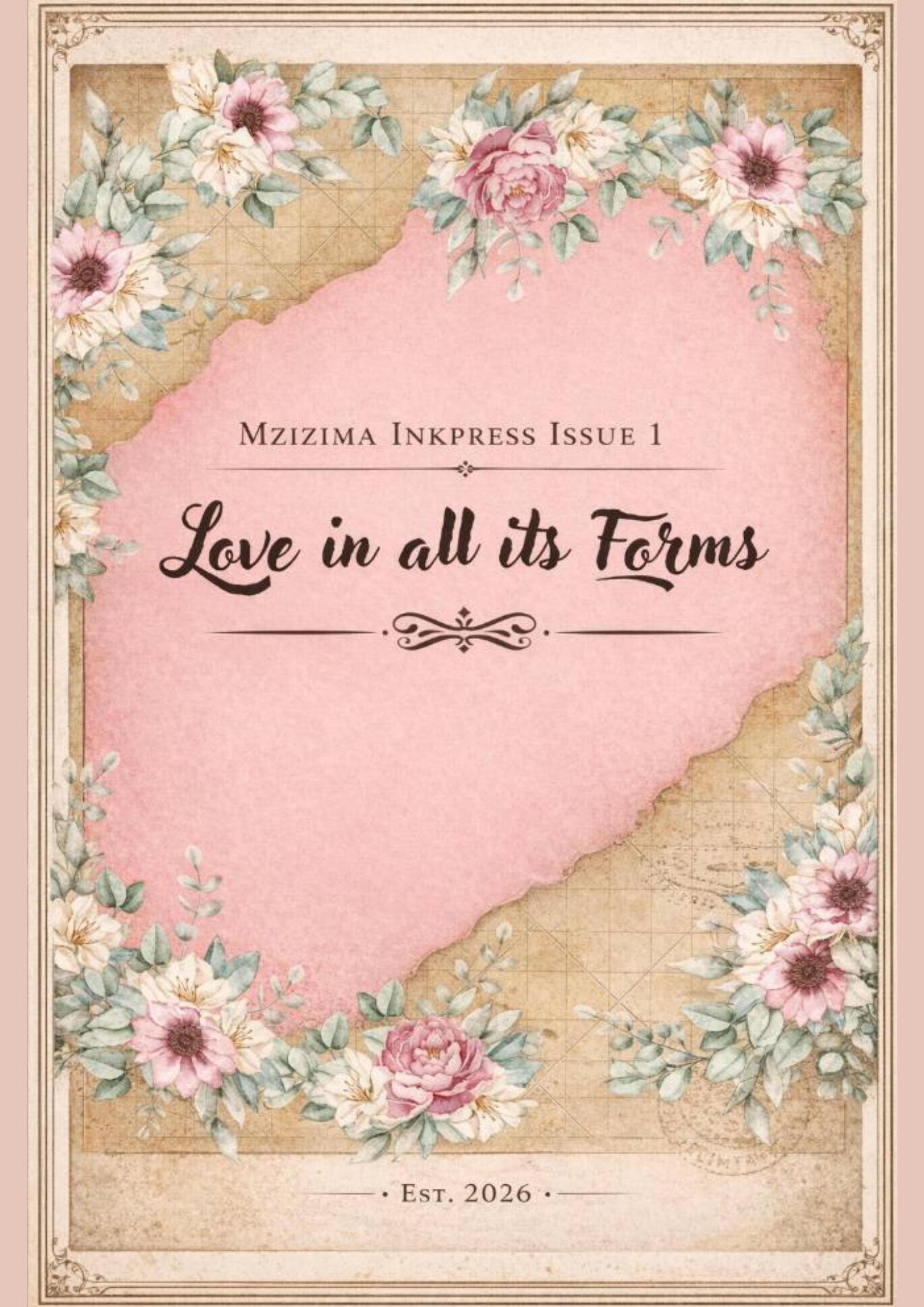


The cover features a central pink rectangular area with a torn, deckle-like edge. This pink area is surrounded by a cream-colored border with a faint grid pattern. In the four corners of the cover, there are clusters of flowers, including pink peonies and white lilies with pink centers, all with green foliage. The entire design is enclosed in a thin, ornate double-line border with decorative corner pieces.

MZIZIMA INKPRESS ISSUE 1

Love in all its Forms

• EST. 2026 •

~· Quotes ·~

Love is not a single flame—it is the fire,
the warmth, and the light that guides
every soul home.

