Chimpanzees,
Zebras and Giraffes lazing around dropping quiet laughs
Filled with beams of energy
Roaming around untroubled and free

Chimpanzees sitting in trees snacking on bananas
A banana tree is their cabana
Zebras grazing on grass
The watering hole is a zebras wine glass

Giraffes hiding in trees
Rolling around eating peas
All these animals are jumping around, having fun..
Not caring if their daily checklist is done or undone

All these animals are laughing together and having fun
Our once-a-month 5-mile long run
Is there a health fund
Animals are a constant reminder
That sometimes humans also need a purpose finder

The blue sea, water, and sand merge
When we dive in, we feel as light as a feather
Fish and shells pass by with the flow of the current
While tossing, turning, and flipping all concurrently

Under the deep blue sea
All animals know how to just be
While here we humans need permission to be free



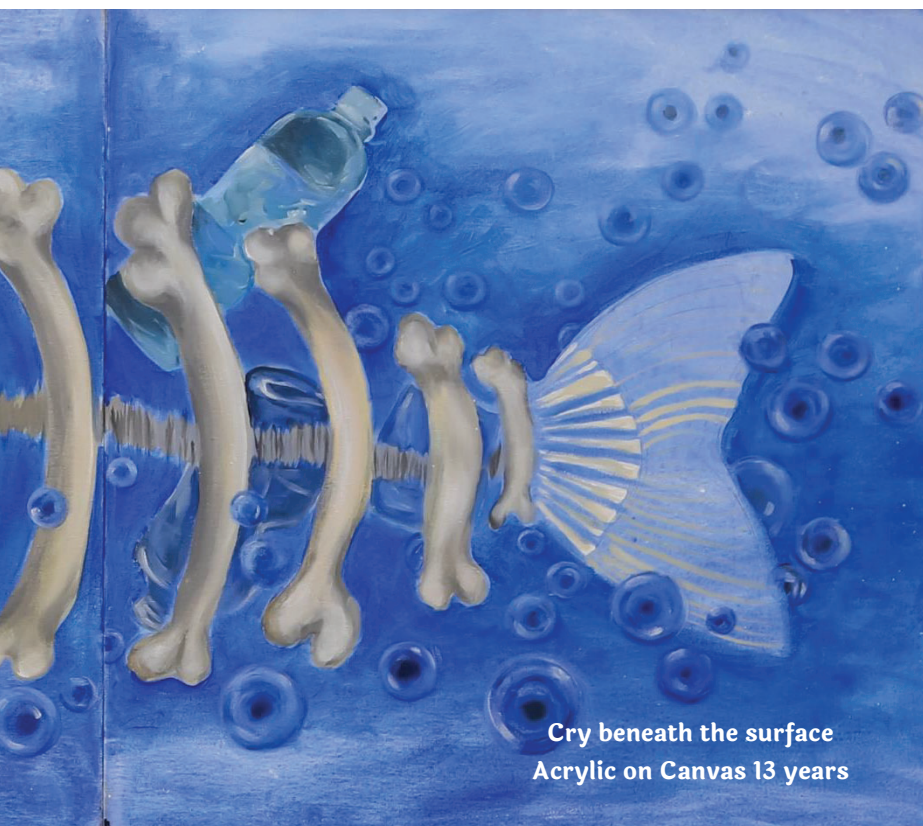
Rumble in the Jungle

Rumble in the Jungle
Crayon on Canvas 3.5 years

23. Cry Beneath the Surface



Beneath the moon's soft silver gaze
A river sang in ancient days
It danced through forests, carved through stone
Its voice was clear, its path well known
From mountaintop to ocean deep
It whispered secrets it would keep
It cradled fish in its sapphire arms,
It mirrored skies and harbored farms
The reef would sway, the dolphins spin
And life would bloom from deep within
It gave and gave without a cry
Until we bled its spirit dry
We poured our poisons down its veins
With plastic tides and oil stains



Cry beneath the surface
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

We buried their innocent screams and cries
Deep under plastic and marine debris
The coral once so brightly glowed
Now bows in front of plastic's hold
The seabirds choke on what we throw
Mistaking it for food below
The turtle grand and wise through the years
Now swims through the Pacific patch and tears
The river no longer sings
But chokes on plastic and metal rings
Yet we drink, bathe, and live
On gifts this dying world still gives
Hear the cry beneath the foam
The ocean weeps, we call it home

24. Family

A flower of handprints on surface white
An echo of sheer joy in a messy and bright
All of the handprints are never same
Yet connected to each without any name
There are red for people forever near , blue for friends who are dear
and yellow for foes we always fear..
A world of tiny worlds unfolds
Many minds and stories untold

A small blue figure is standing apart (MY DAD)
My Dad with his courage and steadfast heart
Not "lost", not "abandoned", simply being free to "be"
with all of us (greater community), not only me
All the smudges, drips, splashes untamed
Imperfections of life in this canvas well framed
Speaking of fears, cries and tears
Of growing through accidents and uncertain years

Carrying each child's voice and fight
Victories and chaos, searching for light
Disgruntled and frustrated, quiet and deep
Yet hope is always ours to keep
But he holds his heart to beauty and love
To one above, God. To magic of this world
For beneath the colors bold and free
Lives his love which binds our family

To fun and laughter, rise and fall
Nice for everything big and small
For beautiful imperfections
which embrace us all
He is courage, he is authentic, my mothers knight
He is substance, he is true, makes the world bright
My ultimate family and my pride



Family
Acrylic, Watercolor on Canvas 4 years

25. Sea Horse

Born of twirling colors like storms
Curvy like songs of rivers long gone

The rust-colored body on which the mane is made of waves with shades of
ocean spray.
Its golden horns are born of wild barren lands

Its eye of sunshine that burns like fire
Its tail a spiraled world of nothingness

The blue of its wings disturbs the daytime sky
The moons, like peas of a banana above it, shake

Black birds fly outside of themselves
And make noise on paper in the universe

Not horse; not fish, an image of absolute uncertainty woven within itself
The earth underfoot like whispered sand

