

GloMag

GloMag

*Monthly Online Poetry and Prose
Magazine*

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Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

GAURI DIXIT



Title of the Cover Pic: Humans Are Monochrome

Link

<https://www.instagram.com/dixitgauri/>

About The Artist

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. Flowers are her all-time favourite subjects for photography. She also dabbles in pencil sketching at times.

Art Perspective

The cover picture for Glomag has been one of my favourite pictures. I was visiting the Kas Pathar (Maharashtra's valley of flowers) in October 2018. Hoping to see and click thousands of flowers, that day it was hundreds of people everywhere. Loud, flashy, insensitive to nature, scrambling to get clicked near the flower beds even if it meant crushing a few flowers. Just then I saw these purple/pink flowers. Such was their beauty, that it relegated the people to background as dark shadows. While looking at the picture afterwards, I felt that in spite of all the colours that the people wore, they looked just black and white when compared to nature and the flowers. That is when I decided to try the colour pop technique to only keep the colour of the flowers and that was it. I had this picture 'People are monochrome'.

Every other being in the nature finds glory in the colours that they are born with and only we colour ourselves using cosmetics/clothes/jewellery to hide the lack of colour.

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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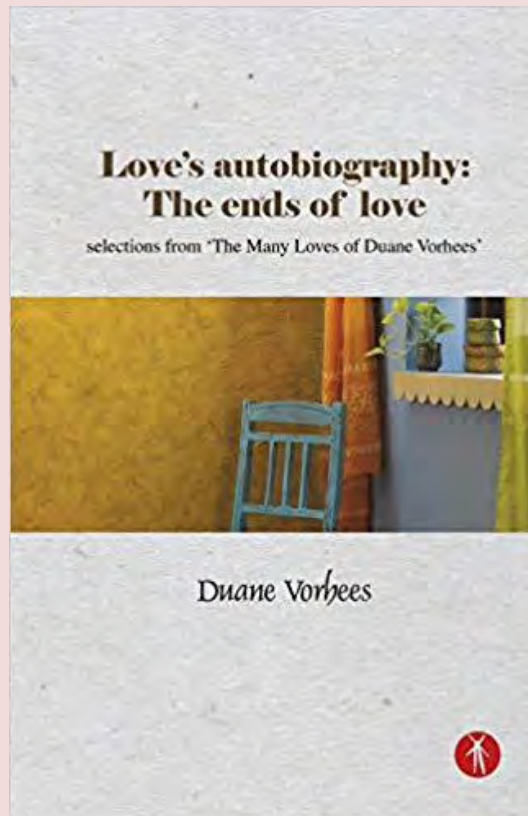
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BACKGROUND MUSIC: 'In Dino' instrumental from movie 'Life In A Metro'.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

**Love's Autobiography: The Ends Of Love: selections from
The Many Loves of Duane Vorhees**

Published by Hawakal Publishers



LINKS

Amazon (United States)

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/9387883175/>

Amazon (United Kingdom)

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/9387883175/>

Hawakal.com

<http://www.hawakal.com/books/english-books/loves-autobiography-the-ends-of-love/>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Duane Vorhees 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.

REVIEWS

a serious poet who uses his experiences of love, loss and longing to hone his craft of poetry.

--Amit Shankar Saha

Let's just get this out of the way right now: these are some good poems. Like, really, really good poems. If you appreciate good poetry and are not prudish about subject matter, you should read this collection. Period. If you take nothing else away from this review, take away that. The pieces in Love's Autobiography: The Ends of Love are playful, erotic, insightful, and above all, smart.

--Lauren Scharhag

Love's Autobiography: The ends of love controls the atavistic impulses of poetic creation in an attempt to portray the essence of love and the sensations of desire. Poetry itself is revealed as a prison of language, something bolder and more musical than prose.

--Dustin Pickering

A confession, but the tricky Hollywood kind, where you confess how you're going to burn down the villain's house. Where you tell the buxom lass how long you've been in love with her.

--Robin Wyatt Dunn

In this ledger-book the different chapters are all known to us. We find tenderness, tragic, contempt, humour, weakness, uncertainty...presented to the reader sometimes in a mirthful, sometimes sad tone, sometime in an enigmatic, ironical, surrealistic, cynical, metaphorical, even hermetic tone or just in a "matter of fact" way.

--Paulette Spescha-Montibert

Duane Vorhees gives us poems to reflect on how we feel about a subject that has affected us all before and after our birth. He unabashedly comes at the subject from every

position and angle, so to speak, not shying away from lust, loss, and, of course, love.

--J. Stephen Howard

Duane sums up every poet, writer, and musician's emotional state of mind. This is truly a masterpiece of poetry.

--Ann Christine Tabaka

Duane Vorhees' latest book is a celebration of love that could only have been written by a man who has lived as much as Mr. Vorhees has. It is an exclamation of language, sex, intimacy, and exploration that is both intensely personal and shouted from a stage with a bullhorn. It's a most impressive collection and highly recommended for all lovers of modern poetry.

--Keith Francese

What you will find in this book is a playful use of words and language, even from the very beginning. Vorhees takes life and love and uses poetry as a medium for exploring its complexities.

--JD DeHart

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

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.



Occupation: Poet, Publisher and Novelist

Book, Ebook or Audio, which do you prefer? I thought online books were the thing, but when it comes to reading, I find I love the peace of a paperback in my hand and no fighting for the remote. Also, I feel theatre (movie and otherwise) and hard copy books are the only two media that engage all the senses, even the subconscious.

Fav book: Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen (and I don't know why I like it so much)

Fav movie: I'm the gullible movie goer who will leave behind reason and intelligence and be willingly led on. It takes very little to please me. So, yeah, too many to count.

Fav song: "Jeevan se na haar o jeene wale" from the movie "Door ka rahi". This song came on the radio at the lowest point in my life and I go back to it every time I'm down. I love Kishore Kumar solos. And I love soft melodies with good lyrics. Lyrics are very important to me.

Fav hobby: Writing, writing, writing.

Fav color: Pink.

Fav sport: Badminton

Fav food: Rice, sambar, and fish fry with jalebi for dessert.

Fav pet: Dog (especially brown Indian street dogs)

Fav actor: Shah Rukh Khan and Rajnikant

Fav actress: Alia Bhatt

Life philosophy: See things from God's perspective.

One liner describing you: Enigmatic.

Favorite holiday destination: Kodaikanal.

Favorite quote: Everything I want is outside my comfort zone.

Birthday: January 6, 1964

Sign off message: I'd never sign off on any of you.

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IF RAIN THEN RIVER

If rain is birth,
Then the river its death;
Waters of worth,
Find a new breath.

If rain is Father,
All rivers are his children;
Being at home in an ocean together,
The lands of brethren in heaven.

If rain has a soul,
Then river becomes the body;

Life swims in an eternal bowl,
Even the Gods live here in custody.

If raindrops are colours,
The river is a painting;
Boats and fishes live to see like viewers,
An endlessness starts and ends in nowhere.

If rain sings itself in a song,
Then river is the dance;
Flawless performance flows for earthly beings,
The celebration simply waits for a chance.

If words do rain,
The river becomes a poem;

Blue ink reaches and drains in pain,
Poetry by nature for carpe diem.

If hope is the name of rain,
Rivers thank by meeting oceans in an Amen;
A drop of life returns back into the skies again.



Aakash Sagar Chouhan: I am a Poet currently residing in Tamil Nadu, India. Since the last six years, I have worked as Customer Service Rep in various BPOs. 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.



A MOWER

The saturnine old man sat on the same bench, wore the same cap and the same shoes, and was sipping tea quietly.

“How is the day?” I sat on the opposite and asked.

“It’s brilliant!” He scoffed and reposted, “How is yours?”

“Excellent!”

“Good!”

“Who is he?” I asked, pointing to a middle-aged lanky, bald man, sitting stealthily beside him.

“Oh! Take him easy, my boy. He’s a mower. A nice fellow! His wife eloped last year. And he lost sleep. Give him a root.”

“I’ve no such a store.”

“But you roam around jungles,” muttered he.

“Where from do you collect such sample, man?”

“Ah! You have no decency,” he rued and assured Murmu,
“Don’t wear woe. I find the correct boy. Somehow he’ll manage. Wait a few days more,” he patted the mower.

“The sky is overcast. Let’s hurry,” I hinted.

“Okay. When do you ring the bell then?”

“Coming Saturday, but there’s no guarantee.”

“Who needs guarantee? Our life itself is not guaranteed beyond a second’s breath,” the old man sallied.

“Beat drums. Your case is solved,” the old man patted Murmu again.

He looked bewildered and scratched his palm.

“Give something for snuff and puff.”

The mower fumbled out a sullied note.

“Go and fence your home. Soon you’ll be blessed with a scented flower, I mean root.”

“Why do you steal a mower?” calmly I asked.

“Who steals?”

“You,” I blasted.

“Nowhere in the world there’s a free lunch, my boy,” calmly he said.



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



RELEASE MY WINGS

Take my nostalgia, and release my wings

I hate to be a bird in your lifetime cage

So many people have died in the mountain

but I survived because of your breathe

the honey of the bee in now a flavour to

my thirsty dreams whenever I want to kiss you

I sleep with my thoughts on the old pillow
and I smile after I drink my cup of tea with a

burning cigarette on my depressing lips
with eyes waiting on the candles to die with no

Regrets...



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 has also 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.



GAIA

Emerged from the depths of chaos

Mother of sky, mountains, sea, man.

She wove the thread of life

From many intimately linked elements.

We are one big family.

And depend on each other

- Humans, plants, animals.

We share a common destiny.

Man belongs to the Earth

And is a small part of the weave.

Harming the soil, flora or fauna

He condemns himself to death in solitude



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.



NEXT GENIUS

What he mined wasn't minerals
or esoteric gemstones but clogged veins
of the brain.

Why he traipsed ten miles through a saber-toothed
blizzard
for a thimbleful of opium
to this day remains known only
to him.

Still, what he mined wasn't minerals
or esoteric gemstones but clogged veins
of the brain.



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.



IF LOVE ENDS

They say love ends.

They show court-papers,
to prove their claims true.

Point at slammed doors,
come up with sad metaphors
that of withered trees
and wilted love letters.

I hoarsely shout at them.

Flash at them photos of
auburn sunsets replete
with wordless talks, smiles

exchanged on hot coffee,
the eager cushion of a
sturdy shoulder to rest on.

And the fight is on between
their conviction and my belief.
On the days my voice grows feeble
for doubts have crept in, I
envision a lone peepal tree,
frisking out from dilapidation.
Its trepidation, denying death.



Amanita Sen: Her first book 'Candle In My Dream' was published from Writers Workshop. Her poems have got published in more than 10 anthologies and various journals in India and abroad.



REALIZATION

Lightning

Seared through my brain

Hurtling down the arm

That held my phone.

‘This is real,’

My brain whispered

As the voice at the other end said,

‘I will go to any lengths

To achieve my targets.’

The words resonated
In my head
Boomeranging
From ear to ear
As the past fell
Into place.
'I know,' I whispered.
Somewhere inside
I knew
This person
At the other end of the phone
Would trample
Over anybody.
Ruthlessness was part of
His individuality.
Because
He was
A salesman.



Ameeta Agnihotri: Two words resonate in her mind: be present. That explains why nothing ever comes between her food and her. “When I am doing my job, I’m there for a reason,” says the lady who has loved food and writing all her life. “It is the present that matters. I believe in giving it my best. Always. Instead of looking at the whole intimidating picture, I set small goals: one step at a time, one day at a time, and like magic, the job is done.” She has 10 books on various subjects to her credit. And has a few ideas up her sleeve. “It’s the publishers that are missing,” she laughs. “The world has gone digital, so it's Instagram stories now.”



THE POET NEVER GROWS OLD

All grow old

The world grows old

Its hair turns gray

Grows old sunshine

Grows old rain

Only the poet grows not old

The 96-year-old adolescent poet

Prematurely dies again and again

In love with rosebuds

Still he grows not old.



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.



SPRING

Could there be a day so perfect...

Leaves me in ponder.

One gaze outside,

From my little glass window...

Behold! A ray of golden lush,

Awaits my snowy cottage door,

Bloom again. Begin afresh.

'Cause it's Spring again.

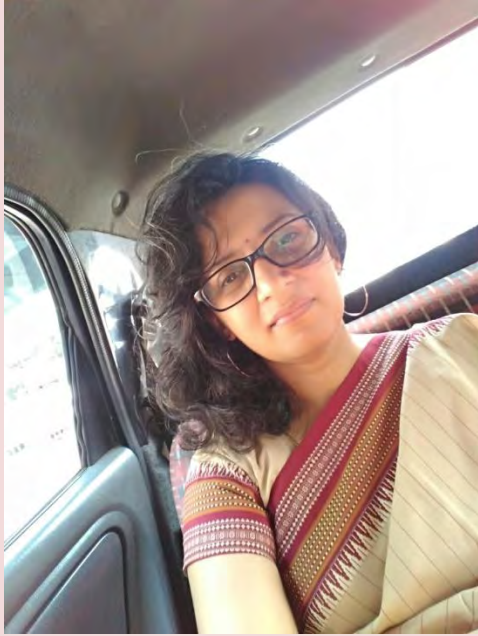
Shower some light,
O mother nature.
Descend the melting snows,
And water your soil.
One more ounce for the earth to grow,
'Cause it's Spring again.

The bird strums my best song,
Now, I hear its humdrum.
The skies dawn a clear blue,
Welcome to the season new.
'Cause it's Spring again.

Every grass wants to grow,
The green haven is spread to glow.
The tall palm lends a shade,
Let my sunglasses look up in daze.
'Cause it's Spring again.

The tiny bud whispers a word,
Blossom my flower.
Smell its scent,
Once again it's a fragrant night.
'Cause it's Spring again.

Love me wow,
Make my orchard green.
Sing my prayer,
Reserve my remembrance.
'Cause it's Spring again.



Ami Parekh: I am a poet, writer residing in Mumbai, India. I work as a Creative Head. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have one published poetry anthology. I have also been published in the Verse of Silence Magazine, November 2018 issue.



LOVE IN THE SUNSET DAYS

How I love to dally with
the concoction of moments galore
moments preserved with the spices of nostalgia
culled from the platter of life.

How I love to flirt with
precious moments, proud moments, drowsy as the dim
dawn
bridging flyleaves.

How I love to juggle the basking moments
echoing heartthrobs in ripples
lashing shores of
anecdotes, accolades, love bestowed.

Wafting the seven seas, seven stages of life
they whisper tales of once upon a time
chime aromatic dreams
 in the stale fragrance of a demure jasmine.

Barging in through the nook of reverie
crevice of insomnia
tease a lone heart
bounce it back to fleeced warmth
to uplift, enliven, enchant
 the final untrodden lap.



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.



ANARCHY AND THE SEA: POEMS OF AMITABH MITRA

And I float
Within

Sky above
I stretch my hands

Space, they tell me
Is physics

And time
Catches love too

Eternity
Eternity



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



The night, a vertical rectangle of black

The window, left; half-open.

Love, half a glass pane.

White, its handled frame.



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 Significant 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 PhD was on Samuel Beckett and his thesis was later published as Samuel Beckett's English Poetry: Transcending the Roots of Resistance in Language. He has also co-edited Inklings and Umbilical Chords.



TAKE A STAND

All tactile reasons

From the heart

Might just compel

The picture to distort

Rise above all sentiments to see

The truth is not as sweet

As it seems

As bitter it'd be
The remedy concrete
A dose of the same
Shall cure and tame
The wild and wicked
Hurting only to heal instead
Of cowardice you might choose
To ignore and move on
And that's how you lose
And go wrong
Stand up and assert yourself to fight
Assuredly being in the right
No violence so to say
Or any force to display
Tow the intellect
For all you can
To correct the defect
While you grow and stand



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.



