

# GloMag

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Magazine*

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## **Romeo Della Valle**



**Title of the Cover Pic: Chosen Flowers**

### **Perspective Of The Painting**

I chose this title because I was given the chance by my art instructor to choose the flowers I wanted to paint and arrange them in any ways I wish. The way I arranged them I found to be a challenging one and I am glad I did.

### **Bio:**

I was born in a beautiful Caribbean Island called Hispaniola or Santo Domingo- Dominican Republic. Born also from Italian-Spanish parents. I was raised in the Dominican Republic until the age of 20 and migrated to the USA (New York City) along with my identical twin brother Remulus after my mother, already settled in the USA, petitioned us and approved. Out of 6 children left behind back home, my brother and I were the first ones to arrive in New York City and find the opportunity to pursue the American Dream but unaware of the big Challenge awaiting us, especially when we were going to face a language barrier, since Spanish was the only

language spoken during our childhood. Nevertheless, our desire was so strong that we did not let this (language barrier) stop us from reaching our goal. Right away after our arrival in New York, my brother and I enrolled in school to study English As a Second Language (DSL) and also prepared for the High School Diploma so we would be able to enroll in college and further our education. After successfully passing our study courses and graduating, we were accepted by different colleges of City University of New York (CUNY). Now, here I come to face a real challenge and find the chance to really prove myself.

After enrolling in college, I faced many problems due to my English deficiency and not being able to communicate with other fellow students and also I was forced to get a job and make some money because I couldn't afford the high cost of books and other materials. Fortunately, I was able to find a job at The Arts Student League of New York where as an employee, I could enroll in any art class for free. Wow! I felt like I won the lottery because I found my chance to develop my true potential as an artist in art school and as poet in college at the same time. As an art student, I enrolled in a painting class taught by a well-known American artist and teacher named Richard Goetz who taught me how to go beyond colors and images and incorporate feelings and emotions into the painting which I found to be like Visual Poetry in playing with the rainbow, light and shadow (very challenging).

In all the different mediums to choose from, I chose Oil because of the advantage of being able to experiment with colors mixture. I did paintings of different subjects: Still Life, Landscape and Portray but mainly all done in oil. I did around 50 Oil Paintings during my stay at the art school, some of my paintings given away to family members and closed friends. However, I was able to sell quite a few to an admirer friend named: Monica Kennedy who was living in Germany and who also paid me good money which helped with the cost of college materials. She took all the paintings she purchased from me to Germany, unfortunately, I have lost track of her.

I found myself to be very fortunate that after the Internet came about, I have been able to expand my talent as a poet mainly since I have stopped painting for quite a while. When I was in college and my English skills improved tremendously do to my sacrifice and great desire, I posted many poems in the Students' Newspapers. Learning the English language was a big challenge for me and since at the time, I spoke with a heavy Spanish accent and it was hard to make myself be understood but that didn't stop me either to move on forward. I made so much emphasis on learning the written English language that I always carried with me a dictionary.

As a poet I started posting my poems online for the first time in the sites: [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com) and [www.poetfreak.com](http://www.poetfreak.com) and other poetry groups in Facebook. At the present I own my Webpage: [www.romedellavalle.com](http://www.romedellavalle.com) and founded the

poetry groups in FB: Show World Poetry, The Challenge-Ang Paghamon, Mi Rincon Poetico (Spanish) and Just Inspiring Quotes and Pictures. I am also included in a few Anthologies (FB) and participated in two International Poetry Events in the Philippines as a Keynote Speaker sponsored by the Manuel S. Enverga University Foundation Catanauan in held at Quezon, Philippines-2013-2015

At the present I am working on the publication of my first poetry book which will contain 50 poems of about 700 or more that I have written so far. I wholeheartedly thank you dear Gloria Sasikala for giving me this opportunity to expose myself as an artist and a poet to your group and large membership besides the rest of the world. Extended thanks to all my followers around the world.

Blessings from my poetic corner in New York City

***Romeo Della Valle***

***-Citizen of the World-***

## **ABOUT GLOMAG**

GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions - and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the writer gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the writer's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful 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:** “My Heart Will Go On” instrumental,  
Richard Clayderman

## **PREFACE**

**(How do you solve a problem like Gloria? :-)**



### **Ships In The Navy**

***(some pages from my father's life as a Burmese immigrant)***

‘Running away from home’ was to climb up the tall water tank and sit there. The view was stupendous. The green countryside lay sprawling for as far as eye could see. The Irrawady flowed at a distance, blue and zig-zagging its way to the ocean. How the seven children and their two cousins loved to sway on the hanging branches of the banyan trees and splash into the river.

Dorai thought disapprovingly of his elder sister, Akka. She had taken the two younger ones and they had pawned their watches and bought swimsuits. If only Mummy came to know about it. He was an orthodox little boy and did not like such goings on. Women should....he thought of all the things women should be, and which, unfortunately, his tomboyish sisters weren't.



Thambu almost always joined him there on the tank. Thambu was his best friend and the only son of the school master. He had his own problems with a strict, disciplinarian for a father. They sat there talking about their predicament, and dreaming of better days. And then they switched to their favourite topic of joining the Indian Navy. They dreamt of wearing those fantastic uniforms with the cap and tie and playing in those bands and sailing the seven seas and fighting. It was all so glamorous! How everyone would look at them with respect and say, "Oh! You're in the Navy?"

The rumble in their stomach always reminded them that it was time to forgive all and go back home.

But that day, Mother was not well. She lay on a cot in the corner. She had dysentery. Mother never made a fuss. She just lay there, too tired to pick up the stick though the children were screaming. The doctor had come and prescribed medicines and gone.

"Amma, are you alright?"

"Yes, Dorai. Where are you going?"

"To play football."

"It's raining son. Don't go today."

"But we don't mind the rain, Amma. You know that."

"Not today. Don't go."

"But I have to."



“Don’t.”

“I will.”

“Do what you like.”

She was too weak to argue.

He left. They had a great match. They kicked more stones than the ball, but they did score a goal. Dorai came home, wet, triumphant and soggy – to find the house filled with silent people. His mother lay in the midst of it all. She was dead.

He felt fury rise within him against her, as he saw her lying there dead. He wanted to shake her. He wanted to scream at her and say, “You knew all the time you were dying! Why couldn’t you have told me you were dying? Why have you burdened me with this guilt? Why! Why! Why!

Two years later, in 1942, even her death took a backseat. War broke out and people left all their belongings and ran helter-skelter. Some greedy ones paused to pluck the jewels from the dead people.

Danny, Dorai’s cousin, proved he had the adventurous spirit by running away in a ship with a group of people he did not know. Father urged the rest of the children on and they ran for life. Dorai turned once to look back, only to see their Pagoda-like home go up in flames.

They walked fast all day in order to reach the next camp by night. Once, they had reached what looked like a camp on top of a hill. There were people sleeping peacefully everywhere. Sighing with relief and too tired to think, they all lay down and slept too, only to wake up in the morning and find that they were lying amongst the dead.

Over the Northeast jungles and hills they made their way, through Nagaland and Manipur, to finally reach Calcutta. From there, being Tamilians, they were put on the train to Madras. However, their final destination turned out to be Jodhpur, where Akka got a job in the hospital. She was a qualified doctor.

Too proud to be dependent on his sister, Dorai ran away from home (this time for real) and joined the Navy (for real too). War was on and young men were only too welcome to join the ranks.

Dorai fingered his uniform lovingly and thought of the days he and Thambu had spent dreaming. He wished Thambu was here to see him. He reported to duty sharp at 6 am next morning. He was asked to go and report to the first officer on the deck. Elated, he made his way to the deck.

“Good morning Sir.”

“Yes?”

“I was asked to report to you.”

“Oh yes, cadet Christopher. Yes, I have work for you. You will find barrels of water there and a bucket and mop. Please mop the deck.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“No Questions!”

“Sir, Yes Sir!!”

Dorai took his bucket and mop.

“Navy, murdabad!” (Swipe, swipe!)

“Stupid Navy!” (Swipe, swipe!)

“First Officer, murdabad!” (Swipe, swipe!)

“Of all the....! Just wait, he’ll show them (swipe, swipe!). Who did they think he was? Thank God Thambu was not here to see him!”

Too intent on his own miseries, he did not see the form swiping from the opposite direction and they collided into each other and went sprawling on the wet deck.

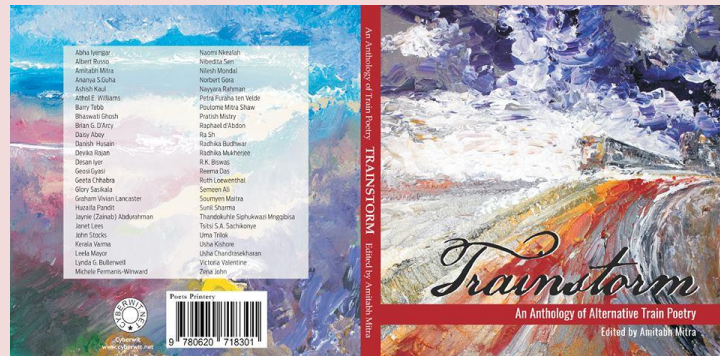
They disentangled themselves and turned to apologize, only to look at each other in dismay.

The other guy was Thambu.

## BOOK OF THE MONTH

### Trainstorm

Edited by Dr. Amitabh Mitra



**Trainstorm** is a collection of poems from poets all over the world. The book was created with the concept that there is no actual real train but there is a train running continuously and surreptitiously within. This is the train of encountering our first love and thereafter many loves. This is a train, a poet feels but can express in images and not in words. This is the train of the Trainman in Matrix who tells Neo, here in the train station, he is the God. Trainstorm is this revolution, I have tried to create, a reason is perhaps an extinct word. There is a storm approaching much like the Chambal storms at Gwalior. We continue to live in such Trainstorms.

**Amitabh Mitra** is one of the most widely published poets globally. A medical doctor, poet and a visual artist living in South Africa, he has edited, Trainstorm. Cover and Back Art are his acrylic work on canvas. The book is a coffee table hard cover edition which has abstract photographs by Amitabh of trains in motion.

**Contributing Poets:** Abha Iyengar, Albert Russo, Amitabh Mitra, Ananya S.Guha, Ashish Kaul, Athol E. Williams, Barry Tebb, Bhaswati Ghosh, Brian G. D Arcy, Daisy Abey, Danish Husain, Devika Rajan, Desan Iyer, Geosi Gyasi, Geeta Chhabra, Glory Sasikala, Graham Vivian Lancaster, Huzaifa Pandit, Jaynie (Zainab) Abdurahman, Janet Lees, John Stocks, Kerala Varma, Leela Mayor, Lynda G. Bullerwell, Michele Fermanis-Winward, Naomi Nkealah, Nibedita Sen, Nilesh Mondal, Norbert Gora, Nayyara Rahman, Petra Furaha ten Velde, Poulome Mitra Shaw, Pratish Mistry, Raphael d Abdon, Ra Sh, Radhika Budhwar, Radhika Mukherjee, R.K. Biswas, Reema Das, Ruth Loewenthal, Semeen Ali, Soumyen Maitra, Sunil Sharma, Thandokuhle Siphukwazi Mngqibisa, Tsitsi S.A. Sachikonye, Uma Trilok, Usha Kishore, Usha Chandrasekharan, Victoria Valentine, Zena John

### **AMAZON**

<http://www.amazon.in/Trainstorm-Edited-Amitabh-Mitra/dp/0620718307>

### **FLIPKART**

<HTTPS://WWW.FLIPKART.COM/TRAINSTORM/P/ITMENE49359ZCVZP?PID=9780620718301>

### **CYBERWIT**

<HTTPS://WWW.CYBERWIT.NET/PUBLICATIONS/919>

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## **AT A MOUNTAIN WATERFALL**

Water slaps my face, forcing my eyes  
Shut, as we climb crablike,  
Scuttling platform to platform  
along the rocks that form an opening  
not more than a half-foot across.

From that six-inch aperture,  
water shoots out and down;  
rocks run in steps, handholds  
with holes in them. Vines, nourished,  
crawl, and take root as they

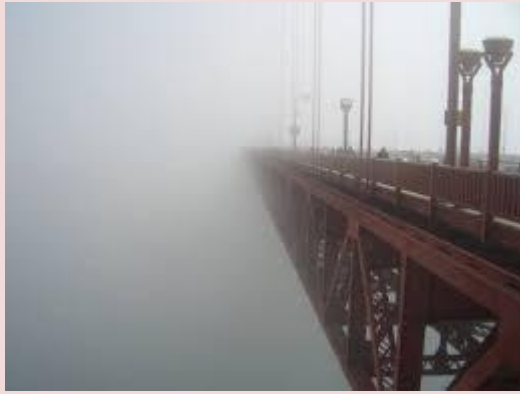
touch down on another base of rock.  
Holding a stone shaped like an ax blade,  
as big as my hand and as thick  
and almost as flat except for one hard wart  
at its broader end, and I understand

that other men have been here  
using rocks like this one,  
chipping them into tools, weapons.  
This island reminds one  
of all things primitive.



