

GloMag

GloMag

*Monthly Online Poetry and Prose
Magazine*

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Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

SAMRUDHI DASH (INARA)



Title of the Cover Pic: Apocalypse

Website

I currently don't have a website for my work, but I'm in the process of making one. You can see my creations on the following links:

<https://www.facebook.com/inara1205/>

http://instagram.com/inara_magical

About The Artist

I remember being inclined towards creativity, particularly writing since my early childhood. With my father's constant support and encouragement, I published my first poetry collection *The Newborn*, way back in 2014 on my 23rd birthday and since then, though writing and poetry have

been my primary passion, I started venturing into other avenues of creativity - photography and painting. I have already published five solo poetry collections and two novels and my paintings have received a lot of admiration from friends and family. I have been awarded the International Nissim Prize for the Best Upcoming Poet of the Year 2019 and my photographs have been featured in Keep It Simple - Hall of Fame, a popular FB page for photographers. Ironically though, I never learned painting. I just had this impulse two years back and I went to the store and bought a whole load of painting supplies. When I started working with the brush, my elation knew no bounds as I realized that this is something that comes to me naturally. And since then, I have been painting regularly. Most of my paintings are freehand brushstrokes, depicting sceneries and often what I paint is a reflection of my mood, my thoughts. I have explored various forms of this art and have tried glass painting, sand art, fabric painting, acrylics and water colors which still remain my favorite medium. I believe, all art, all forms of creativity are more or less related and are an expression of the inner soul.

I have an Instagram Page and a Facebook Page where I post my paintings and photographs. Photography also came to me naturally and I mostly do nature photography or

landscapes or just random everyday happenings that catch my eye.

I believe, I'm still a work in progress and with each poem I write, with each new work of art, with yet another click through my lenses, I have become slightly better at it - it is an evolutionary process and I am still evolving and have a long way to go.

Art Perspective

This painting titled "Apocalypse" is one I painted while I was feeling completely lonely. Somehow, I feel, creativity finds its best expression when you are going through some sort of mental pain or loneliness. I visualized the entire universe in a single frame and I am an ardent stargazer and I have my own musings with the moon. I kept working on it, without thinking what the final outcome would be, but it seems to have turned out really well, one of my best so far, I could say.

Regarding my perspective on creativity, I believe we all are creative souls and those who haven't yet found their creative side, it's hidden deep within - you just have to look for it and embrace it. As a poet, artist and photographer, I write under the pseudonym Inara, which is an Arabic word meaning "ever shining light". I chose this name because my creativity is that one thing that keeps me going against all

odds, keeps my dreams alive, makes me hope for a better day, when I wake up in the morning and is my ultimate catharsis, for it helps me "Hope, Live, Believe".

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ **Glory Sasikala**

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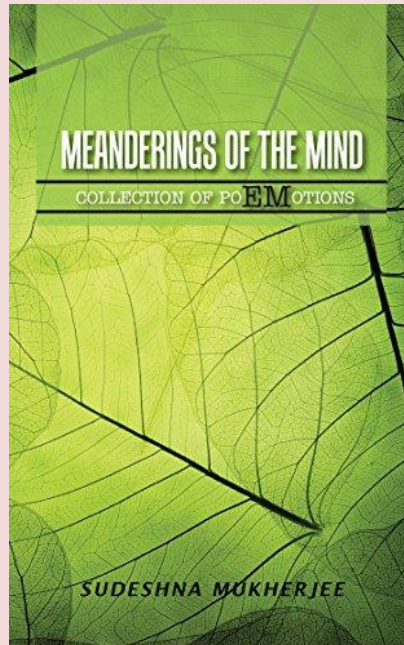
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BOOK OF THE MONTH

Meanderings of the Mind: A Collection of Poemotions

Writer: Sudeshna Mukherjee

Publisher : Partridge Publishing India



LINK

<https://www.amazon.in/Meanderings-Mind-Collection-Sudeshna-Mukherjee-ebook/dp/B0794V4PLT>

REVIEW BY GLORY SASIKALA

I've always admired Sudeshna, both as a poet (for her grasp of the craft) and as a person (for the grace and dignity with which she carries herself). I've featured her work now for quite some time on GloMag, and each time and every

month, she's brought in a new perspective that is always interesting, to say the least. I do recognise a few of these poems here, and I am delighted to re-connect with them the way one would with long-lost friends, the vivid images having imprinted themselves deeply on my psyche:

The sky turned vermillion

Aghast by depraved minions

The river bathed in scarlet

And the moon shone BLACK!!!

All of us wish for a green world, and the cover of this book is a soothing green that brings peace and calm to the soul.

'Meanderings Of The Mind' is a continuation of interesting observations, a lot of them, very astute, going beyond the superficial to explore deeper aspects of the human race.

Women come in so many avatars, and yet, they are all the same; femininity sometimes their friend:

Her body wracked with gleeful mirth

Yes, she had done it

She had switched off at will's notice

A lot of times...most times, their enemy:

I am a little girl, they say I'm gold

I obey and do what I am told.

I love to play outdoors

But am told no...not any more.

Some poems bespeak deep loneliness:

No windows no chinks

Solid walls of brick and mortar

I am building it, seeing it rise

Gradually till it engulfs me fully.

Other poems provide the solution. Alleviate loneliness by all-encompassingly loving yourself:

I have fallen in love

In love with myself

Yes, in love with myself!!!

Delving beyond the superficial to explore the deeper recesses of the mind:

Who was the real self...she retorted?

The mirror was really not distorted.

There is deep concern for the depraved state of humanity,
common sights that we all see, particularly in India...and
conveniently ignore:

No joy in her motherhood

But then it is not her doing

Someone somewhere must have

Violated her body and

Crashed her dreams!

The dash of humour that is so her very own flavour and
never too far behind, making even growing old funny
enough to make you grin:

Said the creaking knees

"I can't carry weight anymore"

Said the stiff joints elsewhere...

"Let's join in we too are sore."

This book has been by my bedside now for a while and I
pick it up in my spare time to read a verse here, a verse
there, pondering over them, and sometimes becoming
engrossed in a chain of thoughts. Each poem adds up to
make this anthology a feast, a wonderful celebration of
poetry, and a joy to read.

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

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.



Name: Geeta Varma

Occupation: Educational Consultant, Writer

Book, Ebook or Audio, which do you prefer and why?:

Book. Feel the presence more.

Fav book: Difficult to say. Enjoyed many. 'My Name is Red' by Orhan Pamuk.

Fav movie: Again difficult to say. Charulata by Satyajit Ray

Fav song: Very difficult to say. Bada natkhat hai from Amar prem

Fav hobby: Listening and playing music

Fav color: Off white. Actually depends on my mood.

Fav sport: Cricket when India is playing

Fav food: Dosa

Fav pet: Dog

Fav actor: Utpal Dutt

Fav actress: Smita Patil

Life philosophy: Love all

One liner describing you: Only heart matters

Favorite holiday destination: Himalayas

Favorite quote: On children by Khalil Gibran

Birthday: 19th September

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<https://www.theguardian.com/global-development/poverty-matters/2013/apr/09/politics-prevaricate-famine-looms>

FAMINE

It was the year of famine
That the leader came
With sugar coated speech
Instead of food that mattered
They flocked out of nowhere
The lean emaciated figures
All in dirty, shabby rags for cloths
Bodies bent against the gusty wind
Hardly are they able to withstand
The blast that almost blew them

Some heads appeared bent too low
So as to touch the very ground below
Hair bereft of oil for ages
Mixed with dust and sand
Almost formed into hard knots
With no cloth over the head
Wind blowing the rough knotty hair
This way this moment and that the next
Like loose leaves of trees willing to fall
The end of the rags worn
Fluttered in the wind
The dark bronzed figures carried nothing
But some bones all too manifest
Even with the naked eye cast upon
The stomach almost one with the back
The breast, the store-house of honey,
Dry and skinny like bats
Hanging in their front

Like torn shirtpockets
With children on the back
Approached to meet
Like a swarm of reptiles
Crawling on the belly hollow
With hunger glowing strong
In their eyes and face
They advanced
The long arms appeared to be hanging
From some artificial socket
Severing themselves from the rest
They looked like the arms of a skeleton
And the teeth like those of a crocodile
Projected through their jaws
They were out as if in a procession
Like that of the mythical Yajuj-Majuj
Whose hunger was still not appeased

Even after gulping down the hills
And the mountains tall on both sides.



Zulfiqar Parvez: He is the Head of Academic Affairs cum English Language Teacher at Tanzimul Ummah International Tahfiz School, Dhaka. He has done his Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from the University of Rajshahi.



<https://thefiftypluslife.com/2019/02/shameful-secrets-bother-us-more-than-guilty-secrets/>

STRANGER

She told me her dark secrets. She told me that she wasn't allowed to speak about this in her family as her mother feared that it would spoil everything. It would destroy the relation between her mother and her stepfather. Her mother had suffered a lot to get this normal, ordinary life we so much take for granted. Her mother wanted ordinary life. She didn't want that husband back who divorced her to fly with the wings of unleashed ambition, leaving everything behind, even his daughter, the true reflection of his soul. And she didn't expect this to happen again. Her mother asked her to forget this, but was it possible? Was it a forgettable thing?

She had to say it out so that she didn't burst open with the viciousness of such memory. But what was the most disgusting thing in all that, of course, that she could tell this only to a stranger.



Vivek Nath Mishra: Author's short stories have appeared in The Hindu, Queen mob's Teahouse, Muse India, The Criterion Journal, Cafe Dissensus, Spillwords, Literary Yard, Indian Ruminations, Prachya Review, Indus women writing, and on many other platforms. His debut book is 'Birdsongs of Love and Despair'.



A NANO-INFINITY TO LOVE

The reason I remain-

My mother, my children

Maybe some more years

It's a countdown

Every day gone is

One day less

Dwindling treasure

That's why each moment

Together is precious

There is no tomorrow

It is here

It is now

Ephemeral diamond

Lasting but a nano-infinity

What do you know

Of its value?



Vineetha Mekkoth: She is a poet, writer, translator and editor. She lives with her family in Calicut, Kerala. She is working as Assistant State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. She has been translating for the Kerala Sahitya Academy since 2014 and has also contributed articles for

the Malayalam Literary Survey, a quarterly brought out by the academy. She has published poems in various anthologies including the Brian Wrixon anthologies 'Words on the Winds of Change' and 'Women of One World', The Current International Anthology of English Poems, Amaravati Poetic Prism 2018, in the ezines Glomag, Duanespoetree, Mad Swirl magazine, Setu Magazine, Destiny Poets, Learning and Creativity. She is co-editor of 'A Dangerous predicament and other snippets: The Great Balancing Act in Indian Families' and also co-editor and participating poet of the anthology 'Umbilical Chords: An Anthology on Parents Remembered' published in 2015. Her short stories have been published online in Readomania, the journal Langlit and in the collection 'Silhouette I & II and other Short Stories'. Her debut poetry collection 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' was published in August 2017 which is available on Amazon.



"96" (THE FILM)

Everything becomes eternal this night--

The hiss we heard when words were trapped between the
teeth

Disappears in the warmth of awakened delight

As we walk through corridors, and someone sings,

Trying to deny ourselves the touch we crave

Or sit in a room, exchanging memories, but not rings--

We know there is a space within the heart

Filled with one face even in the darkest times

Where shadows don't leave us to ourselves or live apart--

When what was lost, is found, and lost again

We learn that young love never lies or dies

As we get drenched in the midnight rain--

Arrivals and departures map your flight

And the final parting is more painful than the first:

If only we could see beyond our sight...



Vijay Nair: I retired as an Associate Professor of English and I have contributed to various national and international anthologies. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016. I was the 'Critic of the Year' in 2016, 2017 & 2018 at Destiny Poets, UK, and was also adjudged the 'Poet of the Year' in 2018 by the same poetry group.



THIS IS ME, THE WATER BEARER

When thirst torments and people reach out
For those cute little transparent bottles off the shelves
That they can disassociate themselves with
Once the cool elixir is consumed,
A luxury that serves to make their bags weightless,
I reach into mine for the unglamorous heaviness —
My own bottle of water refilled at home.

This is me, the water bearer,
Not of the zodiac, though a green thinker
As an Aquarian,

So, notwithstanding the bulkiness of my bag,
And the jeering of the others,
I bear my own, a small bottle of the water
Tucked into my designer bag (after all, what are designer
bags
for if not to accommodate a thirst-quencher?)
Or a larger flask slipped into a sleeve with a strap,
Sleek of design so it may fit and be carried with ease.

I bear this baggage wherever I go,
On rainy days or sunny,
So that Earth may be spared the oppression
Of carrying the can of my own misdeeds —
The thousands of those pet things
I would otherwise have thrown away
as insensitive garbage after having emptied it
of the sparkling liquid to quench my need,
Whence it would unite with
the ever-mounting pile of imperishables,

Monsters in the making

Waiting to one day drown us in their depravity.



Vidya Shankar: A poet, writer, blogger, motivational speaker, mindfulness practitioner, and yoga enthusiast, residing in Chennai, India, I have been in ELT for more than two decades. I have been contributing articles to an international newspaper column as well as poetry and stories to anthologies and literary platforms. Myself a 'book' with the Human Library, I have published a book of poems and been on the editorial of three publications.



TIME

My hands were numb
Due to the frozen atmosphere of
December
I was rubbing my hands but
Could not get warmth
The warmth of love
The warmth of a relationship
That we used to feel on this bench

Frozen memories
were melting step by step
As my tears were rolling down my cheeks
O, Love you are not here!
But how can I forget my first love
First touch
First kiss
That has dug into my soul
And I am searching my love in this
Biting cold
The white mausoleum of my sentiments in icy winter
Where the feeble rays of Sun
Are unable to energize this atmosphere
This is 'Time'
That can never be the same in all the time!!



Varsha Saran: She is a homemaker but a poetess and story writer by her passion. She did her post-graduation from Ch. Charan Sing University Meerut. She is a bilingual poetess and many of her poems and stories have been published in different magazines, international anthologies, e-zines and newspapers.



Coastal sea waves at Paracas National Reserve, Ica, Peru

WASHED AWAY

The tide ebbed disarmingly

Back to a practiced calm

Days when the shores beckoned

And the ocean defied gravity

Musings penned on seabed

A million strings strummed

As waves bruised ever so gently the rocks

Yet never touched twice in similar form

Besides when have the cruel sands of time?

Not washed the purest love letters away....



Vandana Kumar: I am a poet, residing in New Delhi, India. I work as a Teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies.



RIVER RHYME - 4

Swimming

Was never my cup of tea!

Always wanted

But never could learn.

Circumstances too,

Made me perceive it

A waste and luxury

For the whole life!

Then,

O Beloved river!

What was it

That led me to jump into you?

Why did I repose so much

Faith in you?

And while now drowning

Why is my trust

Still not shaken?



Tribhu Nath Dubey: He is a sociologist by profession and poet by passion. He is employed with the Commissionarate of College Education Rajasthan as an Associate Professor in Sociology. He has been Co-Editor of the Rajasthan Journal of Sociology—a peer reviewed academic Journal. He is presently serving as the Secretary of Rajasthan Sociological Association. He loves to resort to poetry as an essential means of catharsis.



HOW MUSICAL WAS HER TEMPESTUOUS ATTITUDE

How musical was her tempestuous attitude!

How sweet was her sudden surge of high tone!

How spirited was her grace of new womanhood!

How clear was her ambiguously uttered undertone!

This happened to encourage my manhood's prime,

This happened for secretion of ambitious hormone.

This happened to welcome my life's wonderful time.

This happened due to attraction of a strong loadstone.

There was a link between the music and the manhood.

There was a link between sweetness and sudden surge.

The wonderful time wanted a tie with spirited mood.
And the clarity was due to loadstone's sweet urge.
Every now and then it flourishes everywhere to sustain--
Life and its significative processes without fear of pain.



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



www.shutterstock.com

MUST BE FAITH....

In late night hours she thinks of him.

The man with glittering, blue eyes.

The calm, warm and very handsome man.

He is her rescuer and hero,

Her soulmate.

He was generous and did not hesitate to help her
when life was difficult.

He gave her shelter when the storm set in.

A sincere and honest man
with a noble heart.
who selflessly stretched
out a helping hand to her.

They became good friends
and developed a deep relationship -
even though they were
very different.

Years passed and they kept in touch.
Unfortunately they drifted apart, due to various reasons.

This particular night she thinks of him again.
She sits quietly, starrng
at the starry night sky.

Her heart is filled with gratitude -
somewhere out there
is he, the man with
glittering, blue eyes.
Her rescuer, Her soulmate.



Svanhild Løvli: She is a bilingual poetess, currently living in Gjøvik, NORWAY. She is an avid photographer and loves to draw. She is concerned with nature conservation, women's rights and family life. She regularly publishes in GloMag. She contributed in "Voice of Aspirants", Poetry Planet, and Galaktika Poetike Atunis Magazine. She is admin in Global Literary Society. She is member of several poetry groups.



Acrylic painting by suzette portes san jose

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

once in a lifetime;

you'll find love that never ends

believing in the power it beholds

when the moon and the stars will bring faith

in time to find your destiny...

once in a lifetime;
you'll know that someone never lies
believing true love never dies...

when heaven is shared in earthen moments
with arms in a warm embrace...

once in a lifetime;
you'll know that hearts are meant to be
believing to find that someone

when i hold the soul of your soul
the heart of your heart...

once in a lifetime;
you'll be here to have and to hold
believing to cherish till the end

when i know you are mine forever
you are my once in a lifetime...



Suzette Portes San Jose: She was born and raised in Cebu City, Philippines, and is an accountant by profession. She now has joined 18 book anthologies. All her poems are written with her painting as visuals and are now appearing internationally. She has also published two of her own authored books. She is an admin of 8 groups to present, and the founder of POETIC HEARTS GROUP which is joined by Filipino artist/poets who are the regular artist-writers of her published anthology book. She just started "CHARITY PROJECT" a free basic painting tutorial with free materials which caters children from remote rural areas. The project is funded by her book releases. She was awarded Poet of the Year in 2017 by one of the prestigious poetry sites in the UK.



Wrinkles are twinkling stars

Every scar

An affirmation

Time's claw marks

Tiny footsteps on the earth of my body

Crow's feet - embellishments

Each freckle, a gift

Silver coloured

The sun- kissed crown I wear

As I ascend the steps

Carefree and rambunctious

Decades I crossed

And will cross

Till I die



Sunita Singh: She is a bi-lingual poet and writer, writing in English and Hindi. Her poems feature in Indian and International Anthologies and e-magazines. Many of her poems have won awards on on-line forums like Kaafiya, Poetry Planet, The Significant League etc. A few of her Hindi poems have also been turned into lyrics for private albums. She is an active member of Katha Kathan, a forum for reviving Indian languages. She lives in Delhi and is fond of travelling, music, reading. She finds inspiration from nature.



THE LAUNDRY

The clothes left on the
Edge

Of the washing machine.

From 7 am to 7 pm!

A tale of male indifference and
Authority

In a Mumbai home.

Or,

Perhaps--- signifying an *absence*.



Sunil Sharma: I am a writer living in suburban Mumbai, India. Work as a college principal. Published a total of 19 books, solo and joint. I edit Setu:

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



<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2019/feb/28/its-not-getting-old-that-people-fear-its-getting-old-and-lonely-and-disconnected>

EMPTY NEST

On my bathroom shelf today
there's only one toothbrush.

