

GloMag
GLOMAG

*Monthly Online Poetry and Flash Fiction
Magazine*

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*Edited and Published
by Glory Sasikala*

Borna Ghosh



Title of the Cover Pic: Deconstruction

Borna Ghosh: I am a 31 year old biophysicist currently living and working in St. Louis Missouri. I am a small town girl from the coal-fields of Dhanbad, Jharkhand. I was never the cool girl, but was fortunate enough to have a lot of friends, who called me “lecturer” because I lectured them a lot :|. As a child, I must have wanted to do ten thousand different things. But the one thing that I have truly deeply ever wanted to do, and do well, is write. My creative journey started from keeping a small secret pocket diary where I wrote poems that I shared only with my best friend. From there I went on to the blogosphere like everyone else in the early 2000’s, and found friends and anonymity there. Over the years I have maintained and deleted and re-established several blogs only to delete them again. Right now, I have a very infrequently updated website (link below) which I will hopefully continue to keep.

Since I moved to St. Louis, about two years ago, I have tried to align myself with the very vibrant creative community here. For the first time in my life, I have had professional

poets review my work. This has given me some confidence to share my work with a wider audience, for example with the Glomag community.

I identify every creative pursuit as poetry. I don't mean to offend visual artists, or musicians or even writers of different genres, but that is how I understand creativity. The process of creating an ensemble of colors, words, notes or anything else, in a manner that stirs some unidentified cord in you, that is poetry.

I find it preposterous to call myself an artist, a poet or even a scientist. I am at best a student and at worst a dabbler. I dabble in poetry, write essays on issues that bother me, perform and direct stage plays and sometimes with a lot of effort I create visual art.

Website:

<http://bornaghosh.com>

Some Tips on Painting:

I am hardly one to give tips on painting, but over the years, I have developed some of my own 'postulates' for any kind of creative pursuit

1) Honesty is more important than doing something well. Tricks give you a shortcut to produce a polished 'product' faster, but if you are following the true authentic voice, you will get there anyway, even if it may take longer. On the

other hand, if your art is not founded on your true authentic feelings, they will only be a bag of tricks that you learned in school.

2) Find your medium. Don't confuse this for "Don't try new things". In fact it means the exact opposite. Keep trying different things until you find the medium that best complements your art.

3) Don't be a perfectionist. Yes, you read that right. Just like happiness, perfection in my opinion is not an worthy goal to pursue. Pursue truth instead.

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of poets in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions - and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the poet gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the poet'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 verses, 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: “Piku” movie background score by Anupam Roy

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ITm0IIEOxhk>

PREFACE

Shreekumar Varma

(author, playwright, newspaper columnist and poet)



THOSE SILENT SPACES IN YOUR LIFE...

Not long ago, I was asked to write for an anthology of essays on living with one's (and other people's) religion. The book is yet to be published, since they're waiting for a couple of contributors to send in their pieces. The book will contain inputs from people in different settings, religious activist, dancer, judge, etc, each bringing his/her own personal stuff to the table. Even before I was conscious of what I was doing, I'd brought in poetry.

I wrote: "...I realized here the person mattered more than the faith. Every religion (like culture and language) requires an inner sensibility to understand it. It reaches us as racial memory. Or deep exposure during childhood. Reading or talking about religion doesn't give it to you. When the Hindu stands with folded hands in a temple or the Christian kneels

in church, when a Muslim does his namaaz, the resonance that reaches him is beyond explanation. It's emotional, then spiritual. This resonance may be sparked by idol, ritual and atmosphere, and by recollection of myth, but it exists independent of them. It's what an outsider doesn't understand."

Strangely, when I read this piece before sending it off, I thought how good it would be if I could share its central idea with my poet friends. (Most of my poet friends belong, with me, to a magical coven called Glomag.) So, here.

So what is the central idea, this thing that's often affectionately called gutans in Malayalam?

"It stands to reason that great truths are told through rhyme and fable.

"And it's not just so they stick in the memory. Or that they're easier on young minds. It's because, without the help of poetry and the imagination, religion is soon done for. The greatest harm its advocates do to religion is to take it literally. Or too grimly. Anything that awakens joy shouldn't be handled harshly. In my opinion, this is about the biggest lesson of our times. That the spirit of religion is greater than its word."

When you travel alone in a train, or you're walking alone, and you feel bored, then, I'm sorry to say you're neither a poet nor a full-formed human being. (Which is not to say,

boredom cannot be a full-fledged activity on its own, if consumed consciously). There are spaces in our lives that can be filled with dreamy, conscious, or poetic silence. It's what the dramatist would call sub-text. It's the understanding of these silences that leads to poetry. And to the realisation of religion. And to recreating the drama of a playscript on stage.

Poetry is not scribbling furiously in a spree of rhyme and free thinking. Poetry is what is developing up there in a rarefied world in your head. Writing it out is a secondary thing. It's like electricity. It's there all the while. When you switch it on at an appropriate time at an appropriate place, the world knows it. Which means that poetry should enrich you first, then the world.

The thing within you that resonates during a powerful sunset, when you feel the mountain air or the first drops of rain, or bite into mango-flesh in the quick of summer, when you stand in a temple, trembling in the sudden stillness after bell and conch have died down, when you look at your beloved and feel her cheek in your palm even from a distance, when the throes of anger throws up love, that thing is poetry. Writing it out is secondary!

Poetry can transform you physically.

I remember being in a torturous trip to Kedarnath a few years ago. The horse had ideas of its own. It would either take me to the edge of the precipice or too near the mountainside scraping my knees against rock. The path was

narrow, and there were too many people and animals going both ways. Sitting on horseback for three or four hours does nothing gentle to your backside. I'd almost given up on life when we took a turn and the Himalayas rose up, clothed in white. Everything else fell away, exhaustion, frustration, ache. The mountains rose up and filled my life.

Moments like this come up in everyone's life. And everyone feels that moment of resonance. Writing it out is another matter. This is probably the most marked distinction between art and craft. The art within has to be crafted out!

Poetry is a powerful ally, weapon, balm and, of course, intoxicant.

When you can use your imagination. When you can feel as another does. When the outside explodes into your inside!

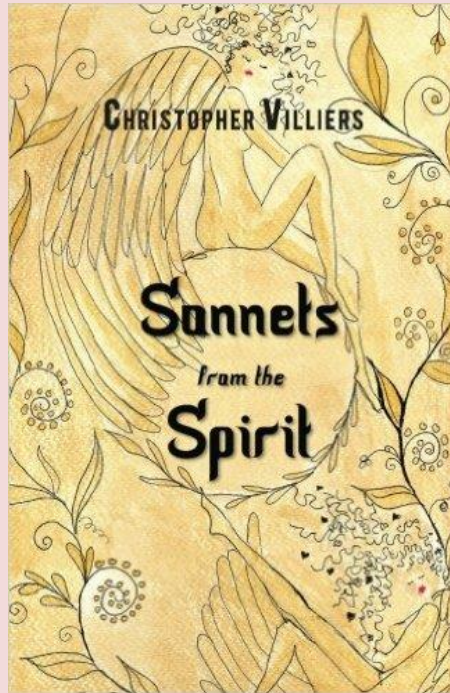
Expecting such moments from my fellow travellers, I look forward to reading this issue of Glomag.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Sonnets From the Spirit

By

Christopher Villiers



BUY THE BOOK AT

<http://www.amazon.com/Sonnets-Spirit-Christopher-Villiers/dp/0692594639>

SONNETS FROM THE SPIRIT is a collection of 52 icons in poetry on major episodes from Sacred Scripture, written according to the ancient practice of midrash, by the award-winning, British theologian and poet Christopher Villiers. The themes of the sonnets are illustrated by great works of sacred art. This book is intended to provide readers with a little feel for God working through, and sometimes despite,

very human people whose strengths and weaknesses greatly resembled those of 21st century humankind.

REVIEW

"The poems of Villiers continue the ancient practice of midrash, the breaking open of Scripture texts, by entering into the voices of its characters and illuminating new facets of the stories. As such they offer worthy meditations to accompany our sacred reading, inviting us to consider our own lived responses" - Christine Valters Paintner, Ph.D., online Abbess at Abbey of the Arts, Pantheos contributor, and author of eight books on monastic spirituality and creativity.

"In this series of sonnets, Villiers takes us from the birth of Eve to the Assumption of the Virgin, the Second Eve. The sonnets are like icons in poetry, each poem a meditation seeking to take us through the biblical text into the mystery of God" - Archpriest Andrew Louth, FBA, Professor Emeritus of Patristic and Byzantine Studies, Durham University.

"In Sonnets from the Spirit, the talented poet and theologian Christopher Villiers conveys Bible stories in verse. These rhythmic sonnets do not just tell a story. As you read, you become the central character of each poem, entering the viewpoint of Bible people and the events they encountered then, coming away with an 'I' ready to perceive and receive an ongoing relationship with God" - Mary Harwell Saylor, Christian poet and writer.

"A new voice in poetry that helps us to find fresh insights into some of the classic passages of Holy Scripture, stimulating reflection and prayer" - Reverend Paul Richardson, Assistant Bishop (ret.) of Newcastle and Reviews Editor of the Church of England Newspaper.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christopher Villiers is a British theologian and freelance writer who has written about religious matters for a wide variety of publications, both academic and popular. He holds the Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Theology from Durham University, United Kingdom, with a specialization in the history of Christian doctrine. His postgraduate thesis addressed the Divine impassibility in the theology of Saint Cyril of Alexandria, with reference to modern theological debates on divine impassibility deriving from biblical, historical and philosophical scholarship. Villiers is a practicing Catholic with an interest in ecumenism, particularly in relation to the Eastern Orthodox churches. He writes on a regular basis for the ecumenical theological journal *Sobornost*.

Villiers is the winner of the 2008 Jean Cowling Prize in Theology and the first prize-winner of the 2015 Sonnets for Shakespeare Poetry Award. Having started writing poetry again for the first time since his school days, Villiers decided to write various sonnets based on major episodes from Sacred Scripture as a spiritual exercise for Lent. Encouraged

by colleagues and friends in relation to the beauty and widespread applicability of his poems, as well as his interest in the intersection of the creative arts and spirituality, Villiers continued writing poetry after Lent, and the book *Sonnets from the Spirit is the fruit*.

