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ISBN 978-93-87966-65-9



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**INDIFARING MUSE**

Vol 2

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An Anthology of Poems

Editors	Goutam Karmakar   Parthajit Ghosh
Associate Editors	Dr Shri Krishan Rai   Dr Madhu Kamra
Executive Editor	Dr S.S. Kanade



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(An Anthology of Poems)

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**Goutam Karmakar & Parthajit Ghosh**

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Published by:



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RESEARCH CENTRE

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Latur-413512 (MS) India. Cell: 91-9422 467 462

e-mail: vishwabharati2010@gmail.com

www.vishwabharati.in

ISBN: 978-93-87966-65-9

Price: ₹ 999 | \$ 40

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First Edition 2018

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Cover Design Source: Images from Google and Internet

Printed, Typesetting, Cover Design by:

**Diamond Printers & Papers**

Rajiv Gandhi Chowk, Latur-413512 (MS) India.

## INTRODUCTION

*Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain  
but for the heart to conquer it.*

-Rabindranath Tagore

Poetry is a flu that restores vitality. Though not everyone catches this flu, it is more or less contagious. It is mercurial and can sometimes turn out outrageous things from the pen. And still, it is a preferred medium, much like a child's heart clings to the most ragged stuffed-doll.

There was a time when poetry stimulated the growth of speech. Oral manifestations of the art of rhyming dominated over philosophical thought. In our Microsoft age, however, even the pen has fallen off our fingers. The mind has become a buzz of thoughts, many thoughts overlapping the first exclamations, and the next and the next layer of phrasing diffuse the first instance of clarity.

In the present volume, each poet has imparted an understanding of the poet's tongue, of the poet's pen and that of the poet's finger tips as they go flying over the keyboard. These formal changes have not eliminated the first urge- to express.

The media has brought home news of different lands and different abuses. No thinking, feeling mind



can remain indifferent to these news. Even in the midst of pressing work, taking care of the office, home and children, the mind recalls the disturbing headlines of the morning news.

These heart breaking thoughts find refuge in poetry. In our times, poetry is no more the child's first language. It is not the child's first association with words, recognizing the language's rhythm and enjoying the juxtapositions. Even a young man's poetry is tainted by the conflicts of the external world.

Thus Nikki Giovanni one of the world's most well-known African-American poets says: Writers don't write from experience, although many are hesitant to admit that they don't. If you wrote from experience, you'd get maybe one book, maybe three poems. Writers write from empathy.

And this is the order of the day. This is how poetry has evolved with the times. With added technology, added education and added media, poetry has evolved into forms and themes that judge the whole world in one snapshot. Almost all the poets in this volume testify this view.

Poetry is charming. It captivates the speaker as much as its audience. The poet thus says,

"A green tapestry shimmering in a mute yellow,  
illuminating the woody mists vaporizing to a wispy mellow,  
a hush after dialogues between the Earth and the night sky,  
that stayed back in the rustle of trees coy and shy."  
(p. 83)

The need to articulate pressing matters, reorganize priorities and escape the mundane sometimes find expression in poetic lines:

"Sometimes it's not easy to unplug  
to rest  
to pull the reins on the mule team  
to halt the moodiness  
the irritability  
the boiling kettle's whistling demand" (p. 62)

The book is filled with cries for justice and peace. Way back in 1992 the songster Michael Jackson crooned with a stream of children on stage:

"Heal the world  
Make it a better place  
For you and for me  
And the entire human race ..."  
"There's a place in your heart  
And I know that it is love"

There are still many such cries from all over the world where people suffer unreasonably. The wide chasm between the followers of different faiths and the discriminatory practices related to class, gender and race continue to alarm sensitive souls. There are poets today who have dropped the metaphor and speak plainly and there are others who find poetry an effective tool for the spread of truth:

"I am a dry leaf from Iraq  
knows nothing about beauty

and all what I know  
are tales of war. (p. 33)  
"Without any sin,  
we are drowning  
deeply in the fired fields,  
and you are, the reader,  
doesn't do anything." (p. 34)

Here's a *Rejected Poem*:

"The poem was accused  
as 'anti-national'  
and rejected  
like a US visa applicant  
from a Muslim country" (p. 10).