"Are you lonely?" said I.

"No, not I, but the mirror tells me you very often cry
pretending to it there's dust in your eye."

"Yes, I guess it's tough
coming back to yourself, to a locked home,
switching on the TV, still feeling alone.

When they were all here, I begged for peace,
now they're all gone, I'm still ill at ease,
waiting for a bell to ring;
maybe the door, maybe the phone,
just anybody to talk to,
as long as I don't feel alone."

Years pass by,
the old toothbrush is alone
where once there were,
so many and more.



Sunil Kaushal: I am a poet residing in Pune, India, a retired gynecologist, now working as a writer. I have contributed to various short story and poetry anthologies. Presently I am finishing my memoirs and a poetry book to be published soon.



HOW I WANT

How I want to sail through the air
In to the clouds on the wings of the breeze
To watch the eagles soar and surge high,
Cross a thousand miles on the unravelled road
Without misgivings of the severe summer storm.

How I wish

To relish the succulent ripe mangoes of romance
Or sometimes the fermented apples of libido,
To tke a nap beside the cool luminous lakes beside you
And watch the migrating and nesting birds peck fondly
Perching on the green branches or swoop down for prey.

How often I wish

To travel and visit places, not as a tourist but as an artist
To savour art, literature, legends and history immortalized
On stone, marble or easel against the echoing walls of time
While you play the raag 'Kalyan' on your violin sitting on
the lawn.

How I yearn

To walk bare feet and dance in verdant meadows
Like a cheerful brook cavorting on the rocks
To spread the green carpet of admiration on a mountain;

Or trace my footprints along the damp beaches and write
My name along yours on a sand art to immortalize our love.

How I hope

One day you will agree to bathe in the foaming waves
Of a roaring sea and stop feeling shy of my dulcet youth or
Of others' nakedness as they dry themselves on the sunny
beaches,

Squeezing sunsets between their forefinger and thumb
And slowly open us to heaven under the shimmering glow
of a new moon.

Do you hear me?



Sumitra Mishra: I am a writer residing in Bhubaneswar, India. I worked as Professor of English under the Government of Odisha. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have published four collections of poetry in English. I have also published eight books in my mother tongue, Odia.



THE NEON SPLASHED BEDROOM

The door swung shut, the darkness black—
A lockless door, perhaps I should be glad...
Also, for the tiny window on the opposite wall:
Pink neon blinking in, ceaselessly splashing all.
The painted white metal bunk beds—blushed
As every garish shower of light defined proximity.
The beds loomed in my face, just a foot apart,
I stood frozen, my bags crouching against my legs.
A white arm caught the flashing pink,

Waving from one murky bottom bed;
'Climb up,' sleepy male voice urged in French.
Releasing my breath, I swung my camera bag up,
The top bunk awaited with tight white sheets,
Every other embarrassed moment, flushing pink.
Shucking my boots and socks, hoping they won't wander,
I climbed up still in my jacket and jeans, and lay stiff
awaiting sleep.
Coldness kissed my naked toes, I sat up in relief at the
reprieve
From begging sleep. The sheets were crispy fresh, I
discovered in delight;
I arranged it, and the blanket, on my legs just right.
Prone again in my straight jacket, my clothes like vise,
I shifted and turned, cuddling my backpack, groping
comfort inducing slumber:
The cot didn't creak—among my past hostels, this one
rated higher!
The door opened and a male silhouette entered;
Stiff as a board, I worried about my boots,

Eyes and ears tuned to the neon red-handing a thief.

But the pink light bathed a young male body in his prime

Stripping down to boxers and climbing into the bed across mine.

There were three males in the room, soundly sleeping
bodies

Just a metre apart—unaware and uncaring of the woman in
their midst,

Eyes wide reflecting the neon heartbeat until

Her tension stretched body bade her creep out bags and
boots

Gathered in hand, the neon gently patting a fare-thee-well.



Sumita Dutta: She is a publisher, poet and novelist residing in Chennai, India. She is the founder of Adisakrit, a small publishing house, seven books old in October. She has contributed to various online sites and anthologies. Her debut book was *The Heart of Donna Rai*



AN ODE TO A POET

Outskirts of the city
In a dank and chilly room
Shoddy curtain rare allows sun-rays
To play into the room,

Scarcity, poverty, disdain
Appreciate each other -
No one is there to blame,
Only works a poetic brain.

Yes! There lives a poet
Often he shuffles his hair
Guests and dear ones
Come to him rare.

He loves music and poetry
Some call it “unproductive activity”
It seems he has no other hobby!

He is never a beau
Rather indifferent to his attire
Often he is reason of haughty's satire!

Middle of his room there is a bed
In the corner, a plastic table almost brown
May be once it was red.

Titmouse peeping here and there
In the dead dark night they say cheers!

Yes! Here lives a poet
Often his food stuff only bread,
But his thought never fade,

One day the world may call him great
But may it happen after his death?



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from India. She born and brought up in city Kolkata in a family of teachers. She has keen interest in music, poetry and drama and she loves every form of fine arts. She has done master degree in English Literature and Hons in Bengali literature. She is a published poet and her poems have been published more than twenty national and international anthologies, magazines and blogs. She is the founder of an online poetry group and a member of World Union Of poets. She is very passionate about poetry and she thinks poetry is the best way to express your thought.



INNOCENT BEAUTY

It was raining heavily
A maiden of nearly 15 years
Who had no umbrella to protect herself
From the heavy rainfall
Had been trembling in coldness in the shed.

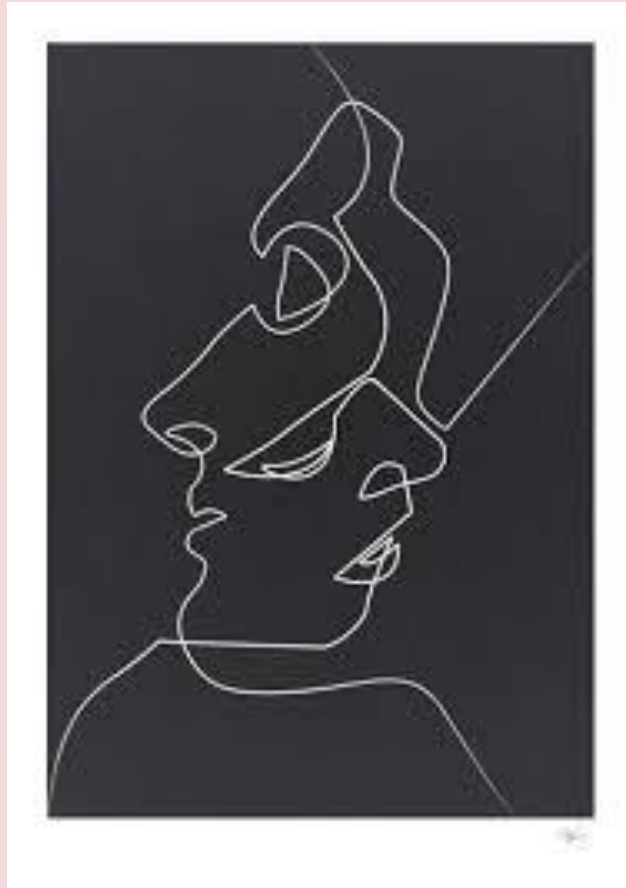
No alternate way except
Glancing over herself,
Due to incessant rain
Her outfit got upwards at the side of feet,

And I perceived her innocent beauty,
So lovely feet with beautiful payals.
How sweetly the creator has made her
I was thinking.

Suddenly my thoughts got interrupted
With the traffic jam and the sound of vehicles
When rain stopped,
I noticed that she disappeared though
I was absorbed in my day dream of her innocent beauty
That I will cherish for good,
The flawless creation of the creator.



Sujata Paul: She is a bilingual poetess belonging to Agartala presently. She is a teacher by profession but writing is her passion. She has published her solo poetry book 'Whisper of My Souls' and many of her poems and articles have been published in different national and international anthologies. Her second book 'Sarang', collection of poems has been published at International Conference of Multi-Disciplinary Research in Kolkata on 2nd March, 2019. Besides writing, she likes to travel and listen to music too. She wants to help the street orphans too.



LESS OF ME

The aura of mystery
that pervades this moonlit night
is precisely both...my longing and plight..
where dream and fantasy
awe and wonder blend
to elicit a portrait of picture perfect

and...less of me, more of you
spell the core content

A deft foreplay of desire
in the wonderland of affair
entwines more of you and less of me
for a long spell of silence..
interspersed with intermittent sighs
where eyes do the talking
lips quiver and deliver, yet ...say nothing

Subtle enchantment swells and surges
seeks footage
in the dense foliage of gratification
as... less of me and more of you
get ready to croon a romantic duet.



Sujata Dash: I am a poet, residing in Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India. I am a banker. I have contributed to various anthologies published nationwide. I have one published work (Anthology of poems) to my credit.



<https://www.istockphoto.com/in/illustrations/>

THE ROBBERY

There she stood
In regal regalia
Waiting for her moment
Under the Sun
With anticipated excitement
To catch her two-minutes
of fame
Alas! They had a different

scheme in store

A cloud passed

Repeatedly

A cloud passed

Whispering

Luminoase working

their way

Wannabes

Then the MOMENT

Passed

There she stood

In regal regalia

Like a deflated

Balloon

Unable to get

Her share of the
Pie.

The moment passed
No finger lifted
Of the so-called
Big-wigs
They all
Stole
Her thunder
Right under
Her nose



Sudeshna Mukherjee: Her poetry deals with varied human nature. A keen observer she chronicles the happenings around her and society. 'Meanderings Of The Mind' is her published book of poems.



<http://www.allaboutgod.net/profiles/blogs/praying-the-psalms>

A LOOK AT LIFE-8

Oh God!

Why I am here?

Is it only to serve

The physical body its desires

And stand all alone?

Tell me

Who am I?

Am I the body a lump of flesh and blood?

Am I the mind which dictates terms?

Am I the pure self-immune to pain and pleasure?

Or something else which I don't know?

My Father

Let me know the purpose

For which I am here?

Is it for mundane things and worldly pursuits?

Is it to satisfy negative emotions and acquisitive instincts?

Is it to over indulge to repent and repent

And come under cosmic maya again and again

Or something else?

Oh my Lord!

How can I fathom the infinite

With a limited mind and intellect?

Time is running out

Do me a favour

Give me a pair of eyes

To see You in every thing

Give me a heart to fall in love with you and you only

Give me a mind that never roams

And always at your lotus feet



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty: He is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer. He is a published poet and writer and a featured poet of PENTASI B World Friendship Poetry. His writings include essays, short stories, poems and novels which are published in newspapers and in various national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Working as Finance Officer in Govt of Odisha, he writes extensively on life, its beauty and intricacies which are widely acclaimed.

Website: smrutiweb.wordpress.com



THE FOREST

(this poem is part of a forthcoming novel)

I walked into a green forest once,
stayed till the peeling began.

There was river; sounds and bits of sky.

Trees as tall as the flight of snakes.

The river called out from my heart.

Millions of life-forms later, I stood,
still a seeker of the light.

The green was fading from my eyes.

The cries were ringing in my ears.

The forest, born, burnt, reborn,

seeped into my veins.

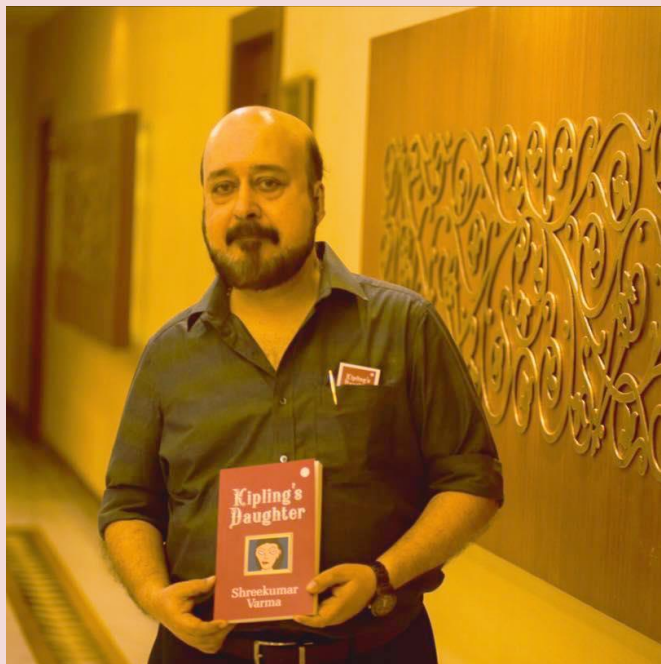
I stand, the forest in me, our roots as one.

God rumbles like thunder,

there's nothing more to see.

Life-forms will soon begin.

Until then I stand.



Shreekumar Varma: He is a poet, novelist, and playwright residing in Chennai, India. He is a full-time writer. He has contributed to various anthologies. He has received the R. K. Narayan Award for Creative Writing.



Why must it be you
Asked Radha querulous
As she nibbled petulant her eye
Only she didn't realize
She had been chewing
All along on his mischievous yes
What magic had he performed
The distances fell away
She was enveloped safe
In his loving embrace

Darkness was the tapestry
Studded with stars
Where he twined his fingers
Into her loosening nays
Like she was vaunt to
With Jasmine's upon climbing veins
Entwined neck to neck,
Her cheeks upon thudding breasts
Held up close to his thundering heart
Radha measured the assail of his heart
Beat for beat with her own wanton ones



Seema K Jayaraman: She is poetess based out of Mumbai, India, and is a professional in the IT Banking domain. Her poems paint a vivid picture, colourfully presenting the myriad vibrancies of nature, at times stark depictions of human strife and tragedy. She writes both free style and rhyme-based verses, and she also enjoys writing haikus and tankas. Her debut book, *Wings Of Rhapsody – A Dalliance Of Poems*, was released in June 2016.



BROKEN GEOMETRY

Three owls

seven eyes

one spirit

split

& lost in the vision

Eleven mirrors

four corners

two reflections

cast

& cracked in the go-between

but all the promises

sound different on the other side

and each time we blink

to catch our breaths beneath the surface

ten animals are born

but everything draws quiet

with words mouthed behind the veil

and when you bite your tongue

to tease out the blood of a whisper

six angels break their fall



Scott Thomas Outlar: He lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia, USA. His favorite season is autumn. His spirit tree is the pine. Most of his poems are written in the woods. He hosts a podcast, Songs of Selah, that airs weekly on 17Numa Radio. Links to his published work and other thoughts about life can be found at 17Numa.com.



Rubbing those eyes

Thinking of excuses and lies

To be given to the professor

As I rush to the dresser

Another missed class

I wonder how I do so much time pass

I wanted to sleep early

But that didn't happen and I should worry

Pushing last minute deadlines

And the professor listening patiently to my whines

Yet maintaining the stern decision

That I have to submit to precision

Unintended bunks with friends

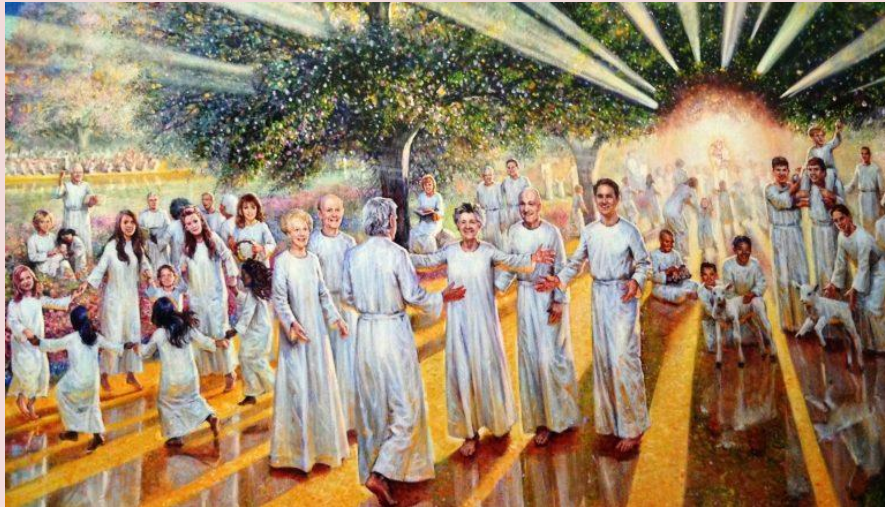
Talks with no ends

As college comes to a close

These memories give me their dose.



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



TOUCH MY SOUL

Touch my soul if you can
Floating through the fragrant flowers
of heavenly bliss
above the white and blue clouds
I am as happy as I could be
Singing and dancing
With the other lovely souls
You can't touch me I know
As you are just human like I was
before I left my mortal body
His silence was divine when I met Him

at the last hours on earth and blessed me with his holy
hymns upon my heart

I am a divine soul now

As I did good deeds many

While on my short sojourn on earth!

Fed and clothed the poor n needy

Comforted the lonely n aged

God called me to His kingdom

To be His favourite

And let me free in His own time

He placed me tenderly

Among the fragrant blossoms

In heaven

Can you touch my divine soul

Try it once at least

I am waiting for you eagerly

With a bunch of fresh flowers

Just plucked from my heart's garden

Come and touch my soul

Come and feel my love

So pure and innocent

You are in me

And

I am in you

I know this for sure!

Come and touch my soul

This divine soul waiting for years!



Sarala Balachandran: I reside in Kolkata, West Bengal, with my family. My poems have been published in national and international anthologies. I am a contributing poet for Different Truths. I write free verses.



THE BARRICADES

My heart shrivels up
pondering over barricades of all sorts,
barbed wire fences,
folks barricaded behind frowns,
and ominous looks,
barricades across hearts,
barricades across boundaries.
Barricades! Barricades! Barricades!

I suddenly shudder thinking of black squalls attacking ships,
Cresting buffeting seas swarming up,
billows sweeping over it,
like a rushing mountain torrent
destroying it
bit
by bit
by bit...
Why such a thought?

A bright beam of hope suddenly bursts upon me
through the dark cloud of despair
and my spirits go soaring,
soaring, scoring a triumph over barricades
as I see a tiny tot waving to me from across the barbed wire
fence,
and a feisty bird swooping down from a tree
to perch on the barbed wire, trilling away,

making verdant nature sway to her tune,
sanguine and joyous.

I now see the lurching ship steadily cleaving its way on its
course

rocking smoothly on the long swell.

A calm has descended, have the barricades dissolved?



Santosh Bakaya: I am a poet, novelist, and essayist and Ted speaker, residing in Jaipur, India, working as a teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published novels and edited poetry/story anthologies. My latest novel is 'A Skyful of Balloons'.



I LET HER GO:

I prided in her - the little angel with all her smiles, her rabbit teeth and her all-encompassing love...

I held on to her, her beautifully untouched innocence

And guarded it with a ferocity you would rarely find elsewhere

I looked into her bright twinkling eyes

And lived a slice of life all over again...

Yet today, with a heart of stone, I bid her adieu for the final time

No tears were shed while we parted, as the sun set long before due, over my drowsy eyes...

No goodbyes exchanged

For I had now understood

How unfair it was on my part to keep her with me

While the light from her eyes faded, her dimpled cheeks lost their pinkish lustre

While all that this cruel cruel world had given her

Was just betrayal and blame and scars

There wasn't a place I could touch her,

Without hurting her

So I let her go back to her world where she would become a
twinkling little star

The brightest star in the horizon

And give hope to stranded sailors in the sea...