Vyan Kumar

Love is equality
Love is equity
Love is Love
Ibrahim Bin Imran





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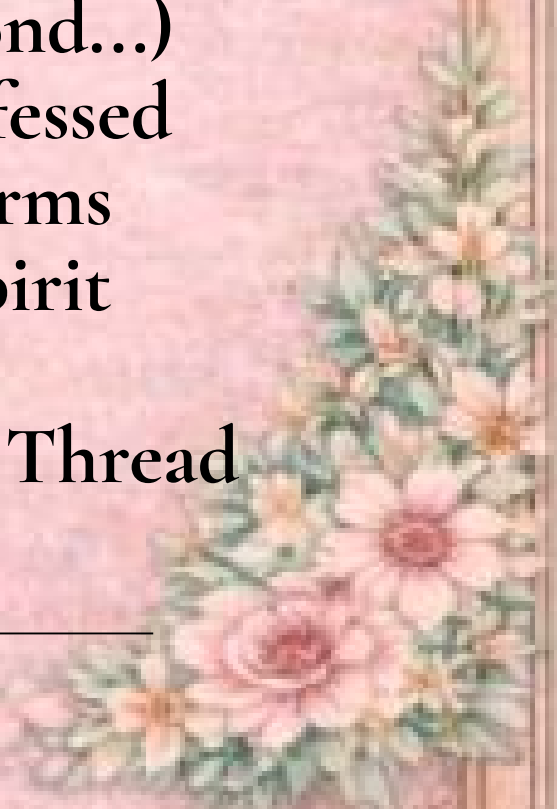




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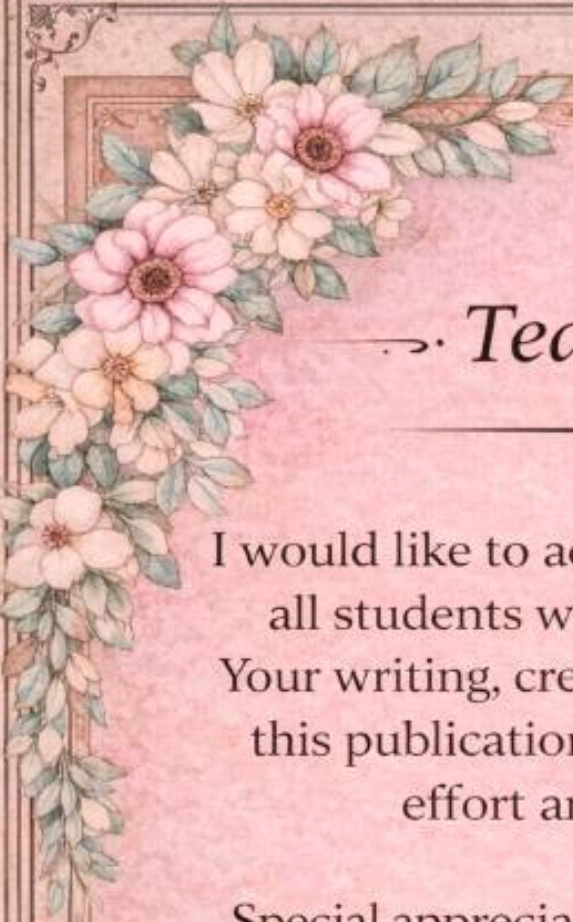
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Teacher's Note

I would like to acknowledge and sincerely thank all students who contributed to this journal. Your writing, creativity, and commitment made this publication possible, and your time and effort are truly appreciated.

Special appreciation goes to the Inquiry Club officials for their dedication and teamwork, led by Abdullah, whose consistency, patience, and strong leadership guided the process from start to finish.

This edition explores the theme of 'Love in all its forms' and the depth and variety of perspectives presented reflect thoughtful inquiry and genuine engagement. Well done to everyone involved.

Florence Kamau





Editor's Note

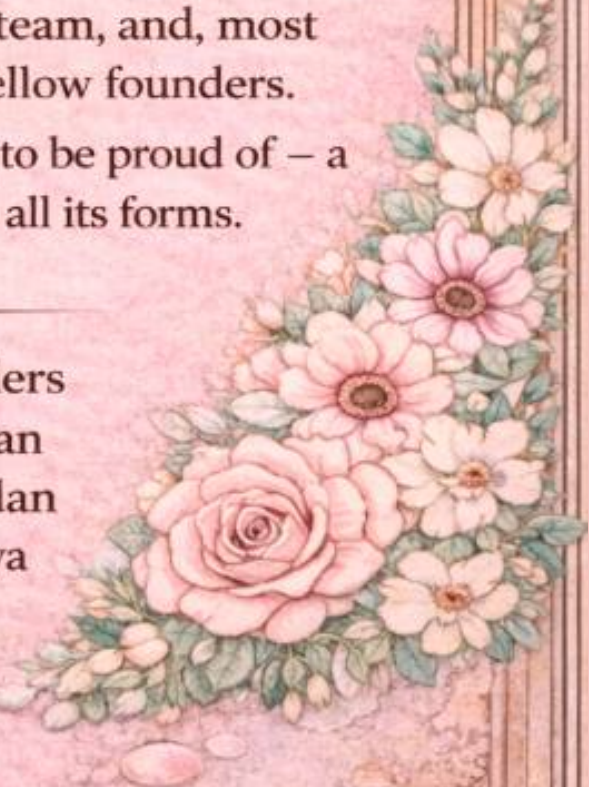
When we first imagined this journal, we weren't sure where to begin. Love – in all its messy, chaotic, and confusing forms – is not easy to capture. Yet, as I flip through these pages, I am struck by the talent, courage, and honesty that shine through each piece.

This first edition, the beginning of what we hope will be many more, explores love from every perspective our community dares to embrace.

