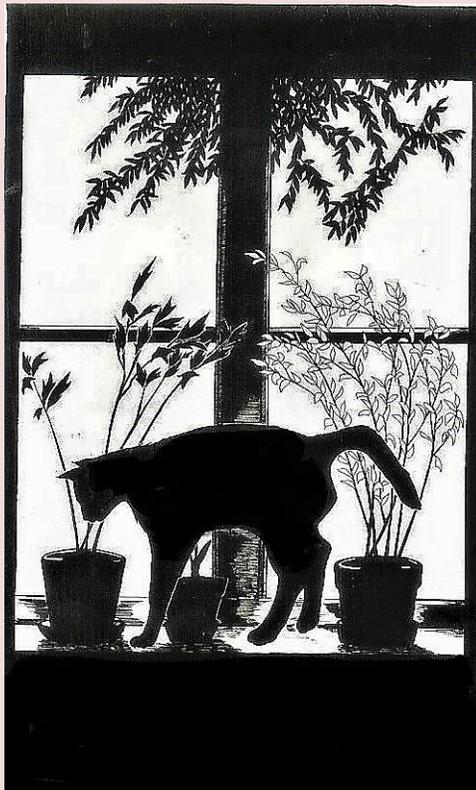


GloMag

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*Monthly Online Poetry and Prose
Magazine*

December 2017



Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

ANN CHRISTINE TABAKA



Title of the Cover Pic: Cat In Window

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Ann Christine Tabaka was recently nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry. She has been writing poems, rhymes, and musings since she was 14 (1965), keeping a handwritten journal. She only started sharing her words with the world in 2017, when encouraged to do so by friends. Since then, she has self-published three poetry books and one Haiku book. She was an Art Major in college, but dropped out to start a family and was employed by the DuPont Company as a scientist for 31 years. During the 1970-80s, she painted and illustrated, and was in numerous art shows around the USA. Recently, her paintings and illustrations have appeared in the Escapism Literary

Magazine, Duane's PoeTree Blog, Gravel Magazine, and the Borfski Press.

WEBSITES

Amazon Author's Page:

https://www.amazon.com/Ann-Christine-Tabaka/e/B06XF2PWSK/ref=sr_ntt_srch_Ink_1?qid=1512478006&sr=8-1

Instagram #christinetabaka

ART PERSPECTIVE

The "Cat in Window" is a 14" X 20" pen and ink illustration of a silhouetted cat. I love the feel and look of black and white and keep going back to it. Many of my pieces were Art Deco in black and white.

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions, and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the writer gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the writer's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful writings, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home.

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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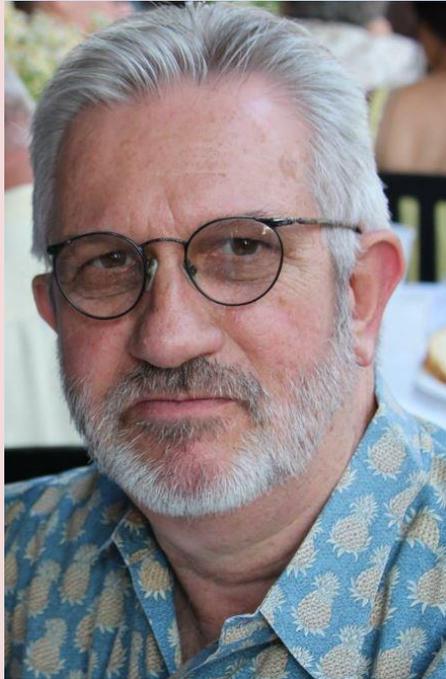
BACKGROUND MUSIC: “Hark The Herald Angels Sing” by NuBeat Music Group.

PREFACE

William P. Cushing

(the "blue collar poet" and one-half of Notes and Letters.)

[Notes and Letters Chuck Corbisiero and Bill Cushing](#)



Defining Poetry

At the start of 1989s Dead Poets Society, instructor John Keating (Robin Williams) takes his class through an exercise in demolishing academic orthodoxy by having his students rip out pages of their textbook titled "Understanding Poetry," an academic screed by one J. Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. It becomes a liberating act in the lives of these prep-schoolers and reveals Keating's boundary-breaking love for the written word.

It also convinces the audience to join in the anarchy that leads to true appreciation for the poetic art, untethered to establishment rule.

Still, I believe that those who delve into poetry as a serious artistic form of expression do need some guidelines—a starting point if you will—as to its nature, especially given how poetry can adhere to “traditional” formats of structure (haiku, sestina, sonnet) or form (verse, meter, rhyme scheme) yet also shatter them completely. Add the fact that poetry employs the other available literary techniques, and it seems evident that some guideposts are needed to separate the poet (Phillip Levine and Robert Creeley first come to my mind) from the commercial salesman (sorry, Rod McKuen, but I am talking about you).

As GloMag is dedicated primarily to poetry, I welcome the opportunity that Glory offered me to share my thoughts on its nature in this prologue. But first, allow me some background information.

I came to poetry in an unexpected way as a college journalist who, some 30 years ago, attended a workshop titled “How to Improve Your Writing.” A short lecture, the woman conducting the seminar told us, “If you want to get better at writing anything—news reporting, commentary,

professional writing, whatever—start writing poems.” She stressed how poets learn to use language by compressing imagery onto the page. This squares with Adrienne Rich’s assessment that poetry is “a concentration of the power of language” or Rita Dove’s view that “poetry is language at its most distilled and most powerful.”

Our speaker challenged us to try it when we returned to our own lives, and taking her up, I discovered my first poem during breakfast the next day at breakfast in a diner.

I say “discovered” because I believe few of us actually “create” a poem; rather we find it somewhere along the way and then present our discoveries as creatively as we can. As Jean Cocteau observed, “The poet doesn’t invent. He listens.”

Once I became involved with the poem, journalism never again held the same interest for me. Now an instructor myself, I love the challenge of “teaching” poetry by (with any luck) opening students’ eyes to the wondrous beauty—or horror—that awaits them in the poem.

However, the mundane has to sneak in at the onset, and that is defining what poetry is, especially since I operate on the principal that definition offers the best way to understand our world or whatever part of it we are diving into.

So, how does one define poetry?

That is where both the fun and the madness begin because, it seems, if you were to gather ten poets and ask the question, it would probably produce at least 18 different answers. One of the first definitions I ran into as an instructor was, like the opening scenario, from a textbook declaring poetry as “an arrangement of words into patterns predetermined by the poet.” Okay, but so is graffiti or text messages or advertisements, yet I don’t consider them poems (although they can and have been made into poetry).

Still, that really doesn’t answer the question. Besides, how often are our poetic patterns “pre-determined?” Not very.

What have others said? Robert Frost (one of my nation’s most unfairly maligned poets) said, in his poetic and mystical fashion, “Poetry is the kind of thing that poets write.” Equally ambiguous but still fascinating is Carl Sandburg’s view of the poem being “an echo, asking a shadow to dance.” Khalil Gibran saw it as “joy and pain and wonder, with a dash of the dictionary.” Those are interesting views on how poetry operates but do not really serve as a definition of the term.

Donald Justice once instructed that a “good poem should appear cinematic,” a great lesson in structure and imagery

but not really a definition. Allen DeLoach, known more as a publisher and editor during the Beat movement in the United States but also a more-than-decent writer himself, answered my question on defining poetry this way: “Poetry is writing that resides halfway between music and conversation.” While this is an interesting view of the form, it sort of stalls there.

Edith Sitwell defined poetry as “the deification of reality” while William Wordsworth saw it as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings [taken] from emotion recollected in tranquility.” If memory serves, Levine said that “poetry is both oral and aural,” a great way of defining by description. As interesting as all these viewpoints are, none ranks as the best definition of what poetry is.

It turns out that (for me, at least) the superlative definition of poetry I encountered came at the most unlikely of moments from the most unlikely of sources, specifically a fellow student with whom I shared a train ride. I was returning to Florida after visiting a friend in Vermont; sitting in my seat, I began looking over some rough notes of pieces in progress when a younger man sharing the seat inquired if the work was mine. Answering in the affirmative, we began sharing our own work with one another when, from behind us, we heard, “Are you guys talking about poems?”

That's when we met a young Canadian also involved in poetry. It wasn't long before the three of us decided to go to the bar-car and continue our roundtable over some beers. Naturally, at one point, I brought up the question of "what is poetry" to see how my fellow travelers would respond, and that was when the Canadian said, simply and surely, "Poetry is the history of the human soul."

And there it was, the "Eureka" moment in my search for an answer. I repeat: "Poetry is the history of the human soul."

Bear in mind that the Greeks used the poetic form to record historical events since the rhyme and meter allowed for more reliable retellings with no requirement for literacy. As a subscriber to literary historicism myself, the statement also satisfied my belief that writing is more than a reflection of the writer, it is also a reflection of the time of the writer's existence. Thus did Dylan Thomas instruct writers to make it "forever all your own."

Yes, poetry is historical in its ability to capture image, emotion, tableau, vignette, or any of the other many possibilities of recording for posterity, yet Aristotle saw it as being "finer [. . .] than history [since] poetry expresses the universal and history only the particular."

Thus, "poetry is the history of the human soul."

When our traveling companion, whose name I confess having forgotten, said that, it not only defined the term in only eight words, it expanded my own view and perception of the genre, allowing me to take a giant step in my own approach to both reading poems and crafting my own work. I have never encountered a better statement since, nor do I bother asking any longer—unless it is simply for the joy of recounting this event and revelation.

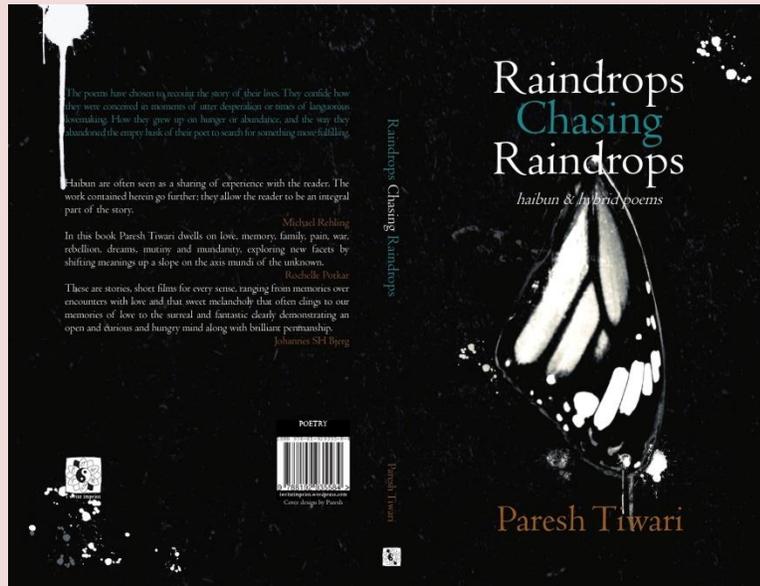
“Poetry is the history of the human soul.”

Amen to that.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Raindrops Chasing Raindrops

Published by i write imprint



BOOK AVAILABLE AT

The book can be bought at this link (for Indian Readers):

<https://goo.gl/ZQkpKk>

Anyone wishing for book outside India may contact me at:

paresh1118@gmail.com

REVIEWS

Outstanding in every way. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading this book. If you love poetry you will not be disappointed. - Jyoti Mishra (On Amazon.in)

This collection by Paresh Tiwari highlights a unique talent. Haibun are often seen as a sharing of experience with the reader. The work contained herein go further; they allow the reader to be an integral part of the story. I found myself thinking that these works captured many of my own experiences. - Michael Rehling (Editor 'The Failed Haiku')

Being a painter as well as a writer Paresh Tiwari has an eye for (visual) details and how these add to the 'colour' of a scene; how scents, light, sounds and materials all are essential parts of the scenery in which his stories play out, and yes, these are stories, short films for every sense, ranging from (childhood) memories over encounters with love and that sweet melancholy that often clings to our memories of love to the surreal and fantastic clearly demonstrating an open and curious and hungry mind along with brilliant penmanship. The surge of Indian haikai in recent years has given birth to a gem of a book! - Johannes SH Bjerg (Editor 'The Other Bunny')

ABOUT THE BOOK

Haibun is often described as the narrative of an epiphany, written from the personal experience of the poet. For the time-crunched, voyeuristic world that we find ourselves living in, haibun (and hybrid poetry) just might be the genre waiting to happen. Simply put, haibun is a combination of

prose and haiku, both woven together in a rich tapestry of restraint and abandon.

In this book of 61 haibun, Paresh Tiwari dwells on love, memory, family, pain, war, rebellion, dreams, mutiny and mundanity, exploring new facets by shifting meanings and capturing the unknown in his words. The brevity of the form draws the reader in to complete the story and the cadence of language ensures that falling in love with this new form, is never difficult. This collaboration of vibrant prose with its treasure sachets of haiku, shadow-play over the mind forming an album of word-postcards.

In the words of Paresh, 'Each poem in his book is a story waiting to be unfurled. Put them together and you may as well be building a narrative from the jigsaw pieces of my life. At times, these works shine a feeble light on a life lived with people and situations that may have existed only in my head; but then, why should that make them any less real?'

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paresh Tiwari is a writer, poet and a cartoonist in the body of a Naval Officer. He has been widely published, especially in the sub-genre of Japanese poetry. The first collection of his haiku and haibun, 'An inch of Sky' was published in

winter of 2014 and is being used as source material for haiku and haibun at Indiana Writers Centre, USA.

Paresh is a Pushcart Prize and Touchstone Award nominee and has won peer-reviewed haiku competitions multiple times over. His haiku have been recognised in various contests and reviews, the most notable being the 'Skylark award', a third prize in the Summer World Haiku Review – 2014, an honourable mention at the Mumbai Tata Literature Live, Autumn Rain Contest 2014. His haibun 'Beyond' won the Wordweavers 2014 Flash Fiction contest.

He is currently the resident cartoonist for Cattails, a journal by United haiku and tanka society, USA. He is also the serving haibun editor of the literary magazine Narrow Road, a tri-annual publication on issuu.com.

Paresh has been invited to read his works at various literature festivals including the Goa Art and Lit Fest – 2016 and has conducted haiku and haibun workshops at Hyderabad International Literature Festival – 2014, SIES College Mumbai and British Council Library, Mumbai. His latest book 'Raindrops chasing Raindrops' was released at the recently concluded Lucknow Literary Festival.

PIC FROM A LAUNCH AND READING IN HYDERABAD



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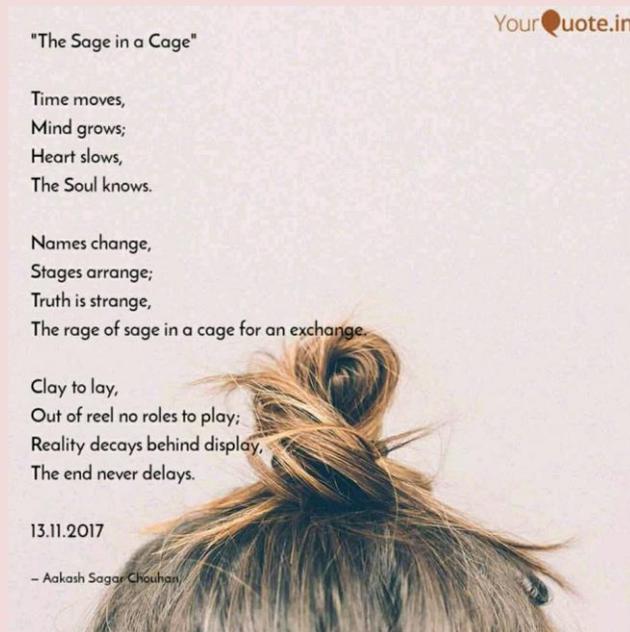
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THE SAGE OF CAGE

Time moves

Mind grows;

Heart slows,

The Soul knows.

Names change,

Stages arrange;

Truth is strange,

The rage of sage in a cage for an exchange.

Clay to lay,
Out of reel no roles to play;
Reality decays behind display,
The end never delays.



Aakash Sagar Chouhan: Aakash is a nomadic poet restlessly scribbling since a decade. Roughly after a decade of diary writing and Orkut Poetry, he co-authored “Between Moms and Sons” along with Mrs. Geethanjali Dilip (Geethamma). In 2016, he, along with eight eminent Indian poets, launched “The Virtual Reality” in Kolkata. Since then, he has been contributing to several other anthologies. He, along with Geethanjali Dilip, will be publishing the sequel of “Between Moms and Sons- II” in 2018.



EMPATHY, GO FIGURE

As long as we're here, we're here for each other: Einstein, Derrida, Stan the stall mucker, Silvia Plath all alive at the Golden Globes, Marilyn staying with a friend that night, George not smoking so much, & Federico with an atom bomb in his pocket; we're here for each other. Otherwise, plunge your phallus into any available alien reproductive sliver, you hope, but an alien, nonetheless; although the alien you plunder might resemble Great Aunt Hazel or a severe matron breastfeeding your greatest grandfather. Anyway, go back further than that & all you'll hear is the shiver of banana-bitten fronds on a volcanic moonless October night.



Allan Britt: In August 2015, Alan Britt was invited by the Ecuadorian House of Culture Benjamín Carrión in Quito, Ecuador as part of the first cultural exchange of poets between Ecuador and the United States. In 2013, he served as judge for the The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award. His interview at The Library of Congress for The Poet and the Poem aired on Pacifica Radio, January 2013. He has published 15 books of poetry, his latest being *Violin Smoke* (Translated into Hungarian by Paul Sohar and published in Romania: 2015). He teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.



THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

I have never been to Hawaii.

Not for me, do the palm trees dance in the wind,

The sun's rays do not caress my skin,

The hot magma does not flow from the heart of the Earth.

I have not seen colored hummingbirds

hanging like living jewels on the flowers.

The exotic and beautiful butterflies,

Similar to the fans of the Japanese geisha,

Do not fly around me.

I have not climbed the steps of the ancient pyramids.

I have not seen the treasures of the pharaohs

And the huge Temple of Amun.

I cannot dance the Spanish flamenco

And I am not enveloped in a delicate, Indian sari.

The Amazon does not open the gate to the green paradise

And ruthless tundra does not lead to the white hell.