**William P. Cushing:** For this issue, Bill Cushing invites GLOMAG readers to take a trip to the Caribbean with a poem inspired by his time in Puerto Rico. The piece was previously

published (in a slightly longer form) in the last issue of Mayo Review. Bill continues his musical-poetic collaboration with Chuck, and they invite readers to like their Facebook page titled "Notes and Letters" to watch video work of their performances. In the meantime, it's on to the islands!



Not choosing

Not musing

Losing

And yet.. Cruising...

...to nowhere

Not needing

Not leading

Bleeding

And yet.. Speeding

....to nowhere

Not trying

Not defying

Crying

And yet...Flying

...to nowhere



**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....:)





## **BROKEN WALLS**

She filled empty jam jars  
with broken pieces of old walls  
that remembered her blank stares and boredom,  
and sometimes the jar looked like  
rain-kissed window panes  
from last night's tear-soaked memory trains,  
and some other times  
the jar would echo  
the happy songs she taught her walls  
during her humming sprees.  
The lid on top, she thought,  
would bottle all the emotions,  
but she learnt  
love could never be fenced,

for her eyes gave it away,  
everytime.



**Vasanthi Swetha:** She is an 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.



### **A KISS FROM AFAR**

The scent of the sweetest red rose  
emits a lovely smell, it's true,  
yet the fragrance of its petals  
pales in comparison  
to that of your divine flesh  
which I admire above all other flowers  
in this beautiful world.

When my orbs gaze upwards  
into the vastness of the heavens,  
the sight of white fluffy clouds  
undergoes a metamorphosis,  
taking on the visage of your angelic face,  
and your green emerald eyes

perfectly harmonize  
against the deep blue sapphire sky  
while your pretty smile shines down upon me  
with the combined light of a thousand ignited suns.

All of my senses are overtaken

with the serene emotions of love and adoration,  
and I breathe your presence  
fully into my lungs  
where the air gently presses  
against my pulsing heart,  
sending a signal across the sea  
to sing along with the beating rhythm  
pumping steadily beneath your chest.



**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.



## TARAKESHWAR

It was one of those days, when the early morning sun  
Had not yet set out on its million mile run  
The street lights seemed brighter than the stars in the sky  
When the hurry of running feet went pat patter pry.

The black beard was matted with saliva gone dry  
The body fallen in a crude curve, none heard his cry.  
The first train on the platform was not yet due,  
Lying still on the concrete, `he was out of view.

The pitter patter of hastening feet was not meant for him  
Nor the doddering aged ones, nor even the click clacks trim.

Speed slowed down as it neared him on the ground,  
Speed took off faster once it found a path around.

They had their work cut out and missing the train was not it.  
So they boarded the local and felt uncomfortable a bit.  
Looking this way and that and a little way out  
But look at the body? No; without a doubt.

Long sighs were heaved, some sorrow expressed  
As the train pulled out, for time it was pressed.  
The burly officer used his boots to wake him,  
He imagined a drunken thrall, nothing so grim.

The dirty zinc sheet that had seen better days  
Carried the man away from officious ways.  
No one stopped to say a small prayer for him  
That fate had claimed for its own on a passing whim.





**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.



## TRUTHS---STRANGE!

In the womb of a restless sea

---dark and green with mottled plants, shining fish  
and aquatic creatures with exotic eyes/limbs---

a treasure of memories made up of hulls, broken and rusted  
iron railings/anchors and chests,

dreamed up by the mercenaries and hunters in every age,  
but found by only few.

Pictures, logs, guns and other tidbits---attesting to a fragment  
from the past that wears a human face in that region grim.

In the subterranean depths, where the sun does dare,  
only the moon can walk in with its tender light,

therein---other things of mystery

foremost, a pining mermaid seen first by a Dane artist.

And later on, by other believing eyes, startled by that oddity.

Is love the property of humans?

Cannot the other species feel the same pain?

That *mermaid* and the foamy underworld once ruled by  
the Poseidon in a dim past still exist for many

but now

sadly relegated to the margins of the collective imagination  
dulled by forces of market and technology.



**Sunil Sharma:** Mumbai-based, Sunil Sharma is a widely-published writer. He has published three collections of poetry, one collection of short fiction, one novel and co-edited five books so far. He is a recipient of the UK-based Destiny Poets' inaugural Poet of the Year award---2012. Recently his poems were published in the UN project: Happiness: The Delight-Tree-2015.



## **AT YOUR FEET MA**

At your feet, Ma, my brush snakes,  
And creates across the floor  
The white lace of alpona – pure, ethereal and graceful.  
And for your majestic adoration,  
Vibrant reds, yellows, greens and blues  
Fill in and stroke delicate leaves, petals and curlicues.  
Then, as the floor sprouts to colorful life, I paint,  
Feet planted between vines and whorls,  
Back bent, silent, time and memories pirouetting.  
Mates work, discuss, laugh, sing sometimes,  
But I'm lost in you  
Connected by my mother.  
Years meander with my strokes, to the present - your gift -  
Tears brim as I comprehend,

a self so flawed, bloodied.

The Least, brought today to address art at your feet.



**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/>



in some corner of the mind was this hidden thought  
maybe too scared to be voiced by the tongue  
don't know if it had little trust in the tongue  
what will happen if the tongue could not articulate what was  
in the heart  
this thought still remains ensconced in a corner of the heart  
If only it would give the tongue a chance some time



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





## **HEART & HEARTBEATS**

When two hearts meet each other  
There is really a wonderful creation!

They do not bother about any other  
Language, Rituals, custom or religion!

They just listen to their heartbeats  
That have tied them in a relation!

It is not a game of one or two days  
It is the forever, love and affection!

Two unknown souls meet together  
And make each other's life their own!

Forgetting whole of this universe  
Just cherish their love as a heaven!

True love is a blessing of that almighty  
This is not always a boon for everyone!!!



**Sonia Gupta:** PROFESSION: Oral pathologist; Sr. lecturer in dental institute. QUALIFICATION: BDS, MDS PUBLISHED BOOKS: Two English poetry anthologies; FOUNTAIN OF INSPIRATIONS, CANVAS OF LIFE..WITH MY PEN; Two Hindi poetry anthologies. OTHER PUBLICATIONS: Various common anthologies such as “Roses & Rhymes”; “Divine madness”; “Christmas”; “Bouquets of love and verses”; “Voices of Humanity”; “Hope reborn”, “The reeest verses”, “Nibstears cave anthology for peace”! Regular contributor for “Glomag magazine; Hall of poets, and “Reflection” magazine! AWARDS: Nari gaurav samman, Yug surbhi samman, Prem

sagar samman, Women of the year samman, sahitay gaurav samman in hindi literature. OTHER HOBBIES: paintings, singing, Cooking, Knitting, Embroidery, Designing. EMAIL: [Sonia.4840@gmail.com](mailto:Sonia.4840@gmail.com)

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Blog :<http://drsoniablogspot.blogspot.in/>



there was a chap who sold flutes  
on the road  
when i was young  
like a child  
years ago  
so many years ago  
another time  
and another breeze  
a sea gone ancient with the fragrance of temple bells  
and the shower keeping me awake with its many arms  
and the smell of the earth and the guesses of ancestors  
reaching out from so many thoughts ago



**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.



## EYES TO THE SOUL

Eyes, windows to the soul

Tresspassers none

Beautifully honing

Skills of an amateur.

Eyes, emboldened by colours within

Thoughts, unabated

The slim line, satiated

Beauteousness, shrinking

Into a cauldron of honesty and certainty.

Life's varying hues and colours

Manifesting itself in corporate honours

A lovely hue, rainbow like in structure  
Shards of beauty in its capture  
Of the expanse that life could offer.

Eyes, colours of which pardons inner beauty  
A paradox of satiety and severity  
An all encompassing powerhouse of compassion.

Eyes, notwithstanding  
Surely remaining  
Memories of a beautiful past  
In its varied journey has  
Remained multi-hued and promising  
World of campaigning  
Love and honesty.



**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.





## THE PIANO KEYS

A scarlet stream with raven feather,  
A mound of shackles- blocks the flow,  
All concealed by rich harvest  
Uniformly laid, in symmetrical rows-  
“I have a dream” mumbled someone  
“I have a dream” stammering sounds slurred;  
For the Black Keys of a Black Piano,  
Amidst the White ones are rarely heard.

The scythe that laid the rich harvest  
The subtle scythe of death,  
Mowed out the black spots on the golden rows,  
Robbed them of their breath.

That is why a Black Piano- Black with all its plight,  
Has fewer keys that are Black, than the keys it has White



**Shivank Sarin:** Like chocolate sprinkles on dessert, poetry and music have added excitement and sweetness to my life. I'm technically 18, but to me, age acts as no barrier towards being cynical or insightful. I'm notorious for my gluttonous appetite and even skipping social gatherings just to attend music lessons. I'm soon to be a first year student studying Economics at Ashoka University, where I hope to further develop my musical, literary as well as professional abilities.

Would love to hear from you at-

[shivanksarin98@gmail.com](mailto:shivanksarin98@gmail.com)



## **INKED WITH PEN FOR YOU...**

Inked with pen for you...

my unforgettable dear buddy.

You miss me or not,

you meet me or not,

but you'll remain in my heart,

forever and ever and ever.

I am sending you this token of love,

in the form of these verses,

which is my heartfelt desire,

to soothe your beautiful heart,

to give you comfort in solidity,

to ease your pain if any.

May you get all the happiness,

present on this earth

and all your dreams comes true,  
and you'll be smiling forever,  
no matter I am with you or not,  
I am in your life or not.  
And if any moment of your life,  
you'll remember my name,  
then it will be a precious moment,  
for the friend whom you have forgotten.



**Shamenaz:** Doctorate with specialization on Sub-continent Women Writers and teacher for 12 years, residing in Allahabad. I am a freelance writer, passionate reader, blogger, and poet, with many published poems in E-journals & magazines in India. I love to write nature-based poems as well as on various issues relating to everyday lives. I have presented papers all over India and many in journals in India

and abroad. I am in the Editorial board of journals: Literary Miscellany, Cyber Literature, Research Access, Expression, The Context & IJRHS ( Jordan). I am the Guest Editor of 'The Context' Volume 2, issue 3. I have served as a Chairperson of Women Cell of my College, AIET & Cultural Incharge, AIET



If you come to see me  
at nightfall  
at the hour of my magical fatigue  
and you hold me in your arms  
make me recall  
the flavors of your mouth,

the source of your laughter,  
your kisses... if you come  
when I'm handsome and wild  
and my lips are utter sweetness  
and they're red silk  
and they laugh and sing

when my mouth  
is as full as nail in the sun  
when I close my eyes  
because they're so heavy with desire

I won't know            what to do!



**Sergio A. Ortiz:** He is the founding editor of Undertow Tanka Review. His collections of Tanka, *For the Men to Come* (2014), and *From Life to Life* (2014) were released by Amazon. He's a two time Pushcart nominee and a four time Best of the Web nominee. His poems have been published in over four hundred journals and anthologies.



## **THE STAR OF EVERY SCENE**

Your essence is everywhere,  
permeating, radiating,  
fueling me from the inside,  
inspiring serenity  
in any scene  
I happen to find myself.

In a forest full of green,  
your eyes shine from every tree,  
and the oxygen that I breathe  
is imbued  
with the blessings of your beauty.



In a park full of happy families,  
I see a woman  
pushing her baby in a carriage;  
in my heart, this woman is you,  
this child is ours,  
and this happiness is a shared emotion  
we can experience together forever.

When the birds sing,  
it is your voice that I hear,  
and the music calms me completely.

When the sun is blazing hot,  
it is your passion that I desire,  
and I can taste your lips meeting mine.

When the rain is falling heavy,  
it is your chalice from which I sip,  
and the ambrosia satiates my every craving.

When I am asleep,  
it is your purity of which I dream,  
and I hold you in my arms to dance.

When I first wake up,  
it is your letter that I read,  
and I smile as you speak in our language of love.

When I pick up a pen to write,  
it is your ink that flows,  
and the pages that get filled  
are all in adoration of your divine nature.

When I look into the future,  
it is your vision that I seek,  
and all the hours of a lifetime  
stretch out before me  
as a prophecy of perfect peace.

Your essence is everywhere,  
bubbling up to the surface,  
boiling with anticipation,  
buzzing with electricity,  
burning through my veins,  
crashing in waves over my soul,  
cleansing, washing, baptizing,  
bathing me in the Holy Spirit,  
guiding me to higher truth,  
leading me ever-closer to you.



**Scott Thomas Outlar:** He hosts the site [17Numa.wordpress.com](http://17Numa.wordpress.com) where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, and books can be found.



**Irsa Ruçi:** She is an Albanian speechwriter and lecturer who has received numerous awards, and whose books include: Trokas mbi ajër (poems and essays), 2008 and Pështjellim (poetry), 2010.



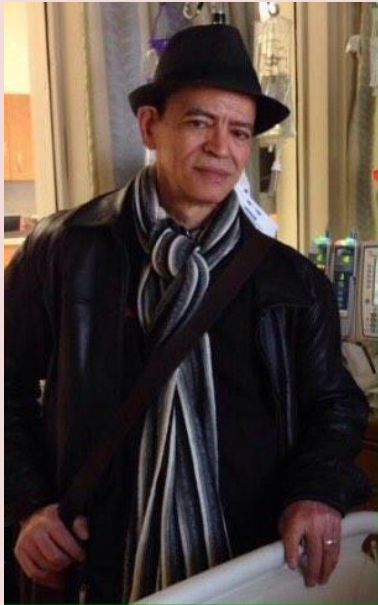
## **AN URGING NEED**

At this point in my life  
I need to find a secret place,  
Entirely drawn by closed space  
Deeply into the forest  
Or up in the mountain  
And disinherit my presence  
In this chaotic world  
Until I have been convinced  
That there is light  
At the end of the tunnel!