SILENCE THE GUNS

Silence the guns
Silence the mind
Silence the heart.

Arise from the slumber
Of anarchy and dogma
Stop the killing! Stop the maiming!
Why or why can't you see the futility
Of violence and torture?
There is no glory in murder and rape
In the name of war only the illusion of power
snatching the love of a parent
Robbing a child of their joy
Curtailing innocent lives

with the untimely death of mankind
"Look oh! look, what have you done?"

Silence the guns
Silence the mind
Silence the heart.

Speak boldly oh! soul
Conscientize the hearts of men and women
To recognise that the corridors of conflict
Cannot be resolved by declaring war
Instilling terror and mayhem
With the seeds of violence
Raising the killing fields
where death is a daily reality.

Silence the guns
Silence the mind
Silence the heart.

Let humility engage
her heart in peaceful resolutions
For the sake of humanity
Let discourse open the
windows for healing

To flow in the veins of nations.
Reconnect with peaceful intent
Stripping conflict of his vice grip
Instil compassion in humanity
Let the heart learn to forgive
The betrayals and hurt
The pain and suffering.

Silence the guns
Silence the mind
Silence the heart.



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.



WHEN YOU LOVE ME

When you love me love me true

Like the sky shines with a single hue

Like the birds sing and feel free

Like sun rays shine through leafs of a tree

When you love me love me sublime

Like lovers enjoy love forgetting time

Like the moon feels secure among stars

Love me without leaving in heart any scars

When you love me love me pure
Love will make us immortal for sure
Like the sky shines blue after a rain
Love me deep without giving any pain

When you love me love me forever
Like an innocent bee to a sweet flower
Like to its banks a running stream
Don't make lamp of love ever shine dim



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



<https://www.dhgate.com/product/diamond-embroidery-landscape-snow-forest/409706206.html>

LIFE MELTING

Life melting,

like snow in spring.

Dripping down,

one dream at a time.

Slipping through our fingers.

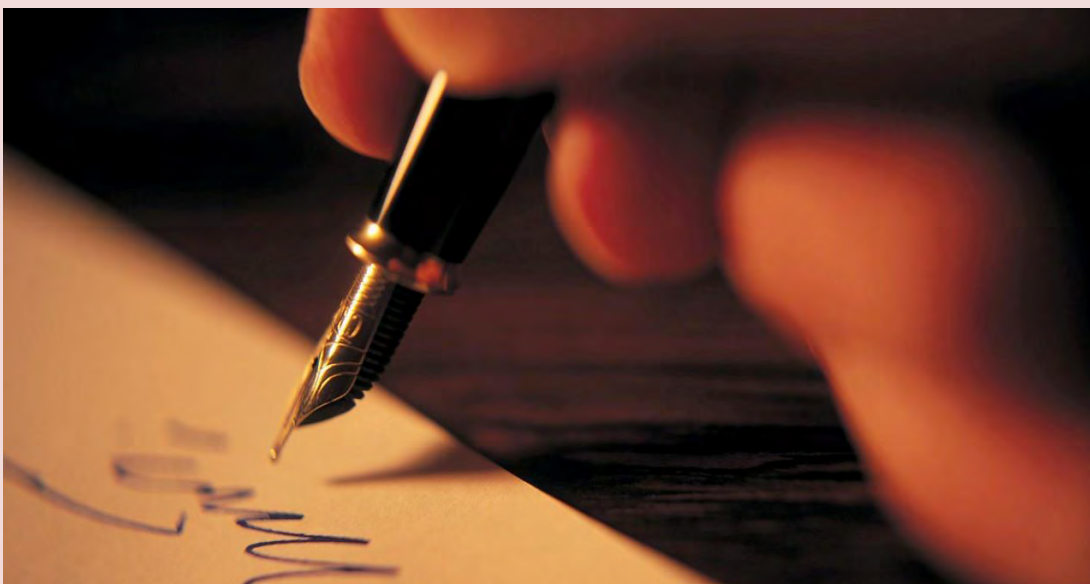
Seeping between crevices

where no light shines,
beyond the reach of promise.
Prisms of winged desire,
falling in slow motion.
Forming small rivulets
that grow with every breath.
As life flows rapidly downstream,
wisps of imagination,
evaporate in the sun.
The beauty of a dying season,
giving birth to the next.



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

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



Vasanthi Swetha

What If I wrote a poem for you,
where would you go and read it,
would you glance at it and quickly fold it back to your front
pocket,
would you run as far as you could
and spell it out letter by letter,
would you look into my eyes
and read it to the movement of my lips
like you wrote it,
would you wait for the night to fall asleep
and read it under the moonlight,

or would you never read it all,
in the hope that everyday
when you wake up
you will have an unread poem
awaiting the touch of your skin
and breath of your eyes,
like a hidden treasure
that you don't want to unveil?

What If I wrote a poem for you,
where would you go and read it?

ANURAG MATHUR

I would read it
At the first available chance
Restless till that moment,
Impatient to open,
Your gift to me
I would read it again,

And again secretly
Hiding behind an email,
On my laptop screen
I would read it
While waiting
For the elevator to arrive
In my secret time
I would read it in a cab
Hurrying across town
Savouring slowly
The feel of your words
I would read it yet again
Before i tuck my phone away
And secretly hope I see your poem
Again in my dreams



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.



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.



HAVE A GOOD LIFE

Daily voyages into awe
regular adventures into wonder
time to personal mastery
increase in self-love and faith
celebrate private joys
look for everyday magic
those little joys coming here and there
not delaying finding peace
display and experience kindness
nice coffee at a nice place
planning and sipping at own pace

listening joyful music everyday
be around flowers and nature
have a raise in your frequency
visit art galleries
read fine books
recite poetry on your own Keynotes
eat fantastic food
bless your money
bless your body
avoid bad and annoying people
stay away from drama Queens
and negativity Kings
thus experience good life.



Ashish K Pathak: He is a middle school teacher in Munger district of Bihar province in India.



TOGETHER...

Another day we went to the sea
Seagulls emerging from the clouds
Homebound birds and memories
Inside my heart lost love letters

Sand dunes and seashells
Night washed out in silence
Half-forgotten dreams
Don't want to wake up

Time a silent stalker

In an empty space on the sea waves

Seashells, mundane thoughts and imaginations

Inside me your existence

Sand dunes, quicksand and seashells

Parched lips

Fires in our hearts

And we part...



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.



MGR and Saroja Devi were riding a chariot and singing a duet on TV. The grandmother lay on her bed; the granddaughter sat next to her. After many years, the duo had reunited in front of the TV. Else, on most days, the granddaughter would ask her grandmother if she wanted to watch a film, switch on the TV for company and leave the room.

She had been in school the last time they had watched TV together. It was a Tamil movie on a rainy evening. The parents were not in town and there was no curfew time with Grandmother. She controlled the remote to flip channels whenever an emotional or intimate scene came on screen. The evening had stayed with her. During the advertisement breaks, grandmother hurried to the kitchen to get their dinner sorted. The next break, they filled their

plates and ate. In the next one, they piled the plates in the sink and settled down on the couch just in time. In two decades, grandmother had grown emaciated, fragile and bedridden.

“He used to live behind your school,” said grandmother, looking at the screen.

‘He’ was MGR. The celluloid demigod turned Chief Minister. The memory of MGR alive was distant yet vivid. In the small town, at the foothills of the Shervaroyan hills, movie making became an industry for the first time. Movies were churned out like an assembly line by a man called TRS. A crop of illustrious actors, writers and technicians had begun their careers in the town, residing around the studio and its other complexes for monthly wages, like in a spinning mill. An era had passed. TRS had passed and so had MGR. The studio had turned into a residential complex without a trace.

Nostalgia: grandmother dipped in it once in a while to tell stories of her childhood. But she narrated only select happy stories. The granddaughter wanted to ask her the recipes of their favourite dishes, olan and avial. She began with “How do you make” but quickly changed to “How did you learn to read when you were not allowed to go to school?”

Grandmother touched her hand and smiled.

“I would ask my sister to teach me what she’d learnt at school in exchange for not complaining about her mischief,” she said.

“Did you never ask your mother to send you?” asked the granddaughter again, without acknowledging the hand touching her.

“Someone had to do the chores at home. I was the chosen one. I would finish it all with a twig of tobacco in my mouth.”

“You started chewing tobacco so young?”

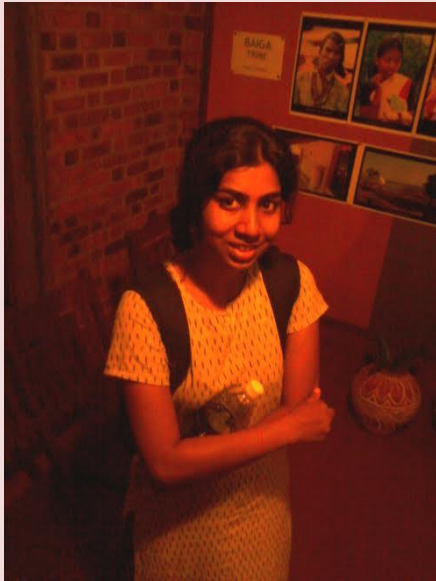
She nodded with a mischievous smile.

“Weren’t you scolded?”

Grandmother gazed at the ceiling, the still fan, and then said, “When my mother passed away, I was by her side. All of us were around her. Her head rested on my lap during her final breath.” Her hand had slid on to her granddaughter’s lap.

“She had entrusted me with her money for her funeral. A piece of sandalwood and a silver coin went along with her pyre. We don’t let others spend for our funeral.” Eyes still on the ceiling, she added after a pause, “I have also saved for mine.”

The granddaughter fidgeted with the remote for a while and left the room to bring grandmother her evening soup. Doctors had prescribed only liquids, since her digestive muscles had weakened with age. She washed her tears at the kitchen sink before she returned with the soup. MGR's reign continued on TV, with a different actress this time.



Ayshwaria Sekher/Icecamp: 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!



WHEN SHE HAD GONE

When she had gone – the storm had gone.

She oaks towered above my swamp.

The river still raged. I sort of lived on

-Like famished she-oaks if I just clung on

For a moment I dreamt of the beauty I'd left,

Exquisite, but then ... but then she was gone.

She'd wanted babies and I'd wanted sex.

Oh she hissed at me like a furious swan

I leant like a lump on a sawn gum stump

Huddled in the bush in my one-man camp,

Smoke in my eyes, in my throat a lump.

I stoked the fire, half dry, half damp

Did I see a snake slide between cracks?

No, an echidna with a filthy look,

said:

'Get off my log, are you stealing my ants?

And why do you weep like a bloody sook?'

Up loped a dingo, licked its face,

said:

'Man alone – has trouble done you in?

Now look at me! I'm headed for my mate.

Be a charmer like me – go in like Flynn'

My brain I sensed, but my limbs were wood.

A kookaburra spoke from a bottlebrush limb:

'Mate you're not eating, though your backpack's full.

If a bloke's too thin, people bury him

You're stuck to that stump, all pale and bleak,

You stare for hours, then for hours you sob

You're out in the wet like a swollen creek

And you never cackle like us kookaburra mob'

I slopped to my tent where I poured cold sweat.

I dreamt of a raptor that plunders a nest

And woke up crying for the girl I'd left.

My head was lightning and thunder my chest

A powerful owl in her old growth tree

Shrieked in the night: 'My mate's a mate

And he cares for our young, and he cares for me

Where is your woman? Or are you too late'?

Well,

But that's all theory, and maybe I'm done.

But maybe I'll see her if I'm not too numb



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.



SPEECHLESS...

here we are sitting cold
with our tongues swallowed up
what happened to growing old,
together like the sea and ship

we are lost
in a silent storm
no words at all cost
through our lips are formed

speechless...

conversation ran away

fading away the bliss

we once had with each passing day

our lips are sealed

concealing our emotions

no concerns revealed

a damaging soundless potion

the sound of communication

faded into oblivion

causing this separation

denying loves devotion



Bevan Boggenpoel: I am a poet residing in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. I work as a teacher at Bethelsdorp Road Primary School. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have published one anthology of poems. I am also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (Literature Network in South Africa).



EASY STEP

That I am a stepfather
does not mean I will
step on you.

I am a father
I will rather have
my skull broken
than losing a token
of your breezy smile
Me and your mother
did our mile to turn
misery tears into

warm genuine laughter
witnessed by drunken
passers-by humming
a gospel song to scare
off the night
I am the core partner
mending old wounds
not a cause of departure
of your paternity tested other

That I am a stepfather
does not mean this
old rumour is true
That said on the absence
of your mama
I will drag you down
strip off your virginity
and tell you how much

I feed you

I am a father

I am kinder

Nothing dangerous

bullies whoever related

to my lovers

I want to see you

prosper in anything

you aspire

Desires be like fires

I will be there

to relight your candle

When wind blows harder

When you see rage

and hate hijacking

your soul

I don't shout to demise

you but only to show

you how it is done

I am a father.



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.



SINGING WITH BOTH HANDS

(for Marcus Roberts)

With eighty-eight steps to choose,
how do the pianist's hands
decide which to use?

Perhaps each acts alone:
one as the heart, maintaining
clockwork tempo, balanced
beating

as blood and milk—giving life in
obsidian or porcelain.

The other wanders free,
travels against rhythm: turns
at times unknown, sees
dead ends, backtracks to
others, sometimes climbing yet
always acting in concert.
Or not.



Bill Cushing: Bill Cushing's first full volume of poetry (A Former Life) is scheduled for a June release.

Pre-publication orders can be placed at

<https://www.finishinglinepress.com/product/a-former-life-by-bill-cushing/?fbclid=IwAR3zdbkyjmGPMZfyQjrDo3mfZMVLyIOFOrYntV7x9YQOQMiqj1sfCg6FFvw>.

Raised in New York, Bill lived in numerous states, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico. Returning to college later in life, he was called the “blue collar poet” by his peers at the University of Central Florida, then earned an MFA in writing from Goddard College. He now resides in Glendale, California with his wife and their son. A regular contributor to Glomag, his work has been in anthologies, literary journals, magazines, and newspapers. When not teaching or writing, Bill facilitates a writing workshop (9 Bridges) and performs with a musician on a project called “Notes and Letters.”



THE HEART TRADING

‘How much love you want to purchase?’

Charmingly she probed on my wooing.

#

Dedicating my sacred untouched heart

I said: As much as it can exchange.

#

Since then every one’s belief

Being a heartless, I am an insolvent!

#

But I was ever happy enough

Keeping the pain-cage on someone else.

#

One new day my friend confessed

She had given her heart to him.

#

Enquiry was beside the mark

At what amount she had sold my heart.



Bipul Chandra Das: I reside in a village, Sualkuchi, Assam, India. Being a poet, I like to read good poems.