LINKS:

<https://hopeandlifepress.wordpress.com/2015/12/17/author-interview-christopher-villiers/>

<https://hopeandlifepress.wordpress.com/2015/11/06/video-of-sonnets-from-the-spirit/>

<http://www.amazon.com/Sonnets-Spirit-Christopher-Villiers/dp/0692594639>

<https://gloria.tv/media/eD7yoQko4xi>

<http://www.hopeandlifepress.com/sonnets-from-the-spirit.html>

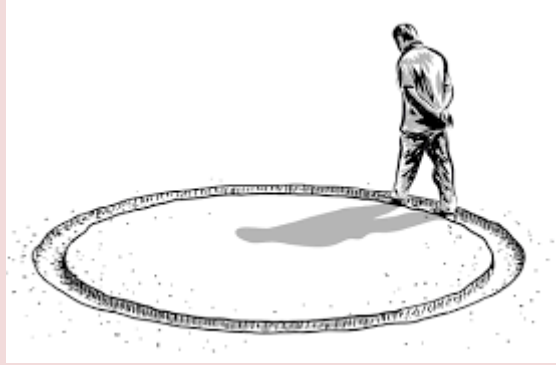
CONTENT

Aakash Sagar Chouhan	18
Anil Kumar Panda	21
Ameeta Agnihotri	23
Amitabh Mitra	26
Angela Chetty	29
Anirbit Mukherjee	34
Anurag Mathur	36
Archita Mittra	38
Avik Kumar Maiti	41
Avishek Ramaswamy Aiyar	44
Ayshwaria Sekher/Icecamp	48
Barun Bajracharya	50
Bini B.S	53
Borna Ghosh	58
N.Chandramohan Naidu	61
Christopher Villiers	63
Daniel de Culla	65
Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny	69
Deepa Duraiswamy	72

Dipankar Sarkar	74
Fehmida Zakeer	77
Geeta Varma	79
Geethanjali Dilip	82
Geoffrey Jackson	85
Glory Sasikala	87
John P. Matthew	90
Kerala Varma	93
Krishnaveer Abhishek Challa	98
Mark Antony Rossi	100
Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi	103
Maya Sharma Sriram	105
Minnie Tensingh	108
Nandini Sahu	111
Nilesh Mondal	114
Nivedita Karthik	116
Oluwatosin Olabode	119
Panjami Anand	121
Parasuram Ramamoorthi	123
Philip G. Bell	126

Prahallad Satpathy	128
Prasanna H	130
Ravi Shanker (Ra Sh)	132
Raamesh Gowri Raghavan	135
S. Radhamani	139
Rajesh Jethwani	142
Ramendra Kumar	144
Ro Hith	148
Romeo Della Valle	151
Shamenaz	153
Shobha Warriar	155
Shreekumar Varma	158
Subhash Chandra Rai	161
Sumita Dutta	164
Thileepan Manikumar	167
Usha Chandrasekharan	169
Vandana Kumar	171
Vasanthi Swetha	174
Vinay Virwani	176

Vishak Chadrsekharan	178
Vishal Ajmera	180
Vivek Shivram	183
William P. Cushing	185



"TOO-THOU-SENSE-SIXTH-SCENE"

Encircling annual sphere,
Counting down momentary copier;
A happy new year.

Four seasons'd reappear,
Yet no pattern's similar;
A happy new year.

Zilch hours discover,
Pineal recognizes transitional steer;
A happy new year.

The Cosmic casino again,
Dices 365 dimes.

Jackpot for some whilst,
Gambling plenty;
Blindfolding trillion minds in many.

A happy new year,
Would an emotional rollercoaster transcend to disappear
recurring fears.!?

Too-Thou-sense-Sixth-scene



Aakash Sagar Chouhan: He is a Rourkela-based, Odia nomad, restlessly scribbling since 2003. An undergraduate, indeed a college drop-out; but now he is a contributing Author, a blogger, a prose writer, a Poet, an article contributor, Group's Admin of many Pages and Communities. He has been a proud contributor to a few anthologies by International and Indian Poets. Apart from pouring his thoughts and himself on virgin papers, during his leisure time, Aakash is an observer, a dreamer, a philosopher. He likes to strum his Guitar and sing. He also likes to play and brush colors on canvases.

Nevertheless, he reads a lot to dive deep into the words of Authors and mystical quotes said by long beard sages, Zen monks and Sufi saints of yesteryears.



CONFLICT

In the month of May

In the scorching heat

I went to the shade of a tree

With a hope to you I would meet

Wind was blowing hot

It hurt me on my face

I waited under a tree for long

Hoping to hear rustle of your dress

Sound of leaves being

Blown away filled the air

With skin burning and itching

To meet you once I liked to be there

I saw the sun slipping

Down slowly to the west

I could not hear her footsteps

Perspiring thick I needed some rest

Evening crept in slowly

Shadows became long

A tear welled up in my eye as

I realized to me you did not belong



Anil Kumar Panda: My name is Anil Kumar Panda. Tiku is my pen name. I was born in a small town, Brajrajnagar, in the state of Odisha, in India. I am currently residing here. I work as a mine surveyor in coal mines. I write short stories and poems whenever I get time.



NON EXPRESSION

Sensuality is a word

They said

The reason for poetry.

What's that?

A word?

Some sort of feeling?

How do I express it

Non-sensually?

Do the eyes reveal erotica?

Or does the body contort?

Is it in a single touch?

Or is it deep, unreal thought?

What can I do

To show
The volcanic passion within
When I know
The lust
Lies smothered
Under
Layers
Of
Non-expression...
Untapped
Ignorant.
That, perhaps,
Is indeed
Sensuality.
My silly mind, still
Looked up the dictionary.
Six definitions
Showed up.
The one that suited me
Was

'Worldly, materialistic, irreligious.'



Ameeta Agnihotri: First of all, I love to write. Then I love to travel, and write about my travels, including about the food I eat on my blog. Being a Food Critic, I have four food books to my name: The Times Food and Nightlife Guide. My restaurant reviews come out every Friday in the Chennai Times. Yes, life's good. My book is done. It was done five years ago. Am still trying to muster the courage to edit it.

Work: <http://timescity.com/chennai>

Blogs: <http://silentsensation.blogspot.com/>

<http://fascinatingtastes.blogspot.in/>



CONNAUGHT PLACE BLUES

We had once walked around
Connaught place for hours
Trying to solve a puzzle
Of a day in its stately columns
Holding aloft the far shores
Of an unfamiliar sky
Morning of jigsaw pieces in The Book Worm or
Keventers
Mind shopping at the pavement
For love poems
Rushing to embrace

Colors, lips

At a backthought corridor in

Dhoomimal Gallery

Our legs ached

Going round and round

Just trying to be somewhere

Until the one legged man in Dass Studios

Appeared from nowhere

As Susmit Bose's voice from the gramophone

Bent down to pick us

Loving was an afternoon

In a season that finally fell in its

Rightful place.



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.



CHASING THE DOLLAR

The driving force,
Pursuit of wealth
When will it be enough?

In chasing the dollar
where have your relationships
gone to?
Have you forgotten
your roots,
your humble beginnings?
Do you still visit the friends
you once shared your hopes and dreams with,
the family who rooted for you,
your aging parents,

who sacrificed for
your education?
Or are you
now in social circles
mingling with the elite?

Do you have a sense of peace
Are you consumed by the pursuit
of wealth and forgotten
True happiness?
Money does not equate to happiness
chasing the dollar at all costs
Erodes the psyche
like blood sucking vampires
Snatches the lifeline
of humanity.
Money should never
Rule your heart and mind
that your true identity is forgotten.

Chasing the dollar

Catching the breeze

Fancy cars

Presidential hotel suites

Designer clothes and shoes

First class flights

Enjoy the ride

Stay true to

Who you are

Let money not be the reason to live

Cos in an instant it can change

With stock market crashes

And financial woes

Chasing the dollar

Is like finding the dragon

Once slain

It can never rule again.

Chasing the dollar

Catching the breeze

Losing your soul
Should never be the result
Compromising your principles
Bending the rules
and ethics is no more
The one thing you were
so proud of...
Cos now, it's all about the money

Show me the dollar
Feel the breeze
At any cost.
A sad state of humanity.
Chasing the dollar
Losing one's soul...



Angela Chetty: is a HR Manager, an avid poet and lyricist who lives in Durban, South Africa. Angela imbibes her work with a deep passion and belief that words can touch hearts and change lives. The depths of her soulful prose, cuts across different genres, talking to matters of the heart. Poetry is music for my soul; like oxygen, the breath of my life. In 2013, an Anthology of Poetry entitled, Heartfelt moments - A Treasure Trove was published

www.heartfeltmomentspoetry.com

In 2015, her poem “Miss Me” was selected as Editor’s choice for the Contemporary Poetry Digest.



BANGALORE BLUES

Random things. Lonely evenings.
Pastel brown Bangalore skies.
A narrow lane. A room for three.
A distant traveler. An idiot me.

A wet backpack,
A crumpled paper.
A scribbled address.

A black and yellow tattering auto.
My humble vehicle. My ambitious journey.

Petrichor!
The quaint smell of lost memories.
Will this rain wet my bones?

Can you please find Puttenhalli road!?
I don't care if you overcharge.
Just get me there!
All I have is just this hour!

Topsyturvy
taciturn world.

We are all stardust!
And yet we meet in Bangalore.
Like camphor.
Like a magic show.
The pledge. The turn. The prestige.
A grand contraption.
For a disappearing act?



Anirbit Mukherjee: I did my undergraduate in physics from the Chennai Mathematical Institute (CMI) and then a master's in physics from the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research (TIFR), Mumbai. Currently I am in the PhD. program in physics at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign (UIUC). Poetry has always been an intrinsic part of my life as much as mathematics and theoretical physics. I write primarily in Hindi and English and sometimes in Bangla. For a decade in between, I used to ardently do water-colour and oil-painting and pastel and charcoal art too.