Even as I watched her retreating back,

My throat choked with a brewing tornado of emotions,

I knew, it was better to let go

Especially when holding on was so hard, so meaningless

In a world that never understood her simplicity and innocence...

Yes, I let her go, set her free

Because she wasn't made to be a part of this Dystopia

Twenty-eight years of suffering was enough and more - no other justification was ever necessary...

I set my soul free, to find its own path - way beyond the horizon

Even as I closed my tired eyes to a sunset I would never see

Yes, I let her go...



Samrudhi Dash (Inara): I am a poet, novelist, editor and motivational speaker, currently residing in New Delhi, India. Along with contributors to over two dozen anthologies, international e-zines and magazines, I have published till date five solo poetry anthologies and two novels and conceptualised and edited an anthology of epistles, an anthology which is a tribute to the Indian Armed Forces and a medical assistance journal. I write under the pseudonym Inara and have completed my Masters in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi. My signature words are "Hope, Live, Believe".



HEAVEN ON EARTH

O Kashmir! O Kashmir!

Your earthly paradise lies bleak,
Turned into a battlefield,
Trampled between warring countries.

The ethereal beauty now lacks
The laughter of little children,
What, o what, have you done,
O, you heartless men?

Faced only tumult since that fateful night
Of the year of '47,
You stood steadfast still,
Damaged, but never broken.

As the days pass by,
There is a single thought on all minds,
'Will the Heaven on Earth,
Ever be the same again?'



Samixa Bajaj: I am a student of class 9 and absolutely love my books (excluding textbooks). I enjoy sketching and dancing besides poetry, which I write based on my moods and likes.



HE HAS SWEEPED AWAY MY DREAMS

The silly night disappears with the peeping of Sun from behind the hill and the call of paper sellers. A man sweeps the street with a black cloth, duly fastened up. It's a regular scene. Why should it be regular to me? I wished it to happen in a completely different way. But...

After a while, I start getting ready for office to see the same blunt face of my boss. My colleagues utilise every chance to criticise him at his back. Mr. Burman has great sorrow for not having the same position. The same tendency is noticed in Mr. Sen. "If I could have the seat I would have dealt better with the case." Or "Is it the way of tackling the situation? If I were there I would..." etc., etc.

Sixty to seventy percent of their conversation is related to him. Mr. Das often imitates how he orders him, how he

enters his chamber walking away from the gate, etc. His perfect imitation gives others a great amusement. Secretary Miss Rima ogles at us before entering his chamber.

But, I don't exactly like all these. After all, he is our boss. And, he is a much qualified and dignified person. All the staff should be respectful to him even behind him. This is an essential thing in the office decorum. .But, who will say this to those fools?

The day ends up with the usual "bye" and "see you,"...and I drag my feet home where Julia is found watching TV programmes one after another. She hardly manages a little time to make the usual tiffin and cold coffee for me. Our only child Vicky rushes to me on hearing the doorbell. The four-year-old boy likes me much more than his Mom. Probably, this is the happiest moment for me during the whole day. I pick him up, kiss him with due affection, wishing him a better life - much better than I have. I bless him to be a pilot (what I wished to be once) so that he can nicely observe the world below and the dirt of it does not dare to touch him.

Julia warms some precooked refrigerated food after 9 pm. We get close to each other at the dining table. Vicky tells "Dad, fatty miss has told me good today," or "Rahul has

again snatched my chocolate. He's a very naughty boy. Isn't he, Dad?" Julia tells about any new ornaments, dress, or car she has seen on television.

We go to bed after 10 o'clock. Julia tells me even then "why you can't be like Mr. Basu?" (he is next-door neighbour). "He has nicely managed his boss, oiling him regularly. He has bought a new car getting loan from office "or "has presented a new set of jewellery to his wife," etc...

This is exactly what I don't like every day. At least I wanted my wife to be something different from other women. With a different mentality, like me. But...

Sometime later, I fall into deep sleep. The morning comes with the same cry of paper sellers. I come to the balcony with a cup of steaming hot tea in my hand.

I watch the morning view as usual. I look at the man sweep the street, with his mouth duly fastened up with a black cloth. Suddenly, I become angry. It seems that I must cry out, "Hey! You stupid fellow! Stop that nuisance! You've swept away all my dreams and I'll allow you no more!"



Saikat Gupta Majumdar: I am an amateur poet. I reside in Kolkata. I work in a private organisation in 'Accounts Division' My hobby is writing poems, rhymes, and captions both in English and Bengali. My English poems have got published in various online magazines so far. I have obtained certificate from one of them also. I wish to get established as a Poet.



<https://www.worldlifeexpectancy.com/images/a/w/b/carcharhinus-sorrah/carcharhinus-sorrah.jpg>

OCEAN

Besides
your giant
razor toothed
sharks,

the ocean
is a pretty

harmless

place:

starfish

sea horses

3-5 oil slicks

a year.



Ryan Quinn Flanagan: He is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: Evergreen Review, The New York Quarterly, GloMag, The Poet Community, Red Fez, and The Oklahoma Review.



WAITING FOR THE FALL

Within the confines of my
Surroundings

I await the arrival of Fall
Reassembling and color changing
The decor to coordinate
With the rich vibrant hues
Of the new coming season!

Varying shades of red, orange,
yellow and green
An artist's palette against

A backdrop of blue sky
Magically playing a role
In my exuberant mood!

The shiny, coppery
Fortress of beauty
Touches my inner self,
Completely blanketed
In a warm welcome of
Interior design uplifting
Ready to embrace the
Coziness of the new season!



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. 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!



WHITE BUFFALO WOMAN'S LONG CLIMB

soaring down ice caved roads

land steeped in Ponderosa pine

howlin rains gathering along the divide

aftermath from monsoons past

enfolding each day of living

breath emits in sublime foggy energy thrusts

while Zuni Indian Poets assemble at El Morro Peak

intently listening to the red-tailed hawks soaring above

it is a long climb vertical to reach these forgiving clouds
solitary traveler breathing from her nose one nostril at a
time
stranded in this high desert country
hitchhiker without a thumb
praying with each earth step for more clouds to shelter her

so what vision could have beckoned this White Buffalo
Woman?

what passion could conjure her onward?
this once young girl who had passed by here on horseback
this once young girl now fertile, never again to be saddened
by drought

here, in this high desert country too many horses without
riders,

not enough children with parents,

and for her,

way too much distance to recall the way back home



Robert Feldman: I am a writer and painter residing in Port St. Lucie, Florida. I own and operate a college test preparatory company. I have also published several poems and short stories in booklets, anthologies, and magazines, both hard copy and online.



THE BUSINESS OF BLESSINGS

A bunch of claps entered the compartment,
ladies' compartment - fair ladies, dusky ladies;
rich ladies, poor ladies; sari clad ladies,
and jeans worn ladies!

Some welcomed the gang with curious looks,
few laughed, rest raised their well-shaped brows, while
the call of claps continued till each slumbering soul awoke,
and each deaf ear could hear the alarm.

Kohl decked eyes began surveying the crowd,
and then began a rather curious exchange:
tons of blessings for a fistful of coins!

The business went on with full flare, till I noticed
her - the one who sought no barter
and moved like a nameless Goddess,
took whatever offering was laid at her feet, and exchanged
her smile for tiny tales.

She didn't rest, not till each head was blessed, and each
young cheek with love was pulled.

She, the one in blue and white saree, jhumkas
dangling from her ears, and
a rather worn out bag hugging her shoulder.

The swarm of claps left, but she remained,
the one with oceans of love in her eyes.

I wondered what business was left, when she stroked my
uncombed hair. 'God bless you', was all that she said, and
left with her habitual smile.

And I wondered whether wishes worked!



Ritika Ojha: I am a poet, residing at Dhanbad. I have contributed to one online anthology, and one magazine so far.



SEA, FROTHING SEA

Why is this damn river

In tearing hurry to reach the sea?

Why is that giant teak tree

Uprooting its roots one by one

To leap into that river?

Why are the birds roosting on the tree

Leaving their nests

To fly with the storm?

Why is everything everyone bound for the sea?

Why the planes trains cars ships
Why the cattle lions camels rats
Why the men women kids bodies
Why the bridges houses malls toilets
Why the temples mosques churches graves
Why the ploughs tractors threshers sickles
Why the channels news studios vans
Why the parliaments forts moats sewers
Why the rifles guns cannons tanks
Why the roads parks theatres slums
Why is everything everyone bound for the sea?
Why fire air ether earth
Why skin blood semen eggs
Why is everything drowning in the sea?
Why the sea is swallowing the sea?
Why the sea sea sea sea?
Why the sea frothing sea?
Why the sea?



Ravi Shanker N (Ra Sh): He has published English-language poems in many national and international online and print magazines. His poems have been translated into German and French. He has published two collections of poetry, viz 'Architecture of Flesh' and 'The Bullet Train and other loaded poems.' His translations into English include a biography 'Mother Forest' (of C.K. Janu, tribal leader), two collections of poems 'Waking is another dream' (Sri Lankan Tamil poems) and 'How to translate an earthworm' (an anthology of 101 Malayalam poems translated to English), a collection of essays 'Kochiites' (by Bony Thomas on the migrant communities in Kochi) and two collections of short stories 'Harum Scarum Saar and other stories' (of Bama, Tamil Dalit writer) and 'Don't want caste' (of Malayalam Dalit writers.)



AN UNTRODDEN MOON

The earth's rocky satellite, the moon,
Nay, the white pearl-like gem of the skies-
Explored with science and logic:
Robots, mission-crewed, skybys,
But never shorn-off the splendour and magic!

I raise my eyes to the sky;
The glowing smile and soft shimmer,
Make my heart stir and fly,
Oh, how it paints the world in silver!

My world of mythic tale-telling
Away from odious oasis of faces-
A lone, silent, far-off valley
Illumined by its dreamy traces!

Sometimes in an aeolian land
With immense sand, slit and clay,
I'm enchanted by the magic wand;
No neon can dull its beauteous play!

The cryptic allure of the full moon
Adding charm to the star-studded night,
Gets reflected in my heart's lagoon,
Though miles away from my sight!

A fantabulous orb untrodden,
Remains in the ethereal firmament-

At times a bright diamond, at times a yellow zircon
Adorning the immortal bosom of heaven!



Ranjana Sharan Sinha: I am a poet, author and literary critic residing in Nagpur, India. I worked as a professor of English and research supervisor, RTM Nagpur University, Nagpur. Received many awards for my humble contribution to literature. Accolade from the former President of India, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam for my poem 'Mother Nature'. I have contributed to more than 15 international anthologies print and online as well. Authored and published 07 books- Poetry anthology-02; Collection of short Stories-01; Critical Books-03; Rhymes for Children-01. Invited as a resource person, Mata Sundari College, Delhi University, New Delhi.



I am treading on the road smooth,
Sun is heralding a new dawn,
A vibrant future is lying ahead,
My life's journey is on the right track;

But who has woven the gossamer fabric
For me to wear and tear apart,
The cobwebs of life with a silken touch?
And who were those toiling hard
Had scripted my life's journey as such?

Yes, I can imagine my parents lying awake,
And dreaming aloud of my future course,

By burning the midnight oil, they
Didn't care about their scant resource;
They laid the foundation with an iron will,
And prepared my passage, though without frills;

There were my teachers who enlightened me,
And lovely friends and acquaintances
Whose wisdom collective guided me;
I am the inheritor of legacy grand,
I am proud of my human bonds!



Rakesh Chandra: Mr Rakesh Chandra is a retired civil servant, currently pursuing his Ph.D in Law from Lucknow University. He has got one collection of poems titled "Moon is Black" and also one collection of Hindi Poems. His English poems have found place in different Poetry Journals and Newspapers' literary supplements. He also has authored two books on Law.



LET'S PLAY PAPA

“Let’s play Papa”,
says my daughter, three, as I try to chew
on fried okra rolled in bread. She’s just opened her eyes,
and is warming up. She can’t see why
her best friend, after her mother and sister,
launch on to an exciting adventure
with her there and then. She sits inside a large,
empty suitcase and beckons me. It’s her car.

She wants me beside her. I pick my plate
and bottle, and walk to her.

She realizes something, probably makes room for reality,
steps out of her car to let me squeeze in.

I squat into it, take a bite and chew on it,
as she goes searching for her dolls – our co-passengers.
I feel a pang (I don't know what it is, guilt, remorse?)
as I steal out of the suitcase and sit to finish my breakfast.

Oh, and have I mentioned how I hate okra?

I feel sad, leaving a child, playful and friendly,
at home, going to work in the outside world
that's neither friendly nor playful.

She'll soon forget my absence and play with her mother.

It's destiny,
A father's destiny,
his role.



Rajnish Mishra: He is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India. He is the editor of PPP E-zine, a poetry e-zine. He has a blog on poetry, poetics and aesthetic pleasure:

<https://poetrypoeticspleasure.wordpress.com>



PASSING ON TO ANOTHER...

The red pomegranate on the bowl
be dissected into four segments,
both beauty and taste nullified
In minutes like chopping of tree's
Blossoming and full blown vagrant
By crude farmer's tillage when commerce
And e-commerce join hands to proceed
In their respective way. Same merciful
Hands of farmer till now, watering and
Manuring aslant a sword to fetch a
Bounteous yield in a different way.
Child picks up seeds amidst juice

Like blood oozing, in dainty fingers;
Its pain smeared all over .Land being
Passed on to other unknown hands
When loss and benefit-- the future
Mantras of business class.



Radhamani Sarma: She is as student of Ethiraj college, Chennai. She specialized in the plays of W.H..Auden for her doctoral thesis from the University of Madras. She obtained PGDTE from CIEFL from Hyderabad. She served in Pachaiyappa's college and is a retired professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience. She has published four books of poems and one book of short stories. She is widely published in various anthologies and is a reviewer and critic.

Blogs: pearlradhe.blogspot.in/pearlradfhe.wordpressf.com



TURNING 39,

I have lived past the age of Buddha's enlightenment,
95.12% of Alan Turing's life (accurate to 2 Decimal points)

I've outlived Keats, Mozart and the 27 Club

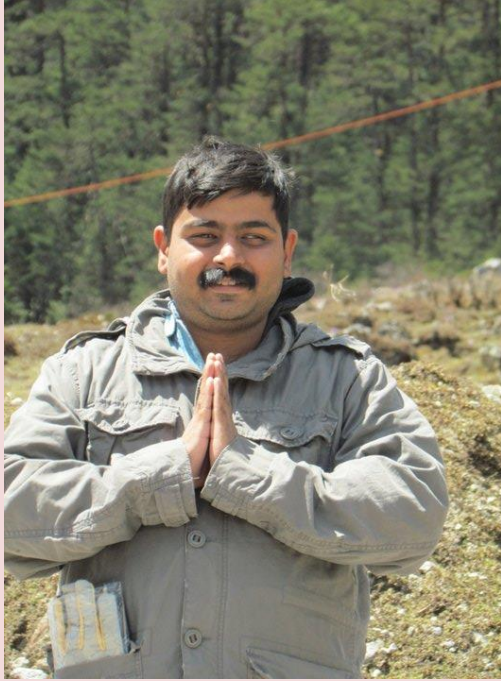
But not yet reached the age Toni Morrison started

And I'll probably not make it as far as Eamon de Valera -

Too fat and diabetic and asthmatic et cetera kaj tiel plu

And yet I look back, and I know you never made it to the
Stage we could have grown old together, becoming instead
The shadow, the theme, the guiding star I live my years by

And I write rubbish poetry and crumple papers and cry into
Pillows through the night these twoscore years and you're
Stillthecursorblinkingintothiswhitespaceaskingmetofillit



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: I am a writer residing in Thane, India. I work as freelance copywriter. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published poems in many magazines and poetry anthologies. I was felicitated at Amaravati Poetic Prism 2016 for writing poems in 11 different languages.



LOVE ON NATURE

Freely grown trees of green leaves
Busy with carbon dioxide receives
To make fresh and cool this nature
For giving sufficient rains in future

So don't chop down trees ever
Make this planet green forever
Try to plant one sapling per day
Feel your heart pleasure every day

Visit forests when you are in free

Have delicious lunch under the tree

Avoid use of plastic paper fully

Show your love on nature really



P.S.V.Prasad Babu: He is working as School Assistant (Eng) at Govt.High School, Medarabasti, Kothagudem, Bhadradri – Kothagudem Dist,Telangana State, India. He has three Master Degrees in English, Economics and Education from Kakatiya university, Warangal. And qualified APSET in Economics subject in the year 2014. He has 10 years teaching experience in English subject for high school level. His hobbies are writing letters to editors for English newspapers on current issues, writing poetry and short stories too.



<http://rainbowcommunityschool.org/>

UNWOUNDED

A classic damage

it might turn

trapped within time loop

it gets churn and churn

A time ago forever and

a hope beyond any divine prayer

soaking in and out of positivity

living in and out of life's vicinity

a path uncovered

a life un-restored

A face unknown and untuned
few spirit lifting words
few aching desires
some unfelt emotions
and a lot to acquire
picking up broken pieces
in every steep turn
holding myself
folding myself
hounded with the shallow past
I was searching around
then only inside I found
a missing piece of my faith in me
I adjoined the piece where it belonged to
I plugged in some unplugged chords
it made a flow of energy
some emotions uncalled
I had the desire

I have faith
I am upbound
lost but found
firmly intact and grounded
negativity surrounded but unwounded.



Priyanka Nair: I am a blogger, poet, and speaker, residing in Mumbai, India. I work as a freelance content writer. I have contributed to various anthologies online. I have also published one eBook and was a part of an International collaboration for a non-fiction novel. Awarded as best debut author award.



I AM A GENTLE BREEZE

Once I built a silver castle
In the midfield of your heart
One dark night
My castle got devastated
And the night measured my plight
Now there is silence everywhere
Peace gone apart
Only the remaining left inside
My nest lost its beauty and peace
Pain in my soul and other parts .
Somehow I made my mind

To roam leisurely on the sandy banks
To soothe my lonely heart
With the wings of love
Raising the dewy curtain of mist
I feed my solitude
With the perfume of the peaceful wind, or
With the lyrical songs of night
Now I have learned
how to survive in the crowd
In every single bit of moment
I rebirth myself as a gentle breeze.



Preety Bora: I am a poet residing in India, Assam, in a small city called "Golaghat". I have contributed to various anthologies and also edited one bilingual anthology of poems. Nature is my greatest inspiration. I love to paint my word amidst the beauty of nature.



www.pexels.com

Happy people are always happy
Not because everything is right in their life.
Only because
Their attitude is right for everything



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.



<https://forabeautifulworld.com/>

So, we all want peace on planet Earth,

Wishful thinking!

Are we prepared to rein in

Our greed for wealth and power?

Are we ready to help our neighbours unconditionally?

Are we ready to share our resources fairly with the
deprived?!

Are we ready to uphold and protect the rights of the
downtrodden?

Are we ready to share crucial knowledge for sustainable
living?

Are we ready to live and let live,
All forms of living creatures and organisms?
Are we ready to trust others?
Are we ready to live within our means?
Are we ready to banish, mistrust and fear?
Are we ready to be fair to one and all?
Are we ready to not call ourselves, more equal than others?
Are we ready to respect all religions?
Are we ready to defy segregation by sex, class, creed,
colour and genes?
Are we ready to respect and protect Nature?
It is a tall order,
Yet, possible,
If each one of us is mindful,
Of our rights and duties,
And of every living form,
Peace will return to Planet Earth.