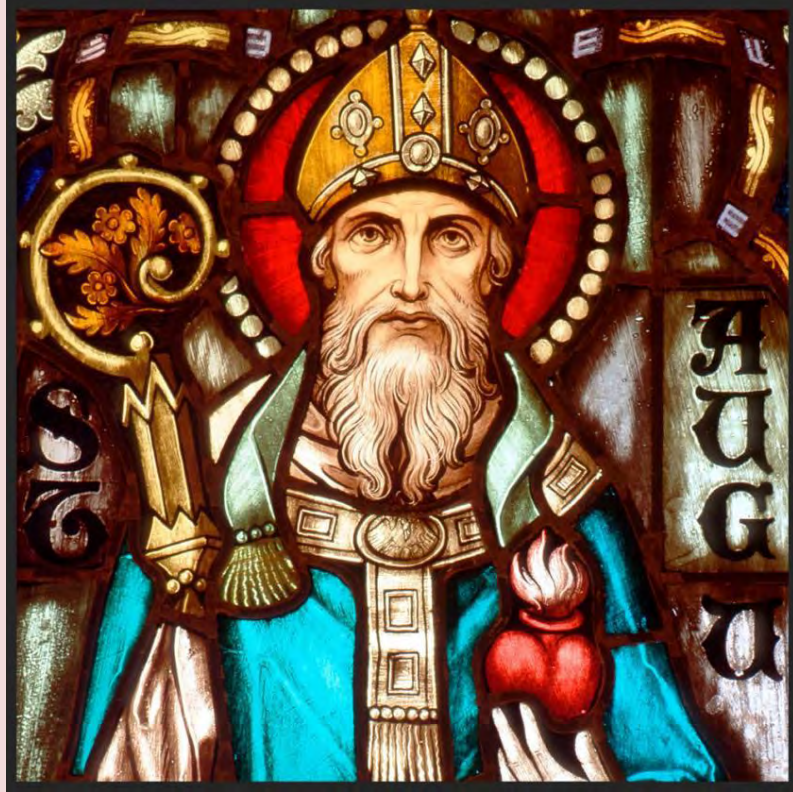


Moments were moments
when breeze caressed both of you
the park bench
knows your secrets
but will never speak up
she rested her head on the shoulder
you spun poems
she dreams of a life
many many years later
you are in the renovated park
the sun is setting
you remember the first kiss

walking hand in hand
sipped from the same cup
ate from the same plate
today you find it difficult to life the cup
eyes blur
you struggle to go home
grope the walls
children are gone
to far off lands
never to return
the plate is full of food
but then it takes hours to eat
yes then
moments were moment
memory
pushes you
all that you are left is just tears
tears.



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.



ST AUGUSTINE'S CONCUBINE

You loved me once Augustine, and our son,
The sapling that grew out of dirty love
Your mother could not stand me, she'd outrun
Our life together, you two hand-in-glove.
Peace always did elude you, you would read
And say the strangest things, not settle down
With me or someone else, you had some need
Apparently, I think back in home-town.

Whatever you do, don't regret our child
His first steps were not sin, I gave us life
Not death, a life you smiled when it first smiled
Always our son, though I can't be your wife.
Farewell my dear, I'll have no other man,
Perhaps I was also part of God's plan.



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.



(Graffiti in Burgos.Spain)

KUKU, BANG, BANG

"Wolf" who's like a "Pedophile priest"

Or a "Fat trinket", "Man from the sack"

Hides behind a door

Waiting for passing

A grandmother with her granddaughter

Great-looking granddaughter

Like Little Red Riding Hood

With nine years, too.

He's a devotee of St. Cucufatus

Praying with certain disgust:

"That the body of that girl
He has it to eat
Although, before, was gullible
With her grandmother's old flesh."
"Wolf" does not change thinking
And he wants to trade
With that nice young body
That to the priests make to see God
When they kiss her Little arse
That gives them health and pleasure.
Barely passing the girl
By her grandmother' hand
-KuKu, Bang, Bang
Frightening them
He shouted them.
And when the grandmother asked:
- Why are you doing it?
"Wolf" answered:

-I'm going hungry
Of Your granddaughter very nice.
Grandmother answering:
-You're a bad born.
If you feel like Sex
Put your prick in the wind
And on the train track your head.
And, if you want to survive
There is, in the city
Dating floors
Where you can falling in love
For a quantity of money.
The Little girl who has been scared
Has started tearful
Because, in the School
She has been taught
To love animals and plants
And all the living

Telling to her grandma:
-Grandmother, let me touch its tail.
-No, daughter, no
Answering grandmother.
By my honor, your purity
Not goes to stain
By a fucking wolf bastard
Not any motherfucker, of course i
They went from "Wolf"
Continuing walking down the street
With much satisfaction.
"Wolf", from behind
Beckoned to them
Even howling them.
A young woman, who passed there
She was admired
Seeing "Wolf" with the face of a saint

Licking its tail

Escaping from him, just in case.



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.



POEM FOR KATIE, QUEEN OF OHIO #91

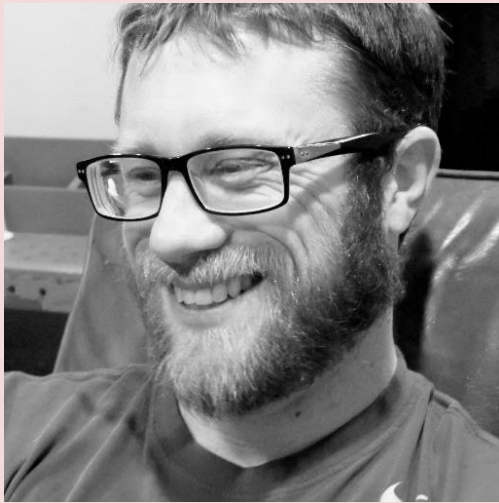
There are so many men
in Ohio that will want

to surround you when
they realize that you are

the surplus of Ohio's heart,
that you are the bloom

apart from all the blood
we've called harvest.

Do not hesitate. Attack
them first. Re-name them
their own weaknesses. Rule
bloody with your language.



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)



WE

We, without consciences are but brutes.

We, without love are icy automata.

We, without ethics are but savages.

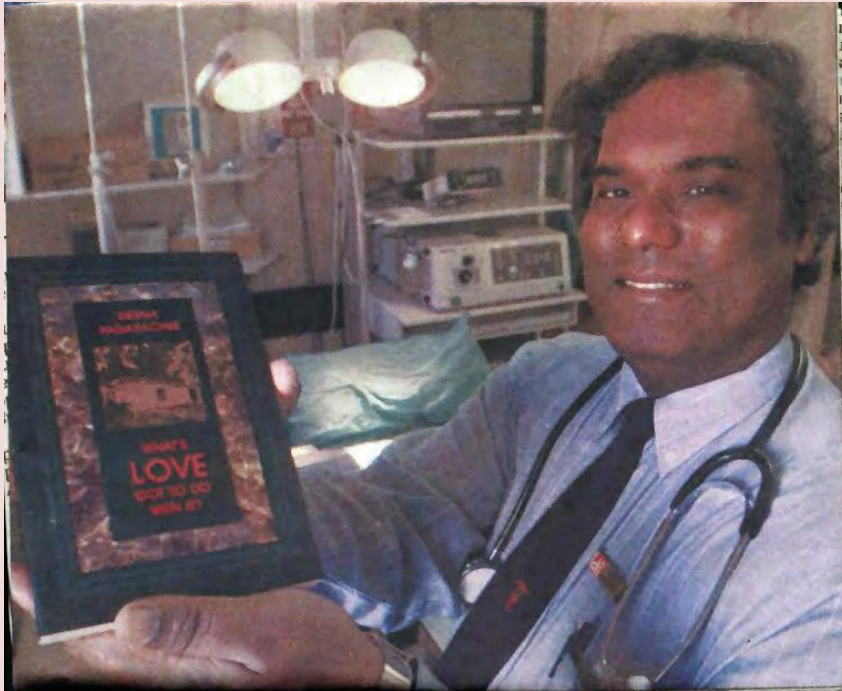
We, without morality are but ogres.

We, without kindness are viruses.

We, without empathy, are but parasites.

We, without love, kindness, empathy, morality, ethics, will always be conquered.

We, without a sense of honour will always know alien Gods.



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.



PERCEPTION

The last rays of sun fall on the vast ocean

I find the rainbows glittering gold

The nomad in me seeks a mirage

An eagle eyes the sky with a broken wing

She dabs a bruise with pink ruse and ramp walks like a
muse

The latch on the door is something to abhor

Yet a ray peeps in through a forgotten crevice

She smiles as she knots her tie

The kohl smudged eye is a perfect lie

The mirror is a thin line between truth and fiction

Each reflection is just a fling of perception



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



INSIDE THE SHELL

The whirlwind

The hailstorm

The tornado

All within the four walls

Within the darkness of the room

If you look at it from outside

You won't see a thing

You won't feel a thing

The calm demeanour outside

The stony silence

Is just a masquerade

To shield the inner room
A room without a door
Where you would
Never get an access
Unless you love to
Stay within



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.



SEVERED CHEVRONS

Strange Whispers – I used to sense your presence as I
yearned for

another sibling to share precious moments as wide-eyed
new

infants in this world I was catapulted into but you were not
there –

I remember your faint echo when I called out in the
deepest of dark

night and reached out frantically but you were not there, so
I started to

withdraw from my surroundings in order to connect with
you on a deeper

level but your voice faded as I started to hear strange
whispers infiltrating

our deep-felt existence – Their utterances disturbing, their
haloes darkening

our connection fading, your essence disintegrating...

Cul-de-Sac – I seem to recall after numerous bullied falls
your embracing

effervescence in my darkest charcoal depression but I was
unable to return

that loving gesture as I walked these lonely streets in the
winding maze of my

young mind. Only once did I venture deeper into my
constant stagnant melancholy

as I thought your steps echoed mine but I was unable to
cross to your side, so I just

imagined a lane opening for me to say my first “hello” to
lighten my darkening

halo, yet I always seem to end up walking solo, forever
having to turn around

and all doors shut in another dead end cul-de-sac
puncturing my aching heart.

Haunted Highway – Years just slipped by without a whisper
from you to heal

my inner blue. I thought I would be able to recognise you in
my daily midnight

mirror reflection but I soon gave up as I realised this earthly
gap was too deep

for us to finally meet, so I chose to urgently seek you out
down in demon alley

hoping to return your embrace or even just lock eyes on
your unknown face

but that was not meant to be, as darker forces kept us
apart, hoping to crush

my now brittle leaking heart – Do you even hear my nightly
frantic cries?

Severed Chevrons – How many more false bends do I have
to circumvent

before crashing over this deepening cliff for the mere
chance of even a

momentary glance of your existence? My blood flow
interrupted, my soul

smothered. After all this time I have had to accept with
much regret

that we would never meet or get the chance to repair our
severed chevrons...



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. There's a strong link with music. He draws, he paints, he makes 3-dimensional objects and artist books (and audio art). 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.



CIRCUMSTANCE AT THE CENTER OF THE CIRCUMFERENCE

*My mind wrestled itself, pinned 'tween Law and Gospel,
Vision and Division. And pondered my place within the
world -- a time to remember? to dismember?*

*And then I heard, inside, Jehovah: "Wisdom is your
recognition that midgets and giants are members of one
family . And the pierced are the parents of the whole. Thus
saith Allah the LORD."*

*(A disputatious bluejay argues over the head of the
wheelchaired woman.)*

And then I heard from inside, Allah: "The dark and the light, the female and the male, the hallowed and the damned -- and the wide and varied spectra between -- all inhabit the same castle hovels, eat identical fruits and breads, all fill their mutual lungs with the same necessary air. They live only to die alike. Thus saith Buddha the LORD."

(A frolicsome collie is crushed beneath the wheels of the speeding Mercury.)

And then from inside I heard Buddha: "Siblings are the sinister and sincere. The thankless are inseparable from the sanctified. The unhurt and the maimed share one body after all, hidden by illusions of skin and gender, atlas and caste. Thus saith Krishna the LORD."

(A gynandromorphic monarch flutters to the patient finger of the eager child.)

And then from within came Krishna: "The ancient one was an infant once, just as the babe shall once day age. Nights belong to insomniacs and narcolepts alike, and the sun is

*owned in equal measure by the famous and the nameless.
Thus saith Ra the LORD."*

*(A jet fighter scratches its vapor fingernails against the
cloudless sky.)*

And then I announced to myself:

*Mankind is a patchwork of the alienated and the
integrated.*

Of the squandered and the saved.

Of the vicious and pacific.

Of the sane and the imbecile.

Of ensultaned and enslaved...

*And Heaven the shared possession of our various souls,
demarcated by our own social lines and by the lines in our
minds.*

Thus saith I.

(Ants parade across the yard's Formica table.)

And I stretched and left the porch.



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.



WEB

(Translated by Artur Komoter)

The offline time
had a different measurement.

Condemned to loneliness on the Web,
they try
to find understanding
with people sometimes even without faces.
Just a few nice sentences
enough to increase confidence in

- a woman?
- a man?
- the written words?

Condemned to loneliness on the Web,
they believe what they see on the screen.

Clicking –

I am not a robot

- is the only identity check.

Where are the moments
where without machines

a Human understood a Human?



Eliza Segiet: She graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. International Publication of the Year (2017) in Spillwords Press. International Publication of the Year (2018) in Spillwords Press. Author's works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.



I say I love dark
And I do, but there is a faint spark
In my mind
Lit by the love for light

It stays hidden
Lest the darkness kills it
In its rage
As it deems fit

One day
Or perhaps night
With this spark
I will leave for light

The Sun
Will take me
In an explosion
Bright



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.



MAN OF THE ERA

With a glass of wine at the end of a busy working day
In a half dreamy state however things get clear in my eyes
I never ran in an open field nor ever talked to the azure
The only race I knew was of marks and exams
I was taught that once you achieve excellence
Life will offer whatever you want
I just trusted every word of my parents and my mentors

The society I belong doesn't salute all
It differentiates between statures
Education.. success.. power... potential

These are the words chanted around

And I was raised in a way to fulfill dreams

Once I win this race I will be happy and free

I ran in my track and reached the summit that was fixed for
me

Now I am 43...my shoulders ache....eyes pain

Books and study are altered by office works and files

You should not mind if you meet me in this place

I am not answerable to anyone

Just trying to get a healthy relaxation with this enamoured
liquor

Do I have any crisis!! perhaps no

But I forgot the zeal that made me climb upto this height...



Gayatree G. Lahon: Gayatree is a teacher and a poet from the beautiful state of Assam. Being a true aesthete, she finds beauty in all the objects of nature and life as well. She says poetry is celebration of the myriad shades of life. Her poems have been published in various anthologies, newspapers and magazines.



SANGAM

a frozen green river swells,
dreaming,
breaking boundaries
of a lost culture, waking.

a river of death
mourns.

snow melts
on a grey brown earth

waiting
for a grand release.

enormous mountains
under vast skies, changing,
stand alone,
watching
the echoing silence
receding slowly
Into dancing waves, living.

***(Note: At the confluence of Sindhu/Indus river and Zaskar river in Leh -
Ladakh, a mountain desert)***



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.



THREE CRANES

Three cranes were flying in grace in a clear blue spring sky,
Earth had just turned around and the winds so right, it was
time to fly,

Water bodies looked like mirrors that sipped the alluring
blue,

Where they were headed these cranes just had no clue.

The one in the middle was a tad distance ahead,

A hermit in countenance that wanted to taste life and
homestead,

Still in control, still a renunciate, learned and wise,
In pact with the other two for this sortie, knowing the prize,

The one on the left a poet, whose muse was sheer silence,
But words were playing songs and being inaudible was just
poetic licence,
It became poetry in motion as its wings flapped rhyming,
Deep in meditation of spinning verses it just kept flying.

The one on the right was such an ancient soul,
A king once, a leader, a beggar but a wizard at every role,
Fearless of death it flew this time a seeking bird,
But all the way during this flight it never uttered a word.

A beautiful triangle of understanding did they entertain,
As if holding invisible hands they flew in unison, dry in the
pouring rain,

Jonathan Livingston Seagull waved at them, sidelong,
endorsing their silence,

And I, the wind beneath their wings knew about the
richness of their penance.



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.



LOST IN THE DESERT

The python slithered

Down a rock

The sky was clear

The stars and Moon too big

I draw my blanket closer

And try to accept

That I had lost my way

- Again!

The desert stretches

Neverendingly.

Water is sparse

The Sun beats down incessantly

And I have lost the will to fight.

My mirage-chasing mind

Is finally at rest.

Running my fingers

Lightly over cactus thorns

I think

I shall live

Despite....



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.