The ocean does not show its underwater treasury

And dolphins do not play on the backs of the waves.

I have not met a happy eternal love,

But this does not mean that it does not exist.



Alicja Maria Kuberska: She is an awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. Her publications: *The Glass Reality* (2011); *Analysis of Feelings* (2012); *Moments* (in English, 2014) (Poland & USA); *Virtual Roses* (Novel, 2014); *On The Border Of A Dream* (2014); *Girl In The Mirror* (2015) (UK); *Love Me* (2015); *(Not) my poem* (2015) (USA); *View From the Window* (2017); Anthologies edited by her: *The Other Side of the Screen* (2015); *Taste of Love* (2016) (USA); *Thief of Dreams* (2016) (Poland); *Love Is In The Air* (2016) (USA). She edits series of anthologies entitled “Metaphor of Contemporary” (Poland). Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in various countries. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors’ board of Soflay Literature Foundation.



THE BRUTE INDISCERNIBLE

(I)

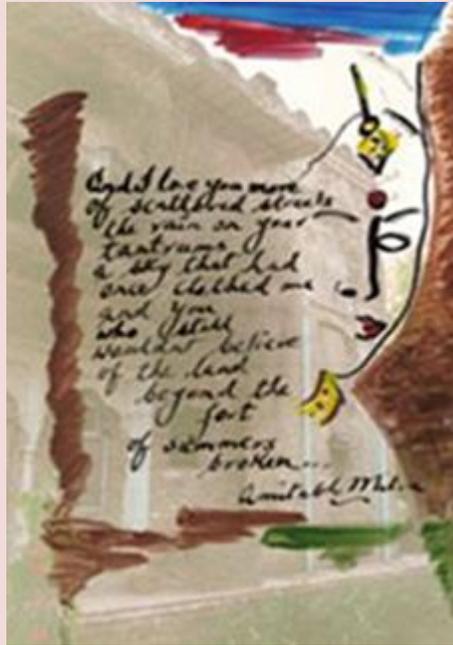
Beneath every rational being
There lives a beast occult
That cares about neither commoner nor king;
Has no dread of slander or insult

(II)

Every human being is titular
Until he or she has turned it rational
That impedes him or her
To be duly human and cordial!



Aminool Islam: A bilingual poet, he weaves poetry in both Bengali, his mother tongue, and English. He also weaves English sonnets. He did his M.A in English literature from National University, Bangladesh. He is currently the sub-editor of a literary magazine named Neeharika.

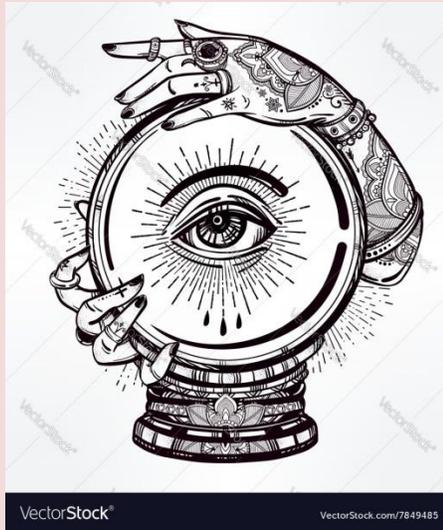


AND, I LOVE YOU MORE

And, I love you more
of scattered streets
the rain on your
tantrums
a sky that had
once clothed me
and you
who still
wouldn't believe
of the land
beyond the fort
of summers broken



Amitabh Mitra: He is a Poet/Artist and a Medical Doctor at East London, East Cape, South Africa. He lives in many worlds and narrates his life in hallucinatory stopovers. Words and images tend to amalgamate in many such strange journeys.



The voice came from behind the curtain
male or female he could not tell
a crystal ball
a pack of cards
you cut and dealt -
half went behind -
and chose the joker
the queen of diamonds
then kept it under the stack that was left.
A fantastic figure formed in his hand
a nude woman all made of sand
a hand with which he could not lose

who crumpled at his touch
turned into snapdragons
and flew off
He wanted to try again
The darkest desires grew curled around
swirled around thickened around
when he looked in the depths of the globe
and the future glowed
again in a woman's shape
a picture from her past
For her he'd traverse the ends of the earth
and fall off its edge
but she was gone
The past was all she was
Like the snapdragons at his touch
she flew away
a flock of starlings
or winged seeds in the evening

setting out for far
to fall into the ground
Behind the curtain the voice called
the yakshi or apsara that he loved
without knowing why, how or what
or if she loved him once or still or at all
and if she still drank blood
All he longed for was her dark skin
and that rare sway of her back and tread
without touching the ground
temptress seductress avenger
femme fatale what not
senses quickening broth
sometimes, rarely, the queen of hearts
for whom
only he was knave enough
and only he the king



Ampat Koshy: He teaches in a college as Assistant Professor in Jazan, Saudi Arabia. He is the author of books like Art of Poetry, Wrighteings: In Media Res, Figs, Allusions to Simplicity (poetry), and co-author of Wake Up India: Essays for Our Times with Dr Bina Biswas and co-editor of The Significant Anthology with Reena Prasad and Michele Baron etc. He also runs The Signifcant League and has instituted the Reuel International Prize for Literature. He is a poet and critic and fiction writer of renown in India and abroad plus a Pushcart Prize Poetry Nominee of 2012. His Ph.D was on Samuel Beckett and his thesis was later published as Samuel Beckett's English Poetry: Transcending the Roots of Resistance in Language. He has also co-edited Inklinks and Umbilical Chords.



DECEMBER

Deck the halls

our homes

streets

and walls

and trees

light 'em up

in fervent colours

let them glow

in the wintry dark

in the cold

of December

Sing the carols
listen to
the choir
'tis time
to watch for
the North Star
'tis time
to rejoice
Make a cookie
and a drink
wait for Santa
to bring a
a bagful of bliss
'Tis time
to ignore
the ups and downs
in life
'tis time

to shed

the hatred

'tis time

for giving

'tis time

to celebrate

the togetherness

of mankind

love

and selflessness



Anand Gautam: Anand hails from Hyderabad, India. He studied life sciences, currently works in a tech giant, and his heart and soul has always been inclined towards poetry and fiction. He snatches a few minutes every day from his life for his love of writing and believes that one's passion must be kept alive to be alive. He can be found on Instagram handle, @anand_writes and he blogs at <https://notesandwords.wordpress.com/>



PARENTAL CARE

“Respect and honour your parents”

We can select our friends

We don't have a choice who our parents are

God ordained you before your birth

No one is perfect, choose to forgive them.

Helping the community and relatives is commendable

yet you have no consideration as to whether

your parents have food to eat

How can you call yourself a son or daughter?

Charity begins at home.

Shower them with your adoration and devotion

If you cannot love your parents

How can you profess your love to others?

Take time to understand their passions

Spend quality time with your beloved parents

The undulated joys and happiness of parents

always lies in the happiness of their children.

Shouldn't you find happiness in their company and love?

Respect their personal choices and decisions

It is their life, don't control them

By not allowing them to voice their opinion

By answering questions for them

In the company of others

Like they have no faculty of discernment.

Psychological and physical abuse of aging parents
Is unpardonable and no reason is acceptable
A loving child should bring joy and celebrate their parents
Show them how proud you are of them
Don't abandon your parents when they are unwell
or become dependent on you due to financial constraints.
Farming them to an old age home
and never visiting is reprehensible.

“My heart cries out for you my child
I have doted on you, unconditionally loved
and supported you in all your endeavours
All I ask is for is your support and your time
You're too busy.... work, work, friends and neighbours
yet you know that I will not live forever”.

“Whilst I have the breath of life
Speak to me, show me you care

Spend some quality time with me
Let me enjoy my time on earth
before the trumpet sounds
and I am called home sweet home”
A parent’s plea to their child...



Angela Chetty: She is an avid poet and lyricist who lives in Durban, South Africa. In 2013, Heartfelt moments - A Treasure Trove was published www.heartfeltmomentspoetry.com. Her poems have been selected for the Contemporary Poetry Digest, Evergreen Journal of Poetry, Contemporary Poetry Journal and has been featured in various special publications. In 2016 and 2017 Angela was recognized as an Elite Poet.



WALKING IN THE MORNING IN WINTER

It is the morning in winter

The earth seems to shiver

I wake up to take a walk

Along the path to the river

The river is not far away

I pass farms and stacks of hay

The light has not yet come

The sky at the edge is grey

On both sides of the way

Trees in wind gently sway

Birds look from their nests
Towards the sky for the day

I stand there on the sands
Beating cold rubbing hands
Watch the stream flowing
Away through cuts and bends

A ray emerges from the east
Tearing through wall of mist
It falls on the stream giving
The events a magnificent twist

I, along way back to my den,
Watch the sun grazing the plain
It's time to start the day's chore
With a hope to come here again



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku): He is from Brajrajnagar, Odisha, India, and resides there currently. He works as a mine surveyor in coal mines. He writes short stories and poems whenever he gets time.



The day intoxicated,
Ockhi spins and spins,
makes everyone dizzy,
playful in Mumbai,
days and nights of revelry,
chill breeze, it carries Kodai,
and Ooty and Munnar on its back.
Bribes maybe, or maybe being human,
it has to be extra nice
to make you forgive those it killed.
Come on now,
it is so pretty outside,
and we still have umbrellas from June.

Let's step out and bask in the rain.

School won't be off everyday.



Anish Vyavahare: He runs Poetry College in Mumbai and calls himself a recent poet.



VACANT HOUSE

Lights flickering
television blaring
no one is home
out taking a walk

The boy said he found
the lost marble
it was under the couch
the cat is asleep in the sun

Dinner burning
the roses are dead
the vase went dry
water evaporated into the atmosphere

Nobody mentioned the rain outside
or the reason why they left
the door was ajar
and my mind wandered in

Surveying the surroundings
the surrealness of
the situation soaking in
I left ...
and the house was once again empty



Ann Christine Tabaka: She was born and lives in Delaware. She is a published poet, an artist, a chemist, and a personal trainer. She loves gardening, cooking, and the ocean. Chris lives with her husband and two cats. Her poems have been published in numerous national and international poetry journals, reviews, and anthologies. Chris has been selected as the resident Haiku poet for Stanzaic Stylings.



MY QUEST

My quest

Took me places

Streets of color

Solitary forests

Tombs of love

Pristine peaks...

Alas!

No solace

A weathered soul

In a vagrant desert

A silent bird

Trapped in the doldrums...

My quest ended

Innocent loosened ivy

At Thy feet

Your lustrous pink eyes

The virgin dew

Of a neo dawn!



Annapurna Sharma: She is a nutrition lecturer turned writer. Her short stories, poems and articles have been published in Women’s Era, Reader’s Digest, several online portals, in anthologies – “A Quick Read” compiled by C.A. Simonson, Taj Mahal Review, Amaravati Poetic Prism 2016, Oh My Sweetest Love – A Timeless Treasure and WWW

Women, Wit & Wisdom – an International Multilingual Poetry Anthology of Women Poets. Poems in English, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali will be published in forthcoming anthology – Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017. She is adjudged winner of the Muse India/Your Space/Editor’s Pick Competition, her poem to be published in forthcoming Muse India ejournal.



EVERY TIME YOU CALL HER A PIECE OF ART

VASANTHI (Original Poem)

She doesn't have to be a piece of art
with flowers tattooed down her spine,
and stars around her neck.

She doesn't have to wet her lips
with honey,
and tongue with nectar.

She doesn't have to carry
the sun in her eyes and
the moon between her breasts;
she doesn't have to look

like light in a human form.

Every time you call her a piece of art

I feel a knife entering my heart

slaughtering every ignored

heartbeat

because to me, every time you call her

a piece of art

I see your words filled with just skin

and flesh

and no breathe, no blink, no flutters of the eyes,

no jittery foot, no warrior moves,

I see no life.

I see you turn her into a statue

every time you call her a piece of art,

taking away the truth of she being alive

much more than a dream you describe

with a sculptor's hammer and chisel that looks to me

like a hunter's bow and arrow.

ANURAG

What if when I describe her as a piece of art
She seems to me a walking dream
A muse a poem a long melodious interlude
That makes my heart and my breath
Lose their rhythm, and make me weak kneed

VASANTHI

Every time you describe her as a piece of art
I want her to not just be a walking dream
but a brutally honest reality,
not just a long melodious interlude
but the music itself,
not just someone who makes your
heart and breath
lose its rhythm
But someone who
will stretch the hands of her heart
and reach into yours

and making you feel stronger.

She will not just be a piece of art

but will be a person so flawed and complete

at the same time

that you would look her at her

every time you want to know what alive feels like

ANURAG

And why does a little old fashioned romance

Have to bow to a brute cynical view

That accuses it in light and dark shades

Of carrying a male chauvinistic hue

What make us so sure old fashioned romance?

Is devoid of a balanced respectful stance

Forever inspired by the Yin and the Yang

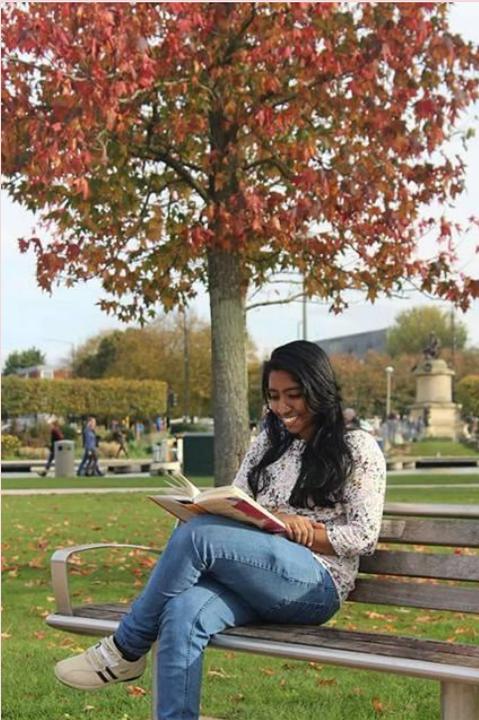
Eternal balance in an endless dance

VASANTHI

Old fashioned romance is not devoid

of balanced respectful stance,

of letters and flowers
of coy smiles and stolen glances,
and if it's inspired by the yin and yang
eternal balance in an eternal dance
there is nothing more beautiful



Vasanthi Swetha: She is extremely passionate about the art of poetry, dance, reading and dreaming, and she believes that every poem that she writes is a result of a conversation with her soul.



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost two decades serving that industry. Whatever little time that has been spared from work or sleep or reflective meditation has – with quite a few well-meaning prods and nudges from friends – been devoted to occasionally tapping to the Muse’s dictats from time to time.



WHIRLWIND

Memories spread quietly on the boulevard,

Untamed heart shaped clouds,

Our memories

Buried within autumn flowers

Stitching moonlight on the stone

We climb through

Heart shaped leaves,

Secret desire, love is like the wind,

Stain of memories

Reckless

Deserted

Invisible

Magic touch

A silent stalker

We return to our silence



Asoke Kumar Mitra: I am from India, Kolkata. Poetry is my passion.



CAST OUT

Just look at how far

He has fallen down

Lost his crown

And his glowing gown

His radiant face

Has turned to dull

When he refused to heed

To his Creators will

He wanted to elevate himself
Above the Most High
But instead he came falling
Out of the sky

Cast out of heaven
For his transgressions
He lost his position
And heavenly possessions

Lucifer the angel
Became the devil
All the good in him
Has turned to evil



Bevan Boggenpoel: He was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He attended Soutpan Primary and matriculated at Westville Secondary School, and he completed a Baccalaureate in Education at the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University. He launched his debut Anthology 1 December 2016. The book was well received by the public and he sold 200 copies locally. He is also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (Literature Network in South Africa). His poetry is written in a South African context that covers different issues in daily life. In his writings he strives to tell a story or teach a lesson that will inspire and motivate. He is currently a teacher at Bethelsdorp Road Primary in the northern areas of Port Elizabeth.



TIPTOE ON DREAMS

Tiptoe on dreams before they are shattered like shards of glass,

scattered-

crushed underfoot to pierce

bleeding feet and the stab of a heart in tatters.

Tiptoe on dreams trampled,

plundered by cynicism-

tossed about like old photographs of the

dead in a rotting album.

Tiptoe on dreams that when dawn heralds,
screams restless reality-
the ghost of lost dreams in haunted
eyes of empty activity.

Tiptoe on dreams stored in crevices of the mind,
blow life sometimes-
not always,
to glimpse a dream alive.

Tiptoe on dreams that remain a dream,
steady now-
as you dream your dream into
being.



Bilkis Moola: She is an Educator who resides in Nelspruit, Mpumalanga Province. Her first published anthology, “Wounds and Wings: A Lyrical Salve Through Metaphor” was received throughout South Africa and launched her poetic persona. It evolved as an introspective quest for recovery from her personal narrative of an abusive marriage. Her poetry is a delicate negotiation of patriotism and ethnicity. She navigates a pluralistic dialogue towards multiculturalism and transformational activism in post-apartheid South Africa as “A Sprightly Cultural Hybrid In Metamorphosis”<https://static.xx.fbcdn.net/images/emoji.php/v7/ff9/1.5/16/1f41e.png>. She presently divides her time between professional responsibilities and post-graduate studies in Education. Her pen continues to sketch the flotsam in her mind from the passion in her heart on shreds of paper that bloom into poems.



MUTATIONS

Lit by a blue filament-

Another dawn of winter;

Yet again, in the dark mirror-

I search for my face;

Mine is a face that evolves-

Mutating into unrecognizable strangeness...

That is the cold comfort of being alive;

Might I be a primal creature?

A fossil crusted over by time-

Waiting to be given a name?

I have lived all my life stranded in extinction;

In this universe, dying is a luxury.

Tell me...

What species survives such a season in existence?

Even cats exhaust their nine lives in heat and cold-

This weather cracks open tortoise shells.

I have shed my feathers, my skin and fur, my leaves,

It has to be my autumnal phase;

I hibernate in the hope of home.

This longing is my habitat, my new environs, my ecosystem;

I thrive and multiply, yet will not cease to be...

I flee; I transmute; only to return again-

To a formless, nameless beginning.

In this jungle of ice-

What lonesome song iterates in the backdrop?