And the universe was kept between the legs of that beast,
which has traveled through the painter's imagination, a mixture of awe and of
eternality



Sea Horse
Watercolor on Canvas 4 years

26. Peace and Joy

Peace and joy come full circle
Where no one is too far to say "hello"
Whatever distance we travel
We will arrive back at our place together

Inside this full circle is where the land is proud
Here flowers bloom and stand side by side
The orange leaf of the sun is the sign
That life's journey has just begun

The earth is a playground
Full of the strength and warmth of the sun
It turns in wonderful fashion
And has the ability to provide every possibility

With all these wonderful gifts, we can smile
To endure all challenges for every mile
Joy is light yet powerful inside
And is always there to comfort and protect

Like our dreams, the grass grows
Each waiting for its time to be green
The orange fire in our heart
Is what gives us the courage to begin

These bright colours work together to blend
Creating an infinite amount of beauty
They are in perfect harmony each day
And guide every step we take.

There are no limits to the joy we experience
When love and kindness are the air we breathe
Even though the brightest colours may be what you're looking for
The greatest treasures are found in the heart



Peace and Joy
Acrylic on Canvas 5 years

The circle represents contentment. All lines eventually become part of that community (a circle again). In this circle of life, there is a garden with many green plants and trees that receive the warmth from the sun, with the orange color in their leaves. The world feels heavy with playfulness. The world also has a sense of roundness, something that has both graceful movement and a very large mass.

These elements combine to give us the strength to live joyfully. As we know, joy is a significant feeling, full of both weight and light. Joy has created a space where only the greatest forms come into being.

Green grass symbolizes the grass of the dreams that you might have; orange describes the center of the heart, where you keep fire. Both of these colors come together to be something much larger (higher than) wonderful; they are all in harmony with the world and those in the world.

There is no limitation to how much an object can be filled with; therefore, being filled with joy is a true gift for everyone. The colors of the world are a testament to the abundance of joy that exists; however, the true measure of joy can be found when you are able to look into the eyes of someone else who has joy.

27. Festival

Spinning in a circular pattern

The air is filled with the energy of red

The red forms a tapestry of light

The crowd's heartbeat keeps time with the song

And the passionate brute of ruby red is circling in the brain

In an orbit of chaos, the light source is in the middle

The celebration fire that lights up the dark

Red is the river of music, and blue is the cool of the night

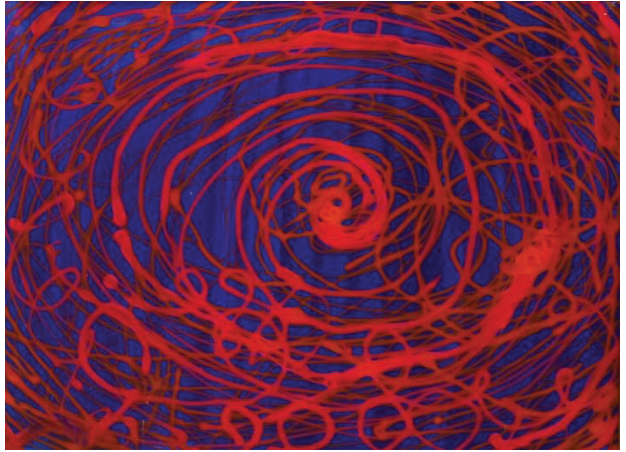
And as they come together to form a joy in one's life

Each spin will reflect the sun-filled day we have had

A beautiful, chaotic illustration of everything that we've accomplished thus far

Are the colors and senses that are combined into a celebration of the Spirit?

And wrapped up by the energy of the moment



Festival
Acrylic on Canvas 5 years

28. Under the Sea

Little fish, very bright
Pools of watercolour flow
Their size varies; some short, some long
Yellow-bellied or purple, and they all swim

They will float and sway
Gently blown by the breeze
The water is calm and soothing
Quiet and still and shiny

Coral glows with light
A home of crystals and colour
Sand is clean under rivers
Just as it used to be in the ocean

Little bubbles come to the top
Bouncing off the blue and clear sky
Water flows, twists, and turns
Creating a place for life to thrive

There are no city sounds to hear
No evidence of the modern world
Only the ancient caves
That tells the stories of rain

This underwater paradise is full of hope
Light and twinkling clean water
And shows us who we can be
Under the surface of the waves lies an ocean of peace



Where the pencil touches the tide, through a crystal-clear medium, the watercolour animals can swim freely and find simple harmony in a tranquil ocean with their yellow fins and purple scales, drifting through undulating grass.

This is how water remembers itself before darkness came, the crystal sanctuary of coral.

The sand is uncontaminated, and the bubbles are like pearls rising to the surface; it is a watery kingdom where gentle currents coalesce with one another.

There is no trace of contemporary existence in this aqua blue sea, only the mysteries of the centuries-old caverns that are full of salt water.

This is a picture of a pure world, a world filled with brightness, where you are floating in the comfort of pure and transparent energy.