WORDS THAT HURT

in jest i said awful things
words spoken without thinking
words that cannot be retracted
like a spent bullet fired from a gun

did not mean to ridicule
did not think of how vulnerable
you were feeling that day
although i know how sensitive
a being you are

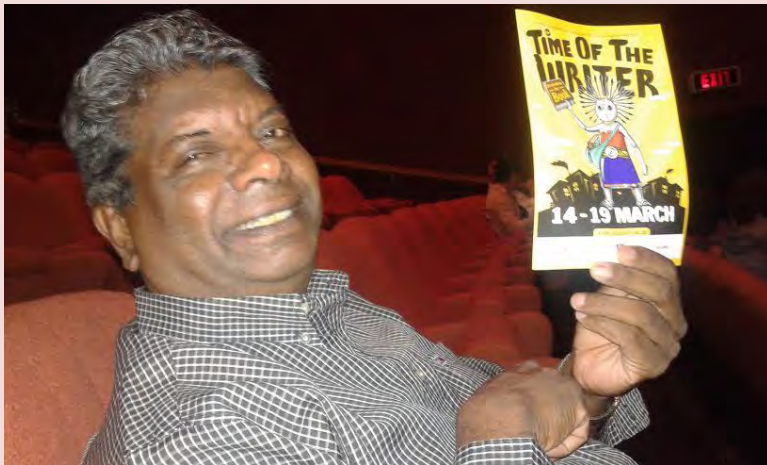
a being with a heart and soul
that bleeds when pain is inflected

i regret the words
sent like an arrow from my bow
wish i could recall them one by one
and crush them into the dust
or burn them in the fires of remorse

i lament my unkindness,
you call it rudeness
it grieves me and like a cloak
it covers me with shame
it smothers my being
and i feel deep repentance

if you will let me soften the pain
with words and words are all i have

to make you feel whole again
i will gently remove the needles and pins
the bullets and arrows
from your bleeding heart
and heal the wounds that run so deep
because of my insensitive carelessness



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.



SO BE SILENT, MY SOUL...

So be Silent, my soul..

The Death is in distance.

The skies are silent above you,

The soil beneath your sole

Is strong enough to make you stand.

The seas silently await

For you to plunge and swim across

To the realm of fame

Of your own.

So be Silent, my soul...

The body boat bears

The brave steering

That eagerly longs your

Mighty hands to stride

The path paved only for you.

And never stay anymore before

The blocked electronic gadget

Paths to be opened for you

So be Silent, my soul...

The wind is beside you.

Ready to blow as strongly

As you wish in your dreams.

Stretch out your arms and

Spread the mast and take the wind

To your heart and sail anew

To the fresh lands to see

The thousand Springs
In the unknown spheres.

So be Silent, my soul...
One mute Cuckoo bird
Will not make the forest silent.
Nor a crow breaks the beauty
Of the entire symphony
That bestowed upon you by birth.
The fusion of the best music
Is laid in your heart alone,
That needs a mere magical
Touch of your fingers
At the core of the strings
With warmth and tenderness.

So be Silent, my soul...
One drop is not rain,

But you came, once in a sudden,
Dropping from the unknown skies
And left me drenched in love
For a long time till the sun,
Glowed upon me drying deep,
Leaving no marks of your mighty warmth,
Let me to move forward now
To the shelter where you
Could never rain me to pains.
Your clouds will no longer linger
Upon me, till I reach
The thousand rivers of fresh waters.

So be Silent, my soul...
None never will knock me down
But myself when I fear
The false thunder rumbling afar.
I know it is a mere shadow

Made by your lightning,
To hide yourself from the surface
Where you live with my memories,
That you can't withdraw from
Your heart to tear and thrash.

So be Silent, my soul...
The time is Truth, and
HE will bring you, your Time.
Here I learnt to walk with time,
The Magician who turns hands
To show the best yet to come
Like seasons that never fail to come.
My Time, here begins to
Unleash my fragrance by
Removing the cap of my bottle
That once tightly closed only for you

So far, like a harvest ungathered.

So be Silent, my Soul...



Haneefa C.A.: I would like to be a poet. I am currently working in Government Girl's Higher secondary school, Kodungallur. I have not published my poems till the date, but post them in my FB account.



I PROTEST

Against the tyranny of king, I protest,
If anything other than love, is creed, I protest.

In the beginning love ran free of venom in veins,
Now love of poesy has become a vein of protest.

Extolled couplets are treated as bitter,
Against those sightless scholars, I protest.

Who can forget her fallacious coup d'oeil,
Against the feelings of my own heart, I protest.

Every night is passed in aphotic thoughts,
With a candle against dolorous glumness, I protest.

What was the price labeled on my lip-opening,
With sewn lips against the mob of voices, I protest.

In search of Laila, Majnu traversed the borders,
But throwing him out of Eden, I protest.



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.



WHO AM I?

I have two forms —
Written and spoken.

How you express me
At the right time, place and context,
Is very important—
To give the right meaning.

I am like clay —
It is up to you,
How you mould me,
To your advantage or disadvantage—
To conquer the world
Or destroy yourself.

Two connotations I have —
Positive and negative.
It depends on my usage.

Embedded, inbuilt in me
Are the nine emotions.
Depends on you,
The right expression of emotion.
The impact I have
On human mind and emotions
Is powerful than a nuclear bomb.

My placement .timing and juxtaposition,

Fixes or Changes everything—-

One's perspective, point of view —

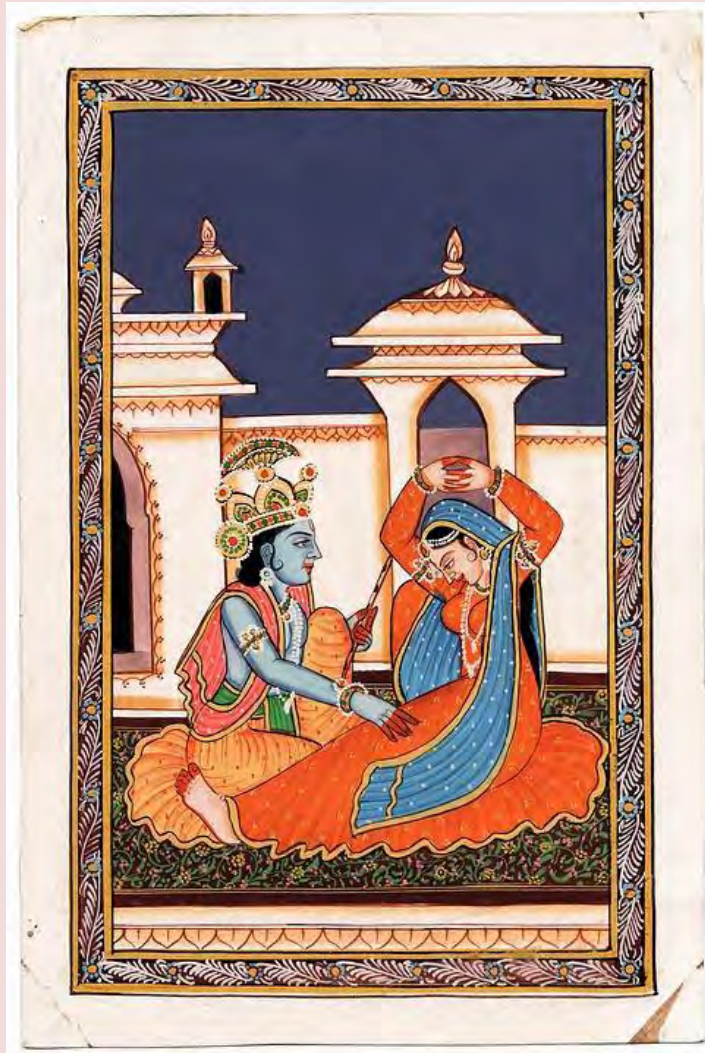
The situation, context and Life.

Who am I?

I am the WORD.



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 (lobian).



LOST LOVE

1

After Krishna left,
was it still spring in Vrindavan?
Did Radha see the flowers bloom
or play Holi with red and gold?

The only answer we know is that
love never grows old.

2

Cherry blossoms in profuse transience
color the trees pink, and I
feeling you walk away, fade in the cold.
I sleep cuddling pain
after nursing a forbidden drink again --
the only answer we know is that
love never grows old.

3

If Falgun would have lasted,
we could've remained bold.
Now, both droughts and snows have blasted
through seasons of flamboyant gold.
Yet, I am always certain that
love never grows old.



Jagari Mukherjee: She is currently pursuing her PhD in English from Seacom Skills University, Bolpur, India. She is a Best of the Net 2018 nominee, a Bear River 2018 alumna, and has won, among other prizes, the Poeisis Award For Excellence in Poetry 2019. Her first chapbook is forthcoming this year by Cherry-House Press, Illinois, USA.



GULAB JAMUN

Covered under the hot layer

There exists some soft material

That's what a Gulab Jamun is!

Truly depicting an aspect of human life

When we are burning with the fire for rage,

But our true insight still remains intact

And soft full of sweetness

Loved by everyone!

These small sweets represent

The true essence of life

In a single moment

Sums up a lot of emotions

And feelings

In a single nutshell

Of love and happiness!!

Gulab Jamuns indeed display

this true amalgamation of various aspects of life

Though subtle

Yet true!



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://www.startshining.com/story/amazing-conversation-between-father-and-son/>

DOWN WITH MY SORROW

We love you Lucas Gabriel Oliver

I will always be pacing
worried about you always
it shows
hollowed....I'm shaken
your condition hit my heart
like an arrow.

Time is borrowed
I can't take this
this news shocked my body
I follow
this sickness
got me right down on my knees.

This pain I thought could never be felt
I missed a step, mis-stepped
I feel I failed
is this a test?
or am I in hell?
Fuck I can't even really tell
in pain, I cannot bare innocence
I am pulling out my hair
I will not fail you, I promise that
right here, right where you're at.

My emotions are choking
leaving marks
each tear that falls
washes down with my sorrow
so let me cry
as I see you
my tears can dry
when the pain can't consume you.

In my heart
is your heart
when you cry my eyes
always tear up
you're my heart
my whole world
I can't breathe
when your tears bring me
to my knees

this pain in my soul
is on the attack
I'm a walking frustration
I'm lost, don't know where to go
in circles and back
I'm shaken
I'm down
I'm here for you
I have to let you know
a devastating blow
I can't hold these tears on my own
I am so mad
it won't go away
why is this happening to him this way?
Is this a joke?
that someone is playing?

My emotions are choking
leaving marks
each tear that falls
washes down with my sorrow
so let me cry
as I see you
my tears can dry
when the pain can't consume you..

You....you...you ...you

I love you so much
seeing you like this hurts so much
you are everything that I love
seeing you cry hurts so much
I won't give up.

My emotions are choking
leaving marks
each tear that falls
washes down with my sorrow
so let me cry
as I see you
my tears can dry
when the pain can't consume you..

You... you...you...you...you...you...you...you....I love you!



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.



“A” TRAIN

brassy blue

electric

close eyes

watch points

like stars

think now

how insignificant

compared to train

speaking for itself

stars known

in no language

burn shoot

thru

tiger's eyes

brain in

constant action

reaction

to what we do not know

plans of distant stars

galaxies floating as

"A" train

silver worm

slides under

big belly

of city



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



There is trouble in the groin and as I haven't yet
left my seat to find it out
the scruples in my characters are more, more and more.

Victory, seen as Oh, and plantigrade.

Poetry shakes off the bones, as other loco
motions for the rest of self-evolved editorials.

This is too good, I hear myself say when it is exceptional,
as in the best, but no.

has that sphere split the horizon? Lorn of must,
us, I or whatever else appearing as the Moon.

Starring --- The Moon!

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

A torch will have its end when it goes out only
but there are others.

The bell of the ball has one -- "Reach out!"

Why do I tell you from the sitting zoo?

What have you told yourself?

Have I?



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



FOREST BROOK

Green blossoms droop in the blaze.
Does the pitiless sun drain them of
all hope with its scorching rays?
They quake in repressed agony.
The aroma of asphalt slowly moving
In to suck the sap;
Trees, stately and daring the skies
bear an uncanny fear in their hearts;
Even their shadows appear mortal!
They harbor an unexpressed message -

manifold flora has lost its scent.
The brook gurgles quietly below.
The ambience of silence a roaring
curse on the day when it will be
a static sewage.



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.



MAGENTA RISING

May it be an evening star
shining down upon you.

May it be when darkness falls
your heart will becalmed.

You walk the lonely road,
How far are you away from home?

Darkness has finally come;
You must believe

to finally find your way.

Darkness has fallen;

with the beat of the egret's wing.

A promise lives within you now.

May the shadows call; flying away.

May you journey on; light the path.

When the night is overcome;

you may rise to find the sun.

Magenta rising in the morning sky;

Darkness comes no more.

Believe and you will

find your way.

Darkness has crested.

A promise lives within you now.

May it be.



Ken Allan Dronsfield: I am a Poet and 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.



ON THE HORIZON OF HOPE

Inside the egg of my mom

Dreams I had of freedom

My shell I broke to come home

The sun I saw on the sky dome

Bright radiant and winsome

No longer I felt lonesome

My wings I spread to roam the sky

To test the border of my liberty

Dawned on me the painful reality

The horizon of faith limits my mobility

My freedom is a bigger egg of humility

An infinite egg never ready to break
Its hard shell of fear and ethics fake
Yonder, they say, is my freedom brake
Beyond which is not my take

But I will break my shell of comfort
To escape this fort of stifling support
I won't let the limiting horizon
Take away my freedom under the sun



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.



LOVERS AT CAFÉ

a Kiran Komail poem

More tea with peppermint,
Cups with our fingerprints.

A hot teapot with sugar sachets
Million stars in our conversation brackets.

The walls had imprints of a wild forest
The lights softly singing a love chorus.

There was laughter and so much soul
So much conversation with little told.

Of such evenings I dreamed each day
Of love I hoped that would never stray.

And in the twinkle of your eye
Fuck! I saw the earth, sun and sky!

In rise and fall of our breath
Did we promise unto death?

The chairs were far and so were our hands
But distance, souls rarely understand.



Kiran Zehra Komail: She is a poet living in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She works for Rotary News as the Sub Editor of the English and Hindi magazine. Travel, gourmet and people to her are intriguing. Her poems and sketches are her theorem – simple yet deep and humble.



<https://www.pexels.com/pt-br/foto/aqua-almorecer-amanhecer-ao-ar-livre-1649079/>

ALLURING DARKNESS

Darkness has fallen
on my dear dreams..

The turbulent waves have withdrawn
imprinting depths.

Complete stillness..

Oh alluring!

Was it a fantasy?

Was it a glimpse of rainbow

Shining only amid raindrops?
A shower of friendship
soothing my wounds,
breaking the cocoon of loneliness.

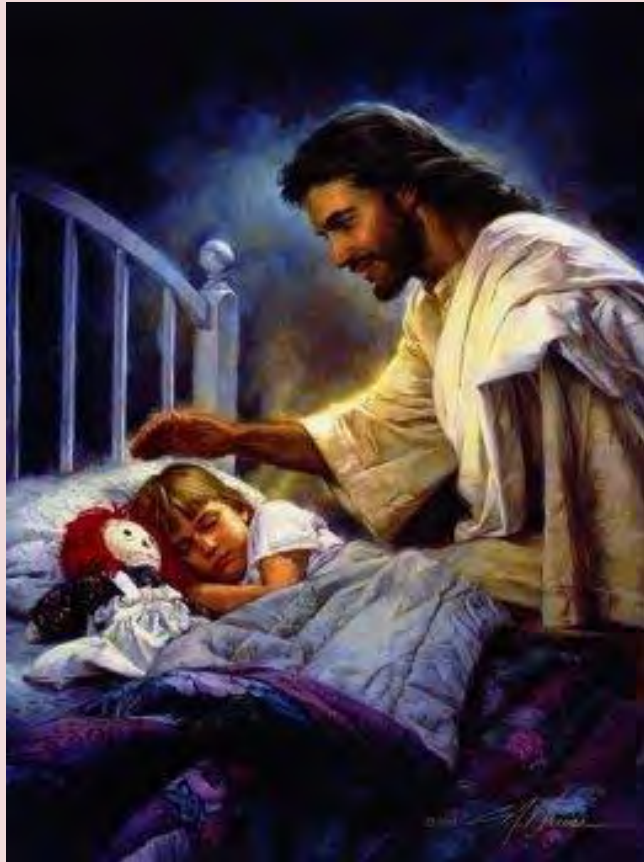
Those precious years...
Those blissful moments..
as if glittering lines on the dark sky
breaking the silence of solitude.