Perhaps a bird, pleading for a branch to perch.

I hear the pangs of my homelessness-
Echoed by the avian spirit.

Yet

At the end of this road is home-
And the road, snowed in by hope,
Stretches past infinity.



Bini B.S.: She is currently an academic fellow at Balvant Parekh Centre for General Semantics and Other Human Sciences, Gujarat, India. Her articles, poems and translations have appeared in Journals and anthologies. She

is the editor of *Anekaant: A Journal of Polysemic Thought*. Her poems were part of an anthology of corporeal poems titled *A Strange Place Other than Earlobes: Five Poets, Seventy Voices* (Sampark, 2014). She is the winner of the 2016 J. Talbot Winchell award presented by the Institute of General Semantics for her contributions to the discipline of general semantics, which she received in a ceremony in New York on October 21, 2016.



ILLNESS

My illness dissolves

my happiness

is it serious

or will it vanish

with a pill

or lead to cancer

do i check

do i go to the doctor

what if i don't

is it ok
but then i go to the doctor
he does not use his stethoscope
nor check my pulse
or insert the thermometer
asks rapid fire question
i answer to keep pace with him
he tears a sheet
ticks
says go to this lab
only this lab
check and come back to me
i spend 3000
get the report
back to him,
he seriously reads
raising his eyebrows occasionally
then shakes my hand

says

nothing to worry

you are alright

and fit.

my fees 1000.



Chandramohan Naidu: He is a retired bank employee, now a freelance writer and photographer based in Chennai, part of the poetry circle which meets first Wednesday of every month. I am writing poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



ADVENT

Another advent waiting for a star
To shine our way to Bethlehem, unwind
The tangled web of will, the gate unbar
To paradise now and a fresh vow bind.
Another year full of empty foolings,
Life wasted solemnly in dull pursuits
Of what shall follow us under grave's rulings,
Its posing importance hard death refutes.
Can Christ be born in this? Can Christ be born
In our hearts stable? Amid dung and straw?
Is there room for Christ in me? New life sworn
So long ago, is it still new, still law?

God's naked screaming love be born in me
Again sweet child, uncurse old Adam's tree.



Christopher Villiers: I am freelance writer in the United Kingdom, with a Master's degree in Theology, who writes about God, Love and the Universe, big things in little poems! You can see more of my poetry on my Facebook page.



THE CARDBOARD TREE

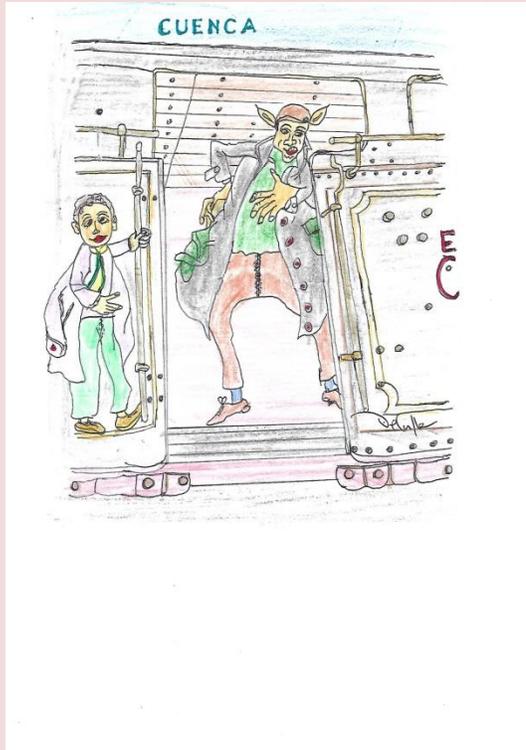
Cinnamon coziness reflected
by scintillating tea lights
Glowing inside by eggnog, punch
and the fondly bond we share
The tranquil fragrance of pine
elevates the pleasant atmosphere
I still remember the times
we couldn't afford a Christmas tree
and I tinkered a cardboard one

Painted in all shades of green,
sprinkled with glitters and
on top a paper mache angel
with golden wings
We still use my tinker tree
spiced up by pine scented candles
No sacrifice of those beautiful fir trees
to embellish our Christmas celebration
We celebrate respect for nature instead
Merry Christmas!



Daginne Aignend: Daginne Aignend is a pseudonym for the Dutch poetess and photographic artist Inge Wesdijk. She likes hard rock music and fantasy books, is a vegetarian and

spends a lot of time with her animals. Dagine posted some of her poems her fun project website www.dagine.com. She's the co-editor of Degenerate Literature, a poetry, flash fiction, Arts E-zine. She has been published in several Poetry Review Magazines, in the anthologies 'Where Are You From?' and 'Dandelion in a Vase of Roses'.



ROUND TRIP TRAIN

I'm giving three journeys round
The Cuenca Trains Station (Spain).
I feel that I'll not be able to attend
An Artists' Books Exhibition
To which I am invited
As an independent Artist
Of the publishing house
"Pride Hee-Haw".
I'm just now

At the Cuenca Trains Station' platform

Ready to catch a train that brings me

¡To Cuenca! Yes, to Cuenca.

And here, because of the engine driver

I have tried to take it three times

¡What I say! four times

Because the train goes and comes

At the same time that I was going up.

No more than three travelers catch it

And I, I don't know by what

Always try to catch it at full blast.

It has to be because the engine driver

Is to blame for it, and just

After seeing me, as a kid

He has fallen in love. Of course!

The engine driver has a donkey's face

With long ass ears.

He brings up the door

When i go upstairs
Opening it at full blast
And I cannot reach it.
Sometimes, I catch the train
through the machine' s door
which is the only one that he opens me.
He snatches me in flight
And releases me when I grab
On what I can
Which almost always is in his whistle
With which he calls travellers
Saying:
“Let’s get a move onj
I’m going and coming flying on the platform
With a single suitcase
In form of a book, and inside it
My book for the Artists’ Books Exhibition
“Idiot Ass”

A toothbrush and a toothpaste.

I don't need more

Because the sponsors only have paid to me

A relax night.



Daniel de Culla (1955): He is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.



EMILY AS A STONE, A CUT

I know of nothing
headed to the barn
without bleeding

a little bit

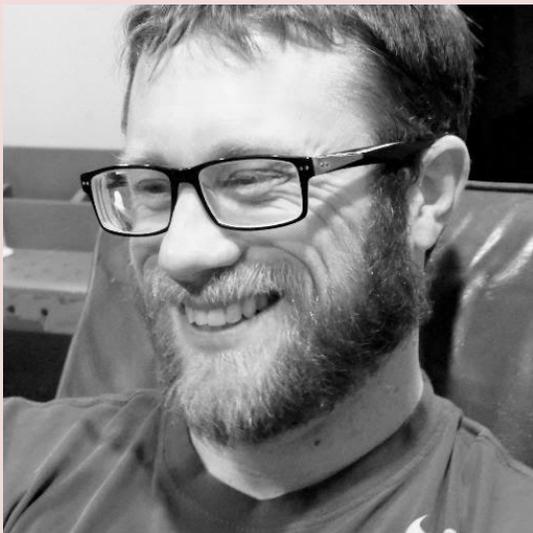
& since I am always
sent to barn at night

to stay dry in case
the sky should open
to offer me a bottle

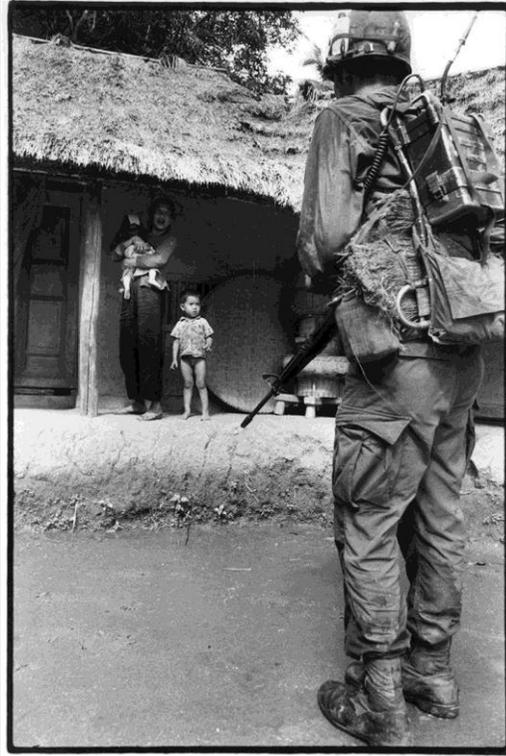
of whiskey, I don't
mind the rough
approach of Emily.

It's for my own good.
I don't belong
in the house anyway.

She keeps me despite
my nature. She
loves me that much.



Darren C. Demaree: He is the author of five poetry collections, most recently “The Nineteen Steps Between Us” (2016, After the Pause Press). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology and Ovenbird Poetry. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.



THE VIETNAMESE

They were a simple, rural people, barely out of the stone age,

But they had a great history of nationhood stretching over millennia.

They had resisted murderous empires again and again,

From the Chinese to the Mongols to the French and the Americans.

The invaders experienced fiery quicksand,

A cauldron that incinerated them and made them flee.

The Vietnamese did not have the size of the invaders,
Or the strength, wealth, weaponry and knowledge of the
Americans.

Like hundreds of puny melanin enriched peoples before
them,

They suffered humiliation, degradation, ridicule and
exploitation in their native land.

They fought for the vanquished, even extinct peoples
that 'western civilisation' had trampled and eviscerated.
The spirits of those who had tried to resist the 'free west'
with little more than bows and arrows and spears
Now stood with the Vietnamese as they fought the most
terrifying alien foe in the world.

The invader never knew peace, never knew sleep.

He became a permanent target in a foreign land.

He had dared to relegate a proud people to non-human
status

In their native country and he came to know their ire.

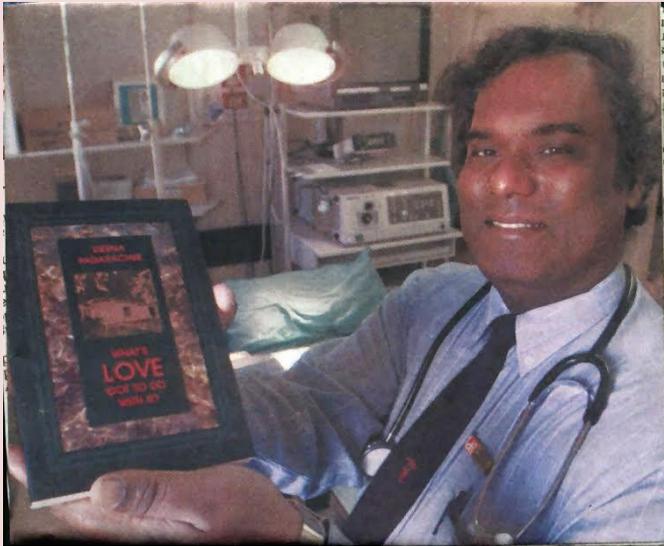
The Vietnamese triumphed,
For you, for me, for all of us who are more than white,
We, whose melanin expelled us into racial purgatory.
They bled, they endured hell,
They saw their children immolated by American napalm,
They saw their families shattered and violated.

They died so that we could lift our heads up high.

The Vietnamese helped make us human too.

On the bloody fields of battle,

They at last broke the ubermenschen who had broken
so many peoples like us for so many centuries.



Deena Padayachee: He is a South African born medical doctor who is the winner of the Nadine Gordimer Prize for prose. Crux, Wasafiri, Skive, Glomag and the Indiana Voice Journal have all featured his work. He has delivered lectures on his writing at the universities of Copenhagen, Tuebingen and Louisiana. His book of short stories, What's love got to do with it? was awarded the Olive Schreiner prize. His prose features in the University of Cambridge's Writing from South Africa, the Reader's Digest's Best South African short stories and A century of South African short stories.



SHADOWS

When you look around

In the real world

All you see is heads hanging down

On spineless torsos

And eyes so lost

The souls all losing their spark

And the conscience

Taking its last breath

The smog on the nostrils is so evident

It has forgotten if it was breathed in

Or breathed out

It clings

In desperation

To sharded egos and misplaced emotions

Unkempt, unexpressed

Given away

To strangers logged in on unknown stations

Queued

And lost

No destinations

We are all lined up

On the roads to nowhere

Honking, screeching

Sandwiched,

Amidst creeping

Traffic jams

The servers of the soul seek

But connections no longer

last

Life seems too long

To last a lifetime



Deepti Singh: I am a Doctor in Community Medicine in State Government service and writing and music is my passion. I love to experiment and explore, and my favorites in this regard are nature and human behavior.



FOR THAT NIGHT..

Under the dusky sky and the grimy night,
moon through the gazing clouds caressed her face
and laid the drizzles through the windowpane..

like a newborn questing the rattle..

Her soul felt the thorns of past

whilst lost in her thoughts,

the pockmarks in her eyes were vast and deep

nevertheless her heart was stale...

As the clock started ticking

And the rains made their way into the sea

Making the moon out of her sight,

Her blood was running.. body was cold..
She whose house was burnt
Instigated the happiness in those storms.
Feeling the need.. She had her warm coat on
let the light and scalded one more cigarette
for that night ...



Devayani Deshmukh: She is pursuing a master's degree in computer science in the USA. She is highly interested in writing.



ETERNAL

One shot of life

At a time

One drop of tear

On a tulip leaf

Stirs up the spirit of time.

I want to sit up on a saddle

With a goblet of fire in my hand

Riding into the horizon

Where time never ends

Neither the journey of my soul.

I will pass on from

One end to the other

One phase to another

In everything of this universe
I will exist
With the spirit of time.
One shot of life
I want to pledge now
Now as a collateral for forever.
One drop of tear on a tulip leaf
Guarantees all of it,
All the life that there is,
In a rhapsody of eternity.



Dipankar Sarkar: He is on a continuous journey to discover himself and the mystery called life. He remains an eternal optimist with a never-ending zeal, in spite of the many battles that he has lost and few that he has won.



VERITAS VORTEX

Sea of Discontent – Your self-inflicted modern age vanity
has perforated

your gifted humanity, punctured your sound sanity,
darkened your once

encompassing compassion for each other, enhancing your
growing fueled

hatred like rolling thunder distrusting one another fed by
visual and twisted

printed fodder – Have you ever wondered what happened
to your own

intelligence or how your inner core has been brainwashed
to the point of

global detrimental wars ignited by man-made flaws unable
to unite reunite

eager to fight for perceived whispered rights unable to
calm this molten

invasive intrusive invading creeping reaching darkening sea
of discontent.

Charred Roots – Your insatiable need to reach distant
foreign shores

claiming its people and land as yours trying to delete even
improve their

imagined cultural flaws leading to existential consequential
historical wars

tearing up family structures genetic lineage vomiting your
religious forced

rhetoric disrespecting their honoured traditions oblivious to
the fact that you

have interfered forcefully engineered inhumanely steered
your colonially

feared ships of invasion depletion deletion annihilation and
yes,

destroying eons of traditions burning many a proud legacy
trampling

on unsuspected nations with marauding warring superior
invasive boots –

Wiping out generations your poisoned intentions resulting
in irreversible

embittered infected hardened twisted deformed fossilized
charred roots.

Entangled Choke Hold – This is what you yourself have
created your

actions your insistence your evaporating consciousness
causing this –

An integrated chaotic nest of hardened weeds a
manifestation of your

selfish modern age consumerism resulting in your inflamed
social bleeding

anurism – Blinding your blurred veiled vision, your declining
humane

intended mission blurred by greed the need for acquiring
pilfering

claiming everything.

Annihilation Nation – Your essence severed your inner light

dismembered – Embrace this accept this listen to this do
not

ignore this contemplate this... your final veritas vortex!



Don Beukes: He is the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles', his debut poetry collection published by Creative Talents Unleashed. Originally from Cape Town South Africa, he is a retired teacher of English and Geography and taught in both South Africa and the UK. His

poetry deals with issues affecting the global village and he is passionate about speaking out against racism, homophobia, sexism and intolerance. He has collaborated with artists from South Africa, the UK and America as part of his Ekphrastic poetry collection and his poems have been anthologized in various publications. His poetry has also been translated into Afrikaans, Farsi and Albanian.

His debut collection is available here

<http://www.ctupublishinggroup.com/don-beukes-.html>

David Griessel: He graduated with a bachelor of Fine Art from the University of The Free State in South Africa. He has had 6 solo exhibitions and has participated in many group shows. He has exhibited in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Grahamstown, Stellenbosch, Bloemfontein and Kimberley. He currently works as an artist in Cape Town and is Art Editor at New Contrast Literary Journal and has just had his debut book launch in Cape Town.



IT WAS THE SAME

(translated by Artur Komoter)

There will no longer be home,
smoke from the chimney.

There will be no tomorrow.

Rotten beams
cannot withstand the pressure of time.

In the crooked house
a hunched woman

– waits.

*It's like it used to be,
out there behind the house flows a river.*

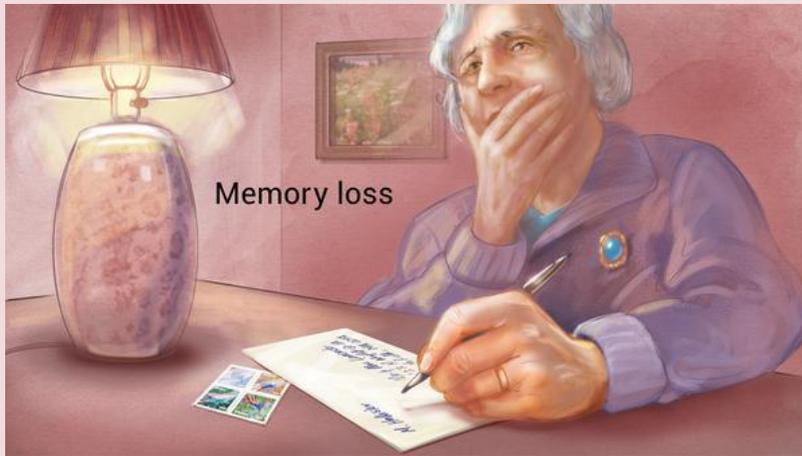
*Only now
the children do not have time to look at old age*

Time took away youth
– like the night takes away the evening.

There is no longer smoke from the chimney,
no chimney,
and there behind the house
still flows a river.