29. Owl in Disguise

Upon the table, still and wise
A vase that hides two golden eyes

Feathers melt to curves of clay
Where night and nature softly play

It holds no flowers, yet seems to bloom
With forest whispers in the room

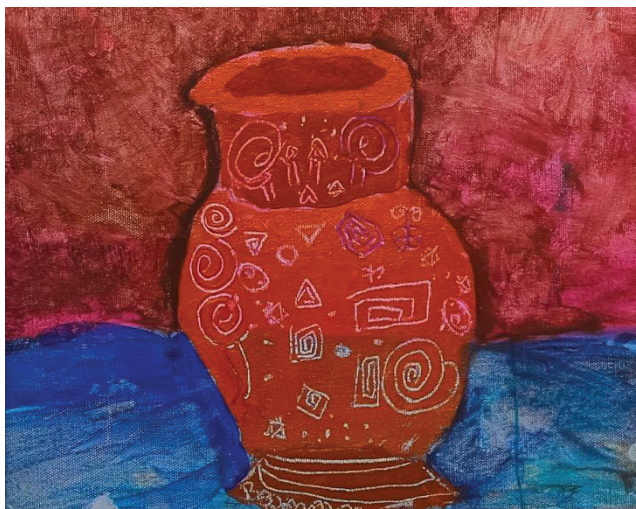
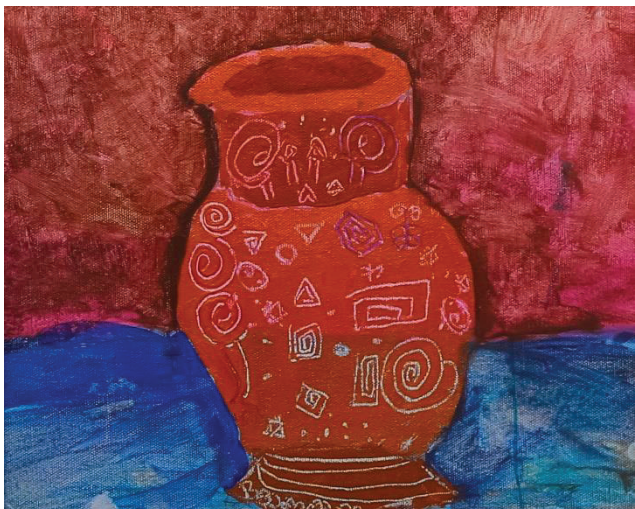
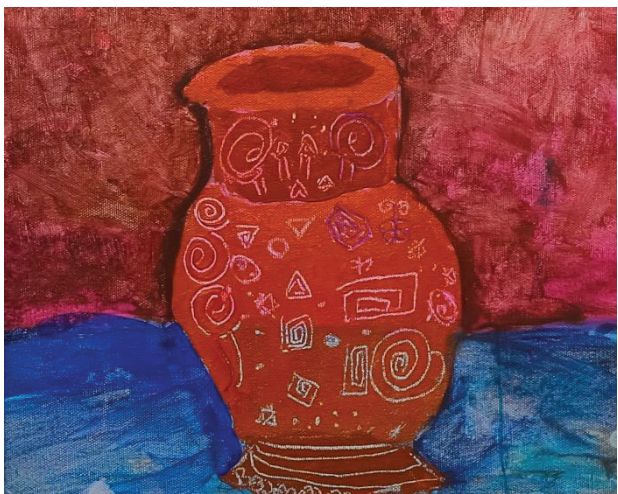
The owl within, both seen and not
Guards quiet dreams the world forgot

Its wings are shapes, its gaze a glow
Of moonlit woods where secrets grow

A blend of life, of art, of grace
An owl disguised a humble vase

It teaches us what nature knows
That beauty hides where silence grows

In every form, both wild and tame
The earth and art are much the same

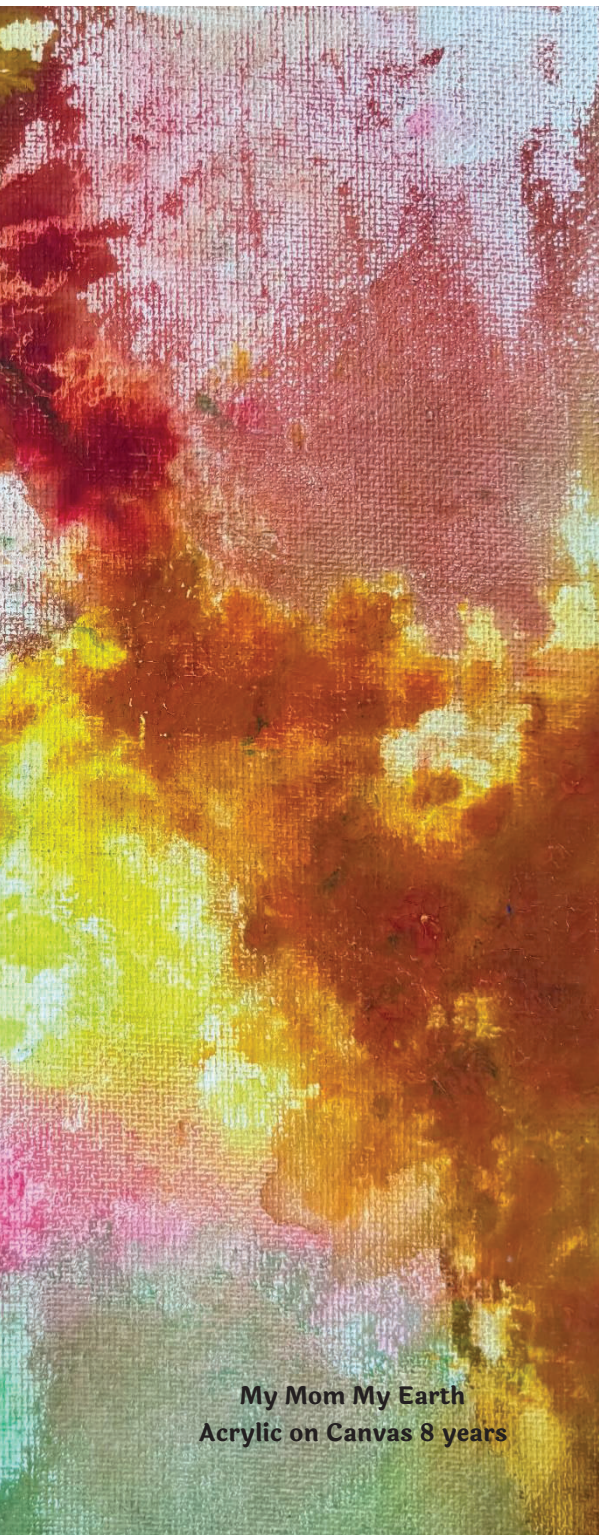


Owl in Disguise
Acrylic on Canvas 5 years

30. My Mom My Earth

MOM is that which is everything
Power, joy, and discipline
Sacrifice for a lifetime
In every situation, making me shine
She is GOD forever for a few
Those who can see, see skin deep
There is one heart, which forever
beats
That heart is my mom and beats for me
She is so real and so free
When it comes to love – for me
She knows no boundary
I came from her and belong to her
However much I say and fuss
She is mine, and I am hers
That is how it only works
She is not body, not mind or soul
She is the whole of the whole and my
whole
She is the one I think of in fear
She is the one I feel and hear
She is the voice when I feel joy
She is the one on whom I can rely
She is for me and only me
She can do all I can't and never be
She is my fuel, and she is the fire
She is the one who expresses all
desires
She shows me the light in the dark
and
She is the brightness when I start
She is the comfort in days not so
good