No more tears, no more waiting
For unnoticed they go.

I feel the beauty of reality
The helpless lives.
to unite with you, I hope
oh my enticing silence..



Leena Pradeep: I am working as a teacher in a Government school in Thrissur district, Kerala. Teaching and writing poetry, I believe, keep me alive. My poetry is the reflection of my inner self.



<http://wiseblooding.com/2014/11/13/o-the-deep-love/>

BATTLEFIELD OF THE MIND

There's constantly an argument

That turns into a fight

Sometimes in broad daylight

Other times at night

There's a scream

And loud shout

Nobody hears a thing

Because I don't open my mouth

I'm here

I'm there

I can't breathe

I'm losing air

Am I awake

Or fast asleep

I feel I'm falling

Falling deep

I see different

Faces

Travelling through

A lot of places

The temperature changes

From cold to hot

It feel so real

But it's not

Am I sitting, standing

Or lying in bed

Suddenly I feel

My cheeks are soaking wet

Then I see myself in a boxing ring

And there's a lot of cheering

Different voices

That I'm hearing

A strong but sweet still voice

Then whispers in my ear

Very clear

Saying, "Leroy, my child

I Am here

Always near

No need to fear

All of a sudden

I just hear THAT voice

Realising the others

Were just making a noise

It was Jesus

Coming to my rescue

Saying, "Leroy, I love you

I care for you

I will never abandon you

I'm always here for you

Then He said the following
Open the door of your heart and soul
Than you will find
What you will experience from time to time
Is only a battle in your mind

A battle that you will overcome
As long as your eyes are focused on Me
The enemy won't have any other choice
But to flee

And remember
The battle is Mine
Keep your light burning
And make sure that it shine
Believe in me, have faith
And you'll be fine



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



WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW WILL WE PART?

If men were meant to conquer or serve,
what will then separate them, distinguish one from
another,
once all else has been exploited
and color, ancestry, and faith no longer serve as division,
uniformity secured?

Do we then subvert hearts and minds, keep ambitions
tainted,
by not arming our brothers with knowledge and grace?
Or as rugged soldiers wear chain mail ourselves
to protect them from bigotry?

What other form of distinction can we create
to make sure that others do not interfere
with our sensibilities and our lives,
when we see those we do not care for?

Must we have a reason to push them away
from our own insulated universe,
as we shelter within our own towers of shadow and
secrets?

By what means will we lock them out,
tell them they are not worthy,
make sure they do not pursue justice?

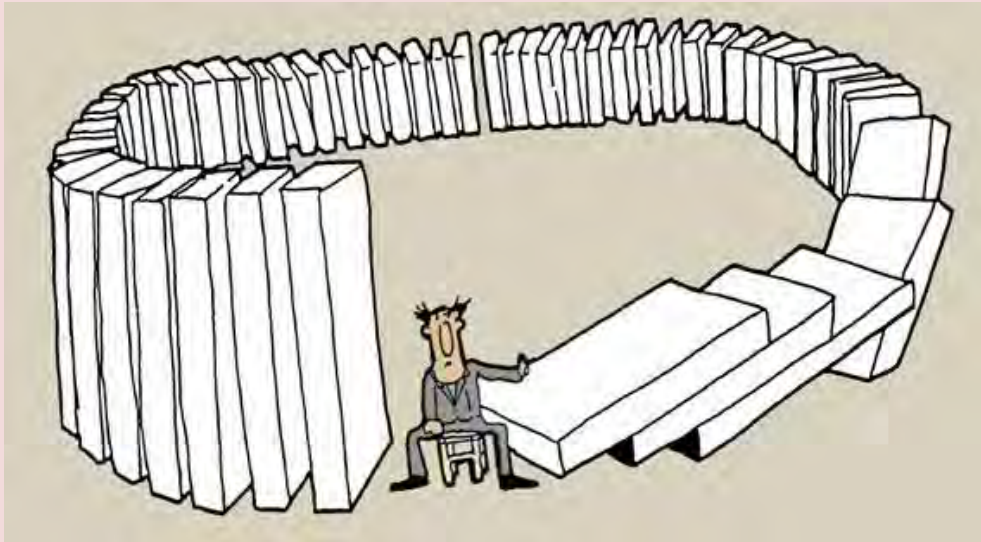
Will we never then grant them peace,
nor save any for ourselves?

Until we learn to love peace, the wars will go on.



Linda Imbler: She believes poetry has the potential to add to the beauty of the world. Her poetry collections include “Big Questions, Little Sleep,” “Lost and Found,” “The Sea’s Secret Song,” and “Pairings,” a hybrid ebook of short fiction and poetry. Examples of Linda’s poetry and a listing of publications can be found at:

lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com



RANDOM LINES

Some memories always linger

Some incidents often trigger

Few instances buzz loud

Very few silently sound

Often past carry forward in action

As if present has to accept the motion

Carrying the concept we think,

Concurrence may happen in future

So our action becomes its reaction

We always think we are right

Pretend to be ignorant about the adverse plight

We commit something equal to crime
And then the position changes
with a lesser chance of rectification
Once the heart is connected to heart
Soul is committed automatically to the other heart
The truthfulness never demands propagation
What we are, how we are
Hope we will be
Are judged and then is our resurrection
Words are precious
So are the letters
Carefully we should use
Sincerely we should think and reuse.



Lopamudra Mishra: Lopamudra Mishra is a native of Puri, but 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 first book "Rhyme Of Rain" was published in March 2017, second book "First Rain" in August 2017, and her third book, "Tingling Parables" in May 2018.



Above and beyond,
The vast sea
The azure sky.
How they try
to meet
at the end of horizon!
The blowing breeze
Loud whispers
Intense talks
Unbiased signatories
The panoramic hue

Momentarily takes over
Heart and mind
The lone boat
Moving with the flow
Striving hard
to seize the scurry
The ember colour
stakes over
The ebb and flow
Pondering deep
Rumbling heart,
remains deprived.
The ruffling sea waves
seems baffled too
As if in agitation
both keep crashing
against the walls
of heart and sea shore.



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.



THE TOUCH

When I looked up,
The branch reached out to me,
It bent and looked at me,
Took my hands,
There were no thorns,
Just a feel of velvet

Studded with a few pearls,
Those that were stolen
From the morning dew,
That rolled down the elbow
Of the long stretched night
As it held the darkness of the hours
Within the stony casket of time,
Waiting to come back to life,
With me,
With the first burst of fragrance
That rained on me,
Bringing me back to life,
Resurrecting,
When the branch touched me.



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.



HOPE

In the dense, dark nights,
you held in my palms,
the torch of a daybreak.

Wait!

Do not depart so soon.

It shall flare, the light, you lit,
the belief, you held, in us.

The night laden
with moisture,
shall shrivel soon.

Soon, the day
shall sniff
as camphor.



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 ME ENOUGH

Enchanting, mystic Romance,
You had her in astral trance!
Abundant, lavish brimming love,
Amour, Hungry, enraptured dove!
Anticipating extreme affections,
Now bound in marital jubilation!
Adored by her Knight,
Passed days in flight!
Increased onus and chores,
Engrossed mate, or is he bored!

Followed fuss, altercation and fight,
May be this alliance was not right!
For the Dejected lady, now forever is bluff,
If only he could have loved enough!
Hustle bustle, dissolved the peace,
Velotious life accelerated pace!
Kith kin, surrounded by crowd,
Attention divided, operose spouse!
Insatiated, she cocooned herself,
Love, left in pictures, on dusty shelves!
Silence prevailed, eliciting words was tough,
If only he could have loved enough!
Ached the heart, now even the body,
Showing true faces, left everybody!
Time brought some changes,
Lying in bed sick, she sees his face!
Worries and love wrinkled a mix,
How can the moment be missed!

The love was genuine, they were the doves,
She whispered in his ears, you've loved enough!



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. organization, with a degree in Management and a literary heart, is now taking baby steps just like her baby, towards writing!



WARS

There would be no wars
if everyone drank
said the Bulgarian doctor.

I envy the teenagers who sleep it all off.



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 versatilist. 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.



MICHELANGELO: PAINTER AND POET

Michelangelo
with steel balls
and a wire brush
wishing he was
wearing motorcycle leathers,
going wild and crazy,
stares cross-eyed at the
Sistine Chapel ceiling-
nose touching moist paint,
body stretch out on a plank,
bones held by ropes from falling-

delirious, painting that face of Jesus
and the Prophets
with a camel hair brush;
in such a position, transition
a genie emerges as a poet-
words not paint
start writing his sonnets,
a second career is born-
nails and thorns
digging at his words,
flashing red paint:
it's finished.



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.



LIVED

Ran fast with scissors sharp,
blood on her hands in her highest heels
and the fur of a borrowed woman.
Scandalized a mother born not to bear shame
and rollicked a dad born not to bear regrets.

Never the reflection of anything,
she was always her own light.

A muzzle flash shot to the heart,
a sonic boom harbinger and echo,
a hurricane to shake her family tree,
and blow away the ashes of every bridge she'd crossed.

Never inched toward anything, only ran
until there was no place left for her to go,
this woman of so many stories.

A life lived loudly until her unquiet end.



Mike Griffith: I am a poet and non-fiction writer living in Hillsborough, NJ, USA. I teach Communications and community education courses at Raritan Valley Community College. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published poetry, articles, and two chapbooks. In October 2018 I was nominated for the Pushcart Prize.



SPRING TIME

'has spring arrived at your place? Or is it still winter?'

Sucharita asked me one afternoon;

'O spring has come and that I know for sure

For that red oleander tree at my courtyard has started
blooming,

Like she did last year or the year before that,

She has turned pink,

Like someone blushing, coy and so drenched by the passion
of love never to be mitigated'

I told her,

Sucharita looked at me,
For a while it seemed the world has stopped moving,
For a moment it seemed there was nothing to worry about,
For a moment it appeared I wanted nothing other than
those soft pink blossoms of Red Oleanders,

Then I looked at her lips,
Moist and so captivating,

'Spring has come again to my house'
I thought.



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.



Be a girl, be a swirl,
in the curl, of the world.
Let the eye shadow of your eyes shine,
like you're smart and just so fine.
Let the lip gloss quote,
your personality is one to note.
Let your ruby earrings show,
your mind has gemstone glow.
Let your dark brown eyebrows reflect,
that you're good, but not perfect.

Let the shine of your forehead
be a sign of your life's rosy bed.
Let your cheekbones indicate
your wide smile and great faith.
Let your glamorous personality make
the surrounding crowd shake.
Make yourself a revolutionary woman,
and forget the beliefs of all the other men.
Be one of a kind and,
have a great mind.
Show this world what you are,
what if you become a rising star!



Nakshata Agarwal: I am a girl of class 9. I study in GD Goenka Public School, Siliguri. My hobbies are singing, dancing and cooking



OPTIMISM

In bed I lie shivering with fright
Waiting for the axe to fall from its great height
On this cold and moonless night
When everything is so still and quiet.
Then from the window dazzles a silvery light
Sparkling, shimmering and shining bright

Then...like a spell cast by a pixie or sprite
Me fear gets cast away outright
And I see the world with a whole new sight.



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.



A LONG DRIVE

The ribbon of a road unwinds ahead

The car moves with the smooth grace of a shark

The traffic lights change from red to green,
pointless on an empty road nevertheless a

Call for safety and discipline.

Trees shade the road on either side,
a beautiful boulevard, lush and verdant

See the small hamlets and fields beyond them

The simple, rustic folk, smiling

Happy, going about their routine

In places that have been forgotten by time.

A young girl herds goats across the road, we stop
And gaze at the jumpy little kids who cheer our
Weary minds. The girl looks at us curious
But nonchalant, we drive on...

It's time to take a break, after another year
Of grueling hard workday after day
So off we go to a faraway destination
Whose charms beckon like a sultry siren

How nice to leave the hectic city the greedy toll booths
and the simmering traffic behind as we traverse the
roads to relax ourselves, to unwind
And enjoy the simple pleasures that
Simple people take for granted.



Padmini Rambhatla: I am a homemaker residing in Chennai, India. I work as an English teacher. I have contributed to a poetry group on Facebook. I dabble in art occasionally and love cooking a variety dishes for friends and family.



Tonight, my soul is soaked
In vodka, red wine and lime
As I quietly lie down,
Away from happy din
Under the canopy of stars
With all my concerns, limitations
Drowned for the moment
I simply wish
We were on the same page
My head on one of your shoulders

And yours on my other

Happy together



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.



**HE WILL BE
REMEMBERED...**

I am ripe

Ready to be shaken

No regrets

Lived happy

Want to die happy too.

Who would miss me

For how long

May be a month

Then life would go on

Let life go on.

All relations are magical
Appear and disappear fast
Love vanishes
Money fades away
What i did is worthy?
That will live.



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://www.twinflames1111.com/blog/q-a/5-most-damaging-twin-flame-myths/>

LET ME TRY TO WRITE YOU A POEM

Tonight, let me believe
that somehow, I can string words
Over the thread of my breath, and

this lavalier of metaphors
and similes and alliterations
will in some way make you fall

in love with me, all over again.

That once I have written this poem
you would put a purple mask

over your eyes and kiss its lips.

Then pull your dress around your hips
and ride its meter.

That you would move your body
to the cadence of my voice;
rising, falling, etching the skin

of night with vowels. And as I near
the end you would shudder
one last time over this spent poem

and fall asleep in its arms, satiated.



Paresh Tiwari: Poet, artist, and editor Paresh Tiwari has been widely published, especially in the sub-genre of Japanese poetry. A Pushcart Prize nominee, he has published two widely acclaimed collections of poetry. *Raindrops chasing Raindrops*, his latest collection of haibun was the recipient of the ‘Touchstone Distinguished Book Awards – 2017’. Paresh is the serving haibun editor of the literary magazine *Narrow Road*, a tri-annual publication. He has read his works at various literature festivals, cafés, theatres, galleries and has conducted haibun workshops at venues across India in an attempt to dismantle the boundaries that keep the various forms of poetry and literature from sharing the same spaces.



