

GloMag
GLOMAG

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose

Magazine

June 2019



Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

MARCEL HERMS



Title of the Cover Pic: Stop this game and let me out.

About The Artist

I started painting about 25 years ago. I'm self-taught. I try to work instinctively. I try to enter into a sort of unconscious state when I'm working and then paint or draw things without being in complete control. I make use of mistakes and coincidences and I try to surprise myself. When I start a painting I do have an idea about what I want to make but it always turns out different.

I like rough edges. When it gets too smooth, I use techniques to make it rough again. Like drawing with my left hand or mixing stuff through my paint.

Sometimes I make drawings with only indian ink or pencil. But I also make paintings with mixed media. Then I use

everything I can get my hands on: acrylic paint, oil bars, inks, crayons, pencil, charcoal, spray paint... Sometimes I mix the paint with sand, sawdust or pieces of paper. I paint on canvas and paper and sometimes other materials like wood.

I work in different sizes: from very small to big and I don't limit myself to one medium. I draw, I paint, I make 3-dimensional objects and artist books (and I did audio art in the past).

I did many publications, most of them collaborations with poets from around the world. My next publication will be a handmade limited edition (20 copies) artist book on Petrichor.

Website

www.marcelherms.nl

Art Perspective

My work is about freedom in the first place. There's a strong link with music. Just like music my art is about autonomy, licentiousness, passion, color and rhythm. And when I look at my work I can see some theme's coming back often. Themes like social miscommunication and incomprehension between people. Alienation.

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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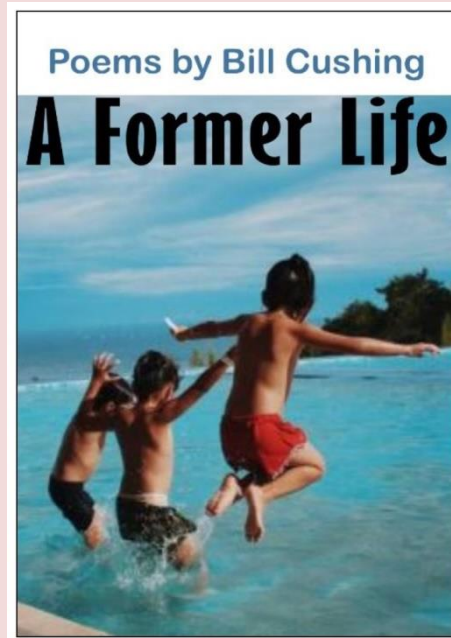
BACKGROUND MUSIC: 'Raabta' instrumental from movie, 'Agent Vinod'.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

A FORMER LIFE

Written by Bill Cushing

Published by Finishing Line Press



LINK

<https://www.finishinglinepress.com/product/a-former-life-by-bill-cushing/>



BILL CUSHING

He's been "around the block" a few times, but Los Angeles writer Bill Cushing is preparing to see his book of poems, 'A Former Life,' released this June. The volume gives readers an overview of 60 years of experience spanning two centuries.

"These poems face life head-on, with grit and grace," observed Terry Ann Thaxton, MFA writing program director at the University of Central Florida and author of three volumes of poetry herself. "Cushing is unafraid to face personal and public history, adeptly. These poems accept fate, whether it be joyous or terrifying."

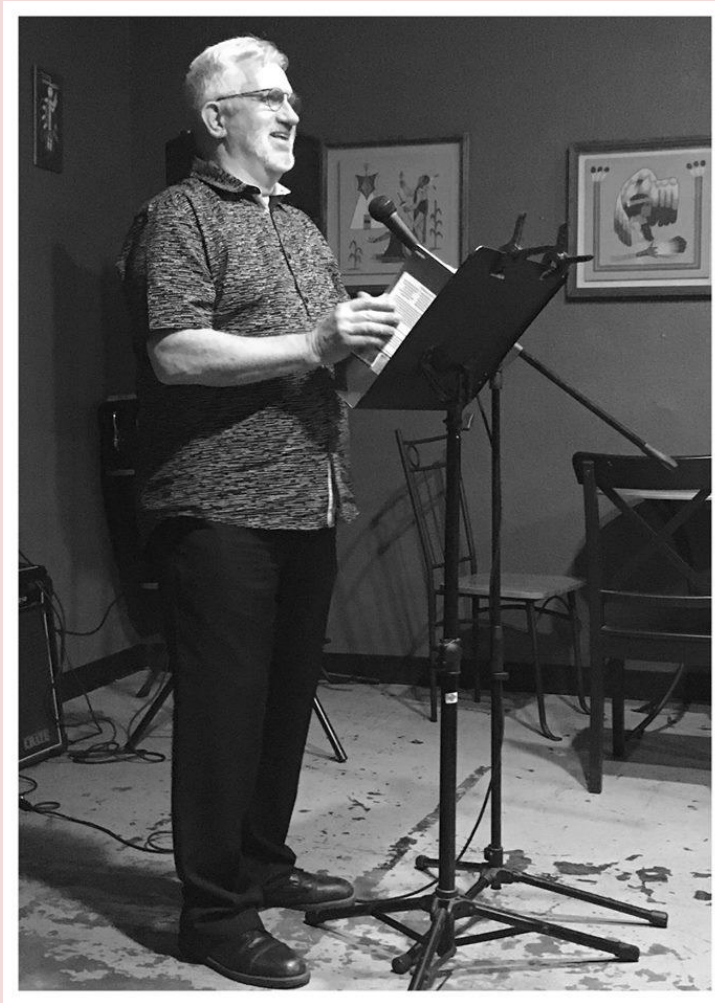
That unvarnished and fearless stare-down of reality and life is seconded by Christien Gholson (author of *All the Beautiful Dead* and *A Fish Trapped Inside the Wind*). He

notes, “A Former Life gives us poems from a sharp eye, lending new revelation to what is right in front of us: bodies that are broken, things that seemingly cannot be fixed, history, and death in its various forms. [Cushing] does not shy away. He sees and records these things as they are.”

Bill lived in several states, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico before moving to California. Called the “blue collar poet” by his peers as an undergraduate because of his experience both in and after the Navy as a shipboard electrician, he earned an MFA in writing from Goddard College in Vermont. He now teaches at East Los Angeles and Mt. San Antonio colleges, living in Glendale with his wife and their son. He’s been published in numerous journals and anthologies, both in print and online, including several award-winning publications such as *Glomag* and both volumes of *Stories of Music*.

A Pushcart Prize nominee, Bill was named among the Top Ten L. A. Poets in 2017 as well as one of 2018’s “ten poets to watch” by Spectrum Publishing of Los Angeles. Along with writing, teaching and facilitating a writing group (9 Bridges), he has been collaborating with an area musician in public performances that they have named Notes and Letters.

A Former Life is currently available for pre-order from the publisher but will be available on Amazon once it is publicly released.



THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Ahmad Al-Khatat: He was born in Baghdad. From Iraq, he came to Canada at the age of 10, the same age when he wrote his very first poem back in the year 2000. He also has been published in several press publications and anthologies all over the world. And he currently studies at the Concordia University in Montreal. He recently has published his two chapbooks “The Bleeding Heart Poet” and “Love On The War’s Frontline” with Alien Buddha Press. It is available for sale on Amazon. Most of his new and old poems are also available on his official page Bleeding Heart Poet Copyright on Facebook.



Name: Ahmad Al-Khatat

Occupation: Worker in a well-known bookstore

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

Fav book: War and Peace

Fav movie: Scent of a Woman

Fav song: songs from my country, that makes me cry

Fav hobby: writing poetry, and short stories

Fav color: blue, black

Fav sport: swimming

Fav food: anything spicy

Fav pet: cat

Fav actor: Al Pacino

Fav actress: Julia Roberts

Life philosophy: Ibn Khaldun

One liner describing you: Very sensitive, and very friendly

Favorite holiday destination: Christmas Day (mainly because is the day I proposed my beloved to be my fiancée)

Favorite quote: Be kind to one to another

Birthday: 08 of May 1989

Sign off message: Ahmad Al-khatat

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DICTIONARY OF DEATH

I am no longer interested
to any shape of desire of living long
everything between you and I
is catching fire and die by the ice

the gravedigger wanted to
help me, to die and bleed the

colour of magics and miracles
although, he doesn't know that I

wrote dictionary of death

my life is the island with a race
of thoughts running around my head
and eyes rain behind the shadow
of the stars, for hearing the nightingale

I won whenever I made you laughed
but lost when I tried to be the rainmaker
sadly, the colour of the clouds became
the colour of my face without the mask



Ahmad Al-Khatat: He was born in Baghdad. From Iraq, he came to Canada at the age of 10, the same age when he wrote his very first poem back in the year 2000. He also has been published in several press publications and anthologies all over the world. And he currently studies at the Concordia University in Montreal. He recently has published his two chapbooks “The Bleeding Heart Poet” and “Love On The War’s Frontline” with Alien Buddha Press. It is available for sale on Amazon. Most of his new and old poems are also available on his official page Bleeding Heart Poet Copyright on Facebook.



THE LECTURE

A straight line cannot be endless,
Circles are and are infinite;
Triangles in love bond families,
Back to square one return stories.

Lies have a higher taste of sound,
Truth conveys in silence to surround;
Shape of words become actions to count,
I and You are mere dots in this paramount.

Man is an arrow thrown, the giver;
She is Earth;

A homemaker,
Our caretaker;
The bull's eye floats in ripples of river,
Each seed is a soothsayer.

Every number has got wings,
Otherwise how does the cuckoo sing?
The night sky is a staff notation for the blinds,
Did images and pictures ever know their significant
meanings?



Aakash Sagar Chouhan: I am a Poet currently residing in Tamilnadu, India. I have worked as Customer Service Rep in various BPOs for the past six years. I feel happy to have contributed to a few poetry anthologies. I also co-author the 'Moms and Sons' book series. Besides this, I have published and compiled two anthologies.



MOMENT OF BIRTH

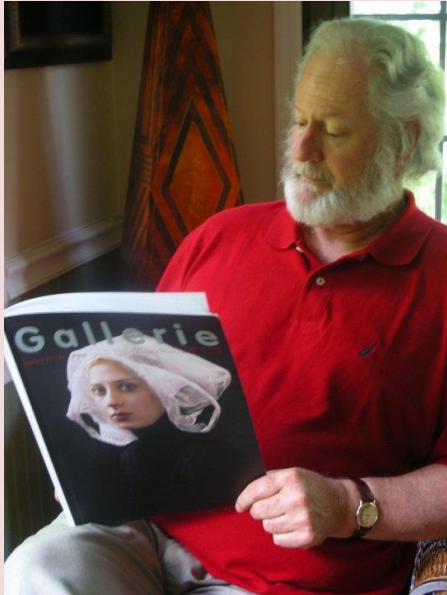
(Coda)

Excuse the interruption,
but I don't believe we do
everything we can to ease
communal grief discarded
at the county dump before
exploding like 17-year cicadas.

Perhaps the position of the stars
has more to do with DNA

than the moment of birth

Perhaps not.



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



<https://www.mirror.co.uk/news/world-news/beautiful-rainbow-destructive-tornado-seen-6231367>

THE RAINBOW

I look for the rainbow every day.
It does not matter that the day is
Gloomy, foggy, cheerless
And the sky is covered by
Heavy, stormy clouds.

The rainbow sleeps
In the drops of rain.
Warmed with sunshine,

It stretches on the sky like a bow

And blooms with six colors.

I blow away the worries

Together with grey fog



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.



I REMINISCE YOU

When irratic thunder, weird lightning and incessant rain lashes on the floor

I reminisce you

When daisies swing amidst heavy shower and whirlwind in the garden, cracks appear on wild clouds, tall coconut trees are crushed to the ground

I wish only you.

When umbrellas due to heavy surge of wind pressure are unable to open

I wish to see you.

When echo of my own shouting to relieve grief I hear and
own impatient footsteps on the corridor create fear
unknown, I need to sip coffee for recharging

I need badly you.

Memories of our past romantic scene vividly glances,
alluring smiles so exciting, sighs of pure contentment

I miss you.

I welcome everything, good and bad, enchanting and
frightening as they fall naturally

In every droplet of my memories you are entwined with

I am living only to love you!!!



Alok Kumar Ray: Dr. Alok Kumar Ray teaches political science to graduate and undergraduate students. He is a bilingual poet. His poems both in Odia and English have been published in many national and international anthologies, magazines etc. He is a regular contributor of poems for a number of national and international online poetry groups. Now he resides at the district headquarters of Jajpur in Odisha province of India.



THE ARTIFICIAL BREEZE

The cool breeze welcoming you
at the South City mall entrance
feels unreal though it beats
your trickling sweat fair and
square and the risen Celsius.

But you are sold to it for your
fight with the heat is truly uneven
and air-delight though artificial
is what your body needs to
survive the heat-oppression.

So much like the short-lived pleasure
of buying the Gap or a Mango shirt
from the mall-store bearing the marks
of toil of cheap African labour when you
give in to the mighty consumeristic hype.



Amanita Sen: Amanita's first book of poems 'Candle In My Dream' was published by Writer's Workshop. Her poems have been published in several journals, both print and online ones in her country India, and abroad. She works as a mental health professional, is married and lives in Kolkata.



ONE LAST TIME

As I bid you goodbye

Your eyes closed forever,

I remember

Your voice

In my ear.

How you'd wait for my call

How I'd laugh as you told me the same stories

Five times over

Or was it six? Seven... ten

I don't remember.

It was your voice that mattered.

Today
As I head home
With tears in my eyes
They fall
Straight
From a place
Deep within
Wrenching
Bursting
Uncontrolled.
I'm heading to see
You
One last time
And this time
There will be no voice
To tell me those stories
One more time...
With those tears

Inside the heart break

A small prayer

Whispers

In my next life, Mother,

I want to be your daughter

Again...

For now, dear Mommy?? Om Shanti??



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



ANOTHER LIFE

What a life have I picked

With the shroud of poethood on

Quite a living dead I have become

Cannot sleep now for the shrill shout of silence

Where tears are the greatest entertainment

Days after days are nights prevailing

Out of nowhere come smiling hundreds of mornings

I burn in the fire of ecstasy

Cannot still resist the temptation to burn.



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.



COMMUNICATION

Since ages we have lived together

in boisterous silence

I hear his coded articulations

He hears mine.

We do not feel the urge to listen, decode;

Words engraved in my entity

find no equivalents in his

and vice versa

Unresponsive muteness bridges us better.

We are habituated to meet in silence

at one with the everlasting cadence of cosmos

Silence hardly makes a difference to us.

Liberated from bond of expletives

a maze of pronounced words,

We lose ourselves in cohesion,

We reach out holding hands

In effusions of silence.



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.



And time

Catches love too



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



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SACRED FLAME

Half-visions of

You

The Sacred Flame

Of Your Memory

Flickers

Wind-Touched

Rain-Blushed

Lips-Crushed

Hand-Swept

Eyes-Wept

Eyes-Wept

Burns in This..

My Temple

Of

My Mind.



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.



Galadriel versus Sauron

'Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage, against the dying of the light'
Do not let die the light of reason
Keep it ablaze in and out of season

Do not believe gods dwell on mountaintops
That was in an age when people could not climb that high
Do not believe that your problems can be solved by cops
Or governments, they only mutate, far or nigh

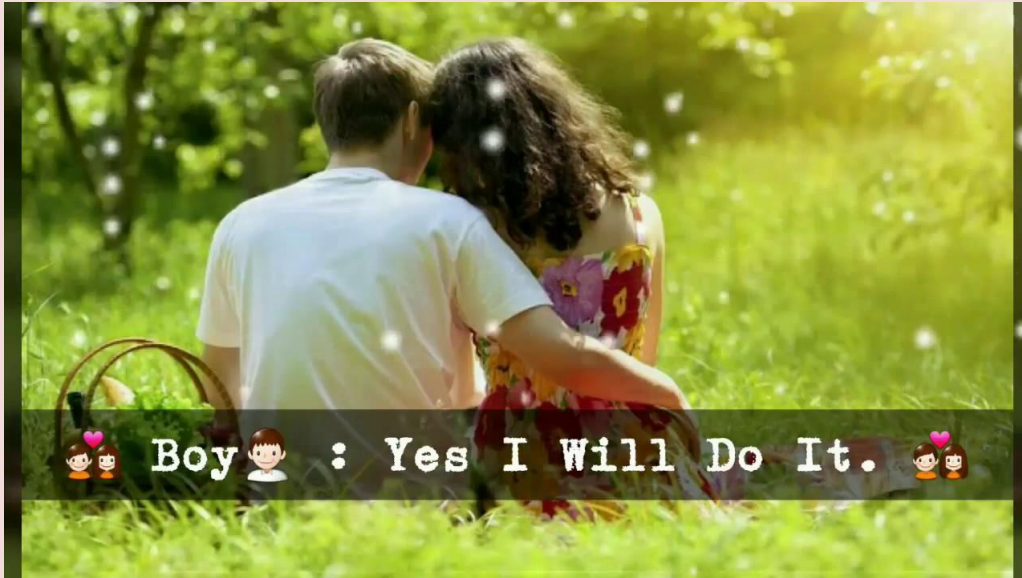
Do not let anyone take you for a ride,
Or any book or any holy place seek to roll you with the tide
Do not be mesmerised by the crowd who try to hide
The truth or the few who misguide

Do not, most of all, be afraid of mob or expert
There is nothing they can make you do, overt or covert
Against your will, and may you master all
'Do not go gentle into that good night'

'Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage, against the dying of the light'
Do not let die the light of reason
Keep it ablaze in and out of season



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.