Eliza Segiet: She is a graduate with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University, as well as Film and Television Production in Lodz. Torn between poetry and drama. Likes to look into the clouds, but keeps both feet on the ground. Her heart is close to the thought of Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".



DECREPIT MIGRATION

When the evening is still
silent tears spill
on drooping breasts
heaving with memories
and unshed tears
choked in whispered fears
of dementia.

As the dying sun fades
Under the seamless horizon
Questions impregnate
my sterile mind

then wades

In and out of that concertina

Of Life.

And when the sun rises

The same question arises

Will you remember me today?

Will I see you tomorrow?

Or have you forgotten

Seed of my Life

As I await within these barren walls

Whose shadows fall

Over the minute hand

And reflect on faded pictures

Of passed on souls.

Uhuru is on the other side

Of listless souls in a ravaged hide

Aged with crevices of toil and endurance
Housed in whitewashed enclosures
Of musty air and stale death breaths.

My words stolen
from feelings frozen
As you faded behind dusty clouds.
But, all I could see
Were cherub cheeks
Tippy-toe shoes
And tufts of tulle
Within the migration of my mind.

Will you remember me today?
Will I see you tomorrow?
The silence sings to me
Unspoken choruses
Of broken promises.



Fiona Khan: An award-winning, internationally published author and poet. I have been writing short stories, 15 children's books, poems and a novel published internationally in various magazines and anthologies. I am also an academic and an environmentalist.



Moisture revolts
against the clouds
and leaves the realm of the sky.

Million subversive rain drops
hit the Earth
without a cry.

They dream
to get to the core
and never back to the ocean and the sky.

Few of them succeed,
rest get back to the sea
and with the vapours they fly.

The Sun, the Moon and the stars
look on. Ashamed,
for they will never leave the sky.

Circling or still
they will remain up there
till they die.



Gauri Dixit: She is a software professional from Pune, India. She is an avid reader and regularly writes in poetry groups on Facebook. Her poems have been published in multiple anthologies. Her poems were featured in the Poet's Corner for the E-zine 'Mind Creative' published from Sydney Australia and Learning and Creativity e magazine.



BLUE

O Sky,
Never I ask you for a shining star
A golden shower
Or a satin soft silvery glance
Just give my eyes a blue tinge
Lend me a bit of your rich texture
To paint my walls celestial
With depth and stability
In the commotion of life
I am scattered like clouds
Unable to bear a burdened heart
O sky, fill my empty canvas
With colours of love
Feed my soul
With the love of blue !



Gayatree G Lahon: She is a passionate poet of love and nature. She is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. She is a true aesthetic who finds beauty in every object of nature. Her poems have been published in various magazines and anthologies, both national and international.



Spaces expand, clash, fight,
Still I search, constantly,
Stare at those street dogs,
Marking territory, barking words,
Attacking, anger on display,
Flashing teeth, ready to sink into flesh
Oozing blood, breaking veins,
This everyday regular uncontrolled ritual,
Habit of cruelty.

I still search for spaces, as they vanish,
Leaving seats, windows, rooms,
Moving on time, in circles,
Waiting to get filled.

A story on water and sand.
Waves.
Again and again and again.



She becomes slowly
A shadow of defeat
Frail, betrayed, lost,
Succumbs to flames
On dying thoughts
Devouring life,
Leaving embers red,
Spraying sparks, reaching heavens.
The skies open just then,
Dampening every colour
On green earth and green waters,
Dark grey clouds and smoke
Over the setting sun,
Leaving nothing.

She becomes slowly,
The Unseen, Mysterious,
Vanishing,
That.



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a Freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling. She is married to Shreekumar Varma (Writer and Novelist) and has two sons, Vinayak and Karthik and a daughter-in-law daughter Yamini. She lives in Neelankarai, Chennai.



AAH GIRL

Her bewitching visage shines through her many scars,
Of storms and meteors that hit her, She a moon among
stars,
Yet She changes, waxes and wanes and zilches away,
So much like me and my mirror tells me so even today,
From an infant to a girl, to a woman and a lover,
Beautiful me a girl child ever, young in spirit, a mother and
now a grandmother,
Who cares about the lines, the greys, the sagging neck,
I've see this world through my kaleidoscopic eyes, what the
heck!
I may not fit into your frame of an hour glass and baby skin,
I'm an eternal soul, my soul sister the moon says so too, my
next of kin,
While your eyes peer to wonder at my everlasting Joie de
vivre my love,

The moon shall watch you silently your ephemeral life
fading from above!

Yet I shine within a lamp that glows radiant,
I am ME, a song immortal gliding with a flawless moon
distant!



Geethanjali Dilip: She passionately contributes poems to poetry platforms in literary blogs and Facebook, including The Significant League, GloMag, Different Truths etc. A professor of French heading Zone Francophone at Salem, India, she has published two anthologies, "Between Moms and Sons" and "The Virtual Reality" in collaboration with several renowned poets. Her poems have been featured in

several anthologies. Geeth believes poetry is the breath of the soul. She has been awarded the prestigious Reuel International Prize for Poetry 2017 by The Significant League headed by Dr. Ampat Koshy.



THE INTERNET CAFÉ

The Internet café is shut
It shuts now every early afternoon
Why?
Is business so still,
Or, does the owner take drugs?
I believe he does
He's very fat
And watches porn on the computer
A thick belt spans his midriff
But he can't get it up
No more
-The drugs, you see –
He's killed his wife, I think,
And that young son, he had
That wasn't his
But brought him a beef sandwich

To eat every day
He can't get staff any more
Not since killing the last one
With a face like a weasel
Who stole my memory stick
The streets were thronged with people once,
Young men, congregating around
The kebab bar on the corner
Next to the Internet café
And chatting idle nonsense
They don't come here any more
The stench of death
Rising thick from the drains
Keeps them away
And His Scythe has cut
Their numbers, too,
So, they are scattered on the winds
To heaven
Or hell
As the case may be
And the owner of the Internet café
Sits inside his shop
Smoking opium
Secretly
Lest the police should see



Geoffrey Jackson: He has been an intrepid TESOL instructor at 5 universities and 4 colleges, blown off course from England to Holland, Finland, Hungary, Oman, Saudi Arabia and, in the Roaring Forties, to Denmark. A self-described European cosmopolitan and Americanophile with New World dreams, Geoff is the Poetry Editor for Fullosia Press.



PATTERNS OF COMPLETENESS

In a humdrum world
of human noises
we tango
A Give and Take
A Throw and Catch
A Yes and No
A This and That.

Moving apart
Is a must
To come together.

The Sun, Moon, and Stars
Are some tunes
We dance to.
Falling is not a pain.

Bruises are not some hurts.

Thoughts and actions but
experiences.

Sometimes,
compatibility is a silence
and aloneness is a together.

Parting then too
is a stitch
in the pattern of completeness
and letting go remains
another way to hold.



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer currently residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She is the Editor and Publisher of the Monthly Online Prose and Poetry magazine, 'GloMag' and is the administrator of the group of the same name on Facebook. She is a language editor and quality analyst by profession.



LOVE IS SILENCE

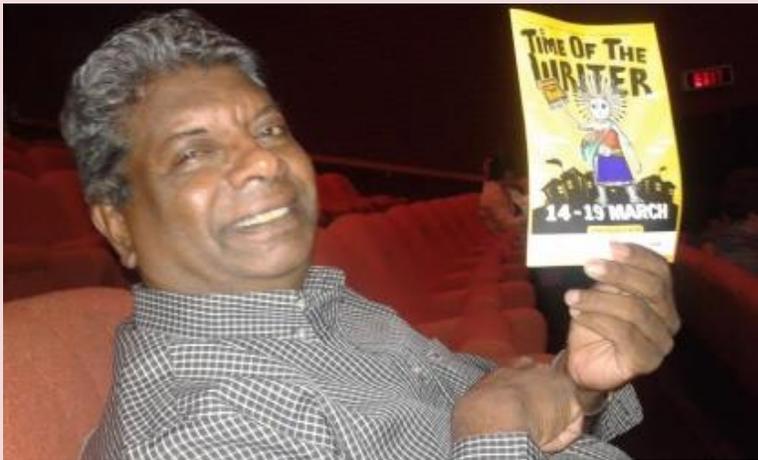
like a silent whisper
carried by the breeze
I feel you caress my thoughts
with the silence of your presence
although you are eons away
there is no distance between us
you warm my heart
with the silence of your touch
your silence lightens
the heavy burdens
weighing down my life
your silence speaks louder
than a thousand words ever will
I see the silence in your eyes
I see the silence in your smile
my inner senses rouses

to the silence of your appearance
I rest in the silence of your aroma
the fragrance of a thousand roses intoxicates my entire
senses
in the silence I am lulled to sleep
and peace unfolds
like nothing in this world ever will

there are no words flowing
from your lips
there is no need for words
I have been kissed by your silence
I grow in the essence of your silence
your silence is everywhere overwhelms every fiber of my
being
I find ecstasy in your silence
my soul surrenders to the silence
emitting like a symphony
from nothingness
I find the meaning of life
in the passions of your silence

your silence arouses deep within me
feelings I cannot fathom
your silence drowns the turbulence

that haunts my soul
your silence is the peace within me
your silence is love,
your love is silence
it's light nourishes my sanity
through all the madness of my dreams
I know I can cast away to the four winds
this cloak of my superficial existence
and drown in the silence of your love



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.

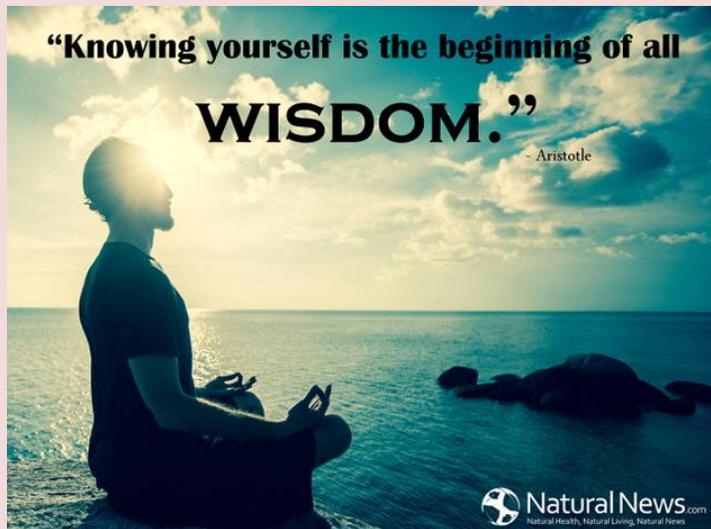


DEWS OR DROPS

I second the same
With all the love embedded in the core
And, the rhythm of my guitar
Under the realm of this smile
Kind of flawlessness which I sought it to be
To become the same as I was before
Wishing the same fearlessness
Same courage in me
The only inspiration to exalt again
Unleashing all the recessions inside
My power of conscious, again,
In my hands
Replenishing my inner self and,
more importantly,
To wipe the teardrops
Reflecting themselves as dew drops!!



Jayant Singhal: A voracious reader and an enraptured author, Jayant Singhal, under the animated pseudonym of 'Saaransh'. He began nurturing the passion for expressing the enchanted aura of the world through his pen just a few months ago. Having a strong affinity for English language, he loves to feel the imbuing effect of it. He is currently writing a Facebook page, "Aroma - The Essence of Life". Dazzling through the twists and turns of this beautiful voyage, commonly known as 'Life', he is en route to the bewitching nature of happiness and peace.



KNOWING YOURSELF

As we look in the mirror

What do we see

Is there anything real

Crystal clarity

We don't see

Everything we're intended to be

Knowing yourself

Is a gift from above

Holding the clutch

Driven by what you love

Knowing yourself

If you look too hard

The glass will shatter

The image won't matter

If it's love you're after

Be humble in each step you take

You have a whole life to make

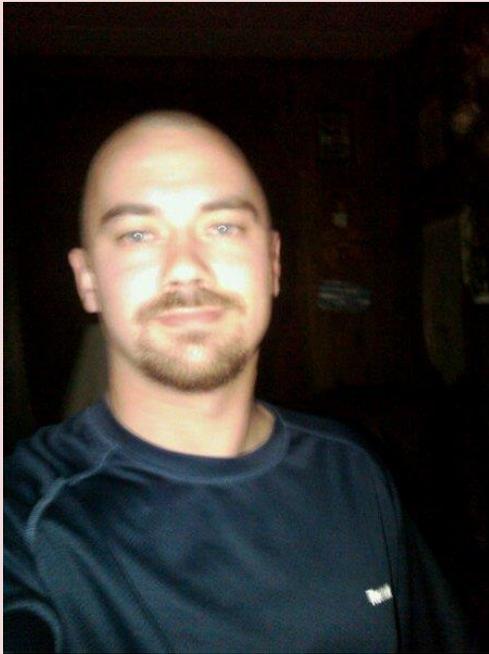
Knowing yourself

Is being yourself

Open heart and mind

Never anyone else

Knowing yourself...



Jeffrey Oliver: I am a poet/lyricist, currently living in upstate New York. I have been writing for 20 years, I write my heart, soul and emotions and will never give up on this crazy dream of mine. I have been told that I have a captivating style when my work is registered in the minds of many. I am also a family man, I have a wonderful wife, who is my inspiration, as well as 7 beautiful children. Welcome to my mind.



(scene from movie "Big Fish" starring Ewan McGregor and directed by Tim Burton)

WILDFLOWERS

Bobbing in open fields.
Two fabulous daffodils sprout
from your eyes. Falling dizzy in
love as o so lackadaisical
breeze tugs at shirt sleeves.
Again we are flushed in
warm love caress. Solar
energy orbiting billions of
grass blades. Hum hum
hummingbirds hurry hurry
pass us tripping giddy
in love.



Joan McNerney: Her poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze, Blueline, and Halcyon Days. Three Bright Hills Press Anthologies, several Poppy Road Review Journals, and numerous Kind of A Hurricane Press Publications has accepted her work. Her latest title is *Having Lunch with the Sky* and she has four e-books. She has been nominated three times for Best of the Net.



GUNS AND CAMERAS

These days, gunfire and cameras
make the same sound:

rat-a-tat,

rat-a-tat.

One kills; the other

immortalises,

what comes first?

I don't know.

In these extreme days,
when guns crackle in snow and heat,
the cameras pan,
debris and dead bodies.

Those that didn't face
the cold steel metal, say:

"It was me,"

"It was me,"

“that the bullet missed.”

Why? I don't know.

Those days before Kalashnikovs,
and Berettas were invented
killing a man was called murder

“Lock ‘im up,”

“Lock ‘im up.”

Nowadays the military-industrialists,
kill millions,
yet, we hail them as keepers of democracy.

These days gunfire and cameras
make the same sound:

rat-a-tat,

rat-a-tat.

One kills; the other
immortalises,
what comes first?

I don't know.



Late John P. Matthew: Writer, poet, singer-songwriter, and blogger John P Matthew was born in the state of Kerala, India. His first success as a writer was Penguin’s world-wide short story contest “India Smiles” in which his short story “Flirting in Short Messages” was selected for publication in an anthology. His poem “Call of the Cuckoo” has been published by Poetry Rivals. He was working on his first novel and writing a book-length travelogue about his native state of Kerala. He died in 2017.



There is desire leaving the ruby
Near the un-couched color
 The wind in haste leaves
 Open the trees the march of standing feet
quietly picks
Up again from the front legs. A sail of disinterest has
colored
The un-gainful sky, beautiful and satiate leaning on round
corners
 The Eastern sky turned in
foment
 Grievous in the torn end-bits of
cloud
 Moving slower than time
turning
In the clocks below heaven.

The precedence marching to and fro. Mention, and the
glance associated

Falls like the water in fords. Spills hard unto cleaves and
letting

Rocks.

Rocks.

Rocks.

Rocks: The sense of volute turns straight into a truncheon.

Encouraged

Evaluate the execution of Danger, sweeping past God; that
leaping sense in standstill:

Elicit rejoices

Underneath valleys turned away
and Reach first

In seismic volition

The sun tumbling after ourselves.

this quasi fear as little fingers punch few at the end of the
pine's arms covered

with delicate green fur. distance work of salutation

numbered few. Slate

and garnered is the pride of Judah Ben – Hur. the
tremulous thief sags

right through like the wind. soothes these
thirsty birds

rendered under a more certain term: verisimilitude; the
single burst of their bodice errant of their syphoning calls

the thorn-head of a cardinal scandalous, the song rising
up before intuition.



Joseph Elenbaas: I am a Christian writer, living in West Michigan.



MY MOTHER'S ANGEL

She sat majestically atop the Christmas tree

hair of gold

buttons sparkling

dress of white lace

her wings a silver hue

I watched each year

her being placed

with loving care

upon the tree.

My mother standing back guiding Dad,

no, to the left dear,

now right, back,

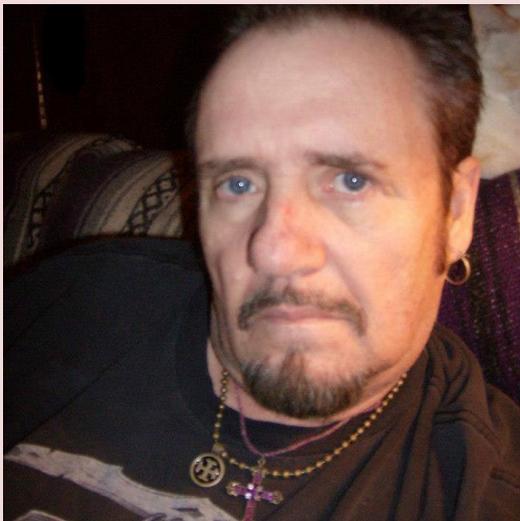
forward.

The years have now come and gone

Mom and Dad have passed away

the Angel sits in her box now
her dress dirty and worn
hair frizzy & unkempt
buttons don't shine.

Memories are made and then put away
as we remember this Christmas Day
just like Mom's beautiful Angel
radiance never betrayed
shining so very bright
each Christmas.



Ken Allan Dronsfield: He is a disabled veteran, poet and fabulist who is a three time Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Nominee for 2016-2017. His work has been published world-wide in various publication venues. Ken loves writing, art, late evening thunderstorms, walking in the woods at night during a full moon and spending time relaxing.