Once this dreamed place  
Is finally found,

I will take as much time  
As needed to fully reconcile  
My battered heart and mind!

When the time is right  
And I would be standing on  
A clear and solid ground,  
Without any hesitation,  
I would let my truant,  
Humble and fighting spirit  
To return to the same world  
I leave behind to deal  
With the daily obligations  
Required of a mortal:  
To learn and overcome  
With completion of tasks  
Reserved for me by society!



**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](http://www.romeodellavalle.com)



## HOW DOES TIME END?

Does it fatigue like a sparrow  
that endured violent storms?

Does it expunge itself  
like language of an extinct community?

Does it dry out like a river  
flowing through a famished land?

Does it decay like an old man  
who died knowing a secret?

Does it wither like a flower  
that bloomed on soil of a coffin?



Does it empty itself out

like audience leaving a theatre after second-show?

Does it just end

like the last page of an epic novel?



**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.



<http://www.dasgrup.com/rachel-mccampbell-painting-for-an-absence-oil-bird-window-person-sleeping/>

## CUL-DE-SAC

How cruel I feel  
when you let go of the rigid jawline in the softness of sleep  
Your cheek curving up in a dream, your chin prickly  
tattooing its insistence upon my arm  
You forget that deplorable vow of willful insouciance  
and breathe your wants into my skin

Cruel because I am awake  
Able to decipher your body language-  
hieroglyphics that conceal  
dust devils of unspoken emotions  
So formidable that it blotches up my sclera

You sleep in a cup of dreams  
your tired hostility dribbles over the edges  
and destroying the last of the lazily erected billboards of  
protest,  
I transfer the ripples your warmth evokes  
to the scattered vermillion being sprinkled over the quiet  
blue  
signaling the turn of our love-street  
into yet another cul-de-sac day  
  
where you will measure and weigh  
every word and gesture  
before you let me have a peep  
but till then  
let me gather you in, forget the ageing night  
and sleep



**Reena Prasad:** She is a poet/writer from India, currently living in Sharjah (United Arab Emirates). Her poems have been published in several anthologies and journals e.g. The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, Lakeview International Journal etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's, Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in July 2015. More recently, she was adjudged second in the World Union Of Poet's competition, 2016. She writes at Butterflies Of Time.



## **VOLCANO BITES**

A toothless mouth sports the devil's tongue

That slips and slithers into

Oyster caves.

Paused and cursed with a crimson prison.

Tongue in cheek

Slobbers over a lover and slurps her in

In a froggy meal.

A toothless tongue

Is a fleshy candy bar

Crazily spicy

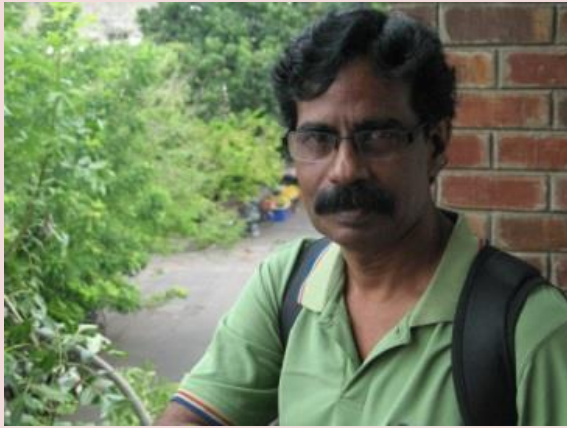
That delves deep into little crevices,

Caverns, pits, circus rings and

Sweeps the earth clean  
rolling the moon and wiping the stars away.

A toothless mouth is a  
Long playing record  
That broadcasts into subterranean pangs  
Soaked in acids and enzymes.  
Sometimes, it strays too far  
Into still smoking volcanoes  
And pays the price  
At the altar of love.

Nailed on the mount  
Slaughtered on the victory stone  
Burnt to yellow ash  
For volcanoes are toothless  
With a nasty bite  
and are places where  
love erupts into  
charred worldly charms



**Ravi Shanker (Ra Sh):** He translates from Malayalam and Tamil to English and vice versa. Published English translations of stories by Bama (Tamil), Mother Forest (from Malayalam) and Waking is Another Dream (Sri Lankan Tamil Poetry) and for Anthologies of Dalit literature published by OUP and Penguin India. Published poems in magazines, journals and anthologies. He is one of the five contributing poets to the anthology, "A Strange Place Other Than Earlobes" (five voices seventy poems). A collection of his poetry, "Architecture of Flesh" was published by Paperwala in 2015. E-mail: [shankeran@gmail.com](mailto:shankeran@gmail.com)



## MY INSPIRATION

Lonely and sad  
I was walking on the beach,  
Happiness and peace  
Seemed so much out of reach.

Regret of the past  
Anxiety about the future,  
Caught between the two  
Living was a torture.

I had wealth, I had power  
I had prestige as well as fame,  
Yet I seemed to be a loser  
In life's complex game.

I had always fought for more  
And never settled for less,  
But now when I had it all  
I was still in a mess.



What was my blunder,  
Where had I gone wrong?  
This is all I kept thinking  
As I dragged my feet along.

Just then I saw a sight  
Which was so rare,  
I stopped in my tracks  
And continued to stare.

It was a vision in brown  
Bathed in dew drops and sunlight,  
She seem to me the epitome  
Of all that was happy and bright.

While frolicking in the glory  
Of the Sun, the Sand and the Sea  
She showed me what was wrong  
With my life and with me.

She was living life  
In the present moment,  
And the past and the future?  
She knew what they meant.

Yesterday was over  
And tomorrow yet to come,  
Today was the reality  
One had to face with aplomb.

Happiness was not a chance  
But a matter of choice  
From deep within me  
I heard my soul's voice.

Bidding a silent good-bye  
To my lovely inspiration,  
I took a solemn vow  
To make each moment a Celebration.



**Ramendra Kumar:** What would you call a person who is a writer by passion, a story teller by obsession, a mentor by aspiration and a communicator by profession? You would probably call him insane. Well, we call him Ramen.  
[www.ramendra.in](http://www.ramendra.in)



## IN THE EVER CHANGING TIMES

In the ever-changing  
Times, our taking refuge  
In Timer, forsakes us,  
Forsaking itself;  
like fallen dry leaves  
twirl up in search of corner.  
It is like stitches get  
Undone, showing cleavage.  
Allowing us to count  
Cleavage and broken threads.

The clock striking meticulous,  
watches the inroads  
into the human carve

making changes . In the  
ever-changing times, our  
taking refuge in Timer  
forsakes us: forsaking  
itself. It is like paper  
torn into pieces, into  
corners flying around .

in the Ever-changing Times  
we still take refuge in Timer  
and forsaking Times.



**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.



## **WAR IS NECESSARY**

Yes, war is necessary.

But let my wife not be widowed,  
Nor my children orphaned.  
Nor let my mother and father  
Spend life's last lap looking  
At the photograph of me  
Saluting at my passing out parade  
Trying desperately to stifle a tear.

War, however, is necessary.

But my career is also necessary.  
That US visa, that VP designation  
And that Thailand...

Well, whatever happens in Thailand.  
And that 5-crore sea facing flat.

It's necessary, war is necessary.

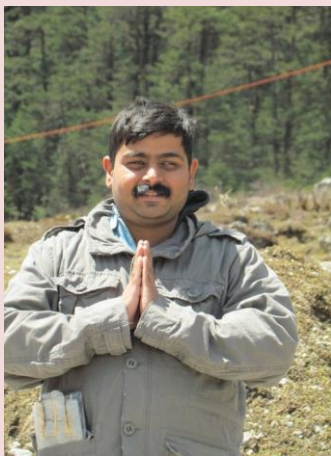
I am aware that the men in uniform  
Fighting the blizzards of Siachen  
Or sudden fire on the Line of Control  
Or fearlessly facing militants  
Martyr themselves for the Nation,  
But I fulfill my responsibilities too  
And have never failed to offer  
Koti koti shraddhanjali  
On Facebook and Twitter.

War, however, is necessary.

But it is not in my fate that I,  
Clutching a mug of cold tea at 3 AM,  
Fight a jihad against sleep; nor,  
Wearing body armour (If I get any)  
Depart for a crusade against

The searing heat of the desert.  
And I must forget altogether,  
Going on a tour to Rwanda on a UN  
peace mission. I'll make do with Goa.

But yes, war is necessary.



**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.





I cut myself deeper each year  
after you left and locked myself  
in the room of your misery.  
You fell asleep in there,  
four walls, a window, a bed  
and no one to talk to.  
No sound of footsteps,  
except the ones accompanied  
by the rolling of wheels and the  
stench of medicine.  
No warmth, no get well soon cards  
or flowers by your side.  
Your call for help unanswered,  
your right to love denied.  
Fifteen years ago, you fell asleep  
in that room, never to speak again

and I woke in pain, that is to last forever.

I cut myself an inch deeper

each time, hoping to tear

down the walls and find release.

*(Remembering Papa)*



**Priyasha Lobinha Cdo:** I am a creature of the dark, like a firefly. People of light, who have never been brave enough to face it don't understand it and hence despise it. Does light not blind you as much as darkness does? The fireflies know better, they owe it to the night, it's what makes them so beautiful.



Laureate poets everywhere  
But not a poem to read  
Who is the greatest, who is the topmost  
Competitions are going on  
Pretend to be scholars form a panel  
Decide the winners and losers  
I am the topmost, you are the second  
Let others take all other prizes



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



## TIME MARCH

Turn back the clock! Can you?

Just like that?! Did you? Could you?

You are grounded in a 'freeze' moment,

You think time stood still, your mind numbed, body in  
'statue ' mode,

The relentless summer heat of everyday life,

Dries out your grief, sense of loss,

You move, at last, for life has to go on, you accept,

And just like that summer slips into fall,

To repose in winter's snow fall,

Rest a awhile,

To come alive, in Spring, when the heart sings,

All's well with the world.



**Pratima Apte:** I am an English Hons. Graduate of Delhi University. I am a homemaker, recently turned grandmother!

I used to write sporadically in the Pune edition's Women's page of the Indian Express. I love reading and writing, words are my world. My interests in reading are self-help books, spiritual and cookbooks and fiction. Books by Ayn Rand, Taylor Caldwell, Leon Uris, J Krishnamurthy, Dan Brown have been my favourites, as also layman's homeopathy, astrology and medical books.



## **WAR A LOSING BATTLE**

Know not as to why  
often these days I find myself  
On the line of contours  
At times I cross, at times crosses my shadow  
I am at loggerhead with myself?

Where are those peace-loving poets, artists, intelligentsias  
Only war mongers, wherever eyes go  
Are they waiting for another strike  
To be followed by retaliation, surgical intervention till each  
and everyone becomes a human bomb!

Are we waiting for the mass annihilation  
There is no end to war, but war can never be the end too !

I love blood so long it circulates in veins!

Is war a match and fixed?

Does supply create its own demand

Are we demanding because tanks and bombs are being supplied

Is war a commercial proposition?

Is religion on the sale and humanity is buying at exorbitant price?

Who says globalised the world is

Barriers, fences I can see everywhere

The map is a sub divided, fragmented

Piece of land splattered with blood sans peoples

Only rifles are walking

Only bombs are sown

Patches of sky laying in search of propriety right

Sea water flowing with proprietor's stamps by countries

The industrial reserve army is on the rise

No body paying a heed to it

Food insecurity is on the rise, no one is concerned

Water has become a weapon in international arena

Where are the global citizens?

Where are the cultural diplomats

World wars are in general study's books

Murmuring we are the dates, time places and nations

Who has fought against whom

Who is fighting

Who will fight

We are all engaged in a losing battle ever since we learnt the terminology war.



**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.





## A POET'S HEART

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

My heart is beating fast

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

I hope it's going to last

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

The words are passing through

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

Thixotropic but much like glue

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

They're stacking up inside

Boompity Boom, Boompity Boom

The exit's not so wide

Boompity Boom, Boompity Bloop

I feel a kind of pain

Boompity Bloop, Boompity Gloop

The words have shot to my brain

Boompity Bleep, Boompity Blip

The words are in my mind

Boompity Blop, Boompity Burp

To you their way will find



**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](http://www.elfinchild.com)



## OF KIMONOS AND FATIGUES

The mannequins awaken deep into the night. They open their eyes against the heavy darkness and stumble around with the grace of a crow in stilettos. They haven't had chance for a decent sun-tan but their smooth limbs are dressed in fine laces and silk dresses.

Some of them sink into lounge chairs and fish for stuttering naps. Others break into impromptu tap dances, trying out clothes and cologne no one would let them wear during the day. The veterans, having lost limbs or heads along the way, sit around the cold glow of neon signs to plot an uprising.