Pratima Apte: She is a poet residing in Pune, India. She is a homemaker, recently turned grandmother! She used to write sporadically in the Pune edition's Women's page of the Indian Express. She loves reading and writing, and words are her world.



LET US INHALE EACH OTHER

I bow down before an evening

Carrying loved ones

Along with the smell of a rain soaked earth

May I inhale

The watery air, the smell of your nail polish

The palpitation of your heart

May I breathe

The very breathe that you breathe

I know your heart beats for me

You know

My heart beats for you

Rain is for others

Smell is ours

Time and again the sky alerts us with thunder and lightning

If not rain a message than what?

If not thunder and lightning a message than what?

Just time changing colours

Evening giving way to night

Darkness is ahead, so also the light

More rain , others may mean

Smell of a rain soaked earth is ours

Let us inhale each other

Only the smell is ours

Rest belongs to others.



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



POETRY

It's not something that blooms overnight
Or that visits you on your specified intervals;
You breathe it,
Inhaling all that comes your way
And letting out the ones that left an indelible mark.

When you revisit yourself
In the innermost confines of your thoughts
You get back what you lost.
A pen that bleeds with you.
That heals you

And gets you back;
The way to yourself.



Prabha Prakash: I am a poet residing in Kochi, Kerala. I am a Chartered Accountant and work as Senior Auditor at EY. My first poetry anthology "Lost Monsoon" has been published by Writers Workshop Kolkata. I have been selected for the Reuel International Poetry Prize 2019.



A PROCESSION

It was in early March
a whole town had gathered
to the bustling lights of a temple
greeting streets
exchanging treats
to the beats of a temple town

Bhowli was played by Nadaswarams
a ragam that could travel

just through tunes
the smell of the camphor fumes
evoking memories picturesque
to the music of a temple town

And merrily joined the neighborhood
dancing and welcoming the deities
moving chariots
and temple priests
welcoming an evening feast
to the tunes of a temple town

Lighted up streets
rejoicing families
decorated chariots
and the Gods grandeur
it was a memorable Procession

dwelling in memories
to the drums of a temple town



Pooja Suresh: Hello! I am Pooja Suresh, an upcoming Carnatic music vocalist and I perform concerts along with my sister. We sing as vocal duets and I also play the instrument Veena. I started writing as a hobby, and now, take part in various writing prompts and programs. I also recently completed a NANOWRIMO camp setting myself a goal of 10000 words and received an honorable mention for one of my poems on togetherness written for On Fire Cultural Movement. I aspire to write more and read more.



https://www.123rf.com/photo_46950558_empty-carousel-merry-go-round-park-attraction.html

AND IN THE END! (PART 1)

And in the end you meet

The beginning so sweet

As the great circle unwinds

At the bequest of great minds

Hello did I meet you here once before

Or was it your future coming around for some more

On the merry-go-round of all physical law

Defying the rules as they're thrown out the door

And twisting the Universe inside out

So the entrails of matter will start to doubt
Whether they are, or whether they're not
Or whether they're tied in a Gordian Knot
Confusion is Fusion in these final things
And it is all over as the Fat Lady Sings



Late Philip G. Bell: He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has written poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child." He was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease and died in 2015.



Yes There Is Always

the chorus of the poor

says the Economist,

as if it is a given,

an expected outcome.

A Greek tragedy

to be rewritten

in modern for the hungry
minds of the better off,

an entertainment for the few,
while the poor hold out their palms

with a radical point of view,
an imaginary paradise called equality.



Paul Brookes: I am a writer residing in Wombwell, England. I work as shop assistant. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published five poetry books. Forthcoming is another poetry collection called Ghost Holiday (Alien Buddha Press, 2018). My book 'Please Take Change' was published by Cyberwit recently.



<https://shetirs.wordpress.com/>

SPRING FROM THE ICY PEAKS OF KANCHEN CHUNGA

Dance on my chest Oh Kali

Mother dance the lasya

Thandava, lasya and mix them

Dance with your ankle bells

Caressing my face

Lull me with your music Mother

Your lullaby no one except me

Not even Shiva
Not Uma
I know, I hear, I see
Nadha Brahamam
Ohm Kreem, Kleem
Mantra of my soul.
Dance on me Mother.

I see the lion you ride
Flirting with a lamb
Sporting, carousing
Playing like little children with a new toy
Each frolicking with the other
You step down
Lamb rides the Lion
Roaring, pretend roaring
Running around in frenzy
Lamb laughing all the while

Oh Mother Merciful

You are Fun and laughter.

Dance on me Oh My Mother.

Who painted you Red, Mother

With all those skulls around your neck

Calendar images scaring away children

May be someone fearing Death

I see you Green and Blue

Radiating like the snowy mountains

Colored with the Green leaves

You are Earth

Golden hued earth

Splendorous with Green

My Green Goddess

Dance on me

Turn everything around me

Blue and Green, Mother.



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: He is a 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



BETWEEN YES AND NO

Younger generation seems to be
more Vaasthu observant
than what I am.

“Your house is not vaasthu compliant”,
The young man says, “Neither it faces east,
nor kitchen in the north-east.”

His list awfully grows with a caution;
“Disease and disharmony to chase.”

I grin raising one corner of my mouth
looking at my people

and covertly watch them.

(Do they endorse his views?)

He has hints to promote wealth;
vaults opening towards north,
laughing Buddha facing main door,
so it goes.

Sickening things can happen, they may fear.
If so, blaming stares to chase me
as the choice in owning it owes to me.
I want to stick to my conviction,
yet something makes me waver
to the clout of his counsel.

Flexing my muscles
or lending my hands to changing times

not an issue,
yet I desperately explore;

if there is a point....

Between Yes and No.



Pankajam: She is a bilingual poet and novelist residing in Chennai India, retired from BHEL as Dy Manager/Finance. She has contributed poems, articles and book reviews to various anthologies and journals. She has published so far 3 novels and 11 poetry anthologies in English and has won many awards for poems and short stories including the Rock Pebbles National Literary Award 2019.



<https://favim.com/image/102153/>

(from my collection called 'Shamnad,' which means 'beautiful person')

Feel me, experience me

As if i were

Utter breathlessness

A moment too beautiful

That my very memory aches.

Feel me like i were eternity

Pausing within you

As a lump in your throat,

The tear drop escaping your eye

As you reminisce great joy,

An emotional wave so ardent
That leaves you still
For a moment or two...

Ah, just feel me...
After all isn't that
What we are about
In the end?
A memory, a feeling.
Oh, just feel me thus.



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession. 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.



THE RIVER

Born in an obscure region

In the mountains, I am a river

Always restless, I have the wanderlust

To travel to unknown places.

Bubbling with life I meander my way

through creeks and bends in the mountains,

eager to explore

the pebbly and rocky surfaces.

As I flow furiously through hills and valleys
I play many roles. I create, nourish,
protect and destroy the very soil and rocks that
Yield to my speed.

I am Aphrodite, goddess of fertility
I make the lands fertile

Through which I flow, till I
Merge with the sea and become part of a whole

I am a river.



Padmini Rambhatla: I am a poet, teacher and homemaker residing in Chennai, India. I work as a high school English teacher. I have contributed to Glomag and my children's school magazine. I have not published anything so far but in the near future, I will. One of my recent and best accomplishments has been to develop a calmer and stronger attitude towards challenges.



LA NEIGE

Softly and slowly like falling stars
a silver-white sheet drifts down from the sky
landing gently on the lampposts and cars
caressing them with a lover's sigh.

Laden branches bow down to kiss the ground
and fairy webs gleam with magic pixie dust...
The peace in this instant is oh so profound
reaffirming your faith in hope and trust.

Upon feeling the sun's first pinkish blush
life reinvents itself to greet the new dawn
The lush white blanket turns to oozy grey slush
and the moment of calm is now long gone.



Nivedita Karthik: She is a poet residing in Chennai and working as a senior quality controller. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and enjoys writing poems and stories. Her work has been published in Glomag and the Society of Classical Poets.



MY FRESHEST HYMN TUNED AFTER "TRUST AND OBEY"

In a womb so so hot, in a frame so so poor,

What a hurt, what a rot, what a cry!

In a line so so down, in the land so so deep

What a smoke, what a choke, what a cloud!

How long we fight for we fight not in vain,

For the lord shall speed up all, for we wait not in vain.

What a fight O too fierce, what a labour too weak

But for those who lead the troops to war,

But for those who dare lean, but for those who dare learn,

But for those who walk, work, watch and pray!

How long we fight for we fight not in vain,
For the lord shall speed up all, for we wait not in vain.

In a world so so low, in a world so so faint
What a fate, what a loss, what a fear!
In a world so so dark, in a world so so blind
What a faith, what a gain O so dear!

How long we fight for we fight not in vain,
For the lord shall speed up all, for we wait not in vain.

What a wait O so long, what a hope O so green,
What a courage that cannot despair,
What a voice O so small, what a chord O so loud
What a lip that would blow the trumpet!
How long we fight for we fight not in vain
For the lord shall speed up all, for we wait not in vain.

AMEN!



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha: I am a poet/writer/thinker residing in Nigeria. I currently enjoy my work as a writer; I have contributed to over forty international anthologies. I have also published three poetry books and co-authored one, and published over two hundred and fifty poems/articles in over twenty countries. Some of my pieces have been translated and published in different languages too.



FRIENDSHIP

Life keeps knocking at my door
For friendship it comes to my heart's core
A line which is never ending
Friendship is like that string
Friends have already unlocked telepathy
Before Einstein or Albert McGrathy
Their fights are never solving
And around them the world is revolving
This is the so-called friendship
It's never ending , sweet
And loves to repeat

This is the friendly joy

Relish it to the fullest and enjoy



Nakshata Agarwal: She is a budding writer studying in class 10. Her hobbies are singing and cooking.



BENEATH THE ROSEBUSH

snake ribbon twist

round young sparrow

beneath the rosebush

full of thorn and bloom

shadows there amid petalfall

light there amid feathertore

garden tame garden wild

life cares for its own

snake don't care sparrow is scared
sparrow don't care snake is hungry
and there beneath the rosebush
rose just cares for rose



Mike Griffith: He began writing poetry after a disability-causing accident. His chapbooks *Bloodline* (The Blue Nib Imprint) and *Exposed* (Soma Publishing and Hidden Constellation Press) were released in November 2018. Mike was nominated for the Pushcart Prize for poetry in October 2018. He lives in Hillsborough, NJ and teaches at Raritan Valley Community College. He is Poetry Editor (USA & Canada) for The Blue Nib.

<https://twitter.com/AuthorMGriffith>

<https://michaelgriffithwordpress.wordpress.com>



A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Foggy morning cold and windy
Crisp sounds of the falling leaves
Among the shrills of the tiny birds
Branches swaying from side to side
Leaves whirling showering from the trees
Creating a blazing colourful velvety carpet
Kaleidoscopic spread underneath the tree
Fluttering and dancing as they swirl and fly
Twirling gracefully where they're carried
With the blowing of the autumn breeze
Flying over the vast meadows playing

Ending their precious life in autumn
Decaying were they lay to rest forever
A word of appreciation for this silence



Merlyn Alexander: I'm a poetess residing in Nagercoil, India. I'm a housewife. My passion includes writing, cooking, and painting. I have contributed to many anthologies. I have published six books in Haiku Poetry. I'm currently waiting for my first anthology of English poems to be published soon.



BLIND SAGACITY

I love rain
for it remains pure
in its ever constant allure
that purges the soul
deep under the yore.

I love rain
that hide my tears
with its flowing water
that carries my emotions
on its shoulders.

I love rain
for it may spread
the charm and benevolence
that may soothe the mind
and caress the spirit.

I love rain
for it may create an aura
of passion and selflessness
that would mark the touch of
redress and completeness.

I love rain....

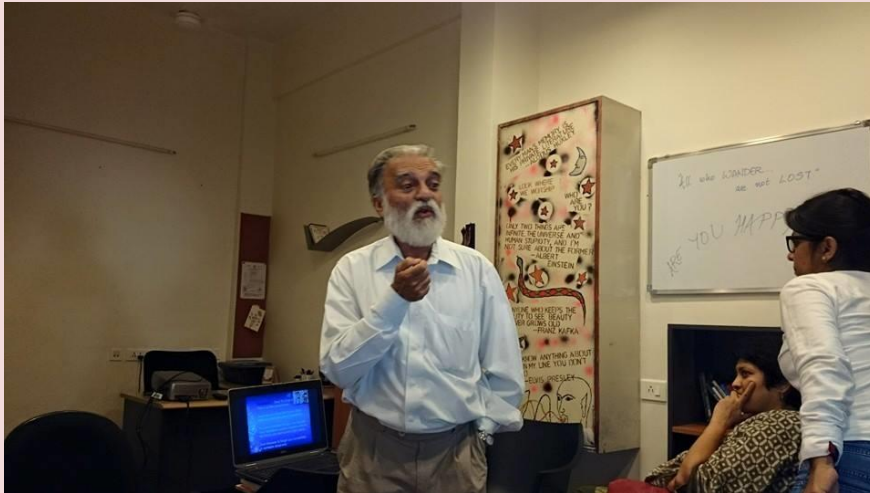


Mehak Gupta Grover: She is the author of three books - THE HUMANE QUEST (ume-1, 2 & 3), published by Authorspress, New Delhi. She has been bestowed with '100 Inspiring Authors of India' award in kolkata. She has also been honored with the 'Women Of Influence 2019' award presented on women's day in New Delhi. Along with her books, her work has been published in various anthologies and she is recipient of various other prizes in poetry competitions as well, is known for raising contemporary issues in the society. (mehakgrover@amartex.com)



<https://jooinn.com/dew-on-flower-2.html>

Feelings like lightning,
precipitate into words -
who am I to carve out poetry?



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.



#defamiliarizing the mundane

#an attempt

CHAANDBALI

Bought for a few hundreds
from a general store,
this exquisite dream of
a chaandbali

droops from my ears
the secrets of a galaxy.

Each morning I wear
these secrets to work.

Its midriff grasps the
planetary pulse as the
leaves chiselled in it
are titanium gouged
from moon.

The hundred beads in it
are a million asteroids.
Forever beaming.

In the scattered discs
of this chaandbali,

this trans Neptunian sphere

I live a dream of my own

have a reality of my own.



Manisha Manhas: She is a rebel. She is an English teacher with Punjab education department and moonlights as a poet. Her poems mostly revolve around the theme of "partition and migration" of 1947. Her poems have previously been published in various journals. For her, poetry is her life-force quite similar to blood flowing in her veins.



MYSTIC MOON UNITES

The mystic moon hides behind the clouds

Rather the clouds fold it in their embrace

Scattered, drifting light clouds spread

Allow sudden flashes of moonshine

I drink deep the moonbeams bright

Flickering the night sky

The neon lit city squabbles on

In boxed life, it slumbers

I wander on my lone walk

Full of the joy of life

Pulled out by the cosmic play

Of love and light
I feel you in my embrace
The caress of the wind at play
The moon unites us from afar
Shining on your window path
We view the same moon
Are bathed in its silvery rays
To live and love each other
Time space and distance apart.



Madhu Sriwastav: She is an Assistant Professor in English based in Kolkata. She has written and published her poems and short stories in National and International Journals like Setu, Glomag, Daath Shradanjali. She has translated and published short stories from Bengali and Hindi into English. She has written and published several academic papers. She also takes part in poetry and storytelling performances.



Go On

The fragile co-occurrences

That tends to make you weak

Are the ones

That will pave your path towards, glory

Sharpening your skills

Shaping you, into a better version

The furore moments

The tangibility
The uncanny path,
that you are trudging along
Will mould you
In becoming a warrior
A mighty king
A fiesty queen
Who will rise
From the ashes
Like a phoenix
Fearless
Shining bright
Flying high
Soaring the higher skies
Moving ahead,
with esteemed persona
Just believe in self
You are a winner

Remember
You have overcome a lot
Whatever it be
This too shall pass
Time changes
Good or bad
So buck up
Hold your head high
What matters is,
Your own attitude towards life
Take it as it comes
Trust and go on
Just believe in this....
'The almighty won't lead you astray
The much awaited accomplishments
That you solely, deserve
Are just, a throw away!'



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a poet, writer, editor and a social worker based in Kolkata, India. She has got published in various national and international anthologies and is regularly featured in popular literary magazines and e-zines. As an executive editor of The Impish Lass Publishing House Mumbai, she has 5 anthologies to her credit. Madhu is a friendly, optimistic and compassionate person who believes in humanity and volunteers for the upliftment of the underprivileged and destitute. According to her, hope, belief, and perseverance are the powerful mantras that have the ability to pave our path towards success no matter what. Her writings often revolve around these keywords. She can be contacted at madhuj2203@gmail.com.



SALVATION

My eyes are lost in the lanes of reveries,
Hidden somewhere in the dust of memories,
The tear drops in my eyes trapped,
Like the pebbles they hurt,
Some trickle and in the eyelids get entangled,
My dreams within them lay strangled,
Some memories mix with the tears
And fill up all space like mortar,
Cutting like the scarper,
My eyes bleeding murky water.

I tried running away from the memories,
The painful remembrances and the miseries,
From his thoughts I was trying to flee,
They kept on coming back to me,
My heart was deceiving
Continuously calling
Out to him,
All by itself in its whim,
Although he twitched and jerked,
The calls he mocked and jeered.

I go through his writings,
Once they brought happy tidings
My fingers touch the words,
They stab and cut like the sharp swords,
Fingers hurt, the heart bleeds,
As his letters my eyes read,
They wait and stop at each word,

As they get murky and blurred,
A thunder within me stirs
As my heart on the words slurs.

Will I get to speak to him?
Will I ever again see him?
My lips speak to so many;
But the mind does not interact with any,
It is he who rules all over,
Making my thoughts slow down and falter,
My feelings all numb,
My emotions turned dumb,
Everything pauses and flounders,
All under his effect, 'he' the downer.

My travails seem to continue since centuries,
Imprisoned since ages in the penitentiary,
Waiting to meet him in vain,

Much like the waves, in pain,
Who keep coming to meet the shore,
Knowing well they will unite no more,
My eyes too wait looking for him,
Dimming and hurting like cataract to the brim,
Still till death waiting in expectation,
A glimpse of him will get them salvation.



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English). A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women and children. She is the author of "THE NIGHT JASMINE AND OTHER LOVE POEMS". She is the winner of ICON OF THE YEAR-LIFESKILLS COUNSELLOR 2015-2016, CREATIVE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2016, and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing.



MOTHERS OF TEENAGERS

Why mothers of teenagers

Harass them again and again

Questions them sarcastically

What you are going to do with your life?

Did you see your cousin's report?

He has topped his class!

What did you do?

Didn't you study properly?

You came fourth in your class!

How could you do this to me!

You know how embarrassed I am!

Your aunty is showing off to all
My son topped in class!
Now you listen to me
You have to work hard!
Do you hear me!
You never make an effort!
You need to move your butt
Nothing comes easy in life
We sent you to coaching classes
Extra classes and extra tuitions
What more do you want from us
I have had enough of your excuses
Why don't you listen to me!!
Mom! Did you say something
Her son perplexed
Unplugged his earphones
Mom exasperated!

I don't believe this!

You didn't hear a word I said!!