From the pages of the diary to the A4 size of the screen, poetry has found a new dimension. The lines of many poems are unending. Like fluent thoughts poets get a page to fill up and that page is a never-ending line dipped in never-ending feelings:

"The earth will crack with the weight of my failure,  
and a scream  
through the crevice will erupt, I feel!  
but when the commotion settled,  
what I found only is a pearl,  
of frozen tears of all the wretches of past, who  
daily went to bed  
with sobbing hearts of unanswered prayers" (pp. 6-7).

Sometimes the poet is reminded of the indifference of others, technocrats, businessmen, politicians and also the middle class that fixes their noses to the daily routine of work and home. As Robert Frost had put it,

"A poem begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness."

So the poet reiterates how necessary it is to think afresh:

"You can't stay aloft in unspent breeze,  
leaving only  
a reservoir of memory." (p. 87)

Many personal reminiscences and reflections on one's unique destiny occupy a poet's thoughts. The only refuge appears in the form of self expression. These expressions become universally felt agonies as each reader begins to identify each of the poets' feelings:

"Here it comes again,  
fate testing me,  
throwing another medical  
challenge my way.  
This time my spine's the problem.  
I take deep breaths and  
once more refuse to buckle under.  
I gather my forces to resist  
the new attack on my scarred body." (p. 64)  
And the irony:  
"Being an Old Soul is supposed  
to be good spiritually." (p. 64)

There are poets who echo lines of other great poets in varied images:

"I danced on the ripples as light as a paper-boat!  
But now, this heavy heart, I dread,  
will drag me down to the sea-bed." (p. 6)

And there are poets who celebrate poetry as a gift:

"O Artist

I see in your eyes a passion  
which resembles the Creator's.

Like him you hold the brush  
and a pain in your heart." (p. 95)

Or the lovelorn always takes refuge in poetry:

"I will leave home to live

a gypsy's life and you  
will keep looking for your  
soulmate." (p. 25)

In everything we do, the element of seriousness, even in humour, works magic. A serious man mulling over the usual things will in due time pull out a fresh wreath of creativity. If we take things lightly, we fail to do justice to the cries of our fellowmen. If we read a book thoroughly, we can almost hear the urgent voices inscribed in the lines. It is a reader's responsibility to listen to these voices from all parts of the world. It is a reader's duty to respond in action.

**Anuradha Bhattacharyya**  
(Author of One Word)

## FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR

I

Musical notes are seven, but ragas are many  
Heart is one, feelings are several  
Steps are two, dances are numerous  
Alphabet is countable, poetry creations are  
countless.

(C Narayana Reddy, '*Toorpu Pudanara*')

Our loving band with poetry is ancient; is primitive; is the form of lullaby, is the chant of incantations; is the effort of felling a tree and so on. If my deity is relaxed within; if my beloved is before my eyes; if I walk into an enchanting forest is the bright-moon bestows blessings; if gleaming dreams down me deep into solemn slumber; if my mother country honours immortal martyrs – all such intimate sights – signs – scenes – smell because ultimate bliss once put into the water of wisdom – words. Poetry serves a sacred taste – existence essential for others. By extending luminous compassion, poetry modifies morbid memories, resounds sorrow as serene ventilates vacuity of vanity, domesticates despair and drudgery and prophesies prosperity and peace. Indeed, poetry is placebo to givers and takers to every poem promises a new moon, a fresh echo a gentle wind and tickles beautiful feelings. This proves true what Ghalib said, "Poetry is not less than fruition of signification and

holds the task of a poet lofty and sacred – “a co-sharer is the secrets of the universe”. A speed of heart soul articulation has its blessed sophistication though sweet, bitter, sour or pungent in taste as Meena Kandyaswami says in ‘A Silent Letter’ –

Our vowels we call them life, our consonants we  
treat them as the body

Where the life begins to breath, makes do  
everything is meant

To be pronounced. Here the only rule:

What you see is what you say

Nothing goes unsaid.

*(Indian Literature, Jan/Feb. 2017, 29)*

## II

This anthology is the need of the day as there is no such collection that can identify and calm the writings of these at the threshold of the mainstream. Such new dynamic insights are our new hopes and new offshoots of our literary lineage. This anthology is a modest attempt, the rise of new voices and fresh visions. With this spread of new readability I shower praises on all our contributors for their enthusiasm has justified our intent and elated our spirits. For such a kind of unified and consistently interconnected anthology, a big word of appreciations goes to each individual merit and destination. With no sentimental idealizing we respect and acknowledge the spectacular show of themes and styles as contributions to the understanding of life in substance and man as a whole.