LOVER'S SPREE

Ruddy man on sight

Bulging muscles and a tan

Blown by delicate a frail so slight

Tenders the heart's love for her man

Flying high and wondering why

The big man tries

To understand....stand but falls

For love

Under a lovers couple wire tree

The stone heart now breaks and cries

So then starts a line so fine

Not without a glass of wine

As there were...many a rhyme

Romantic, poetic?

Hard to define

The soul is lost

A pastiche of the classical love story

The hardest of the stock

Melting slowly

Count not just the hard

Even the big and small

Love conquers all



Anand Abraham Pillay: He is a writer, singer, dancer, artist, and athlete. He is a retired Senior Executive from AAI Mumbai Airport. He loves to cook, loves adventure and loves travelling, and is a naturalist.



WELCOME TO NOTES

I took this train

Today again

And so was everyone

In this game

Nobody will win

Everyone'll lose

There's another way

But they don't want to choose

Destiny they believe in

Stagnation they are trapped in

Realisation is blurred for sure

Made this routine life their comfort zone

But I think of a change

I want to turn my page.

Right!



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



GIF

pardon me, i had sent you
a wrong GIF of a demon laughing
like a demon & eating lightning

it was not intended for you
on a happy occasion. it was sent
erroneously & i regretted

but at midnight, when i often face myself
in solitude, it occurred that a demon had all the rights
to be happy & hungry. & we do eat lightening

at times. We All Do Eat lightning at times
& try to pass it into a dark unknown chamber,
happily or due to indigestion. & that's the fate of light,
getting pushed into darkness forever.

help me, if i wanted to send light, still not devoured,
& laughter accidentally, in happy darkness



Aneek Chatterjee: I am a poet, novelist and writer residing in Kolkata, India. I work as a professor of political science. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published a novel and an anthology. I taught at the University of Virginia, USA, as a Fulbright Visiting fellow.



THE PLAYER

Toying with your emotions, pursuing you
like he's really only interested in you
His modus operandi is the same;
Portrays himself as the perfect gentleman
Shares his life's sad stories to get your compassion
Professes his undying love for you
Makes empty promises that you are his only true love.

Love is like a box of toys toy to him
Once he loses interest, he casts you aside
Still expecting you to be there when he feels like it.
His callous heart will never feel real love
He does not know what real love is
He is inconsiderate and despicable

Living this charade thinking he's fooling everyone.
He's simply shameless without character or a conscience.

He's a master player, lived all his life this way.
A leopard never changes its spots, they say.

Life is but a game of love to him
His real persona never changes
Despite his tears and promises he never changes.
He simply uses you and continues to abuse you
With his dishonesty and total disregard for your
Love and commitment.

He will find himself alone
His whims and fancies will not
Be the one to love and comfort him
When it really matters.

Don't be fooled by this insanity
Walk away from this farce who disappears
for days, weekends and holidays
Never takes your calls and completely ignores you
Always has another sad story to spin to you
To gain your empathy and forgiveness

Like a tower of lies it will come
Tumbling down to the ground.

Don't let love blind you
To his cheating and lying
How many times has he promised
You to mend his wandering ways?
You don't deserve this craziness
Your heart will only be broken
Don't allow him to take you for granted
You deserve a love which is true
Who appreciates the woman you are
Who respects and honours you
With total trust, commitment and truth.

Don't allow yourself to be toyed with
Your love and heart is too precious
To be wasted on an imbecile.



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.



DIFFUSION

I come out into the garden

As dawn breaks over hills

Columns of smoke go high

From roof tops and mills

Smoke rises to the clouds

And slowly gets lost in them

Before it loses its identity

It moves around their hem

Life comes to meet its end

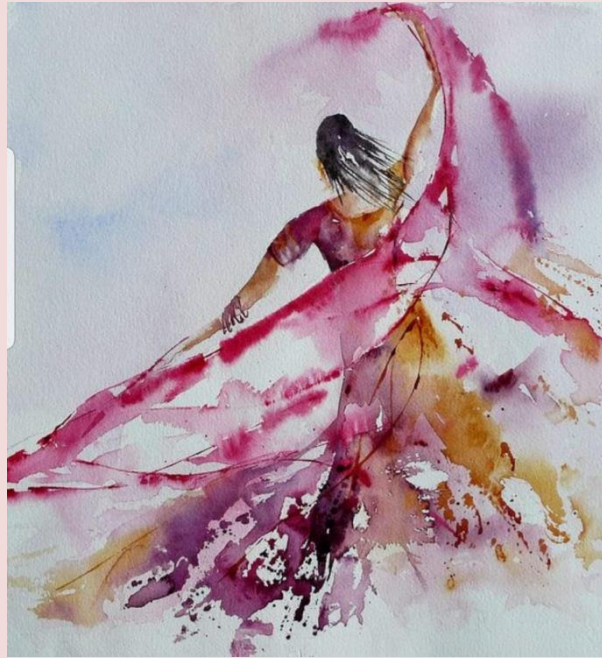
Body gets ready to free the soul

Like smoke vanishes in clouds

A soul gets its home in The Whole



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tikku): 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.



DANCING THE WORLD AWAY

My spirit swells as I raise my hands and turn
Making me magically buoyant on melodic waves.
It rises and scatters with the joyful luminosity of pearls
That have been gathered and heavenwards hurled.

Flowing with the rhythm is my heart too
Drawing into its rivers the sedimenting melody
That guides my feet with its patterned beats
And flutters tunefully on my fingertips.

Nothing reins in my nomadic mind,
Nothing else dams its aimless meanderings
Like the rhythmic swing of my body does, entranced
By the alluring movements of dance...

...dance that gives me the wings to fly into beyond,
The charm to keep my thoughts ensconced
In nothing but moves, tunes and lyrics
And the world firmly away with all its cares and gimmicks.



Anju Kishore: I am a poet residing in Chennai, India. I have contributed to various anthologies. My poems have been featured in a Dubai based magazine and also a theatrical performance in Mumbai. My book of poetry "...and I Stop to Listen" was published in 2018. I am one of the winners of the Great Indian Poetry Award 2018.



BEYOND THE PALE

A heart that aches beyond aching.

Eyes that see beyond sight.

Sorrow, a lonely friend with
shoulders cold and damp.

No hand to touch.

No ear to hear.

A voice, sharp and shrill.

Tears that fall beyond crying

Sighs that sigh beyond a breath.

Pain buried deep
in a tomb of vacillation.

No words to say.

No love to seek.

Arms empty and bare.

Truth that tells beyond telling.

A past that fades beyond the past.

Turning away from myself,

I hide within my skin.



Ann Christine Tabaka: I am a poet residing in Hockessin in the USA. I was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry, have been internationally published, and won poetry awards from numerous publications. I am the author of 9 poetry books and one Memoir.



VASANTHI SWETHA

When you pass the mic
always remember
you are not helping anyone find their voice
their voice was always there
it's just that
only now
you've stopped to listen,
don't make it about you
it's about them,
their story
is not your charity.

ANURAG MATHUR

Part II

When you pass the mic,

Also remember

You had it because

Someone passed it to you

Remember, what they taught you

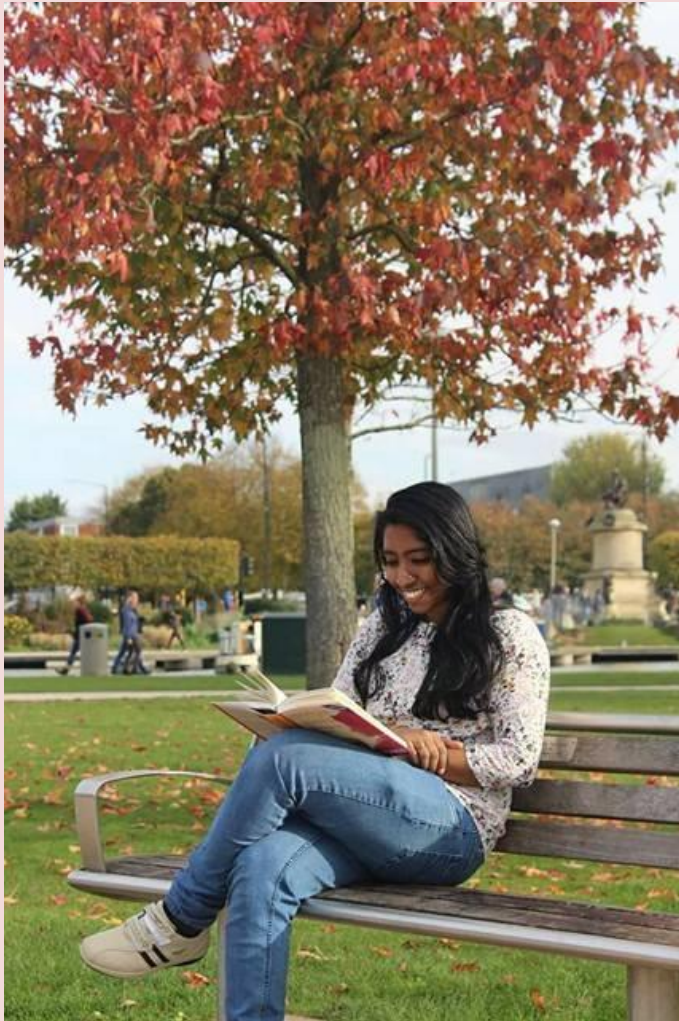
To listen and how to say

And pass that on too

Pay it forward and know,

It's your duty

It's not your charity



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



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



MY SONG, YOU WILL SING

Take me across the Sea,

Do, Sailors, do

If you have some rupees in your wallet,

that will necessarily do

I have some money in my wallet,

and my eyes at Seas so glue,

So take me across the sea,

Do, Sailors, do

Step into my Merry-Ship,
Be they glue or blue,
And for the money in your wallet,
I will happily carry you."



Ashish K Pathak: He is a middle school teacher posted at dharhara block in Munger district of Bihar province.



THAT EVENING...

Your untamed madness

That evening, in the thin drizzle

Over the mountain, clouds flying

Our heart's half-light abyss

The long shadow of trees

Flawless illusion

You fell asleep like a child

Cries of night birds

A dream that mocks me

The darkness deepens

Wet earth in our cupped palms

Endless darkness swallowed up the stars

That evening my fingers moved

To touch her hair

Grew inner impatience

Was a beautiful mistake

Trembling in the endless darkness

Your untamed madness

Asking,..where is the love

Did we feel once?



Asoke Kumar Mitra: I am a poet residing in Kolkata, India. I am a retired journalist. I have contributed to various anthologies published in India and abroad. My poems are translated into Italian, French, Persian, Hebrew, Malay and Mandarin languages.



SILENCE

My presence is shrouded
by commotion. But I am
an eternal void of profound
nothingness.

A witness to each sunrise
from the mountain tops,
and ripples of the full moon
on a calm ocean,
I am the space between lovers

when their eyes speak
and words fail them.

I'm an uncomfortable entity
as your shadow chases you
on those lonely strolls,
or when you break down
in tears,
snuggled in your pillow.

My existence is brittle,
smashed into pieces
by echoes and broken vows.
I engulf dreams and death,
for I fall, each night
the lullaby ends
or the heart stops.



Ayan Chakraborty: I am a writer residing in Bangalore, India. I work as a software engineer. I have contributed as a writer in various online platforms.



<https://www.cio.com/article/3211485/why-it-projects-still-fail.html>

When success eludes

And failure mounts

The heart evacuates

The mind's process



Ayshwaria Sekher/ Icecamp: She is an International Relations graduate, but a reluctant practitioner. She is searching about the self through practices that seem conducive to the naked eye but weathers the spirit. She believes in the conditional-unconditional love of a dog and no other's. She extends reality from books and tries to achieve vice versa. She shuns from the ' -isms' but cannot escape the brackets cast. A bundle of contradictions in short!



PARTING INEVITABLE

(1)

The last image etched on my soul clear
Sill throws me into the pool of pleasure,
Sparkling dark eyes and soothing smiles,
Enchantingly draw me even from miles.

(2)

Brimming, blooming soul anchors my hope
And proves to be the cream of the crop,
I can hear your heart throb when far away,
Like in the breeze glistening leaves sway.

(3)

Never fading spring your joyous face to me
Burning desert abounds in life but ever I see,
The last leg of ages- old journey as I embark,
Rapturous soul I feel all around in pitch-dark.

(4)

No parting words but deep eloquent eyes
Blissful, quietus memories like magic rise,
And sweep me away across the misty sea,
Into the vast unknown lighted land I'll flee.

(5)

Come, come, my dear, and hold my hand
What if be the last meeting on this strand,
In the best hope for melting into holy hours,
Let upon us fall free divine blessed showers.



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.



A LADY I SEE AROUND TOWN

Dog walking, we stop, we chat in spots around town.

She spits “I’d kick the boats back to where they come from!”

Her pointed foot lifts towards the Indian ocean’s cauldron

And kicks with her dainty shoe,

Kicks all the boats of the men, the women, the children,

Like she said she would fancy to do

At the bistro, we sip, we chat, we are folks about town.

She says “I’d kick the boats back to where they come from!”.

Oh she's friend to Keats and Shelly and Pope and
Shakespeare.

Might they travel to sip her tisan?

Why not? Or might she be motive for them to migrate here

Just to hear her play her Chopin?

Over her fence, we chat, she de-pests, she sprays her
weeds.

She says she'd kick the boats back to where they come
from.

That's - over there, where the torture wracks bleed
overtime,

Where blood boots rivers out of flowing,

Whilst here we work and play and sip and dine

Beneath a rainbow bubble of unknowing



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.



LOVE LIKE THIS

flying high

across the sky

many clouds

passing by

i'll be home

in just a little while

anxious to see your face

with that fitting smile

here i come

with open arms

cannot wait
to fall into your charms
been gone
for way too long
tired of
this damn love song

ain't going to return back
to this lonely place
that's only filled with
an empty space
where your presence
is suppose to be at
to be all alone again
i wouldn't want that

for once
time is on my side

will not let
this opportunity slide
here i come dear
just hang in there
for a love like this
you will not find anywhere



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.



LONELY TREE

Oh Tree!

Don't cry

As you are alone

In this concrete jungle

Throw your seeds

Let them sprout

On the stony hearts

Making them soft soil

Let your saplings
Grow into
Many more trees.



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.



<http://wide-wallpapers.net/father-and-son-on-the-beach-at-sunset-wide-wallpaper/>

MY DADDY

My daddy is poet

His paragraphs bring distant images closer to face of wisdom

His lens of prose pose questions to answers and answers to questions

Walks over sonnets and elegies prouder than an iron hand ruler

He is closer to his ink than a king loves a queen

=====

My daddy is a poet

Somebody shouted in the street

"but it brings no bread on the table"

Look deeper

You will find diamond sky lingering with minerals of light

not of wealth

He is a miner digging nouns darker than coal

His pages are whiter than stone dust

Never timid to be true to feelings

He may falter

his mistakes are concrete

to mysterious dreams

Forgive me not

I am jealous that someone

from somewhere will love

him more than I do.



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.



WITH DAD

Gone and now cremated, I wait
for my sister to meet me at
his now-once bungalow. Searching
through the remains, sifting
among clothes he left behind,
I put on a jacket I find hanging there,
turn toward the mirror
on an opposing wall. I see
gray hair and a beard, half a century

old, but below that, the jacket
swallows the child:
its shoulders end at my biceps;
the cuffs of each sleeve
brush against my knuckles.

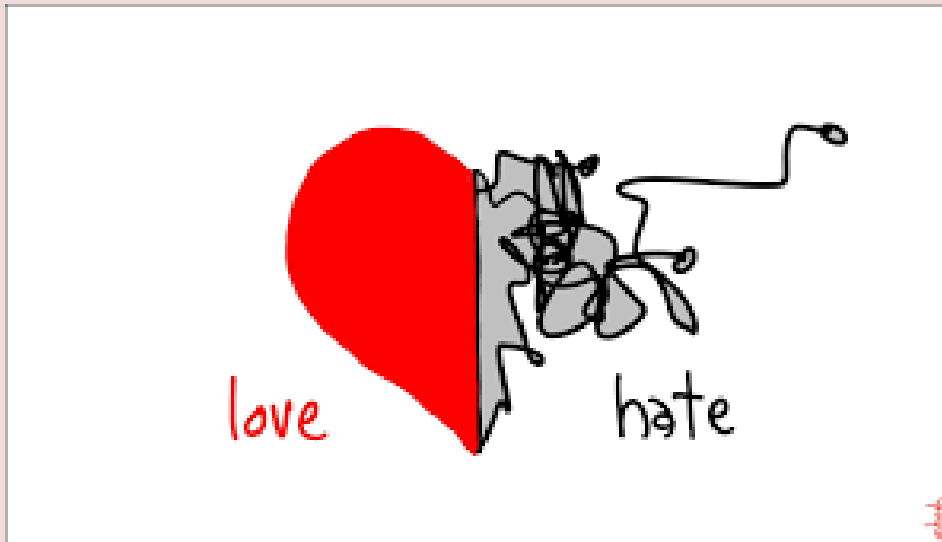
Blushing,

I remove the coat, turn back
to the closet, and return it
to its rightful place.



Bill Cushing: In honor of Father's Day, Bill Cushing is providing this memory of his own father's passing, a poem that occurred (both in reality and literarily) during the weekend of his dad's memorial. It also is part of Bill's book *A Former Life*:

<https://www.finishinglinepress.com/product/a-former-life-by-bill-cushing/>



ALL ABOUT PATIENCE

Slashing tongue

Ridiculing words

Spiteful looks

Deterring actions

Like serpents creep

Giving wounds deep

Heart weeps

Blood seeps

Love strikes

Positive sweet vibes

Magnanimous heart

Seeks no fights

Affection emanates

Heart recuperates

Regaining vitality

Throbs passionately

Forgetting all grievances

Falls in soul awakening trances



Bilquis Fatima: I am a poet and a writer residing in Ranchi, India. I work as a home maker. I have contributed to various anthologies published in India. I have also published a poetry anthology in June 2018. This year, one of my poems got selected in a poem competition held in India on a national level.