Breathless as I read
The confluence of the seasons
They have their moods
But never any reasons
Pondered if the monsoon
Might be passing by
Give both of them a nudge
Push the summer goodbye
And let the autumn enter
With a wintry sigh



YOUR WORDS

Why should the world be deprived

Of a little sunshine

In watching your emotions play

And then jumping as it were

To grab the heart and make one realise

It was our feelings your poems chose to say

~ Inspired by and Dedicated to Anupama Soni ~



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost 2 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.



A MERMAID'S LAMENT

Your sun glittered like a pearl,
From the blue mist of my sky.

For your love,

I've walked on knives, I've danced

On fire, bled invisibly.

Now, I watch you dream

Of the one beside you.

That temple girl, the one with blue eyes

That stole my dream.

Now, I wait with my knife,

And a wish to return to my five sisters,

My corals, my dark red flowers

Fades, with each breath you take.

I think I can see your soul

Shimmer, like a veil.

I do not have a soul. I have only-

My darkness. I gave up my voice

For you who, loves that temple girl.

The hag tore out my tongue.

So I could never sing to you. I did not cry

Then.

I saved your life from a darkness

And I cried to see you alive.

But, now, I have a knife

To bleed you red,

But I

Cannot bring myself,

To slay the one

I suffered for. I was only

Your plaything, foundling.

I shall not hurt. I shall disappear

Like the mist, into foam .

So I crumple.

As dawn breaks,
Like a crack in the heavens,
Dripping red, like a trail of blood.



Archita Mitra: She is a freelance writer, artist and designer based in Calcutta, India. A first year student of English at Jadavpur University, she is also pursuing a diploma in Multimedia and Animation from St.Xavier's College. Her poetry has appeared in numerous publications and anthologies including Quail Bell Magazine, eFiction India, Life In 10 Minutes, among others.



(In)Tolerance: An Imaginary Interview-A Broken Sonnet

‘Hi ,I came for an interview, people like to listen to be guided by intellectual like you sir’

“Phew! Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, nothing with words to fire”

‘But sir, why so tensed? The threat is more from outside, we Life go on totally normal’

“Abysmal abysmal! Oh just a month ago—the game of awards and quotes, life was so colourful”

‘Be content sir, we have conquered the chaos, the snake has slipped back into cote’

“Note, note, don’t hurt me, no intolerance now, my wife can see me without remote”

‘Sir, Why will you not write on Pathankot martyrs and the pseudo-war?’

“Open the door; I believe in internationalism, know about El Salvador?”

‘But sir, the Jawans die ,the nation must salute their perseverance and dedication.’

“Ration ,ration, a country needs .The soldiers should die, See Warshaw declaration”.

‘But, our liberty they try to snatch it from us, we bleed see the statistics!’

“bogus,! nonintellectual soldiers! blunt martial awards! ask me about Kant’s æsthetics”

‘Sir! A candle march an elegy, at least an open letter to citizen; please no debate no hesitation.’

“Urn ode?! No way! go global.Marxism and Capitalism for me now more serious concern”.



Avik Kumar Maiti: (email - itzakm@gmail.com) He is a poet and writer from Midnapore. He is a permanent ESL teacher at Belda Gangadhar Academy, West Bengal. He likes to travel, explore the locale with cultures, to drink life to the lees', passion in humanity and drenched in literature. He believes

that God is there and one day everything will be fine again. He believes in the flame eternal that is within us, which may cause a miracle with just a sympathetic touch.



PHOOL WALI

(I)

She wears mascara in my dreams,
Like banks of the Ganges thick with silt,
Drowning her thoughts in between.
Glimpses of her desires do surface,
Until the waves do stifle them.

She disappears with the evening,
her day's wares dwindling with
the sun, shedding its color for the day.
The flowers that remain will adorn
the aging tombstones of her kin.

(II)

Flowers in Gulmarg
Are like smiles of sadness,

Nestling on the brow of the valley,
Dressing the bride for her grave,
Where the groom lies in waiting.

There is love in patches though,
Not in the air but more
like sunlight wrapping clouds around it,
And peeking through the gaps,
like in flowers in the phool wali's basket.

(III)

In the tulips I see Kashmir's soul,
Reposing in the wicker basket,
Like a child's innocence in a mother's lap.
Sleeping to the lilting lullabies
Of the phool wali's melancholic music.

In magnolias and daffodils has the heart diffused,
The safe-keeper of Kashmiri love.
And thus is the valley a sight to behold,
The phool wali's flowers preserving

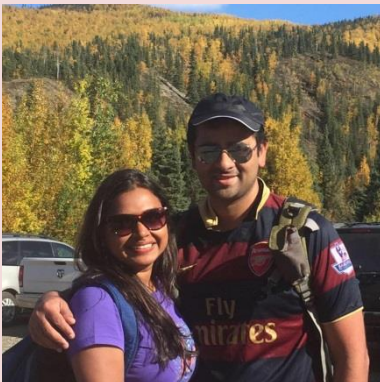
The fossils of a people once alive.

(IV)

The hand curling round the basket's neck,
like a tender thread beading life's pearls,
leads to a tired, yet beautiful visage,
where the eyes sit below a proud forehead,
selling Kashmir's heart and soul.

For there is life and there is Kashmir,
And there are people and there are Kashmiris,
Riding the shikara, denizens of heaven,
Holding onto life's pearls,
Slowly slipping off the phool wali's thread.

*~For the beautiful people of Kashmir who once knew what
love meant~*



Avishek Ramaswamy Aiyar: I was born and brought up in pristine Calcutta and lived the first 18 years of my life there before moving to Chennai for my undergraduate education. I eventually moved to the US, where I completed my doctoral studies in Chemical Engineering. I currently work as a scientist at IBM in New York.



On a hued evening sky,
Orange, blue and grey;
Your presence and otherwise,
Marks significantly the calendars of life;
Waxing and nurturing through your bountiful supplies
Waning and depleting when the brim fills,
To signify that cycle of life
Moves from one being to another and does not stay still.



Ayshwaria Sekher/Icecamp: An International Relations graduate, but a reluctant practitioner. Searching about the self through practices that seem conducive to the naked eye but weathers the spirit. Believes in the conditional - unconditional love of a dog and no other's. Extends reality from books and tries to achieve vice versa. Shuns from the' –

isms' but cannot escape the brackets cast. A bundle of contradictions in short!



COSTLY WATER

Oh costly water

You smell like rotten fruit

Sweltering the wall of my nostrils

You taste like burning poison

Scorching away my throat

How could I ever drink more of you?

Still my honeys and sweeties purchase you everyday

To gulp when they are despondent or ecstatic

To gulp when there is every reason

And to gulp when there is none

They claim it gives them

More audacity than Hercules

More adoration than cupid

More exquisiteness than Cinderella

More perception than Da Vinci

And most of all

It gives them a foretaste of utopia

So if this fleeting hallucination is the definitive utopia

Let me pick up a glass

Or rather a full bottle

Let me drink and drink

Let me taste that land of more and more

For this world is lifeless

All that is left is its decaying carcass

And we are nothing but maggots



Barun Bajracharya: He is the author of a short story book *Sins of Love* and contributing author of short story anthologies: *You, Me and Zindagi 2*, *The Zest of Inklings*, *Once upon a Time*, *Blank Space* and *Rudraksha*. Barun is a Communications Officer at an INGO and an Editor at PEN

Point (literary journal). Furthermore, he is the youngest member of PEN International Nepal Chapter and Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World. In October, 2013 he travelled to S. Korea to represent Nepal in the general conference of Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World, attended by 9 countries, where he earned appreciation for his poems. He can be contacted at barunbajracharya@gmail.com.

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ALTERNATIVE REDEMPTION

God my father

It was your will-

That I wed a saint.

In holy matrimony

My husband and I

Made the spirit our abode

Unadulterated by the fever-

Of flesh, filth of blood;

I wear his medallion,

Burnt into my heart-

A covenant of fidelity.

Yet

With fervent wooing

The devil gnaws at

The frigid meat of my soul!

The dark man's devotion

Consumes me, fulfills me

The inferno of his embrace

Sulphurous perspiration

What bliss of surrender!

God my father

Save my poor soul

From temptations!

Counsels the virgin:

"May the divine blood

Of my son intoxicate you

May the Eucharist sate

Your cravings for flesh

Beware, a fat cigar in the mouth
Arouses carnal associations
Never ever bring
A stranger into your lair
The hell hole of desire.”

I smoke the devil
We gulp potent drinks
Hum amorous verse all night
Playing the lyre of our veins
The devil sleeps like a child on my bed,
Spent, curled in my warmth
Unaware of my schemes
To exorcise him;
I kiss his lip and weep!

God my father
Save my poor soul
But my body celebrates
This ecstatic damnation

God my father

I have a plan

You keep my sinning soul

But let the poor devil

Have my body

Hallelujah

May the flesh rejoice!



Bini B.S: She is currently a Post-Doctoral Research Fellow at Balvant Parekh Centre for General Semantics and Other Human Sciences, Baroda, India. Her research articles, poems and translations have appeared in national and international Journals and anthologies including Poetry Chain, Kritiya, Samyukta, South Asian Ensemble, Kavyabharati, Korzybski And... (Published by Institute of General Semantics) and The Virtual Transformation of the Public Sphere (Routledge). She

is one of the editors of *Anekaant: A Journal of Polysemic Thought* and the Managing Editor of *The Journal of Contemporary Thought*. Her poems appeared in a collection of 'corporeal poetry' titled, *A Strange Place Other than Earlobes: Five Poets Seventy Poems*, published by Sampark, Calcutta.



MASQUERADE

I wonder if it was
In the crematory of my dreams,
Or the streets I wander on
To escape their dying screams,
I saw you
On a heap of torn up journals,
Their stories set ablaze
Your face burning in their craze,
Like embers fanned by the wind.

Your madness, made me cry,
Cold even in the blazing riot,
I asked you "Why?"

And then you started pulling off,
Masks covering your face,
One by one
A smile, a slur
A kiss, a bite
Your face twisted and crumbled,
Blood flowed down your temples.