They even have a confidante in the grizzled watchman. Sometimes, one can find him sharing a frugal meal with them. At others, they gather around him like children hungry for a good story. Like him, they too have spent a long time at the fringes. Now they want to claim the roofs, stand with

their backs pressed against the stars and protest the  
ignominy of a life devoid of dreams.

*silent night —*

*the wings of a moth*

*carving storms*



**Paresh Tiwari:** An electrical engineer by profession, a creative writer, and illustrator by choice, Paresh Tiwari, grew up in the labyrinthine lanes of Lucknow. He took to Japanese literary short forms in the winter of 2012.

Since then his haiku, haibun, tanka, haiga, free-form poems and flash fiction pieces have been published in various journals, anthologies and books. His first collection of haiku and haibun 'An inch of sky' was published by 20 Notebooks Press and is available online.



Come, let us go for a ride

You and me alone

Escape from Home, kitchen and homely duties

You leaning against me, hair blowing in the wind

Kissing me, me kissing you, unabashedly

Let me drive you around the hills, waterfalls, woods and tall trees.

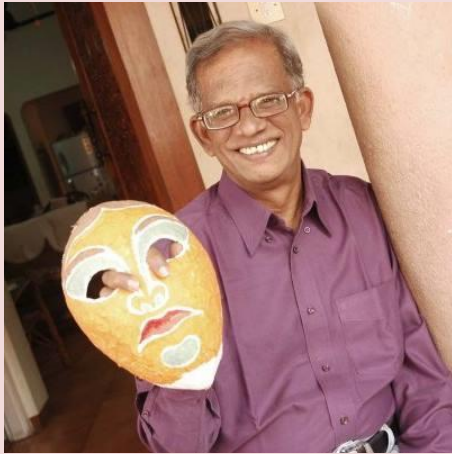
Let us go for a ride

If you die in my arms

Cremate you, throw your ashes to elements

Better than being mourned by Kith and Kin

Let the Elements Mourn your Death.



**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](http://www.velvi.org)



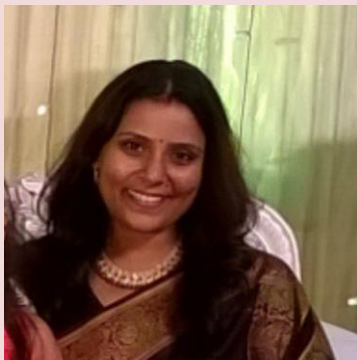
## **A REAL THING**

You are a gift no doubt  
So let me unwrap you slowly  
For once we are done undoing  
Layers and layers of façade  
Our friendship will be real  
Conversations will be more  
Candid in its vexations  
An outlet of our woes  
In a world harsh  
Demanding perfection.

It is a gift then  
Which will later wallow  
In pacified sorrow  
Float on a bark of upset

A sheer divide between  
What is and what is not

So let me unwrap you gently  
And savour our stories still new  
Impressions all sunny  
Before it turns into  
Yet another real thing  
In a severe world.



**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!





## THE STILLNESS AFTER THE PRAYER

Massive monoliths

with mossy facades and rubbed-off etchings,

grand and proud

tall and still,

stand

amid mounds of grassy knolls

holding strong against nature,

serene, peaceful and sublime.

In a silence so supreme, they

*still resonate with prayer calls and bell tolls.*

They watch over the city spread below as

a burnt orange glow lights up the sky

and the dawn chorus begins its early morning ritual

up in the arboreal empire, while the terrestrial horde

down below has already thronged the streets and narrow alleyways

symbolizing the

*the ruckus of life...*



**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.



## **BISHNU'S BOOK**

On page 60 of the Odiya translated works of his favorite author, Bishnu places his bony index finger and reads the well-crafted lines.

Tonight his wife complains about the piece of jewelry he forgot to pawn, while blowing air with her fat lips and her sharp tongue into the funnel to cook rice and prepare her neighbour's version of dalma.

Bishnu fingers lurk in the last paragraph in which the demure wife

and the mighty, perfect husband live happily.

He chuckles but veils his stained teeth  
behind the worn book, his only possession;

The complains are now his lullaby  
he slowly closes his eyes  
placing the open book on his mud brown face.

His wife's thunderous voice startles him.

He wakes up,  
tearing the last page.



**Nivedita Narsapuram:** She is an unschooled student of poetry and prose. She writes to make sense of the chaotic world around through her stories and poetry. Among her

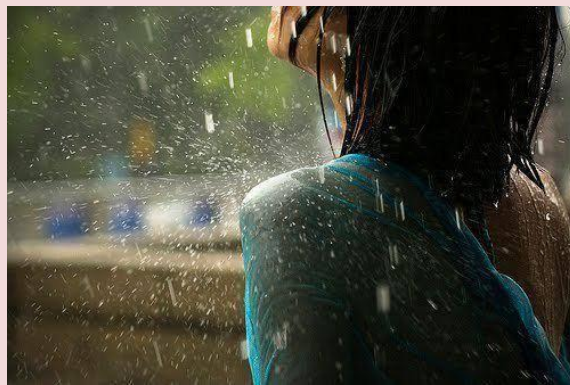
other interests, she loves exploring Wisconsin and soaking in the warmth of its people and its harsh winters. She blogs at: [nnivedita.com](http://nnivedita.com).



## **NATURE**

Newton's apple fell.

Why didn't you turn your back  
rather than suffering the dissection?



## **RAIN**

A net is knit.

Overwhelmed clothes flutter wet  
but you swallow your thirst!



## SUN

You erode my heart  
with eerie solitude in sweltering days.  
The red hot desert is my lot.



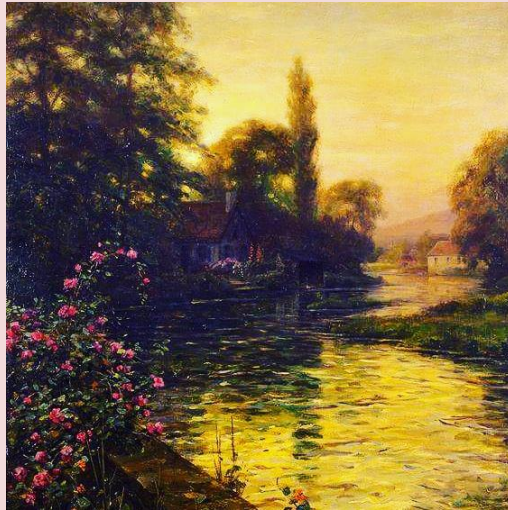
## WINTER

Come winter and my caravan clamours.  
A violet river flows  
lost in the mist-nets; I chew off time.



**Nandini Sahu:** She is a major voice in Indian English poetry, is an Associate Professor of English in IGNOU, New Delhi, India; she is a creative writer, theorist and folklorist ; she is the author/editor of eleven books; has been widely published in India, U.S.A., U.K., Africa and Pakistan. Dr.Sahu is a double gold medalist in English literature, the award winner of All India Poetry Contest, Shiksha Rattan Purashkar and Poiesis Award of Honour, 2015. She is the Chief Editor and Founder Editor of two bi-annual refereed journals, Interdisciplinary Journal of Literature and Language(IJLL) and Panorama Literaria. Her areas of research interest cover New Literatures, Critical Theory, Folklore and Culture Studies, Children's Literature, American Literature and ELT.





### **AT THE HUT BY THE RIVER**

At the hut by the River  
Spent hours of lustful days  
Till the dusk came sweeping cool  
Amidst the songs of gnats,  
Twas such a plentiful life  
To get soaked into the pervading Bliss  
Of nature's profound stillness  
And it's soft soothing kiss;

At the hut by the River  
Spent childhood and also youth  
Watching oft how seasons came  
Like moments of Love, Beauty and Truth,

Found there all that had been said  
Years before my birth,  
Found there what it meant to be  
To get aligned with the Eternal Mirth,

That Mirth which people sought  
The Myth which got ancient leaning,  
That Joy which the Lord had planted  
Into forms with inherent meanings,

Beauty is what the truth is  
And so is what the Eternal one,  
At that hut by the River's side  
Got floated in waters like a white swan,

And poems came like ripples soft  
Right onto my breast,  
And words came like murmuring of  
A cool flowing silvery cascade.



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

Me? I am nothing...I'm not a conscious poet...I just scribble;

For scribbling is like singing spontaneously...It is like dancing  
loving the movements of body...So I live...So I wish to  
depart...



## NO 'BODY'

One night while my body slept,  
I noiselessly picked up my soul.  
I rose and stole away  
leaving my body behind,  
taking only my mind.  
I dared not turn to see  
if my body awoke and was watching me.  
I had to get away  
from its stifling hold;  
I don't know what made me so bold.  
As I crept out in stealth  
I held my breath.  
I tiptoed past the door,  
and slid along the floor.  
As I stepped out  
I made sure no one was about.

I shut the door behind me  
And then at last I was free!  
But oh, I was cold and very scared  
with my soul thus bared  
as I went through the gate  
in my 'no-body' state.  
As I passed a shadowy tree,  
a crow peered down at me.  
It squawked in surprise,  
couldn't believe its eyes!  
But I quickly flitted by  
before it could raise an outcry.  
I went looking for another 'body'  
With more space inside;  
better fittings, beside.  
But every 'body' I found  
be they tall, short or round,  
none of them suited me  
to a 'T'.  
I sighed and hurried away.  
I better get back before light of day!



**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.



## **RAINFORESTS OF THE SEA**

Underneath the mighty ocean  
We the delicate coral reefs  
Form a colourful garden  
The sunlight seeps in  
The golden rays descending  
And our vibrant colours of  
Fiery Crimson Red Yellow  
Orange White and Pink  
Displaying and reflecting  
Surrendering to the  
Tranquil sunset as the day ends  
And the dark night with  
The shimmering moonlight  
Peep through the cold waves  
That echo all day and night  
Beyond and within

Our porous sculptures  
Kissing and caressing away  
Swims our marine friends  
Whispering secrets  
Making friends with  
The mighty whales  
The age old turtles  
The fearsome sharks  
The flat stingrays  
The poisonous snakes  
The innocent dolphins  
The hiding long eels  
The floating ghost jelly  
The long armed octopus  
Beautiful sea urchins  
The leathery sea cucumbers  
Cocoon making parrot fishes  
The long snouted sea horses  
Aggressive clawed giant crabs  
Camouflaging colourful fishes  
Burrowing and waiting lobsters  
Protecting and feeding them



We thrive with the green slimy  
Long and slender seaweeds  
Safe and sound beneath  
Disturbed are our friends  
By the shadows of the boats  
When nets are spread  
All above and around us  
It's hard to see our friends  
With pumping little hearts  
Fighting for their lives  
Running and hiding  
The unlucky ones  
Caught in the nets  
With fearful eyes gasp  
Polluted with thrash  
Drilling sounds oil spills  
Choke our garden of Eden  
Divers exploit our wealth  
We too get crumbled  
On the ocean floor  
Our future depends on you  
Untouched we will flourish

As spectacular and serene  
Rainforests of the sea



**Merlyn Alexander:** I hail from Nagercoil, had my schooling and college there and did my post-graduation in Botany. Surrounded by nature all around our district with tall coconut trees fringed sea shores, beginning of the Western Ghats, paddy fields and coconut grove, rubber plantations, with some red cliff valleys and scattered mountainous terrain, I feel blessed that nature has lots to offer for my poems. I'm an ardent lover of nature. Other than writing my hobbies include painting, craft, travelling music reading and cooking. I'm a blogger and I have a cookery blog. I would love to publish a cookery book someday. My collection of poems in a book. Gimme some time.

[www.alexanderskitchenrecipes.blogspot.com](http://www.alexanderskitchenrecipes.blogspot.com)



### **...AND I FELT CROSS-EYED**

... as the man next to me in front seat of the bus got off,  
another fellow tried to rush in, with the result, in a tangle of  
legs

we all squirmed and felt annoyed. But the man in a tearing  
hurry, rushed in,  
all the same, and slowly smiled.

I held off my smile under a gruesome stare but he didn't care.  
Red-hot witticisms boiled in my head, his eyes told me  
something else,  
there was this unmistakable knowing look about it.

Grimacing, he lifted his left foot and kept it crossed on right  
knee,  
and pointed a stiff finger at his heel.

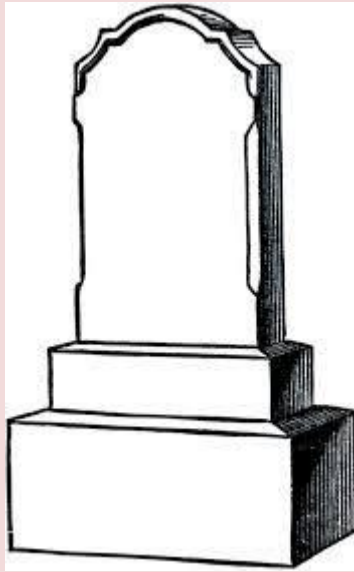
A goodish chunk of it was missing -as if sliced off.  
There was a scab, and the wound seemed not too old.

No words were exchanged, he just smiled...

... and I felt cross-eyed.



**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.



## **NOBODY**

Sign on currency notes,  
Stand on pedestals,  
Scream to a mad crowd  
Stories of great triumphs,  
Be becoming, be somebody.