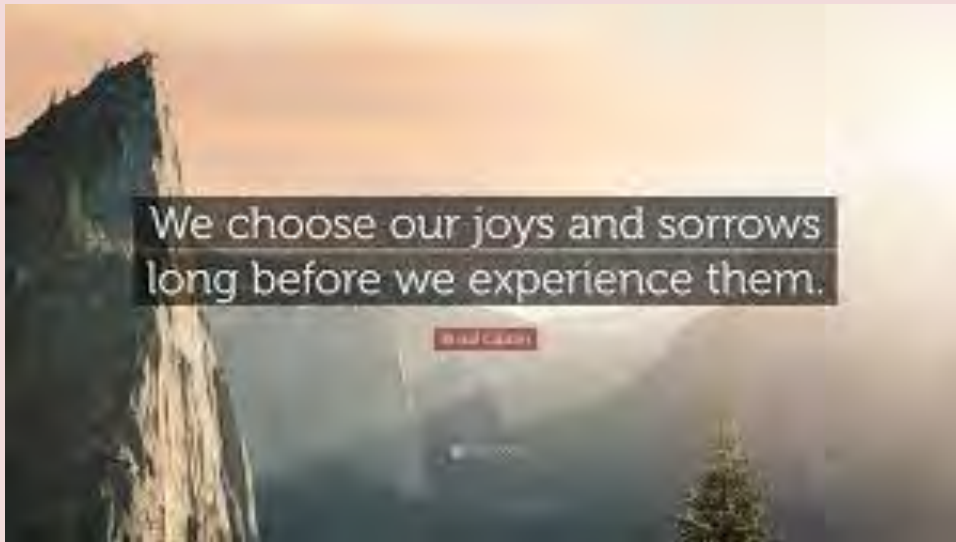
MY FLAME

Flickers cold shadows over your skin,
Dances into your curves as a cloud
Passes over a valley its shadow dips
Towards the swerve of water,

The dark copse darkened by the sip
The sup of clear water that beckons
My tongue taste its brightnesses
That is the perfume in your curves.



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.



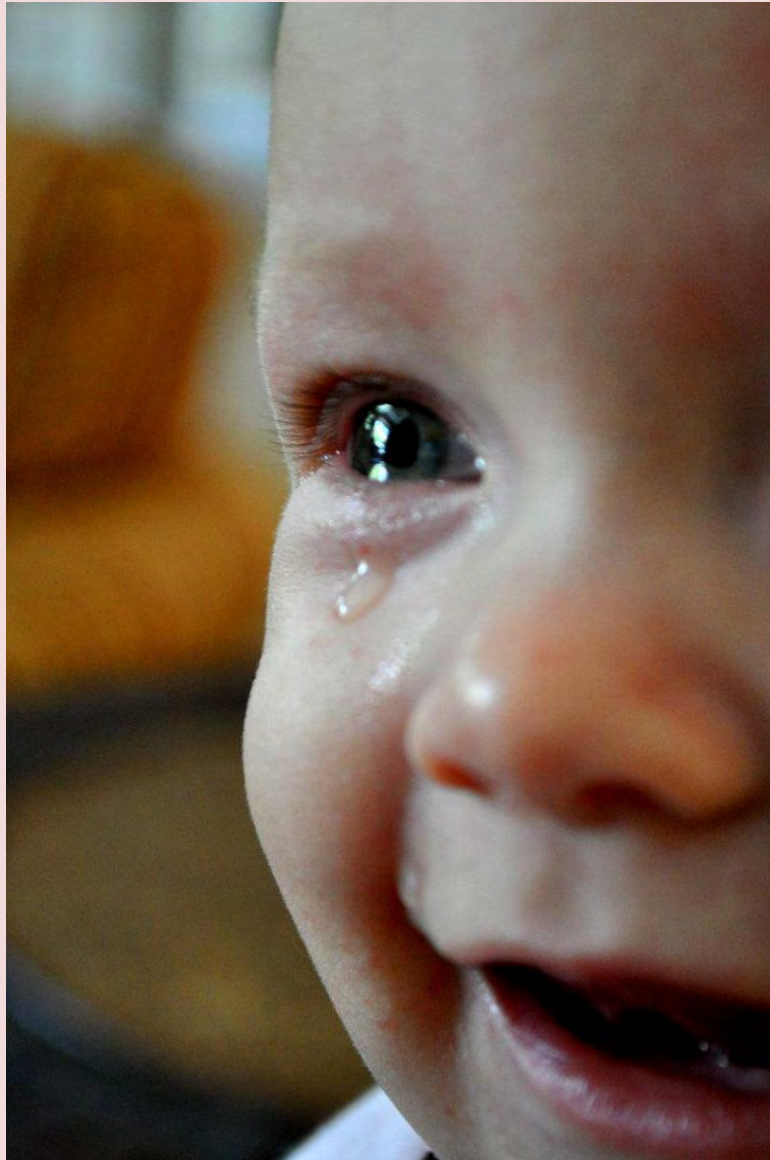
A SIMPLE TRUTH

We all must work hard every day
To bring folk joy in every way
Though reward it lives but a short, short time
It's depth my friend is so sublime

But when we bring folk pain and sorrow
The hurt lasts longer than tomorrow
And lingers on for many a year
Our conscience pricked by many a tear



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.



ELATED

A poor skinny boy
was lucky! He found a piece of bread
he ate it from the leftovers
and was elated!

A musician tuned his tanpura
and played it in alignment
he stood on a note in lieu of a song
he was elated!

A flower bloomed in the early hours of dawn
'twas a beautiful colour cornucopia of nature
the beholder was elated!

And after many weeks and months
out came a little baby calf
the cowherd carried it, it could nearly stand
the mother cow and everyone were elated!

So here we go,
even at times of misery
when nothing goes right, many a turmoil
face it with a smile. Be elated!



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 also recently completed a NANOWRIMO camp setting myself a goal of 10000 words and received an honorable mention for one of my poems on togetherness written for On Fire Cultural Movement. I aspire to write more and read more.



<https://www.financialexpress.com/industry/msp-does-not-do-full-justice-to-farmers-this-is-what-they-are-demanding/866966/>

VERY SHARP THIS TIME THE WIND

Neither I see her off

Nor receive

But while going she took away

All my yellowish leaves, and

While coming she rustles in my sprouted limbs creating
music in my soul through her magical wind!

I am indifferent as usual
I know if the winter comes,
Can the spring be far behind?

By the time the spring arrives in my city left the farmer for
her heavenly abode

Committing suicide, hanged unto death

Post mortem report the same

Debt burden, exorbitant interest rate,

He was dying a bit daily at the sight of the money lender.

By the time the spring arrives

Left vijoya malliya, rather escaped public hanging of a
media trial taking away all the wealth of an agrarian
economy,

The trial of dhala brothers is on

While 'D' brother gone with the wind

Loot is on

May be by the micro finance agency

Or by the loot king

Once again potato's price is up

price of rope and pesticides subsidised

Like bananas in broad day light

Farmers are hanged

I am afraid

The country is becoming a fruit vendor and the country a
banana Republic!

Very sharp this time the wind

The spring seems an assassin

No time for your beautiful eyes

Beloved!

No more it's a compliment

It is the very truth

Soon the country will be a killing field!



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



My! What a crowd is attending my funeral!

Where were they all,

when i needed them in my last hours?!

Actors all! Spouting well-written

lines; i salute their choice of writers!

Quietly flaunting their designer wear and baubles,

Anything for free publicity!

This useless me was given massive ignores when alive,

In my death, they get a chance to be in public memory!



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.



DIVINE LOVE

Again and again

The same lips

Brush together

Fresh and anew

Feel

More sweeter

Than before

The divine love

Lasts forever

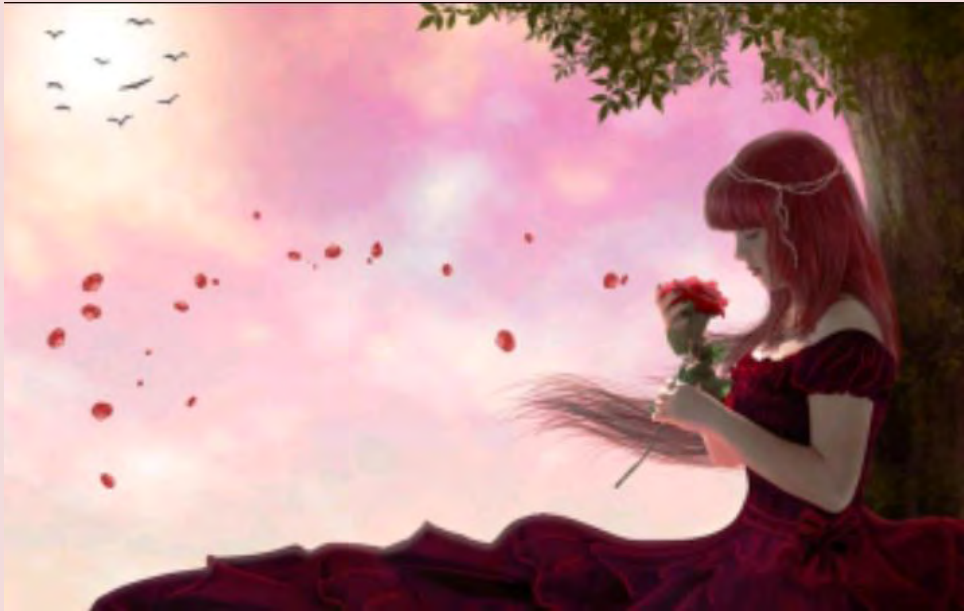
Even after

The end of the world

Death never touches
Either their body or soul.



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.



A PROMISE TO MYSELF

I rise again and again

I rise again and again

Breaking all the barriers

Of this uncivilized society,

I have promised myself to conquer this hypocrisy

I have promised myself to recreate a world

Full of youth and joy,

Not a single moment, I waited for none.

Above the all social barriers

I rise again and again,

I keep promises to go far long
Beyond the blue horizon
To continue my journey towards the light .
My path is rough and tough
But, I have promised myself to conquer the darkness
Through my virgin ink
Stretching my hands in search of holy prayers
To protect the world from harmful beast.



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



THROWBACK THURSDAY

As I entered the dentist's office, they were playing

main pal do pal ka shayar hoon, pal do pal meri kahaani hai

Pal do pal ki hasti hai, pal do pal meri jawaani hai...

I thought it was cute, even though my head usually only registers the mondegreens of the song. It went on till I was seated in the dentist's chair and the drill was well on its way to my roots, when they started playing:

pal pal dil ke paas, tum rehti ho...

"It's a coincidence", I said to myself. The dentist said there were nice songs today on the radio, and when dentists express opinions deep into your dentition, you tend not to argue. But I decided to change my opinion when

aanewala pal, jaane waala hai...

ho sake to isme zindagi bitaa do

pal jo yeh jaane wala hai...

came on. It was a conspiracy I knew, but the song was catchy, I knew the lyrics, and so I did not realise when they had put the gutta percha in and sealed the tooth. As I was paying at the reception, the croon-box belted out

pal, pal, pal, pal, har pal, har pal,

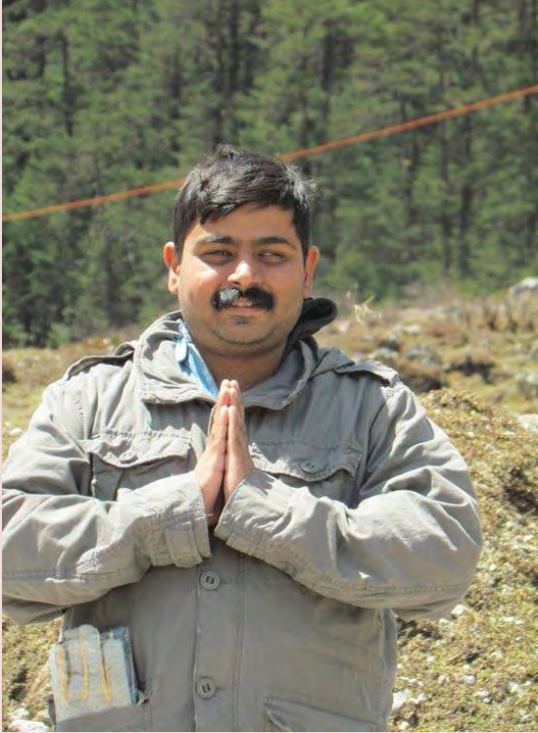
kaise katega pal har pal har pal...

I fled for life.

missing a white

my boy shows me his haul

of marbles



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.



A CARD WITH WORTH WHAT?

IT is a card, not a board,
square card, portable,
pocketable, light yet,
full of weight in times
of need more for luxury.

Gone are those days of
Jingling coins and fresh notes
Of currency emitting full aura;

As if from the Mint, in bundles
and banded with a knot.

A card with a pin but not
Dateless; like humans, this
Electronic Wizard too has
expiry date, entry point and
exit your own willed accord.

Forgot pin at the store point,
Shops and malls and mega marts;
A quandary for me and family;
Those in queue an added tension,
Time is running out for all in this.

Machine age with server down;
Manual rescue to redeem our risk
always a boon and delectable pleasure.



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 writers, and am a blogger too.



I'M EIGHT

I remember, not long ago, they loved me:
my father, my mother, and teachers.

I remember I was their princess, not long ago.

On my birth dates, yes eleven and one, every month
on the date of my birth, sometimes, if on weekend,
twelve at night, they'd hug me, and kiss me,
and love me and promise to take me out next day.

Not anymore. I remember, the eyebrows arched
on my birthday, one, the last one. I remember,
not long ago, my father would carry me piggyback

to the park, or around the block, to grocery store.

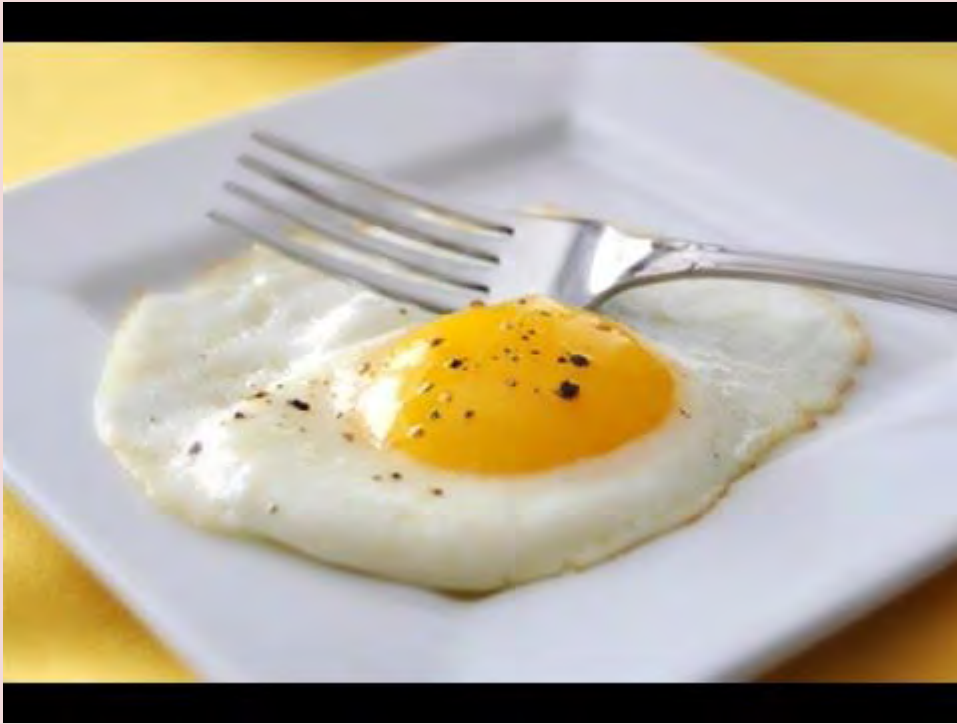
I remember my mother would take me with her
everywhere, to her friends', to the market and parlor,
but now I'm told: 'You have grown old,
and will soon be nine'.

I'm eight.



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

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



The word half boiled is a male word in Kovai

Not because it is half and not so hard

Not because a twine cannot slice it into prakruthi and
purush

But because it is an inert pool of moon yellow in a bar.

The character of this word is that it doesn't erect.

It can't spin like a globe on its axis around a yarn.

It can't hide with a slippery thick white skin

Around ooze, pus, seminal fluid and smelly goo.

To be half boiled is to lie on a steel platter

With the sunny side up, pepper sprayed,

To be picked and dumped into a reeking mouth
In one lump, like a pack of betel leaf and lime.
Word-wise, half boiled isn't half hard boiled
Or even boiled, like a hard boiled revolution,
It is an egg which has no choice to wonder whether
To be boiled or deep fried or half boiled or stir fried.