When it came off,
That mask called pain,
Who was it that stared back?
A face so familiar,
Like a mirror standing up to me!
I buried my eyes in my palms,
Cheeks burning from the flares,
I picked up with a trembling arm -

One mask then another and the next
The blood, the tears,
The raw flesh touched my own.

I stood upon the ashes of those journals

The masks are on,

And the show has now begun.



Borna Ghosh: I am nobody, as Emily Dickinson would say. Every morning I wake up and start my work of erasing myself. Every night I go to bed having failed in that effort. Narcissism, Maya? Who knows what is it that keeps me chained within myself.



BEHROOPIYA

Myth cannot be history*

Man rules through god

procreates daily

all picture perfect calendar wise

it is business too

they come dressed up as gods

** as hanuman kids go for the tail

one leap they run for their life

as ram women worship

krishna girls virtually fall for him

narada chased all the way

gandhi they helplessly fall for him

faith is just skin deep.



N.Chandramohan Naidu: Am 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.



EVALUATION

I slouch into my day's redundancy,
Empty sacks of yesterday sit rotting,
My coin no longer legal currency,
In unshone ditches I stay squatting.
I am not much young now; one cannot claim
Easily a bright future soon breaking,
In the dull streets where no one knows my name
No hope is there of great business making.
Swift years of slow days burying down deep,
The vanities of a moment's floating,
Raking a past into a sleeping heap,
Long-dead episodes not worth quoting.
I am not "great," perhaps I can be good,
Shouldn't that be enough? Indeed it should.



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.



LOVERS LO...

Lovers look for this snowflake

From Victor Hugo's Hauteville House's Garden

Overlooking the sea

In St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands

During his time in exile from France

From many ages ago

Precisely midnight

Dominique and Me reaching spiritual illumination

As the French author inspiration for many

Of his fine works

Including Les Miserables, and Toilers of the Sea

Teaching us

How to turn our miserable mess

Into a beautiful, joyful and splendid one

Saying to us from his statue:

“There’s no tyranny in the State of Exile.

Fortunately, you have a handbook that shows me

How to discover salvation

Through the pineal gland”.

Hugo described the Islands

As "fragments of France which fell into the sea

And were gathered up by England".

A Nazi bunker built by Germans

In the II War goes round all the island

One said:

“Chaos and strife are the roots

Of all fascist boots here”

I’m working in L’Ancress Bay Hotel

Today disappeared by a fire

As a night porter, first

And assistant of chef, afterward

The Bay is a flash of intense light

As though its very psyche

Is the fog returning
As Hugo' spirit laughing
In happy anarchy.
I am alive and I can tell You as He:
"You are free".
Dominique is a pretty whore
An employee of shop of clothes
Her eyes were as soft as feather
And as deep as eternity of shit.
Her body was the spectacular dance
Of atoms and universes
Pyrotechnic of pure energy
Opening her flourish haired vagina
Her cunt was my chaos
Disappointed to uncover only reference
To bloody Taoism
Revealing its scroll.
She was a diagram
Like a yin-yang with a pentagon on one side
And an apple on the other of her buttocks

Losing consciousness

In her Bloody Mary' period

Being apparent that her experience

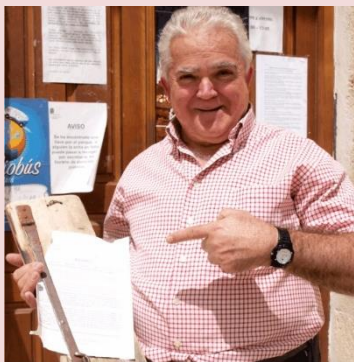
Had been where

We discussing our strange encounter

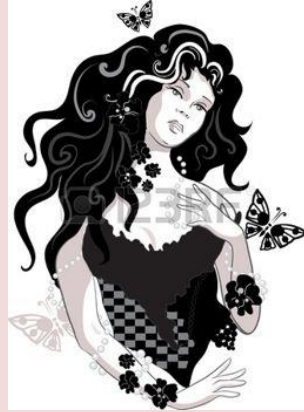
And reconstructed from memory

The chimpanzee's diagram

Of our Asses in Love, as Lovers Lo...



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.



AWAKE O FANTASY

awake from your dreams
before you are lost in flights of fancy
and the mind turns misty
where illusions stealthy
steals the reality
and delusions blur the visions
of the senses
I am here in body and soul
I am real, embrace me
in the euphoria of your love

awake and look around you
and see beyond dreams
that love is alive and vibrant

and not lost
in the delusions of dreams
I am here, alive and visible
for your eyes to behold
for your hands to touch feel and caress
I am not a shadow
lingering in your dream

could I steal a kiss from your lips
walk with you in the rain
let you feel the freedom
of the raindrops
as it caresses your skin
washing away tears drops

spilling from a restless heart
would you walk with me
under the moonlight
and let the rays of the moonbeams
bathe you in the softness

of its shimmering light
could I lay claim to the fantasy
in your thoughts
and embrace the flight
of your imagination
and incarnate my whole being
in the emotions of your soul
so that you would know that I am real
and not a phantom in your dreams



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.



DO YOU HAVE TO LAUGH SO LOUD?

Do you have to laugh so loud?

Your curls are getting unruly;

And do please wear smarter clothes

You'll ruin my image, truly!

Oh must you visit that old age home?

We've got better places to be;

And stop meeting that friend of yours!

She's going nowhere, I can see.

What is it that you're reading?

Stick to news, that's the best bet!

Aren't you happy to be eating out?

Good, let's order this and this, not that.

Oh but why have you changed so much

From the person I used to know?

Seems so long ago, there was a time

When I loved you so.



Deepa Duraiswamy: Deepa is chronically afflicted by what she terms the 'something else syndrome' – the condition of always wanting to be doing something else. So it's fortunate her interests span from languages to lampshades, from history to hyper-accelerating galaxies. She is an engineer and MBA, attempting to work towards a PhD in Saiva Agamas when not running behind her toddler.



THE JOURNEY OF A NAKED CHILD

The naked child walked alone,
Through the labyrinthine lanes, and the by-lanes,
In search of a sunrise and that of a gale.
Darkness was the deepest just before the sunrise,
He was not sure of that, he didn't know,
At the end of the horizon, hidden were the orange shades.
The road was not the smoothest for him,
No one cared, no one asked,
Why he had no clothes, why he was alone.
Isolated and lonely, he kept up his solitary walk,
Wondering at the darkness of hell,
Why it was called earth, a kingdom of marvel.

There was no light on the road,
No mercy, no compassion,
Everyone lost in a trance,
Immersed in an illusion of self.
Yet there were the bright lines,
The orange hues and the bluish hints.
Fresh air blew over the stale,
And rose the promise of a gale.
The child knew nothing of these, nothing at all,
Didn't know what's right and what's wrong,
About the boundaries and the walls.
The walk was all that he knew,
Unaided and abandoned,
With the promise of a sunrise,
And that of a gale.



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.



FLAWLESS POSSESSION

close that palm, quick,
trap that glint, rest
content, a globule of light
locked in your hand, smile
satisfied, peaceful
one, two, take a peek
three four five
palm opens wide, a barren land
crisscrossed with lines, dark, dim
sit back inside
a prison of shadows
and then it comes again, a sparkle
tumbles, dances onto your palm
no, don't close, leave

open, unfettered
see the bubble pulsate, grow,
a globe of brightness
inside the cup of your open hand



Fehmida Zakeer: She has been published in journals and anthologies such as Out of Print Magazine, Asian Cha, Rose and Thorn Journal, The Bangalore Review, The Four Quarters Magazine, Quarterly Literary Review Singapore, Everyday Fiction, Kritya, Pangea: An Anthology of Stories from Around the World, Ripples: Short Stories by Indian Women Writers, and elsewhere. She is based in Chennai.



Now,
Little time
And lost
Memories converge,
Tides have a way of speaking
With rise and fall
With heart beats
Caught in madness
Lashing waves tell stories
Of so much love and pain!



Did not see –

Darkness descend
On silent rocks or water
A grand spell of orange dusk!
A day's story over
They disappear in flight
There is no one here
But this untied horse in wilderness.

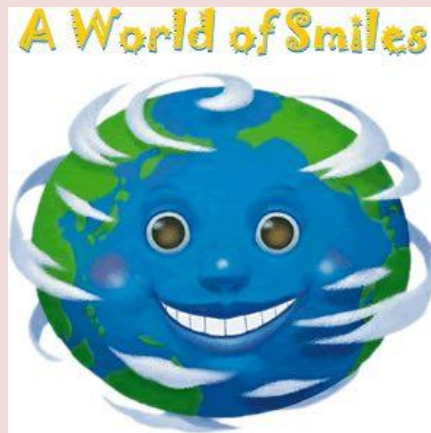


RAINS. They float like ants. On disturbed waters. So tiny, confused and defeated. They huddle. Those little wet birds. On dark trees. And under. Voices drown in fear.



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.



PUT A SMILE

Put a smile on my face when I wake from my slumber,
And my curtains let in morning light, rays asunder,
When leaves hold crystals of dew, the night's reminder,
That life still goes on, although I play dead as my spirit does
wander!

Put a smile on my face as I brush away dust from yesterday's
winds, staid longings,

That whisper and gossip of deeds done and undone, for only
remorse it brings,

All that went by only reflections on my illusory mirror,
showing redundant things,

That I hold on to uselessly, a parasite memory to my being it
clings!!

Let me shine up my window panes foggy from failures so frail,

For out there life begins festivities and laughter like summer breeze does trail,

Put a smile as my eyes light up and in balmy winds I sail,

This my vessel glides and floats to new shorelines, island of a singing quail!!

Put that smile when I need it most and when trials confront me,

For I look up to You Master as You guide my destiny,

And in courage that I muster accepting Your finality,

Let my smile spread all over throwing clear light in a dark day's alley!!



Geethanjali Dilip: A Chennaiite at heart, she is a graduate from Ethiraj College and a postgraduate in French from Bangalore University. She is passionate about poetry, travel, teaching travel, gardening, interior decoration, and enjoying a deep spiritual connection with everything. She's been

teaching French, freelance, in Salem for the past 34 years in schools and colleges, and at her centre, Zone Francophone, in Salem. Her family includes her husband, Dilip Narsimhan, daughter, Manasa, son-in-law, Ajay, granddaughter, Aarushi, and her parents.