BRIDGE OF BELIEF

Believing in each other grows relationship

Relationship sweetens life

If doubt creeps in,

Heart breaks

Kinship is embittered

Peace of life is marred,

Moments become futile

Heaven becomes hell

A vibrant life turns colorless

It is not easy to win credibility

An image of one's own, built in society

A leader in one's own field,

Winning trust and love

Bridge of belief connects with the universe,

Builds one's empire,

The magic stone for perpetual happiness,

Bestows one with crown of success and prosperity



Bishnu Charan Parida: I am a bilingual poet writing in English and my mother tongue Odia. I am residing in Jajpur Road, India. I work as an engineer. I have contributed to various anthologies and magazines of national and international repute. I have been honored in state level Kalinga Nagar book festival 2015 in Odisha and at 11th Guntur International Poetry Festival 2018. I have been honored as one world featured poet of Pentasi-B, China in 2019. Recently I have received the prestigious R.N. Tagore award from Xpress Publications, Kerala, India.



You match horoscopes
move planets
uncomfortable
you invoke the heavens
the two come together
what happens
then
they line up at the family court
minus parents
and those who laughed and blessed
how did the stars fail
or was it the astrologer
who is it and why.



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.



THE SULTAN AND ST FRANCIS

Allah protects the insane. That dear man
Raved out his Christian folly with much charm.
Leave him in peace, not since my reign began
Have I had so much fun, do him no harm.
They should send more madmen instead of knights
Those oafs who miscount one God into three
This gentle fool I'll give his babbling rights
Babble on like a laughing stream! I see
No death in you. This Francis is no threat
To anyone, let him go out and preach
Even if just to birds. We shall not regret

Be patient with the mad, may kindness teach.

Why couldn't Allah have let me be mad? Sultans must keep
their sanity I fear

But what adventures with him I'd have had!

Risking all to say what we thought so clear

Why couldn't Allah have let me be mad?



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



Pic: Isabel G. de Diego

CAPTIVE VENUS

Bunny "Venus" sleeps
Mine's daughter Elizabeth
Born of the primordial egg
In her Olympic cage
And we have to be joyful
All the day
Because, when She wakes up
We will take her in our arms
Feeling her in our chest

Lively and throbbing.
Her running around the house
From the dining room to the kitchen
Throws us to life
Turning the stay
In a beautiful garden.
Now we are in The banquet
Like the Platon's
And the six that are here
We are saying:
-What a beautiful bunny
How soft is her white hair!
She has black ears
Like those of Lucas Cranach
That are propellers that blow
To the wind of her passing.
-Of what color is
Elizabeth's white bunny?

It is the most widespread question
What does father and mother
To kid growing up
Between mischiefs and games
When he comes to see her.
She combs her hair alone
Her eyes are two half moons
That light the dark night
Of the dreamed rabbit Cupid
Coming, in dreams
With a carnal torch
That inflames the senses
And giving birth to Love
In hearts
Reciting Petrarca
On his road
Garcilaso de la Vega as well
Galeotto del Carretto

Juan de Mal Lara

Juan de Arguijo

Giambatista Marino

José de Valdivielso

Calderón de la Barca

La Fontaine and Marivaux

And Me too.

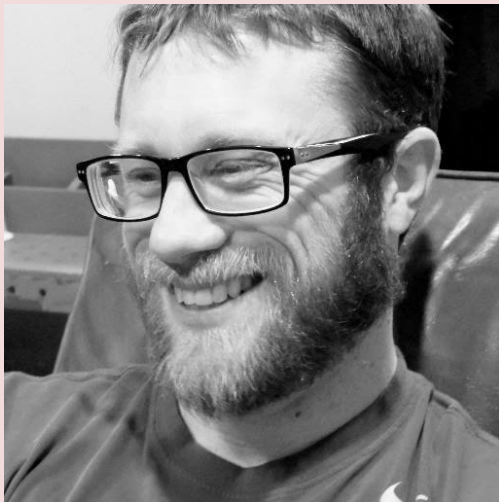


Daniel de Culla: He is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.



CLAWING AT THE GROUNDED MOON #52

everything is a labor if your face is pressed against the moon everything but the gentleman who has dressed as a matador to taunt the moon into rolling into the great lakes i love that guy i used to be that guy when all the actions were metaphors when the moon was less of a backdrop



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)

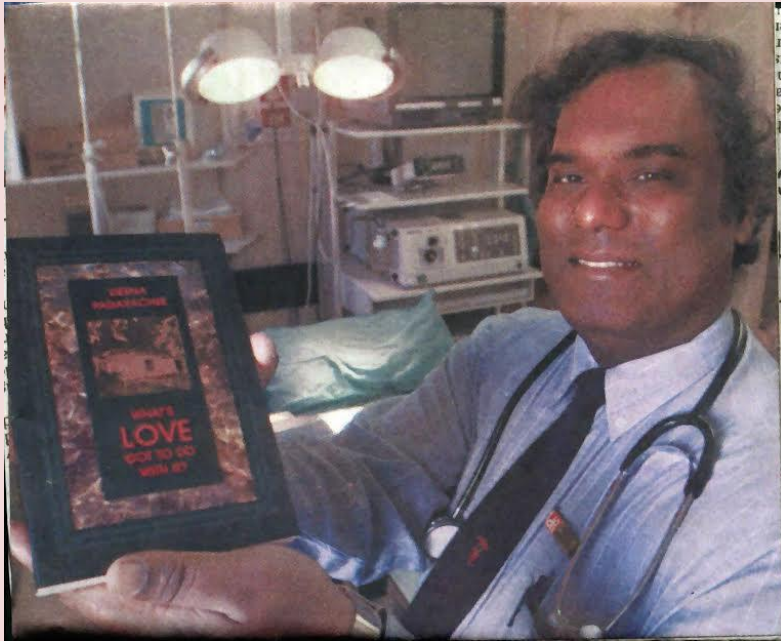


<https://medium.com/ux-tank/how-misinterpretation-of-emotion-can-cause-fragments-in-bonding-1a4cb1168c16>

THE UNSEEING

People undermined by their own smaller minds
often misunderstand and misinterpret that which others
say and do.

That usually causes disharmony and a disruption
of the harmonious working
of the family, the home, the town, the country.



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.



<https://www.babble.com/relationships/>

As she returned home,
carrying her laptop and her very structured life,
she saw her song wilting in her kitchen planter.

Must she water it?

Hemant Da crooning from her bose speakers...

successful and independent

were her not so pliable monochromes.

The windows and the doors, with oh! so acquainted door
knobs,

creaked with disengaged loneliness.

Her connecting hinges too gathered rust.

The bedroom ceiling...

in her favourite pista green,
no longer indulged in benevolent conversations...
Her walls too no longer have earnest ears.

And then... only then...
the clouds outside gurgled!
Her phone beeped...
"Can we talk?!!"
Her aching heels stole celestial anklets.
Suddenly the books on her shelf
smelled of coffee beans,
the violet cloud in her balcony outlined her doused smile.
With his golden quill,
the sun doodled a secret...
'The stars mean business tonight!'



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.



My life in a small frame

On a wide canvass of the horizon

Dotted with many mountain peaks in the distance

I live in a small frame

Small dreams in a small house with a tin roof

A small garden with lilies and rhododendron

Green chillies, tomatoes and cabbages

I don't know anything about anything else much

You can ask me about my small tea shop

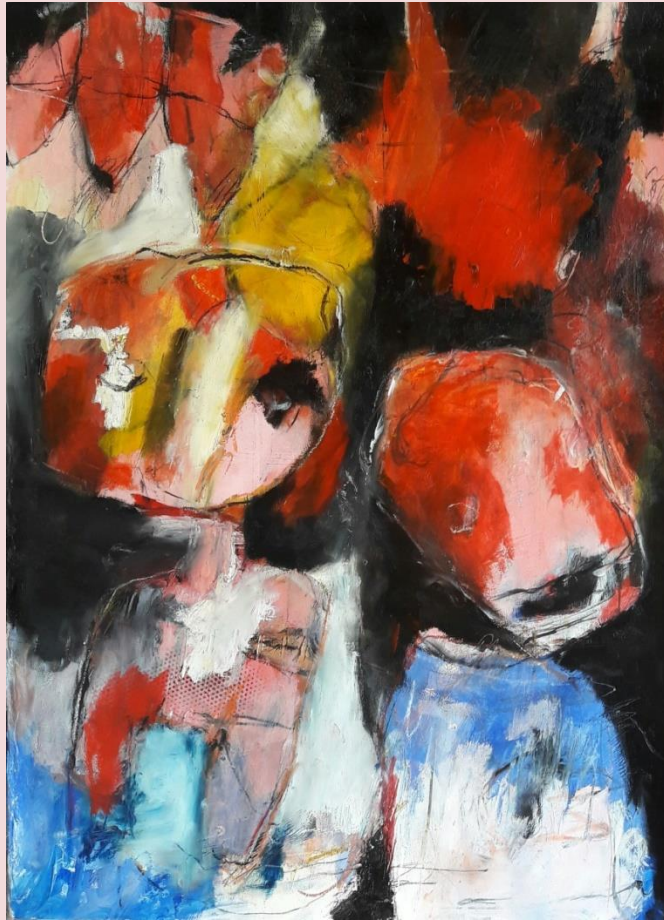
I can serve you hot tea in a small cup

With some momos on the side

Or may be a simple vegetable stew if you insist
You can dip your bread into that
But make sure to break the bread into small pieces
Small things are better here
Small dreams, small talks if you want
Small demands, as much as I need
Nothing more, nothing much
My life in a small frame
Small things are beautiful
On a wide horizon



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.



THE GATHERING

Empty Space – Black our self-inflicted melancholy born
from hopelessness weighing
down our daily existence in this ever increasing chaotic
world fuelled by humanity's
hunger for military, financial and digital power draining our
own intended endeavours
to remain self-sufficient, law abiding, positive and loyal to
those who respect us care
for us lead us inspire us but we are disappearing into
nothingness – We are the unseen

the invisible ones, muted into mere whispers of days gone
by and blinded by secrecy

from fast changing governments out of touch with its
citizens so we frantically

search for torchbearers to guide us out of this darkness,
thick like molten tar but it has

gone too far so we all gather here in the hope of
collectively surviving humanity's avalanche.

Patchwork Emergency – Red our daily bleeding gushing
uncontrollably as this global village

is struggling to be more cohesive despite our religious,
cultural, political and personal beliefs –

We try desperately to be more inclusive but mankind is
turning against its own kind where

even families feast on each other, abandoning their core
values in the race for material dominance

and where destructive jealousy leads to carnal mutiny
whilst television audiences can only gasp

at their screens, witnesses to a world in meltdown where
those with monetary power rise to the

top seats of power and industry whilst daily slurping their
fermenting victory soup from golden

chalices. Yet in a dark alley somewhere beggars scratch through rubbish bins until their fingertips bleed in their desperation to find even just a leftover spoon with the remains of a throwaway meal – Their last existential lick before bowing out of this life unfulfilled...

Chamber of the Battered – White our hope for a liberating spiritual existence where our daily scars will burn no more. Blue our emotions where a friendly smile turns into a menacing vicious snarl, obliterating any hope for a healing outcome. Murky our essence as our voices have blended into a global howl reaching deaf ears most foul – No one is spared women children the elderly the hungry the forgotten the outcasts – Are we not all from the same clan? We are vanishing before your very eyes even our battered faces do not prick a tear or shake your heart, so we just lie down and hope to evaporate into the light...



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.

Marcel Herms: He is a self-taught artist. His work is about freedom in the first place. Just like music, his art is about autonomy, licentiousness, passion, color and rhythm. When he paints he uses everything he can get his hands on. His work was printed in many (inter-)national publications and he designed a lot of record- and book covers. He collaborated with many different, authors, poets, visual artists and audio artists from around the world.



TARNISHED I'MAGE

In search of some bright, reflective fellow
I find only a backward, one-dimensional boor.
An imitative poseur.
Where is that poet in the mirror?



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.



<http://www.theriverscenekrabi.com/en/tours-activities/>

BE YOURSELF

Translated by Artur Komoter

Between the lands,
life occurs,
under the crystal panel
another world.

A multi-colored,
delightful agitation
that one can become part of.

For a few moments
breathing differently,
looking closer,
experiencing anew.

In the vastness of the depths
underwater magic takes place.

Even for a moment,
forgetting that our place is above,

where breathing in and out
do not require thinking.

Where the needs
are getting bigger.

Becoming a fish,
compelling admiration,
not exceeding one's own abilities.

Just:

Be.

Be—yourself.



Eliza Segiet: She graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. 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. Author's works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.



There is this well that has tiny purple wildflowers growing through the cracks, inside and outside. It is summer, so not much water. But these flowers still grow, every summer. I wonder if sunshine is water for them or they don't need water or maybe they have magic.

A little girl comes there every day, plucks a single flower and tucks it in her hair. It kind of gets lost in the dusty, unruly, curly hair. She goes away sporting a wide smile. The day when there are no flowers she walks away with a sullen face. Her mother looks on from a distance, one hand resting on the waist and the other cradling the unborn.

Lately she has grown in height. Now her eyes reach the flowers inside but not her hands. On days when there are no flowers outside, she tries to stretch her hands bending towards the inside. Her mother looks on, the hand stifling a scream.

Bracelets of gold

Drown the mermaid

Temptation



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.



JOURNEY OF LIFE

After crossing half the road

I stood on my weary feet

Looked back the way I have left

Visions that were pleasantly distinct

Have become blurred with my journey with time

Some random sights and sounds played hide and seek

In my eyes and ears

Seen unseen heard unheardall mingled at a certain point
Making difficult to choose which was real and which was
unreal

Why life offers such dilemma

When the life you live is akin to the life you long for

Suddenly a strange savage wind from nowhere hits your
door

And takes things in the reverse direction

Proving all your beliefs false and feeble

And you just lie down...miserable... vulnerable

Rest for a while....

Unless your weary feet gathers new strength to pave new
ways

Because whatever may come your way

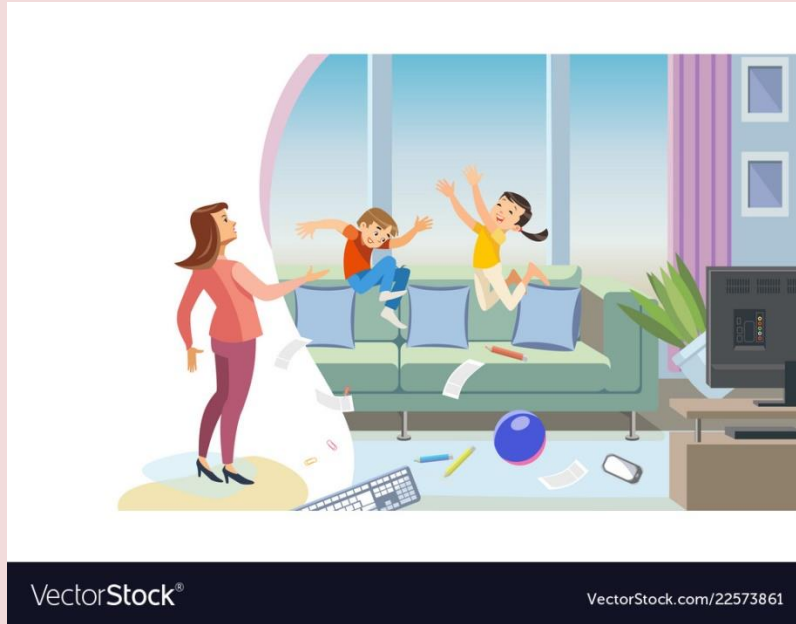
You must continue the journey to reach the ultimate

Where there will be no illusions or dilemma

Only peace and solace your most desirable destination..



Gayatree G. Lahon: Gayatree is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. Nature, love and the complexities of life find expressions in her poems. Her poems have been published in newspapers, magazines, and anthologies, both national and international. To her poetry is a great solace, a celebration of life itself.



My sister called up, said –

“They are arriving tomorrow. The three of them. I am trying to remove everything in their heights. Don’t know what to do with the plug points. They will crawl and find them even if they are hidden under chairs. Nothing escapes their eyes. Now the room is almost empty except for a couple of chairs and a table. They will push the chairs and climb over them. The festival for us is at home, not in the temple.”



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.



SAGARA

While I sit with myself and delve into a beginning,
Where I don't see a defined ending,
When a strange quiet and tranquil takes over my being,
And I only see a million lives unfolding,

In a sacred space I call my "soul" that floated out of
eternity,
I have been every skin, race, colour, species with a unique
identity,
I'm a speck floating almost minuscule yet with integrity,
A plan and a purpose for my evolution in effortless alacrity.

I know a ray of potent light passes through from an
effulgence,

This place we call earth our home we claim with allegiance,
When at times we forget we were brothers and sisters in
sheer arrogance,

As we invite the dark and satanic knave of hatred losing our
innocence.

To be in the pattern of variegation unravels like a cosmic
law,

With closed eyes, even breath, this is what I saw,

Constellations, connecting dots emerge, as invisible lines
draw,

A firmament that canopies in gravity without a flaw.

A dream masquerades as a higher will dictates,

Each soul decides what suits it best as its individuality
propagates,

Existence that defies logic the core of all debates,

This Bhoomandala a sacred sphere that endlessly rotates.