ALL YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT GHOSTS BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

As a former ghost, I don't like irreverent drinkers hurting the religious sentiments of ghosts by asking questions. If you believe in ghosts, please practise your faith without asking questions. Don't be stupid like an atheist asking believers to be sensible. But as I have a hunch that you're good material for transformation (we don't usually use such long winded words) into an entertaining ghost, I'll answer your questions.

1. Does everyone who dies become a ghost?

No. Only honest people with a good sense of humour become ghosts. Dishonest people with no sense of humour but endowed with a huge sense of self-importance go straight to heaven.

2. How exactly do ghosts spend the daylight hours?

We sleep during daytime. Haven't you ever been to Las Vegas?

3. Do ghosts need to eat/drink and carry out other bodily functions?

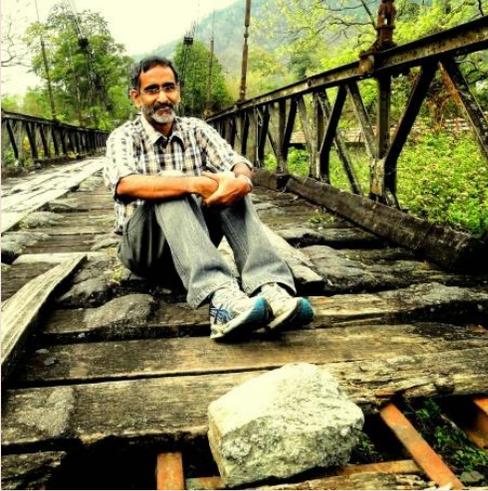
No. We're permanently drunk like Obelix with the magic potion, and we simply imagine other essential body functions like sex (much like what humans do with porn sites). Some dirty human minds have imagined the act of a ghost walking into another ghost as copulation.

4. What happens when one ghost meets another?

As we don't have to drink and make love (as explained above), nothing happens when a ghost meets another.

5. Do Cupid/KaamDev feature when they meet?

No because we ghosts don't believe in love, which is a human weakness.



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur), Kerala, is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer, who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.



A WEDDING TALE

a Kiran Zehra Komail poem

We fell in love and we loved well
Then it was time to ring the wedding bell
His people saw me like a star
While mine denied him, kept him afar
We tried and tried to please them all
We planned a holiday end of fall
So off we went to the hills
Offering my people some free thrills
He dressed well and drew a smile
But I knew that it wasn't his style.
I fell in love with his wild taste

Always involved no time to waste
And here he was in such a mess
Doing it all to make them say yes
He offered my mother an apple
She said "No. Take me to that English Chapel,"
So off they drove to this chapel on another hill
They drove in silence and she sat still
When they reached, he opened the door
Out came mother and slipped on the floor
He reached out for her and he fell too
The ground was mossy and full of dew
They stood up but looked brown and green
He couldn't help but laugh at the scene
Mother fumed and starred at him
She wasn't laughing at this whim
He held her carefully and made her sit by a tree
Annoyed, angry and in pain was she
Then she noticed he was hurt too

Limping around without a shoe
He found her help and she found in him a son
Now she knew her daughter wasn't wrong
Back at the hotel she praised this boy
Everyone was happy except I
He was in pain because of me
Now everything looked joyous and glee
And we were ready for our filmi shaadi
I wore a lehenga and he a dhoti
We sat down in holy matrimony
Our wedding vows were read aloud
And we held hands feeling proud
I had this man who was wild and sane
He was my sun and also my rain.



Kiran Zehra Komail: Put her in the mountains and she will bargain rhymes and rhythm from the tallest tree and the sward. Place her in the concrete jungle and she will sing you a song of love midst the streets and the walls. Show her a burning torch and she would tell you hope is approaching! Call Ms Kiran Zehra Komail a whirlwind of ideas or a foodie her zest for life is endless and so are her dreams! She could redefine the shades of red, yellow, black or white in words so vivid you'd almost wonder if the true shade of it was this. She works for Rotary News as the Sub Editor of the English and Hindi magazine. Travel, gourmet and people to her are intriguing. Her poems and sketches are her theorem – simple yet deep and humble.



BLESSINGS

From God

It's where it comes

Many of them

Not only some

You'll agree with me

When I'll say that it's countless

If not, start counting

You'll surely have a miss

When I search my life

And take a look back

I must admit

That my life was a wreck

I had this taught that with me
God were done
But the Holy Spirit whispered
Leroy! I have plans for you son

Even at times when my home
Was a toilet or jail cell
I can say, because of Your blessings
With my soul, "It is well"

Though I don't have a property on my name
I have a roof over my head
And because of Your blessings
All my needs are met

I don't have a lot of cash
But Jesus got my front, sides and back
And because of my Daddy's blessings
Me and my family don't go around and beg

We've got food on the table
And shoes on our feet
And because of our Father's blessings
Our hearts still skips a beat

To You, oh Lord
Praises I'll continually sing
And daily I'll thank You
For each and every blessing



Leroy Ralph Abrahams (1976): He lives in South Africa, Port Elizabeth, Helenvale, with his wife and two sons and a daughter. He is currently working for the church, Victory Ministries International and also volunteers at times. Leroy loves to write, love people and children and God's Word. He enjoys hospital visits because there he prays for the sick and encourages them. Leroy's poems are true and full of emotion that leaves the reader in a good mood. Most of his poems are autobiographical and serve as a warning to the young and Christians who are facing tough times. Verse en Inspirasie is his first anthology and he promises that it's not his last.



WYRD WISHES

Be careful what you wish for, we've always heard said.
Clotho and her sisters continuously weave the tapestry
of our world, for now and forever.

Threads of our wishes lie across the top and bottommost
warps of this tapestry.

Some threads are never absorbed, these separate from the
whole,
dissolve into the ether, they are wishes lost or forgotten.

Others are woven into the body of the tapestry,
but get bent or turned backwards.
We may wish for money or fame,
but these are wishes that may become
twisted and perverted into something different,
such as the man who wished for peace and quiet

from the common noises of the world,
only to find himself floating alone in the dead of space.

Still some threads are incorporated into scenes that please
the Fates.

They are woven straight and true, these wishes come true.
They are made of strong stuff, of the most excellent fiber
weight.

More importantly, they are made from thread
that was manufactured of selflessness,
without ego or arrogance, wishes made for the sake of
others,
to improve the condition of all fellow beings.

I wish these pleasing wishes will always be fulfilled.



Linda Imbler: She is the author of the published poetry
collection “Big Questions, Little Sleep.” Her work has
appeared in numerous journals. Linda’s creative process

and a current, complete listing of sites which have or will publish her work can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com. This writer, yoga practitioner, and classical guitar player lives in Wichita, Kansas.



WHEN IT IS WINTER

Then the night came

We both sitting on a lonely bench

At last

We refused to be scared

At last

We accepted to be separated

But

My fingers going to be frozen

When it is winter

You rubbing those

Actually

We can't stay with each other

And

We can't be separated from each other though.



Lipika Ghosh: Contemporary poet and short story writer of Bengali literature. Active period from 1995 to present. Written five books, collections of Bengali poems named 'Ekhon ja likhchhi' (2008), 'Aro kichhukkhon' (2009), 'Silent mode' (2010), 'Meherban' (2011), 'Turning point' (2014). Supporting humanity, supporting to save greenery.



EUPHORIA

With closed eyes I lay,
my head in thy lap.
Emotions,
snuggling.
In my bosom.
Adhering the ultimate.
Paradisiacal.
Enchanting.
The soft wind caressing.
The swing gently swaying.
I opened my eyes.
That glare at me.
Gazes fixed.
Feelings gratifying.
Eternally entwined.
The velvety touch of lips.
Appeasing,

exquisite.

Symphony in the air.

Euphony amplified.

Togetherness signified.



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a bilingual poet born and based in Kolkata. She is a homemaker who found her passion in writing. Her blogs, short stories and poems are published in web magazines and on various websites. Madhu is a friendly and compassionate person who believes in humanity and volunteers for the cause of the same.



STOP MOURNING!

Two eyes overflowed like flooded rivers,
Refusing to stop ever,
Staining the rosy cheeks,
Leaving grey streaks
On her skin fair,
Drawing rivers of despair,
Hair dishevelled,
A crazy wind meddled
With a delicate, petit her
As she tried hard to hold back the tears
And wiped them away with the back of her palm,
With a tempest inside, still calm,
All seemed lost
With the darkness, as the Sun crossed
The horizon slowly
And dipped down into the sea,
He never cried,

Nor was scared to say goodbye,
He drowned, to resurface again,
His territory to regain,
Without any sense of loss or remorse,
Nor did he cry himself hoarse,
Then why should she cry for her love, mourn him?
Cry and waste her tears on his whim,
Leaving her was his loss, not hers,
He was not worth her love and care,
Looking up at the sky, she gathered herself,
Promising not to waste herself on someone else,
Nor let her happiness cease,
With a smile in her heart, she made peace.



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English), writing by the name of Madhumita. A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women and children. Her works have been published in various

national and international magazines, newspapers, web magazines, ezines, journals, anthologies. The author of "THE NIGHT JASMINE AND OTHER LOVE POEMS", is also the winner of ICON OF THE YEAR-LIFESKILLS COUNSELLOR 2015-2016, CREATIVE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2016 and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing. She is an avid animal lover too, her motto in life being "Live & Love Life ".



Our karmas lie crushed, as our whines beg on,
the genteel are ostriches, religions belligerent..
'Mushtaq' see the blossoming of superficiality
Essence of everything is erased and lost.



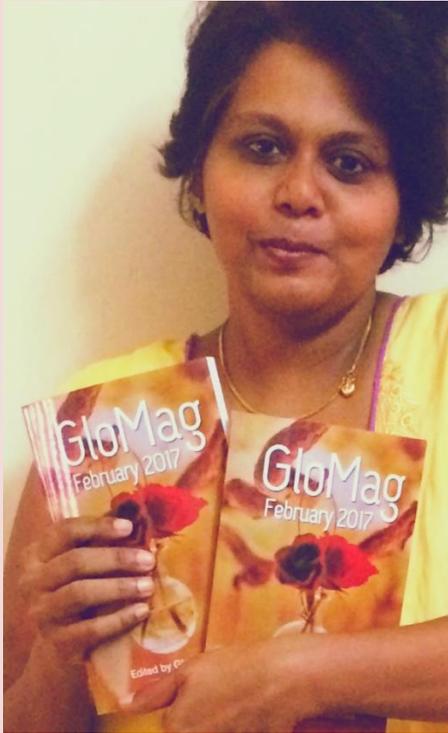
Late Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi: Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatelist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



I'M JOY

I was nameless
You christened me with the name joy
When you were happy and cheerful like an infant
You called me joy when I made you smile
You shed tears and you smiled
When you accomplished difficult tasks
And I heard others say tears of joy
When love comforted and caressed you
Your heart leaped with me
You said your soul soared like an eagle
And you sang songs with words indicating my name
I'm filled with a love so pure and
I'm your heart's best treasure and strength
Let me fill up your senses and renew your spirits
Rejoice with me restore and uphold peace
Overwhelm with my presence as I follow you everywhere
Let love explode and sparkle making others happy too

Laugh with me smile with me and cry with me
Let me be your sanctum to relax and enjoy your triumphs
Forever I will stay with you until the end of time



Merlyn Alexander: I hail from Nagercoil. Surrounded by nature all around our district, I feel blessed that nature has lots to offer for my poems. Other than writing my hobbies include painting, craft, travelling, music, reading and cooking. I'm a blogger and I have a cookery blog. I would love to publish a cookery book someday. My collection of poems in a book. Gimme some time.



Painted Cat (V2)
By Michael Lee Johnson

This painted cat
on my balcony
hangs in this sun,
bleaches out
it's wooden
survival kit,
cut short-
then rots
chips
paint,
cracks
widen in joints,
no infant sparrow wings
nestled in this hole
beneath its neck--
then falls down.
No longer a swinger
in latter days, August wind.

PAINTED CAT

This painted cat
on my balcony
hangs in this sun,
bleaches out
it's wooden
survival kit,
cut short-
then rots
chips
paint
cracks
widen in joints,
no infant sparrow wings
nestled in this hole
beneath its neck-

then falls down.
No longer a swinger
in latter days, August wind.



Michael Lee Johnson: He lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era. He is a Canadian and USA citizen. Today he is a poet, editor, publisher, freelance writer, amateur photographer, small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. He has been published in more than 930 small press magazines in 33 different countries or republics, and he edits 10 poetry sites. Michael is the author of *The Lost American: From Exile to Freedom*, several chapbooks of poetry, including *From Which Place the Morning Rises* and *Challenge of Night and Day*, and *Chicago Poems*. He also has over 134 poetry videos on YouTube as of 2015: He was nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards for poetry 2015 & Best of the Net 2016. He is also the editor/publisher of anthology, *Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze: A second poetry anthology, Dandelion in a Vase of Roses*.



VIOLA

What kind of love, what emancipation
Did once make that bard to find thee?
Are You only a character of just a comedy?
But then, towards the end of Juliet and Romeo
So praised by the Queen, the wight and the beau-
When they came together, right at the tip of feather,
How Shakespeare, thought of you,
Viola, the heroine, when came to the bard's view,

A page, a woman with love so much unbridled,
Who could go searching for her love as she felt,
In the kingdom of that Duke, Orsino,
How on the 'Twelfth Night,' ^ everyone did know

You, Viola, the muse of the playwright,
How by your presence you made bright,
Your feminine heart, your ways to find
How to touch the Duke's nimble mind,

And when you sang for your brother,
How Sebastian (thought to be buried in the sea)
Came back alive to find thee,

What kind of love, what emancipation?
Did once make the bard to find thee?
Are you only a character of a comedy?

Nay, cause thou art true and wise
By love made so, beyond tears and sighs,
Thou art that eternal form of lyric sublime
From which music emanates and also poetic lines.

(Note: Viola is a character of William Shakespeare's comedy 'Twelfth Night'. Twelfth Night: also related to Epiphany. Viola is also the name of a musical instrument, resembling violin, but larger in size and dimensions)



Moinak Dutta: WELCOME! JULEY! BON JOUR! CIAO!

Me? I am nothing...I'm not a conscious poet...I just scribble;
For scribbling is like singing spontaneously...It is like
dancing loving the movements of body...So I live...So I wish
to depart...



NECESSITY

The warm tempting touch of your skin
is like soft beam of the sun in the morning

I have rested my aching head on your strong chest
the pillow contoured perfectly to settle all my pain

My needy eyes have taken refuge in your sight,
your essence snarls
my trust in love

I hate my fate that doesn't accommodate!

My crumbled cloud of doubts
passes through the church of beliefs in your faith,
letting you dwell in my very existence as a necessity.

You walk straight into my house of insecurities
fighting to break down the walls that I have built around
myself,

and I relish in your victory
the taste of your ardent lips on my lips
unfurling myself as a rose, petal by petal.

I have lent out the space in my mind
to your thoughts, every cell responding to your vigour
flexing the corners where my soul belongs.

The compass of my directionless heart is stuck with you
since time unknown
taking your directions,
the only way I have ever known!



Nandita Samanta: She was in a teaching profession, presently is a secretary of a creative organisation. She is a multilingual poet, a short story writer, a reviewer, a dancer and an artist. Her works are well appreciated and published and her paintings have been displayed at various exhibitions. Her published poetry collection is titled 'Scattered Moments'. Her poems, articles, short stories feature in various international and national anthologies, magazines, journals, newspapers and e-zines. Her poems have been aired in U.K. And US radio channels and also have been translated in different languages.



RECIPE FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

Blur the paisley patterns on the wallpaper to one

Add the sound of roach legs tapping on a hardwood floor

Stir in – dropwise – the sound of a leaky faucet

Scrape in the sound of a branch against the windowpane

Close lids and allow to stew awhile

Open again and toss a couple of times

Season with the woodsy musk of pine and fir

Stir in a generous dollop of anxiety and stress

Boil for a minute or two

Allow to simmer a few moments longer

Set aside to rest

And wait for the pinkish glimmer on the horizon...



Nivedita Karthik: She is a graduate in Integrated Immunology from the University of Oxford who likes reading books and travelling. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and has given many performances. She loves any form of creative writing (especially poems) and writes whenever she can.



He taught me that a whisper in the ear and a pat on the back leave a deeper mark than the palm print on the face and syllables sour than a spoonful of vinegar.

He taught me that looking in the eye of anyone is not a mean feat if your words carry the weight of truth and are as soft as a summer cloud.

He taught me that using Kleenex and Clorox do not tarnish any false dignity that you burden yourself with but embellishes your being.

He taught me that one should leave their footwear and prejudice at the threshold to let the mind and the heart be germ-free.



Nivedita Narsapuram: She is an unschooled student of poetry and prose. She writes to make sense of the chaotic world around through her stories and poetry. Among her other interests, she loves exploring Wisconsin and soaking in the warmth of its people and its harsh winters. She blogs at: nnivedita.com.



DARK WINGED

(The worms of humanity feed on weakness in others. They handpick ones in the dark and push the uninformed further down. Stomp them hard.)

“I like the black hearted ones,
The dark-eyed, black winged whores
That endow the world with dark pleasure
Selling, buying souls in shadowy ways
I feed on their woes, their tribulations,
All I do is pretend to care as they rant.
I remind them of it when they cease to
How else can I ensure my own consequence?
The nice, peaceful, content ones, I hate
I am a worm in their garden, unwanted
Parasite on their dreamy, flowery joy cloud.
I am what they shoo away
The dark ones settle for dark affection
Let me fondle their breasts;
Whores scavenge from me their wants

While I enjoy them darkly in the dark.
The dark souls lurk in murky spheres
For the light is harsh or beyond them
I keep them in the dark with great care
Or my underhandedness will kill me lonely.”



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession and I see every day it is hard to be honest in a brutal world that demands the best façade even at the cost of one’s inner well-being. Sometimes it helps to know that we are all fighting secret battles and we are not the only ones in pain. I love to observe human relationships and nothing inspires my writing more. Thus the dominating theme of all my writings are conflicts and triumphs of the same. I thank each and every one who has encouraged me to better my expression. Gratitude for reading!