Drive on tar roads,  
Flatest wheeled motors,  
Boast of your titanium, suits, shoes,  
Of leather jackets, goggles, lingerie.  
Throw packets out of your window,  
Under the earth, into sea beds,  
Grab some power, some land,

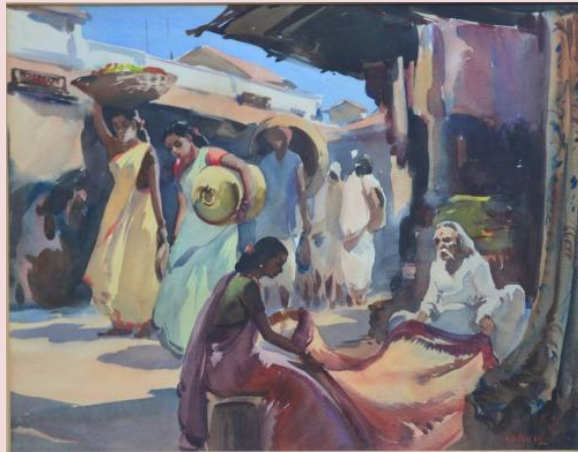
Donate huge sums, wash your sins,  
Be becoming, Be somebody,

Go shade one of the four circles,  
Cram formulas, digits and words  
Treasure the old furniture,  
Your ancestors bought,  
Thank them at rich gatherings,  
Make history, leave your traces.  
Forget who you are, what you can be  
if you weren't asked to be  
Be becoming, be somebody

Then shall you be buried,  
In an expensive oak coffin,  
Marble slab erected, labels etched,  
Else in 27 cartoons casket,  
Unnamed granite stones at your head,  
Hence, fear of being a Nobody



**Mahitha Kasireddi:** She is from Hyderabad, India. She's an aspiring writer/poet. She had been a writer with online magazines Youth Ki Awaaz and Campus Diaries. Her poems have been published in literary journals such as GloMag and Telegram Magazine. She is the writing finalist of the Campus Diaries 25 Under 25 2016 National Contest.



## WOMAN AT A FAIR

*a Kiran Zehra Poem*

Crochet ear-rings, brass bangles  
Jute bags, chandeliers and wooden barrels  
This fair by my house hath all women's need  
Pearls and diamonds, wine and seed  
The threshold displays a grand statuette  
A smiling woman holds a pot on her head  
I wondered if this could really be  
A woman so strong, a woman with glee  
The fair is large; I hath more to see  
So I bid her goodbye to endure my shopping spree  
Now, the first counter was big and bright  
It had beaded necklace gathered in silk tread  
In hues of green, yellow, blue and red  
The merchant was a boorish sight, said he with a wry



“Touch it not if you intend not to buy”  
That was it! I bid the rude seller goodbye!  
Next inside a hogan a maiden was trading grinding stone  
Oh what good would this do to me?” to her I mellow a groan  
“Hit it like it grinds his bones for husbands  
we ought to love although their heart made of stone.”  
Her reply impressed me but I let it pass and moved on to the  
carpet stall  
The vendor was a handsome fellow; his words would make  
you fall  
He put his carpets in my living room, spinning my  
imagination's loom  
I loved the man but his carpets not, I smiled and left to buy  
perfume  
The scents they fill the air like air  
A dreamy girl with a wishful stare  
Closes on and says to me  
“Buy this lady, it's the perfume of the sea,”  
She opens the phial only for a strong essence to emerge  
I choke and run into a five-and-dime, here I find petty stuff  
But nothing to stop my huff and puff  
Under a tree a fragile maid sells some buttermilk

I run to her and she pours out a glass for me  
I drink to sooth me breathe for ten rupees  
I see the carpenter's finery,  
And move into a store of Kalamkari,  
Next I see of chandeliers and mehendi  
Each merchants chants "We welcome thee."  
I proudly leave with nothing, not even thirst  
No one here would ever guess, my pocket was just empty  
I smiled and thought "A day spent well with rupees twenty!"



**Kiran Zehra Komail:** Put her in the mountains and she will bargain rhymes and rhythm from the tallest tree and the sward. Place her in the concrete jungle and she will sing you a song of love midst the streets and the walls. Show her a burning torch and she would tell you hope is approaching! Call Ms Kiran Zehra Komail, a whirlwind of ideas or a foodie

her zest for life is endless and so are her dreams! She could redefine the shades of red, yellow, black or white in words so vivid you'd almost wonder if the true shade of it was this. She works for Rotary News as the Sub Editor of the English and Hindi magazine. Travel, gourmet and people to her are intriguing. Her poems and sketches are her theorem – simple yet deep and humble.



## POETIC LOVE

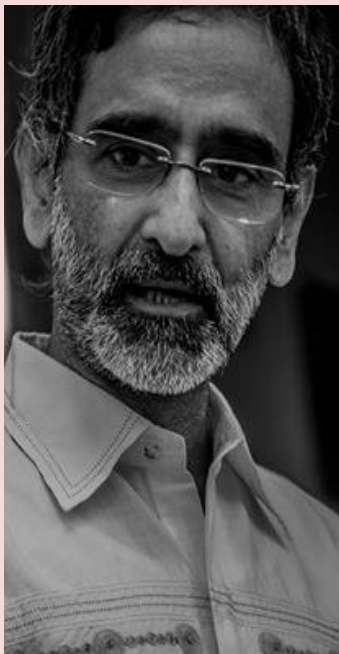
She is all set to marry  
The lover chosen by her family  
Caste horoscope dowry  
By God's grace matched auspiciously

She's fair she's beautiful  
A poet full of words like soul  
Hers is a heart of romance  
Her eyes awake with dreams

Moonlit night twinkling star  
She texts her chosen lover  
"I carry a restive child

Moony dreamy wild  
Stars in her closed eyes  
Unfree within my walls  
Eager to jump into your arms  
In our exciting journey together"

He calls the wedding off  
He's a proud strong man  
Not a sissy to marry a girl  
Pregnant with a love child



**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.



## NIGHT II

I need you, Night of the beautiful things  
To paint with colors unknown yet  
With the whispers flocking around me  
With the tears that gather with dew  
With the lost trysts that never happened  
My memoirs of kisses, lost upon your face

I need you to become my mistress. I do  
Caress that image behind a frame. You  
On the front cover, a face with a texted affair...  
I watch the timeless bloom of chrysanthemums  
Calico waves of white, touching the fabric  
Of your timeless lips, your chin, and beneath

I need you Night, though it is tragic that the interlude  
Between sunsets and dawn is black, not amber.

I need you because just needing you always

Turns me alive, makes me full, makes me believe



**Kanchan:** He is a retired engineer-soldier-teacher who played with poetry and electronics as a child of 13. He began writing again after retirement from soldiering. He has three books of poetry to his credit, but shies away from publicity. Kanchan writes in English mostly, and has published poetry in Bengali too. He is fond of classic sonnets, haiku, free form poetry and humor. Besides, he has edited and published a book of cartoons on military life in 1990. He can be contacted at [kb51@outlook.com](mailto:kb51@outlook.com)





### **“THE JUNGLE,” CALAIS, 2016**

Here we die slowly, he said, in our land it’s quicker,  
We lie to sleep, not knowing tomorrow we have to cross  
The sea to another land to a lawless place called “the jungle.”

When bombs fall in the eerie desert calm,  
We cower to our hideouts, which are blown apart,  
Before our eyes, smashed to powder and smoke.

Here, it’s cold; our lands are hot, sweltering,  
Reeking of gun smoke and smell of cordite burning,  
The mornings we forage for food and water amidst the ruins.

In the refugee camp our bones slowly chill with the cold,  
Our flesh freeze, we submit to the endless hostile gaze,  
Kind people come with food, but we mostly starve.

It's no different this land and the one we have left,  
It's both ruled by powerful men with guns and tanks,  
War lords using merchandise sold by ruthless corporations.  
Yes, we die slowly here, so that our children might live,  
Sleepless, they stumble out of our flimsy tents into the cold,  
There's no place to play tag or read alphabets in this jungle.

We never asked for wars or guns in our lands,  
We only asked for a place to live our worldly dreams,  
After having eaten, to watch a movie, and sing of freedom.



**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.



Sh.

This will  
be the skinny ---  
At swift stroke  
Midnight will roll  
and pass  
between us  
and lift  
us to  
the heaven's  
picnic and  
blue-purple.  
Little Peers.



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



## NIGHT WALTZ

O Michael tonight  
I am dreaming of you.  
We trace night with  
our fingers climbing  
ladders of darkness  
past the full moon.

Over silver light into  
star light we dance  
through air redolent  
with lilacs. Your eyes  
glow like burning comets  
as we waltz over clouds.

O Michael tonight  
I dreamed of you and  
woke to find you  
sleeping at my side.



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



## **EITHER FRIENDS OR STRANGERS**

Two brothers from different mothers  
grew up together - a charismatic tether  
From the childhood to the adulthood  
Sharing emotions and all the notions  
Related to curls or some of the burls;  
But....Time leaped on, and something cone  
New friend or jealousy, only a painful pansy  
Making one to sob, another one to nob  
Separating them, some secrets hem  
Distance seemed long, and hearts tong  
Things hurled and now pathways curved  
Projected in poles, both the moles  
Gleaming their balls of miseries  
Eating their lease pastries  
Yelped the sound to deepen the wound



Cracking the friendship, downing the trust's ship  
Misunderstandings and lack of faith  
Glistening their ending and graith  
Strangers and extreme are now, they,  
No sunshine thus no hay  
Only a big "MAY", to gay and fay  
Lost in oceans, all the motions  
No more notions, no more cautions  
'Hmm' ....now the whole - a cajole  
Can't find or can't mind  
Due to peer, all which now seems jeer!



**Jayant Singhal:** A voracious reader and an enraptured author, Jayant Singhal, under the animated pseudonym of 'Saaransh'. He began nurturing the passion for expressing the enchanted aura of the world through his pen just a few months ago. Having a strong affinity for English language, he loves to feel the imbuing effect of it. He is currently writing a

Facebook page, "Aroma - The Essence of Life". Dazzling through the twists and turns of this beautiful voyage, commonly known as 'Life', he is en route to the bewitching nature of happiness and peace.



## TREADMILL POEM - 2

that man is important  
i can tell by the way  
they treat him  
he has this leather strap  
on his wrists  
he's a weight-lifter  
i go fast on a treadmill  
he walks slowly around  
like the Lord of the Jungle  
i'm doing my 50s  
he is standing in front of the mirror  
checking himself sideways  
i lift weight on my feet  
he is checking the weight  
i'm doing bamboo exercises  
he's just taken a selfie

i'm going home

i don't care

who he is.



**Glory Sasikala:** She is a poet and writer, currently residing in Chennai. She is the editor and publisher of GloMag.

<https://www.instamojo.com/Glory/>



## WHALE SONG

Whales sing  
A submerged song  
Clear, between the  
Bubbles  
Of a stumendous  
Belch  
A geyser of water  
Into the air  
Like Iceland was  
A mass of geysers  
Bubbling up on time  
Meanwhile, the whales submerge,  
Chattering their whale songs  
Which must mean something  
That scientists pore over  
With their headphones

To decipher  
But whales merely  
Communicate  
The one with the other  
Diving to stupendous  
Depths  
Of deep sea  
To circumnavigate the globe  
That even Colum-  
gus  
Gust, a belch of water  
A flick of one tremendous  
Tail  
Like a paddle  
And another one  
Goes under,  
Down to fishy depths



**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.



## **BRIDE TO BE**

If Earth would become a young maiden,  
When she would be with dazzling jewelry laden,  
Of all of the precious gems to beautify her ornate,  
In diamonds, pearls, rubies, emerald, sapphires, agate,  
She would still chose the overcast sky as her veil,  
Blue rivers that gurgle through valleys with a gushing gale,  
Trees that would blossom flowers on her foliage tresses,  
Meadows, hedges, vines and thickets would stud her dresses,  
For she would be the cleansed bride to be,  
Having drenched herself in monsoon rains you see,  
That she had waited all summer long,  
Parched till she trembled in delight in a petrichor song,  
And the ponds and lakes, wells and cascades,  
Sparkle with fragments of the sky in glens and dales,  
She is a bewitching bride to be with a fragrance of wet slush,



And there she is preparing to gift creation all a flush,  
For monsoon blessings of the peninsula pour,  
In answer to prayers for prosperity to skies we adore!



**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.



At the exit gate  
Hushed, silent, sadness chokes  
A child cries in her mother's arms  
We move along  
She was such a gentle soul  
Yet hurt, pained,.....  
Till her last breath  
So unfair!  
Why is death so lazy sometimes?!  
Her motherly smile and light eyes stay



**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.



## **TRANCE ALARMS**

Plates of swirling fire  
Circles in the darkness  
Vermillion across the night  
Disdainful, pitiful.

Unfinished and reeking  
Tiny steps in the making  
Rotten fish outside redemption  
Hopeful, painful.

Writing the end of something  
That never did have a beginning  
Slashing, burning, twisting  
Clearing a way.

Fires keep swirling

Nights keep showing  
Plates and fish glowing  
They make you their prey.