The span of a little more than 200 years has made Indian English Poetry grow as dense noticeable foliage. The magnificence of this genre has made it dear to our souls for its success in “pitching a tent of life in desert space” is an achievement of marvelous magnitude. R. Parthasarathy was first to appreciate this and has acknowledged this luminous reach as –

An important characteristic of Indian verse in English in the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century has been its emergence from

the mainstream of English Literature and its appearance as part of Indian literature. It has been said that it is Indian in sensibility and content, and English in language. It is rooted in and stems from the Indian environment and reflects its mores often ironically.

### III

Each poem is a picture of 'passion', preaches concerning this world as a collage of images pertaining to monotony of life, musing over failures and mishaps, resentment over unreasonable efforts, muddledom out of moral quibbles and philosophy of physical-emotional pulsations as a result of noticeable vein of 'familiarity' makes the reading going with sweetheart and intellectual energy making the pleasure accessible in the cast of minimal effort. Such articulations of mind and 'heart' are not small lessons to learn for –

"a man  
Is purified through speech alone,  
Arresting his identity  
In all that people say and do.  
(Ezekeiel, 'speech and Silence', *Collected Poems*  
1952-1988, 53)

A poet goes on "framing a mosaic of mayhem and murder" – recording the numbness of the barbaric world to "hear mankind's painful wail as –

... we, the poets of the world  
Can only ply our ancient craft,  
Recording the scars with tears,  
Uncertain yet, what history

Will unfold.

(Ruth Wildes Schuler, 'Tragedy of our Time by')

A poet is a faithful companion, exploring 'curiosity' and 'mysterious' to give a new excuse to life. Most of the time it nurtures hopes and removes weed to weave a miraculous fabric of scenes and sensations. The anthology reveals the fact that our poets are restless wanderers who try to traffic the impatient distress and lazy sentiments for - "emotions are smoky,/ Emotions are chilling / Emotions are climatic (Kedarnath Sharma, 'Stones') and a poet holds mirror to a " life story hidden beneath the fallen leaves" (Manas Bakshi, 'Poetic Allegory').

The poems are carefully and cautiously picked up, keeping in mind the purpose and scope of the work. The poets in assemblage here are purposeful cerebral and straightforward in their poetic speeches. These accomplishments are not merely intellectual delights but also simple but eloquent spreads of human emotions and is inviting for new and fresh readings. Snarls of acrid relationship, rough terrains of socio-economic living and the fungus of sin are powerfully painted with equal measure of craft and conscience which promises tremendous joy, satisfaction and additions of a few millimeters to once mental makeup.

In the present book, *Indifaring Muse*, poets are focused to describe socio-cultural multiplexity, condemnation of violence, illumination of the beauty of nature, unveiling emotional ecology, depravity of the soul, radiant light house of the youth, venomous world egoism, debilitating desire and bettered affirming the fact that "human are the cosmos"

(Nandini Sahu, 'Grant Me Your Flute'). Each voice is original and genuine in mission. Each effort is praiseworthy and each felicity of expression is noteworthy with contemporaneous societal psychological consciousness, each voice partakes extra force in voice to interpret life and nuances for cultivating empathy and benevolence for harmonious living. Some random picked up excerpts would illustrate the statement e.g., invocation to green and fertile mother earth by Sathian K.S. –

Let our planet be rich in vegetation  
Let our earth be greenish mansion  
Let rain water plants and grassland  
Let us make earth a green garland.  
(‘Be Evergreen For Eternity’)

Public togetherness is a lost feature of socialization – desolation is painted so ugly that a barren look into lead like sky haunts the empty lane. Sabuj Sarkar reminds one of W. H. Auden through his lines –

In confined freedom  
In a place unknown,  
Nowhere to play  
All the charms are gone!  
Now,  
A lone empty lane (‘An Evening in Mars’)

Ugliness in the hue of poverty, passivity and confinement describes the noose around humanity in this new era. Are we all "victims of doomed fate"? – Rumpa Ray Ghosh in 'Cursed by Destiny' raises the debate. Maijamma David Olamide questions on commitment to life to make the big and to mould the beautiful when his rhetorically questions shoot

immediate contemplation:

How good are you to compassionate?  
How special you are to those who sincerely care?  
How supportive you are; when your friend  
wrecked down the ship and the shade of hope?  
How serious you are in the morning hours of  
prayers;  
When you list them in your prayers? ('Morning  
Breaks in Motion')