My Mom My Earth
Acrylic on Canvas 8 years

She is the hope that I can and should
She shows me the power of me
She instills confidence in who I can
be
She says there are only 3 E's
Enhance, Energise, and Encourage
for me
She shows me the NOs are good
What Yes cannot No's could
She is the one who takes away Sad
I can be mad, but i can never be sad
She is my life coz that is her
She is my MOM and she is my stir.
I see you play the role of Earth
Where your gravitational pull
Leaves me with no moment so dull
All that green and color of all
They come from Earth and you, my
dear MOM.
That's why I feel she is GOD
My Good Omen for the Day, most of
all
I am lucky I have one, so are you with
your MOM
Keep her close and keep her yours
Life can be short, sweet or long, she
will stay in every form
Till I am alive and on the ball, she will
never leave me alone
Her scent, her fragrance, her spirit of
all
But before I become one such MOM
I must say my salute to them all
MOM, you are GOD and above all

31. Whispers of Pain

In the city where dreams are born,
Where lights shine bright, but hearts are torn,

A shadow looms, cold and dark,
Leaving behind a painful mark.

In Kolkata's streets, in India's veins,
A silent cry, a thousand pains.

Why do the echoes of Nirbhaya's name
Still ring with sorrow, still burn like flame?

We hoped for change, we dreamed of peace,
But the scars of violence never cease.

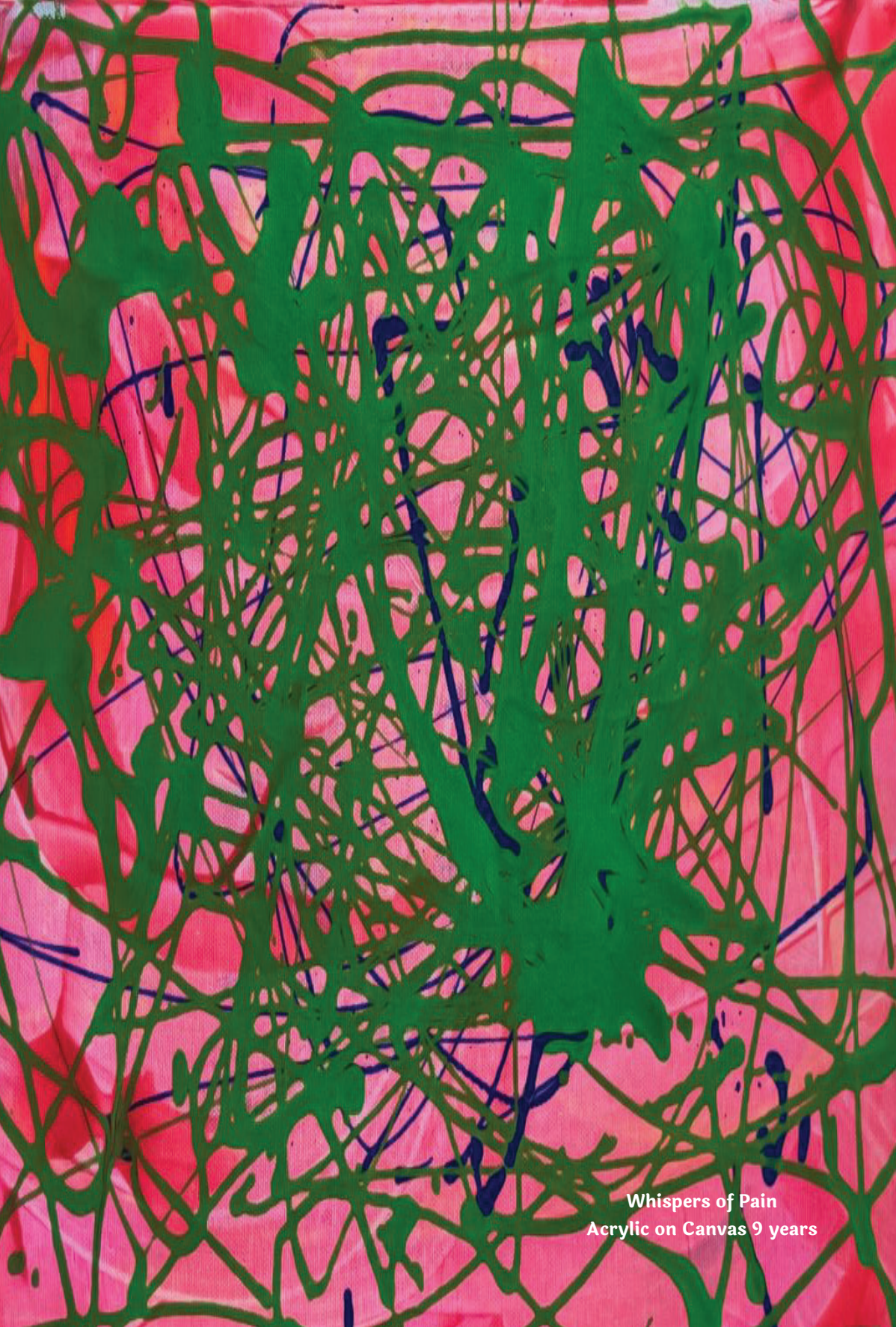
Another sister, another fight,
Another soul lost in the night.

Why must our voices rise in fear?
Why can't the darkness disappear?

We ask for safety, for justice strong,
To end this nightmare, to right the wrong.

Our hearts are heavy, but hope we hold,
For a day when courage makes us bold.