Lubna Ahmed: She is a Certified Master NLP (Neurological Linguistic Programming) Practitioner, NLP Workshop Facilitator, and Soft Skills trainer and Certified Advanced Life Coach. She conducts SuperKoolKids Art Therapy workshops. She resides in Delhi with her family. 'Princess Lubna' is her pen name. Lubna has written many poems for National and International Anthologies. Her love poems are spiritual and have a Mystical Aura.



SECOND CHANCE

The waves of thoughts coil my stress to a tangled web,
Silently I move with my feelings folded,
The cool air between you and me slowly unburdens as tears
rush
And we miss the passionate days of cheerful braces,...
Untimely rain pours down shower carrying a passionate
wish,
You drive me crazy as the time's sting moves in its ring,
I could guess you, like me fumbling in expressing words of
longing,
Now our silence speaks with heated air of passion,

Still mute with our emotions, we move ahead without expressions,

The chillness in our feelings may erupt like lava one day,

But things may turn another way, so speak your heart to me,

Let me hear, the words very dear, that will give comfort to my ears,

I want you by my side so that i will share my stress and smile so also my fear,

Start our love with rising sun rays, let it burn like a fiery ball of wire,

Never should our misunderstanding be a hinder to our feelings,

Let's give a second chance to our story, let's have a new beginning.



Lopamudra Mishra: She, a native of Puri, is now residing in Bhubaneswar, Orissa. She completed her graduation (English Hons) from Sailabala Women's college Cuttack and postgraduation (English) from Ravenshaw University, Cuttack. Her fascination for writing came from her grandfather and father from an early age. Writing for her is the powerful medium of expression. Her poems have been published in many magazines and anthologies. Her books "Rhyme Of Rain", "First Rain", "Tingling Parables", and "Rivulet Of Emotions" have also been published.



WITHOUT BECOMING SHATTERED

I sit up half the night,
terror in my wake,
after bad dreams,
waiting for the tired day to come.

Sit in dread,
still unwelcome ideas
wriggling around in my head.

When morning does break,
as feet hit the floor,
I belt out the first tune,

drown out the barking dogs.

Singing stridently

to tamp down the noise of loud engines.

Hitting clamorous musical notes,

winning, over too early morning lawn mowers.

Singing loudly enough

to wake the neighborhood.

Sounding like a rasping maniac,

my voice, as if I'd eaten

a handful of very dried bread crumbs.

I don't get to pick my nightmares,

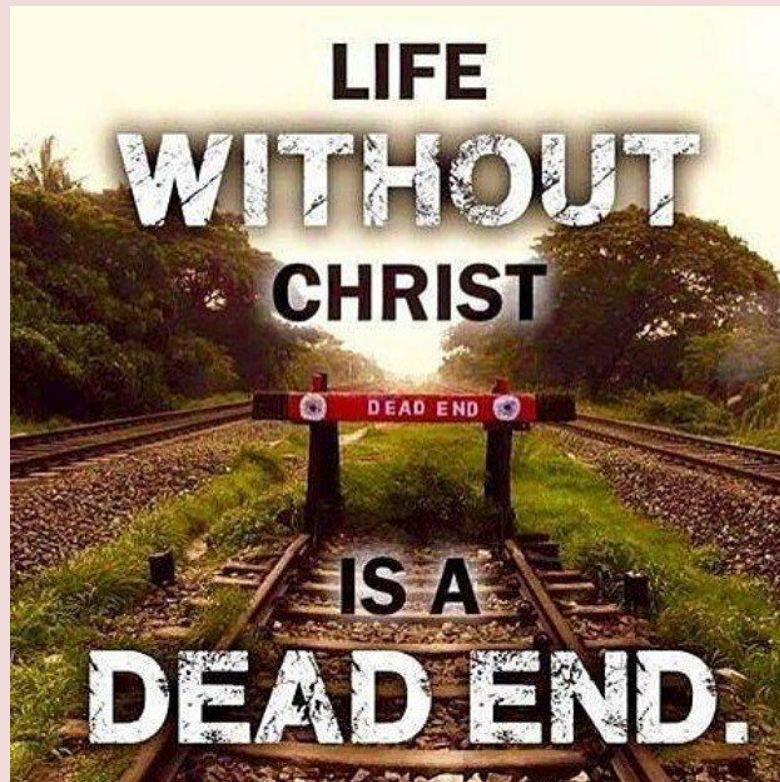
but I do get to choose

how I respond,

without becoming shattered.



Linda Imbler: Kansas-based Linda Imbler believes poetry has the potential to add to the beauty of the world. She has three self-published poetry collections and two poetry collections published by Soma Publishing. Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of publications can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com. She has recently done a poetry reading for The Red Hat Society, reading from her newest book "Red Is The Sunrise."



<https://faithtrend.com/2017/08/31/life-without-christ-is-a-dead-end-2/>

A LIFE WITHOUT JESUS...

A life without Jesus

Is like a fish on dry land

Or like a person

Who's drifting away in sinking sand

A life without Jesus is like a ship parked on the dock

But was built to sail

Or like someone sentenced to life in prison
Without the possibility of parole or bail

A life without Jesus
Is like a bird in a cage
Or like someone relaxing at home
But at the ends of the week are expecting a wage

A life without Jesus
Is like a dog on a leash
Which is tormented
By ticks and fleas

A life without Jesus
Is like a monkey without a tree
Or like fishing crew that's shipwrecked
In the middle of the sea

A life without Jesus

Is like sheep without a shepherd

Easy prey

For a lion or leopard

The best thing that ever happened to me

Is having a relationship with Christ Jesus



Leroy Abrahams: Leroy is a poet who lives in South Africa, Port Elizabeth, Helenvale. He is currently working for the church, Victory Ministries International, and also volunteers and enjoys hospital visits because there he prays for the sick and encourages them. Most of his poems are autobiographical and serve as a warning to the young and Christians who are facing tough times. Verse en Inspirasie is his first anthology.



Was it?

How do we know

Unless we dance in the rain

Unless we hold the raindrops

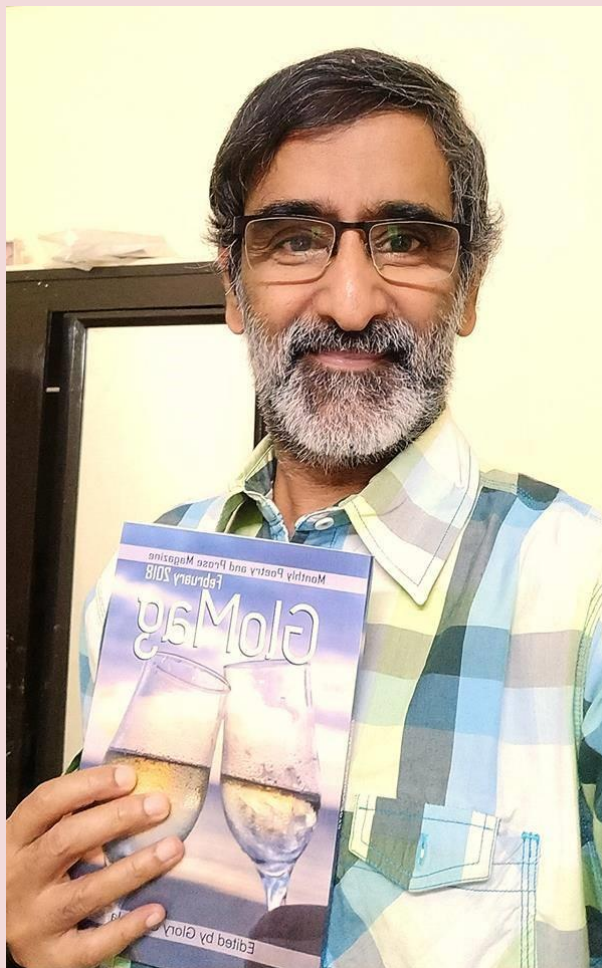
Unless they soak our hair

Unless they trickle down our face

Unless we slip on wet ground

Unless we fall and break our bones

And wake up from the rain dream



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur). He 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.

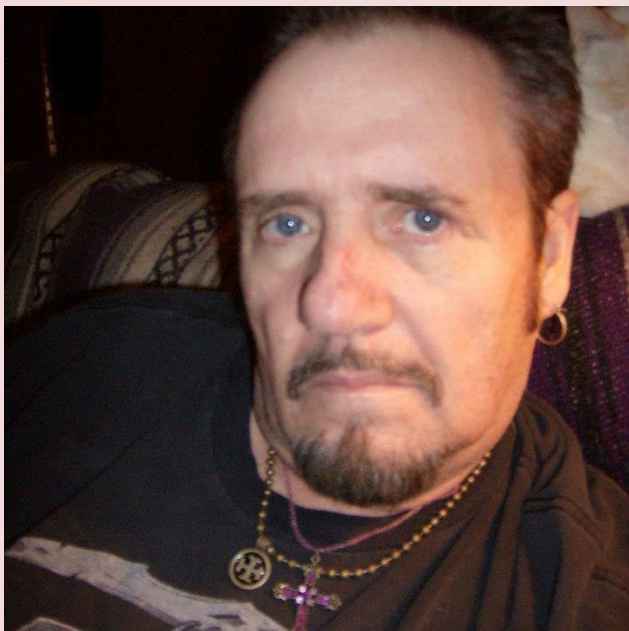


www.pexels.com

SONNET 18, LUCIDITY OF LIFE

I shall bid the gray darkness farewell
greeting the dawn with a resounding joy.
feel the warmth of the Sun upon my face;
hear the awakening birds sing their songs.
make a pact...and embrace silence this day.
view a world with muted tranquility
the heart covets all that whispers to me.

Like a great oak, I welcome all seasons,
accept the daily suffering with grace.
the good days, like sunshine, will help you bloom.
Days of storms, make you strong and resilient.
I rise and inhale the breaking red dawn;
dew on the grass sings lovely songs to me;
the beauty in one's heart shall guide the way.



Ken Allan Dronsfield: I am a prize winning poet and was born in New Hampshire, but now reside in Oklahoma, USA. I am disabled and write poetry and short stories full time. I have contributed to and have been the co-editor for many anthologies. I have three poetry collections and am working on a fourth.



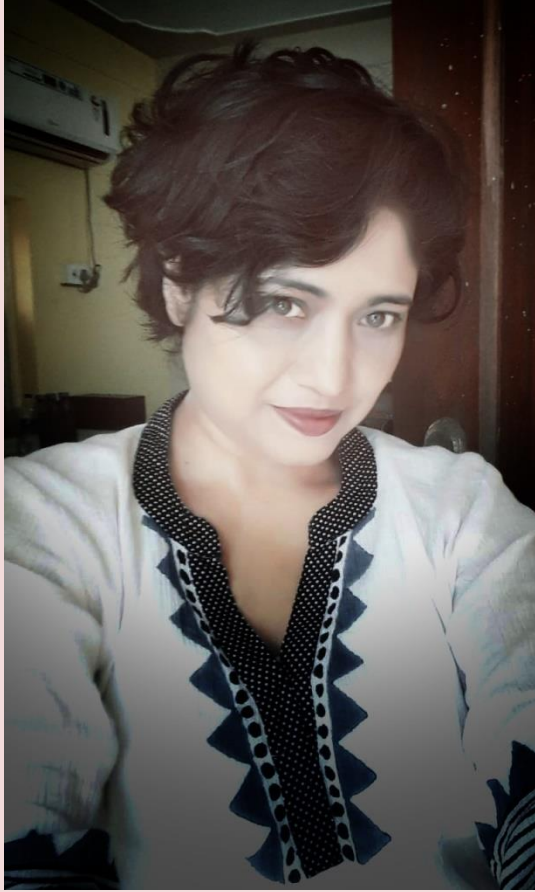
PURPOSELESS

Blossoms are bound to bloom;
Neither for a duty divine,
Nor for adorning a bride,
Or to daze the scent of departure
Of a lifeless pride
On the shoulders of corpse bearers.

Blossoms have to bloom;
Purposeless, relentless.
Their whispers of fantasy

Enclosed in whorls
Bud into simple floral freedom.
Neither for love or despair,
Unaware of pleasure,
Sorrow or wisdom.

Blossoms can't help blooming;
Can't refuse or restrain
From coming into fragrance;
They bud self-contained,
Fearless and careless of
Any suffering or prayer
For the day ahead.



Kakoli Ghosh: She is a poet/short story writer from Durgapur, West Bengal, India. She wears many hats—a freelance writer, painter, beauty advisor and jewellery designer and has a keen interest in music and art in general. Apart from contributing to various anthologies, she has also published a poetry book.



INSIDE THE PARK...

The tree's sturdy stem, curved
spaciously like a plastic chair,
can embalm your aching back,
nudge a meditative voyage;
I marvel at the buoyant family
of those trees defying time with
Its stately, statuesque courage;
Unless a mindless arm lounges
To chop its arm, its bounty to wind;
Luxuriant foliage arching

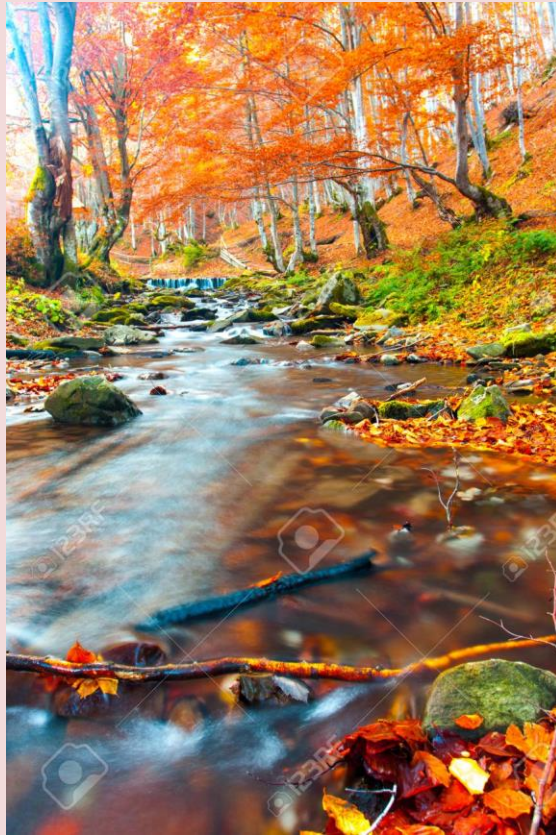
over the vast park fill the silence
with a nourishing, feisty fragrance
torn only by murmurs of chat
the walkers share.

A few share smiles with me or raise an arm
In greeting. "Resting eh...."
Is the unexpressed friendly
gift of a query.

What they didn't fathom
was the stream of thought
inside me....."here is Nature's
unrequited booty.... without
a price tag. It is a bemused
spectator of the fallible humans
who do not weigh its worth..."



K.s.Subramanian: I am a poet and short story writer living in Chennai. I have published two volumes of verse through Writers Workshop, Kolkata. I have nine published short stories and also poems in several anthologies. "Dreams" got the Asian Age prize.



https://www.123rf.com/photo_112284730_stream-in-autumn-forest-forest-landscape-wood-with-red-leaves-fall-nature-.html

SEPTEMBER

Leaves drop like
butterflies
carried to
their funeral
by long rivers
or left to lie

in the warm
earth.



Joan McNerney: Her poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines and anthologies. She has four Best of the Net nominations.



BEDTIME

So many stars
glow and glow
above the bed
as I try
to fall asleep



Jennifer Carr: She is a poet residing in Santa Fe, United States. For the last two years, she has worked as an EMT and Firefighter. Her poems have gotten published in more than 10 anthologies. Her Haiku has been published in print and in online publications throughout the world. She flies by her own wings and looks for any opportunity to soar to new heights.



HAPPY JANAMASHTAMI

The festival full of fun

When even the air is brimmed with shenanigans

Of Lord Krishna

His mystic magnanimity

The divinity

The peace and serenity which surrounds

Has its own magic

Ineffable and beyond the words

Happiness and the feeling to live

Savoring every single moment

Presents itself in an exquisite way

Beautiful and delightful
Aurora of lights
Reverbrates everywhere
Winning over darkness
Demolishing evil
And disseminating goodness
Spreading the power of light
And its enchanting Aura!!



Jayant Singhal: I am a writer residing in Delhi, India. I am an Economics student. I have contributed to various anthologies. I am currently holding the position of Joint Secretary of my department.



MARLENE DIETRICH'S MAKEUP BOX*

1

I remember

it was too large

encased in display glass

2

I coveted the inlaid colors
of silken powders and eye-shadows
(blue green lilac)
and blush
(pink and rose)

3

For me
the well-used box
remains a metonymy –
a star with a pose

**** Viewed by the author at Berlin Film Museum in 2005***

Note: Marlene Dietrich was a German-American actress and singer (1901-1992)



Jagari Mukherjee: She holds an MA in English Language and Literature from University of Pune, and was awarded a gold medal and several prizes by the University for excelling in her discipline. Her poems and other creative pieces have been published in different venues both in India and abroad. She is a Best of the Net 2018 nominee, a DAAD scholar from Technical University, Dresden, Germany, a Bear River alumna, and the winner of the Poeisis Award for Excellence in Poetry 2019, among other awards. She recently won the Reuel International Prize For Poetry 2019. Her chapbook *Between Pages* was published by Cherry-House Press, Illinois, USA, in June 2019. She is currently pursuing her PhD from Seacom Skills University, Bolpur, India.



<http://poetryshiddenmeanings.weebly.com/i-know-why-the-caged-bird-sings.html>

CAGED BIRD

Original : Assamese : Guna Moran

Translation : Bibekananda Choudhury

There is wish to fly

But no permission

The soaring bird

Locked up

In the cage of love

One needs special permission

To smile t other's happiness

To weep at other's sorrow

Else

Gets singed in the fire of envy

Fisherman dams up a flowing river

Rivers stop for a while

Captivated by the catch of fish

Fisherman turns oblivious

Of the force of current of river

The river flows along

Tearing through the dam



Guna Moran: He is an Assamese poet and critic. His poems are being translated into Italian and France language and have been published in various national and international magazines, journals, websites, newspapers such as The Tuck magazine, Spillword, The Merak magazine, The Setu magazine, Story Mirror, The Poem Hunter, The Sentinal, The Hills Times, Best Poetry and so on.



SOUL STORY

Before this vastness, we can still hold
the line of beauty and form within,
in a world as challenging as this one,
sharing the grief and trouble and finally
dance our sorrows away.

Strapped in the grey surrounds, the distance
Between the unheard voices increases,
You expect the light to go in silence,

What to do with the motion of the sea
Yet hope glistens from afar,

There is the stillness of the clouds,
The music of water and the rock fracture,
Capture the ripples of life,
An infinite coast lost in the aloofness
Scripting soul stories to the end.



Gopal Lahiri: I am a bilingual poet, writer, critic and translator residing in Kolkata. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published nine volumes of poetry in English and seven volumes in Bengali. In addition, I have also jointly edited one anthology of poems in English and also have one translation work of short stories of Israel, translated by me from English to Bengali.