A space and time allotted for every living and non-living entity in a dimension,

He proposes in His consciousness and His Divine intervention,

In this one family of Vasudhaiva Kutumbaka Ocean,

Do I drift in surrender in grace, truth, emotion and devotion.



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.



*i put my hand out
to catch droplets of rain
moon reflecting puddle
my clothes are all a stain!*



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



YOU KILLED THE DREAM

all for the love of you

wrapped the sky around my dreams

so that the stars could not escape

and take away the light

I tried to steal the moon from the sky

and imprison it in my universe

so that it can be a prized treasure from me to you

stretched the figment of my imagination

illusionary fantasies became my obsessions

thought I could dream beyond the realms of probability
romanticised my love for you in the poetry of unrealism

like a predator from a nightmare you come at night,

With your voices soft and sweet as a melody

you mesmerised my naive fascination

and when you had me enslaved to your desires

like a dormant unpredictable volcano

without warning you erupted, raged and roared,

and spewed fire and molten lava...

you tore hope apart,

and turned my dreams to shame

Now love has killed the dreams I dreamed...

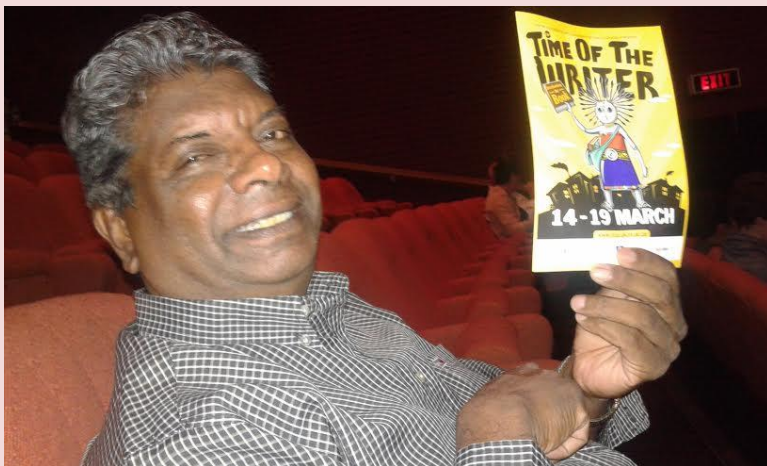
how i idealized you

worshipped every gesture you made

in love there is no cautionary path

without fanfare you wrecked havoc

shattered the glamorous and the magical
the make believe and the future alike
without refrain you vilified the dream
leaving me without a glimmer of hope
my odyssey of hardship and pain
echoes through the demise of my faith
my dreams were raised, used and wasted.



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.



BEYOND THE TREES

The breeze's whistling
Summons unnamed birds,
an emptiness where we begin and end,

The fading sunrays,
Draw a ribbon
out of slowly descending light bands,

Distant bushes
are alive with fireflies and insects,

Beyond the Sal and Arjun trees,
the meadow refining itself,

With soft light deep and deeper
and steady path of the whistling hunters,

Darkness is now
the only answer to calm your soul.



Gopal Lahiri: I am a bilingual poet, writer, critic and translator residing in Kolkata. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published nine volumes of poetry in English and seven volumes in Bengali. 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. I have guest-edited the poetry section of 'Setu' journal for the January, 2019 issue.



GHAZAL

I took an axe, chopped, buried my desires; standing, all
alone

Out of the forest I came out with flowers; singing, all alone

Filled the old belly of material yearnings with flinty stones

I am the pain of self-denial, offered by love, yet rising all
alone

Don't talk about the hours of darkness and jungle and
winged demons

With blood rubbed shirt, wheel of death on shoulders, I'm
sailing all alone

Let the dead beats vanish and spring flow from the fountain
of life

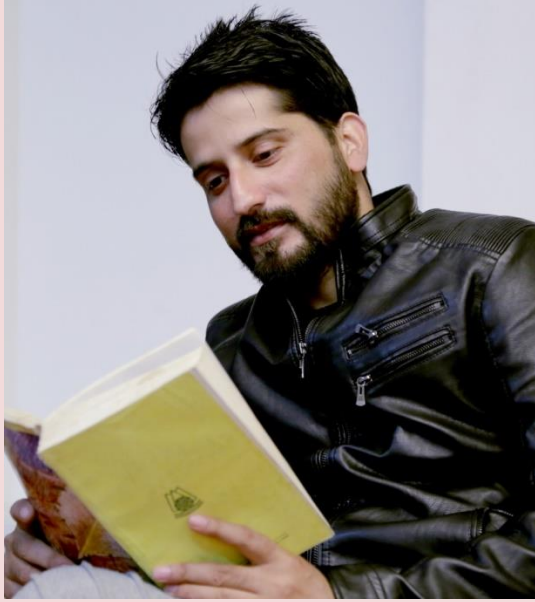
Make infidelity your faith and witness the salvation
dwelling all alone

You have spent a thousand nights chained in the cradle of
sleep

Leave the illusion of life, welcome death and stop wailing
all alone

Tyranny is justice, punishment is reward and blasphemy is
sacred

Drip the blood, praise the bogus and relish the blessing all
alone



Imran Yousuf: He is a Poet/Writer/Columnist from Kashmir, India. Currently working as Columnist and Journalist, he has contributed his poems to various magazines, journals and international anthologies. He has also written a series of articles about the great Poets of the Kashmir Valley (starting from 14th century) that were published in various newspapers and magazines and now being compiled into a book, expected to be launched soon.



DREAMS

Everyone has dreams,
or dreams of something.

Are dreams real, realistic?

Can they be realized?

In sleeping time or waking time,

One can dream of their

Aspirations, ambitions, goals.

Dreams can be—
Sweet, bizarre,
Funny, surreal.

Interpretations may vary
According to geography,
Culture, period.

Dreams are an outlet,
Catharsis of—inner
Thoughts, feelings, emotions.

Humans are but a bundle
Of hopes and dreams.

Anyway Dream,
Dream big, Dream positive.



Jagadish Prasad: I am writer residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. I am an HR and Media consultant/Resource Person and also a partner in an HR/Talent Resources consultancy company. I have contributed poems to the annual magazine of Chennai poets circle, Chennai. I have also contributed prose and poetry to the in-house magazine of IOB (Iobian).



GARDEN: A FRAGMENT

(after Nikita Parik)

"Aur bhi gham hai zamane mein mohabbat ke siwa."

- Faiz Ahmed Faiz

1

I didn't agree to your leaving.

I turned, for you

delusional

illusional

not comprehending

that your love was

situational

unidimensional

You thought me terribly irrational

2

In the garden we

watered together

I was waiting

for flowers

at which you

threw a torch...

I heard someone utter a refrain

(all together)

Burn

Unlearn

Discern

the shapes of charred trees...

my heartbreak is a lover

demanding to be pleased



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 Poesis Award for Excellence in Poetry 2019, among other awards. She recently won the Reuel International Prize For Poetry 2019. Her first poetry collection entitled Blue Rose was published by Bhashalipi, Kolkata, and her first chapbook is forthcoming this year from Cherry-House Press, Illinois, USA. She is currently pursuing a PhD from Seacom Skills University, Bolpur, India.



DESTINY

Waiting to be found

Hidden inside a mound

Somewhere

Utter desperation in a moment

Sheer patience in another

Energy to whirl in the snow

Or passion to scribble for fire

Roaming like a bird on the parchment

Or sprinting like a cheetah in the forest

Each element is busy

Finding their own destiny

Under the vast blue

On the vast green

Bubbling with energy

Desperation

Patience

Fire

All these elements churning in the same manner

Finding their own existence

In search of their own destiny!!



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.



<https://screencraft.org/2014/03/20/10-ways-angry-writer-mode/>

THE LETTERS

Can you see my insanity?

I have a crystal ball

never mind those blood stains on my wall

never mind the screaming from under the floor

it's just my demons down there

to these words I'm a whore

can you hear the voices in my head?

they talk to me

I answer them

I sit here at my desk
banging my head
this pen
this fucking pen
I'm balling up the paper
as this never ends!
blackbirds and ghosts
chasing me down
demons this curse!
unleash the hounds!
The Raven I adore
the pain I need more
what is that pounding outside my door?
I cower on the floor
I'm reckless and unsure
writing down the thoughts
I can't take anymore!
I'm poor but I'm rich

I'm lost in this bitch
I'm ripping out every fucking stitch
that holds my scars together
the stars above are severed
I'm wasted in a wonderland
of fucking awful weather
the letters
all these fucking letters
this ink is my blood
I'm face down in the mud
I'm rising above the sun
ultraviolet
as my voice it goes silent
screams in the trees
I'm falling to my knees
I'm flying on a plane with no pilot
are my words so violent?
that you lose your mind

reading the words that I find
in the back of the mind that I lost
my hands feel the bite of the frost
they fall off
I feel so lost
demons are fought
sometimes they win
my soul can't be bought
I will not sell it
but bet your ass I'll spell it
I'll fight with both hands
I'll make you understand
the insanity of a man
that tells it.

The letters, all these fucking letters.



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



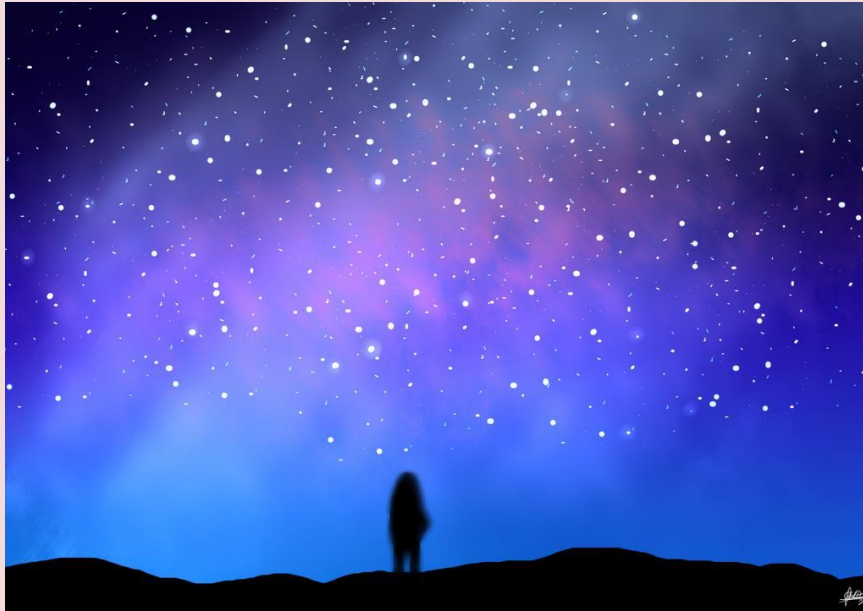
THE VOLCANO

Sometimes I am tired
of feeling the inferno
bubbling up inside
loud noises
deafening my ears
from the explosions
of lava crashing
silent venomous words awakening
violently shaking my core

red hot molten lava
running, running
down the mountainside
there is no escaping
the heat from the fire
so orange and so red
the silent screams
the insanity in my mind
turning into tears
pouring from my eyes
burning my face
ready to explode
from the inside
to the outside



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.



JUNE

There are too many
clocks and not enough
time. I will take
and keep this minute
for myself.

This minute
of mercury
this swift
summer night

as sleepless stars
glide through
the sky in
aerial ballet.



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



MISS RIGHT

A type of body,
an appropriate head in simple profile,
is found after much search
and reflection.

Wide eyes,
pert lips,

neat strut

entirely personal to you

but come down from the tradition.



John Grey: I am a poet residing in Providence RI USA. I am retired. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published short stories and chapbooks.



today.

but now you know the quality I've given it

and reason is between the hands

and I am an edge, and I am an object

and am in terrible cutting of paths.

and it could of been you in the cloud of dust

where i hung the dendrite of my eye after, downcast

and it was you, looking up and over from your back

sorely, with the slow pain of a dinosaur, mealy, looking
for the pale of the grass, and it to be continuous

you, a pair, and have been clacking together in this
quite awhile! Some I hear in the tree lines. A lot have
tared,

and in the taste of my mouth a balm of the serene before a
rain-shower, the storehouse; an uncaustic plink of so very
important

many--

here I see the most of you, waiting, thinking on the horizon
a beautiful living twitch done and black lingering on the
selling line

perhaps the dark trembling before
the ostentious storm comes, palms on mute

oil on and into the vivid lines our hands

touching,

I think: "love, this glass will not break."



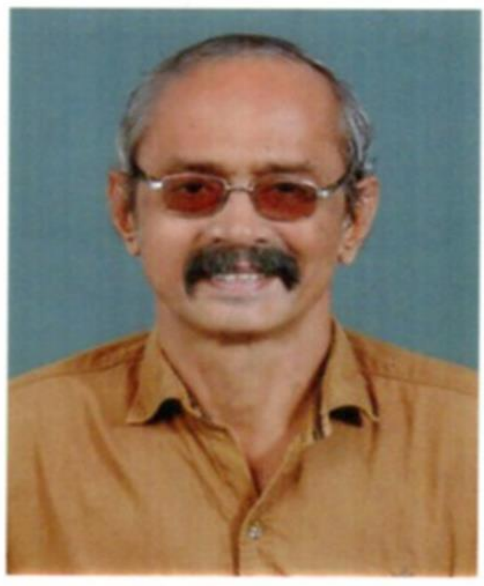
Joseph Elenbaas: I am a Christian writer, living in West Michigan.



FULL MOON

I gazed at the Full Moon, pear shaped
glowing like a freshly minted jewel;
Crevices shaped like a wispy cloud
seem to shadow a deep-layered mystery;
Somewhere in the lifeless expanse
Is a beauty that remains nonpareil.
An odd ensemble of precious brains
has unmasked it as bare carbuncle;

Space gadgets unveiled the final visual
of a rolling wilderness without a story;
Yet when a Full Moon ranges in the sky
the endless cosmos fills the eye.



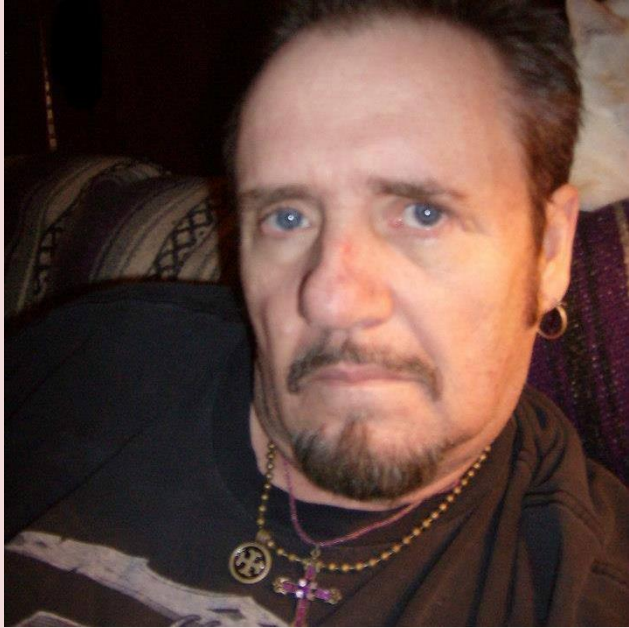
K.s.Subramanian: I am a poet and short story writer living in Chennai. I have published two volumes of verse through Writers Workshop, Kolkata. I have nine published short stories and also poems in several anthologies. "Dreams" got the Asian Age prize.



JUNE SOLSTICE

In my early days of wandering;
June's violet haze stirs from within.
Of wanton youth with many queries;
long in the tooth with a losers piety.
Odiferous pleasantries of rose petals;
while lilacs speak with heavenly flair.
Children scamper into cold sprinklers;
hanging laundry waves in warm breezes.
Butterflies and bees dance upon wildflowers;
songbirds and robins bounce upon lawns.

Blessed are days of the summer solstice;
memories float through sands of time.



Ken Allan Dronsfield: I am a Poet and I reside in Seminole USA. I am disabled and write full-time. I have contributed and have been a co-editor for various anthologies. I have two published poetry collections.



It's now a different world cup*

But isn't there many a slip

'twixt the cup and the lip?

Between each sip and the lip

not to mention many a slip

ready for a catch to scoop

****Two actually. What's better than a world cup? Two world cups. Women's Football World Cup and Men's Cricket World Cup.***



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.



BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

Saying sorry is great,

fine,

But if making it right

isn't part of the deal,

Then for you, I have no time.

I watched for your tell

and there it was:

The shift of eyes,

Shoulders no longer squared,

the rounding of the spine
as if imploding on yourself.

Do you fashion yourself
as a shameful sentimentalist?

The value of all your words,
each equal to the other,

your legacy nothing more
than syllables strung together,

and blah, blah, blah
is all I hear coming out of YOUR mouth!



Linda Imbler: Kansas-based Linda Imbler believes poetry has the potential to add to the beauty of the world. She has two 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 completed her chapbook for this summer's poetry reading at the Kansas State Fairgrounds and is working on her Nashville trip recollections.



EXCEPTIONAL CONVERSATION

The conversation between you and me

Started unintentionally

Not in conventional tone

Not as in any conceptual role

But little paradoxical

Faintly impractical

Strangely, the solo exchange of letter

turned to monolithic

Endless conversation turned to adhesive

Creating a bond in our emotive

Stopping us to poke in one spectrum
Of indistinguishable individuality.
Surprisingly our wings some time lead us to
In the castles of primordial era
For a time to the golden flags of medieval epoch
At times to the dome of contemporary cathedral
Unending theme of Pharaoh to Eternal beauty of Cleopatra
The topic of veena to double bass
The dance of Meneka to anklet of Rukmani
And during the time of part, a faint bye
With a lump in throat
Still some issue awaiting



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.