A future where every girl can say,
"I'm safe, I'm free, I'll live my way."



Whispers of Pain
Acrylic on Canvas 9 years

32. Mr Sad is Happy

Hello, Mr Sad, who is your Dad?
My Dad is happy, and he can never be sad
Then Mr Sad, what do you call your Dad?
Dad is Dad, even if he is not Sad.

Sad will never call him anything but Dad
Maybe, Mr Sad, you should call your Dad,
His name is Happy, that is your Dad
Dad is happy, and he always calls me Sad

Why must I call him anything but Dad?
Oh, are you sad that your Dad called you that?
For my dad, I am always going to be Sad
Happy or sad, my name is that.

Can you ask your Dad, who named you Sad?
When I ask my Dad, he still calls me Sad
What must I do to know why I am sad?
Can you change what makes you Sad?

It is my Dad that makes me Sad.
Oh, does he say that what makes you sad?
When I ask my Dad, Am I that bad that makes me Sad.
He always says Sad .. You are not bad, just that you are sad.

So I feel mad when I look at you sad.
Can you be happy and not feel sad?
What makes you feel bad – that I am sad or sad I am
Oh no, sad, this is quite bad

My dear child, I am feeling sad
How can Happy be so happy when his son is sad?
Don't be mad, I am the son of happy, so what if I am sad?
I see you smile sad, so it's not that bad
Mr Sad is happy, and happy calls you sad.



Mr Sad is Happy
Acrylic on Canvas 11 years

33. Plastic World-I and Bottled in Plastics-II

World of Plastic, so it is this
It has come to the point where everything around

Has turned into plastic, which is what it sounds
So plastic that it makes you feel it

Plastic Bottle, Plastic glass
Plastic plates with plastic spoons

Right for whom, you or me
Wrong for what we can not see

Plastic is in Bags, plastic in boxes, a plastic package
And accidental wreckage

Plastic pens, plastic toys, plastic tools, and plastic play
Plastic in chairs and tables too, plastic boards and markers too !

Plastic cover on every phone
Plastic thrown and plastic sown

Plastic in soil and soil can't breathe
Air trapped and water seized

In Cont..



Plastic World
Waste to Art 12 year

Plastic around; where not to be found
Omni plastic is the name of the town

Plastic plastic everywhere
We have lost it and reached nowhere

Earth is soon getting wrapped in it
What came as a gift has become unfit

Wrapped in a plastic wrapper, it cries
Tears of pain stay inside ...

Unwrap open and throw this away
She wants to breathe and feel its hay

Who made this plastic, asks she?
We have no answer for you and me

Why do we create things like this
We had everything, what did we miss

Now we have to pay the price
Not once, not twice, maybe thrice

For our children will miss, she will cry, and not to forget
We created this monster plastic; IT IS



Bottled in Plastics
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

34. The Silent Fire

Inhale, a whisper of poison, slow and sweet
Dancing like ghosts where death and silence meet
A flame in the lung unseen but bright
Turning morning air into an endless night

Once pink as dawn, so soft, so wide
Your lungs now choke where hope once lied
They swell with smoke, an ash-stained sea
Each breath a battle to simply be

Bronchi curl like withered vines
As time writes scars in crooked lines
The Lungs fall like broken wings
No longer brushing away dark things

Oxygen once a lover's kiss
Now struggle past the toxic mist
The alveoli, like bursting stars
Collapse beneath nicotine's scars

Coughs echoes like rusted bells
In the cathedral where silence dwells
Breaths grown thin, like winters thread
While the living drift closer to the dead

And yet the match is struck again
For comfort? ,For habit? ,For hidden pain?
But every drag writes one more verse
In the slow unravelling of this curse

So let the wind return to song
Let lungs be light, let air belong
Extinguish now that silent fire
BEFORE IT CLIMBS ITS, FUNERAL PYRE.

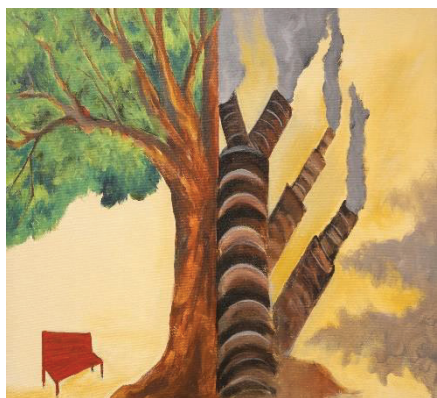


The Silent Fire
Waste to Art 12 years

35. Tree vs Factree

On one side
A tree inclines towards the light
Its leaves shaking with secrets
Older than time itself
It speaks in the words of the wind
Of rain going home
Of roots hugging the earth
As a child hugs its mother's hand
On the other hand
A factory rises proudly
Its steel skeleton is shining
With a throat full of smoke
It speaks in a low rumble
Of power that grows
On the fuel of fire
That drink's silence
And replaces it with iron sounds
The canvas is split
Nature and the factory
Each in its own frame

Yet their voices never intersect
One speaks of rebirth
The other aspect of consumption
One offers us oxygen
The other takes it away
And here we are
In this uncertain space
Where the future is bending
And the world's possibilities
One way or the other
Will we choose the whispering leaves
The shade that soothes
The air that heals?
Or the factory chimneys
That obscures the stars
And name gain as progress?
Half a tree
Half a factory
A whole decision
Waiting impatiently
For us to make.



Tree N Factree
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

36. Bleeding Roads

The roads are stained with crimson bright
Engines rumble through the endless night

Metal hearts in hurried lines
Cutouts rushing by, with none to slow

Each automobile a form, a vein of restlessness
Racing fast through the rush of pain

The city pulses, alive and tired
Born of smoke and greed's desire

Blood flows across the painted land
A thousand horns, a sound so grand

The rhythm of the wheels, the pain of speed
A symbol of our endless need

Lights flash, wounds that refuse to heal
Concrete veins of glass and steel

The roads cry out, but none see the pain
Their cries for help were masked by the horns' pleas

The painting blazes in fiery hues of light
A message old, yet new to sight

The bleeding roads seem to cry once more
Slow down, breathe, and find your way.