MOMENTS

there are moments

indiscernible moments

moments breaking the silence

moments of revelation

like splitting the atom

and seeing for the first time

things beyond your wildest imagination.

we knew each other since we were

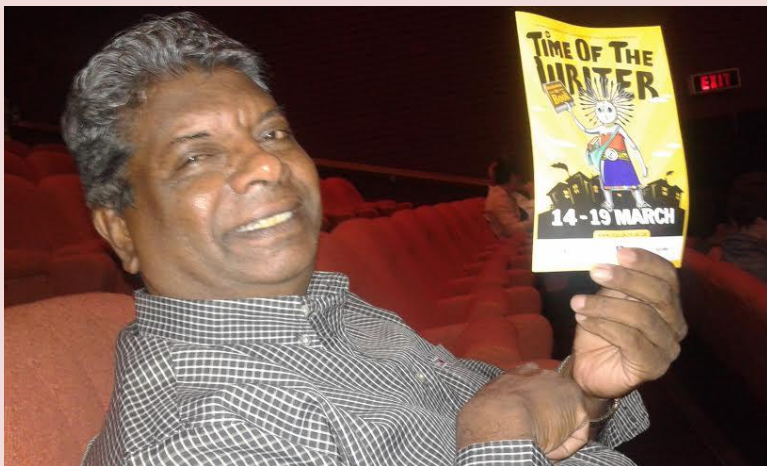
nine or ten

we lived next door to each other
you were my best friend
through high school and college
we studied hard, partied with friends
had fun through many spring and summers
days
we graduated and then went our separate ways.

the years have flown, and we are older now
and just by chance i met you the other day
it was a moment, a moment of revelation.
suddenly i had found the dream i was searching for

i found love
disguised as the girl i once knew long ago
moments guiding our fate to heaven's door
i never knew you were the girl waiting for me
i found love stronger than anything i ever knew

every moment is precious now
i am dancing on moon beams
with you held close in my arms
i never knew you were that someone waiting for me.
i see my whole world in your eyes
i found love to carry me through
all the moments of my life.



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.



PREDICTIONS FOR A LAID BACK PHILOSOPHER

The crowds moved around me

With purpose

Life led somewhere.

My own had settled

At the bottom of a teacup

In a pattern of uncertainty.

The sky held possibilities

My fist held fear.

The mist cleared

And the crystal ball showed
A transit period
When everything I touched
Turned to gold.

I crossed her palm with silver
And she read lines
On mine
That criss-crossed
Into the star
I would be
When I reached for the skies.

She did not read my eyes
She did not read my thoughts
And I did not tell her
Of old habits
That die hard.



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet, novelist, and publisher currently residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She is also the editor and publisher of the online poetry and prose magazine, 'GloMag,' published every month on Facebook, featuring writers from all over the world. She brings out two hard copy versions of the magazine every year. She is the administrator of the GloMag Group and Love Group on Facebook.



SEPTEMBER SUNSET

The evening breeze murmurs like a waking dream of the dawn,

All abuzz with grapevines entangled,

Of distant lands where beaches are an outpouring of grievances,

Lulled by a swelling moon in the womb of a middle aged woman,

Who relives time and again the joy and pain of child bearing,

Lullabies hummed in the eerie silence of restless nights,

As she remembers sending her children away into the wildernesses,

This evening's breeze hums a familiar tune of songs of
yesteryears,

Its melody the chant of minstrels eulogising freedom and
liberty,

That left ghost towns of blood now dried on ruddy rocks,

That this breeze touched on its way down mountains ,

Still shuddering recalling a mutiny arising like smog from
the valleys,

This evening gust rides with the winds of rebellion,

Where desert sands flew to water bodies, guided by
peasant bells,

Of cattle that knew only the language of peace,

And I watch the moon rise over the peach tinged clusters of
trees,

That gossip with the cicadas mulling bizarre stories of milky
oceans and honeydew cactii,

That fell from caravans pained by centuries of immigrants,

This evening breeze stirs the pagan in the branches dancing

in a ritual around my wanton tresses all aflame,
In the russet of a September sunset.



Geethanjali Dilip: I am a poet residing in Salem, India. I work as French Teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published two poetry anthologies. I am the recipient of the Reuel International Poetry Award 2017.



A temple at noon,
Empty,
Except for the priest
About to close,
The flower vendors are closing too
I walk in with offerings – some sweets
From a shop nearby,
The road is empty,
Except for an old rickshaw puller,
Snoozing beside,

The pujari places the sweets in the shrine and returns,
Someone had asked me to distribute them,
Who will I give?
There is no one there to receive!
I offer one to the vendor there
Now closing her shop,
Within minutes my hand is empty
The sweets are gone
A small crowd has gathered there
Where were they?!
I should have brought some more!
“We never get sweets normally.”
And, I don’t have enough to give.

“What’s your name?”
She answers measuring a small length of flowers
From her basket balanced on her small hip.
“Please buy the whole thing for me,”

There are few more strands left

“I have to go home and do my homework for school.”

It is already late. Even the beach is almost empty,

“What does your father do?”

“He drinks and beats us.”

“Mother?”

“She works in houses in the morning,

Sells flowers in the evening...

I have to go.”

She runs away.

If one day they rebelled!

For no one really sees them,

Though there, everywhere,

We refuse to look at them

Those lives under your feet,

An invisible layer beneath

What we see,

Under a blind gaze
We are so used to, out of habit,
As we walk, talk, live and eat,
Their hearts too beat,
But we refuse to hear.



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.



FLY AGAIN

Love for the sky makes me soar high
I aspire to find a region beyond the horizon
Paving through the difficult ways
I always look for the eternal shine
Nothing is destined I have to cross
blurred lines
My wings are broken now
Flying over the stormy seas
Fighting against the harsh wind
Still some dreams unbroken lying in my tired eyes

No darkness can threaten my dauntless spirit
I was never made for the cage
With the broken wings I try to fly again
My gaze was always fixed on the white clouds
My love was always for tall trees and blue mountains
The tangible world can never keep me confined
"Wings may be broken but dreams are always anew.."
The trees standing with broken limbs whisper...
My wounds are healed as I feel love for the azure sky
And I fly again rising high....



Gayatree G. Lahon: Gayatree is a poet and a teacher from Assam. Being an ardent lover of Nature and an observer of the life with all its beauty and complexities, she tries to express everything in a subtle way through her pen. For her poetry is a celebration of life in all its myriad shades. Her poems have been published in newspapers, magazines and anthologies, in India as well as abroad.



In the midst of wilderness

A tiny bee

And I

Amidst the hustle bustle of a cruise

Your song

And I

We dance

And dance

And dance

To our heart's content

We leave our feet

On a quiet beach

Making rounds in the warm sand

While our hands

Play the piano

In a quaint little cafe down the road

Our voices

Don't miss us

Singing loudly to the karaoke beats

Our hearts beat

To the beloved's bidding

Melting with the afternoon heat

Our pieces find their own way

Like we do

Through the maze

At the end of the day

All of it will come together

We will leave this place

In one piece



Gauri Dixit: A software professional from Pune (India), Gauri writes English poetry. Her poems have been featured in multiple Indian and international anthologies. She is a regular contributor to many poetry pages and e-zines of repute such as Destiny Poets UK, Duane's Poetree, Glomag, Kubili Cafe, Learning & Creativity, Mind Creative, Spillwords and Stanzaic Stylings. She recently won the 'Reuel International Prize for the Most Promising Poet - 2018'. Her first poetry book 'In my skin, I find freedom' was recently released. She loves reading, photography and traveling.



<https://blog.tamnevada.com/2011/01/21/risky-business-%E2%80%93-how-to-spot-deal-with-alcohol-drug-interactions/>

THE DRINK CATCHER

We mewl for our friends,
Those who we loved in the early days.
Karma has sent his messenger
To collect the debt owed
By us all. We anointed ourselves
Rock stars, at least in lifestyle.
The ugly mistress of drugs and drink
Danced like the young girls
Blistered with cocaine
That littered the floors as trash,

On those Saturday mornings.
Too saddled by the peculiar times,
We are simply sent a text, that
Another star has been swallowed.



Ferris E Jones: He writes poetry and screenplays from his residence in Puyallup, Washington. His work has been published in Se La Vie Writers Journal, Write on Magazine, Outlaw Poetry, Degenerate Literature 17 and other literary periodicals. He is the recipient of two Grants from the Nevada Arts Council and published several collections of poetry, including To Burning Man, Oh the Path that Followed and As the Toad Sleeps. You can learn more about Ferris E. Jones by visiting www.inquisitionpoetry.com where each month he features the work of other poets.



<https://reformedperspective.ca/a-sad-tale-of-a-wealthy-millennials-moral-confusion/>

BRINK

Translated by Artur Komoter

Poor millionaires
are like water in a dry river,
broken glass,
leafless trees.

Poor,
childless millionaires
on the verge of life
adopt heirs.

They cross the brink of darkness
in the hope that
Made in Japan will survive.

Before the end they understand
that they are both
rich and beggars,

-they lived to work.

They fulfilled their desires
with the love to work.

Everything else

they postponed
- *for later*.



Eliza Segiet: I am a poet and playwright, residing in Cracow, Poland. I work as a philosopher. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published (drama, poetry anthologies - 8). Author's poem 'Questions' won the title of the International Publication of the Year (2017) in Spillwords Press. Author's poem 'Sea of Mists' won the title of the International Publication of the Year (2018) in Spillwords Press.



AGENCY

Of what is built the world?

Of timber, steel, and stone,
with bicep and testosterone?

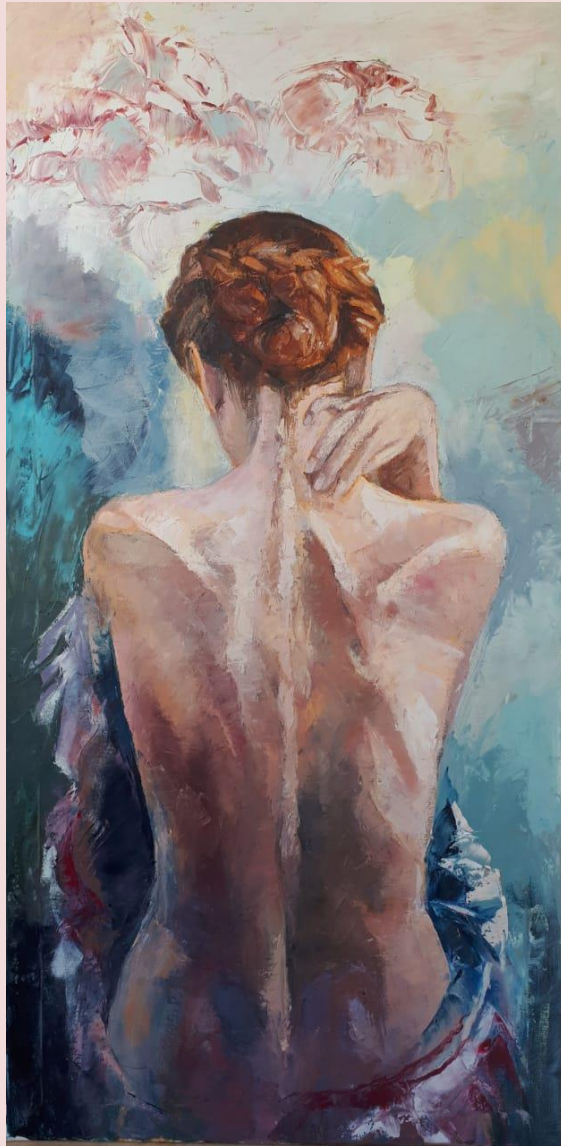
No. Of powder and foundation.

Where lies the garden's lure,
in garland or in thorn?

The harem whips and spurs the crown
to accommodate their station.



Duane Vorhees: He grew up in rural Ohio, fell in love, went to school, fell in love, stuck his toe on bits of four continents, fell in love, taught and learned various subjects, fell in love, grew chronologically and physically. Fell in love, fell in love fell in love. 'Love's Autobiography' is the first part of a longer meditation, 'The Many Loves of Duane Vorhees'. It is based on a lifetime of observation, imagination, introspection, experience, and fantasy.



art by Jonel Scholtz

THE MOON LIVES IN THE LINING OF HER SKIN

Dark Side of the Moon – My entry into this human
existence unelected accidental

complicated; consequential. Entombed in a life I did not ask
for nor yearned for –

I had to conform to expected social cultural religious norms
written by self-appointed
crowned oracles restricting my choices, my liberty even my
individuality. My pulsating
essence dismissed discarded recycled, so each welcome
moonlit lonely night I captured
what I could from that distant intergalactic entity to
secretly to secretly hide within my
emotional cavities as I frantically tried to make sense of
where I belonged whilst
protecting my secret harnessed existential inner light
strengthening me, saving me.

Am I Still Here? I walk these haunted streets each repetitive
demon alley night amongst
unknown stomping cadaver feet, where faces become
disturbing distorted apparitions of
secret shameful abusive episodes; eating away at their
memories which they would
rather see buried deep in lunar fissures – Hidden away
from distorted predators

feasting on insecurities born from dystopian disparities but
I need to steady myself to

avoid my inevitable stumbling and resurface towards my
halo moonlight silent siren if

I am to survive this and gather my strength to somehow
emerge unscathed from my

scarlet indigo scars burning searing branding trying to
define me but I refuse to submit!

Moonlight Inferno – I should have trusted my prickly cutting
red light instincts guarding

my fragile feelings – Your venomous insensitive parting
words piercing my leaking

bleeding punctured failing heart whilst moonlight chards
cut my porous being –

Emotions burning, igniting dormant lava rage! Your horrid
hurried sudden exit setting

my silver chrome night alight – Leaving lady luna to freeze
my melting heart. Your once

Icarus exploding imploding; evaporating in this, my doomed
moonlight inferno...

Eclipse – Even as I run my fingers over rouge scars and
cobalt blemishes in
order to remind myself that I am still here, I cannot help
but taste my lingering salty
tears – Reminding me how I used to lick the stars in distant
galaxies , just to somehow
gain strength from afar but I am better now, as I emerge
from my moonlit chrysalis –
Renewed rejuvenated rescued embraced enlightened –
Saved...



Don Beukes: He is a bilingual South African British writer and the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles' (Creative Talents Unleashed) and 'Icarus Rising - Volume 1' (Alien Buddha Press). His poetry has been anthologized in numerous collections and translated into Afrikaans, French, Farsi and Albanian. He was nominated for the Pushcart Poetry Prize in 2016 and the Best of the Net in 2017 by Roxana Nastase, editor of Scarlet Leaf Review for his trilogy 'Esorfo Ygolirt/Trilogy of Rose'. His debut South African

publication is due in August 2018 in a unique anthology with three prominent South African poets.

Jonel Scholtz: She obtained a Baccalaureus Scientiae degree in Chemistry and Biochemistry from the University of Johannesburg in South Africa, in 1994. She started painting in 1988, while in high school, with Louise Goudemond, an American born artist, specializing in figurative work and oil portraits. In 2018 she was awarded an artist residency at Tamarin Art Centre in Mauritius. She went there for one month and expanded her artistic horizons and is now included as one of the exhibiting artists at the Tamarin Art Gallery curated by Leanda Brass, well-known UK sculptor.



PRISONERS OF MALADIES

An empathy filled trove

A goblet of elixir

Made from compassion and love

Could mean an eyeful of sky

For the prisoners of dreadful maladies.

For the little ones who want to continue their plays

For the women who stand glued by the windows and
doorways

Waiting for their men to return home safe
Before the cold wind blows through the walkways.

For the men who want to go home early after work
Drink the kahwa, chat with their loved ones
Have a dinner of rice and goshtaba
Make love to their beloved, talk sweet nothings
And wake up the day after, to make a new beginning.

For the newly married who do not want to stop their
romance

For the teenaged lovers, who never want to break their
trance

For the loners whose dear ones never returned home

For the ones who have lost their sight

And even for the ones who have lost their fight.

For all the simple aspirations and simple dreams

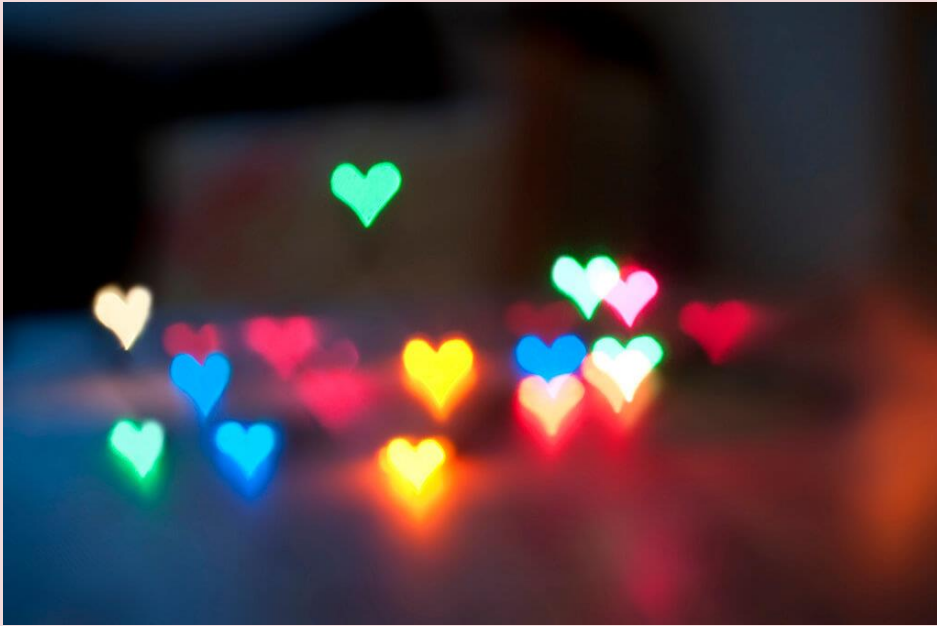
Simple ways of life, simple desires, simple means

An empathy filled trove

A goblet of elixir
Made from compassion and love
Could mean an eyeful of sky
And a cure from the dreadful maladies.



Dipankar Sarkar: Poetry is my passion, but I do not write regularly. Sometimes, words just flow out of nowhere and completely inundate me, force me to live an experience of writing. That's poetry for me. I work as the Chief Content Officer of iDreamCareer.com, India's largest career counselling organisation.



'A STREET LIGHT NAMED LOVE'

A dollop of
your vanilla dream
once would melt over my
freshly baked brownies,
rousing the
uncurated passions
that were born
in my ribs.

I know the allegory
is still strumming

your guitar,
moonbeam,
is silver dust
tucked in your
midnight hair still.

Yesterday
a day long
worn out cloud
hanging from your clothes line,
dropped in my palm.

The lucid green
of weeds
implored the violets
of your burgeoning rainbow
billowing in my
million shades of red .

Pray, set your boat sailing,
sailing in my taciturn puddle

Where a few unspoken
timorous fallen dreams
still shall gather
your epochal oar,
and stay tangled
with a roaring silence.
Pray, let's get padlocked
in the rain of my palm
and meet that
doused boat where
a not so calibrated
street light
still flickers meekly.



Deepti Sharma: I am a poetess residing in Punjab, India, and work as a freelance writer. I have contributed to many online publications and have won few awards in online poetry challenges.