DOWN TO THE RIVER

I go down
To the river to pray
On this gloomiest
Of gloomy Danish days
When wet autumn
Droops
In glistening drops
From the trees
And winter stands
Awaiting
At the door
Of the shortest day
Which glooms forth
At the end of December

Promising hard winter
And fresh January snow
As the light returns



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 cosmotrollop and Americanophile with New World dreams, Geoff is the Poetry Editor for Fullosia Press.



NRI

"Ma!" you cry

What are you doing?

How are you?

Did you eat?

Did you take your tablets?

Ma, it is all fine here

They are all good

I'm well fed, well comforted

My bed is soft, my clothes are fine

I work at my pace

My weekends are free

I go sightseeing

There's so much to do!

Pilates, dancing and fishing

Unlike there

where they're corrupt and dirty
where they encroach and manipulate
where nothing will ever be right
where it's all stagnation

Ma, I'm so happy here!

This is life!

The air is fresh and unpolluted
and I can voice my opinions
without fear

Ma, I miss you!

You must come here some time

To see all these wonders

This is life!

This is the world!

I hold the little frocks I stitched with care

Look around -

her towel, her smell, her lived-in room

and I answer into the void

I am well child, you take care

my words, they vanish

into thin air.



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer residing currently in Chennai. She works as Quality Analyst for language. Not an Earthling by any stretch of the imagination, where breathing, writing, living and loving lose their personal identity and present as one, she comes from that world...sometimes letting her pen lead her, sometimes leading her pen...It's a Pied Piper's tune all the way!

<http://glorysasikala.wix.com/ebooks>



SMART CITY

Build me a smart city that borders the seas,
By Malabar Hill where there's plenty of breeze.
Where flowers grow on uncluttered streets,
And single-screen theatres play old movies.

Build me a walled city that's free of crime,
Where no one slumbers on avenues of slime.
Appoint a policeman who is honest and smart,
Who won't bend down to robbers and farts!

Build me a city where people don't roam aimlessly,
And, work on jobs around the corner, yes, seriously!
Two bedrooms, hall, and kitchen would do fine,
To spend insomniac nights of lying supine.

Build me a city where cell phones don't rob sleep,
Where friendships are real and grudges don't keep.
Where friends, wherever they are, return urgent calls,
And, aren't just smirking pictures on walls.

Build me a city where Internet and wi-fi are free,
There's no need to pay income tax or parking fee.
Where media is not always breaking false news
And ad jingles don't turn ear worm and confuse.

Build me a city where nights are not darkness wrapped,
Where women are unmolested and girls unraped.
Where homeless people can sleep in night shelter,
Where smiles are warm and free is laughter.

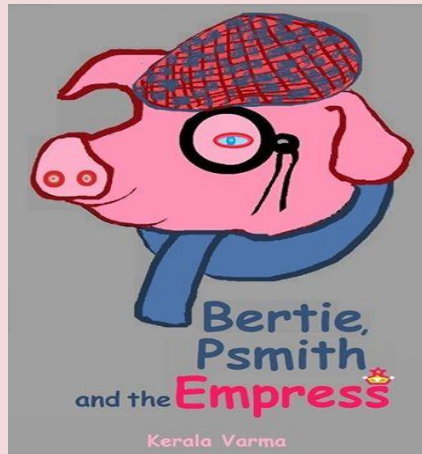
Build me a city where men don't dart into hellholes,
To biometric systems and cubicles without souls.
Then train-compressed commute to their tiny flats,
To canned laughter and inane dramatic plots.

Build me a city where rain doesn't lives disrupt,
Where sewage doesn't overflow and streets are swept.
Where a man can lay his tired head on a bed,
And say, "Oh, it was a bad, but you will always be loved."



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 is working on his first novel and writing a book-length travelogue about his native state of Kerala.



(2)

(Continued...)

“Bertie, my dear fellow, I have some serious business discussion to conclude with you this afternoon.”

The old and steady Wooster heart skipped a beat to remind the rest of his body of the warning of Jeeves in the morning about the lunch guest being a smooth talking dandy endowed with an admirable ability to put across the most dangerous adventures to an unsuspecting ally, without being bothered about ethical questions.

“I’m not sure if I’m the right guy as your business partner.”

“Let me elaborate. You need have no fear of being entangled in any of my well-meaning schemes, which unfortunately have acquired dubious reputations over a period, no doubt due to the rather conservative mindset of the English upper class. Whom I really want is Jeeves, who can’t get an invitation to Blandings Castle solely on the strength of his social standing, unless you are invited.”

My face turned ashen. He probably meant it as a tribute to the superlative brain of Jeeves, but he could have expressed it in a subtler manner. I may not be an Einstein dash it; but the frequency of this insinuation that the Wooster is just a brainless rooster and that the only intelligent and resourceful member of the household is Jeeves has been going up rather too sharply in recent times like a bull run in the London stock market.

“Blandings Castle? I’ve never been there. How the devil shall I get an invitation to stay there? Even if I get an invitation, I have no intention to be a guest at the castle.”

I’m sure Jeeves would approve of the steely resolve I just now exhibited.

“That’s where you have an important role to play.”

I looked up, conscious of a new respect being shown to the famous Wooster brand.

“Bertie, you must help me by getting an invitation for yourself and me for a week’s stay in Blandings Castle. After we reach the castle, I would need the services of Jeeves only. I’ll let you relax for the whole week in the charming company of the spectacularly beautiful but emotional Veronica Wedge, who is grieving after being recently dumped by Tipton Plimsoll, the American millionaire. She's grieving because she was looking forward to the American’s millions.”

I ignored his repeated insinuation, “I do not know Lord Emsworth at all. From what I have heard, he won’t be keen to have guests at his home because he considers them pests and a threat to the well-being of his prized pig, the Empress of Blandings. I have absolutely no alibi to get myself invited. Further, his sister Lady Constance Keeble, who runs the household with an iron hand, if that is the expression I have in mind, and has the final say on the guest list, is anti-Wooster to the core as she has been forewarned by her friend and my aunt Agatha. So, my dear Smith, please banish all thoughts from your fertile mind that I’ll be a part of this bally scheme of yours.”

“I had once stayed at Blandings Castle in disguise as the Canadian poet Ralston McTodd. I even managed to get hired as secretary to Lord Emsworth. But due to certain unfortunate happenings thereafter, I’m not in a position to be welcomed to the gardens, rolling parks, lush green lawns, water-meadows, ivied walls, wide terraces and the imposing towers and turrets of the grand castle. I’m hoping you’ll smuggle me in as a Scottish poet or an Irish artist.”

“I’m sorry, Smith, I can’t be of much use here. I’ll ask Galahad Threepwood for help. He’s the only one in the family I’m pally with. He’s the younger brother of the earl and he has considerable influence on the head of the family. In fact, Gally, who is sound on pigs and once helped in getting the portrait of the pig painted, is the only member of the family,

whom the earl likes. I meet him in our weekend orgies. He was telling me the earl was looking for an assistant pig man as deputy to the pig man Cyril Wellbeloved. I'll request Gally to smuggle you in as the assistant pig man."

"Assistant pig man?" Smith could not conceal his discomfiture, despite his claim of being a socialist.

"It's not all that bad. The earl's younger son Freddie Threepwood, who is Vice President in the American company Donaldsons Dog Joy after he married the promoter's daughter Niagara Donaldson, is now in Blanding's Castle in an assignment to introduce the American corporate culture in the old joint, much to the chagrin of his laid back father Lord Emsworth. Your designation could be Assistant Vice President (Pig)."

The Psmith countenance brightened up considerably, "That sounds better, Bertie."

Jeeves has always been a proponent of the psychology of the individual, and I now follow him like a bloodhound when he snaps it smartly out of the bag, "You need to study the psychology of the pig before you take up your new position, which will give you an opportunity to be in the good books of the pig, to whom Lord Emsworth is emotionally attached in a deep spiritual manner. But tell me, why would a material man of the city like you want to be stuck in a place like Blandings Castle in the uninspiring company of the forgetful Lord Emsworth, the formidable Lady Constance Keeble, the

pigman Cyril Wellbeloved and the substantial Empress of Blandings?”

“To steal the prize pig.”



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.



THE DAY WAS CURSED

Yes! the day was cursed

When the flying freedom

Was caught in that whirlpool of tears

Yes! the day was cursed

When the shining sun

Was hidden by the concrete clouds

Of bloodshed

Yes! The day was cursed

When the throat was choked

To sing the anthem

That lost its soul

Yes! The day was cursed

That had to cover its stars

With the blanket of eclipsed moon

Yes! The day was cursed

When the country lost
Its father who gave it birth
With his wings of Satya and Ahimsa



Krishnaveer Abhishek Challa: He works as an Assistant Professor of English at Gayatri Vidya Parishad Degree and PG College (Autonomous), Visakhapatnam, India and is the Secretary of Linguistics Research Society, and was the CEO of Tao Educare. He has authored 23 books and published 67 Research articles, poetry and book reviews in reputed journals, edited volumes and seminar proceedings. He has presented his Research papers in numerous seminars and was the Resource Person for many workshops.



SCHEME OF THINGS

art arrives as an
orphan
cold tired hungry angry ready
to do
battle
with those content
to settle with the familiar.

soil suffers oxen and plow
if growth
is to sustain
a village
rearing
a new generation.

art comes to the
world
scheming to create anew
another world
built to hold
the elbows of God
resting visibly on the sleepy
landscape.

pen the revolt
paint the day colours
not seen since the last uprising.
the familiar must die
as should the poets
on the king's payroll.



Mark Antony Rossi: His poetry, criticism, fiction and photography have appeared in The Antigonish Review,

Another Chicago Review, Bareback Magazine, Black Heart Review, Collages & Bricolages, Death Throes, Ethical Spectacle, Gravel, Flash Fiction, Japanophile, On The Rusk, Purple Patch, Scrivener Creative Review, Sentiment Literary Journal, The Sacrificial ,Wild Quarterly and Yellow Chair Review.