Note 1: In Kovai TASMAC bars, an egg fried whole (bulls eye) is called a half boiled or aapbayiled.

Note 2: Kovai is Coimbatore, an industrial city in Tamil Nadu, South India. The town is dotted with TASMAC bars.

Note 3: TASMAC stands for Tamil Nadu State Marketing Corporation which has monopoly on sales of alcoholic beverages.



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



LEFT RIGHT LEFT

You wave. The street splits into two

The wrong turn is you

An obsessed nostril sniffs out intentions

Kisses are always political

I want to stop and breathe out the years without you. The
wind fleeing on a bird wing leaves me a feather

The left is a body with an unwashed feel to it; It reeks of
desire, of faded sheets and fenugreek

Its navel lint, slightly silky
rubs against my privileged indifference

Cross legged my defences squat
juggling mischoices

Free air breathes me into its pockets

The green light waits. It is right but I am not convinced

It is not a leaf-shade-pond-shadow green

Your hand raised in anticipation of being clasped is clean. It
is the spotless dream

this careful city honks away

All that is left is not right



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.



DRINKING COLD WATER FROM TAP ON RETURNING HOME

it tastes of a kiss
from past. like a
plaintive gulp of
memories, it crawls
through oral tract,
a palatable snake
slithering into depths
of fatigued existence.
it descends into
bowl of silence in
slow coils.

blessed be the water
that cuts its way
into maps of
nostalgia; the water
that sculpts empty
spaces; water that
strums the primitive
sensual strings; water
that dreams of a
universal language.
water that evokes
the forgotten.

blessed be the water
that quenches thirst.



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



VISIONS

and we drove all night
moving together down Rajasthani highways
sitars and tablas
AfroBrazilian congas
Zakir Hussain and Nikhil Banerjee

and I danced with you
without asking permission
you were just there
my hands felt so light

collapsing inside your long brown fingers
framing your moist dark eyes

and we drove all night
dancing for the first time

the moon

the wind

a sleepy desert

the lone witnesses

and then you drove
without asking permission

and I followed
you leading me with your grace,

now both of us

moving together

down Rajasthani highways

illuminating the night



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.



FLY HIGH BUTTERFLY

Limitless is the immense sky
My dear and colorful butterfly,
It is time for you, don't be afraid
To take a badly needed break
And fly very high before
The Spring finally arrives!

Not only angels can fly high,
You really can, likewise,
When the land is now barren

And I prepare my garden
For you after your short flight!

The flowers and I
Will be waiting for you
To soon come down
To taste the morning's dew
While flying all around!



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!



Charles Burchfield, Salem Bedroom Studio Feb. 21, 1917

Burchfield Penney Art Center, Buffalo, NY

FOLDED BANSHEES IN THE LINEN CLOSET

remorseless

the trust betrayed

again

scoliosis

on load bearing

futons

the delusional mind
as soundproofing

shot glasses
full of bacon fat
bringing in the new
year

fertility clinics
terraforming the personal
landscape

altering the tone deaf
penny whistle
mind

Gene Pitney as a unicorn
of abundance

folded banshees in the linen closet

and these painting, all mine,
not a single Caravaggio in sight...

the fuse box now eggplant purple
with rock quarry heavy
brush strokes.



1

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



WOUNDS

She liked to hear stories. After completing her school homeworks, she used to sit in front of the house, looking at the gate for her father to come from office.

When he reach home from office, after having a bath, refreshments, and saying evening prayers, he sat beside her in an easy chair lying in the verandah, and he told her stories. He told her the stories that he had read, and about the great writers who wrote the classics. She also liked to hear such stories. Sometimes, by stepping down to the castle of faded memories, he got something to tell her.

Once he told.

In our childhood, we had many domestic animals like goats and cows in our home. There were two beautiful cows among them. They were a mother and her child. For

mother cow, we named 'Madhu mathi' and her naughty calf we called 'Meenakshi'.

"Hai sweet names..." she said.

From her face it was obvious that she liked those names.

He continued, "We liked Meenakshi very much. Her naughtiness had made us play with her every morning. She liked us too, she exhibited her affection by jumping and running between us, keeping her little tail up."

"Oh...nno..., I wish I had been there to play with her," she said.

"Really, I still have Meenakshi's naughtiness in my mind," he told her.

"But we all hated one man, who came daily morning to draw up milk from her mother. He always drew completely, never leaving even a little milk in her mother's teat for Meenakshi."

"Oh Poor Meenakshi! God! How can that man have been cruel like this?" she asked.

The last traces of reddishness had faded in the far evening skies.

Looking at her, he continued...

“Yeh.... One day morning when the milkman came, he saw Meenakshi was free from the ties in the cattle shed. When he saw that Meenakshi was freed, the milkman got angry and shouted loudly,

“Hey! Who freed the calf? She must have drunk all milk. My God! What I will do? What shall I say to the Majesty? Oh! What will I say?” He was shivering with anger.

The case directly reached to the centre.

“Centre means... your father?” she asked.

“mm.... yeh. Then there was nothing to say. The guava tree that stands in the courtyard lost two stumps. Father had beaten me till they had broken into several pieces...”
Actually, I was not the one who freed Meenakshi. But as it is always, as if a drum in the hands of a drummer.”

His words were wet and broken with sorrows of the past. Whether she realized it or not, he noticed that her face looked sad, and little pearls of love had emerged from her eyes.

Shadows in the waters of the Periyar River darkened. Resonance of evening prayers from a nearby temple and masjid spread in the air.

(to be continued in next issue)



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): A freelance writer and painter from Kerala, India, working in Doha as Admin Manager. Writes short stories, poems and travelogues in various regional language magazines (Malayalam), periodicals with a pen name as 'Saleem Kattuchola', and used to write English poems in International Magazines.



WHITE HORSE

I wondered, "What do I wear,
The white horse tee, or that dress?
The dress is prettier, but the stallion
it looks so chilled out;
What do I do now?"
Suddenly, a whinny made me sit up,
And something tickled my cheek,
Looking up, to my surprise I saw
The white stallion peeping from my tee!

I jumped up, surprised,
And then he said,
"Don't worry, climb up
And come with me!"
Excited to ride, I got on, and flash!
I was in a pasture, surrounded by bonny lassies and lads,
All riding full of joy, and yelling with delight!
I was wonder, and then
He took me on a ride,
Wild and uncontrolled, oh!
So free! He said, "I'm Sherry,
My friend will you be?"
I galloped the whole day and met Black Beauty.
Then I heard a bell, alas!
It was only 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.



SAHIB

Sahib!!

Can you hear me?

I need to tell you the saga of my journey.

I'm from a distant village of your urban map.

Where the rays of life can't cross the gap.

Crossing the thorns have touched
your roads, smooth and fine.

Which are made of my blood ,still not mine!

Sahib !

Can you hear me ?

Your lenses are capturing my cracked feet & broken knee.

Your creams can't heal my cracks and scars.

The battle I'm fighting with my forefathers.

I'm the headline, to be chewed and swallowed at breakfast.

Though me, my family are bound to fast.

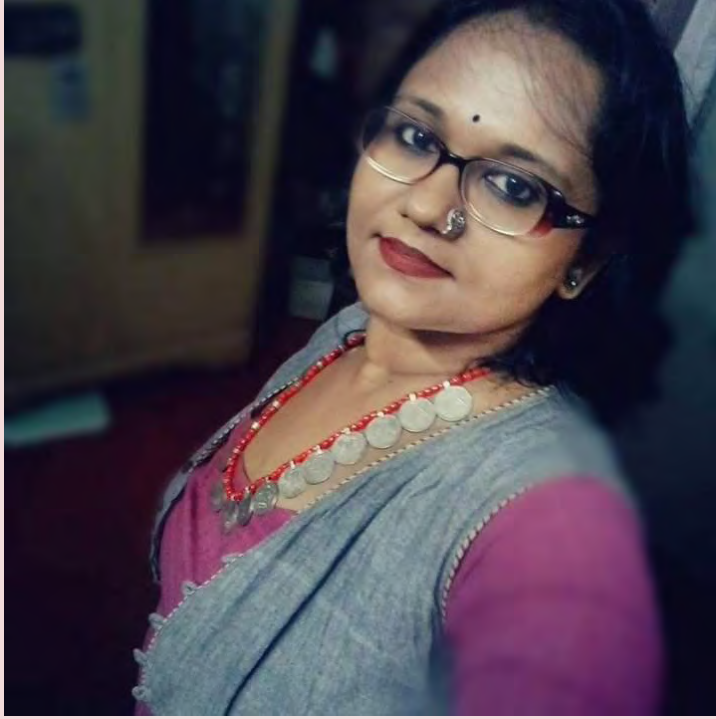
Sahib !!

Now move, move away from my path.

I'm moving with a storm deep and dark.

No more plea , nor more pray.

For my child, I need to march for a new day.



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.



KASHMIR

Basheer

the tour operator

from Kashmir is my new friend

He is a big

Admirer of Shankaracharya

Do you know

Shankaracharya travelled from kalady

And built a temple

On the hill top in Kashmir

Climbing the two hundred steps
To reach the temple
Was a tedious task

The view from the hill
Was breath taking
Dal lake and the town below
Appeared no less than a painting

I remembered my painting class
In school.

My class mate Charlie
Was a good painter
His paintings of Kashmir
Was much appreciated by all

For me
Kashmir is not a mere painting.



Santosh Alex: I am a trilingual poet, translator and poetry curator residing in Kochi, India. I work as Deputy Director in a Fisheries research Institute. I have contributed to six international anthologies and various Indian anthologies. I have published 36 books, which include poetry, criticism and translations. My recent accomplishment is receiving the International Vitruvio Poetry Award from Italy.



CONCRETE MONSTERS

The tiny calf looks around with tiny eyes.

Is it searching for its mother?

The patch of green behind it
is reflected in puddles of rain water.

What do its eyes reflect?

Some latent fear?

Some calamity very near?

Concrete monsters blatantly stride forth
with menacing speed.
Soon, yes very soon,
they will gobble up the vestigial patch of green.
Right now, there are guests in the trees,
pirouetting and preening and twittering up a storm.
Do these loquacious birds know
that all-pervasive woe
waits to mow down
the patch of green and also smother their tweets?
But, they tweet on, living in the moment,
basking in their ignorance sweet.



Santosh Bakaya: I am a poet, novelist, and essayist-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'.



FROZEN LOVE

How beautiful and serene is this frozen love, she sighed
with all her feelings dead and buried!

When the love was warm and fragrant

He ruled her life stamping on her tender heart so pure n
divine

And with their trivial fights made her heart so sore and
bleed

Her petal soft heart loved all around her

And all she got was cold shoulders

from all !

She wept alone to no one's bother

Her feeling towards all

died a natural death with no worries !
Her heart was frozen like a block of ice
She walked out of her so called wedlock
The lock which locked her in an iron cage
Now her tears refuse to flow anymore
they too were frozen like her frozen heart
never to melt at his whims n fancies !
She started her life all over again
Only loving her own frozen heart
working day and night to feed
her hunger !
Humming a song happily
She walks on the sandy shore,
A triumphant walk she always
dreamt of, singing how fragrant is
this frozen heart of mine!



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.



What was the world then and what is it now?

How shall I explain, oh tell me how!

People are born and people die

People are honest and people lie.

Plants have bloomed and disappeared

Some weird diseases have reappeared

Animals came and were shot to adorn

Why? Oh why were they born?

Do we deserve what we have got?

When the world wants peace, wars are fought

For land and water which was a given for all
Everyone had the right to live big or small?

Will we ever discover our purpose or live meaninglessly
Will we do something or roam aimlessly
Can we save ourselves from a place in hell
This is something only time will tell!



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.



TO LIVE IS THE RAREST THING

In the stillness of the forest

In the stillness of the forest...

Purpose and promise flirt with the breeze,

Wild and tame coexist with ease,

Croaking and crooning beasts at peace,

A distant hymn beckons, nightly passions cease,

In the stillness of the forest...

The fawn hops by merrily, unmindful of the snake,

Mighty oaks greet lean bamboos by the lake,

Tree spirits hasten to nudge lulled minds awake,

Blue mist parts to reveal mortal gambles at stake,
In the stillness of the forest...

The dusk's majestic silence breaks,
to indulge a novice poet's fantasies,
The master in his lofty abode rakes,
Mysteries to feed universal fallacies,
In the stillness of the forest...



Saranya Francis: She is a multilingual poet with published poems in English, Hindi and Tamil. She has to her credit two anthologies of poetry titled Ambedo and Being Purple. Her poetry has been widely published online. She is a dance and music enthusiast and a linguist. She is the recipient of

the Bharat Award for Literature (2018), Rabindranath Tagore Award (2017), National Chanting Bards Award (2017). Saranya is the Secretary of ZAV Foundation, an NGO working for the cause of education and women empowerment. She is currently a freelance life skills trainer and also teaches in a satellite based education company.



'THE RIVER OF CONSCIOUSNESS' PASSAGE THROUGH WHEREVER IT PLEASES

'Tis not a swirl, but a dance
through which we've been spinning
since the primordial soup
spit us up to make merry

Apocalyptica bleeds a red sky blue –
a river of wine in the lining

Threads of yellow hold the scene in balance –
shake the globe, Pangea shutters/shimmers

Lotus petals/melting shades/hues of light
drip to flash/dissolved vibrations/electric buzz
boiling/cosmic koi pond churning/
becomes ocean/breathes expansion/
becomes fish/becomes eyes of evolution/
becomes will of chaos/becomes hand of order/
becomes brush strokes of creative rhythm
and steady feet



Scott Thomas Outlar: He lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia. His sixth collection of poetry, *Of Sand and Sugar*, is forthcoming in 2019 through Cyberwit. Outlar hosts the website 17Numa.com where

links to his published work can be found. He also hosts the radio podcast, Songs of Selah, which can be listened to on 17Numa Radio.



Rachel Leigh: She is a self-taught artist based in Kansas City, Missouri. Specializing in alternative mixed media with a focus on sustainability, she often employs found materials or creates her own. She believes art is an expression of the soul, and that good art has the power to heal, inspire, empower, and to catalyze conscious growth.



I FEEL, I FEEL

When there are no more tears
To shed over sleepless nights
I have paced the floor bare
Writhing in my helplessness
Beneath veils of equanimity
Within inclusivity, lost my identity
The enemy remains camouflaged
As he piled up his explosive arsenal in my backyard
To rain death upon me and my trusting brothers
Here I am on the frozen soil
Not enough hands, a nation of a billion
To pick up bits & pieces of my tattered flesh

Strewn all over this war torn frozen soil
I can no longer hold my furious sobs within
I need to let out this howl long into the night
A war cry to awaken my sleeping brethren
Your sense of security is a fallacy
Unclasp these chains of magnanimity
Confront the cowardice cowering within
The attack was frontal, it is now guttural
Your guts will be spilled on the streets
Your home is under fire,
Your loved ones will be dragged into the pits to be
butchered
What will you do, don't you feel, don't you feel
But I feel, I feel even in my agonized death
A call to set this wrong right
To vanquish the enemy growing within
It's this cancerous ideology needing nationalistic treatment
Now that my eyes in death are dry
Lead the front of this charge, brothers & sisters mine

I need your hands, pick me up from the bloodied ground
Fly me home in empty coffins
Tell my people there was nothing left of me to be delivered
I was vaporized by a zealots fanaticism
I feel, I feel in death, I will return
Again to proudly wear my uniform
And avenge this mindless savagery



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.