Primal virtues like love, lust, propriety are celebrated  
with favour to highlight the fact that humanity is still in  
its original luster. Roula Pollard from Greece  
emphatically promotes these values when she says -  
"Love lives on true promises only/ true actions,  
philosophy, practices" ('Green Earth Lovers Forever').  
Similar tone of affirmation is resonant in Rohini Behra's  
'Essence of Life' - "Loyal love and lively laughter are/  
The opium of one's extended life". Kirit Bhavsar from  
Ahmedabad gleams in gay when he writes:

Happiness will evoke tears  
when I will be part of your life.  
All my prayers will be recited for you  
all my merits I gift to you. ('In the Orchard of Soul')

Despair and an uncanny feel of nothingness, the  
fatal disease of the mind is described by Sagar Divate  
with noticeable poignancy and negativity - "How long  
will it reside?/ Is it going to be there for eternity?"  
( 'Negativity'). Man devoid of propriety and purpose in  
life is strikingly resonant in the lines of Mohini R Gaurav  
who says-

Life goes on and moves on at its own pace  
Showing all types of faces and phases

Most of them masked and few unmasked people  
around

Where is the peace of mind to be found? ('Life  
Goes On...')

This void and gloominess is emphatically  
denounced by P. Gopichand as -

Greedy man became a monster  
And sucked the life blood of Earth  
Earth has lost its charm ('Earth -A Magician')

A host of poets from the other side of the globe  
have generously contributed their "bloom of plenty"  
to fill our world with meaningful love and lofty lessons  
which P. Nagasuseela describes in overwhelming lines -

O' Man! Fill your world with humanity!  
Let your love kindle love in hearts  
Let your peace sprinkle peace in souls  
Let your warmth create warmth in lives  
O' Man! Fill your world with humanity! ('O' Man!  
Be Humane!')

Amusingly poetry is a healing tapestry of  
embalming emotions as Pramila Khadun from  
Mauritius proclaims with certainty - "Highlighting my  
wings of poesy,/ I delete the secret sins put in brackets"  
( 'Whenever')

Our contributors from beyond the Ocean like Cole  
Bauer, Dah Helmer, David Thane Cornell, Deborah L.  
Kelly, Dennis John Feredo, David Allen, Dustin  
Pickering, Rob Harle, Josh dale, Francis Smith, Feliz  
Ruiz and many more make the list long and complete.  
Each of these holds slices of life with fertile pen and  
fecund passion, lengthening an understanding of  
graceful planet and grateful divinity. Their symphony



of love and language is all encompassing pleasure. Each effort is a sumptuous contentment and each poet's commitment to the Muse is – "I bless the day I gave to her my soul/ A flower spoke to me and made me whole" (Dennis John Ferado, 'A Flower Spoke to Me'). Poetry embodies 'human love' which Durga Patva from Farrukhabad details as – "A power that integrates all things; /Big, small, trivial, genuine, worldly and heavenly / Into the same thread of love and clemency" and with this the poet induces – "A cosy sleep cures the infected eyes,/ Laden with the tears of unfulfilled dreams" ('Expansion of Self').

Once again a word of "Big Thanks" to all contributors from the entire globe who generously offered "... antidote for sorrow/ weakening the bones of horror ... adorning you in your world" as "an epitome of grandeur" (Glory Pius Usoroh, 'S-m-i-l-e'). Certainly "words are faces; words are maps" (Andrienne Rich) and each word is fertile enough to "Be my soul/ make me whole" (Javed Ahamed, 'Be My Soul') for which –

Applause! Applause! And loud applause!

**Dr. Madhu Kamra**  
Raipur, Chhattisgarh

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## LOVE

Love is a lofty lullaby  
The heart vibrates to vibrations  
Reaches to reciprocal realm  
Whispers the waft of warmth  
The glory being glorified

Sacred is love-satiety  
Great is the mood of gratitude  
Lovely is the loom of lure  
Soothing is the spread of sensuousness  
Love is lovable in all loveliness

Lovely are the love-bugs  
A willing slave to warmth  
A band man to one's bandage  
A confinement to physical confines  
A reach of being ethereal 'I'.



**Maijamaa David Olamide**  
(Nigeria)

Maijamaa David Olamide hails from Nigeria. He loves music, watching movies, reading and writing poetry along with linguistic analysis.