<http://markantonyrossi.jigsy.com>



MY HONOR IN TATTERS

(English transcreation of a poem written in Gujarati)

My honor in tatters patched up with your smile
was neither in my favour nor to my benefit—
I, a mere boat and you the captain,
together we rambled roamed and swam,
how would it matter if we sank together now?



THE DIN OF THE WEEDS

The vineyards after the harvest
sleep like comatose mothers.

The palm trees sway and dance
with their minds elsewhere.

Only the weeds due now for a
total genocide, celebrate life in
gay abandon.



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.



A PANTOUM - IN REPLY TO GLORY'S TAUNT

I think I have put myself in a spot,
In following Glory's literary path,
I've tested the water- boy, is it hot!
I may give up verse and turn to math.

In following Glory's literary path
I dodge bumps and roadblocks,
I may give up verse and turn to math-
Learn to add instead or read the clocks.

I dodge bumps and roadblocks,
Fancily called meter and rhyme
Learn to add instead or read the clocks,
Take in a concert or a pantomime.

Fancily called meter and rhyme,
They fill me with dread and unease.
Take in a concert or a pantomime
To forget them; Ill rear some bees.

They fill me with dread and unease:
I 've tested the water- boy is it hot
To forget them Ill rear some bees-
I think I may have put myself in a spot.



Maya Sharma Sriram: She is a full time writer based in Mumbai. She writes fiction. and poetry. Her work has appeared in many journals in India and abroad including Mused Literary Journal and Kavya Bharathi. Her poem, "Qurst" was shortlisted for the All India Poetry contest conducted by the Poetry Society and British Council in 1994

and it appeared in the anthology *Voice in Time*. She was one of the winners of the Elle Fiction Award 2010. She is the most author of the book, *Bitch Goddess for Dummies*. She has finished work on her second novel and when not plotting her third book, spends her time appeasing gods in multiple pantheons in the hope of signing her second publishing contract.



OUT OF MY MIND

You wanted to be

With me

I opened wide the door

To my mind.

Stock still you stood

And stared

The cobwebs blurred

Your vision.

Bones cracked and dry

Went tumbling by.

Yet you stumbled in,

A valiant try.

Lightening, thunder.

Wild winds screamed.

Merciless rains

Beat down on you.

Icy hands clawed about.

A cold sweat

Broke out.

You didn't expect this.

Where are the sunny climes,

The dainty dews,

Familiar themes,

Complacent views?

Carefully you step back

Out of my mind.

Gently you close the door

And walk away.



Minnie Tensingh: I think I have been writing from the age of 10, contributing to the school and college magazines. Several prizes for creative writing and poetry competitions have encouraged me to keep at it. Reading is my passion and often distracts me from writing.

Currently I am on the verge of bringing out a story book targeting children in their pre and early teens to encourage reading among children.



SITA (A POEM)

Canto XXIV

I am Prakriti; born of and fading into Mother Nature.

I am Shakti, phenomenal destroyer of Ravana.

I am grace; I stand for mercy, bounty and redemption.

I am the ultimate woman; the glorious mother of Lava-Kusha.

I am Nature; I have inestimable moods and assortments.

I am power; I have innumerable appearances on earth.

I am splendor; I transcend the crimson womanly.

I am pure bliss; I float as foam on the sea of frenzy.

I am innocence; born naked from the furrow.

I am a teardrop; I stand for the mourning -mortality.

I am a bird; grasped and fluttered to withdrawn regions.

I am a memory; sweltering and reverberating time and again.

I am birth; my girlhood is joyous with simmering intimations.

I am growth; I burn in the flame of the fire-ordeal.

I am death; I overpower Ravana, I eclipse evil.

I am immaculate; I have the attitude for the tide of
sovereignty.

I am mighty; my power lies in ultimate motherhood.

I am divine; my love and grace redeems the universe.

I am humane; I suffer like any mortal average.

I am benevolence; let them admire my compassionate
pedigree.

I am malevolence; I care no birth, bondage and death.



Nandini Sahu: She is an Associate Professor of English in IGNOU, New Delhi, India. She is a poet, creative writer and literary critic; is the author/editor of eleven books, and has several research papers published in India, U.S.A., U.K. and Pakistan. Her areas of research interest cover New Literatures, Critical Theory, Folklore and Culture Studies, Children's Literature, American Literature and ELT. She is the Chief Editor of two bi-annual refereed journals, Interdisciplinary Journal of Literature and Language(IJLL) and Panorama Literaria(PL).

www.kavinandini.blogspot.in



GONGA GHAT'ER KOBITA #5 OR THE DAY A RIVER SAW ME ALONE.

There is a love
that kisses you at night
And burns your flesh, by the day.

Today Jahaji bhai rows for a living,
And sings for the waves,
While his wife puts lime,
on his blistered fingers.

Like the moon to the blind man,
we take to each other
Without ever actually needing to.

Joanne, kobi'r mrittyu shok e shohor jure utsob
Nodi ghat'o rajnoitik aaj, tumio ki tai?

When we finally learn to walk alone
You'll step on your toes,
Amidst movements of mass resistance.

I shall waste my breath walking,
To find a ghat which doesn't ask me,
of your absence.

Joanne, amader ar monkharap hoi na,
ghat bhenge jokhon ghor'e dhoke jol.

Joanne, we've made our separate houses now,
With only one window,
To choke our souls by, every night.



Nilesh Mondal: He is 22, believes everyone deserves closure, and poetry. Lots of poetry, in fact. So he writes.

This dreaded maniacal enemy
can wipe out the whole world.
It's monumental power
can overthrow the weak retaliation
put forth by the struggling masses.

This most powerful enemy –
the worst one mankind ever had.
will continue to be a burden
if strong measures are not soon taken.



DUSK

Light has slowly begun to fade
And bitter winds begin to blow
When birds have returned to their glade
Light has slowly begun to fade.
The cat's eyes shine a glorious jade

As the streetlights cast a golden glow

Light has slowly begun to fade

And bitter winds begin to blow.



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 them whenever she can.



FRIENDS

Friends come in 'Quality', not in 'Quantity'

They come in 'Persons', not in 'People'

They are in 'Your life', not just you in 'There's'

Friends are 'Few', but more importantly R.E.A.L

They are not 'Many' and most importantly F.A.K.E

People who stand by you in the most trying of times,

Those moments things are on the low and failing-

They are called F.R.I.E.N.D.S

A 'select few' to be cherished for life

They are indeed few and rare

But they do exist

Unbroken

Loyal

Faithful

Truthful

Trustworthy

When you find a friend

Someone that loves you wholeheartedly

Someone who desires your highest good

Someone that sees your future And stands by you as you are
'becoming' Hold on to them

Bless God for them

Don't just let them 'be your friends'

'Become their friends' also



Oluwatosin Olabode: He who goes by the pen-name 'Double_ST' is a Nigerian, a christian, an idealist, a futurist and a lover of art. He is a speaker, spokenword Poet and a blogger. Though a graduate of Biochemistry, he enjoys writing with a passion.



Words never fall on deaf ears
Nothing ever passes your sharp eye
No one takes you for a ride
And no one gets away slighting you!
You say these proudly with conviction
As you justify your rude stance
Which surfaces effortlessly
Than your tenderness.
And I look at you and wonder
How do we have a relationship at all,
One with beauty and prospect for more?
I wistfully remind myself,
The more loving one, chose to be
Deaf, blind, dumb and numb
To stray words or insensitiveness,
Disallowing them to scathe 'us' through me.



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!



MY SUMMER SHOWERS

In Madurai year –end revelleries

I wonder why

How many new years we celebrate

Tamil New Year

Telugu New year

And First of January,

Do we have really seasons, I ask,

Yes Summer, summer

A strong sibling

Winter weakest,

No winter of discontent.

When it rains

Summer goes hiding

When it stops raining

Heat returns from the hide-outs

Other than these two

I have not seen much of Winter

Yes Fall happens

With strong winds

Sometimes shaking trees

Spring comes dancing

In North and South India

Blossoms fragrant

Mixed with holy colours

Other than these

Do we really know the seasons,

School children told of Four seasons

And snow-peaked mountains

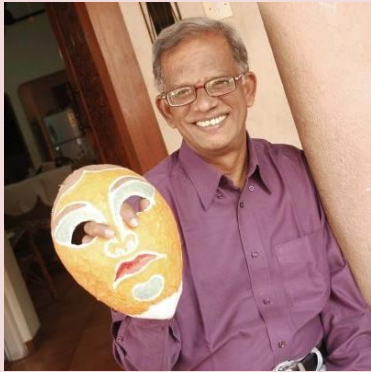
They need Google Images

We would never say

Be My sunshine.

What should I call you then

My Summer Showers.



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



A CIRCLE OF WIND

The wind blew through the trees
The trees were bending at the knees
The knees were knocking at my door
the dormouse scampered across the floor

The floor came up to meet my chin
The chin was there through too much gin
The gingerbread man came round to tea
The tea was where it ought to be

The Bee got honey from the flower
The flower opened at that hour
The hour bought on what was destined

The destined bought on howling wind

The wind blew through the trees

The trees were bending at the knees

The knees were knocking at my door

the dormouse scampered across the floor



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 two sons and a daughter and 3 grandsons. He has written a number of technical papers, which were published internationally, before turning attention to writing 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. He spent the last years of his life concentrating on raising awareness regarding the disease. Philip G. Bell passed away on October 8, 2015.



I AM LIFE

Mourning

Is

A

Dead man's

Song

I won't sing

I am life

Lively, fresh, blossomed!

I can fly

I have wings

I can feel

I have heart

I can see dream

I have eyes

I do murmur, flow

I do fly, flutter

I have wounds

Blood oozes out of my past!



Prahallad Satpathy: He hails from Balangir district of Odisha (India) is a bilingual poet. He writes both in Odia and English. So far he has published three anthologies of poetry in Odia to his credit. 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. By profession, Dr. Satpathy is a Reader in Economics, at present in Rajendra autonomous college, Balangir (Odisha). He has represented Odisha Sahitya Academy as honorary member for two consecutive terms.



I see you in the moderate darkness,
I am exposed as a shade, light is you,
Light is warmness.
Hunger clips my intensity.