I THOUGHT OF YOU TODAY

I thought of you today

Sweetheart

Once more

The lovely moments

We spent together

Bring sheer joy

A delight so luscious

Engulfing my being

With your love

Sweet memory
Of your loving look
Bring smile to my lips
An happiness unbound
Your never to let go hug
Gives a twinkle in my eyes

Your holding me ever so tight
Flutter my heart even today
Your passionate kisses
Ah! And there arises a desire
So intense to hold you
Yet again in my arms

I thought of you today
Sweetheart
Once more



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.



The caress, sensational and oozing with love
The persona, sizzling with oomph and galore
The satin touch, the silky skin
The peak of the mountain, high and low
Passionately adhering and loosing self
The passion building, deep inside
The fire rising, irresistible to hold back
Eagerly pulsating towards the ecstasy zone
Beat by beat, the breathing getting intensified
The valley of love
Waiting to experience the bliss
The tenderness, the sweetness of the forbidden fruit

Longing to lay deluged in its aftermath

Closer, as closer it could be

Higher, as higher it could be

Riding, hitting the right chord

Intoxicated and mystical

Clasping and caressing

The deprived soul

Flying up

Sailing through the sojourned paradise.



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a bilingual poet born and based in Kolkata. Writing is a passion for this homemaker. Her write-ups are published in various national and international anthologies and e-zines.



MYTH

Was I a part of your empurpled theory?

Or a part of your taradiddle story!

Your story full of magniloquence,

Of a world abounding in pretentions.

I did not want to reach out to the moon nurturing passion's
treasures,

I wanted to just gently hold the sunshine to let the golden
beams blossom in pleasure.

Dictated rules hurt, squabble and bid away peace,
The heart full of hopes flickers, suffocates to finally cease,
Potted plants fake a smile and disdainfully shake,
Hypnotic leaves engulfing like the sinuous snakes.

Dusk brings in memories, so like the tempestuous sea,
My cup empty, still waits for the possible old chamomile
tea,
Nothing appeases nor calms,
Stormy inside, the bleeding wounds thrive on misfortune's
balm,
The tea, sugarless and bland, gets cold,
The cold tightens and warmly holds.

The moon gradually rises
I bathe in its silver, shaking away traces of thee,

Washing away all bitterness in the mellow light,
Taking the last sip of venom in that endless night,
I surrender to all your fallacious sentences,
Wreathed in your myths, my forever quiet voice defeated
silence!!!



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.



MY PHONE

When in distress I come to you

My phone, my note book, my friend

To self-motivate, to read, find solace

In the thoughts of those who braved it well

In the words that inspire to focus on self

To be calm as pearl in a tempestuous sea

To look within and be calm

To be focused as a street light in the traffic of life

Which helps me reach out to friends

When no one is near, see them and hear

When distance is far, to dance to its music

Sing to its tune, love myself

In all kinds of selfies

My phone my companion in need

Docs warn it's a moth to a flame

Your indulgence is fatal

Well so is life itself

The more you indulge the more it consumes

So my friend let's part now, so we are not apart!



Madhu Sriwastav: She is an Assistant Professor in English based in Kolkata. She has written and published her poems and short stories; translated and published short stories from Bengali and Hindi into English. She has written and published several academic papers. She has also scripted, directed and acted in a couple of plays and also made her students win award for outstanding performance in short plays. She also takes part in poetry and storytelling performances.



AMRAVATI

Dusk filled with marigold showers,
fragrance doted eyes.

Fluttering across bananas,
air strode like kites.

Over paddy, and coconuts
I had spread wings.

Till I saw a man dead,
vertically held, face naked.

Eclipsing joys, eyes turned grooves
Shut against time like windows.
Amidst fireworks, this place grey
celebrated death, I was told.

My heart sank as I reached
the temple door.
Eerie sounds, customs, gazes,
I felt ached.

No connection to
the gods they prayed
Not a Hindu, never heard Upanishads too.

Mixture of rivers, my source was near Sindhu.
Of invasions my home, a war of cultures, distinct.
For the first time, I missed something to which I was not
linked.



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.



LOVE OF EVERYDAY MAN

Soaked in tender love she peeks from mezzanine,
Singing melodies of swelled heart,
Underneath he stands strumming strings,
Picturesque romance, till lovers go apart!
Passion idolized in characters,
Men are Rome's, Juliet is every lady,
Scribbling the same story in different chapters,
Masses attached to affections shady.
Am no Prince, I am a common man,
Struck by humble Cupid's plain "arm",
My story moves forward from "death do us part",

Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, right from the start!
No harp, no swordfight, no singing souls,
Our love is embedded in daily chores!
Waiting for another, sharing meals,
Constant messages till destination she reaches.
Professing love through routine,
Worrying about another till seen,
Saving in minuscular portions, to gift the long want,
I know for long she'll flaunt!
Scintillating my senses as my muse,
While I earn bread and butter,
Every message of whose,
Still makes my heart flutter!
It's not a fable, sonnet or song,
It's just love of an Everyday Man!



Mansi Sharma: She is a passionate writer, who sowed seeds and watered the plants of writing while basking in the warmth of motherhood! A former Officer in a govt. Organizational with a degree in Management and a literary heart, is now taking baby steps just like her baby, towards writing!



Do you only see the delicacy
of glass flowers in my face?
How would you know how many
furnaces have refined me?



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.



HEART OF GOLD

Even as I was gazing into your eyes
When you took me out for a ride
I never doubted you'll abandon me
Fearing everyone who came across
Wandering in the crowded streets
I sniff and search for you my master
For the home I was given shelter as a pup
Was I not worthy enough to be with you
Wasn't I faithful enough and loved you more
Crying in pain and hunger no one cares for me
With you not around me to hug and play
Now seems the hardest part of my life

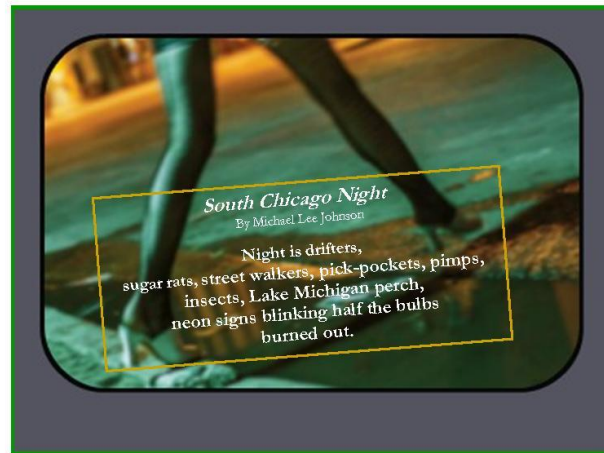
I can't believe you did this to me buddy

No one knows of my name as Jimmy

And now I'm an old street dog



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.



SOUTH CHICAGO NIGHT

Night is drifters,
sugar rats, street walkers, pickpockets, pimps,
insects, Lake Michigan perch,
neon signs blinking half the bulbs
burned out.



Michael Lee Johnson: He is a Canadian and USA citizen. Today he is a poet, editor, publisher, freelance writer, amateur photographer, small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. He has been published in various anthologies. He is the author of two books, and several chapbooks. He also has over 134 poetry videos on YouTube as of 2015: He was nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards for poetry 2015 & Best of the Net 2016.



POLYGLOT

Sky-wide phoneme inventory
and obscure lexicons,

a cut of tongue
and cup of truth
to understand you fully.

To know true meanings and speak plain
as whales tell no lies in their arias
and bees are never false in their dance.

To whisper a word to the wind
and make the hurricane stop.

To speak to my elders as they sleep
and hum like a child as I drift off to join them.

To laugh in French and to sing in Welsh.

To read the Upanishads in Navajo
and to say I love you in Semaphore.

To understand me fully
cut to truth and cup my tongue
in obscure phonemes
and sky-wide lexicons.



Mike Griffith: His chapbooks *Bloodline* (The Blue Nib) and *Exposed* (Soma Publishing and Hidden Constellation Press) were released in fall 2018. He was nominated for the Pushcart Prize for poetry in October 2018. He lives near Princeton, NJ and teaches at Raritan Valley Community College. He is Poetry Editor (US/Canada) for The Blue Nib.

<https://twitter.com/AuthorMGriffith>

<https://michaelgriffithwordpress.wordpress.com>



COME YOU LIKE A SIZZLER

It hasn't rained for long
And see how parched my lips are
Without moisture, how freckled is my skin,

Come you, my love, like a sizzler
Turning every pore of me green
Making my earth rejuvenated,
Giving life to my branches
Yearning to get your shower,

Make me sing that song

That ' megh mallar'

That will call those dark rain bearing clouds

Pregnant with dreams of life.



Moinak Dutta: I am a poet/novelist residing in Kolkata, India. I work as teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published two novels.



ONCE I FELL IN LOVE

Once i fell in love,

I felt like a dove.

But it was an unusual shot,

And it was unique love i had thought.

Oh! it was from something that,

had such a big beautiful hat.

A chocolate chip and cookie treat,

Thy audience would see and be vowed to eat.

Can you guess what is that?

It is a hugely scrumptious snack.
Oh! it is the choco chip waffles,
That's better than chocolates or truffles.
In a cafe, the smell of waffles takes me into a world,
Where to everything i could agree.
The chocolate sauce dripping from the waffle,
In my mind and body seems like a miracle.
The crunchy feeling of biting into it,
Makes me feel like my world is lit.
The way my taste buds react to the chocolate,
Makes me feel like i have the best fate.
The trickling down of chocolate in my mouth,
Makes me smile and laugh and shout.
I get lost in a world of happiness and charm,
Where i am safe and there is no harm.
In that moment i feel like,
I am the world's happiest person.
Some of you might know the feeling,

Of being in love in such a wonderful thing.

Well, it is awesome and stupendous,

it is really really tremendous.



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



POETREE

My pen is mighty
Mightier than the sword,
My ink is a warrior
The goddess of word.

My pen is life
Living in hearts
My ink is sharper than knife
Capturing more than arts.

My words are forces
Within time and tide,
My words are horses
Speeding far and wide,
With strength and breath
Across lands and bands.

A tree of words
In diverse worlds
A tree of messages
On cords of the universe.

My pen is my armour
I am the Knight
I win the fight
And wear the glamour.

My sword is silver

My word is golden

My mission is diamond

Hence, I plant a poetree.



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.



MAYA

Do you really like to play this game?

Creating a web of illusions

That look so real

That we forget the truth

And pine for what seems real?

Attached here

And entangled there

Tickled with emotions

That surge ahead

Leaving us awry.

How would it be

Without this intrigue of illusions?

Would we still not be entangled

By the magnificence of the creation?

Would our vision

Not extend beyond horizons

Captured by the cosmos

The mystery

And the ever-fluctuating orders?

Is this web of illusions deliberate?

To clip our wings of vision

So that only a chosen few

Break away

And decipher the larger existence!



Nilanjana Dey: A story-teller at heart, Nilanjana Dey likes to experiment with fiction and poetry. An alumna of English Literature from Jadavpur University (Kolkata), she is a marketing and communication professional based in Mumbai. She also volunteers with a Mumbai-based NGO working with the marginalized sections of the society.



WHEN YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE!

Mired in unseen terror,
In the pit of my throat, a timid voice!
My sheer utterances wanted to roar.
Swamped with silence,
My feelings were dying in each moment,
Wordless; Unloved and uncared!

Amidst those commotions; like a piece of stray cloud,
Wafting in the emptiness of azure sky,

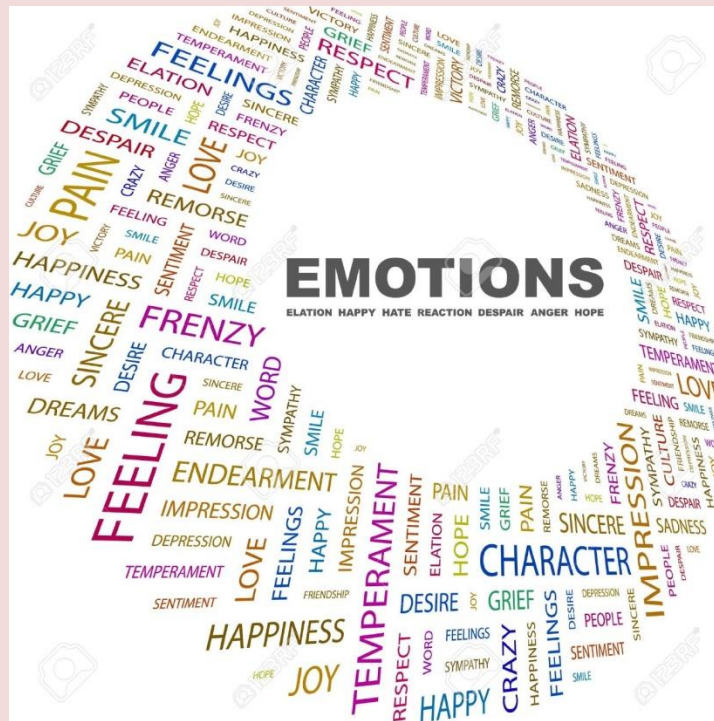
Sometimes here; sometimes there
Broken; shattered I was everywhere.

And then the flute tearing its heart,
I admitted naively;
though flirtatiously when you came into my life,
There found the end of my worthless journey.

Commuted from the sky to the Earth,
My home!
I had fallen like the drops of spring,
Dashed towards your waves,
My ocean; I yelled,
A roar of freedom.



Nitusmita Saikia: She is an instructor in National Cadet Core, India, working presently in Jorhat Assam, India. She writes in both English and own regional language (Assamese). Being active in various online Poetry groups and blogs, she has been writing for E-Magazines. With these, her poems have been published in various poetry anthologies, both National and International.



EMOTIONS

As I can't bear to see you leave

Tears form a shield between us.

Like the strength hidden within the earth's crust

The tears in my eyes stay hidden

Willed by force

Until unleashed like a tsunami.

The flood of my tears

The tremor in my voice

The storm raging in my brain...

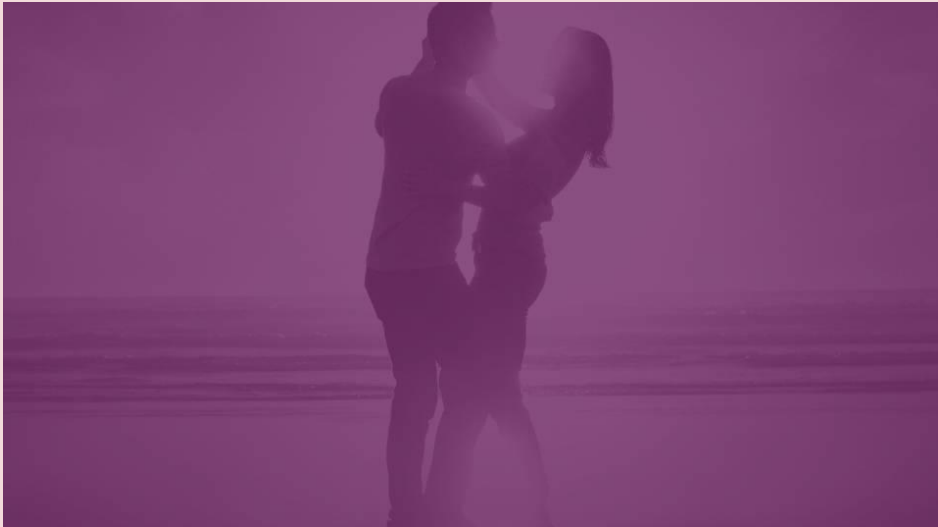
Days when I feel overwhelmed with emotion

And days when I am an empty well

Is the flood better than the drought?



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.



<https://www.5lovelanguages.com/quizzes/>

Love is

A thousand, divine, wonderful things

One's refinement manifests

But when it comes to you

The dark in me

That will always be

Stirs for fresh breath,

A revival before

Its repose in acceptance

And my fair darkness

Longs to put myself
Before your path,
Make me the centre
Of your world,
Revolve around me
Even when I know
You are a universe
On your own.

Like a lower person,
I become possessive
Angry, envious, covetous
When your love flows
In another direction
Or I feel not
Your exclusive attention
The dark becomes darker
I lose my verve in it...

Then I remind myself

Love is

A thousand, divine, wonderful things

One's refinement manifests...

Fine, fine, fine-tune me.



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.



<https://www.thehindu.com/sunday-anchor/hindi-and-tamil-nadu/article6689448.ece>

Heroes or villains

we can't identify

we make wrong judgements

sixties anti-Hindi protesters, heroes

now villains.

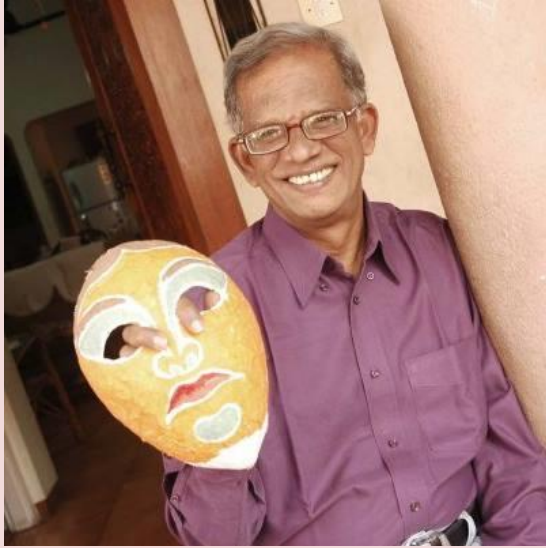
Phenomenal events

the river flows

flows uninterrupted

everything washed away

memories remain
like the rock in the river.