Trevor Lewis Harris

8 May 1957 - 14 August 2019

**Funeral service will be held at
Norwood Park Crematorium,
Friday, 6th September,
commencing at 3pm.**



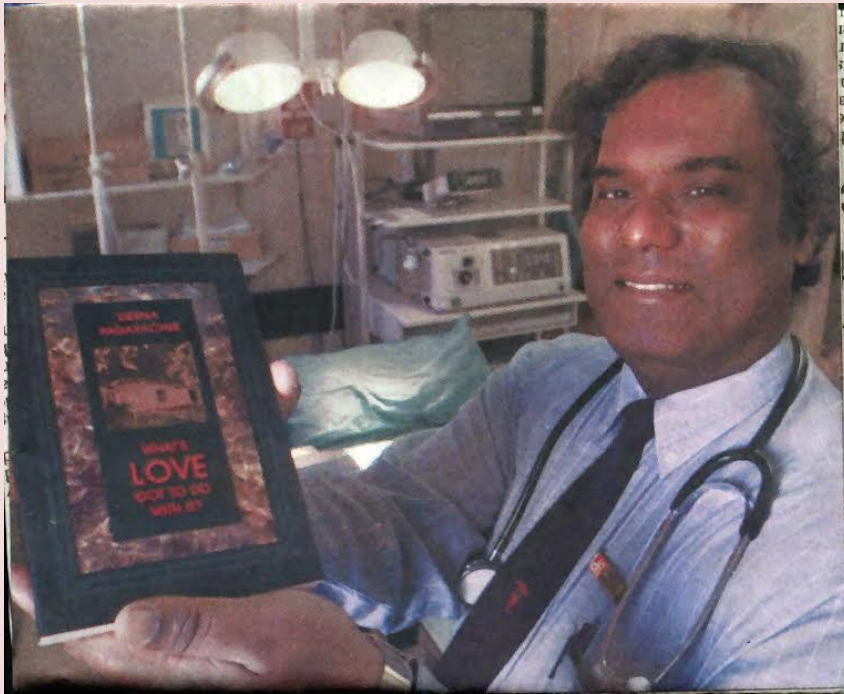
Note: Trevor was a frontline journalist in the resistance against Apartheid. He died in exile in Australia as he was then employed in Canberra, Australia.

As our friends and comrades fall one by one, it is as if the love that strengthened our backs and warmed our hearts and soothed our souls is being slowly stripped from our lives.

We are the better for having known Trevor Harris. But his passing heralds our own. We want time to halt.

We need to do so much more, need to spread so much more joy, pulse inside so many more hearts, sweeten so many more lives, take away so much more pain, but the forces that hold our strings, that play with our lives, have their own unfathomable agenda, and all we can do is to do as much as possible before we too are added to the dust of eternity.

A Tribute to a Great Human Being, Trevor Harris, whose soul knew a freedom that he had attained despite all that had happened to him. Goodbye, my Friend, till Valhalla has space for another.



Deena Padayachee: He is a South African Author and Poet, residing in Durban. He works as a primary care physician. His writing has been included in various international and South African anthologies including the Readers' Digest's BEST SOUTH AFRICAN SHORT STORIES. Three of his books have been published. The English academy of Southern Africa awarded the author the Olive Schreiner prize for prose; The Congress of South African Writers has awarded the doctor the Nadine Gordimer prize for prose.



IF/IN #16

all landscapes are blue

all platforms are green green

each of them piles

onto the moon

at the mere idea

of a bell-ringer a bell-ringer

with no intentions

of doing anything other other

than ringing their bell



Darren C. Demaree: I am a poet residing in Columbus, Ohio, United States. I work as librarian. I have contributed to various anthologies. I am the author of ten poetry collections, most recently "Lady, You Shot Me" (December, 2018)



De Culla's Pic

MY LITTLE DOG

My Little dog says nothing

Does less

Means nothing.

It is a keeper

Of the Sacred Chao

In keeping with me

As a cyclist.

It is unique

Of course.

It has a tradition

Of assuming Holy Name.

It is called “SoSo”

I suppose it is the son

Of a mystic apostle

Or of an ostrich

Because introduces the head

Into the wáter

To the deepest of tin

Keeping alone

The words of Syadasti:

“ Tis and ill wind

That blows no minds.



Daniel de Culla: 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.



ATHENA AND ARACHNE

She was the better weaver. Arachne
Knew her own worth all too well. That vile smirk
She wore at me with those teeth and acne
But ugly mortals beat me at their work.
The muses can be cruel, though born of Zeus
I was not blessed as greatly as that cow,
Audacity like hers can make no truce
To genius so rude I could not bow.
Those tales she wove, of snared Aphrodite

With Ares, and her husband laughing on
Should peasant maids mock gods almighty?
Impudent witch your laugh was quickly gone.
Her work continues, I'd never hide her
Weave on my dear, you're my darling spider!



Christopher Villiers: I am a poet residing in Branton, England. I work as a writer. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published three volumes of poetry.



Tortured and tested in life
he asked his wife the culprit
for a rope to hang
thinking he will back out and she can laugh
he met the challenge
she dropped to the floor
she tried vainly to get him down

she could not
she tried to convince the doctor
it was not suicide he would not relent
police came
so did the boy's parents and hers
arguments flew, charges and accusation flew
arrested and jailed she was
bailed for the final rites
at the hearing her guilt voiced
yes it is me who gave the rope she said
defense lawyer said
she has become insane after losing him
acquitted
she came home
every rope scared her
in every ceiling she saw a body hanging
silence hit her
she accused him of taking the bait

why did he

why

she was living but talking always of death



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. He writes poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



<https://www.medicalnewstoday.com/articles/9673.php>

AN UNEXPECTED DAY

On a busy market road,
forced to move like a tortoise,
I spot an old friend from a distance.
I gaze at her until her eyes
exhibit an attitude of nonchalance.
Eerie, though, her forehead smeared
With vermillion from the sweat
Of a humid day.
Enraged within for being inactive on Social Media,

I ponder if my face is submerged into oblivion.
Amidst the clamor of vendors,
her mom stands next to her in a pale blue cotton sari.
As she turns around,
black circles beneath her eyes evident,
a sense of anticipation invades her eyes
as she catches a glimpse of me.
As we inch closer,
She embraces me with warmth
tears subdued.
Pointing to my friend,
She says "Amnesia".
My poignant eyes
Stare at my friend.
Nostalgia is a great revealer!
Those were beautiful days of togetherness!
A legacy of friendship
to delve deep into my emotion!



Brindha Vinodh: I am basically a poet and a freelancer residing currently in the United States of America. A few of my poems have been published in national magazines in India.



THE SOURCE OF LOVE

At the top of the stairs of your Church,
were scattered crumbs of eternity. Between
them, I found the sweetness of your heart.
You asked me to stay, even though I was unworthy.

You forgave my sins and didn't ask for anything.
Bestowed me with never-ending love.
The memory of your gentle touch,
made me spin with unlimited trust.

You – the enchanting mirage of endless love,
rain down on me like Heavenly brightness.
Stand close by me – stay in my soul and my mind
and deep down in my heart – wherever I am.



Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak: She was born in Opole, Poland. In 2004 in search of work migrated to Great Britain, where she lives. She published seven volumes of poetry; four in Polish and three in English. She also writes prose and released a novel and a few short story collections. Her work may be found in numerous worldwide anthologies and magazines. Winner of many poetry competitions. Proud holder of many diplomas, awards, and distinctions. Member of Union of Polish Writer's Abroad, Polish Authors'

Association, and Association of American Poets. Her poetry was translated into English, French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, Arabic, Telugu, Bengali, Norwegian, Albanian, Swahili, Philippine, Serbian.



A SUBURBAN EVENING

darkness comes drizzling
through the suburban lanes
the clamor of commuters dwindle
to an eerie silence ,
trees elongate upwards
in a desperate bid
to touch the tacit sky..

winds whisper something
enchanted ,

birds sing their last songs of the day from the trees nearby..
alone i search inside me,
what i can never get i know ,
evening surrounds my being
gradually enveloping,
to a stubborn stillness...



Bishnu Charan Parida: He is a bilingual poet writing in English and Odia .He is from Jajpur Road, Odisha. An engineer by profession he carries a passion for poetry. His poems have been published in many anthologies and magazines of national and international repute. He has been honored in the state level Kalinga Nagar book festival 2015 in Odisha and at 11th Guntur International Poetry

Festival 2018. He has been the world featured poet of Pentasi-B, China in 2019. Recently he has received the prestigious R. N. Tagore award from Xpress Publications, Kerala, India.



THE ARAB

Once an Arab had wives one, two and three

From them he had kids two, three and four.

Each one had a car and a bungalow.

They looked like portable shops of jewelry,

With studded diamonds and pendulous lapis lazuli

Obeying, cooperating they served him like a king.

One fateful afternoon he gathered all his wives.

And announced to them his intention to extend his tribe.

About his heart being enslaved by a youthful pulchritude.

This despicable news, like a hurricane marred their
quietude.

Wedding a girl half his age, oh so lewd.
Arguments and accusations started in full flare,
But instantly quelled by his roar and glare.
And threatened to bring them on the streets,
So to welcome their rival, they did concede.
Putting their heads together, they schemed
Chalking out a plan with full certitude.
To free themselves of his turpitude.
The house was decorated and filled with food barbequed.
At the gate, the three in their best raiment stood
He arrived flaunting his flat tummy - bride,
And into the hall was escorted with pride.
Music was played and food served.
Drinks in silver chalice the wives served.
They poured and laughed and laughed and poured.
While the fourth sat amused at the encore.
As midnight passed the tired bride was shown her room
While he reveled and rejoiced at his fortune.

When enough reached enough and couldn't gulp more
He leaned against the sofa and passed out on the floor.
The three waved to each other and closed the door.
They surrounded him, one holding a pen
The other some printed parchment.
The third one, the wisest of all, took his hand firm
Then with great precision, amidst perspiration
She guided his hand holding the pen
Up and down above some dotted lines.
Heaving a sigh of great accomplishment.
Next day when the Arab opened his eyes,
He found himself on the pavement outside
In his spotted trousers, he lay seminude.
And of his new bride there was no news.



Bilquis Fatima: She is an innate lover of nature and speaker for social issues, has allowed her feelings to be expressed as short writes and speeches from her college time. Although being a post-graduate in Chemistry, she has also mastered the skills of poetry appreciation and writing. Her poems reflecting the situations that are prevalent in the society, have been appreciated in some groups of poets and writers lately.



IN PINK NEON

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ndY4HafYxLY&t=7s>

Chrome and black tile at breakfast again;
coffee's so strong it pulls your eyelids back
going down, and while last evening's drunks,
with five a.m. shadows, use it
to try to face the new day,
women, legs on spiked heels, lift leather skirts
to reveal specialties of the house—
initiating a physical negotiation,
trading the tangible
for currency.

In closed cuffed hand, scalene triangle
of whole wheat drips from sunnyside-up.
A single waitress covers ground.
Butter, warmed by sun shining through slatted glass,
slowly rolls down a stack of browned pancakes;
silverware clatters, china
against china; napkin falls;
voices chatter—while outside, in pink neon,
a sign glows: "Best Food in Town."
And it is.



Bill Cushing: Bill Cushing continues writing while measuring the closing of his career as a college English instructor. This month, he returns to his beginnings by sharing his first "real" poem, written in 1987 when he was inspired to delve into poetry during a writing conference.



Pic courtesy: <https://www.pexels.com/@thatguycraig000>

HEATA LA NICE POETRY

Height of a healer in this queue,
filled with fresh breathe.

Sweeter songs tamed under
shaft of tears and laughter,
poetry is seed.

From notebooks and diaries
it feeds, girls and boys by same
are cured.

Realities gazing upon free nature
to inspire unknown heroes.

Biographies pile up to create
platform not lesser than
mountain tips.

Heata la nice poetry,
drive those hips motion tide.
Deep sink vibrations on spinal crown,
delete crippling thoughts
these feet excell in dance,
more than fear of death
can break a human soul.

Heata la nice poetry,
it is not a threat to the governor
and the governed.
A priceless insight to a child
living to witness truth.
A poetess in this poet

is no buried loser

vital things are no seen quicker.

In every word spoken

they get richer to enrich.

Heata la nice poetry.



Bheki BO. Nxumalo: He honed his writing and performing skills at FUBA School Of dramatic And Visual Arts, where he did speech and drama. His earlier poetry was published in a book titled FEDILITIES V. edited by Kobus Moolman. He has performed in festivals such as Bosman Weekend Festival, Newcastle Winter Festival, Macufe festival, to name a few. He has graced broadcasting medium like SABC, Y fm and Trans Africa radio blowing poetry horn. He is a member of Amavukuvuku music band. He also facilitated children story telling at Xarra Books.



A PUPPET

O, stop!

Please stop!

Stop your maneuvering

I am not a puppet

To dance to your calls...

You have forgotten

That I too have a life of my own.

Decorating me in colourful wears
You make me dance in different postures.

Sitting behind the curtain
You read the dialogue for me
As if I have no language of my own.

You have written for me
A language of happiness
And a language of tears
Keeping my mouth shut
You read out the dialogues.

Do you think
A puppet's tear is not a tear?
A puppet's language is not a language?
The only truth about her
Is the invisible string

Tied to her feet and hands?

O'stop!

Stop your maneuvers!



Bharati Nayak: I am a bilingual poet, critic and translator residing in Bhubaneswar, India. I work in the Government of Odisha. I have contributed to various national and international anthologies and e-books. I have also published three poetry books, two in English language and one in my mother tongue ODIA and worked as co-writer in two poetry Anthologies. I regularly write on on-line poetry site www.poemhunter.com where I am placed among the top 500 poets and offered the title 'Poetic Basil' for my contributions.



https://www.freepik.com/free-vector/silhouette-wedding-couple-against-moonlit-sky_3184230.htm

MY VISION

i saw you standing
like a wildflower
across the room
my optic lenses
focused
and set on zoom
i reeled you in
to have a closer -

look
i wanted to get to know you
like i would
any good book
your eyes caught a glimpse
of my staring
but i couldn't help
glaring
you were a vision
i just wanted to
admire
the one who could meet
my every desire
just as i was about
to walk over
reality struck me
like a cold shower
he came along

and took you away
in a wink of an eye
it spoiled my entire day
my vision
gone too soon
and i'm left here sad
with the lonely moon



Bevan Boggenpoel: He was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He attended Soutpan Primary and matriculated at Westville Secondary School. Boggenpoel completed a Baccalaureate in Education at the Nelson

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



<http://moralcom.org/2018/06/05/be-careful-what-you-hear/>

WHAT YOUR EARS TAKE IN

What your ears take in can be just like a meal.

For good or ill, it can change how you feel.

Isn't talk a sort of food for your brain

That can make you smile or writhe in pain?

Pretty soon, food turns to mood.

Moods like to say: Nay or Yay.

Some moods keep saying: Nay or Nay!

Naysayers are a big club. You find them on Main Street.

Yaysayers are a small club, much more upbeat.

Some Naysayers will say, talented you aren't.

'Don't and 'Can't' they'll chant and chant.

And if you see green when your dream says Yay,

They will see red if you don't say Nay.

They'll say - YOU knuckle down and learn to conform,

Or the Bluebird of Happiness won't feed at your door!

Some tell you don't risk it, you'll snap, you'll break,

As if you're a biscuit or a piece of cake.

Some try to buy you, some spit nails,

Some kick you out when all else fails.

There are well-meaning Naysayers, its fair to note,

But still it can feel like they've cut your throat.

Some say: take milk, but don't think of cream.

Some say you'll fall ill if perchance you dream.

For sure -

What your ears take in can be just like a meal.

For good or ill, it can change how you feel.

Food turns to mood.

Moods like to say: Nay or Yay.

Some moods like to say Nay or Nay!

Lotsa people say: you can't do that.

Lotsa people say: you can't say that.

They'll say:

Get a proper job or this passion will kill you.

Whereas a nice steady job will more than fulfil you.

A 9 to 5 job is good enough for the rest of us,

And you don't see the likes of US going nuts!

They'll pick fluff from your jumper, they'll smirk at your hat.

They'll say:

Don't sing on stage, you're bound to sound flat.

But hey, children!

Bob Dylan and some others ignored all the flak

And yet it's a crying, crying shame

How many a bluebird, full-throated, would've have sung,

Who on the dump-heap of Can't and Don't got slung.

Yes -

Naysayers are a big club. You find them on Main Street.

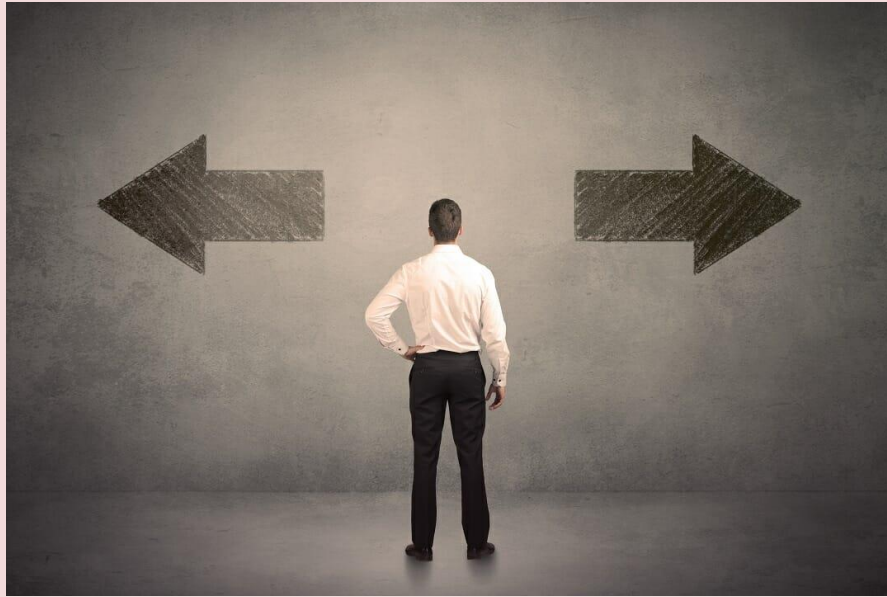
Yaysayers are a small club, much more upbeat.

Isn't it asses that bray and horses that neigh?

Isn't it better you refuse to eat hay?



Barry Pittard: I am a poet, lyricist and short story writer, living in the Hinterland of South East Queensland, Australia. I am a retired (refreshed!) teacher, and have also worked as an NGO among the socially marginalised. I have broadcast on social just and world music themes on community radio. In the theatre, I worked as an actor, director and writer. Presently, I am doing a personal dance sadhana, extensively using the superb music of Uma Mohan.



<https://corporatefinanceinstitute.com/resources/knowledge/other/ethical-dilemma/>

I CAN STOP...

I can stop writing poem

I can break my pretty pen

But I don't know

What I should do with my thoughts

And the words - full of force

Come flooding my whole being

And-

I'm overwhelmed.

What I should do with that promise

Made to you long long ago
Keep or break - that's the question
It's burden on my soul I can't bear
What I should do, just tell, my dear.



B S Tyagi: He comes from India and writes in both Hindi and English. He has several books- fiction and non-fiction to his credit. His poems have been included in several anthologies. He writes short stories which regularly appear in national and international literary magazines. His write-ups and poems have appeared in national and international magazines. Besides, he has translated four books of poems.



MEMORIES OF AUTUMN

Fragrant days of autumn

Chariot of clouds at dusk

Here the clay goddess come

Carries all my songs

The golden touch of her feet

Makes my joy to shine

Birds sing in the morning

And the whispers of the wind

Sound of flutes and the laughter

After four days--

Memories swirling into nowhere

Plunged into a sea of silence...