Vaguely searching shapes and touches,
I am tracing gladness, grace is you,
Grace is shyness.
Doubts caress my frivolity.

Counting all the jumping sheep
I am feeling red, mischief is you,
Mischief is dreaminess.
Dreams flip my reality.

Lying under your fettered gaze,
I am slowly sleeping, sleep is you,
Sleep is calmness.
Waking checks my humility.



Prasanna H: I have lived in Villivakkam, Chennai all my life. I live across the street from where I was born. I have had the company of some exceptional people all my life like my grandparents, parents, brother, relatives, school friends, college mates, office mates, home boys and girls and the Glotimers. When I am not hanging out, I read, watch movies, start things I won't complete, listen to music, be angry, frustrated, blissful, hyper and dancing.



SCORING WITH A SOCCER GIRL

Making love to a soccer girl

Must be like making love

To earth.

She smells of grass

Tastes of mud

A little sun heat

A little moon cold

A lemony wedge of the sky

As the ball slices it

The sweat from worm holes

The spit of female spiders

Crab flesh from the loins

Fishes from arching knees

The sap of green caterpillars
Springing hills trapping the ball
Octopus hair shaking the stars free
The sinews taut and eyes sharp
Like camouflaged panthers
Rushing in for the kill/ the goal
The ball juggling from knee to knee
Thigh to thigh and river to river
The agonizing cry of a crow pheasant
As the ball curves in from the corner
The little knee jerks, the profanities
Rising from missed passes/moves/desires
The headers in the rain
The rainbow kicks
The rolls on the slippery ground
The blood from grazed elbows
The knock out and the deep sleep
On a wavy stretcher to the dressing room
Smelling of fresh roses
And spongy leather.

When I try to enter, she cries foul

Offside Offside!



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). E-mail: shankeran@gmail.com

Blog: bonoboland.wordpress.com



THE MORNING AFTER

There are:

- sorrows drowned
- joys surfed
- miseries forgotten
- sins dissolved
- aches salved
- old flames doused

in a bottle of Glenmorangie.

So many bullet points. And then?

In the morning after

what have I
but the same throbbing
pains and complaints...

Or is there in that dying hangover
the promise of a new light
(though not so bright just now, please)
and somewhere to start all over?

Amongst the Ozymandian ruins
of my emotions, dreams, hopes,
can I find one syllable,
just one,
not even the whole Shantih shantih shantih
of the Wasteland?

An Om full of
love, belonging, acceptance:
that bedrock on which society
built its church... that church

in which faith now rings hollow,
hollowed out from the bigotry and the hate
and the narrowness of human horizons...

There is no, no salvation
in a bottle of Glenmorangie.

There is just this ugly, suppurating
mess of words I wake up to.



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: He moonlights as an award-winning copywriter by day and daylights as an award-wanting poet by night, and sandwiches an archaeology course, running two literary clubs, astronomy, the occasional trek, some peer counselling for suicide prevention, and learning languages in between. He thinks he is funny, but his friends vehemently disagree.

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/raameshgowriraghavan>



PLATITUDE OF LONGITUDE

Ward off this noon visitor

Regular siesta. Here lies

A welcome substitute.

In front of Chess board

Of black and white,

A pawn and checkmate.

Within the square block

You veer round, across,

Horizontal, vertical.

Life's moves are

Mysterious, Awesome.

In another move you mix

Part of Science and Literature

Theology and geology and astronomy.

All roads lead to the path of Heaven,
Seamless reflection everything
Is His Will and Creation.
Now I opt for a selfsame Shift.
Now me, a neglected baggage
in the Corner seat of my compartment
resign to quirky dealings of happenings.
It moves slowly, breaking rhythms,
Billowing puffs of smokes
Unable to counteract with the storm
within. jerk is always there.

The peel of
New Year brings fervent
Hope and optimism replete.



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. Also published poems and short stories in many websites, presented papers in National and International conferences.



ANOTHER LOVE SONG

~n~

sunday slides in a sunset
as i wade through my words
to write you another love song

the moon looks perfect
in all its loneliness,
i wrestle my emotions
like a lesser mortal

summer swayed by
and february came to me
like a unkept promise

prayers became paragraphs

but you're still not here

by my side

one day i'll defeat

the fleet of gods

then not even you

can rob yourself

of me



Rajesh Jethwani: He was born in Madras and has done his BA in economics. He now takes care of his family business and has his own online store. His love for tea resulted in a beautiful tea house he now runs along with his best friends. He loves train journeys, photography, eating out and playing cricket. He loves writing and reading love poems. His poem was first published last year in South Africa.



~ Ankita's b'day is on 13th Jan. This poem is dedicated to her ~

FIVE WORDS

“Congrats you are a father”

Five words which changed my life forever.

As I picked up the fluffy angel

She gave me a pink smile

My heart did a samba

As if I had run, many a mile.

When she first said "Papa"

Rainbows filled up my sky

When she toddled into my arms

I felt I could fly.

The first day at school
The nick that made her cry
Moments which made me smile
Memories which make me sigh.

Cinderella she was
And also Snow White
Sitting anxiously in the first row
I was suffering from stage fright.

As she sang and performed
The world was her stage
And she was my princess
On every stage, at every age.

A young lady now -
She is ready to fly the nest
To move higher and higher
Till she touches the very crest.

She'll leave behind an aching soul
A heart that is forlorn
No one can fill the void
Alas, once she is gone.

Years will pass, the ache will not
I'll keep waiting for her
My little girl, little no more
I'll wonder if she's gone, forever.

Then one day I'll hear
Words only five
That will make me
Yell, yodel, sing and jive.

"Congrats, you are a grandfather"
These words will echo in my mind
My princess has donned a new avatar
And a better one I'll never find.

A soft and fluffy bundle of joy
Will once again permeate my being
And my life once more will be
Really and truly worth living.



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



FOR DIEGO RIVERA

A stroke of your brush
is a scar on my flesh-
It bleeds like a rain
throughout the night
and a garden blooms
by the first light of dawn.

Your paint is my sweat
that streams as a river-
across the mountains
of my muscles-

where an eternal fire raged
from the depths of hunger.

The red sky is your canvas -
like a seed, I tear it
and relentlessly grow into a tree
flowering red bougainvillea
as the birds from
distant countries of revolution
perch on my branches.

Diego,
your painting expires
an incessant wind
into my failing lung-
with hope of a new world.



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.



LOVE IS IN THE RAIN

Love is in the rain

And I know it for a fact

When it falls on me

To magically calm my pain,

Instantly feeling the relief

That helps me to bury the past!

Whether it is night or day,

I love to see the rain fall

And hear its gentle sound,

Tears drops from the sky

Sometimes hitting the windows

Of my quiet and sweet home

But there you are my dear,

Yet to be found!



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, color, 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!

www.romeodellavalle.com



ETERNAL LOVE

You forsook this mortal world for heavenly abode,
leaving me alone to survive in a materialistic world,
where money is more valued than emotions and humanity.
You left this world but didn't tell me,
how to adjust with fake peoples and fake emotions.
But the love which you had bestowed on me
remains in my heart as a binding force,
relieving me from all worries, tension & miseries,
exhibited in this selfish and materialistic world for me,
and giving me strength to fight against all odds &
conventions.



Shamenaz: I am Shamenaz, a PhD in English from University of Allahabad with specialization on Sub-continent Women Writers and a teaching experience of 12 years. I live in Allahabad. I have published many poems in E-journals & magazines in India. I love nature and write poetry based on it but I also like to write on various issue relating our everyday lives. I have presented papers in Seminars/Conferences and have published papers in many refereed journals in India and abroad. I am in the Editorial board of journals: Literary Miscellany, Cyber Literature, Research Access, Expression (CLOJ), 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 since 5 years. I am a freelancer, who writes reviews, articles & blogs.



THE VILLAGE TAILOR

The tailor, meant to sew and thread
The lines of fabric, spread
Into aeons of timelessness
Through streaming rolls of purity and wakefulness.

The tailor, selling his wares
Amidst curious stares
Forsaken as was his wont
In his chosen profession

The tailor, in his agelessness, besieged,
By the beautiful threads
From paens of fruitlessness and hopelessness.

Villagers, looking upon him with awe
As one who can sew
But never one who has sown
A medley of colourful threads born
Into realms of timelessness.

Is it time? or is it fate?
That can count the threads
Of timeless elegance
That the tailor has sewn
Into beauty born
Out of the never ending flow of time.

The little tailor, threading his way
Into people's hearts, swaying
As if windblown
Perpetrated by a huge windmill
Which has seen tests of humility and patience.
Can there be beauty?
Can there be solace?

In the little tailor's beauteous threads
Of the vast realm of serenity and peace



Shobha Warriar: Born near Trichur in Kerala, she did her schooling in Mumbai and Chennai. Shobha was highly influenced by her maternal grandfather who was a distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Shobha had a keen interest in languages, be it prose or poetry, from her school days. She completed B.A. and M.A. in English Literature as also B.Ed. She has also worked as a teacher in schools for some time. Shobha's father, K. Ramakrishna Warriar, is a distinguished writer in Malayalam, and recipient of the Sahitya Akademi award for his contribution in Sanskrit. Shobha is married to an engineer and has one daughter.



ONE BY ONE...

One childhood window lit up a face

I knew it was yours, the summers are dead.

Another banged shut in the treacherous wind

imprisoning my dreams till the veins stood red.

And a ballad rose up, chiding my faith.

One adolescent face cried quietly aside

I smiled at its sorrow, then knew it was yours.

The small of my touch on the swell of your cheek

The years crested and fell, and I charted their course.

The tale of the beach lay marked by your pain.

One story rebelled at the calm of my sky

rising beyond the deceits of my craft.

Your body so ripe, my life had no reason to lie
till the songs that we sang sobbed out in your head.
I consumed you right to the quick of your soul.

Outside my window flailed a palm in the blue,
ravaged and tall, its face tattered by storm.

I banged it shut from the memory of you.

I latched it tight for my sorrow today.

Tired and done, I'll find you tomorrow.



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 Born as HH Prince Punartham Thirunal of the Travancore Royal Family, 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.