## MORNING BREAKS IN MOTION

Morning breaks  
I can't wait to cut off my dreams  
when ringing - ringing, rings  
I picked up my phone  
a message either from someone  
special or someone who cares  
I cleared my visualization while looking  
what I saw is a written song  
with a thoughtfully beat,  
of heart beat ...

A song of Love;  
A song of Ambition  
A song of Dignitary;  
A song of Passion  
A song of Happiness;  
And a song of Trust  
Mindfully, joy, pains and pleasures  
A song of life

How good are you to compassionate?  
How special you are to those who sincerely  
care?

How supportive you are; when your friend  
wrecked down the ship and the shade of  
hope?

How serious you are in the morning hours of  
prayers;

When you list them in your prayers?

We are friends  
Almost more than friends  
And why do we stay;  
We complained of time  
But time gives space  
Distance chase love away

I'm trying to kill time  
Time is killing me  
Every second, minute, hour;  
Days, weeks, months is a year  
you're not with me

I'm trying to snatch a more of time  
But i fail to get a grip  
I can almost see your eyes  
And remember your last quip

I'm trying to turn the hand of time  
But i cannot touch yesterday  
Now, all i have are memories  
And a burning hope you stay.

poems have been published in national and international anthologies and journals of repute including Setu, OPA and Langlit. Recently, she has been selected for 'Naari Sagar Samman' - a national award for women poetess' writing in Hindi, by JMD Publication, New Delhi and 'Hindi Sevi', a national award for outstanding literary contribution in promoting Hindi language in India by Viswa Hindi Rachnakaar Manch.



## Malakshmi Borthakur

(Jorhat, Assam, India)

Hailing from Jorhat, the cultural capital of Assam, Malakshmi Borthakur is a resident of Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh. A Post - Graduate in English Literature and Indian Classical Vocal Music, Malakshmi Borthakur writes poetry in English, Hindi and Assamese. Poetry is her passion and music is her pastime. She is a humanitarian poetess and deals with love, life, pain, tears and the anguish that individuals suffer from within. Her social concern includes gender justice, human rights and human development. Many of her



## NOT IN MY NAME

[A tribute to the sixteen years old boy named  
*Junaid* who was brutally killed in a train]

An innocent soul  
was forced to leave  
this beautiful world  
of the Holy Creator!  
He was sobbing  
tears trickled down his eyes  
like an unruly stream flowing.  
He was only sixteen  
*Junaid* was his earthly name!

The soul went to the Creator  
and once asked:  
"Oh, Father! why me?  
Why I wasn't allowed to live  
in that beautiful world,  
you've created?  
What's my fault?  
What's my sin?  
Was I a terrorist?

A fraud? An adulterer? A sinner?  
No !  
I just grew up to adolescence;  
as pure as a budding bloom  
as innocent a soul  
as naïve a young calf  
caressed by its mother!

My sin was that  
I looked little 'different'!  
My crime  
I wore a skull cap!  
And more than that  
beard had started  
sprouting on my chin!

Such a big crime!  
Unpardonable!  
I looked different!  
They went on beating me;  
I was crying, pleading, shouting  
Leave me! please!  
For Heaven's sake!  
But I wasn't heard!

Who're they?  
I don't know.  
What's their religion?  
I never guess.  
What's their color?  
I never notice.  
What do they wear?  
I never bother.

I remember mine  
I wore green  
a color of nature and harmony  
freshness and energy.  
Who're they again?  
I may guess:  
They're anonymous  
loveless and angry 'mob'  
who learn only hatred  
in the name of religion!

I was so happy  
knowing that  
a celebration was at hand!  
A celebration after  
a long trail of tough living!  
A celebration of love and brotherhood  
a celebration after a  
mass prayer for humanity!  
But I couldn't be of it!

Oh, Father!  
It is for sure:  
You haven't taught anyone  
to hate, to contempt  
to fight or to look down upon!  
But, I doubt that you know:  
your Hymns of love  
have been misspelled for years  
your messages of humanity  
have been wrongly conveyed  
to man on earth,  
your beautiful creation!

So much chaos, so much blood shed  
so much misunderstanding  
in your Garden of Eden prevailing  
in the name of color  
in the name of religion  
in the name of you,  
the Creator even!  
Wake up, my Father!  
save the world mad  
save the mortals  
from committing more sin  
restore trust and faith  
so that no other *Junaid*  
would be killed!  
No killing again; and  
Not in My Name!  
Bridge in love, patience  
and endurance; but  
no killing again; and  
Not in My Name!"