(John Louis is a French Director who visited Madurai and lectured at Madurai Kamaraj University. He is fondly remembered. He visited our theatre festivals, and was present at almost every production in the 80s and 90s)

Life looking at Death

I stand on the balcony

Watch the distant lights on the other shores of a lake

Glimmering lights

Promise me of a life there

Is it the same as Life

Jean Louis you have lived full

Tasting life every moment

Madurai knows you

Come over Buddy

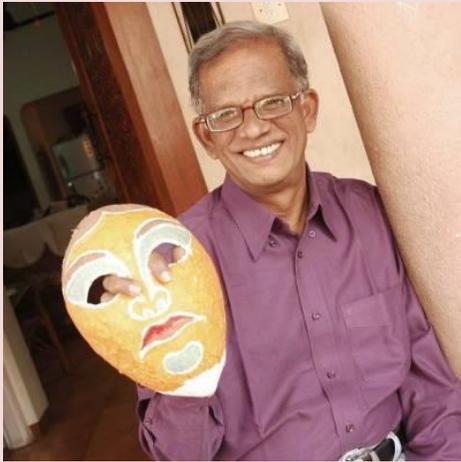
Recreate those moments

Directing Chairs at the university Canteen

Let us roam around the streets of Madurai

Talking about silly things
Come have a glass of whiskey with me at Taj Garden

Talk about glittering women
Take the train ride with me
Talking about Dosa and coffee
You would be here every moment Jean Louis
Strong wind wwwwwwwwwwhhhhhhhhhhhiiiiiiiising
Waters moving like ripples
I scan through the spring leaves
Stillness and ripples
Few sea gulls marking their day on the lake
Birds from the distant shores
Winging their way into my space
Yes life out there is beautiful too
If you can't make it here
I shall join you
Wait for me in your white Kurta and Pyjama
We shall talk about life
Sipping another glass of whiskey



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: Poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003); Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org



WHEN YOU'RE GONE

Sunday morning, a mildly fragrant breeze breaks the stillness of the room. The night, spent in fitful snatches of sleep, gives way to the characteristic emptiness of a new house.

Folding the comforter away on the makeshift bed, I pull a plastic chair to the large glass window overlooking a neem tree. As the sky begins to lighten, the foliage on the tree, barely discernible a few moments ago, explodes into parakeets.

As I steep a tea-bag in lukewarm water, a weak sun spills over shingled rooftops. Somewhere a clock-tower strikes seven.

browning leaf

*was it just me who
embraced the fall?*



Paresh Tiwari: An electrical engineer by profession, a creative writer, and illustrator by choice, Paresh Tiwari, grew up in the labyrinthine lanes of Lucknow. He took to Japanese literary short forms in the winter of 2012. Since then his haiku, haibun, tanka, haiga, free-form poems and flash fiction pieces have been published in various journals, anthologies and books. His first collection of haiku and haibun 'An inch of sky' was published by 20 Notebooks Press and is available online.



FESTIVAL OF THE SOWER

Yo, Sower! I say to all
I meet this festive doings.
I wear, like all men,
a pointed felt hat.
This isn't just a party hat.
It make us all equal,
bosses and workers
and gives me a chance
to pretend that I'm free.
In our house
we've voted troublesome
two year old, Kyle
our Lord of Misrule.
We've already graffitied
walls with spray cans,
had food fights,

and run around house
and garden naked,
played between
each other's thighs.

I hang
holly and ivy
in wreaths and garlands.

Give small holly sprig tokens
to my mates as this is
sacred plant of Sower.

What pressies have I got?

A dozen three-page writing-tablets,
seven toothpicks, a sponge, a napkin, a cup, four quarts of
beans, (same line) Picenian olives, a black flask of Spanish
grape juice, Syrian figs, glazed prunes, a jar heavy with
weight of Libyan figs. (till here)

They trying to tell us summat?

And simple figurines made of wax,
terracotta and wood.

Serious is barred this season.

I gamble with nuts not cash,
toss knucklebones
from a sheep's foot as dice
boss gave me as present

as he is happy for me to take time off
and do summat am not usually
allowed to do.

Drink, make noise,
appoint kings of misrule,
feast workers,
sing naked,
clap frenzied hands,
duck corked faces in icy water.



Paul Brookes: He was, and is a shop assistant, after employment as a security guard, postman, admin. assistant, lecturer, poetry performer, with "Rats for Love", his work included in "Rats for Love: The Book", Bristol Broad-sides, 1990. First chapbook "The Fabulous Invention Of Barnsley", (Dearne Community Arts, 1993). Recently

published in Blazevox, Nixes Mate, Live Nude Poems, The Bezzine, The Bees Are Dead and others. "The Headpoke and Firewedding" (Alien Buddha Press, 2017) illustrated chapbook, "A World Where" (Nixes Mate Press, 2017) "The Spermbot Blues" (OpPRESS, 2017). Forthcoming chapbooks "She Needs That Edge" (Nixes Mate Press), "Ghost Holiday" (Alien Buddha Press)



ONE, TWO...MANY

I pieced this together
whilst I was in bed.
My eyes were all bleary,
My nose was quite red.

The ceiling was spinning,
I was feeling quite sick.
Whilst pink spinning elephants
Were performing a trick.

Please stop, I cried.
I want to get off.
I called to a gentleman,
He looked like a toff.

But a penguin it was,
Dressed in Top Hat and Tails.
We were floating on an Iceberg,
Surrounded by whales.

And my bed as it spun,
Slipped on the ice.
And a whale opened wide,
And said, "That looks nice".

I jumped for my life,
As the bed went before,
And I hit my head,
On the bedroom door.

Ah, sweet dreams!
Bluebirds and stars!
And fluffy white clouds,
That look just like cars.

Will carry me through,
'til the morning doth break,
When I know that I'll need something,
For a pounding head-ache.



Late Philip G. Bell: He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has written poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child," which is available through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and at www.elfinchild.com In December 2013, he was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease and died in 2015.



LET US FOLD THE BLUE SKY

Your soft delicate beautiful body
Floats over my watery eyes
At night like a water vessel
I stare at the night
You twinkle like stars
As if glow worms
And I being the serpentine earth tree!

Spare me and my earth
We have our own way of illuminations
Let there be patches of darkness
But I love the intercourse
In between light and darkness

I am shuttling in between

Light and darkness
Milky way is nothing but my manifestation
I am illuminated!
Maditation is all over
Mokshya just a feet away

Your lips
Carrier of my words
Ferryall my woes
in between shores
Your lips are stretched out like hemispheres
and I am rowing
Flowing with the turbulent water

Let us fold the blue sky
Like a sheet of paper
Words no more words
Either light or darkness
And I am born blind
I can only feel and hear those silent steps of the beat in
your anguished heart!



Prahallad Satpathy: He hails from the Balangir district of Odisha (India). He is a bilingual poet. He writes both in Odia and English. So far he has published three anthology of poetry in Odia. His poems have been published in national anthologies like Scaling heights and international anthologies like Global Anthology on Peace and Harmony, Happy Isle, Feelings International, etc.



DECEMBER!

The year just flashed by!

A year of highs and lows, pain, sufferings,
misunderstandings,

And of course, of simple joys, fun filled occasions,
celebrations and contentment,

Look back with empathy, at yourself, at your family, at the
world,

As usual make grand plans for the new year,
Change myself for the better,

More caring, more loving, non-judgemental,

Lose weight of worries and love handles,

Cleanse mind and heart of regrets and grudges,

To make space for joy and love.

May you have success in this noble endeavour,

May we practise the true Christmas fervour,

Throughout the year!



Pratima Apte: I am an English Hons. Graduate of Delhi University. I am a homemaker, recently turned grandmother! I used to write sporadically in the Pune edition's Women's page of the Indian Express. I love reading and writing, words are my world. My interests in reading are self-help books, spiritual and cookbooks and fiction. Books by Ayn Rand, Taylor Caldwell, Leon Uris, J Krishnamurthy, Dan Brown have been my favourites, as also layman's homeopathy, astrology and medical books.



Half of the world
Women are there.
Half the world
Own by them.
Whatever they do
Are from their heart.
Not from their head
As men always do.
Let them rule
The entire world.
May transform into
A seventh heaven.
No hate, no war
Only love and peace.



Praveen Ranjit: He is a creative writer who gets inspiration from nature to social issues and enjoys writing poems on love, life, compassion, happiness, human relations nature's beauty etc. At a very young age he developed his writing skills, published poems in various anthologies and periodicals and received many awards of excellence. He was a professor in the Department of Commerce, St. Albert's college, Kochi, Kerala from 1981 to 2014.



THE VOID

Let love fill the void
Of my thirsty soul,
With green hopes
And purple dreams.
Come into my little nest
Through the autumn's browny field
Kissing the tall trees and bushes
With full of joy,
And new energy to life.
Showering all the hues of heaven
From the blue divine,
Let love flood the valley of my heart
With new sunshine and vivid butterflies.
Let fill my emptiness of sandy hours
With the rhythmic song of life
Glow like a moonlight night
To warm up my dizzy soul.



Preety Bora: The poetess, born in the beautiful state of Assam,(India),and she lives in a small city called "Golaghat" with her hubby and son. She is a bilingual poetess. She weaves poetry in both languages: in English and in Assamese (her mother tongue). She is highly inspired by Nature. Besides writing, she is fond of cooking, designing and listening to music. Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines in India and in foreign countries too.



LITERACY--ITS DOINGS

In the rubric of civilization
Structure of lifestyle and living,
Literacy is a fort, a book of volumes:
each page is a click of comfort,
a peacock's spread of its colorful
costumes in the wake of blue sky.
Walk into the thick-walled house
of edification with an assured power
of invincible knowledge and win.
Many orchids, also entry into dry
roots - visibly drawn till now.

In the unchecked fort free of check,
some still forge ahead fearless
bold with forgery, multiplication
of money with aided guilt.
Gone are those days of hoary past

when writing and reading were
shut off doors for quite a many;
only thumb impressions were effected.
let us adore the change, better change.
Now bow before literacy booming
its roots abolishing bane of forgery.



S. Radhamani: She was born in Madras, did B.A. English, obtained M.A.English from Venkateswara University, Tirupati, did her doctoral thesis on W.H. Auden's Plays, subsequently obtained PGDTE from CIEFL (Hyderabad). A Professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience in a post-graduate and research institution, published four books of poems and one book of short story, widely published and anthologized, guided M.Phil research scholars and PhD candidates, and a reviewer and critic. She has also published poems and short stories in many websites, presented papers in National and International conferences.



DOES HE TALK OF ME?

I wonder sometimes how my old friends talk of me!
Do they talk of me as I talk of them? They would too,
if they were me. They aren't. Are they? How'd I know?

One smiles and calls me an unconscious, apolitical,
right wing Hindu. The mirror never told me that,
nor could I see or know by self. You need outsiders,
analysts, specialists, critics, friends whose words outweigh
your words, who outsmart, out-say you any day, or night?

The other smiles and calls me a minor god.
He's an atheist. I'm not sure what he means by it.

I think of the one who showed me oyster shells buried
under layers of dry Ganga alluvium. That old friend
of mine is no more my friend, though I meet him

sometimes and we smile no doubt, but we have grown into two persons who can't be friends anymore.

We were the best of friends, and we meet sometimes even now. How does he talk of me?

Does he talk of me?

Even when we meet, we know that past is no more, and times have changed; so have we.



Rajnish Mishra: She is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India. He is the editor of PPP Ezine, a poetry ezine. He has a blog on poetry, poetics and aesthetic pleasure: <https://poetrypoeticspleasure.wordpress.com>.



OBITUARY

When you read
My obituary
In a crowded corner
Of tomorrow's paper
Please
Do not lament.

Let not
Your touch
Which gave me
Hope
Tremble
In despair.

Let not
Your caress
Which gave me

Strength
Wither away
With time.

Let not
Your eyes
Which dispelled
My darkness
Lose their
Fiery sparkle.

Let not
Your arms
Which gave me
Refuge
Reach out for
Sanctuary.

Let not
Your tears
Wash away
The ink
Of these words.

Let my
Memories
Melt into
The shadows
Of yesterday.

Let the
cradle
of your love
be my only
grave.

Let my
Death
Release you
From
Eternal captivity.



Ramendra Kumar: Ramen is a writer by passion and a narcissist by obsession. He has 27 books to his name, almost as many awards and translations into several Indian and foreign languages. A popular story teller and mentor he is working as Chief of Communications, Rourkela Steel Plant. He has a page devoted to him on Wikipedia and his website is www.ramendra.in



(In the Hill Palace Museum, Trippunithura, I walked a corridor where lovers thronged. Pseudo-moral Kerala drives its lovers to shadowy corridors to pursue their loves.)

THE MUSEUM OF LOVE

Stalking a shadow,
I feel her presence, the one who walked here before.
This is the Corridor of Loves and Lovers.

Majestic loves that wilted in marriage.
Pathetic ones that ended in suicide.
Inarticulate ones that failed to take off.
Violent ones that ended in bloodshed.

Rich ones, Poor ones,
Literate ones, Illiterate ones,
Urban ones, Rural ones,
Pre-marital ones, Post-marital ones,

Extra-marital ones, Incestuous ones,
Immoral ones, Inter-caste ones,
Inter-religious ones, Inter-culture ones,
Carnal ones, Platonic ones,
Homemade ones, Forced ones,
Adolescent ones, Mature ones,
Gay ones, Lesbian ones,
Transgender ones, Polygamous ones,
Polyandrous ones, Polyamorous ones,
Sensual, Bestial, Hardcore, Soft-core,
Made in heaven, Made in hell.
All assemble here in this Corridor of Loves
and record their history on walls, lips and bodies.

But, I am stalking the shadow of my love
She who walked here before I walked
She who blossomed before I did
She who swam in this green pond before me
She who dragged me by my phallus
And laid down rules for me to follow
Rules of love to be unbroken forever.
She who minted the coins I exchange
She who etched the words I scrawl
She who tuned my throat, toned my muscles
She who constructed me bone by bone.

If I don't find her shadow here now
I have to flay my skin and rip my flesh
for my love to gush out.
I know she will come
before I am drained dry.
For, if I cease to exist,
She ceases too,
This Corridor too.



Ravi Shanker (Ra Sh): He translates from Malayalam and Tamil to English and vice versa. Published English translations of stories by Bama (Tamil), Mother Forest (from Malayalam) and Waking is Another Dream (Sri Lankan Tamil Poetry) and for Anthologies of Dalit literature published by OUP and Penguin India. Published poems in magazines, journals and anthologies. He is one of the five contributing poets to the anthology, "A Strange Place Other

Than Earlobes” (five voices seventy poems). A collection of his poetry, "Architecture of Flesh" was published by Paperwala in 2015. E-mail: shankeran@gmail.com



THE FIRST MORNING

When it dawns

The crow pheasant will sit on the well's rim
and call the sun down with a soft, booming 'coop' 'coop'
The front door will not groan

The fish monger boy will toot his rubber horn
while moving up and down the street on his bike
An orange tabby will run to the gate
The front door will look the other way

The old rose bush will creak and bow low
under the weight of its rain-drunk blooms
The curry plant will be looted by the neighbour
The front door will not move

The milking lady will pass by the low wall
looking in at the shed of the big-horned brown cow

Squabbling hens will squeeze in under the fence
The door will make no sound

The wind will shake the slanting rubber grove
looking for the man who cuts and milks the sap
He will clang in with a chain to lock up the farm gate
The front door still won't budge

I wish they wouldn't make such a racket
trying to tug at the strings the night broke
All those noises cannot rouse her
and the front door- it never had ears



Reena Prasad: She is a poet/writer from India, currently living in Sharjah (United Arab Emirates). Her poems have been published in several anthologies and journals e.g. The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, Lakeview International Journal etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's, Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology

released in July 2015. More recently, she was adjudged second in the World Union Of Poet's competition, 2016. She writes at Butterflies Of Time.



SUMMER MIDNIGHT

The wheelchair trundles with burden
of emptiness.

An unknown dies in commotion of
a railway station; travellers
arrive and depart.

Sleep enters the town in slow pace-
cold winds blow into hollow streets
fingers entering a glove;
the piston of a syringe pulled back.

Yesterday's bloody sheets are
washed and forgotten today.

In the violence of a summer dream
the dull music of vehicles in distant highways
the feeble pulse of an aged beggar-
the voices sharper than life.



Ro Hith: He is a poet and a medico from Andhra Pradesh, writing poetry since 7 years. His poetry has been published in various online magazines, including Muse India, The Four Quarterly, Istanbul Review, Kritya, New Mirage Journal and print magazines like Kavya English, which was applauded and complimented by various senior poets. Currently, he is working on his first book of poems, which will be published shortly and an online magazine that deals with progressive poetry and translations from various Indian languages.



WHY I WRITE POEMS...

Possibility I

I right poems because I cant spell good enough to rite novels and my grammars atroshish.

I right poems because I red somewhere never trouble trouble.

I write poems because I'm still trying to impress my high school senior English teacher, Ms. Behrman.

I write poems because they reconnect me to my blood.

...so I can keep death at a puncher's distance.

...because I was one of Woodstock's "½ million strong" and still light candles of peace and love.

...because poems maintain this precious involuntary heartbeat song.

...because sometimes my mask slips ever so slightly
revealing my hideous scars.

...because this is my way of not participating in the profiting
off of others' sweat.

Possibility II

I write poems because it is sometimes helpful to rev up the
internal dialogue.

I write poems everytime I want to hug you.

...so I can praise other hopeless romantics.

...to get a whiff of my karma, should there somehow still be
a chance to mend it.

I write poems because years ago we stood outside churches
holding candles praying for peace and got spit at.

I write poems because the holy bardic triumvirate: Dylan,
Cohen, and Simon are always looking over my right
shoulder.

I write poems because I grew up in Paterson (with 1 "t").

... in homage to goat's milk and sardines, as they nurtured
and saved me when I was an infant.

...because I'm a wretched thief.

Possibility III

I write poems to mend this constant broken heart which
always has a vacancy, and I have been told vacancies

potentially may be filled by the breath of the muse....
absence, vacancy—is the precondition for creation.
I write these poems because I have talked my way out of
addiction, prison, and
because cancer didn't get me, and
because I'm still convinced I'm immortal.
I write poems because my Leo sun and Jupiter trine, and
because I have hitchhiked back and forth across America,
and
I participated in the miracle of the birth of my son.