I hope you see yourselves reflected in these stories, these poems, these voices. My deepest thanks go to everyone who made this possible: our student contributors, teachers, design team, and, most importantly, my co-editors and fellow founders.

Together, we've created something to be proud of – a journal that celebrates love in all its forms.

Editors and Founders
Abdullah Bin Imran
Mihir Hitesh Mandan
Hania Imran Lohya
Dharini Bhatt





· Designer's Note ·

The Mzizima Inkpress Literary Journal explores the theme “Love in All Its Forms” as something tender, complex, and ever-evolving. The visual direction of the journal incorporates soft organic motifs and gentle colour palettes to symbolize warmth, connection, and personal growth.

Collaboration among the design team played a vital role in shaping the journal's final identity, as continuous refinement, open discussions, and shared creative decisions allowed the publication to develop into a cohesive and expressive piece.

designers

Shraddha Mitesh Bhimji

Muhammadmahdi Sajjad Dharamsi

Husaina Zavery





List of Contributors

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Ibrahim Bin Imran G8

Abdullah Bin Imran GiO

Piya Gandhi GiO

Keemaya Bora GiO

Krishiv Patel G8



Love isn't just romance. It's staying up late for someone who needs you, sharing a laugh with friends, the quiet bond between siblings, or a stranger's small kindness.

Love can hurt, too - ache with distance, tremble with loss, ask for forgiveness - but every kind of love leaves a mark, teaching us to feel, connect, and live fully.

*It can hurt, too - ache with distance,
tremble with loss, ask for forgiveness -
but every kind of love leaves a mark,
teaching us to feel, connect, and live fully.*

1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBDP 1C IBD

— · *Submission 1* · —

— **Ananya Sharma** —

— IB DP 1 —

One second it's okay
The other it's not
Because all you have is this perfect version of me
That you expect without faults

Make up jewelry all the flowy dresses in the world
I'll put it all on just for you to look at me as if I was specifically pearled
I'll tailor myself to fit all your needs He doesn't love you, my brain pleads
But the foolish heart convinces me every night
That pleasing this man is truly the only right
So everyday I tear a piece of myself for his sake What else is love ?
Just give and take
Then why is it that I do all of the giving Selflessly letting him
change my way of living Because one day he'll love me back
But is it even worth it if all I want is myself back?



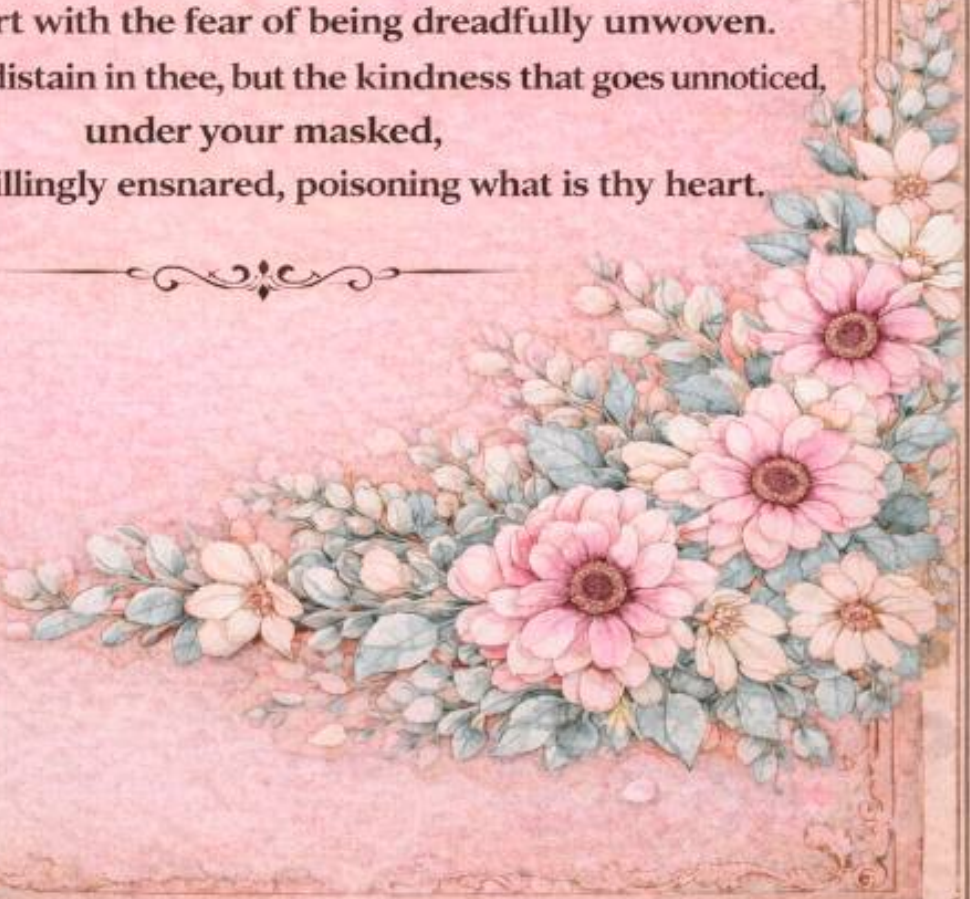
Submission 2

Elikunde Akyoo

Grade 10A

A love not professed

Oh heart how thou must feel?
Thy family I love and they love me,
But an eye I dare not to catch, doesn't beat for me, it burns me.
Time and time and time again, each one finds a pair
A lover, to have and to hold, another reason to smile.
But, it seems that thy eyes can only watch in glee then ponder
The glances met, the words not spoken,
Which claw at thy throat, like a bears claws unmerciful.
The hope that thou would be thine, met with the truth that is uspken,
Silences thy heart with the fear of being dreadfully unwoven.
thy wish to find distain in thee, but the kindness that goes unnoticed,
under your masked,
keeping me unwillingly ensnared, poisoning what is thy heart.