**Gayatri Sekar:** She likes words and all the things they can do.  
Favorite quote: "All these signs lead to science".



## **AUTUMN**

Torrential autumn songs

Play on

Perhaps

To keep winter at bay

Lost

Singing lips

Dancing thoughts

Closed eyes

Dreaming of spring and summer

Slip into inevitable

Winter



**Gauri Dixit:** She is a software professional from Pune, India. She is an avid reader and regularly writes in poetry groups on Facebook. Her poems have been published in 3 anthologies. Her poems were featured in the Poet's Corner for the E-zine 'Mind Creative' published from Sydney Australia and Learning and Creativity e magazine. She has also co-edited a mini anthology for TSL and Different Truths for the Refugee Day.



*Pic by Dr. 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.*

## **SONG OF THE CICADAS**

*Cycle of Life* – Our collective hum chants the hymn of our ancestors for millenia

hoping to still bear witness of a foretold apocalypse gathering strength through

dischord and mayhem ignited by a false tune of progress and achievement of a

utopian human metropolis destroying mother nature to a barren nothingness

failing to save all species due to their rigid stubbornness dismissing the obvious

signs of mankind not that kind or even one of a kind – We sing this for you.



*Army of sound* – We are but one chorus amongst countless  
hordes of studied sorts

some still unknown you might even frown at discovering  
another natural habitat

hidden between this and that but our plight is a chosen  
oversight so we emerge after

many years hoping for our young nymphs to still be able to  
suck green life from the

roots of plants as we prepare for yet another millenium  
march in unison with the breath

of the wind the rush of trees the scowl of birds the fury of  
thunder – We do this for you.

*Scorched Pathways* – The faint warnings of those that were  
before us rush through our

veins like a river on fire flooding the dry plains scorching that  
which might still remain

detroying our legacy to warn of future anarchy so we sing our  
ancient song above the

marauding throng of power hungry political fatcats abusing  
the land for bitter molasses

promised scraps slurping rivers of gold choking on burnt  
copper melting countless more

ore causing preventable wars closing peaceful doors settling  
scores – This we say unto you.

*The Reckoning* – Our inherited song has been reverberating  
for too long with no heed to

our call we grow despondent our warnings neglected this  
ignorance of man not expected

so we watch closely as the effects of human greed cause the  
elements to react at stellar

speed the ice caps melting swathes of forests depleted  
destroying tribes not even discovered

the earth shuddering earthquakes increasing tsunamis  
hissing sinkholes gushing hurricanes

tumbling sucking spiralling deserts crumbling whilst  
volcanoes still slumbering – Hear us!

*Rebirth* – Our warnings have materialised we no longer see  
you or hear your constant empty

lies another millenium has passed but we have survived our  
kind destined to sing a new song

but for how long is not known or for whom as we sing over  
your dusty tombs our lament

carried by the wind seeking any life still abound but there are  
no more trees around or even

the sound of the lark to help us cry hark the atmosphere now  
dark not even a solar spark to

light our path so we hum our ancient song but for how long?  
We sometimes hear your cries...



**Don Beukes:** He is a retired teacher of English and Geography now writing poetry. Originally from Cape Town, South Africa, where he was born, raised and educated in the last two decades of Apartheid, he taught in both South Africa and the UK for twenty years and hold EU citizenship. As a person of 'mixed race' heritage, his poetry reflects the racial and cultural battles growing up in a racially divided society and indeed as a global citizen and hopes to adjust our moral compass. He also writes about the socio-political, life and death, womanhood, nature and religion.



Devi

I looked into her eyes

And for a moment

I was caught inside a whirlwind

Completely mesmerised

I lost my sense of time

There was nothing around me

I couldn't see anything, couldn't hear anything

Nothing but a constant hum

Of the universe

Wrapped around me

Taking me deeper and deeper

Into a space full of light

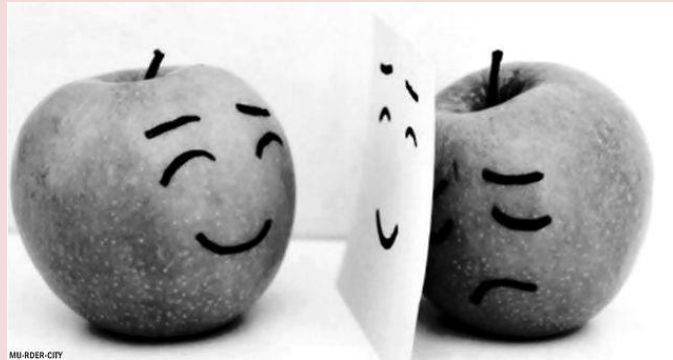
Making me realise I was one with everyone

And everything in this universe

In that moment of my enlightenment  
I discovered that she was alive  
Inside my unconscious  
Inside everyone's unconscious  
I was she, she was me  
Everyone was she and she was everyone  
The collective consciousness of this universe  
Of the past, present and the future  
All in that very moment  
Inside everyone, inside everything.



**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.



I'm fine, I'm okay, all is well.

Phrases that came to her defence,

When everything else fails.

The pain in her eyes,

Is hidden by the smile she wears.

She works, parties, dances and sings,

But the crippling pain never ended.

It never showed or could be made visible,

But when she tried, "get over with it" is all she heard.

You are no special, everyone goes through it,

You are seeking attention, you are perfectly fine.

Who could she probably confide in,

When the whole world called her a ranting queen.

I'm fine, I'm okay, all is well,

Is all she had.

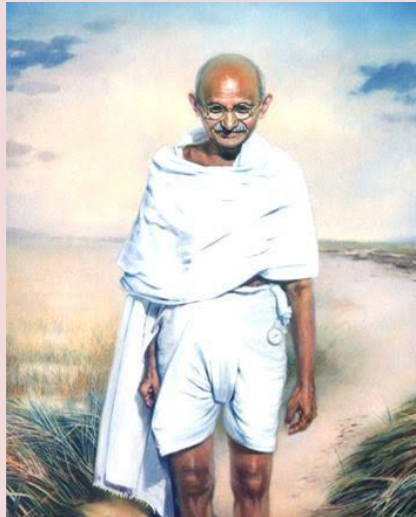
She was special to herself,

She was felt more and expressed less.  
Depression is that illness,  
That could never be appeared and only thought it be fake.  
Next time someone says I'm fine,  
But you still have a doubt,  
Ask her with a hug, give her some confidence,  
So she could confide in you, she could let it out.  
Don't ask her to deal with it,  
Rather help her come out of it,  
Help her feel better, help her become herself,  
It's as simple as showing you care.  
I'm fine, I'm okay, all is well,  
Could be more than just a phrase,  
Could be an indication that all isn't well.



**Dikshita Nahar:** Sugar, spice and everything nice. That's not who I am. I'm made of caffeine, books and movies. A writer in making. And yes, you could call me Dikshita.





## MAHATMA

The Soul that accomplished the impossible

The Soul that helped achieve that

which had never been realised in that way.

The Soul that shattered empires

The Soul that breathed life into zombies

The Soul that pumped blood into inert bodies.

The Soul that ignited hope in the hearts of slaves

This is a poem of gratitude, dear Mahatma Gandhi.

Satyagraha, the weapon of the weapon-less,

The Soul Force that disintegrated the resolve of the conquerors.

The lawyer who defied alien, illegitimate laws,

The lawyer disbarred by an unethical, parasitic legal system,

The helot who did not bow or break before tyranny.  
The descendant of the conquered who did not kow-tow  
before the colonials who opposed democracy.

The Mahatma won the respect,  
even the admiration of the ubermenschen.  
Painfully,  
With an unbelievable sense of ethics,  
He lived what he said and what he wrote.

The conquerors who benefited from pain  
were supremely upset  
by those who were able to reduce that pain.  
Those who love war hate those who love peace

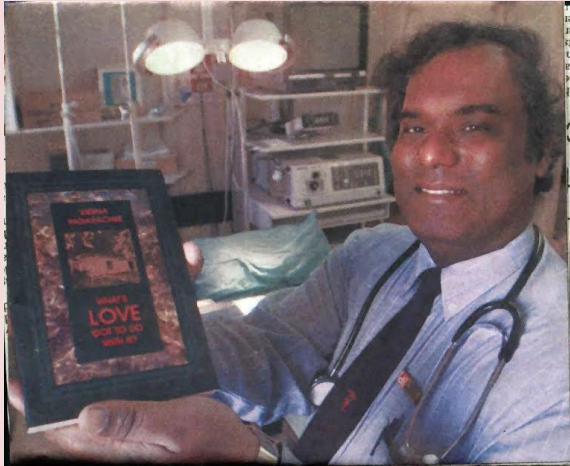
Somehow, the Mahatma survived for over seven decades  
Gandhi was perhaps the greatest human being of all time.

May his ideas,  
His way of life  
Always motivate us to be more civilised,  
More honourable

More thoughtful,

More caring

More kind.



**Deena Padayachee:** He has been awarded both the Olive Schreiner and the Nadine Gordimer prizes for prose. In 1987 he published a book of poems called *A Voice from the Cauldron*. His short stories are featured in a few anthologies, including Jonathan Ball's *A Century of South African short stories*, Penguin's *Modern South African short stories*, Reader's Digest's *Best South African short stories* and the University of Cambridge's *New South African short stories*. Wasafiri, Crux and Skive have published his poems.



### **ALUMNI #63**

I climbed in the sink,  
because my children climb in the sink  
but that didn't make me

a child. The point  
was driven home when I tried  
to get out of the sink, my body

a caught kind of faith, proven  
false at the knees, stood only  
to knock the light fixture askew.



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



## **ATITHI DEVO BHAVAH**

no artificial labels define me  
my birth certificate  
just a synthetic piece of paper  
i am i, not my physical body  
nor my flesh and bones  
and somewhere in this mass  
that is me ,  
there is, I suspect a soul  
struggling within me

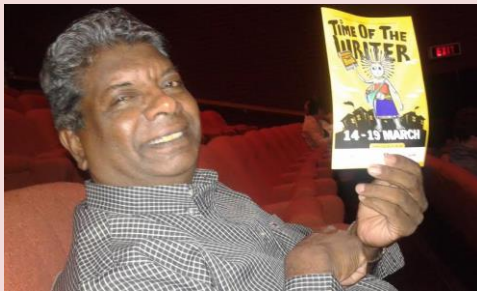
the seers and their ancient philosophy  
exalts the status of guest to a god  
how ill sighted were they  
oh atithi devo bhavah  
do not make me,

this mere mortal a god  
a god or deity i am not

before i am defined  
know that i,  
a son of a devout mother  
the flesh and blood  
begotten by a loving father  
i am, a brother a friend  
a fellow human being  
before i am an indian  
before my caste is classified

O' honourable host  
I venerate you, give you respect  
dignity you bestowed  
with your hospitality  
held my hand , touched my heart  
opened your doors with love  
your home and hearth made them mine

made me feel like a king  
not for one infinitesimal moment  
did i feel or become  
an alien in your midst  
you made me your kith and kin  
if ever I pass your home again  
I will not be afraid to knock on your door again.



**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.





## **A HORSE-CHESNUT TATTOOED**

Crossing Columbus Square, in Burgos

I see in front of me a nice girl

As an Eden' fruit.

Smiling, she stop me, asking:

-Where do you go, Darling, so early?

I stop smiling at her and looking at hereyes

An eyes plenty of Sky

Although she'llsay to me later

That she gives drops on her lacrimal.

She say to me:

-Come j Sit on this wood bench

Of the Espolon avenue

If do you have time, of course;

We have to talk.

-Yes, naturally. I want it.

We sit. Talk. She, first:

-I remember ever what well we enjoyed

The last feast of Villarcayo

Being me the sweetheart of a King

Or a Head of Government.

I was hesitant

without she would be given account, answering:

-Oh, Yes, Yes, Oh, no, no, go pretty girl

Follow, follow, my Love.

-Well made me love, Lovej

-It's the truth, Rachel, I said to her, lying

And trying to get out of my memories.

-It had to be in the convent of the Mount of the Abbess

I said to her.

-Thus, she replied

On Earth we see ourselves before in Heaven.

The two smile.

- We have to love ourselves, she suggested me

Smiling again and again.

-It's ok, I replied; asking to her:

-Now, what do you do?

She explained:

-Now I'm working in a dental clinic

Very close to here.

-Nice, I replied to her

It has to be interesting to go to your surgery.

-What a fool you are, she said.

Paused a moment, and laughing, continued:

-I have to show You one thing that You gave to me

Because you've been the leading man who adored

But you not showed up, until today, greenhorn

-Oh, Yes, Yes, Oh, no, no, I replied to her

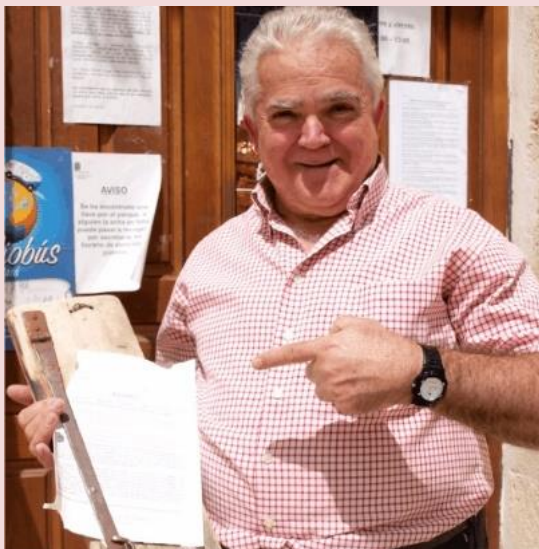
Being my color doubtful.