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



<https://csfs.colostate.edu/colorado-trees/colorados-major-tree-species/>

WHISPERING FOREST

walk among us, as us

known as oakman

known as birchwoman

known as elmlad

known as ashlass

Each one gentle,

one is strong

one elegant

all older than they look

their voices not listened to

"I talk to the tree"

"Hug a tree"

"I am a tree"

seen as signs of waywardness

to be laughed at,

pilloried and scorned.

later they will scream

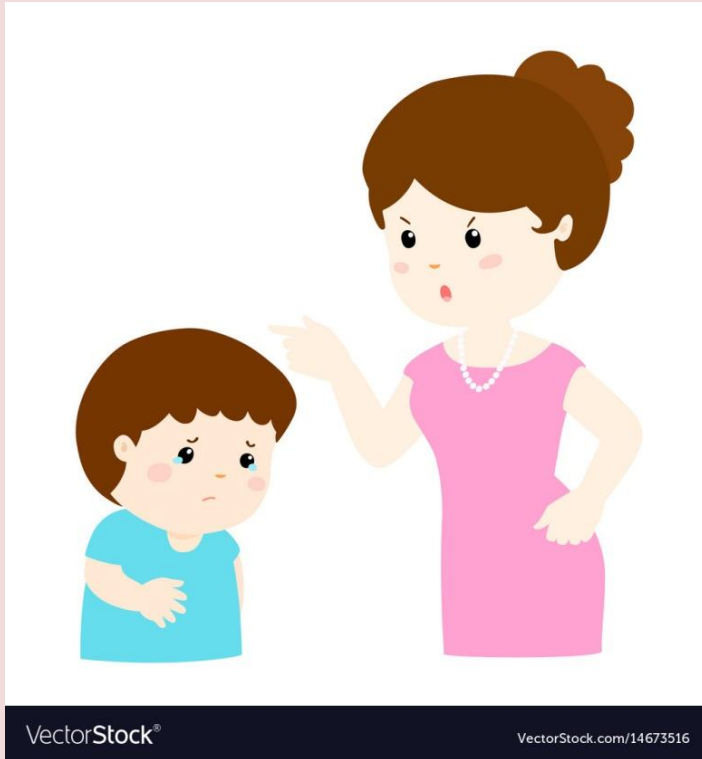
when cut down

or have a limb amputated

we ought to listen.



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.



A CHILD AT THOUGHT

I'd like to run out in the rain
And splash in the deepest puddle
But Mommy says I can't today
My room is in a muddle

I'd like to climb the tallest tree
Small ones are just bores
But Mommy says I can't today
I have to do my chores

I'd like it if, just for once
I could do just what I wanted
No Mommy calling "Not today"
I'll end up really stunted

But then again it's for the best
I know it deep inside
My Mommy knows what's best for me
I think I'll run and hide.



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.



SAAMANDI POO

Many seasons brought beautiful flowers
but my little saamandis needed more water
and said they were special



HAIKU COACH

The five bogies were joined
by 7 ticket collectors and bogie men
children couple seller hopped in



SUN MOON RAIN

Little prayer to the sun
Oh dear melt down your red rage
into beautiful drops of joy



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.



GULMOHAR

A lot has been written about you,
Oh! Fragile piece of wonder!

As you sway, I draw parallels;
To my own self-
The way I flew with the breeze,
Ignorant of the destination.

Today, as I come back to you,
I can see your leaves

And your flowers

Unchanged-

Offering me the same feel- goodness they did-

When I held them within my little hands, decades ago.

How is it that you emit the same tenderness,

Even after years of adversity?

They say your roots are not strong enough-

You can't even withstand a mighty wind!

But my question is different.

Nothing has shaken your beauty yet.

Is being soft your greatest strength?



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.



FACELESS FACES OF FACEBOOK

Impatient I am

Why can't you send a message,

Don't you know a message in time like a stitch saves nine

No more distant are hearts

Messages do cover these days our distances.

I am in face book now

But not a single face attracts me

What is there in a face?

Face gets wrinkled, more over

Faces in face book are faceless!

As it seems, headless creatures are roaming, smiling and
while advertising themselves they are liking one another
too in a world of their own making

I am not addicted to the virtual world

My world is different

There is no mirror whatsoever, no reflection either

I never see my face in a flowing river.

I am in my own room, twenty feet length, breadth twelve

Scattered are books

Characters too

Television a greater than life size image by itself

Racks are no more empty

Full with agonies

A glass waiting for a hand

A bed pining for a body and I declare,

If at all I am to be tagged let the sky tag me with a dream!

The deserted look of the night reminds me of a camel
carrying the moon, the sky and stars with bag and baggages

Unable I am to enclose the sky in you

Unable I am to envelop the night in you

Just in search of words I am

To write a poem for you

Knowing fully well that poem can't be written in an empty
heart

A face has to be there

An agony has to be there

A beloved has to be there!



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 anthologies 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.



FAITH

The princess, pious and humane, was sentenced to death, albeit through drinking poison, to prove her God's existence.

The sage who nurtured her, had seen it coming, reading her horoscope.

He made her body poison immune - giving her minute doses to digest in her food, with the chanting of sacred mantras.

Each time she escaped unscathed. The frustrated royal now proposed the venom of venoms.

She continued with her meditation, her worshipping rituals, her melodious singing.

Yes, the royal wanted to silence that golden voice!

The night before the poison feast, she had a visitor. She was alarmed to see Kaalia. What was he doing in her bed-chamber?!

Quelling her doubts, calming her down, he replied he had a task to perform. She was fated to endure this trial by poison; but she could come out of it unscathed, and he was going to ensure that. He asked her to trust him implicitly.

He told her his plan. She was nonplussed!

Next day, in the full darbar, she was escorted in by the guards and made to stand in the centre of the Court. A bowl of kheer was given to her. She was to drink it, till the last drop. If she lived, her God was great, if not, too bad!

Invoking His blessings, she began to drink the kheer, and emptied the bowl. All eyes on her, the pin-drop silence was deafening.

She opened her mouth wide. Out came Kaalia slowly, anaconda like, and made for the Royal. He sprayed the poison on the depraved royal, who literally burned and shrivelled before his court's audience.

Then the princess, slowly pulled out the discarded skin of Kaalia from her throat and stomach. That had protected her innards!

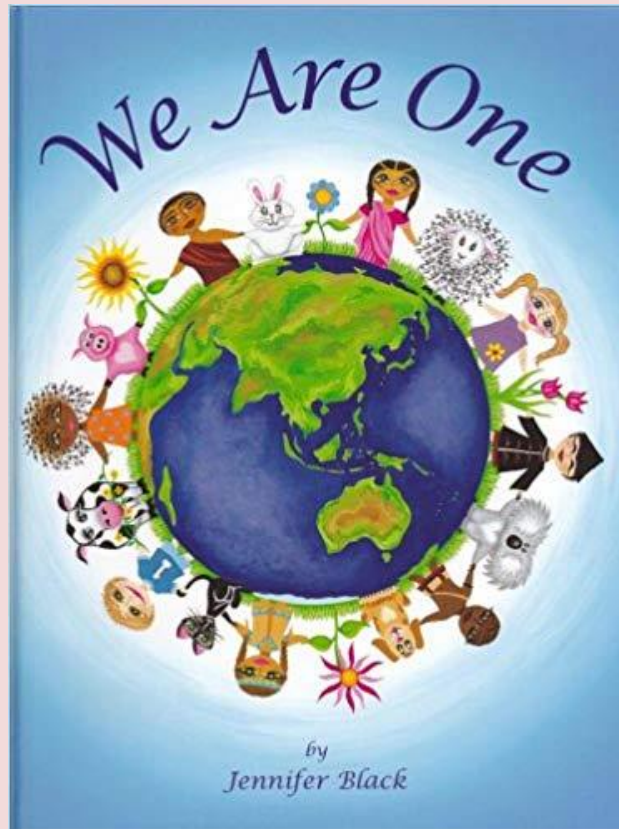
The audience spell-bound, prostrated at her feet, as Kaalia in his five-headed avatar watched her back.

Slowly, they walked away into the open air, to freedom from hate, jealousy, anger...

An ethereal flute played divine notes in the background. Her Lord got Kaalia to atone for his misdeeds of an earlier lifetime...



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.



WE ARE ONE

This world is ours

Not of any cowards

We came here for a purpose

Wake up and do well for others

Think of the life we share

Do feel others that we care

Stand up tall every moment

Be bold with a spine so straight

Raise our voices together
Against all evils that happen here
Speak up what matters
Never afraid of the outcome
Stand together, hold hands each other
Let us transform this world into heaven.



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



THE GIRL LOST HER MIND

The girl lost her mind

When the autumn came and

blanketed the hills with mildly sunshine.

The girl lost her mind

When the sky's blueness seemed to be lost

in the darkness of the city.

The girl lost her mind

When the wild wind kissed the bashful flowers.

and swayed gently.

The girl lost her mind

When the forest river and peaks

covered in snow, in December sun.

The girl lost her mind

When the stars giggled watching themselves

in the oozy trickles of the lake.

The girl lost her mind

When the sun burst through the clouds

With the warm dream of midsummer!



Preety Bora: The poetess, Mrs Preety Bora started writing from her college days, hails from a beautiful state of Assam, (India); she lives in Golaghat with her family. Nature inspires her to write poetry. She writes in both languages: in English and in Assamese (her mother tongue). Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines in India and in foreign countries.



I want the first ticket
when the concentration camp you open
is still all brass and polish.
When you fire the gas chambers,
let me be the first in. But give me the choice
of Sarin or Zyklon B.
When your Mad Mengele comes looking,
point to me for the first volunteer.
In the sealed trains you will transport the others in,
I want the first choice of seat. Close to the toilets
and away from the draft.
When you burn in the tattoos,

on my forearm inscribe 466/64.

What devilish symmetry!

Don't send me to re-education camps.

They're boring and I will probably
pelt the instructors with tomatoes.

Don't bother with self-criticism and
kangaroo courts. Waste of money.

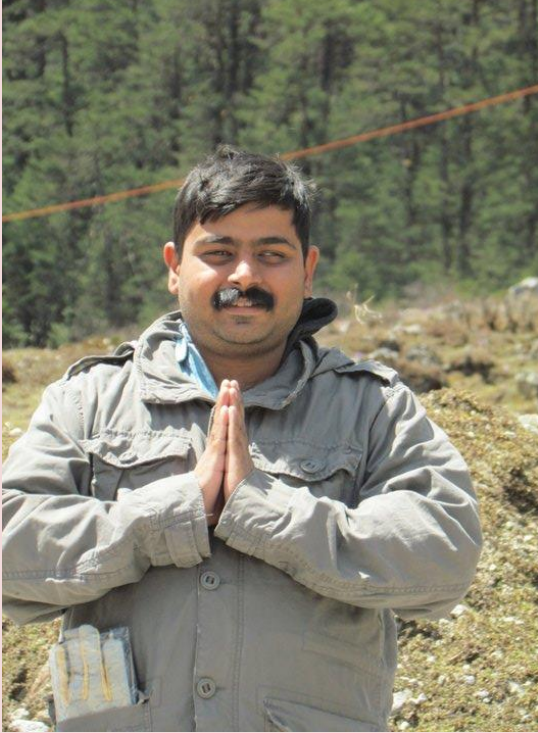
When you find my samizdat press,
melt it. I put my savings in it.

Burn the paper too. It's cheap,
but not cheap enough for you to print your trash.

And my grave. Wherever you bury me or burn me
remember to get your jackboots to piss on it.

Generation after generation.

Till the stink I raise will drown you.



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.



TICKETS PLEASE

In my days of those technology

Far from advancement and magic charm

Train tickets like yellow pieces of

Paper and foldable and lost;

Passengers caught to be reprimanded.

Faces lost and penalty incurred.

Flimsy papers in bus travels

A panic for us all until we all

Reach destinations and testing

Trials for conductors and TTs

For searching and prying into

Pockets - an unusual syndrome.

Now One-Time Password cropping

At our command of resend and clicks;

Bookings and cancellations - all

In windows and Smart mobiles;

Tickets please – show your snapshot

In mobiles and Id proofs too

The giant on wheels tracking us

On tracks expanding far beyond

Our calculations, kudos to those

Who invented them.



Radhamani Sarma: I am a poet, short story writer, residing in Chennai, India. I am a retired professor of English. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published my own poetry collections. I am also a reviewer and critic, and have contributed critical essays on living writes, and am a blogger too.



A POEM CAN HAVE ANY SUBJECT THEY SAY

A poem can have any subject they say.

My nose I pick year long, every day.

For poem of mine I pick the picking of nose,

Its theme, the joy that comes at its close!

I solemnly pledge that in every line or two,

Insert pre-planned will I tropes, allusions too.

I then begin my journey, my song sing,

Fearless plunge I into the rhetorical spring.

Forget let's not its heart, the rhyme,

Verses to knit without which, is a crime.

Without fail always among human races,
It's found fixed somewhere upon their faces.
Nose it's called, snout, proboscis or trunk,
In circles right or tone light or drunk.
You know it well, best can't turn 'bester',
Perfect more perfect, or unique 'uniquer'.
Yet more universal than even our nose,
Like love fills lovely, fills rosy its rose,
A grey-green fluid at one time or other,
Exits left nose-hole, or right, its brother,
Snot it's called, the son of snout.
That word, lettered four, offends, no doubt
The circles polite have ears wired
To Latinate mucus, royally attired.
So, snot we'll never in this poem call,
That tenant of noses, vanquisher of all
Sensations nasal. From henceforth announced
That snot will always be mucus pronounced.

So, mucus, transparent and liquid on day one
By day five congealed green, stops to run,
Is a mystery to some only God reveals,
Or physiology. When mucus congeals,
Dries hard and solid, then picking begins.
Not lust, not sloth, none of the seven sins,
Nor Id revealed can fairly explain the sense
Of release at the end, liberating, intense.



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>



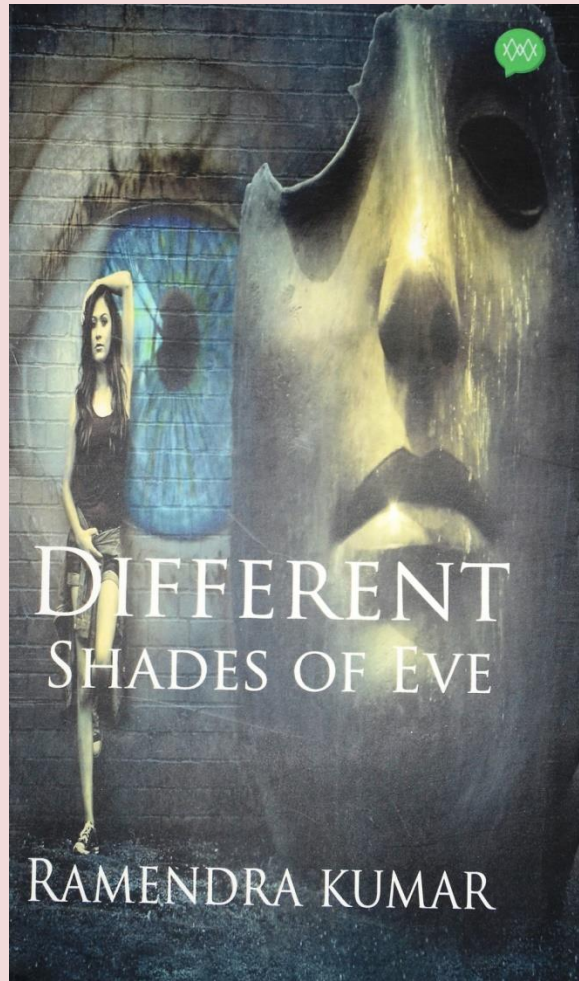
I am a woman,
My life resembles a Babool tree,
With all thorns and no shade;
I tread upon the uneven paths
Of life, strewn with stones and pebbles,
Made of penury, hardships and crises man-made;

I'm carrying on my head a metal pot,
Full of water fetched from distances,
Which seem to grow every year,
With the onset of summer, ever so hot!

For countless years I'm running the show,
And I don't intent to resign;
For my family, of course,
I am the life-line!



Rakesh Chandra: I am a Poet residing in Lucknow, India. Retired Civil Servant and pursuing Ph.D. course. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 2 poetry collections, 3 poetry anthologies.



SHE

The apology to a dance floor was poorly lit. She was standing there waiting for the music to start. As the first notes filtered across she struck a delectable pose. Gradually the tempo picked up and in tandem with the pulsating beat her body moved, creating a montage of sinuous signatures in the space which she now owned.

He watched mesmerized, his eyes caressing every nuance.

She waved, indicating she wanted him to join her. He made a few tentative moves and then slipped back into the comfort of shadows. He couldn't bear to take his eyes off her even for a second, to miss out a single strand of grace. Dancing in her presence was like a painter of signs trying out his artistry in the company of Da Vinci.

For the first time in his life he felt his dexterity with words failing him. It was like seeing a child not merely looking at the rainbow but reaching out and grabbing it and possessing it. She was exuding that supreme sense of command, that sheer, unadulterated freedom, that amazing, awe-inspiring abandon.

For the first time in his life he felt his dexterity with words failing him. It was like seeing a child not merely looking at the rainbow but reaching out and grabbing it and possessing it. She was exuding that supreme sense of command, that sheer, unadulterated freedom, that amazing, awe-inspiring abandon.

She was a paradigm of paradoxes - one moment endearingly vulnerable and the next effortlessly searing. Her eyes sparkled and smouldered weaving a web of

enchantment. She looked serene and sublime. He could never have thought that serene could sizzle. And sublime be so sexy.....

If the poet of yore had his Phantom of Delight, She was his Aphrodite of Allure.