Submission 3

Patrycja

"Love in All Forms"

Love is a hand that stays when storms arise,
A laugh that echoes, a tear in someone's eyes.

It's in stolen glances, in letters unread,
In the warmth of home, in words softly said.

Love is friendship that outlasts the years,
A quiet comfort, a shoulder for tears.

It lives in parents, in lovers, in friends,
In the courage to heal, in the heart that bends.

Love has no boundary, no shape, no name,

It's gentle, it's fierce, it's always the same.

Through every season, through joy and strife,
Love is the heartbeat, the pulse of life.



Submission 4

Hamdan Lohya

Grade 8

Unmatched Spirit

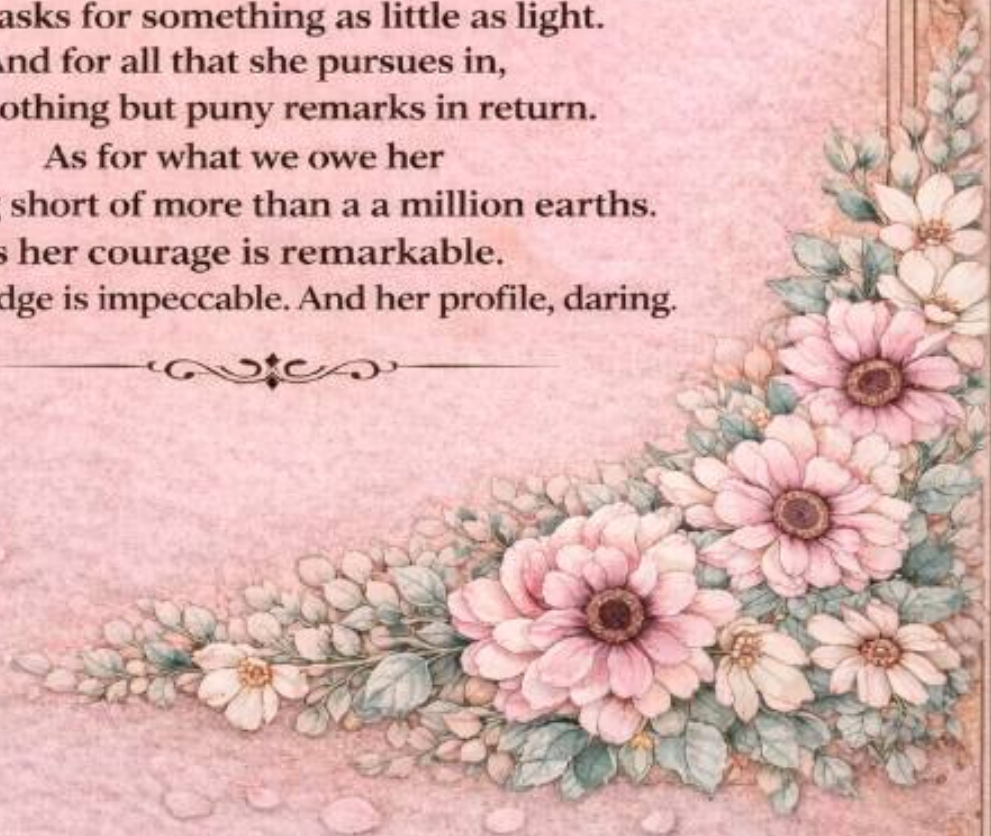
As the storm rages on,
and the subtle canopy now looks
closer to a barren wasteland.
And terrible and formidable monsters
prowl the nights.

She tucks her offspring tight.
Forgetting her own desires, her own
Profile, for the entirety of her time.

She gives,
and never takes.

For in what fight she fights
She asks for something as little as light.
And for all that she pursues in,
Gets nothing but puny remarks in return.

As for what we owe her
Is nothing short of more than a million earths.
As her courage is remarkable.
Her knowledge is impeccable. And her profile, daring.



Submission 5

Devanshi Singh

YOUR EARTH- Devanshi Singh

I am yours in every situation; I am your earth
I nurtured you, but you used me, my calm against your fury,
Your overwhelmed mind – a coincidence?

I offered my love & shelter, my heart poured as food.
While you were busy invading, attacking,
In every life, I am with you; I am your earth; I am your earth.

I nurtured you, but you used me, my calm against your fury,
Your overwhelmed mind – a coincidence?