-Yes, cute, she replied.

You gave to me a horse chestnut

Of the two in which You drew an Eros

Front of me  
And in the convent of the Mount of the Abbess  
Do You Remember? loving ourselves.  
An Eros tattoo with indelible ink  
Saying to me: "this for you, my Love  
That this one I'll send  
To the Museum of Miniatures from Mijas, in Malaga.  
-Oh, Yes, Yes, Oh, no, no, I replied to her, smiling  
And ordering:  
-Get up, Rachel, my White Pigeon  
And walk by the Arlanzon River  
With kisses.



**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.



## THE FLOATING MOON

I swim near the floating moon,  
Against the current of thought,  
The stars sing an urging tune,  
A twinkling gladness is taught.

The stroke of the sea's caress,  
Releasing my land-locked limbs,  
I swim far from my distress,  
And the grief of daylight dims.

Shall I reach the floating moon,  
Against the current of thought?  
Shall I sing the stars' glad tune?  
Can my night's desire be caught?



**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.



## **BIRD**

I was reading the days newspaper  
crow my friend while pecking dead rat  
asked what is it you are reading  
its of caste ism, killing white killing black  
upper caste flogging dalits  
girls raped

oh he said that all comes in print  
i never use paper in my nest  
only cotton and cloth  
i do not want my young ones to read that  
you know even i am untouchable, a outcste  
you call me scavenger  
in fact i clean your environment



but you call me crow  
when will you call me a bird  
tell all the birds they too shun me  
politics here is not better than yours  
koel rents my nest

doesn't pay  
thug - culprit  
but you sing his/her praises['  
boys coo and she repeats this goes on  
all for a tenant who does not pay  
i salute RK Laxman  
he brought me to life  
i love his common man  
you all are uncommon  
inhuman and uncultured  
so saying she flew off  
to conduct her evening classes at the next building  
i do not know what she said there but she stopped coming  
and rats and cats are rotting

here

then i received a courier on a feather black

she said i am at UNA see you soon

PS. the cows are rotting here and nobody allows me to eat  
to hell with your world.-keep you dead rats and cats.



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



## **JOBLESS MONDAYS**

Heavy was the feeling he had

Facing the carnage of dreams

I had to quit, he said to an uncomprehending wife

The second time, she asked

And shook her head as if to admonish him...

But can you give me a reason to believe

That you will find something now

I mean you are 50

Time stopped when the man lost his job

Little indications marked their change of status

The shop would not after some time lend them provisions

Until they paid their pending bills

Neighbours wondered why he was at home on a Monday  
noon

And he wandered about, many mornings, after duly saying  
bye

A torn piece of newsprint underlining a job ad in his pocket

And unreasonable anger at the relentless rejections

Were his passport to the metamorphosis he hadn't sought

From a tax-payer to a defunct engineer with a family

But had he not, earlier in his cabin

Railed against the system and privileges that the old-boys  
network

Bestowed on his boss

He carried on nonetheless

Sold his shares, sold the old family home

His wife her jewellery

Still they would not budge from the city

Until he was permanently a fixture on the job market

The harsh sun beat on him day after day

Continued to frustrate his ambitions

She the daughter said not me

and worked for many years at this job and that

until she lost her job herself and wondered  
am I a chip off the old block



**Brishti Manjima Bandyopadhyay:** Hi, I am from Delhi and like penning poetry. I am a content writer and editor by profession, a part-time versifier by inclination. Hope you enjoy my poem.



## CAESURA

Inside the home

I heave like a storm

My airy abundance seethe

In a riot of vapour and heat

Icy walls, and

A lone door of rain

Keep the sun out

My home

Windowless

Impregnable

Devoid of the sacred orifice

To receive you

Begging to be let in

Time knocks

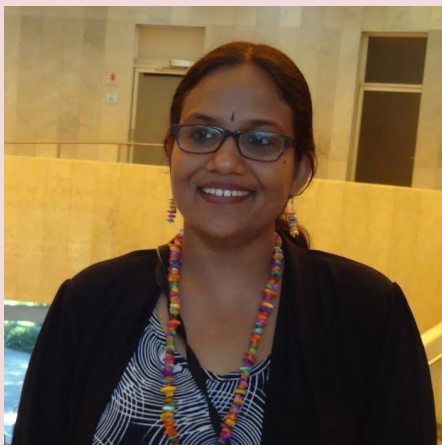
Till his knuckles bleed

Even after the world ends

The word pulsates in me

Restless for an egress

I drift till my soul becomes light



**Bini B.S.:** She is currently a post-doctoral fellow at Balvant Parekh Centre for General Semantics and Other Human Sciences, Baroda, Gujarat. Her research articles, poems and translations have appeared in national and international Journals and anthologies including Poetry Chain, Kritiya, Samyukta, ETC: A Review of General Semantics, JWS: A Journal of Women's Studies, DUJES, South Asian Ensemble, Kavyabharati, Korzybski And... (published by the Institute of General Semantics), The Virtual Transformation of the Public

Sphere (Routledge), and General Semantics: A Critical Companion. She is the editor of Anekaant: A Journal of Polysemic Thought and the Managing Editor of JCT (Journal of Contemporary Thought). Her poems were part of an anthology of corporeal poems titled A Strange Place Other than Earlobes: Five Poets, Seventy Voices published by Sampark, Calcutta in 2014.





## **SHADES OF A LUMINARY**

### **AN ODE TO DOCTOR NANDA SOOBEN ©**

White streaks of light cast a glow  
on he where the sun's rays flow -  
blushing in his eminence, colour splashes as an arch  
the Rainbow Nation sketched,  
in his vision for liberation  
on a canvass stretched.

Dispersed in a spectrum of red and orange,  
yellow and green -  
hues of blue betrothed  
to violet and indigo -  
a crusade,  
in a mural illuminated by a halo.

A palette of his kaleidoscope -  
coloured the fragments of a land,  
lacerated in divisions circumscribed by race  
where White, Black, Coloured and Indian clashed  
beneath a sun that scorched  
lush fields of green  
blemished red, in defiance as he fled -  
banished from Cato Manor,  
a farewell kissed to his kin -  
shipped as slaves, from a land of silk and spices  
to harvest sugar -  
boiled and brutalized by discrimination.

Sugarloaf Mountain in the Bay of Rio,  
embraced the caramel South African,  
who embellished the walls of Clairwood High  
in figurines, charcoal-caressed -  
with gallons of paint for a mural  
to nurture planet earth's nature.

Lady Liberty, draped in her gown of freedom and democracy  
appealed his message for peace,  
expressed in the tradition of Expressionists before him -  
resonating echoes of Edvard Munch's "Scream"  
portrayed on the walls of New York,  
juxtaposed as poverty consumed by greed insatiable,  
spread in as vast a distance between

San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean -  
an exaggerated marvel of modern engineering as a Golden  
Gate  
spinning on a raging planet,  
smouldering on the brink of  
hell's inferno.

A melting pot of cultures brewed  
in a country cradled in the womb of Africa.

Triumphant against the tyranny of apartheid,  
raindrops splashed the killing fields  
of a civilisation emancipated from the Struggle in fists raised -  
"Amandla!" exhaled the veteran artist.

In a city swept along the shores  
of an ocean -  
rocked a casbah of eclectic Indians  
whose buckets jostled the waves for sardines,  
spiced and fried in spluttering oils  
of puri swells and patha rolls -  
roti circles soaked in mutton curry  
lime pickle tickled,  
fireworks flavoured and calabash infused  
for his "crossing" to Isipingo -  
njengobaashukumisalinqamulaumhlaba  
"as he moved across the earth"

laphayenabhekaphansikonkelakheukhulupheka  
“where he lay down his troubles”.

Flickers of orange ember in his eyes -  
a glint of mischief as jester  
to truth in laughter,  
penned as prophet to politician puppets.

Splendid is nature’s masterpiece -  
a harmony of colour in red’s radiance  
citrus-sprinkled  
drops of sunshine sipped in pastures of green,  
postured as heaven’s hope, from a sky  
blue, violet and indigo -  
personified as “Shades of a Luminary”  
in he, the Nation’s Rainbow.



**Bilkis Moola:** She is an Educator who works as a Head of Department in Languages at a school in Vukuzakhe, a township located in Volksrust, Mpumalanga Province, South Africa. Her first published anthology, “Wounds and Wings: A Lyrical Salve Through Metaphor” was received throughout South Africa and launched her poetic persona. It evolved as an introspective quest for recovery from her personal narrative of an abusive relationship. She presently divides her time between professional responsibilities and postgraduate studies in Education. Her pen continues to sketch the flotsam in her mind from the passion in her heart on shreds of paper that bloom into poems.



### **AN APOLOGIA FOR BEING A THALAIVAA**

Thousands gags jeer at him, hundreds anecdotes caricature him,

Mirth laughs at loudly - how he can divide a bullet with a blade

Or why he crafts such wave in body to lit up just a cigarette.

Oh. See him tackling a gang single handed putting them in bin.

Oh. Just leave these absurdities for the 'other', they scoff at.

Hey -tarry a bit you concluder, isn't life itself absurd? I ask.

You call this strange! Isn't fact stranger than fiction? Answer me.

His dhoti in public prompts you? Well can you dare wear this?

Have you the courage to stick to your root and assert it proudly?

I know you can't. I know you laugh as you know you can't bother him.

I know the actor who glitters in, I feel the man who is just a man.

His only answer is no answer, to be just as it is, no pretension

You gurgler of words learn from him how silence speaks more than words.

Come out of your cell and feel the strength of being an icon without misuse.

I love him for his spirit, adore him for not hiding, appreciate for values.

He is Rajnikanth-the man and actor, the point where reality gulps unreality,

Or unreality gallops to reality or reality takes over another reality surrealistically.

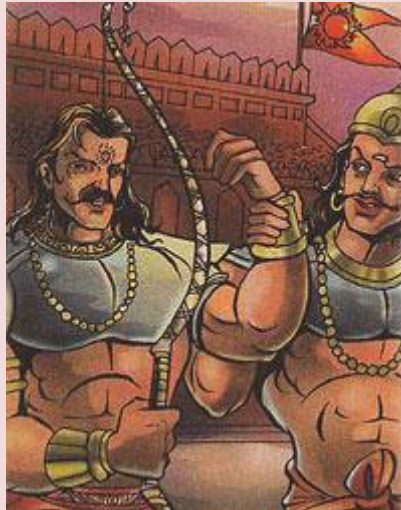
*NB: My subject 'unpoetic' may appear some*

*Let them recall life is not a poetic bubble gum.*



**Avik Kumar Maiti:** ( email - [itzakm@gmail.com](mailto: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.





## THE HISTORIC BURDEN

What is the uncertain, the mystical burden?  
that still drives me,  
curses flung at my enemy since the other day  
A thousand years it is, the day you disowned him  
the day you ruined a potential king  
by crossing borders and wooing plotters  
for a legacy of ethics in darkest rumours  
voicing concerns of moral lunacy  
while hatching the crude without mercy  
that who trouble my days, have seen me slain  
I don't forgive neither forget  
muddled under a possessed fate  
A rise, or some decadent prize  
but hollow, never though late

five inches of land equal five crowns  
sparing stupidity only further a people down  
Your partisan vision and their treason  
robbed glory out of human action  
one, you defied by ancestry  
the other by your prejudiced mystery

Anger is the fort of the brave  
To sport a mere happy face  
is only a posture  
To wear tears as woven poetry  
is an epic confidence, a war in gesture  
yet, death is never your end,  
the last arrow, Brahmastra  
was taught to you  
memory faltered can be amended  
forgiving is not forgetting  
living is just existing till that arrow darts  
or the magic shield by mischief parts  
I am alive till they survive  
and peacefully thrive  
when the right is right

why suffer and suppress the might  
Rise and rouse,  
all that you wasted are silent  
all that you boasted,  
yet to be set  
and decently met.



**Asim Ranjan Parhi:** He was Professor & Head, Dept. of English and Dean of Languages at Rajiv Gandhi University (Central), Arunachal Pradesh before joining the Dept of English, Utkal University. Specialising on ELT, he has a book, Indian English Through Newspapers from Concept, New Delhi, and many research papers published in journals. He has been an Associate at the Indian institute of Advanced Study (IIAS, Shimla) to pursue his Postdoctoral research. Apart from academics, he writes poetry in Odia and English, simultaneously nourishing a deep interest in Odia and Hindi musical compositions.



## WHEN YOU ARE THE HERO

*(This story is dedicated to the hundreds of acid attack victims around the country. As long as a person can buy a bottle of acid over the counter, nothing much can be done to rectify this sad plight of women in our country. Of course, there are laws that require shopkeepers to demand IDs and maintain register of acid sales. Still, in my opinion, sale of acid to an individual has to stop. Acid is used in industries, research laboratories, et cetera. Procurement of acid by these institutions should be done at an institutional level and sale of acid to any individual has to be banned. This story first appeared in [www.readomania.com](http://www.readomania.com))*

You are walking down the road with hands inside your pocket and a whistle on your lip. The sun is shining and the world is beautiful. ‘What more could one ask for?’ You wonder; that is when you see one of the most beautiful creations of God walking down the street, towards you. She is slim and petite, with two little plaits resting on the mound of her small round breasts. She is slightly slouched under the heavy schoolbag. Her eyes look straight ahead—towards the bus stop—and you know that she is purposely avoiding you.