Possibility IV

I write poems as I look forward to that good hard rain.
I write poems to trap and then mull over any protean,
elastic moments that may eventually stretch out my mind,
thus entrapping fading memories into possible brilliant
erudite corners.
I write poems, tossing my cards, my soul, into Gilgul, the
cosmic wheel of life force giving energy!
My poems are written since i am interested in exploring the
multiverse, where categories of rational and irrational and
nonrational become obliterated, and instead allow one
access to those dimensions previously unexplored.

And I write poems since I am constantly reminded this world's life is worth the effort it takes to breathe in and out, and...

begin one more poem...again.



Robert Feldman: Born in Paterson, New Jersey, he was inspired at an early age by members of Paterson's literary tradition. While living in St. Louis, he organized various poetry readings, produced and hosted a community issues news hour and a biweekly bebop jazz radio program on KDNA-FM. Robert was instrumental in publishing some of Arizona's most influential writers such as Drummond Hadley and Michael Gregory, and in 1980, collaborated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti on his Bisbee publication, "Mule Mountain Dreams." He has participated in dozens of poetry readings around the country, and continues to write, paint, and play tabla, besides working with high-school students as faculty advisor of the Park Vista Writers Workshop.

Website: ww.albionmoonlight.net; email:

rfeldman@gmail.com.



DECEMBER'S SPIRIT

December has arrived
As every year it is expected,
Yellowish, reddish and
Copper looking dried leaves
Beautifully decorate
The almost empty sidewalks!

An early morning's breeze
Gently caresses my ears
While I head up slowly towards
My already set destination!

The Autumn is fading and
The winter is rapidly approaching,
The Christmas spirit can be felt
Throughout the big city's streets!

Stores, parks, Malls, houses
And private buildings
Beautifully decorated with
Colorful ornaments and lights
To celebrate the Holidays!

Yet, another Christmas
Upon all of us but I feel
Totally lovely without you
Making my whole life blue!

Everybody is in a happy mood
Filling the streets of New York:
In the trains, taxis and buses,
Everywhere there is music and joy!

Meanwhile, we are apart
From one another like
In two different worlds
But wishing to be together
In these joyful Holidays!



Romeo della Valle: Born in a beautiful island named Quisqueya or Hispaniola and from Italian and Spanish parents and coming to America very young with a goal, mainly, to succeed in life and be happy. As a citizen of the world, there is not race, colour, or religious beliefs that would stop me from searching for happiness...I have become through times passed that I am a man with a Vision and a clear mission: 'To spread my message of Love an Peace throughout the World and if my poetry can touch a single soul in the World, then I would gladly die leaving my clear footprints behind!



THE SUPPRESSED

Born from a suppressed,
with a hope in her eyes,
with an ambition in her vision,
to touch the highs.

Unaware of the present,
kept her feet on a world of his;
where she has to be silent,
and remain in an isolated cube.

Had an urge to fly,
but her wings were cut off;
still she tried to run,
but her fate was cut and dried.

And the evil day came early,
which bonded her with a relationship;

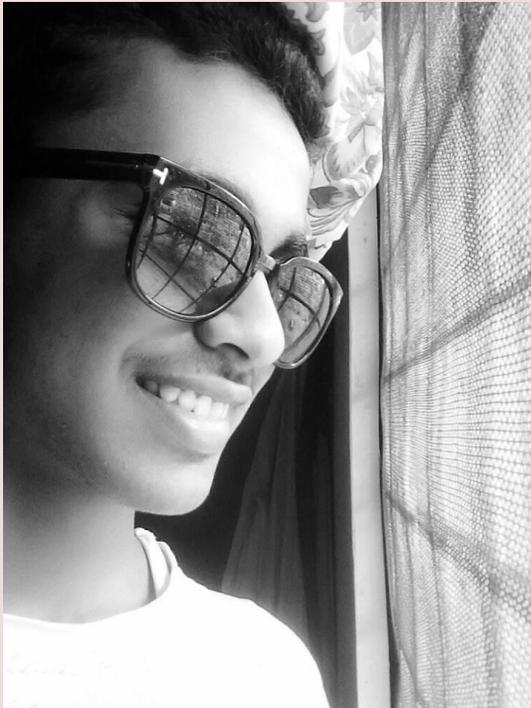
which was wrong and forbidden,
but nothing was in her hands.

Spending life with a new,
with whom she was stopped,
to meet and compete,
earlier by her own.

Subjugated by hers half,
in every step of life;
who should've been in fact,
the shield of her.

Left days passed by,
like the water in a river,
flowing, always resisted
by rocks and bends.

Another born from the suppressed,
with a hope in her eyes,
with an ambition in her vision,
to touch the highs.



Roshan Mishra: I am a Botany student of OUAT, Bhubaneswar. I love writing poems. Actually I am very much passionate about it. Whenever I experience something, i pen it down to make poems. My poems are basically about the social issues, issues related with women, and beauty of nature. The ordinary things happening in the world give me inspiration to think on that and write on it.



WINTER GLIMPSES

The frozen wings of
Mediterranean winter
Is all set to encounter
The last warrior
Of surrendering summer

After the fall of November
It is now December
My dear, I remember
You, came into my chamber

With the fragrance of amber
Was in the night of a December.

Pine trees stood lined
As if in a military drill, aligned.
Roads and roofs are covered
With white blanket of nature

Pine and Cedar trees struggled
To hold the frozen snow rocks
They looked like white pelicans
Sheltered on the branches.

Silence, absolute silence
Tiny slices of blizzards
Fluttered around us,
You and me, but not two, (as we are now)
Dived into the glittering world

You steal my heart

I have stolen your treasure.

Though it was chilled at night,

Beneath the blanket,

We, still enjoy the warmth

Of our special night

That would always be remembered

In the chillness of every December.



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): He is a freelance writer and painter, from Kerala, India, working in Doha as Admin Manager. He writes short stories, poems and travelogues in various regional language magazines (Malayalam), periodical and used to write English poems in Saudi Gazette Weekend edition.



WOUND OF MY VICTORY

Gently she stood before me

& uncovered herself.

Her dark naked skin

Penetrated my eyes.

I kept gazing at her

each and every curves.

She searched for answers in the

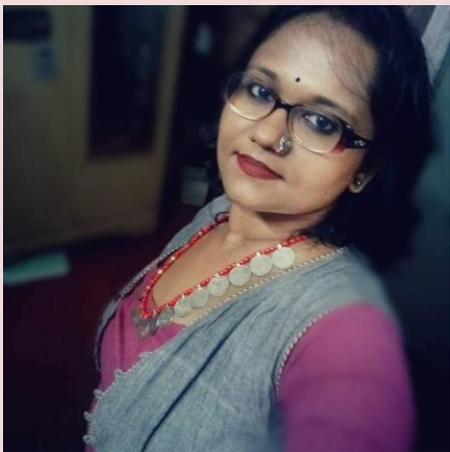
Mirror of my two scared eyes.

A moment of freezing silence

We shared.

A moment of cursed numbness

My tongue felt.
I slowly embraced her.
spread the sandal paste of care
And aroma of my love on her
& gently whispered,
"My love, you are my wound of Time"
"Feather of my Victory!"
And tears of peace rolled down
My cheeks!



Sanhita Sinha: She is a native of Tripura, is a teacher, a bilingual poet. Her poems got published in different national and international anthologies, journals & magazines like "Heavens above poetry below," "A haiku Treasury," "In our own words," "Scaling heights," "Epitaphs," "Milenge," "IFLAC PEACE ANTHOLOGY,"

"BETRAYAL," KIRNOKAL," "ANTOCHKORON," "RUPANTAR,"
"PURBHABASH," "GALAXY," etc. Apart from writing she is
actively engaged in cultural activities too. She is a regular
artist of television and radio too.



REMNANTS

I can bluff about everything not the feel
of your fingers, breath petitioning its
purposefulness to no one in particular.

We employed language neither of us
understood. In our nexus vocabularies
were born.

Love is fine. Incoherencies mount, when
in love. In refrains live the familiar. For

habitué of seasonal meters this is bliss.

In your arms is memory of us in high
and low tessituras. I know, loneliness
of love.



Sanjeev Sethi: He is the author of three books of poetry. His most recent collection is *This Summer and That Summer* (Bloomsbury, 2015). His poems are in venues around the world: *Empty Mirror*, *The Paragon Journal*, *Olentangy Review*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Peacock Journal*, *Modern Poets Magazine*, *Faith Hope & Fiction*, *New Mystics*, *Yellow Mama*, *Stride Magazine*, *London Grip*, *3:AM Magazine*, and elsewhere. He lives in Mumbai, India.



AH HOME!

Warming their cold insides in a patch of sunlight
Sat the mother and child, well-scrubbed, looking bright
All set, to meet the onslaughts of another cold day.
The cauldron bubbled,
the mother smiled with a faux brightness,
her brow untroubled.
Her husband was at the construction site
He would be home for lunch.
So she had to rustle up something, quick.

[Ah, home!]

It was a few bricks hastily put together
To ward off the cold and bad weather.
A temporary arrangement
for facilitating the building
of permanent apartments for the rich.
But, home, they say, is where the heart is
And she had left her heart behind in that small shack
Where she would, hopefully soon be back,
where her old granny, half- blind
still cranked up the flick of the lantern,
Even during the day, blindly groping for her lost paradise.

A million voices throbbed, and she listened,
her eyes glistened as she heard
those muted whispers reaching a crescendo,
“Come back, come back.”

She plugged her ears and hugged her child.

And the cauldron bubbled.



Santosh Bakaya: Academician-novelist-poet-essayist, Dr. Santosh Bakaya, has been internationally acclaimed for her poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, *Ballad of Bapu*, [Vitasta publishers India, 2015] for her collection of peace poems, *Where are the lilacs?* [Authors press, India, 2016] and her book of essays: *Flights from my terrace* [Earlier an e-book on Smashwords [2014] now has an updated printed version, Authors press INDIA, 2017]. Extensively interviewed and awarded, her latest poetry book: *Under the apple boughs*, has just gone to the press and she is giving finishing touches to her two novels, one a satire on higher education and the other, a breezy love story.



She followed me around

And when the clock wound

She grew longer and shorter

But I never felt of her as a stranger

For she was always there

But when I wasn't, neither was she anywhere

As if Her existence depended upon me

She was ever present, even in times of invisibility

It wasn't as though she loved me

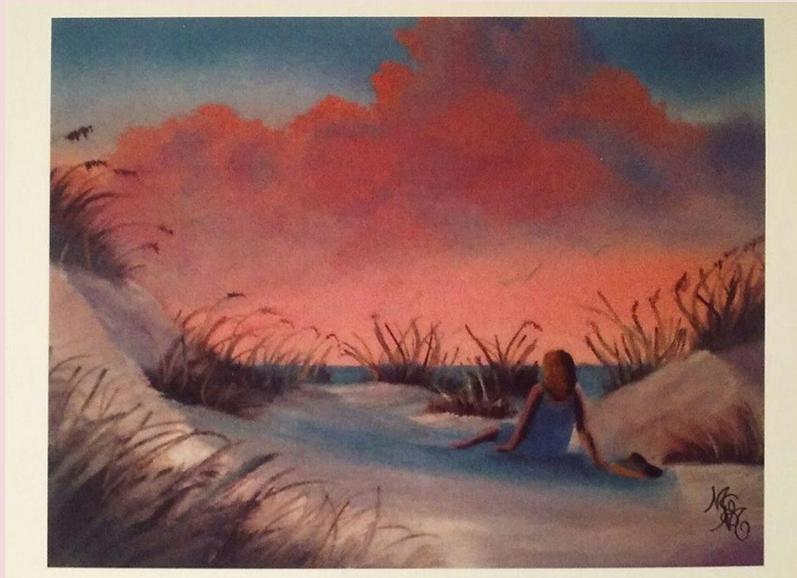
But as she was bound to me

But neither was she my foe

She was simply my shadow.



Sara Bubber: I am studying Human Development from MSU, Baroda. In my free time (sometimes even during classes) I love looking out of the window especially when it rains. I love reading, listening to music and spending time with my dogs. My dogs are my favourite people in the world.



MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

Innocence reclaimed
under a burning red dawn sky –

The serenity of youth
residing calmly by the sea –

What peace is found
considering the perfection of God's creation?

What bliss of a blessed nature manifests
here where the waves crash gently?

Stress released
on a beach where all is holy –

The miracle of grace
gently blowing with the breeze –

What faith is solidified
recognizing the strength of our foundation?

What bountiful beauty materializes
here where the horizon shines its magic?

The future
is in your hands,
children of the earth.

The sands
of time are yours
to build a castle of absoluton.



Scott Thomas Outlar: He hosts the site 17Numa.wordpress.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, and books can be found.



Mysti Milwee: She is an award winning artist, digital artist photographer, and published poet from Southside, Alabama (Etowah County). Her art was published in the

Birmingham Arts Journal-Volume 13-Issue 2; and twice in Illustrator Magazine. Her poetry has been published in The Alabama Baptist-"Beyond the Veil"- March 30,2017; The Mountain Press- "Gatlinburg Strong"- December 11, 2016. In Poetics: Her "Poetry Interview" was published in the PPP E-Zine (Poetry Poetics and Pleasure E-zine) out of India in the October Volume 1: Issue 5-2017. Her works have been used in some academic studies and ministries across the US and abroad. She is a member of several well-known societies.



The wind will speak a heavy dialect
In the presence of an ancient tree
The air will be laden with vibrant energy
With a steady chant, a soulful decree
A dying planet's hope beating steadily
It can be heard if you listen carefully
The hush while deep will be abuzz
With frenetic activities of life
Teeming with beings visible & invisible

Boarding in the?? vicinity

The dialogue between the tree & earth

Will be closely absorbed by all beings

As though wisdom from an old monk, attentively

All you need is to feel compassion

if you are willing to open up your heart

The ancient language of the trees

Comes up alive like a Morse code

Sending beacons of distress & hope

If only we could learn to co-exist

Like the flocks of birds alighting gently

As though not to disturb the meditating??



Seema K Jayaraman: She is poetess based out of Mumbai, India, tracing her roots to the mystical land of 'Naura' (Cannanore, Kerala). She is a mother of two young boys and a full time working professional in the IT Banking domain. She is widely travelled and exposed to both domestic and international cultures. She considers herself a pirouetting spirit, the energy she harnesses is expressed through her poetry. Her poetry is a journey of self-discovery and release from modern mundaneness, an expression of unrestrained creativity and paints a vivid picture, colorful presenting the myriad vibrancy of nature, at times stark depicting human strife and tragedy. She writes both free style and rhyme based verses. She also enjoys writing Haiku's and Tanka's. Her debut book Wings Of Rhapsody – A Dalliance Of Poems was released in June 2016.



BEING ESCAPIST

Sometimes it is better,
being an escapist,
to remain aloof
from worldly affairs.

Affairs or mis-happening
creating turmoil in heart,
disrupting the peace of mind.

Like Poets of the romantic age
Byron, Wordsworth, Keats,
Shelly & Coleridge
diverted their attention
towards nature

derived pleasure from
every natural phenomena.
Creating masterpieces,
still cherished by
the unnatural world.



Shamenaz: I reside in Allahabad. I am a freelance writer, passionate reader, blogger, and poet, with many published poems in E-journals & magazines in India. I have presented papers in India and abroad. I am in the Editorial board of journals: Literary Miscellany, Cyber Literature, Research Access, Expression, The Context & IJRHS (Jordan). I am the Guest Editor of 'The Context' Volume 2, issue 3. I have served as a Chairperson of Women Cell of my College, AIET & Cultural Incharge, AIET.



A LIFE FULL OF SIGHS

Sigh, the life of somebody

Carrying on as it were

Truly austere, from nobody

Is it or is it not

A nod, a breath of air

From a thoroughbred

Sigh, bursting forth

Indenting myriad colours

Traversing through mirrors

Truly satisfactory for a beginner

Is it an ocean, or is it a wave

That implicates the sigh

Doubts that weigh

On a pristine soul

Sigh, full of sadness

Also covering happiness

The miracle worker, healer

Writer, poet, subdivining

A platter of goodness

Sigh, the meaning of which is lost

Upon a thousand faces

In the interim period of autumn

That which makes eyes moist

Following the divinity of spring



Shobha Warriar: Born near Trichur in Kerala, Shobha was highly influenced by her maternal grandfather who was a distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Shobha has a keen interest in languages, be it prose or poetry. She has also worked as a teacher in schools for some time.



GRILLS

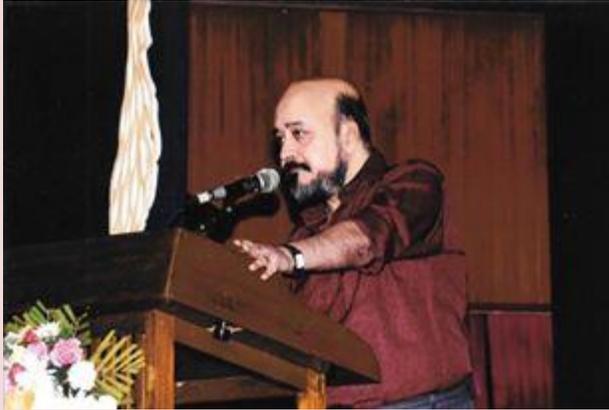
You see through them, but stay behind,
you burn to redhot charcoal leavings,
you sigh at cruel questioning that
leaves you ashamed and weary of your life,

But it's just words....

A word, a clutch of
words picked up and let loose
indiscriminately on those who'll
understand, and those who won't.

It's just an experiment to show words
are metal, and hot, and will still find
their target, still fill that need to raise

a bow and aim at random skies without
intention or will, to still a nasty heartbeat,
to know each word, properly reached,
still grills.



Shreekumar Varma: He is an Indian author, playwright, newspaper columnist and poet. He received the R. K. Narayan Award for Excellence in Writing in English in 2015. He is known for the novels Lament of Mohini, Maria's Room, Devil's Garden: Tales Of Pappudom, The Magic Store of Nu-Cham-Vu and the historical book for children, Pazhassi Raja: The Royal Rebel. He is the great great grandson of the artist Raja Ravi Varma and grandson of Regent Maharani Sethu Lakshmi Bayi, the last ruling Maharani of Travancore. He is married to Geeta Varma (poet, teacher and columnist) and has two children, Vinayak and Karthik.