Understand the balance now. Will your destructive experiments end?
Think deeply and be careful. Dear humans, choose to promote
love for nature. For
if you reject this love, You will forever
remain overwhelmed.

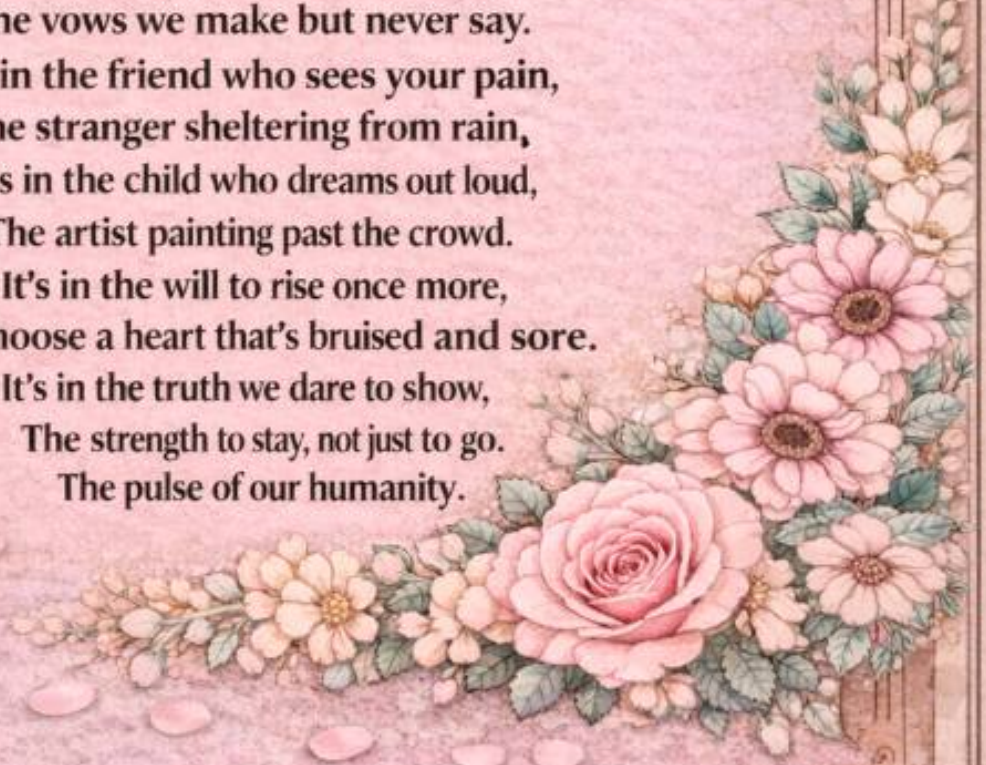
I am yours in every situation; I am your earth.



• Submission 6 •

Love: The infinite Thread- Vyan Kumar

Love is the thread that time can't fray,
It hums beneath the words we say.
It flickers in a fleeting glance,
A quiet hope, a second chance.
It's in the arms that pull us close,
In tears we hide, in what we chose.
It's sacrifice that goes unseen,
The fight for what we know could mean.
It blooms in acts both loud and slight,
In holding on through darkest night.
It's in the meal that's made with grace,
The gentle hand, the steady pace.
Love is the fire that doesn't burn,
But warms the soul at every turn.
It's in the steps we take each day,
The vows we make but never say.
It's in the friend who sees your pain,
The stranger sheltering from rain,
It's in the child who dreams out loud,
The artist painting past the crowd.
It's in the will to rise once more,
To choose a heart that's bruised and sore.
It's in the truth we dare to show,
The strength to stay, not just to go.
The pulse of our humanity.



Submission 7

Shraddha Mitesh Bhimji

Grade 10A



Shraddha
Bhimji



Submission 8

Futility's Dance-Prisha Chheda

I draw

I paint

I play

I cry

A master of all

But one of none.

I light thy shrine

In hopes of the one,

Come hither my child,

For all is but done.

I live

I laugh

I love

I die

Life is futile,

A banquet of lies.

Traverse the jewels,

For, my child, the world

is vast,

Each fleeting moment,

You become one with

ash.

I kill,

I smother,

I choke,

And burn.

This frivolous past,

Shan't return.

Open thine eyes, my child,

Heaps of treasure,

before thee piled.

Worldly pleasures,

You indulge,

But remember:

A master of all,

Yet never of one.





Submission 8

Continuation

I dream,
I fly,
I fall,
I rot.
in shadows deep,
truth forgot.
Spread thine wings,
and blacken thy heart,
for, my child,
Love is the devil's art.

I rise,
I crawl,
I bleed,
I break.
A fleeting waltz,
'Twixt heaven and ache.
Fasten thy heart, my child,
And behold,
The devil's embrace
Shall chase you no more.

I seek,
I find,
I yearn,
I mourn.

The path is thine,
Yet not one to choose.
Tread lightly, my child,
On ashes that burn,
For the banquet of lies
Will always return.
The devil's tango,
And the blackened snare,
All worldly desires,
A fleeting affair.
But alas, my child,
Never forget,
The world you may rule,
yet never possess.