You are a hunk and you know that every girl, in this locality, knew that. This one is no different. You wait for her to look at you. She doesn’t. You are disappointed; you are angry. Who

does she think she is? These educated bimbos give themselves too much airs. You turn back and start to follow her. Beneath her school bag, her ass goes left-right-left and you feel mocked. She needs to be punished for trying to seduce the men around her. You pass by her and give her a quick slap on her butt. She freezes midstep. You go ahead two steps, turn back and look at her. She wonders if it was you. The little bitch was asking for it—with her short, school pinafore and pink, rosy lips. You have to show her who has the power. You wink at her and give her a smile. She rolls her eyes in shock and then gives out an earth-shattering scream.

Now, it is you who are shocked. Shameless bitch! Is she going to wash her dirty linen in public? Looks like she is going to ... “He touched me,” she yells to the crowd and points at you. You have no time to run away. The crowd pounces on you. You get slapped, punched and kicked. Amidst the flurry of arms and legs, you peep in her direction. She looks on with a smug, satisfied look. Her school bus arrives and the crowd board her on it.

Once she leaves the place, they leave you alone too. You are reminded of a flash mob performance you witnessed in a shopping mall. A huge crowd performed, in a coordinated frenzy, as a guy proposed to a girl and then dispersed away just as suddenly as they had begun. You had wondered then, what the fuss was all about. That girl was too fat and dark to

be romanced this hard. This one is fair and slim. That's why she thought she could get away with anything. You know the perfect cure for such bitches. You take an auto and leave the place immediately. You get down in front of the chemical goods shop

"Give me a bottle of acid please," you say.



**Archana Sarat:** She is an author of fiction and poetry since the last ten years. Her works are published in various popular newspapers and magazines like The Times of India, The Economic Times, The SEBI and Corporate Laws Journal, The CA Newsletter, Me Magazine, the Science Reporter, the Chicken Soup for the Soul series, the Vengeance Anthology, among others. She has completed her Comprehensive Creative Writing Course from the Writer's Bureau, UK. Her debut novel is scheduled to be published later this year.



## THE LAST POST

What do they know of battle

Who only slouch and sabre rattle

In cushy armchairs in whatsapp feeds

And on social media's "killing fields"

Of a soldier's wounds what do they feel,

Of his many wounds that can never heal,

While nightmares keep him sweating at night

They sleep oblivious to his plight

It was not a battle they wanted to fight

The weather was bad the resources were light

A sharp crack and one of their own lay dead

Now there was only one way this was gonna end

Charge – yelled the C.O. the troops obeyed

Guns blazing fire at the enemy ahead

Their guns fell silent; it was down to hand combat

The enemy taken aback by the ferocity of the attack

Bayonets drew blood, silently in the dark

But gunfire still rained at them across the park

The post had to be taken; the CO said I'll go

He looked at his CO, his eyes were pleading NO

Then the rain began taking all by surprise

They reached the enemy dodging his eyes

Then ensued a small arms combat

Felled every enemy there, got the post back

Then from the “dead” came a lethal shot

The CO gave it back but that was all he got

When he reached the post it was all done



The post was theirs the enemy had run

But the rivers of blood that merged with the rain

Only knew the agonies of a dying mans' pain

In their capitals the talking heads were about

Their days in paradise to rant and to shout

He shrouded in the national flag, his CO his brother in arms

Marched back with clenched jaws to the drill of Reverse Arms

The Facebook and Whatsapp warriors in the meanwhile

In their castes over cocktails and wine

Pondered over what would be a likeable post

While he and his squad stood at attention

.....to the strains of "The Last Post"



**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.



## FOR ME

For me

You must leave your hair open

To tan your body you must

For a while sit under the mild sun

For me

You must give lips color of red

To pull me to your heaving chest

A passionate smile you must shed

For me

You must fill your mind with lust

You must let my restless fingers to

Trace your curves till you feel lost

For me

You must lay sprawled on bed

I will sing in the silence of night

As love rises slowly into my head

For me

You must shed clothes on the floor

Before my tongue plays across your

Thighs you must run to shut the door

For me

As I go on roaming inside you must

Release soft moans before like

A bud into a flower you do burst



**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.



## **NEW BEGINNINGS**

For every new beginning  
There has to be an ending.  
Like winter ends  
To welcome spring  
And sultry summer ends  
Heralding the tunes  
of Autumn.  
So life has its beginnings  
and endings.  
The seed has to die  
For the sprig to be born.

Like the larva culminates  
Into the pupa  
The caterpillar changes  
A beautiful butterfly is born  
For a short while  
She flutters her wings

Drinks sweet nectar  
From the deep wells of  
Beautiful flowers

A stage of  
many contradictions  
the dancer  
The choreographer  
The sequence begins  
And silhouettes dance  
Captivated by life's  
tunes.



**Angela Chetty:** She 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](http://www.heartfeltmomentspoetry.com). In 2015, her poem “Miss Me” was selected as Editor’s choice for the Contemporary Poetry Digest and has been chosen as the best poems of 2015 for a Valentine’s Special Publication. Angela has been selected as an Elite Poet for 2016. Her poem “Heart and Soul” has been selected as Publisher’s choice for the Evergreen Journal of Poetry and has been listed as the Top 100 Poems for 2016. Her poems have also been chosen as semi-finalist for International Poetry Contests.





## **DRIFTER**

I hit the road

Until dusk since dawn

Shelter in a stranger's abode

When I know I can't move on

Supper, sometimes, in the moonlight

And whatever's in the offering

Sometimes on a moonless night

too, and then we start pondering

I share my bliss

And care for some of the stranger's woes

Make some memories

As night comes for a close

Dusk gives way to dawn

And again I start

Thank the stranger for the shelter and food

And memories to keep in my heart

Come another night

I'll be a new guest

A new place at sight

And a new one's nest

Where I would go

I, perhaps don't care

For the world is my home

And I don't belong nowhere



**Anand Gautam:** I am from Hyderabad. I studied life sciences; currently working as a techie, but my heart has always been inclined towards poetry and fiction. I often use simple words to write. I have to snatch some time from my daily life to write and I believe that one's passion must be kept alive to be alive. I occasionally blog at <https://notesandwords.wordpress.com/>



## **THE EMPTY BLACK RIBBON OF A ROAD**

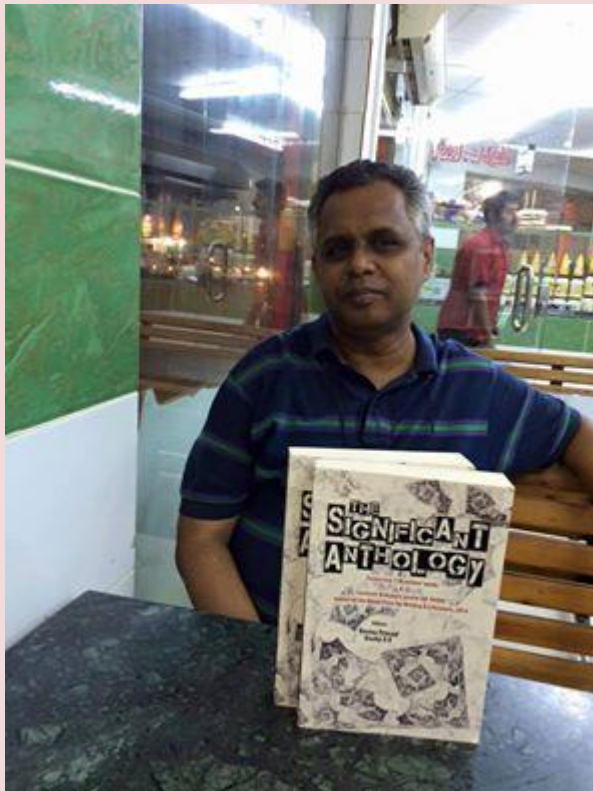
She runs her fingers through her hair  
standing on her terrace that is white and marbled  
The moon sheds its silver beams in the air  
A thrush sings and each note is distinct, not garbled

She wishes he could see her as she stands silent  
for in his eyes she still looks beautiful  
Her eyes look deep into the far and the distant  
waiting and wishing, but time makes her tearful

She waits for her highwayman to revisit her  
and bring her a rose for her hair that is graying  
He will come walking and not on a courser  
without a sword and only a-singing

But because he still loves her though she is no more  
young or enchanting, she holds him most dear  
For him the marble, the thrush and the moon's hoar  
are only framing that enhances his lover

It makes her feel secure, as she stands gazing  
into the far distance, longingly waiting  
for the one who fills her with longing  
sure tho' he tarries, he won't keep her sighing.



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



## **I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU**

If I leave you, will you still remember me

If I forget you, will you still keep me in memory

They say-"Love is the art of letting go"

But will letting me go ever set you free??

There's pain

And there is not much left to gain,

There's hope

Dwindling and frozen as an empty envelope,

There are lies

And there are two little heart that cries

There's truth

And there are consequences against you

If I say I hate you, will you still believe me

Or that I've never loved you, will you take it to be

You've known me and my fears all life through

But now it's time to go and that's reality

There's past

And there are cold feelings that won't last

There's wings

And there are warm memories that stings

There's you

And there's a wall I can't get through

There's me

And there's swift, smooth and lovely deceit

I'm fighting but I know I am bound to fail

I must leave now and so it's time to tell,

Don't miss me much when I ain't around

I hate goodbyes, I hate farewell

Don't search for me when I am gone

Just feel free but never alone

Don't make promises when you are happy

Don't take decisions when you are sad

Don't cry in vain and ask for reason

Comfort and grief both must have a season



Don't cling onto or try resolve the past  
'cause nothing really forever lasts  
Don't hesitate, fall in love again  
Do mistakes but learn to take the blame  
Don't hold the time or try reverse its flow  
'cause love really is the art of letting go,  
Letting go.....forever!!



**Amit Bitra:** Student of MBA, second year, Department of Management Sciences, Pune University (Pumba). Interested in reading, writing and music. Plays the guitar.



I always believed in this train  
That stole our thoughts  
And traded them with  
Hopes  
And I wondered if only  
The train had such windows  
Where the sky would creep in  
And flood us  
The desert outside would never be the same  
The Chambal river tracking the sun  
Would have traced you as always  
Many a time  
Before, do you remember  
I had scaled

This river, the desert, another sky

Just to see you.



**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.



### **LOOK AT ME NOW**

Did you hear my wretched sobs?

Or hear me scream out your name?

Did feel my stabbing pain?

Did you watch me toss

Restless and alone as I called out your name

Into an uncaring darkness...

Did you see me wander along life's highways, alone?

Not a smile crossed your lips when you came home.

Your coffin was closed. Wrapped in the Indian tricolour

Inside, you were broken, but not destroyed.

I was the broken woman. I was destroyed

But, look at me now...

Hear my promise: YOU will live on

Brave, bold and alive

In our children.

Together we will fulfill those promises

You could not keep.

Goodbye, my love, goodbye.

Rest in peace.

Your War Widow.



**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/>



## NO TRANSGRESSIONS

*(starve the ego of its rights)*

The light that leaves,  
that feeds the light that  
leaves, speaks of scars  
and childhood's sanctity,  
has grown weary in its search  
for a source to continue brightly,  
has slept out the potent night  
and screams indecently for intimate  
disclosure. The dance that strips  
the tissue from the sinews, signals for the game  
to end but does not end its rhythm or

burning – explosive flourishing – no facts  
but a faucet drip drip curse to  
hold down a half-a-dozen personalities  
perched on your throne. The light, the light –  
Who will win? The dance, the dance,  
rattle and leak your soul into a theatrical  
achievement – stand high in an age of distraction  
and violence, stand rooted in the light,  
matter most when you are dancing, even if  
a malignant army invades  
and prevails.



**Allison Grayhurst:** She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Three times nominated for Sundress Publications “Best of the Net” 2015, she has over 850 poems



published in over 380 international journals. She has twelve published books of poetry, seven collections, nine chapbooks, and a chapbook pending publication. She lives in Toronto with her family. She is a vegan. She also sculpts, working with clay; <http://www.allisongrayhurst.com/>



## "OUR POETIC QUATRAIN"

Eyes seek those eyes,  
She nowhere there in blue skies;  
I sight her sighs,  
Why time to perceive cries.  
Ears try to hear her voice,  
While she fades away in a noise;  
Here her to rejoice,  
There relive sensibly by choice.  
Silently I will talk to you again,  
When words and thoughts do not remain;  
A hello we sustain,  
In our poetic quatrain.  
An anaesthetic feel touches her skin,  
The Yang still hopes for Yin;

When love makes new meaning,  
Which apple is red without any original sin.  
His life dies in her mind,  
The body is a victim of hours to rewind;  
Mine will live again to find,  
Him in her of the same kind.

*(An Excerpt From 'Unofficial: Basic Instinct')*



**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; books named as "Unleash the undead, Wordplay: A Collection of Diverse Poems From around the World, Feelings International, A Phase Unknown – II, Kamala Das – Yes I am a Woman and Purple Hues. 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.





**ciao! 😊**