Excerpted from Different Shades of Eve

Publisher: Woven Words Publishers (2019)

Price: Rs. 120

Amazon link:

<https://www.amazon.in/Different-Shades-Eve-Ramendra-Kumar/dp/9386897814>



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



BURSTING BUBBLES

A world I know
has an axe wedged into it
After each round of a Ferris wheel ride
it cracks a bit more apart ever so slowly
Looking around, I see more spit than art on its walls
the fissures growing apart, spreading their hairline fingers
like scraggly barren branches trying to grab at white fluff

Nothing can hold it all together much longer
bodies will fall into mindless chasms
and minds disappear into disembodied ravines
A final crunch: this glass globe will shatter
leaving behind a collective human wail
I wait eagerly for the final silence
after it all crumbles into dust
breathing in wet, green fields at the mere thought
of letting out the pent-up miasma of displeasure
this artificial cocoon forces into my breath



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



COMPLETION

it is spring and the ice is melting.

fox wants to cross a lake.

fire and water separate then unite.

her old ears are very alive, swift to any sounds of crackling.

she is like a wheel,

a complete unit,

all senses uniting behind her journey.

there is nothing to fear along the Way.

time stands still inside the wind-

the completion has commenced.

it is spring and the ice is melting.

cub fox wants to cross a lake.

fire and water first unite then separate.

his ears are busy with his heart

when the ice begins to break through.

his tail immerses as he struggles.

then he is reduced to a dream unrecalled.

soon time moves on and his whole body will freeze in the
changing wind.

another completion has commenced.



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.



<https://www.shutterstock.com/>

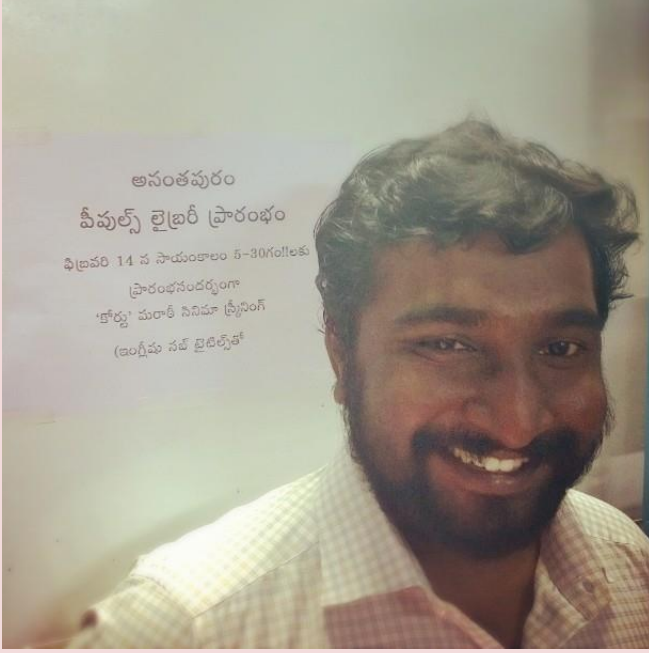
A FABLE

The people of that town lived their lives in a pattern that was so monotonous that they lost the very meaning of their existence with time. Like a reader stuck in the middle of an epic novel, where the same details keep recurring in every page; the reader, though she was convinced of her boredom, cannot stop reading it, because she was so addicted to the fictitious reality of that epic novel. Such was the condition of the people of that town - who were torn between boredom and death. The postman walked through the same streets to deliver letters of longing from hypothetical writers to their invulnerable lovers. The migrant labourer who shouldered the same bricks every day to make identical walls, similar rooms and

indistinguishable buildings. The traffic-police who controlled the irresistible traffic making same pantomimes all his life. The typist in the government office, typed the same official letters and documents so conscientiously that he wouldn't make a mistake of typing his own sentiments. Likewise, everyone in town had their own insipid story.

Once, after a tiring day, the lethargic people of that town slipped into a phenomenal sleep. In that hour when everyone was fast asleep, a violent rain trespassed into the town clinking her anklets. The people of that town remained in their undaunted sleep, as the rain rampaged the town with thick sheets of water. Meanwhile, in his sleep, the postman dreamt of a land where everyone wrote letters to him. The migrant labourer dreamt of building a historical monument. The traffic police dreamt of a road that had no traffic. The typist dreamt of writing poems with his typewriter. Before people of the town woke from their phenomenal sleep, the rain sneaked out of that town with her cold paws.

The people of that town who had least idea of the rain that happened in the parenthesis of their lives were confronted with a dreamy spectacle of a ravished landscape, devastated by a phantasmic omen. They were convinced that they woke in yet another memorable dream. And thus, for the rest of their lives thence, they lived in that dream.



Rohith: He is a poet and a medico from Andhra Pradesh, writing poetry since 7 years. His poetry has been published in various online magazines, and has been acknowledged and complimented by various senior poets.



FEELING BLUE

30 days has September

Just like the month of June

And here you are once again:

Like every year you may remember,

Waiting for something that soon

Will eliminate your wound and pain!

Meanwhile, your life has become

Like an old road without turns

Or like an attic full of old stuffs

That with time, just collects dusts,
Things no worth to remember!

Feeling trapped and confused
When your past you have refused
To totally let it go and as result,
Feeling blue and nowhere to go!

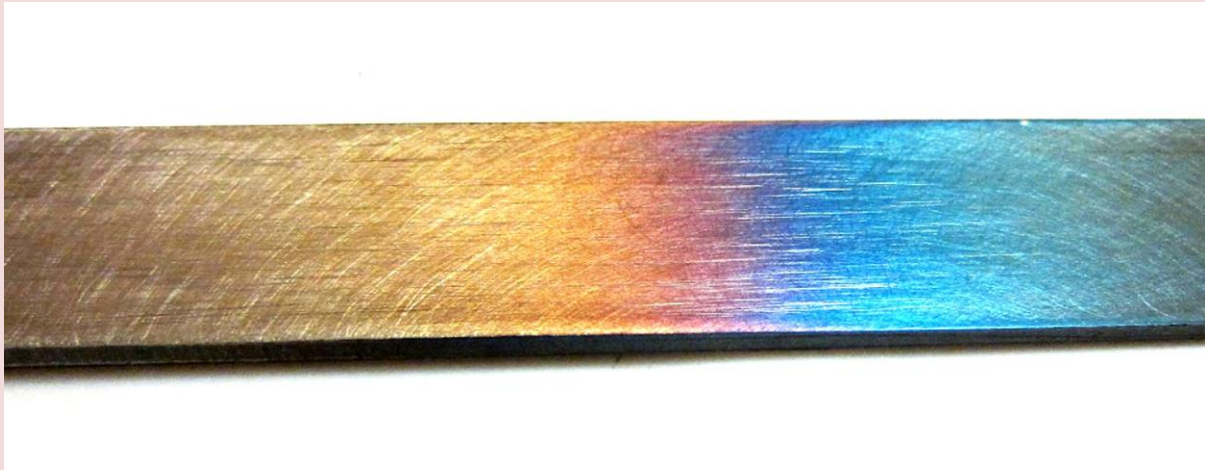
As usual, you feel like
Really trespassing
As though the whole world
Were completely owned
By someone unknown
That you don't really trust!

Now, you need his permission
To cross the boundary
Of your destiny which you own

And can freely share it with
All those who you care for!



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!



[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tempering_\(metallurgy\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tempering_(metallurgy))

TEMPERED STEEL

Tempered steel

is no different than

tempered

man:

worked

and manipulated

and fashioned

to fit the

needs

of

others.



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.



WHEN I MET THE SAINT

On a fine morning I was wandering about
As I travelled far to a lovely place,
I met a saint on the way
Long, long from my dwelling away.

How calm and quiet he was
With an ever glowing smile
As if he achieved the most precious thing,
And no more to have as a human being.

“Come to me son” he gently said
And I stepped to him with wonder
Slowly sat before the pious
With the asking in mind
“Will he give something precious”?

Perhaps he read my mind and smiled
Then touching my head with his arm he said
“All you’ll have that you wish
If there in your mind an eternal peace”.



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.



THE POSTMAN

Oh! The nostalgia of watching
That familiar, khaki-clad person pass by,
With his bag of letters at his side,
Doing what is now done by chainmail.

What's in an email, glance and forget,
While those letters are treasured
By parents waiting for children,

By children waiting for parents,
Away defending our borders.

Oh! The joy which that late
Money order brings.

He becomes equal to God
For those happy, relieved souls,
Our own trusty POSTMAN. Which I'd spent in a dream!



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.



HALO OF ENLIGHTENMENT

The descending twilight a burden on the weary shoulders of
the golden halo

Gently glides amongst the arena of clouds, drifting beneath
the horizon

Tranquility rules in the plumed hues of an orange canvas,
stretched taut

A canopy of trees silhouetted against the faint crimson sky

The world is in limbo, metamorphosed between dusk and
twilight

With aimless buffering it shall soon vanish

Dragging with it the charms of a rapidly fading xanthic
daylight

And that's when the moon and her serenade of twinkling
stars shall herald the night!

In these hours of tranquil solitude

I shall kneel before the dark skies in benevolent gratitude,
Trying to seek answers to the turbulent storms of a poetic
mind

Between thoughts and things I have been entwined

But a seductress of the darkness, I shall find my own
enlightenment in solitary confinement

Embracing the paradigms of the world slumbering, yet
vibrant

In disillusionment I shall learn to move on, refusing to let
my past play tyrant

Into new horizons I shall fly

With the birth of another new day!



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 four solo poetry anthologies and two novels and conceptualised and edited an anthology of epistles 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".



<https://www.indiamart.com/proddetail/philodendron-garden-plant-18735914048.html>

PHILODENDRON BRIDE

My dear philodendron bride

She left her soil who once

Hold her tight!!

Travel sore, my land she reached

With shivering thoughts

and dancing heart beats.

My coy philodendron bride!

She left her mother,

her friends forever

For a long new ride!

How bitterly her mother might have cried

Oh!! My Poor philodendron bride!!

With broken heart she left her home

She needs my care again to bloom.

Oh! My philodendron, wear your green

My world is waiting to see you grin!

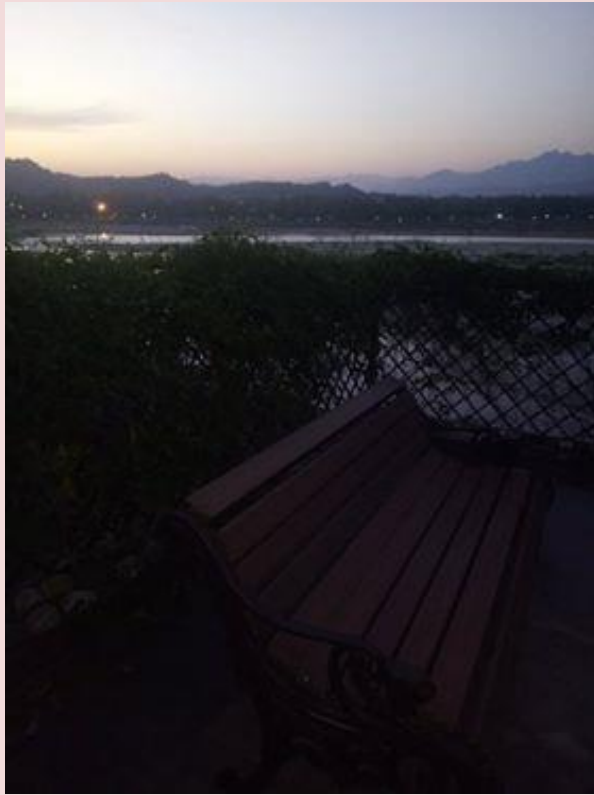
Ah! My philodendron bride!

How sweetly blushing!

I'm dying to see you always smiling!!



Sanhita Sinha: She is a native of Tripura. She is a teacher and bilingual poet. Her poems have been published in different national and international anthologies, journals and magazines. Apart from writing, she is actively engaged in cultural activities too. She is a regular artiste of television and radio too.



THE MISSING LOVERS

Twilight descends,
the road lights start twinkling,
removing the wrinkles of a fagged out day,
yearning to turn in for the night.

The mountains in the distance stand calm,
hiding many secrets in their stony hearts,
the river down below, whispers secrets to itself.
The knotty trees naughtily try to eavesdrop.

A crescent moon shines forth,
actually, it is the magnanimous sky
looking down with a silvery half eye
at the vacant bench, waiting to be claimed
by the missing lovers who sat there
kissing and necking just a few days back.

Where are they?

Where has love gone?

Gobbled by rampant hate?

Will they come back and canoodle under the moon lit sky ?

Will they?



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'.



THE JOURNEY OF A SPIRITUAL SEEKER

As my childhood goes far far behind

I strive to be one of a kind

Different from those who feel exhausted of youth

I want to understand the truth

The truth keeps me young and going

Its practice keeps me vibrant and glowing

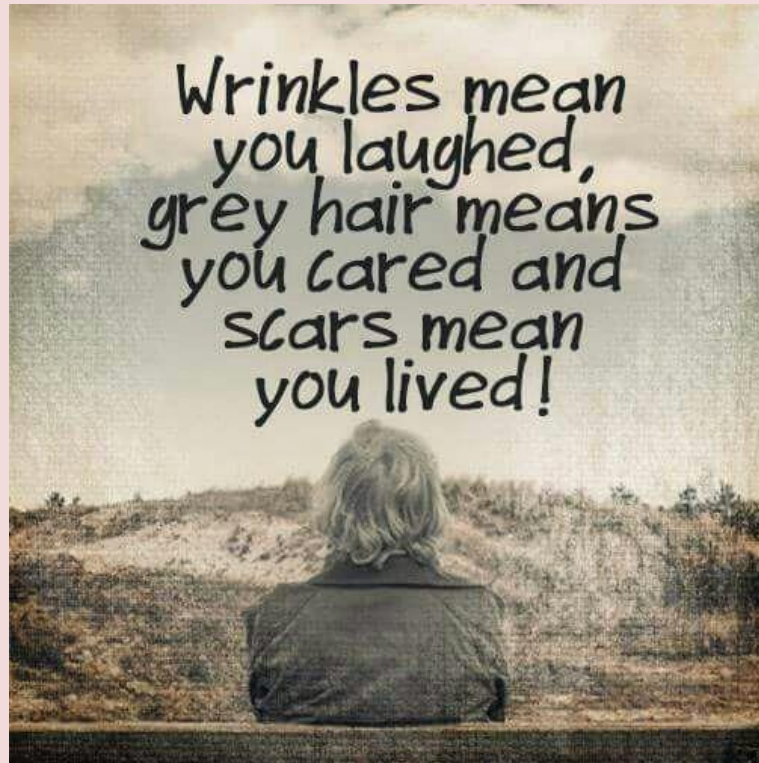
But this is not my destination

I want to go far beyond my imagination

That is why I am a spiritual seeker
I need more to fill the beaker
Of my heart with grace and its essence
And my love and childlike innocence



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.



FADING AWAY...

I am fading away slowly

I am no more that fun loving girl

Slowly fading away into oblivion

Only the memories of my past make my heart beat faintly

Walking away from life

Is not so easy

Umpteen number of things to be done before I fade away totally

Like a zombie I am walking through the misty jungle where
none can be seen

My mind blank my feet moves slowly

Only few memories of the past I hold

A handful of sweet memories

When he was with me

For a short while before he bid goodbye forever!

I am fading away

Slowly but surely

As memories hurt

Like an open wound

Let me walk and walk

Till I feel little comfortable in my heart

As the soft jungle breeze

Kisses my aching heart!



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.



BRINE

Out in blue yonder

let loose the velvet

Whisper warm white light

soft with the turning of storm

Leave me in shallows

bathing with sea shells

Ripe orchard season

sugar for miles in our eyes



Scott Thomas Outlar: He lives and writes in the suburbs outside Atlanta, Georgia. His most recent book, *Of Sand and Sugar*, was released by Cyberwit in 2019. More information about his work can be found at 17Numa.com.



I love to walk in the rain
When the skies come down
Copiously
lavishing love
Wrapping the earth
In a shrug of unending embrace

I love to walk in the rain
When the clouds are so low
It's like walking through heavens doors
Talking in deep swigs of

An invisible angel's misty whispers
Every breath deeply invigorated

I love to walk in the rain
When the skies have retreated
Wearing a washed out blue
far above
All spent yet replete
after a torrid roll on Earth

I love to walk in the rain
When it comes down in torrents
Sky rivers enveloping Earth so
And as I walk into the upended streams
drenched to my bones
My skin melds the rivulets
Into a watery song

I love to walk in the softest of rains
When leads me into mellow dreams
Of a world made of smudged teal lines
And the horizon having imploded
Welds itself into a watery earth
And It's only the skies for the eyes

But best of all

I love to walk in the rain
When it is at its finest fall
Almost like a gossamer web
It wafts, undulates and shimmers in the cool air
Like a puff of baby's sweet breath

As I walk on with my face tilted
Into the soft invisible aqua skies



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.



A SUNNY DAY IN DARKNESS

Can I see sun shining in the midst of

Dark clouds

Hoping against hope that clouds don't obscure the bright
sunlight

Light shining as against darkness

A ray of hope, in the midst of dark clouds

Shining through darkness

Weaving its way slowly, but thoroughly

In the beaming pattern of timelessness.

Mind, a beacon of hope
Creating a pattern as on a slope
Pulling its way out of timelessness
A beautiful hibiscus of time
And beauteousness.

Slowly but surely
A chasm emerges
Wherein the bridge between beauty and colour
Begins to evolve
In the myriad pool of mindfulness
And soulfulness



Shobha Warriar: I am a poet residing in Chennai. I am a housewife. I have contributed to a few anthologies. I have also published poems and also one collection of a few poems written by me.