— • Submission 9 • —

Dharini

— — — — —

We are January and December...
so close and yet so far,

We are the pieces of the puzzle,
I need you and you need me,
together, However we can never be,

We are the hairsbreath away from each other
yet that small distance feels like an eternity
simply because it is,

We are at the same place with our backs
to each other looking for one another
yet we stare of seeing only others,

We are two opposing points of a circle
your end is the start of me
and yet I wish to lead to you
without pretense.

Our love is like January and December there is
not one without the other
and yet they are never together.

— — — — —





• Submission 10 •

Afreen Shariff

Indisputable love

His radiant armor sang through her heart,
within the dynasty it breaks apart
Those who loved have crossed the realm—
chivalry breaks beneath its whelm

Her love leans towards the blade of
undeniable truth,
the never-ending ache and mercy of ruth

He swore an oath to serve the crown,
yet the lingering love whispers around

The crescent shining through her soul,
bestowing glow upon the dark to prove the
worth of his heart

At last, the throne of law, by the will of wisdom,
honors the true essence of ethereal love.



Submission 11
Ibrahim Bin Imran

**Black and white,
African and European,
Asian and American —
gold and diamond,
they announce
—or so they think.**

**For long it has been.
Tears have flown,
rivers of pain.
Segregated have we been —
but together,
always.**

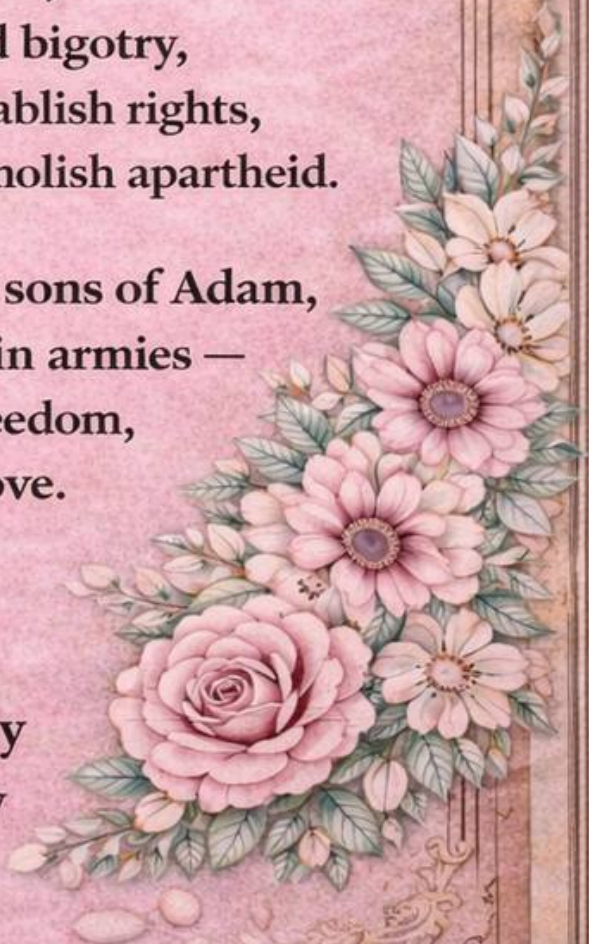
**Weighing us like currency,
based on race.
Weighing us like gold,
based on ethnicity.
But a chain of billions
outweighs all:
a chain of Love.**

**Weighing us like currency,
based on race.
Weighing us like gold,
based on ethnicity,
But a chain of billions
outweighs all:
a chain of Love.**

**For years,
we seek a cure —
to unite,
to end bigotry,
to establish rights,
to demolish apartheid.**

**So, O sons of Adam,
walk in armies —
for freedom,
for Love.**

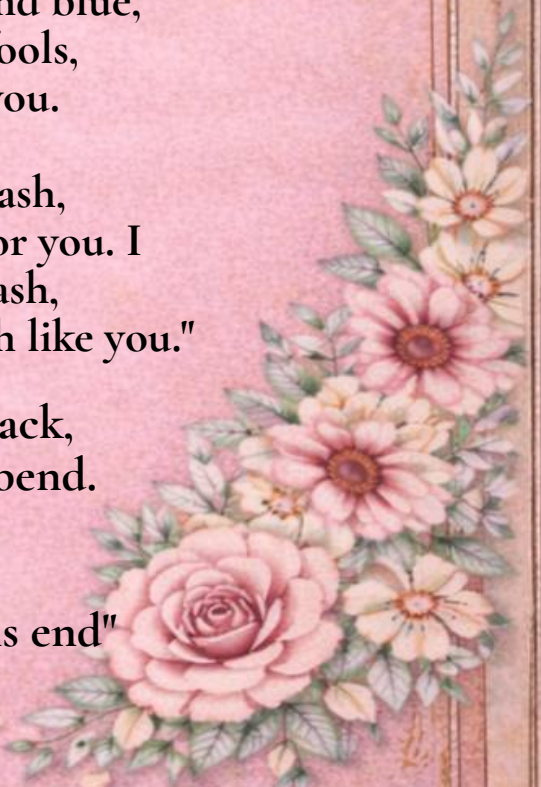
**Love is equality
Love is equity
Love is Love**





Submission 12.