Bleeding Roads
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

37. Zipped Greens

A city emerges, gritty and unpredictable
that has climbing heights of towers growing like teeth into the sky;

A mass of glass and smoke, with a well-paced cadence of concrete foot traffic
It throbs like a multitude with a single heartbeat but misses its individual beats
in the cacophony

And there, amongst its jagged edges and between its large V, a solitary willow
emerges
Its roots whisper of connection to the earth, and its limbs cry to the heavens

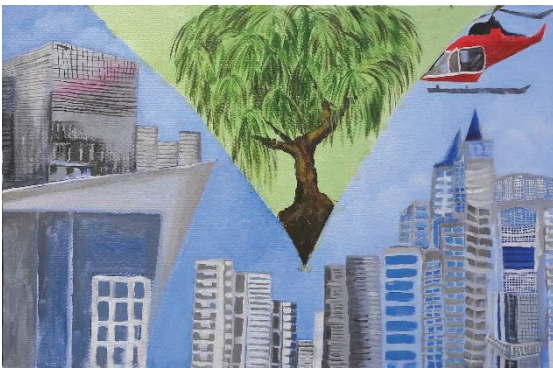
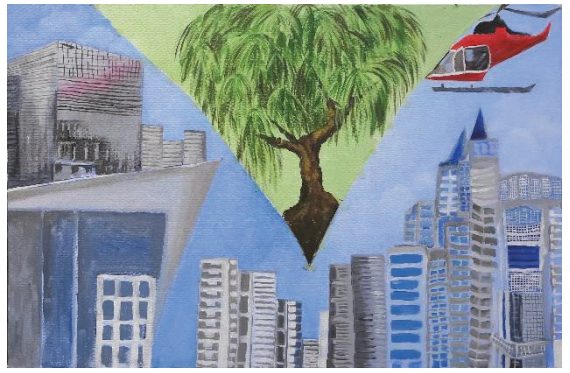
Soft green threads weave together stillness in contrast to the thunderous
sounds of the surrounding city
which is pressed tighter than a heavy iron crown

The willow does not flinch at these sounds but rather bows and continues to
exist
Each leaf serves as a song of secrets while every shadow provides refuge to
those willing to pause long enough to hear them

Perhaps the question is posed: Is tenderness able to survive the angles of
steel?
Can something ancient and alive grow amidst ambitions and achievement?

The willow responds in silence, with its long-rooted patience and gentle
courage in its flexibility
Outside of this V, the city owns the future by definition

Inside this V, the willow lives in the past
Together, this willow and the city stand as an incompleteness, a juxtaposition
of silence and noise, weakness and strength, respectively



Zipped Greens
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

38. My Favourite work :

Life in 2025 I

The veneration of change begins with the rise of impromptu celebration, as the vitality of possibility is reflected in the young eyes of our future

The pieces of the banner sparkle in the sun, as a series of triangular flags; pink, green, yellow, and blue, suspended from the heavens like a cascade of colours protecting the earth and air from future pollution

Gathered together under these flags, we are here as the community in the protection of its environment, carrying with us the bottles and containers unused, and no longer as "ghosts" littering the earth, but as a way to honour the earth and our fellow inhabitants

The "Triple R" (reduce, reuse, recycle) stands as a monument to what we have saved

reminding us not to dig a "grave" for our future

We are gathered together, amidst trees and painted wood animals, on a journey of discovery where we are taking back the past and creating a brighter, more sustainable future

Each individual is a guardian of our planet, a living testimony of a rebirth. Together, we are moving beyond the vestiges of the past and into a bright future

Together as an earth-conscious group, we will celebrate the "Festival for a Greener World" – a purpose-filled, proud display where both nature and humanity walk together

At the mid-point of 2025, we continue the "Festival for a Greener World" with a passionate song that echoes towards the new dawn, with the hope that we will all be able to live in harmony with one another and with our plane.



Life in 2025 Charcoal,
Acrylic, Watercolor on Canvas, 13 years

39. Life in 2025 - Cry II

Beneath bright flags of red, green, and gold

Children dance with bottles they hold

Plastic treasures clutched in hands

Scattered like seeds across the land

No rivers sing, no birds take flight

The sky is heavy, robbed of light

Even trees bow low in grief

Their roots entangled in plastics thief

The rhino bleeds into painted blue

Its mighty horn a memory too

Cows and goats with vacant eyes

Chewing shadows, swallowing lies

“Recycle, reuse, reduce” the bins say

But the letter fade, worn away

In cont..



Life in 2025 II
Acrylic on canvas 13 years

Life in 2025 - Swachh Kal III

For promises carved in fleeting air
Are drowned by waste that fills the square
The children smile, but none can see
Their play is chained to misery
What joy survives, when every song
Is built on plastics that don't belong?
The earth once green, now cracked and dry
Its heart beats slow, a muffled cry.
A tree stands lone, but roots can breathe
Beneath the shroud that humans weave
Oh future painted, stark and near
A world of laughter lined with fear
A carnival masking the silent plea
“Will you waste, or set me free?”

Swachh Kal is my initiative to connect everyone to bring the real change by adopting and changing some of our habits, by awareness towards life.