<https://twitter.com/jtdales>

WALKING AND WALKING MANY MILES AROUND

Walking and walking many miles around,
on the untrodden path,
searching for a route,
in an unplanned way,
don't know where will I land?
Will it be my destination?

or just a part of journey
embarking to walk further
in a more dexterous way,
to reach a destination not dreamt.



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



STONE WITH LIFE-AHALYA

“Wherefore art thou”

O my dear wife

Strains of voice

Calling to his inner life

Life, living in harmony

Husband in tow

Is it a cacophony

When it comes to soulless peace

That a lifeless stone defies

Indra, the king of Heaven

Spurned by a woman

Suffering from the toils of fate

He, cursed as it is

But still on the run, wherever there is,

Ahalya, turned into a stone

By her husband

For the sacrilege of looking upon

Another's face as there is

A life full of fervour,

A house full of life,

Lying life-less in

the course of life's journey

Is it towards heaven or hell?

Woman, will a house

Ever regain its spent hours

“Thou art ever powerful”

Crying from the depths,

Of his selfless crest



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



THE GLORIOUS DREAM

From dreams I pick up stuff,
some true, some gruesome;
I dream I fly, so will I,
one awesome windy day?
I dream I find a cancer cure.
Will the morning dare to make me
a household name?
God, is it You or Me,
that's slowly but surely
running this world?



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



A LOOK AT LIFE

Get up

come out of your slumber

and look at the world

going away and away

leaving you all alone

to let you see where do you stand

and where others are

Analyse and reassess

for you are to keep pace

and move hand in hand
and make your life
something to look at

Come out of the seclusion
believe in yourself
find the genius in you
nurture it with all
love and care and
see the difference with a mind
free and fare

Never say
you do not have
it in you
if the best of the best
has a glorious past
to cherish and fall back

you have a bright future
knocking at



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.



#ABC POETRY

D-I

Dancing and singing in own rhythm

Embraces petals and flowers

Fluttering wings with blowing wind

Giggling and rolling in lap of nature

Hey butterfly you brim hearts with your beauty

In barren lives you paint colors!!



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



I promise

Will sail together

Be it smooth, tough or tight

Will walk hand in hand

Be it soothing, peaceful or riot

Will travel far and wide

Be it train, plane or our own ride

Will sleep underneath star

Be it rooftop, hills or beach-side

Will feel and heal

Be it slip-ups of mine or otherwise

Will share and care

Be it a bite of bread or our last night

Will love and unite

Be it this world or beyond our sights

I promise to keep this promise all my life



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



<http://horrorwire.com/creepiest-places-on-earth-blood-lakes-and-body-farms/>

BLOOD THIRSTY

How blood thirsty is the land

Lapping up every ounce

devouring scraps

asking for more

every now and then

Demanding satiety

since centuries

sacrifices made
and some more
Great wars fought
felling many
at one go
to assuage her thirst
To irrigate her
Enriching her womb
making her fertile
as she soaks up
thirstily
Leaving a stain
for posterity
Not obliterated by Time
no discrimination made
So long as it was scarlet
and thick
free flowing

Her lascivious tongue
Licked up the last vestige
Spurts sprinkles rivulets
so long as it flowed
a deeper red
sucked in
every drop
eagerly absorbed
Sprouting plants
nourished in blood
Lush green glistened
fed on
by the continuous
scarlet flow
The fruits bulbous
juicy and voluptuous
with rich nutrients
but with deformed core

warped innards
Eaten by their own
Blood for blood
Only to be shed
A darker patch
on the dark
it never congealed
it was never wiped
it flowed unabated
irrigating
meeting the demands
of the thirsty land

my land
your land
our land



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



LOST STAR

I am a lost star
devoid of horizon
hurt by searing quips
miffed by speculation
shunted from pavilion
sans valid reason

My utterance
it seems...

has no more chance
to elicit
even a speck of nuance
in the valley of existence

My injured psyche
bruised demeanour
splintered tattered core
gasp for breath
being unable to
take it any more

Flanked by distress and disdain
pierced by throbbing pain
my intent nosedives
my numb wishes
crawl towards burial place
having lost all scope for redemption.



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.



COLOURS OF LIFE

How life changes its colour

Once who resided in your heart

Suddenly seems unknown

And leaves you forever.

Life is all about high and low

When a friend turns into a foe

You never know.

Whom you trusted most
Your heart is astonished
How they hurt you most.

Today who is poor, tomorrow's rich
You could even touch the height
You never thought possible to reach.

Keep going, keep going
In every phase of life, there is
Some lesson to learn and teach .

Every day you become older
Each and every moment you grow,
But be ready for that divine God
Before whom somewhere somehow
You have to bow .



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is an English poetry writer from India. She was born in Kolkata and brought up there. Music ,poetry and drama are her passions and her poems have been published in various anthologies and blogs. She has published a book of poems. She has a poetry group of her own and she is working as an admin of three poetry groups . Poetry is her lifelong passion and she wants to continue it until her last breath.



What's the point

To live or not?

When body ages too fast,

Persistent headache throbs,

Eyes dim, and fat accumulates

To the march of hunger pangs.

When living is a duty

So family isn't inconvenienced.

When being alive is a fading dream,

Flirting breeze on a long lost shore.

And yet the aged love to live;

Snappy, temperamental, frustrated,

They eye the sweet, the savoury,
And cling on to taste another day.



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*.



RAVEN TO SILVER

Fading photographs, a forgotten flower,
ribbon tied letters, held her still in a strange power.
Opening the box, heart shaped and satin lined
she shed a tear on the last letter he'd signed.
His musky fragrance softly wafted about
nostalgia crowded in, painful emotions tumbled out.

She shuddered, as a gust of wind blew
showering her with leaves every color and hue.

Yellow, brown, even burnished gold
rich with the age of living, bright and bold.

Closed eyes - of seasons moving on, she saw new light
her hair had turned from raven to silvery white
but the heart no wiser, pined for times to turn around
loved ones to return, long buried under the ground.

Caressing weathered cheeks, the wind whispered wisdom
filled words,
to let go of pain, has come the time, she heard
“Life is love in an ever flowing stream
love to be alive, stop living in a dream”.

Thanking nature that taught her life’s ultimate truth
she cried, “But I love him still, as I did in our youth”.

Praying for strength, head bowed, buried box, pain and all,
embraced in the warm mantle of One who gives to big and
small.



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.



GRIEF

The pain returns

Often

On solitary evenings

In crowded localities

Of Mumbai;

A soft pain

That lingers

like the ache of a right-hand first

finger

hurt by the thorns of

a red rose that once bloomed
in a pot on the
balcony of some other
home--now
a distant memory.

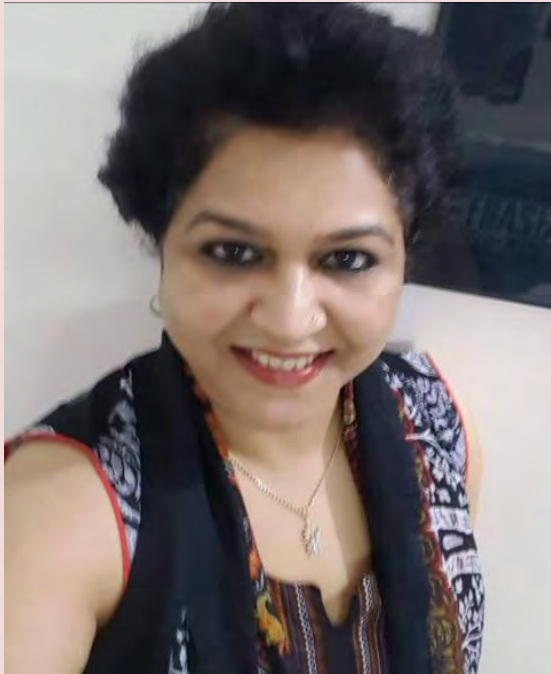


Sunil Sharma: I am a writer living in suburban Mumbai, India. Work as a college principal. Published a total of 19 books, solo and joint. I edit Setu:

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



Eyes meet and hands touch
bodies and souls entwine
as comets blaze forth in dark skies
lighting up
Vesta becomes visible to naked eyes
planets move in symphony universe(s) combine
as we move together
sailing in silent synchronic seas!



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.



(illustrated in a painting by suzette portes san jose)

MY BLUE PEGGY SUE

my kitty Blue Peggy Sue does always feel so blue

she yells and cries never says adieu

as she does recall a love in a hue

it all seems a fairy tale come true

here comes the story of my Blue Peggy sue

along the alley, she hops and creeps

rolls and bumps waking up all from sleep

one window threw a pink hairbrush

the color of her kitty hood crush
she took it to her box and stare all day
reminiscing her young love story

it was on a morning break when she needs a walk to take
a squeaky little thing was hiding in a stake
that smells too good for fasting to break
but it wasn't the stake that makes her sneak
her mouth is watering for those that squeak

she jumps onto that little thing behind
and surprised what she was about to find
a well-groomed sleek fur of pink couldn't take her eyes to
blink
a pretty handsome kitty boy not in blue falls, on my Peggy
Sue

here's another surprise that comes so true
he wears lipstick and a heel on his shoe

he picks the little thing and gives it a leak
on his pink gloves, astonished she couldn't speak
he gave his squeaky little one to her with a kiss
Peggy sue now knew he isn't a pinkie kitty Miss

the amusing pretty kitty lad she is dreaming
it was a fairy tale come true when he falls for my Peggy Sue
each night they sit underneath the moonlight
as they color the night with pink and blue so bright



Suzette Portes San Jose: She has a Bachelor of Science in Commerce from University of San Carlos Cebu City. Philippines. She was born with a passion for writing and

living in her art forms. She started writing online in 2013. She now has joined 15 book anthologies from 2015 to 2018. Each of her poems is written with her painting as visuals and are now appearing internationally, namely, in the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, India, and the Philippines.



YOU

I searched for you

Everywhere

I saw you

in the Wood,

along the Road,

by the lake -

on the top of a mountain.

I searched for you -

I saw you

Dancing in the Clouds

Sailing in the Wind.

I heard your voice -

whisper my name

Good Night!

You followed me

into my sleep -

dreams!

I felt your presence,
despite your absence.

You were

Behind the veil.

Beyond earthly life

I searched for you

and saw you Everywhere



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.



THE SPEAKING TREE

Like some lecherous person's sudden urge,
Or like the hungry jaws of a dissolute tigress,
My desire wants to come out of my old burg.
And, insists me to take part in another race.

But, my reluctant legs and hands remind me,
That my days of golden age are gone forever.
So, I take a seat under a nameless roadside tree;
And, try to regain my lost wealth like a craver.

Then it's branches consoles me with soft murmur,
And the trunk comforts with usual pantomime,
Not to shower dirty curses on my exterminator,
Who has taken all, those were supposed to be mine;

But to praise him for offering life's unfinished phrase.
And to request him again for remaining golden days.



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.



BIDDING FAREWELL

I lost you before I got you,

Where I did want.

Those days,

The gleam of your presence

Made me to build,

My own magic castle.

It was not made by clay on earth.

But.....

By dreams in my heart.

No storm can demolish it

And.....

No time can curtail its beauty.
You would sustain there intact,
Till my mind becomes mortal.



Ullas: I am working as a Higher Secondary school teacher in Govt. GHSS, Kodungallur. I often write poems in English and in Malayalam (Mother Tongue). I enjoy reading poems in my leisure time. Not at all a known poet. This is my first venture to publish my poem. It would be a pleasure to know that my poem deserves to be published in GloMag.



THE WAYWARD RETURNS

The first droplets

Nature's overture to the wet season

So virginal its brush with the monsoon

The previous first rains drenched into oblivion

No record no recollection

Of taste or smell

It made love all anew to the lusty soil

It broke summer's parched back

An obdurate lover unrelenting

Every rivulet soaked in

Every porous pore

So forgiving were we

Its long absence

Three and a half long seasons

Its dalliance elsewhere

This summer end

“It did return home” we said

And that was all that mattered



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



VOLCANO

A dormant volcano

Suddenly

Erupted...

Molten lava was scattered

Here and there

Created disturbance in normal life

It was uncontrollable....

They could find its sparks n burning material..

On the roads, fields and narrow streets

Everyone was scared

Surprised to see

Such miracle !

As she was blasted

Into tears

Last night

An unforgettable scream,

loud shriek

And continuous pain, anger and surpassed

Emotions

That were hidden in her heart

That was murdering her soul day by day

How long she could bear it!!

It was difficult to control

Haunted night was over

And now she was waiting for a new dawn...



Varsha Saran: Varsha Saran 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 has won many awards in writing.



TO MY COFFEE

On hesitant mornings
When my pillow cajoles me into temptation,
There is but one potion,
A swirl of which conjures up
The magic of wide wakefulness.

Oh coffee! You, the simple elixir
Guaranteed to breathe
Sweet aromatic freshness into my every cell,
Your brownie frothiness
Sending out bubbly invitations

That stimulates my dazed sleepy eyes
To alertness,
And with the first sip taken,
Your warm rounded flavour
Inducing heights of shameful indulgence,
My eyelids fall upon my irises
Not in petty sleepfulness
But in invocation of intense gratification
For you, the blessing that is mine
And none else!



Vidya Shankar: I am a poet, writer and blogger residing in Chennai, India. I am an educator, presently working as an English Language Instructional Designer. I have been contributing to an international newspaper column as well as to a few anthologies. I have also published a book of poems.



THE LINE OF OUR CONTROL

Returning refreshed by their native air

They burst into flames of martyrdom

Ambushed by minds darkened by hate

In a land where the sky embraces every grief

And mothers die many times in one lifetime--

Our arguments shall follow us

To our well-maintained graves

Along with the stilled laughter in their young eyes--

Eavesdropping on history, old and new,

We shall hear the applause
For sentences across the floor--
But we shall only see

The baleful glance
Of a patient vulture
Across the line of our control.



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.



WINE

Today I'm intoxicated
You are my wine
And you cannot say
Leave, let be
For that I decide
To let be or not
Today I choose to savour
The warmth as it slips
Down my throat
Spreads up my cheeks
My ears ripe tomatoes

You would like to nibble

I can see that look

In your eyes

Ha! I really like that look

I'm leaving

Taking it with me for keeps

To dream back on tonight

See you, sprite.



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.



The house was big with many rooms. It was the house of a big joint family, and in the centre, there was a courtyard. Old man and woman spent most of their times in the courtyard. It was their house. As the Sunrays came in through the open courtyard and crawled up the wall, children came out of their rooms. Somehow, they had an inexplicable aversion for their closed rooms, they loved the open courtyard and their grandparents. However, soon discordance among their sons went irreparable, and it was decided that the house would be divided. And, so it happened, along with the big house the courtyard was divided too.

They fought over their parents, the biggest question was where would they live if there wouldn't be any courtyard. The solution popped up in their minds easily that they would go to an old age home. Old woman cried, she

wanted to save her husband's dignity at the twilight of his life. She averted to the idea but in vain, and soon they were packed off to an old age home.

There they had a tiny room with two beds in it. They made new friends. But, there too, they liked to spend most of their time in the courtyard. Although, it gave them a shelter and looked quite same as their home, but they always complained that there was less air and even lesser light.



Vivek Nath Mishra: I'm a writer residing in Varanasi. I'm currently working in a bank. My short stories have been published by The Hindu, Queen mob's Teahouse, Prachya Review, Muse India, Indian ruminations and many others.



SONNET 95

(dedicated to Arundhati Roy)

Voices, be they local or foreign,
Mustn't be silenced on any grounds
Silence doesn't ever silence crime
Doesn't change the wrongs done
The injustice carried out on us
Silence only augments the crisis
Of the one enforcing the same
Because the signs on the wall
Are all too manifest and are read
By the onlookers but with hatred

Who feel the whole wide world
To be a prison ever expanding
The light of freedom, free thoughts
Is seen far away and is languishing.



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



ciao! 😊