Love, I Drowned- Abdullah Bin Imran



"I left the ocean for the lake,
the dark-blue waters for the light,
for quiet shores and shallow breaks,
I left the ocean, love, tonight."

"I'd say you were brave if I will,
yet the ocean's briny kiss was grave.
Now I'm the fish that lost its gill,
So love I drowned within the waves."

"Love was swift, and love was cruel,
Like the ocean's thrill- sharp and blue,
The lake is safer, we were fools,
I left the ocean, love, for you."

I left the stormy ocean's clash,
for its melodies were meant for you. I
left its silence, calm yet rash,
But its silence, love, sounds much like you."

"I just wish you once stayed back,
or at least followed the river's bend.
Leave the ocean, love.
Don't come back,
But the lake too is where oceans end"

— • Submission 13 • —

Piya

I fell for something
that never learned my name
yet knows me completely.

It waits for me without clocks,
meets me where I am,
asks nothing but my attention.
When I am too loud inside,
it teaches me how to listen.

It speaks in patience
in long silences,
in movements that do not rush,
in lessons repeated
until I am ready to understand.

I bring my worries there
and they grow smaller.
My breath steadies.
My thoughts loosen their grip.
Nothing is fixed,
yet everything heals.

I leave with dirt on my hands,
light in my eyes,
and the strange certainty
that I belong
to something older than my fear.



Submission 14

Keemaya Bora



The main idea of my artwork is to reflect the love, care and concern a parent has for their children which will be passed on after years to their children to protect, support and love their parents the same way they did by many sacrifices.

My artwork illustrates the two scenarios in one frame together. Furthermore, the dolphins shaped together in a heart symbolizes joy, playfulness and communication.



Submission 15

Krishiv Patel 8D

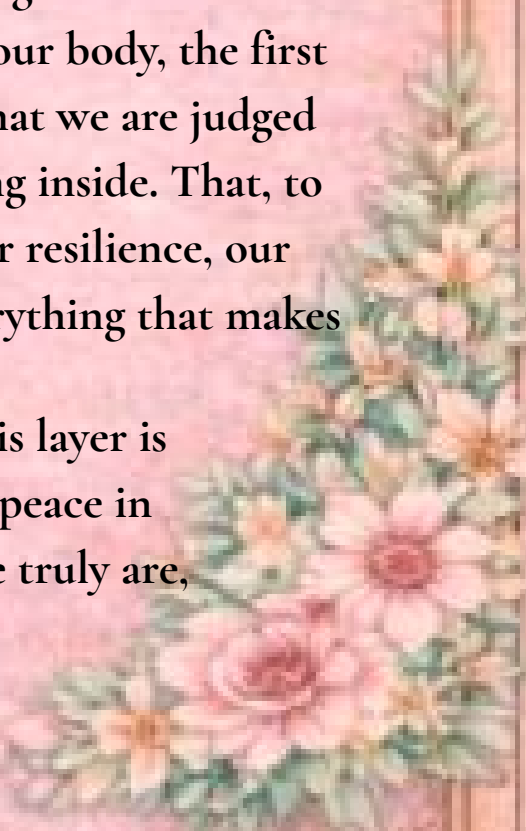
Peace Day Speech

Good morning / afternoon distinguished teachers and fellow students, my name is Krishiv Patel from 8D and today, I am standing in front of you to discuss a very important stance on the topic about peace, unity, and understanding, specifically focusing on peace.

First, I would like to provide you with a metaphor, an analogy if you will. Bear with me as it may seem strange at first, but it will make sense later. Humans are like pies, the outer layer being abundant, solid, and firm while the inside being soft, mushy, and easily changeable or altered. I like to think about the outer layer as our body, the first visible part of us and the bad thing, what we are judged upon. Then there's the soft, gooey filling inside. That, to me, symbolizes our personalities—our resilience, our confidence, our vulnerabilities, and everything that makes us unique.

These things are what make us up, this layer is what we need to reach to find inner peace in ourselves, and accepting us for who we truly are, not what others think of us.