Asoke Kumar Mitra: Born 1950, from Kolkata, India, studied at Hindu school and St. Xavier's College, Kolkata. He is a retired journalist and was editor of "CALCUTTA CANVAS" and "INDUS CHRONICLE". He is a bilingual poet. He has contributed to various anthologies published in India and abroad. His poems are translated into Hindi, Punjabi, Italian, French, German, Polish, Persian, Arabic,

Hebrew, Malay, Mandarin, Romanian, Spanish, Azerbaijani, Russian, Uzbek, Kirghiz, Greek, Swedish, Norwegian, Chinese, Catalan. “SAVAGE WIND” is his first poetry book, a bilingual edition, translated into Spanish by Mexican poet Josep Juarez. “SONG OF PABBLES” is his second book, a bilingual edition, translated into French by Marjorie Meetoo from Mauritius. Published from Kolkata, India. Poetry, photography, paintings are his passions.



<https://in.pinterest.com/pin/496803402626513361/>

THAT'S WHY THEY SIGN HIM

Tribute to Cristiano Ronaldo

It was meant to be a special night
and it was,
not just for his goals
but the attitude he shows,
he was brutal, dominant, irresistible
and domineering,
in the field he is a king,
with his foot he sings,

he never looked like missing,
pumping home the penalty
camera in the goal-net was today's casualty,
leaving it punch-drunk
and on the turf,
like a beaten boxer,
that is the sort of mentality
you need
to win those glorious leagues,
they bring him, brought him, buy him here
to help do things,
one has never done and seen before,
of thirty four,
but he plays, wield and looks
twenty-four for sure.



Ashish Kumar Pathak: I am a middle school teacher posted at Dharhara block of Munger district in Bihar Province (India). I like to write poetry on unorthodox but contemporary themes.



EMPTIED OUT

Weariness speaks in hushed
voices. Sleep calls out my name,
inviting me to surrender body
and mind to the dark abyss.
Swirling sensations fill my head
as I sink deeper into its spell.
Nihilism invades. I can no
longer withstand an overwhelming
tiredness that swallows me whole.
If this is dying, I cannot resist its

sweet embrace. Sirens sing their
enchanted song of entrapment,
luring me ever closer to truth.

Has day become night, or has
night taken victory over time?

For in the end, no battle can be
won. We all give in to slumber,
be it for the now, or forever.

I allow myself to be taken by the hand
and gently guided to my rest.



Ann Christine Tabaka: She was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry, has been internationally published, and won poetry awards from numerous publications. She is the author of 9 poetry books. Christine lives in Delaware, USA. She loves gardening and cooking. Chris lives with her husband and two cats. Her most recent credits are: Burningword Literary Journal; The Write Connection; Ethos Literary Journal, North of Oxford, Pomona Valley Review, Page & Spine, West Texas Literary Review, The Hungry Chimera, Sheila-Na-Gig, Pangolin Review, Foliate Oak Review, Better Than Starbucks!, The Write Launch, The Stray Branch, The McKinley Review, Fourth & Sycamore.

*(a complete list of publications is available upon request)



A FISTFUL OF LIFE

It's a trinket box of sorts.

When opened, memories make music by strumming strings
sweetened by time.

I shake it lightly to hear the collective clink of coloured
marbles,

People talking together to catch each other's attention and
mine,

Each person a memento of the meetings and learnings of a
lifetime.

A feather rises gently at the clatter, like gossamer
And settles back just as lightly reminding me of something
so delicate
That I would not want the world to know of its existence.
Resentments lie at the bottom, gathering dust
Which I wipe sometimes when I venture into those depths.

It's a fistful of life that throbs with my thoughts.

The kernel of my being, it keeps me alive in red
reverberation.

It is all that is me, the keeper of all secrets mine.

Dearer to me than life, this trinket box of scarlet joys and
crimson pains

Has been stolen, broken, retrieved and rebuilt again and
again.

It is what I would willingly give away as I have done a
million times

To my beloved who makes it leap and jingle every time he
crosses its path.

For him, I would make it a sponge of dripping vermillion
Squeezing it to churn out the most lyrical love song
Of the kind, the famed nightingale sang pressed against a
thorn.

It's a box I would strike again and again to make poetry that
would melt hearts.

And when it shatters like a glass of wine, I would pen
poems from its shards.



Anju Kishore: I am a poet and editor residing in Chennai, India. A former Cost Accountant, I have contributed to various online and print anthologies. One of the winners of The Great Indian Poetry Award 2018, my poems have been featured in the readers section of a Dubai-based magazine and in a theatrical performance in Mumbai. Moved by the plight of children caught in the crossfire during the Syrian Civil War, I traced my poetic journey from war to the love of the universe in my book, '...and I Stop to Listen' that was published in 2018.



THE EVIL NIGHT

The evil night plays its game
When you close the doors behind
You and with your sensual charms
Take possession of my restless mind

The bad night has its magic
That captures your tender heart
You come to sit by me and smile
Hold my hand and unbutton my shirt

The gory night plays a foul
It pushes you onto me in a hurry
It draped us with cloak of passion
And you woke up not feeling sorry

You wait for the night with a
Fire that only my love can douse
You are the most passionate lover
O my sweet angel, O my spouse



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



LIFE'S WAVES

Surfing the crest of the highest waves
Building the passion of the final run
As you cut through the waves
You surge and rise to the occasion
Crushing into the surging waves with ecstasy.

No wave is the same
Its natures gift the everchanging ocean
Like life, every moment changes
It's the challenges that build us
Like the tumultuous source the high tide
A surfer's paradise stretching the boundaries.

Rush to the edge of your breaking point
Once you catch your breath

you know it's another amazing feat
So, ride life like the waves of the ocean
Courageously embracing each moment
Limitlessly living life.



Angela Chetty: I am a poet residing in Durban, South Africa. I work as a consultant. I have contributed to various anthologies and numerous journals. I have also published a poetry anthology. I have been honoured as a contemporary poet with the most heartfelt poems in 2019.



THREE CHEERS FOR LUCY

Love blossoms only in
hoardings & banners here
hatred deep inside, sacrilege

Three cheers for Lucy

Long dead Lucy

Flower blooms only in
newspapers

Rocks & sand decorate

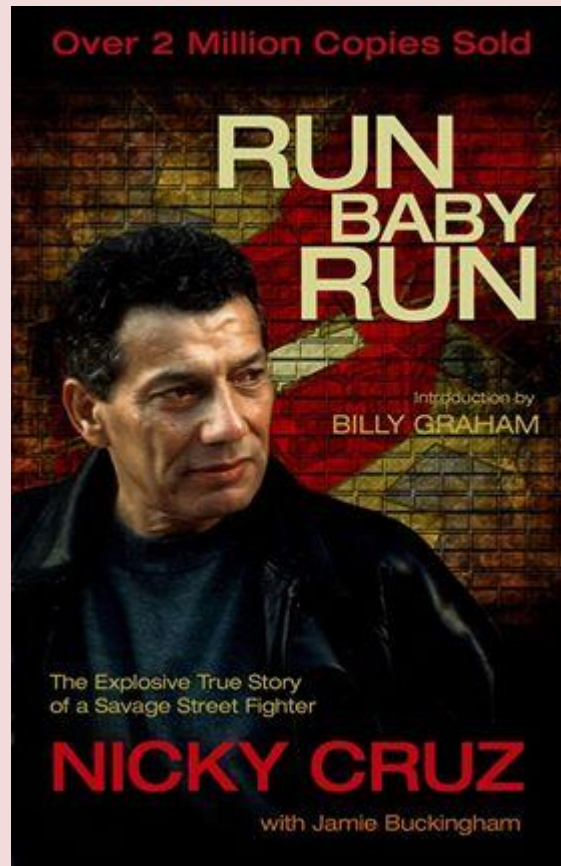
all gardens, greens
of earth, morbid earth

We only shout for love lost
Surrounding air absorbs
all yelling
& turns guilty



Aneek Chatterjee: I am a poet and academic residing in Kolkata, India. I work as a professor of political science. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published a novel named "The Funeral Procession" and a poetry anthology titled "Seaside Myopia". I was a Fulbright

Visiting fellow at the University of Virginia (USA) and a recipient of the prestigious ICCR Chair to teach at reputed foreign universities.



(for the little boy Nicky Cruz, happy he found the Rock of Ages)

Once

when I was fully tipsy

Sakhi asked me

who are you

why are you like this

and I said

don't you know me

I am public enemy
number one
sakhi
there is no one
worth not being against
except
Life
death
love
compassion
mercy
and God



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



<http://www.archive.voicesofyouth.org/en/posts/the-future-world-is-in-children-s-hands>

DEARCHILD

Can you fight your Destiny and ignore your Duty? DearChild

You were

Not born

simply of Man and Woman, You were born out of Love So give
some

back

To the world...



Amit Krishan Agnihotri: I am a poet residing in Landquart Switzerland. I work as a County Manager. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published short stories and poems in UK and India.



SUNSET REVERIE

Bheegi huyi ik Shaam ki dehleez pe baitthey
Ham dil ke sulagne ka sabab soch rahe hain

Shakeb Jalaali

Sitting on the threshold of a wet evening
I reflect on the reason for the smouldering of my heart

The raindrops tumbling helter skelter
Via rivulets and streams to the river
The restless river rushing madly over rocks and stones
eager to meet the sea

The rising dark
Stretching its arms towards the moon and the stars

They all tell me why
And still I deny it

This fire will never be quenched
Till you decide to quench it

The reach of this Fire
Is beyond Life
And beyond Reason

I can only love

I can only suffer

I can only wait

The mists of time

Turn my sunset reverie

Into a golden haze

Till thought dissolves

And truth is everywhere

Only Love

Is in sharp focus



Amita Sarjit Ahluwalia: I am a retired bureaucrat but at heart a poet and a teacher. I write, mostly poetry, in English, Urdu, Hindi and Punjabi. I've never published anything except on Facebook or occasionally some newspaper or magazine here and there. I was awarded the NISSIM International Poetry Award (First Prize) 2019 for Excellence in Writing and my contribution to Indian English Poetry.



Space is solace

Stars are your eyes



Amitabh Mitra: He is an Indian-born South African physician, poet and artist. He is one of the most widely published poets globally.



BILLET DOUX

Ages back

I sent you a note

braided in the pigeon's feet

amorous words embalmed in lilac fragrance,

for you to greet.

Winged letter soared over woods and vale

the intoxication to glide your eyes

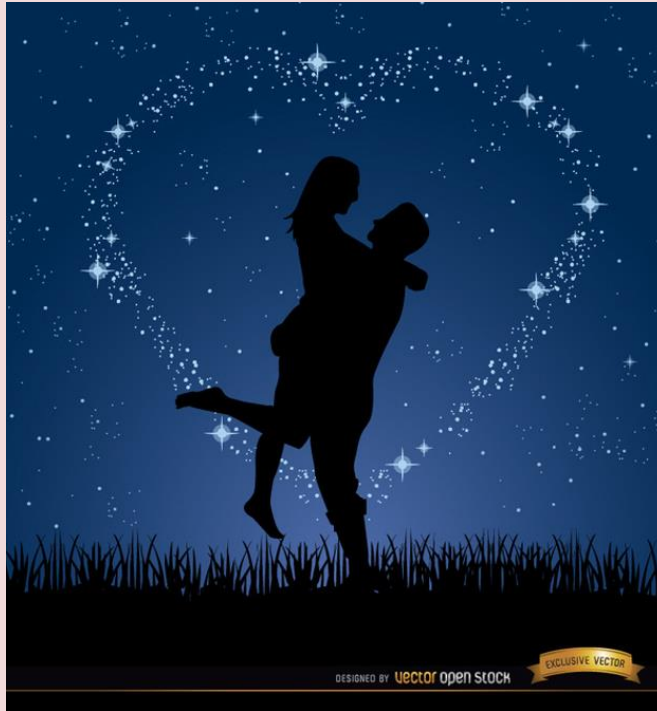
each word a mystic petal

rhymed a beat of my heart.

I waited and watched
my casement blotting each sweat drop,
days rolled in and out in axial ease
enduring looming despair
melt in the unborn poem at the tip of your quill.
Lost in the woods, my migrant dream
lay half buried, blurred over eons
the wait borne in the womb of wind
lashed back-
scavenged love, swept in letters
trailing lilac fragrance.



Amita Ray: She is a retired associate professor of English and Vice Principal of a College in Howrah, West Bengal. She resides in Kolkata and is a published translator as well as a short story writer. An academic of varied interests she has been in the teaching profession for thirty eight years. She takes an active interest in working with the child development unit of an NGO based in Kolkata and is associated with other social organisations at present.



LOVE IN POETRY

Let's fly in the sky
with the wings of words
Let's sing thousands of songs
even keeping quite silent
Let's go missing with the hearts
keeping the bodies at home
Suppose you're Radhika
and I'm your Shyam



Aminool Islam: I am a poet residing in Bogra, Bangladesh. I work as an English language instructor. I have contributed to various anthologies. I am currently the sub-editor of a literary magazine named Neeharika.



STRAINS OF MUSIC

They're playing my songs

On the radio

One after the other

Reviving

Emotions

Reminding me

Of clouds

Resting on peaks

As I looked up

Free

Falling

Careening downhill
On a too-tall
Men's bicycle
Fearless
Trusting...
Laughter
Bubbled
Out
Of every
Pore.
My hair
Flew
Wild,
Unruly.
In that moment
Nothing else mattered.
At the bottom
Of the hill

I was greeted

By

A new phase

That held

Mixed feelings

Confusion

Change

It has a name:

Puberty.



Ameeta Agnihotri: Two words resonate in her mind: be present. That explains why nothing ever comes between her food and her. 'When I am doing my job, I'm there for a reason,' says the lady who has loved food and writing all her life. She takes meticulous notes, always giving positive, constructive feedback and suggestions. Many describe this Chennai Times Food Critic as open-minded, friendly, knowledgeable and very professional. 'It is the present that matters. I believe in giving it my best. Always. Instead of looking at the whole intimidating picture, I set small goals: one step at a time, one day at a time, and like magic, the job is done.' She has 10 books on various subjects to her credit. And has a few ideas up her sleeve. 'It's the publishers that are missing,' she laughs. 'The world has gone digital, so it's Instagram stories now.'



TO LIVE UPON

Each time you reached out
for me with both your arms,
sometimes even with one,
I melted in them like butter
to heat-losing its solidity,

like life dissolves to the only
permanent truth of death;
after having written the tales

with the best of imageries
that my poetry could find.

While perfecting this art of
dying I forgot to fill the ration
for the times when I will live.
But some deaths sure leave
a fair subsistence, I believe.



Amanita Sen: I am a poet residing in Kolkata, India. I work as a mental-health professional. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 1 book of poems.



TREAT THE EARTH NOT AS MERE MATTER

Man with the advancement of science and technology,
technical know how

Became capable to use natural resources as per own
strategy somehow

Now he cherishes the idea to become the sole owner of
this earth

Berefted the reality that other creatures need also here a
suitable berth

Over exploiting natural wealth to champion greed and not
only need

Embarked he on the mission that he has only exclusive right
to be feed

This earth cuddles all both myriad biotic and abiotic components

When partnership between them derails even God may not help to supplement

This earth is not made up of matters only as science loudly proclaims

Homely treatment of abiotic components will ensure our sound living claims

All out efforts the present time demands to save the environment

Following Indian tradition of 'the whole world is one family' (Basudheiba Kutumbakam) we can overcome this ill-temperament



Alok Kumar Ray: I am a bi-lingual poet residing in Kendrapara district headquarters of Odisha province in India. I work as a Senior Lecturer in Political Science. I have contributed to various anthologies. I contribute regularly to various online poetry groups also.



DRAWERS

Large drawers,
Fat dragons with big bellies,
Swallow the pages of my poems.

Saved careless letters,
Scraps, bits of thoughts, dreams, feelings
About which I have been musing.
Scrambled words
On what you need and do not need -

Napkins from the bar,
Small pieces of paper,
Lie dormant.

Maybe someday
I will open the drawer.
From the cocoon of pages
Will hatch poems, as colorful as dragonflies,
Or like crickets chirping,
And they will fly, who knows where,
And to whom



Alicja Maria Kuberska: She is an awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines. She has published 13 poetry anthologies. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of the Directors' Board of Soflay Literature Foundation.



<https://www.updatepedia.com/rain-status-in-hindi/>

THE RAIN

Have you ever seen the rain,
every drop rings a bell of memories
due to a cup of whiskey I drank by myself
I still think of us together in the clouds

Have you ever felt the rain,
every drop touches my sweaty body
tagging my thoughts of you, in autumn,
I dream about your colourful leaves

Have you ever tasted the rain,
every drop falls above your lips
dripping down to my broken heart in pieces,
I wish I kissed you before I cried

Have you ever smelt the rain,
every drop falls above the thorns
washing my blood stains from the sad soil
I wish I learned to be a graveyard, and a farmer

Have you ever heard the rain,
every drop is louder than lighting and thunder
screaming my poetry to your ears
until I ask you for a dance under the moonlight



Ahmad Al-Khatat: I am a poet residing in Montreal, Quebec. I work as student. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 10 poetry anthologies. I have recently graduated from Dawson College as a Social Science student.



<http://archives.freepresskashmir.com/kashmir-sells-tulips-now-eyes-on-lilies-marigold-122723/>

O FLOWERS

O lovely flowers! incessant redolence!
with what colorful aroma and sweetness
and light of eminence my brio loves scattering
the seeds of prestige!

All the hours of the day
I spend in the garden of flowers,
Consoling my all lethargy,
Endowing me spirits of euphoria

Oh, how it solaces and spirits my body!

Hark! in what music and rhyming,

Awakes my soul,

Rises the whiff of beds of roses,

Bees, butterflies, all things

Adore them in their kinds

Thus all are innate in sanctified music and tranquility,

the great knell of nature.

O let me live

When I die!

The soul surceased

by an hour, like not seeing a shooting star

Oh my heart aches

Deep inside me,

I, inhumed in a hole dug

in the ground,

As yet with a deep aroma of flowers,
In my life beyond the grave.



Adnan Shafi: I am a poet, writer, columnist, translator, and reviewer from Tral Kashmir (J and K). I have contributed my poems to various reputed magazines, journals, and international anthologies. I have also published my poetry book “Tears fall in my heart”.



HEADLINES

It was an early September morning. Ramu had just opened his teashop. And an old bearded man was sitting dryly on one of his wooden planks. He stared at the brewing kettle.

“Today’s paper Sir, fresh and hot.” Ramu handed the day’s daily to the old man.

“I forget to bring glasses, my boy,” said the grey man in a gruff voice.

“Read the headlines then,” pressed Ramu while washing a dozen of cups.

“I don’t want to lose peace of mind,” the old man sourly said.

“Sir you must read or you lag behind,” hinted Ramu.

“At my age, my boy, nothing but the thought of a clean burial under a leafy sky haunts me. Headlines of a newly found planet, election-wars, riots, rapes, scams, lynching, peasants’ suicides, floods, draughts, quakes, pollution, melting of ice, forest fire, water scarcity, job scarcity, and thousands and thousands such bold captions are as stale as dead flesh. Uh...headlines asphyxiate, stifle me.” The old man loudly spat and looked terribly sad. His eyes glistened.

Ten minutes passed.

Peasants crowded the shop and it was bustling. Ramu ably served the regulars. A batch of morning walkers in track suits and sneakers, sweaty, faces smooth and ruddy, sipped and fought for the headlines. They babbled and babbled.

The old man, sullen and gloomy, sat silently for a while, didn’t drink, and hobbled home stealthily.



Abu Siddik: I am a writer, residing in Berhampore, Murshidabad, India. I work as Assistant Professor. I have contributed to various e-journals and anthologies. I have also published three books. Website: www.abusiddik.com



ciao! ☺