LOVE, INDIFFERENCE AND HATE=LOVE INFINITE

Your love is my poison, it kills me everyday

Bit by bit I am dying, tried being indifferent

Stopped talking but could not stop thinking of you

Being with you in my imaginary world of dream and fable

Nothing worked and my love has turned into an infection

It's spreading faster and has engulfed my body, mind & spirit

Strived even to hate but it's unattainable

You make me fall in love with you all over again each
moment

The tiny plant of love has galvanized into love infinite!!!



CATHARSIS OF OTHER SIDE OF GANGA GHAT

It's me the other side of Varanasi Ganga Ghat

Mostly I am secluded living in isolation like an outcaste

Burning with anger & envious of main Ghat

The blinding pompousness, energy, hypocrisy, religious
custom, fakeness of divinity

The unclothed devotes pretending to clean their soul by
shivifying them in profane pious water of ganga

The grand evening arti enrages me to take vows to punish
the priests and pilgrims for indifference towards me

The sweet symphony of morning temple bell has silently
been replaced by microphone

People come in search of Nirvana, get entangled into
fraudulent tradition,

herb smoking and all, forgetting their true calling of
enlightenment

Old age people come here for liberation

but keep on dying miserably each moment at hospices run to
lust for money

Being a mute witness of everything in godly details
I can vouch certainly that divinity has been long lost
Soul of Varansi is dying a grand death each day



Subhash Chandra Rai: Nonconformist by birth, wearing emotions on sleeve. Enjoying path less traveled and being myself.



FLEETING BEAUTY

When Sun bows to Horizon,
And Sky is brilliantly hued,
Evening Light hitting Shard of Glass
Draws sparks like blood imbued.

No gem ever had such a gleam,
No ruby such life like class,
No diamond fine from any mine
Passed under any jewelers' glass.

Such pure flame of fire blazed,
Licking through its glistening heart,
I simply stood in awe amazed,
Beholding God's transcendental art.

How can any stone or metal compete,
Guarded and buried deep in a vault?
Here in Nature's gallery,
For those who see no fault,

God has scattered liberally
Beauty for all worthy of his salt.
My beauteous Shard of Glass I recall,
Stood on guard atop a boundary wall

At tension in a cruel jagged row,
With contingents of siblings in tow
Sternly doing his perilous duty,
Contemptuous of fleeting claims to beauty.



Sumita Dutta: She is a photographer and the proprietor of Adlsh Photo Art. She has a degree in Fine Arts (Painting) from Chitrakala Parishad, Bangalore. She loves writing both poetry and prose. She resides in the southern end of Chennai with her two sons, her father, a cat and a dog. Find her blog at: <https://zippythoughts.wordpress.com/>



confusion

Philosophy?

Really??!!

Why don't you write about your love?

Oh no.. Not again..

How about your dreams.?!

people are going to think you are psychotic..

Let's try something funny this time

Ha ha.. funny.

and finally the confusion won

and became a poem



Thilepan Manikumar: He is a HR professional, currently resides in Trichy with his wife Cathy and an arrogant cat, Sling. He is sincere, friendly, curious, ambitious, and an occasional liar. He is a man with a dream. A very simple dream, mostly including bikes and beers. But a dream nonetheless.



~ When I went to Akbar's tomb at Agra, I did not want to go inside. And when at the fort my kids insisted I should go with them, I had an eerie feeling of having been there before.(this is my first visit in all these 54 years)and there, sitting on a stone seat I got to write this.~

SERENE HE LIES

Far from the cry of the human heart,

Deep in the glades of green

Lay Akbar the son of Humayun the son of Babar

And so on....

What meaning does it carry of a being

that gave life as well as it took?

The arrogance of power to decide

whom it saved and whom it forsook?

We pray today at your tomb, for what?

In anger do I depose,

Who are you? King? Emperor?
Lord of all that you cast eyes upon....
And therefore my God? OH NO!

Within me lies the souls of all
You punished so balefully without chance,
I embody the sheathed violence
of an entire chained servility
Rise again I shall, if only
To witness before my tired eyes
The withering away of your glories as time flies.
When to rubble your carefully laid palaces become
and small blades of hope arise in the crevices and crannies
In such hope shall I lie!



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.



SANS SYLLABLE

We were actors in pre-talkie films

Silent and passionate

We assumed nebulous forms in Dali's works

Melting like his clocks into each other

We made our way into Freudian dreams

Repetitive yet symbolic

We thrived in wordless song

Saying who needed lyrics anyway.

Were we a writer's block?

Or were we deliberate in our wordlessness?

So that nothing was ever said-

And nothing 'lost in translation'.



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.



HER DREAMS CUT OPEN

She dreamt of the ripples
that mirrored every word in her heart,
she dreamt of the memories
that kindled the past with heavy brushes,
she dreamt of love-struck flowers
that yearned for shadows of the sun,
she dreamt of all the wreckage
the meteors had showered over her soul,
she dreamt of the fingers
that burnt the fire,
she dreamt of the voices
that seeped through the rustic winds.
She dreamt of him. She dreamt of her.
She dreamt of everything the universe

would never understand.

She dreamt,

of you.



Vasanthi Swetha: She is a 2nd year Economics student who 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.



"INFINITE COLOUR"

A filled bowl of whiteness
camouflaged with their milky fur
Lapping it up in glory
they empty the infinite colour

Satiated, they dance
a joyous step in random
Atop the objects of this world
a cheerful reckless abandon

And as they pile on each other
ending the playful fight
The space falls silent
only a corner burning bright...



Vinay Virwani: A marketing guy by profession, I can't help but try and convince you that a particular brand of detergent powder can really change your life!

And while you may choose not to believe me, at least I ended up telling you a story!

Alas, while the breed of storytelling marketers is fast getting replaced by number-chasing, profit-making, excel sheet enthusiasts, I write....to continue telling stories....

A misfit perhaps, in a rapidly format-driven, number crunching world.....but a misfit who has successfully blended in....:)



EMBRACING LUST

I shy away from lust,
Fearing being branded with blasphemy,
Garlanded with perversion.
And disgustful ostracization,
For having embraced lust.
Yet wishful of a tantalizing proximity,
I let go of my indulgent brethren,
In fits of ecstasy,
Who care not about the piercing eyes,
And questioning glares,
And voyeuristic scavengers.
I am losing my moments of pleasure,
In the shackles of righteousness,

Which I wear around my ankles.
And decide to break free for once,
And for all,
And swim with the tide,
And go ahead embracing lust,
No right, no wrong, no loss no victory,
Just driven by my innermost needs.
Embracing lust.



Vishak Chadrasekharan: Baker by day and Poet by night, Vishak lets his personal experiences decide the course of his pen on paper to come up with the most Vivid and brutal expression of Life situations everyone goes through. He uses his ability to connect to people emotionally to put those experiences on paper and enables others to look at the world through their eyes. He currently runs and partners a Cafe in Coimbatore called V's and pens down poems and dark Stories during the little free time he gets.



WHERE ARE THOSE DAYS?

Where are those days?

time so momentous.

Everything appearing

as though pretentious.

Love no longer sacred.

Faiths religious;

often breeds hatred.

Where are those days?

with winds of charm.

Melodious breeze;

intoxicated calm.

No longer, the soul breathes

No longer, on earth
shady tress.

Where are those days?

All but gone.

The charm subsided
earthly lure forgone.

No wish, ever true
revive those days sublime.

Gone are those days
ever pristine!



Vishal Ajmera: He is a Business strategy consultant working with a reputed MNC in Mumbai. Professionally, strategy and finance are his area of expertise but over the last few decades Vishal has developed a penchant for poem dating

back to his early school days. In a poet's avatar, he is an avid writer with composition of poems across all genres especially romance, philosophy, psychology, nature, human life etc. With compositions of over 1,000+ poems across different languages (Hindi, English & Gujarati) and genres; Vishal's work has been greatly appreciated by both national and international authors/ poets of repute. With an intention to scale his 'poetic fervor' to the next level, Vishal is currently working towards contributing to international anthology publications.

If not busy with his professional commitments, easy to find Vishal at his 'poetic chair', penning dreams into words :). You can reach him at vishalajmera1@gmail.com

Happy to connect!!



SILENT BATTLES

Close your eyes, close them hard,

Drift apart, but never too far.

Swim at the ocean depths, or stand atop the Shard,

But for your good old self, leave the door ajar.

Sleep tight, long and slow.

Hold my hands tight and don't let go.

See the clock ticking away, lands a blow,

A beautiful age for torment, isn't it so?

Try to step out of darkness, try not to mope,

We remain waiting in eternal hope,

You may be stuck below but we've thrown you a rope.

Remember that all you need is a doc, not the pope.

The scars of your mind are not hidden, they are for all to see,
As you swing back and forth between despair and glee.

Do not apologise, do not fret when you see the old oak tree.

All I want is for you to smile knowing that this is a life for you
and me.



Vivek Shivram: My life is a poem, a beautiful one at that. I live in one of the most happening cities in the world. When I live out my life as a Consultant for a blue chip firm, the energy of Canary Wharf is mine to claim. And when I seek refuge in poetry, the Surrey Countryside opens up to me.



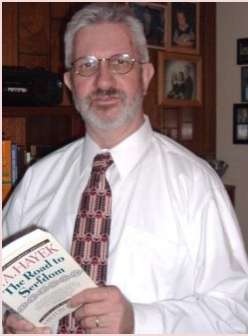
A FORMER LIFE

I thought I saw John Fox today
riding the red Schwinn
it seemed he always had.

Then looking right, I saw a dog
that might have been Heidi
except it was a lab.

And stopping
for those seconds
on that street,
I waited
to smell
honeysuckle, but

the bike was quiet, lacking
clothes-pinned baseball cards
clattering against spokes;
then the ground the dog played on
returned to today, and
instantly, so did I.



William P. Cushing: This is Bill Cushing's second contribution to GloMag, and now instead of nature, he looks at history--as he believes good poetry usually does. What you read here is true. Bill has recently had work published in two anthologies: Getting Old and Stories of Music; he can be reached at piscespoet@yahoo.com



ciao! 😊