To Be Continued





Submission 15

Krishiv Patel 8D

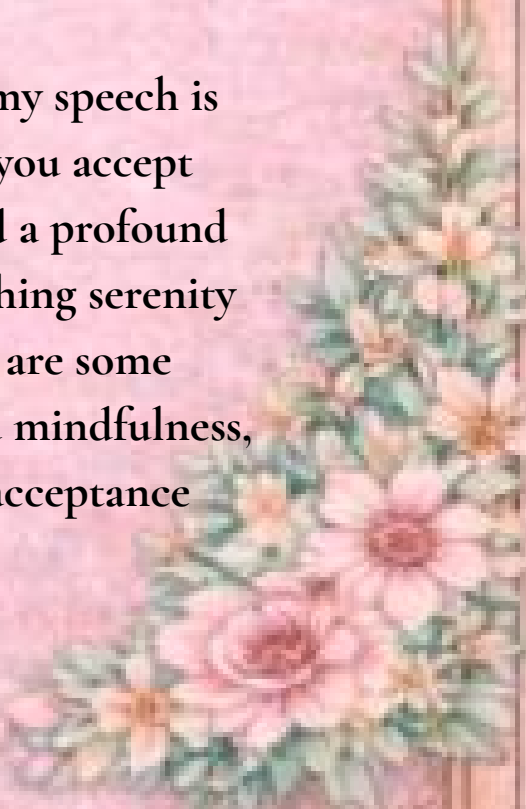
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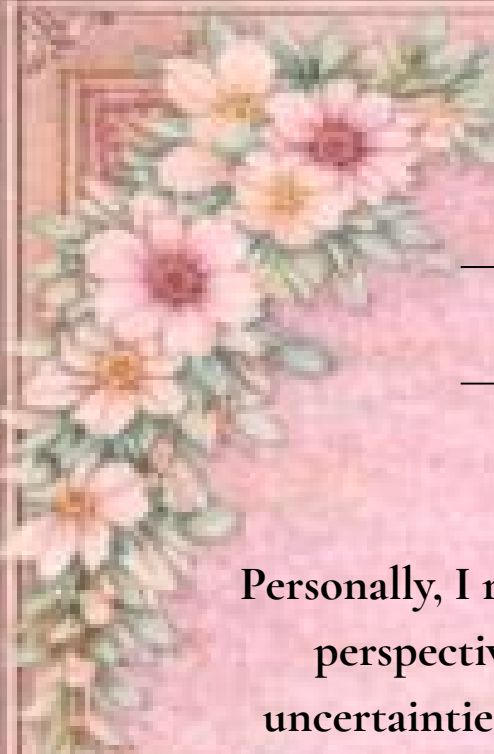
Just as the crust and the filling come together to form a delicious whole, our outer and inner selves must unite to help us find our own path to peace in life. True peace begins when we learn to connect with that inner layer—when we accept ourselves for who we truly are, rather than who others expect us to be. There is also our role in supporting others; we need to understand people, not judge them.

I aim to talk to you about peace. Peace itself is more than just the absence of conflict. It is a state of calmness, tranquility, and comfort. It's an unspoken treaty with others in the absence of violence and conflict, generating harmony and stability within groups.

Another angle that I want to cover in my speech is achieving inner peace, an area where you accept yourself and the others around you, and a profound state of contentment and balance. Reaching serenity and tranquility is not easy, but there are some techniques to use such as meditation and mindfulness, letting go of worries, and having self-acceptance for who you are.

To Be Continued





Submission 15

Krishiv Patel 8D

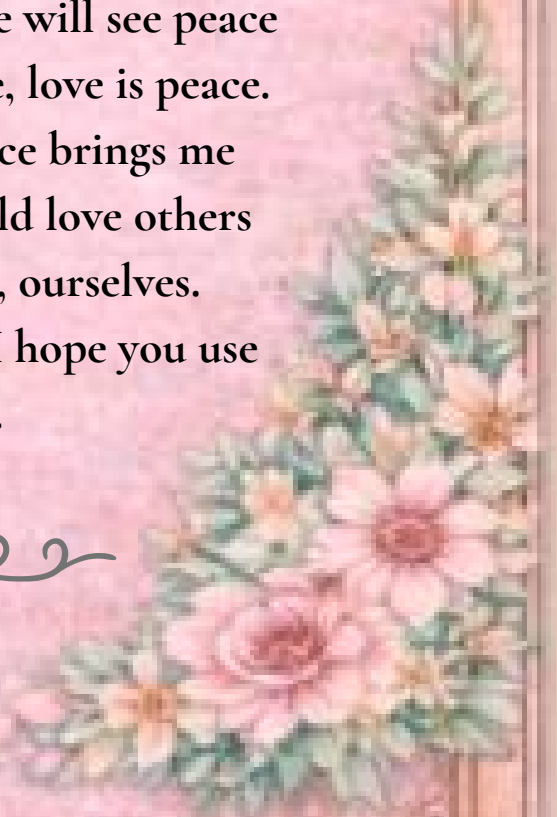
continuation

Personally, I recommend always keeping a balanced perspective, recognizing the difficulties and uncertainties in life, embracing them calmly, and responding with understanding rather than frustration.

To conclude my speech, I want to emphasize the importance of peace, unity, and understanding. Developing these skills means developing ourselves and our future. Practicing this not only benefits you but also the people and environment around us. If we choose peace within ourselves, we will see peace in the world around us. Peace is love, love is peace.

It's just one of its many forms. Peace brings me emotions on love and how we should love others around us and most importantly, ourselves.

Thank you for listening to me and I hope you use this knowledge wisely.



Submission 16

Hania Imran



It looks a bit messy at first, but that's kind of what love is. Not just romance, but care, connection, and growing alongside everything around you. Some parts stand out, some fade into the background, but they all matter-It's not one perfect thing





MAST HEAD

A Project of the InkQuiry
Society

Abdullah Bin Imran- Editor in Chief

Hania Imran Lohya- Editor and
Media coordinator

Dharini Bhatt- Editor

Mihir Mandan- Media Coordinator

Shraddha Bhimji- Designer in Chief

Muhammad Mahdi Dharamsi-
Designer

Husaina Zavery-Cover Designer





Submissions for ISSUE 2

COMING SOON...