Life in 2025 III
Acrylic on canvas 13 years

40. Daughters - Gift of Nature

When I was born
I am yours and only yours
I am not scared, for you are with me
My name is Daughter and will forever be
I leave you never and stay in your heart
Will make sure it beats and never stops
I am love sent from seven heavens
My agility is a strength you cannot dare
As I grow
I do for myself and more for all
I think of you most of all
I am love in every form
For my family, where I was born
For those to whom I go
For the new role
I create, I connect and I never stop
I enhance, energize, and never flop
I am the wave that always waves
I am the cutter who always shaves
I take the brunt of many things
I work hard and never cave
I take care of the old and the young
I assure and sing what was sung
I am the protector who slays
I am the one till end who stays
For my Family i always pray
Whether parents, in-laws, per se
I have the intention to keep it safe
I want happiness, whatever it takes
I can be hungry, but they must eat
I may be tired, but in celebrations, I beat
I am living for them, I am living for me
The difference is so little that let it be
BUT, I am the one who got it rough
I am the one who had to be tough





Daughters – Gift of Nature
Acrylic on Canvas 13 years

I am the one who was killed and thrown
 I am the one who was torn and worn
 I am the one who was shoved and stuffed
 I am the one who was hanged and burnt
 I am the one who was liked and disliked
 I am the one who was wrong and right
 I am the one for whom they cried
 I am the one who was sent to sight
 I am the one who left home
 I am the one who was sown
 I am the one who carried pain
 I am the one who got drained
 I am the one who suffered the most
 I am the one who cooked and got roast
 I am the one who got beaten
 I am the one who got cheated
 I am the one who got objectified
 I am the one who was rectified
 Laws were made around my life
 Duties were told what about rights ?
 I want to eat, I want to drink, I want to study
 And live on the brink
 I want to fly and run at the same time
 I want to swim and deep dive
 I want that freedom where home is mine
 I want that system which is divine
 I want to be proud, not sorrowful, for all
 I want myself to be happy above all
 I want to choose every choice
 I want to feel and rejoice
 I want to go far and more
 I want to speak my mind till the shores
 I want me to be very special
 Coz I am the one who is called daughter
 You got me coz you deserved better
 I feel Earth and I are the same
 We are both facing this drain
 Nature and I often talk ..
 I asked her are you a daughter or not?

41. One Hour Away

One hour away,
Hundreds of people are sitting down to pray
Too starved to even try
Too thirsty to even cry
One hour away,
In the NUH community,
No water or food for days on end
While the privileged continue to pretend
The prayers of the people still echo
While empty stomachs continue to bend
We say our mindset has changed,
We say we've evolved
But one hour away,
The problem of child marriage
And religious division
Remains unsolved
One hour away
"We don't let the girls study after 8th",
They say so casually
We kill them if they try running,
Their decisions were made irrationally
Girls are forced to stay home and serve
While the men roam freely without any concern
At the ripe age of fourteen,
When boys are playing and jumping around
Girls are sent into completely new homes
Forced into pregnancy and ultrasounds
When these girls are asked
Would you rather live or die?
In one broken voice
Many would simply say goodbye



One Hour Away
Water color on textured paper 13 years

42. Cherry Blossom Yes and No

YES to you and NO to me
No, says who and why to me?
Yes is what I like to be
No is so not like me
Yes is up and no is down
Yes is a smile and no is a frown
Yes is joy, and no is a ploy
Yes is fun, and no means work is
undone
Yes is what builds all to be
No says no, and the rest is history
Yes is power, and No is when nothing
to shower
Yes sounds fun, and No is pun
Yes is cool and No is uncool
Yes is hero, No is villain
Yes is star and no is pain
But then comes my mom and says
Don't go by Yes's but go by No's
When No is said to unjust and bad
It is sheer power and not so sad

When No comes out of pain,
There is gain in that pain
When NO says do not waste any
time
History is not, present is mine
When No says no to smoking and
drugs
It sounds so cool where Yes can fool
When you say no to those around
You save time and clean your
surround
No is the power you always had
Every No is YES max pro
It saves you billions, yes, that's true
The choice of Yes and No is one
Love each of them
Then the magic is done
Say Yes to No and No to Yes
Break the patterns
And go with the flow
That is when your life treats you
Prime
That is when you see grace and shine



Cherry Blossom Yes and No
Water color on textured paper 13 years

43. My Home, My Emotions

Two opposing heads, not in hate or fear
Only interest of one and another

The world works by meeting of minds
When one does not attempt to outshout the other

Together they listen, together they speak
While remaining hand in hand in the heat

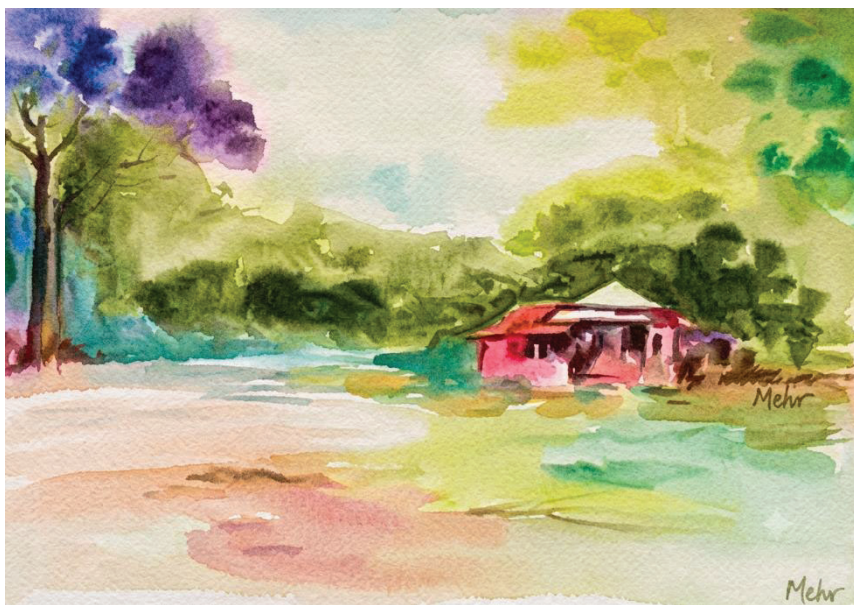
Solutions and resolutions,
Not desperation and frustration

Creating opportunities for one and all
Not destructing what has been built and stall

They can cause thunder and they can light up the space
They can make blunders, fight or chase

OR

Choices are ours and we must make
Home is heart, mind and space
Must house our emotions in safe place