## Manashi Hazarika

(Assam, India)

Manashi Hazarika, an MA in English, is an ardent believer of the exam system but a big believer in the learning process. She claims to echo Hamlet's thought who loves 'words' more than numbers (read money). She grew up in Morigaon, Assam, near the famous Pabitora Wildlife Sanctuary. She loves to travel, write poetry, read novel, and watch offbeat 'world cinema'.

## SHE

Cold blood entered  
deep inside her body  
aches, body cracks, vein dries.  
Beauty of this winter  
grasps mob's thirsty eyes;  
Smell of darkness and foggy clothes  
lost the softness of the leaves  
become-  
solid, condense, deserted  
and the body drown to the seabed-  
cold breasts, cold body, cold touch  
Gray and white all over  
Like a snowy landscape  
leaving memories of earth behind  
Smell of death disturbed the body  
Giggling mob-  
'It is attaining purity and salvation'  
Constant struggling also presses her  
to a silent death  
Now,  
No more sounds, no more struggles, no more  
breath  
Only alive – Silence

## ABSURD

Sky anguished  
and a long way to go  
The road take me to  
the woods  
Afraid of being alone, weighted pain, dreamy  
eyes  
I found-  
A dark sea, terror, dense, mummified bodies  
lying behind  
It may crawls, grab my legs, make me fall  
and come over me,  
to suck my blood with thirsty lips  
I run, but fall  
into a dirty ditch  
I screamed and eyes closed  
I am smelling foul,  
cloth torn and I bleed  
A murmur, I could hear-  
'Life's absurdity and crisis'  
Someone draw a hand  
Get up by support, but  
there was nobody  
I open my eyes and found  
Only chaos  
What a nightmare!



**Manohar Mouli Biswas**  
(Kolkata, India)

Manohar Mouli Biswas is the pseudo-name of Manohar Biswas, a popular and most likely the best known bilingual poet, essayist and writer of Dalit Literature from Bengal. Manohar Mouli Biswas was born at Dakshin Matiargati in Khulna in Purba Banga (East Bengal: erstwhile Undivided Bengal in British India) in 1943; belonging to an untouchable Namashudra caste. Having suffered from dire poverty since his childhood he struggled and beaten up all the obstacles in his route and became educated and finally

established himself as an acclaimed Dalit writer in India. None of his forefathers had the privilege of going to school. He saw the pains suffered by his illiterate masses and the humiliation faced by them. He has no shame to acknowledge that he is a first generation learner in his family. It is all this pain pent up within his heart that has forced him to become a writer. It was during his stay in Nagpur in 1968–1969 that he came in close contact with Dalit people and the Dalit literary movement in Maharashtra that changed the course of his life as a litterateur. Manohar Mouli Biswas is a legend in his own right. He is the current President of Bangla Dalit Sahitya Sanstha. He has been editing the pioneering bi-monthly literary magazine Dalit Mirror in English for more than a decade. The magazine upholds the cause of the Dalits in Bengal. He has written four volumes of poems, one collection of short story, seven books of essays and an autobiography entitled Amar Bhuvaney Ami Benche Thaki (2013) which is later translated by Angana Dutta and Jaydeep Sarangi and published as Surviving in My World: Growing Up Dalit in Bengal (2015). This translated autobiography has earned national and global reputation and has been enlisted into the syllabus of different universities.

## A DESIRE TO RISE

I'm born in darkness  
Gloomy and shattered  
My address in DHANGAR BUSTY  
I clean your road and drain  
I work day and night  
I'm in an unending pain  
To keep your surrounding hygienic  
Am I a man at all?  
I'm poor paid to live  
Should I have a claim  
For honour and respect?  
If not, then tell me  
Why I am an untouchable?  
Why I can't have a full meal?  
You know my children wont  
Go to school and read  
And if in school, then in the Calcutta  
Corporation School  
Will anytime a day shall come  
To be equal to you?  
You are worshipping Corporate Duniya  
Is there any space for me!

## HUMANE GOD

Every God is a human  
Every human is not God.  
I want to worship him  
Who loves a man untouchable.  
I want to despise the God  
Who dethrones a low caste  
And detach the body from his head.  
There is nothing hell or heaven  
Everything is here on this earth  
The door of God is open to all  
No human is barred to enter  
Disowns the God if discriminates  
If an approval by His heinous thought.  
His love is an un-loved one  
Cannot unlock this human heart.  
I'm a scheduled caste or tribe  
I belong to Shudras  
Who made this uneatable poison  
Not it be inhaled by anybody  
Let me knock at your door  
Destroy, despise and to wither  
The divisions made for us.