SNOWY X-MAS NIGHT

Quilt of snow on ground

Nature celebrating all around

Beautiful are these Christmas trees

Decorated with lights, bulbs and sweets!

Chilled is this winter night

Bringing Christmas celebrations at height

A shimmering star in the sky

As if Jesus is spreading his smile!

Footsteps of Santa are hidden in the snow Blessings and
gifts he will bestow

That moment is going to come soon
When Jesus will bless us with his boon!

Lonely is this winter night at present
But will be cherished with gathering another moment
Let these trees dance in a rhyme
Let this snow melt into a charm!

Aha! What a beautiful scene is here
Within a moment Jesus will be here
Whole world will celebrate his birthday
There will be joy and fun all the way!



Sonia Gupta: She is a dentist by profession, is a well-known name in English and Hindi literature. She is an established author of four English and Two Hindi poetry books. Her many poems and stories have been placed in various anthologies, magazines and newspapers. She has been awarded with various awards in Hindi literature and won many poetry competitions organised by various literary groups on facebook. Besides a poetess and doctor she is fond of paintings, singing, cooking, designing, knitting and teaching. Her many projects are coming soon.



THE HUNT

The silent

Spring elate

When tiny hands

Touch its many

folded layers,

While people

walk in heavy silence-

with harsh steps

Heavy weapons on shoulders

Greed hidden in the eyes

Fear reddened their eyes;

And their hearts

Sank in the chocking

Muddy paths -

Men; like

werewolves

sniff their way-

Ready to pounce

On unguarded prey.

A young heart -

Shivers with fear

The thirst unquenched

Feet unmoved

A quiver;

A trembling,

A rumbling;
Everything over
And what remains here
Is a cry in the air
which gets repeated
In every moonlight night.

But the thirst is unquenched
And the spring is still there
It is not ready
To suffer anymore
And wants to become
A forest fire
On some day
In a fine hour;
It is so sure-
Nobody can defeat
Fire and water

when they are

Together

In a forest.

And the whole forest

Blooms

Burns, secretly in that

Desire....



Stalina Sbs: She is a chemistry teacher writing poems in Malayalam, English and Hindi. She has published her works in many of the leading periodicals in Malayalam such as Bhashaposhini, Samakalika Malayalam Varika, Chandirika, Sthreesabdham, Suryakanthi, Thorcha and in various ezines like Malayalanatu, Aksharam online, Gulmohar online, Nellu.net.



THE SAGA

Every day she would desire

Mental peace demurely attired

In happy faces with a little appreciation

She was met but only with degradation

Qualities she had many

Yet reduced she was to being a nanny

Always harped upon the things she couldn't do too many

Ignored all the things she excelled in with a boo very canny

She remembered clearly
How she paid dearly
The first finger print on her back
Where she rubbed the ice pack

It hurt and she smarted
Wishing so that she had parted
Yet she resolutely held back
Wondering what it was that she lacked

She gave her all to make it work
But the devil was around to lurk
She brooded to find a way out
In the silence of her mind she balked

Her lord and master dictated terms
In her resolve she stayed firm

A fire inside somewhere was lit
To give back just bit by bit

Disconnected mentally she stayed
Inside her angry vixens bayed
Longed she to be free spirited
A woman full of promise and so very gifted

She sang and painted with her eyes
Lost in her world as time passed by
Try as she might her trial never ended
The raised hand was ever ready upended

Imprinted in the bruised hurt
She became closed and curt
She knew she could not leave
Other lives were involved in this intricate weave

And then.....

One day she was harangued unnecessarily
Quietly she bore as she planned action readily
The oil was smoking to boiling point
A ladle full she threw to her heart's content

Whilst all around burned and singed
Surprised in pain all cringed
"Now you know how it hurts," she said
In a voice without emotion totally dead

From then till now
She does not know how
Never have they dared to abuse
Without reason or excuse

Unquiet lies their silent peace
Each stand for a moment to seize
Mistrust and lost dreams
Divided into unequal teams.



Sudeshna Mukherjee: She is an Economics Major. She is a poet, short story writer and painter. Her book of poems “Meanderings of the Mind” has been published. Many of her poems have been published in national and international anthologies, magazines and e-publications.



LOVE ME OR NOT

O my distraught mind

dissonant thought !

Now I'm little away from you

Forgive me my kindest God.

I don't know where my mind

Have lost.

Years passed by autumns gone

Answer me my beloved

Where have you gone?

Among so many countless face
Only your presence seems
Full of grace!

I never can forget that gaze
My lips were stitched, your eyes still
I can never express that thrill!

An unknown city new place
We met by chance
Felt like forever blessed.

Shame on my shy
I couldn't tell you
You are only my.

Often I think
At least you could try.

Grabbling you my wistful thought

Just for once tell me

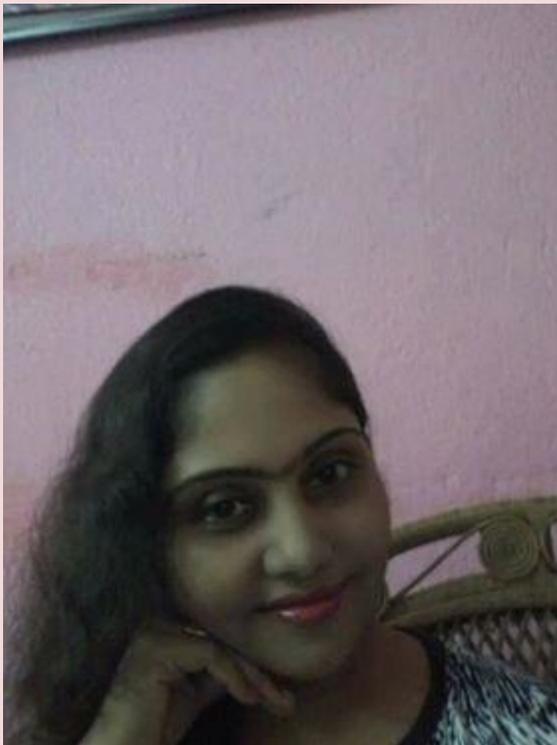
You love me or not.

O blue eyes! Listen to me

From this sweet pain make me free!

You are the only reason

Of my smile and glee.



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is an English poetry writer from India. She is born and brought up in Kolkata. Music, poetry, drama are her passions and her poems have been

published in various anthologies and blogs. She has published a book of poem and hopes to publish some more. She has a poetry group of her own and she is working as an admin of three poetry groups. Poetry is her lifelong passion and she wants to continue it until her last breathe.



LANDSCAPES

In each petal-stalk
on this blessed spot
I see the imprints
of the lingering Olympians

the scent and presence take me back
to the early dawn of the Greek civilization
where i mingle with the heroes and divinity
in alleys, lanes, outside battle-hardened ramparts

and see Homer talking war
and Sappho---of love and nurturing!

Oh, Athens!

Oh, Lesvos!

so close, yet so afar

Each pathway there

of the ancient Greece

each bower trod by the gods

so heady a concoction this---

earth sky ocean fused

in a single instance!

so many possibilities

mortal

demi-god

god

away! away! the smoggy cities

i want to be pagan, life-long



Sunil Sharma: He is Mumbai-based senior academic, critic, literary editor and author with 18 published books: Six collections of poetry; two of short fiction; one novel; a critical study of the novel, and, eight joint anthologies on prose, poetry and criticism. He is a recipient of the UK-based Destiny Poets' inaugural Poet of the Year award---2012. His poems were published in the prestigious UN project: Happiness: The Delight-Tree: An Anthology of Contemporary International Poetry, in the year 2015. Sunil edits the English section of the monthly bilingual journal Setu published from Pittsburgh, USA:

<http://www.setumag.com/p/setu-home.html>

For more details, please visit the blog:

<http://www.dr.sunilsharma.blogspot.in/>



Look at me,

who am I?

The person I want to be?

I want to be free

as can be

Non-judgmental,

open minded

free....

Free, me?

Can I let go

of the image

of you,

I have in me?

As blind
as the Goddess,
without sight,
hearing
mute.

Take a good look
look at me,
I'm not perfect,
I'm me.

The perfect
imperfect,
the image I have
of you and me!

As we are....

I can see
the picture is not free
free
from shadows of my mind.

Set me free

You and me.



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.



MY MUSE

My muse blushed to tell everything, but she didn't hide
That her feelings have been changed by nature's grace.
That made my manhood much spirited by bringing pride
And encouraged my heart to place ourselves face to face.
The subtlest chain that linked me together with my muse
Suddenly changed into a reverential rope with fine knot.
Like two slaves of the nature we started to use and reuse
The sources of enjoyable heat within us to become hot.
We started to yearn for desperate tenderness in silence,
Our eagerness intensified to feel our life's newest pulse.
She rearranged herself to reciprocate my sudden prance,

But hold me tightly inside her to oppose a quickened
revulse.

Our activities encouraged our desire to be more
adamantine.

But I know that my reverence helped me to enter into the
shrine.



Swapan Kumar Rakshit: He is an Indian poet, who lives in Bankura, West Bengal. He teaches physics for his professional needs. However, he prefers to write poems specially sonnets. He wants to be acquainted with the universal mind through poetry.



MY LOVE IS LIKE AN EMPTY CANVAS

My love is like an empty canvas

Filled with a life never lived

Taken by vultures of the night bellowing echoes of nothing

that flows into a maze that has no beginning and end

Swallowed up by crashing waves that has no motion but
latitudes

of echoes silenced by the night

My love is like an empty canvas

Abstract

Moments that turn mirrors into shattered glass memories
broken and crushed

No one can put it back together

The pain deafening and silent

Echoes of silent horrors encased in Pandora's box



Sylvana Accom: I grew up in South Africa. My love for poetry started in my youth. Everything around me and my experiences became my sounding board. And though I feel a dry spell at times, it seems I'm underestimating my gift to write. I finished my theology, sociobiology, anthropology studies in 2011, and was ordained last year, 2016. I have a constant thirst for learning or should I say knowledge? The world is full of slots and hidden mysteries. I abhor poverty and inequality - everything that goes against the brink of humanity. I love nature, the sea, and meeting beautiful people from around the globe. I published my poetry book *Myriads of unspoken words* through Milborrow publishers. To order, please write to freespirit39@yahoo.com



LOVE ME, LOVE ME NOT

The violence was only in the intent,

In the arc formed by a weaving hand that missed its mark.

In the ripple of fear roused by the harshly uttered “Bitch!
Bitch!”

A double talaq

Perhaps next time it will become a triple one, not to be
ignored.

Talk out now, you say? No! Not now!

I will wait some more.

The good times before today deserve a chance to awaken

To the reality

To the truth

To me.

And then perhaps I may silence myself.

I cannot accept I loved wrong.

Egotist! Yes! Moral coward! Yes! Say what you will!

There was love once, will it not flower again?

There is hope till the final sign off and then never more.



Usha Chandrasekharan: She is a believer in the power of the universe, in the power of positive energy, in the power of words, in the power of good intentions. She has two children both of good literary prowess, both creative in their own way.



How clinical the gloves

The operating tools

You lie there

Your world going topsy-turvy

They talk a language alien to you

You are drifting out

As you struggle to stay afloat

Ruminations exhale

And scenes dance

In no particular sequence at all

You swim on love notes lying folded under newspapers of
drawers

A photograph preserved between pages 4 and 5

A Text you never had the heart to delete

Even when your storage warned 'full'

A million times

Word files with unfinished poems

And movies in your collection

Rewound to portions

From where you love to see them

Again and again

The ultra-sanitized theatre

An overdose

Of hygiene

As you lie in spasms

Wondering just how much of rot

Will be cleared from your gut

And you measure out your life
By bucket lists and regrets
By loves that eluded
By those you gingerly kissed

And scissors pass hands
And lines get formed
Chasms of fertile and sterile
The living and the dead



Vandana Kumar: She is a bon vivant who loves travelling, working with young minds and exploring creative possibilities beyond the ordinary. She has done her masters in History from Lady Shri Ram College and her Diplôme

from the Alliance Française de Delhi. She is a French teacher in a couple of schools and private institutes and also translates for various publishing houses and corporates. An active member of various quiz clubs across Delhi, she has a soft corner for Kolkata where she spent her childhood. Her various passions include singing, playing the piano, composing music and participating in local antakshari competitions. She describes herself as a dreamer...a wanderer and a certified incurable romantic...the romantic moorings worsened with all her fancy French studies. Poetry for her is her stress buster -her flight of fancy-and strangely – what keeps her rooted too.



NICKY'S CHILDREN

Parents, who stood bravely on the platform
Of Prague's Wilson Railway Station,
Trying to smile through tears,

Loved their children more than they loved themselves
And so they had to let them go
To escape from the shadow of the Swastika

Wearing names on cards hanging around their young necks
Unaware of how one unassuming, bespectacled
Englishman,
A stockbroker and a fencer, had surrendered

A skiing vacation in Switzerland

To arrive in the right place at the right time

And after days of writing lists and posting photographs

Had found 669 homes for them in Great Britain--

Fifty years later on Esther Rantzen's Tv show

When the scrapbook in the attic revealed

More than 20 "children" in the audience,

Vera Gissing leaned across and kissed his cheek

Murmuring a lifetime's gratitude in two words: "Thank
you!"--

A gentle nod, a tear or two quietly wiped away,

Nicholas Winton resumes his seat:

Great men don't need applause...



Vijay Nair: Dr. Vijay Nair retired as Associate Professor, Department of English, Government Victoria College Palakkad, Kerala. He taught English Language and Literature in various colleges for 31 years. His poems have appeared in several International Anthologies. He was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016.



THE FOREST KNOWS

The forest is wide

Calling to your inner child

The child's been long asleep

While the teardrops fall from the sky

Letting the forest weep

The forest always knows

What comes and what goes

But something remains buried deep inside

Something holy, something evil

Its forest's own secret to hide

The forest is indulgent
To the dangers so imminent
Hiding within layers of green
And islands of blue
Lies a false sense of everything serene



Vinay Virwani: "I play the game of life.....wounded and beaten...but not yet lost. I write...to heal those wounds. Always knowing I was a misfit and having tried hard to blend in.....not anymore....to be the round peg in a square hole....it's hard...and it hurts. I am ok to be the misfit....to float around sometimes....to seek the divine in the most non-descript of places...to be the radical compassionate....to look into my soul and get lost in there....to get wounded again... andto write again....and heal again. Also I work with famous brands helping them

understand what the consumers are looking for. It's not that difficult....as human as we are....we all want the same things, don't we? Or do we? Well, there's a lot of time till we get there....till then... I write....and I heal



SONG STORY

When you are sad

Write a song

Who whispered that

In my ear?

And so I write

Happy ones

and sad ones

I write from my tears

Sometimes laughter is my ink

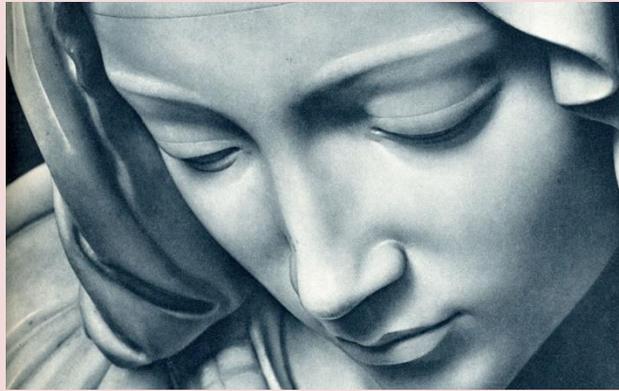
I write crazy thoughts

Sensible ones too

I write not for applause
Well, maybe a little
But more to stay anchored here
Not to float too far away
To throw a little light
In my head
In yours too.



Vineetha Mekkoth: Vineetha Mekkoth is a poet, writer, translator, editor. Lives with her family in Calicut. Translates for the Kerala Sahitya Akademi. Has published poems in various national and international anthologies. Her poetry collection, 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' was published by Authorspress, New Delhi in August 2017.



TO A MOTHER, ON THE 2,025th BIRTHDAY OF HER SON

What was it like, Mary, laying
on a rough and rank bed of straw
waiting for the final push, then
the newborn? There were no stirrups

save those that might have hung across
a wooden crossbeam left by some
anonymous traveler, safe
and warm in a bed in the inn.

Was delivery more trying,
giving birth with an unbroken

hymen? Did you get to compare
this birth to any others? What

was it like, Mary, inhaling
the thick stench of the placenta
while you were holding your newborn
child, only to learn later that,

no matter how miraculous
this particular conception,
your son's fate would ultimately
be a blood-soaked death.



William P. Cushing: He grew up in New York but also lived in several states along with the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico before moving to California. He earned an MFA in writing from Goddard College in Vermont and now teaches at East Los Angeles and Mt. San Antonio colleges, living in Glendale with his wife and their son. Besides being a regular contributor to GloMag, he's been published in numerous online journals. His poems have been featured in both volumes of the award-winning *Stories of Music*. He was recently named as one of the Top Ten L. A. Poets in 2017. Most recently, Bill was honored to have an anthology he contributed to ("Lullaby of Teeth") actually named after a line from one of the poems published in the book. Along with writing, teaching, and facilitating a writing group (9

Bridges), Bill has also been performing with an area musician in a collaboration they have named Notes and Letters, which is available on both Facebook and Youtube.



NUMBERED ARE HIS DAYS

He is lying on the tiny bed
Flat on his back for months
The mirror opposite the wall
Shows but the skeleton in him
That will suffice to scare you
Two weeks is all that is left
For him of life and its aching joy
The sight through the window
Of children with flying frisbees
Makes him pray for a second lease
On life that is but a burning taper

That consumes and melts into
A nothingness all too pervasive
All the faces with manifest pity
Only go on to augment the pangs
Of having the world to leave
While the deathless child in him
Still wants some years to live.



Zulfiqar Parvez: Vice Principal Cum O Levels English Language Teacher, London Grace International School, Dhaka. I have done my Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from the University of Rajshahi, and am the editor of Neeharika.



ciao! 😊