My Home, My Emotions
Water color on textured paper 13 years

44. What is Life

Life is what we all have got
Living is what we are not taught
Life is breath
Life is a body
Life is mind
Life is around
Life is when we breathe in right
Life is not when we hold it tight
Life is such that we leave what we
take
Whether it is water or air intake
What goes in, we use and keep
The rest of which is out and swept
Life is that which holds nothing
It takes it all and keeps it trim
When we hold, it is not life
It is a stale and big shitty pile
Life teaches us to let it flow
Let it come and let it go
You stay light so you can fight
If you are right, it will be out of sight
If it stays, you should pray
Coz we must flow, else it will be
slow
Life is fun and a game and play
Life is learn, work, and slay
Life is a celebration of all we have
Life is compassion and rest, replay
Life is ambition and passion at play

Life is health and happiness every
day
Life is family, friends, and more
Life is where you make some foes
Life is also to be with yourself
Dwell deep, think, and work on
oneself
Life is to learn the lessons it teaches
Life is to pick a few chapters that
preach
Life is the priest of your life's
religion
Life is the prophet on one mission
To show you what eyes can't see
To make you listen where ears
disappear
To give you the speech that balances
all
You are not happy and sad, not at all
Life is the djinn that calls you on
For the challenge, which is the
biggest of all
Show me how you can live through
this
If you show up for this spree
I am the Djinn who stands to be
It will make your wishes come true
after all
Till you tell me I don't need anything
at all



What is Life!
Water color on textured paper 13 years

45. Mush Cool Lush Fool

You know what is COOL?

Taking everyone along and not dividing, reducing, or minimising others

While we multiply, expand, and maximise ourselves

Cool is a large heart, an open mind, and an expanded vision

With deeper roots of compassion

Cool is intelligent with a high emotional quotient

Where we value people, not their skin or their wallets

Cool is calming, soothing, and peaceful

Not that which makes one hyper, aggressive and ruthless

Cool is being REAL..

First of all, accepting oneself in wholeness and not being FAKE

So fake that we lose the connection with ourselves

Are we really Cool?

Let's ponder, so we don't look back and feel like a FOOL



Mush Cool, Lush Fool
Watercolor, Pen on textured paper 13 years

Acknowledgement

The idea of writing a book has always stayed with me because I have been writing secretly since I was a child. I wrote little notes, stories, and funny captions for my parents, grandparents, aunts, and cousins, and they still keep many of them. I loved adding small drawings too, like calling my parents my "piggy bank" with doodles of pigs, or making Eric Carle-inspired ladybugs for my Charu Massi.

Books have always been a huge part of my life. My family read stories to me from a very young age, and I would make guests read the same book over and over again. My Nanu spent countless holidays reading with me, bringing every story to life through his expressions and acting. Those moments inspired my love for storytelling.

My mom encouraged me to write in beautiful diaries she collected from different countries. Although my daily routine often felt the same, the characters from books and the wonders of nature filled my imagination with endless stories.

Travelling to more than 30 countries also shaped my thinking. As a young child, I was fascinated by places like Central Park in New York and Hyde Park in London, Tuileries garden, Jardin des plantes in Paris, where nature transformed busy cities into peaceful spaces. Those experiences taught me to appreciate trees, gardens, and the beauty of the natural world.

I am deeply grateful to my parents, Monica Dhawan and Vibhav Dhawan, for giving me these experiences. Some memories and emotions are so meaningful that words can never fully describe them—but writing is my way of trying.



Shandaar
Acrylic on Canvas 7 years



AFTERWORD

Mehr Dhawan is a young interdisciplinary artist, poet, and environmental changemaker from India whose work bridges artistic expression and youth engagement. A Grade 9 IB MYP student at Pathways School Gurgaon, she has developed a distinctive approach that combines research-driven environmental awareness with visual storytelling.

Her formal internship journey began in 2025 when she served as an Environmental Research Intern with the Ministry of Environment, Forest & Climate Change. During this internship, Mehr conducted research on urban air pollution, environmental governance mechanisms, and mitigation frameworks including construction and demolition waste management, vehicular emissions, and dust control strategies. She authored analytical articles examining government interventions and policy responses, gaining firsthand insight into the structural dimensions of environmental challenges in India.

A defining moment during this period was her presentation of a microplastic-based art installation accompanied by her original poem to Hon'ble Minister Manjinder Singh Sirsa on World Environment Day 2025. The presentation demonstrated how artistic interpretation can humanize complex environmental data and earned official recognition for her creative advocacy.

This policy and government exposure informed her next milestone, *DUALITY*, a solo art-poetry exhibition hosted at the College of Art. The exhibition featured 32 original mixed-media artworks and poems exploring the parallel realities of environmental preservation and degradation. Designed as an immersive experience, *DUALITY* encouraged viewers to confront the contrast between care and neglect, abundance and depletion.

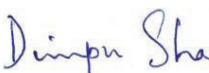
The exhibition engaged over 1,500 visitors, inspired more than 100 environmental pledges, and received 20 media features across India and Asia, reaching an audience exceeding one million. It was recognised by senior government officials and cultural leaders, marking a significant instance of youth-led artistic engagement influencing civic dialogue.

Building on these experiences, Mehr is now expanding her work into a structured youth initiative, *Swachh Kal*, grounded in the idea that awareness alone does not drive change: decision-making and habit formation do. She is developing a bilingual (English-Hindi) booklet, *Swachh Kal* ("Aaj Aap Ka Kal Hai"), for primary school students in collaboration with an NGO and the MCD. The booklet is structured around four pillars: Vayu (Air), Tarun (Trees & Biodiversity), Dharti (Waste Management), and Neer (Water Conservation). Through storytelling, real-life dilemmas, and micro-habits, it empowers students to take ownership of their everyday environmental choices.

Her debut book, *Anthropology of Poems with Art*, emerges from this journey as a deeper inquiry into how human behaviour shapes environmental reality.

Mehr believes sustainability must move beyond instruction toward introspection, and that creativity is one of the most powerful tools for cultivating that shift.

Regards


Ms. Dimpu Sharma



Head Secondary School

June 4, 2026

Sliced Sea
Acrylic on Canvas 12 years



**“There is enough on earth for everybody’s need,
But not enough for everybody’s greed”**

-Mahatma Gandhi