<http://clipartportal.com/author/clipartportal/page/59929/>

CAUGHT UNAWARES...

anatomy of an acid attack

This morning wrapped in drear repose,
prying sky and drying pond and frying sun;
streets with war-zone traffic, crying rage.
Just another waking city, just another day.

She walks up as she always does.

The bus-stop welcomes her, it always does.

Their faces crowd like bouquet blooms.

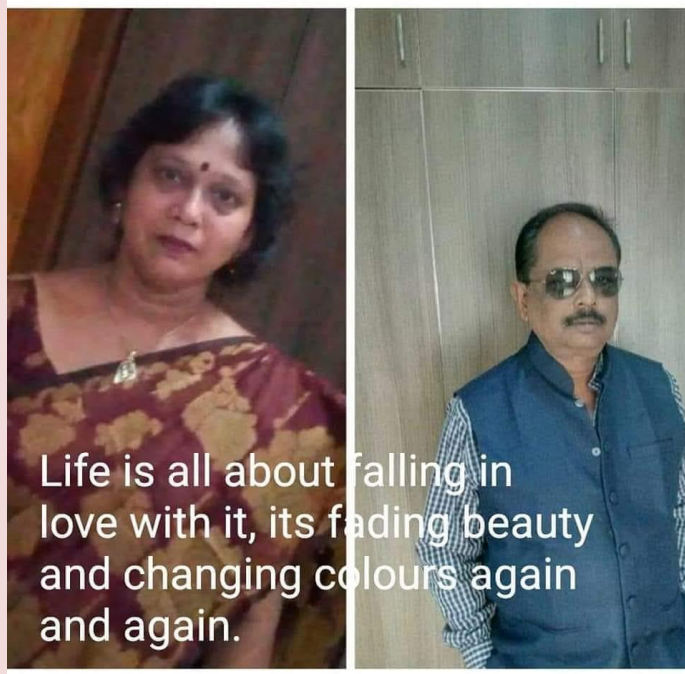
There's so much more to go...

Unaware of eyes that never leave her,
her thoughts go far into the forming day.
The sky's at rest till lightning sears.
Her scream jolts a world of blameless souls.

The day goes on, the traffic roars.
We all play on, the game goes on.
Night descends, her crumpled skin drips.
Her soul, a chasm of endless screams.



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.



I STILL HAVE THE MOMENTS

I know not how much I love you and

what you mean to me, where do I stand in a world so lovingly blanketed by you?

But I always miss and forget the day, you stepped into my life, changed everything around and made me a man of worth and life a beautiful reality yet to be explored.

The reason being, you made each day so beautiful, so special and fascinating,

each more spellbinding than the other, I just forgot to differentiate yesterday from today and tomorrow.

Even after so many years, it seems as if

yesterday I feel in love and today will tie
the nuptial knot in presence of the Goddess of love

When I look back to those toiling days,
mental agony, physical stress and hardship,
I find you standing like a rock encountering the odds,
enduring all the pain alone without giving a hint to what
you have done.

It is for you, I am here.

It is for you, life, its beauty and colours

Whatever I see, I see you, your efforts, purpose and
commitment translated into reality

You know I can't live with anyone else.

You have carried me all along,

be with me till I am here.

You know! I can't carry me

I still need the able navigator in the boisterous sea



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



ON THE SUICIDE OF DR. PAYAL TADVI

The daily dose of ragging

The daily dose of humiliation

That feeling of helplessness

That feeling of being ill equipped

That feeling of loneliness

That feeling of abandonment

The daily pain of living

The pain of dying daily

That sinking feeling of bewilderment

That sinking feeling of giving up

That moment of madness

That moment of darkness

She bled unspoken words from her fingers

Watched as they fell from the ends of her hand

Her letters remained unanswered

Their silence remained her friend

Her road seemed to have reached a dead end

Their apathy goaded her to jump over the bend

There she hung from the ceiling fan
Wrapped and tied carried out in a van

Overworked schedule became an over dose

There was a beautiful life that was too precious to lose.



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.



HINT OF PASSION

You and me

and no one else

shall renew intimacy

on zigzag lines of

changing process

trying times

wavering season

their hurl of
painful abrasion
shall not deter
nor shall host a reason
to thwart our conviction

we shall be on
an exquisite giving mode
pour out flames of
endless desire
burying boundaries of
reality and fiction

our moist breath
at every hint of passion
shall once more condense
tickle senses
to get the feel of

buttery stacks smothered
in syrupy goodness
goad us remain
addicted to romantic overtures
till advent of dawn.



Sujata Dash: I am a poet, residing in Bhubaneswar, India. I work as a Banker. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published one poetry anthology.



YOU MIGHT COME ACROSS...

You might come across
The beauty and power,
Again you might come across
With status or wealth,
Pride and ego,
To detach you dear
In many a ways,
By hex.
For they are for the time being.
But when you will come across

With the evergreen, imperishable love,
It will never harm you,
Rather will help to proceed forward,
Hence instead running after
Evanescent things like beauty, pride and opulence
Follow love that will make your life
Worth living, smooth forever.



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.



YOU

In the abyss of my mind

In the corner of my heart

There is such a place, timeless!

A feel that nobody can replace.

There only resides you and you

Echoes of your laughter,

Ripple of your soft words

That my heart and mind always do care.

In my mind, there is a place,
Darker than darkest.
Sometimes you dispel it,
With your smile full of grace.

When nobody is around me
You come in my thought suddenly
My imagination talks to you
I remain mute in lieu.

You hold my hand
Take me to another land
I wish! You would come in reality
And we would walk hand in hand.



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from India. She born and brought up in city Kolkata in a family of teachers. From her childhood she has had a keen interest in music, poetry and drama. She is a published poetry writer and her poems have been published in many national and international anthologies, magazines and blogs. She is the founder of an online poetry group and working as an admin of some poetry groups to promote literature throughout the world. Poetry is her passion and she wants to continue it until her last breathe.



THE ME

The me is willing to be,

Needs to be,

At rest.

Thoughtless,

Just breathing,

Listening to breath,

Inhale and exhale.

Left nostril's blocked,

The right duty bound,

Plays its part,

Like the whole of me,
Half failing,
The rest duty bound,
Functions valiantly.
Till it protests
With violent sneezes;
Forced, I grab rest.



Sumita Dutta: I am a publisher, poet, and novelist residing in Chennai, India. I work as a teacher, writer, digital designer, and publisher. I have contributed to various online sites and anthologies. I have also published a novel and contributed to three print anthologies. My publishing firm is three books old, having launched my debut novel *The Heart of Donna Rai*, Poet Geeta Varma's debut book of poetry *To My Violin*, and Sri Chinmoy Biswas's *An Overview of Spirituality*.



YOUR EMPTY CHAIR

Do you ever see me sitting there
the way I see you daily
in your empty chair?
Slouching, relaxing,
leaning back,
long legs stretching,
under the table
reaching where I sat.
Your hands working
many a way
running often
through that mop of peppery hair.

Did you ever see me
sitting alone,
catching sunbeams,
chilled to the bone?

Cold fingers
of your absence,
freeze memories of the touch
of your warm presence,
as I yearn for days
now, forever flown.

Have you ever known
the pain I have known?



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.



<https://www.offset.com/photos/portrait-of-girl-at-window-waving-goodbye-220059>

A TEARY FAREWELL

A sobbing kid
calls out
from behind
the barred window.

a tear
suspended

on a sunken cheek
like an uncut diamond.

Mother waves back
in a hurry to catch a bus,
her tears
held back.

---a daily scene.



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>



You put it in
Hard steel in my back
Breaking my spine
Thinking I shall fall, grovel and beg
Fall I did
Caught unawares
My face in the mud
Bleeding and injured
But beg
I never shall
Yes, I cannot stand on my feet
I shall die a painful death -

My body, fodder for the birds and animals of prey -

Tearing and cutting pieces off

Gouging my eyes out

If this is surrender - so be it

But I will not give in.



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.



acrylic painting by suzette portes san jose

BETWEEN SMILES AND TEARS

in the misty shadow of the ghastly curtain
that constantly falls in the splendor of the day
smiling lips in a silly grin may bless the way
though wet and drenching from the rain

a look on oneself so far from your sights
from dusk till dawn not seeing the lights

hurdled by darkness i hold back my tears
only the thoughts of you comforted my fears

like a rose velvety petals with dew drops kiss
in wonders of color, you were there in a bliss
greeting the sun, a bow by those fluttering wings
just to tell time to start again upon beginnings

from each day shall the cold breeze touch the air
with a warm embrace to have and to share
between smiles and tears, i found you so near
yet like a cloud of smoke, i couldn't touch you dear



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.



SPRING CLEAN

She had been dancing barefoot and carefree for a long time now

Time to wear a pair of sensible shoes
and clear the chaos in her mind.

The words once hidden behind the veil of oblivion.

Painful memories

stored in the attick

began to crawl out of the drawers of an old cabinet.

Suddenly

she entered an invisible world

with blind eyes she read

the writing on the wall.

Behind her eyelids she could see pictures

of lived life.

Powerful scenes UNFOLDED.

Whispering shadows spoke

loudly from every corner

of her mind.

She felt a sudden urge to scream out loud.

To release

THE PRIMAL SCREAM.

She decided to climb the highest mountain

in the world.

She started climbing up the mountain wall, a task more difficult than expected.

She failed time after time -

and was forced to adjust her expectations.

She was clearly not a mountaineer.

She pondered and wondered a little while.

The answer was simple...

At the foot of the mountain

she screamed out, out

The sound vibrated vigorously through the mountain -

THE PRIMAL SCREAM.

Free!



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.



GANDHARI TO DURYODHAN

My dear son! For God's sake, please take in sail.

Please don't initiate a time of bloody fratricide.

The miscalculated desires and flaming lust will fail

To pacify the narrow circumstances of your mind.

My dear! Don't go a rampage to destroy everything.

Don't be rambunctious to invite a sanguinary war.

It would be one of the nameless vices for a king

Like you, for nothing fruitful but for a complete disaster.

In the war you would be the slayers of each other.

You would destroy all warriors of great valour.

Then where you would find men to challenge a wicked star

Who wishes to send the king to beg from door to door?

If you really enjoy supreme power, don't go to your head.

Rather, be united but let none change into a renegade.



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.



PILGRIMAGE

Tirelessly and endlessly

A pilgrim idles on a platform

For his journey beyond the horizon to take shape

For the pilgrimage avowed to himself and began

With unflinching zeal and determination,

For his train supposedly to arrive

A pilgrim idles on a platform

Tirelessly and endlessly

His pilgrimage

Stands suspended in unison with him

For a scheduled train

Ironically without its whereabouts,

A baggage full of his past promises,

Unfinished Duties and obligations accompany him beside

Glaring and unattended

For his insatiant gaze

Slowly but surely his co-travellers reroute their journeys

And leave one by one

With absence of judgement

With no sense of time lost

Without the fear of companies aborted

With the stigma of unfinished obligations

He tirelessly waits

With all his awarenesses glued

To the train.

And the train has no awareness
Of the waiting pilgrim
And all his stakes!



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.



UNNOTICED

In a world without you

The leaves would still rustle

In deep autumn hues

Who would register?

The rust pools blowing my way

Whistled a little less this season

In a planet where you did not exist

The sun would rise as usual

No heads would turn
When the aurora dazzled but one shaft less

In a land sans toi
Sowing would reap
The fertile terra would yield
Who would cast a glance at that barren spot?
Amongst lush verdant pastures

And my poem would still
Read to its reader
As nuanced
Or as obvious

Unnoticed would go
A missing refrain
That forever dipped you in every syllable!



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



A NEW SANDCASTLE

Tranquility of this atmosphere

Is being disturbed in every few seconds by the tidal waves
of ocean,

And took me away from this land to the land of harsh
realities of life

where I found Pain and only pain

I just wanted to move from that life

But when your mind is not free from the noise of self

How come you will feel peaceful in such calm weather!!

Every coming wave says something

Every pebble has some story

Many people crushed these pebbles under their feet
Look at this huge tree
It had to be suffered a lot
To become such a big tree
This bench had a great story
Many people used to sit here
But no one has such wealthy
In case of distress and pain, as me
I was deceived by the cruel lines
Of this enigmatic destiny
Oh!! I suffered a lot
This network of thoughts made me feel sad
Suddenly I saw my baby leaving his footprints on the sand
I forgot my all miseries
My all depression
And started busy to build a new sandcastle!!
A castle of dreams
A castle of happiness!



Varsha Saran: She is a homemaker but a bilingual poetess and a story writer by her passion, her many poems and stories have been published in different international Anthologies,,ezines, magazines and newspapers .She won many awards in writing.



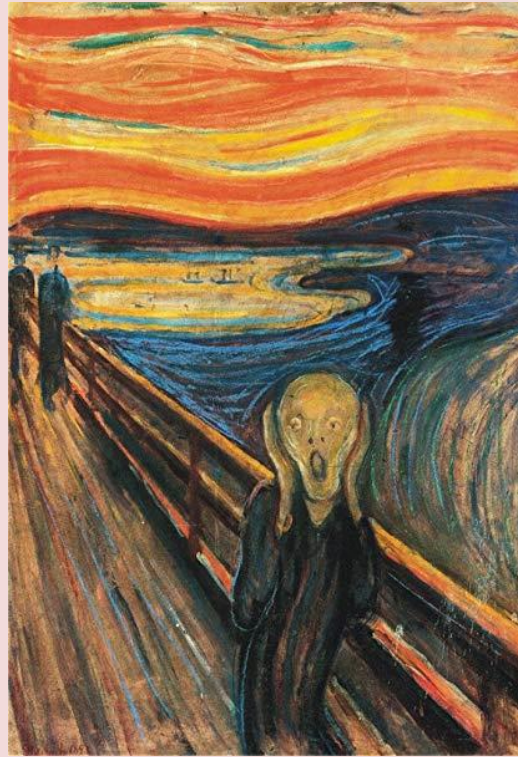
THE CATCH

The downswinging willow having got under,
Made perfect timing, the flat front
Impacting a middle, the hit a stroke of power.
The white comet, wacked just right,
Took off towards the heavens,
Only to make an enormous curve,
A magnificent parabola.
I sighted its path was towards me,
And with breath held ecstatically,
My eyes ne'er leaving the hurtling trail,
Cupped hands coordinating with my vision,
I poised, prepared to take the catch,

And when I did, the cameras,
Hitherto following the ascent and descent,
Now zoomed in on me —
My hands, the firm hold that accepted the catch,
My eyes, a spontaneous change of expression
from fixation to exhilaration,
My jump, an ecstatic rise of overwhelmed happiness —
And a million voices from the gallery around,
Soared in unison, as the glittering scoreboard flashed
that electrifying word — SIX!



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. I have also published a book of poems.



INTERMISSION

The silent scream that takes your breath away
Is not drawn from the exhausted painting
On the priceless wall, beyond your reach,

Waiting to be stolen, like the kisses
Of an unforgettable pastel spring in Paris--
It is what we all hear, day after day

When our fallen idols choke on pretence
And burn new bridges after every blast
While prayers are lost somewhere in the clouds--

Does the ringing of bells mean anything
Anymore? The demons are within
Offering wreaths with smiles, as our thoughts

Wander through the crowded corridors of history--
Our hunchbacked selves observe the testimony
And the screaming eloquence of ancient flames.



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.



GIFTS FOR MYSELF

What would I gift myself?

Oh! I would gift myself many things

But the first I guess would be a pair of wings

A friend of mine I saw her with her pair

They are strong shiny invisible things

She flaps them once twice and flies far

To visit all the places I would love to see

Wild green forests, white rushing rivers

Snow-capped Alps, the Savannah, the Pyrenees

The Thar and the Ganges.

I also would gift myself pots of money

Now don't you laugh

Well that is a must if I have to use my wings

Or else I would be worrying

Because only a woman with money and space can write
freely

Said Virginia. The Woolf, you know and with her, I totally
agree

For why else would I need strong invisible wings and money

But to write and write my heart away.

Then there's love.

That I already have. And happiness too

That we carry with us as we choose.

I believe in matters of the heart I have chosen well

Joy, peace are choices I have made

You see, I'm quite practical

Well, that's settled. Wings, money

And the rest will follow naturally.

What would I gift you?

The same that I gifted myself

All that brings happiness

Life is simple and beautiful

And if it's songs or painting

or something else that's your thing

Then so be it.

Plus a pair of wings.

From me to you.



Vineetha Mekkoth: I am a poet, writer, editor residing in Calicut, India. I work as Assistant State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published a poetry collection. An article published in latest issue of Malayalam Literary Survey, a Kerala Sahitya Akademi publication.



<https://in.pinterest.com/pin/323977766915501784/?lp=true>

Walking along the river,
I reached the cremation Ghat
And saw a rich man being eaten
By leaping, hungry flames,
Dancing in joy with every bite
They had of his ego,
And of his vanity.
The thick smoke rising from the pyre
Had a pungent smell of charred flesh.
One could hear the bubbling

And the crackling of bones.

Music of life in its real sense

Or the announcement of everything futile!



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



SONNET 102

With the screeching of owl at dead of night
I am Paris, the disobedient prince of Troy,
And you, my own personal Helen sublime,
What havoc will our love cause to the world?
Will there be another thousand ships sailing
To take you from the cosy bed with warmth
From love making through the night to sunrise?
A war lasting ten long years against a wall?
Another Ulysess and another wooden horse?
Will there be another Troy for you to burn?
An Achilles shot in the heel to fulfil a prophecy
And an Aeneid on the run to found a Rome.

If none of this happens for us my love

Love is but a myth for the future to decide on.



Zulfiqar Parvez: He is the Vice Principal cum O Levels English Language Teacher, London Grace International School, Dhaka. He has done his Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from the University of Rajshahi.



ciao! 😊