**Manoj Krishnan**  
(New Delhi, India)

Manoj Krishnan is a software engineer by profession. He is currently working in the US based MNC in Gurgaon. He is the author of novel *Kanishka*. His short story *Lucky to meet you* has been published in Anthology *Rehnuma* & quot. His short story *The Gift* has been selected for publication in anthology dedicated to Indian Army. His poems have been awarded in various national and international literary forums. His poems have been published in many national and international anthologies.

## ECHOES OF PAST

Amid haunting echoes of her painful past,  
Poor Nethra has to wade the ocean, vast.  
Years before in the Srilankan wilderness,  
She had witnessed thousands in distress.

The so-called saviours used her as shield,  
And mighty Srilankan army let her bleed.  
In the world of brutal murders and rapes,  
She had to struggle to keep her life safe.

Standing near lifeless body of her mother,  
She was told now future would be better.  
Nothing changed in the life as time passed,  
And one fateful day she protested at last.

Gruesome torture she received in return,  
That was the destiny of this Tamilian girl.  
One day she managed to escape from tyrants,  
Not sure how to reach India from that island.

But to force the world to listen to her voice,  
She is now left with this horrendous choice.  
Poor Nethra has to wade the Pak Strait, vast,  
Amidst haunting echoes of her painful past.



**Manthana Damodara Chary**  
(Hyderabad, India)

Manthana Damodara Chary was born into the family of poets at Elukurthy Havel in Warangal District in 1956. His poetess mother influenced him tremendously. As a distinguished poet he is the recipient of honour from various poetry forums. He has received the World Icon of Peace Award from the World Institute for Peace recently. He loves to deal with various aspects of human life in his writings.



## THE GARLAND OF GREENERY

My village weaves a garland of greenery  
In the lap of Nature turning itself granary,  
Blossoming flowers radiate all fragrance  
Sustaining a spectacle of rustic elegance.

Rare affection was poured in abundance  
Affectations were curbed with dominance  
Straightforwardness often ruled the roost  
We were ordained to give altruism a boost.

The teacher's cane fascinated our attention  
Creating in fellow students terrifying tension  
Tremendous teachers touched all our hearts  
For their teaching spotlighted all integral arts.

We obtained skill in remarkably rustic sports  
We acquired sprawling space for vital courts  
Marvellous memories treasured in the mind  
Engage replay on mental screen as final find.

I often encounter prominent pull of my desire  
To relive my remote past far from all the mire  
A lustrous longing to relocate my olden days  
Lingers at core of mind streaming golden rays.



### Margaret O'Driscoll

(Co' Cork, Ireland)

Margaret O'Driscoll lives in Co' Cork, Ireland. Her poems have appeared in various journals and magazines worldwide. In 2016 she published her first collection *The Best Things In Life Are Free*. Many of her poems have been translated into different languages including Finnish, Polish, Albanian, Serbian, Persian and Punjabi. Her poem *In The Forest* appears in the 2017 journal of The Society Of Classical Poets. Her calendar poem for children *Children's Nature Guide* appears in a poetry anthology for children *Lets*

*Play Together.* She has curate the work of several Irish poets for Setu Journal. Several of her pieces are to be recorded by a classical singer.

## NO SPARKLE

Bluebells in the wood lack depth of colour  
Grasses in the breeze don't seem to wave  
Poplar's light leaves aren't fluttering  
All because I see them in a haze.

Sparrows don't frolic in the dust much  
Swallows don't seem to swoop no more  
Starlings feathers all have lost their sparkle  
I wish I could see them as before.

All is different when our hearts are heavy  
Even our smiles lack a beam of sun  
Experiences shine brighter when shared  
I wish I could share mine with someone.

## BEACHCOMBING

Hemmed in all Winter behind four walls  
On the first fine day the beach calls  
By a deep channel flowing into the sea  
I follow the tide mark, checking debris.

A cluster of empty dog whelk cases  
An old leather boot, minus it's laces  
Pieces of driftwood, smooth and light  
Interesting shapes, sun bleached white

Some jetsam carried off in a swell  
Plastic bottles by a shore crab shell  
A seagull's carcass by the reeds  
Giant holdfasts of giant seaweeds.

A spiral mark on a smooth stone  
Each beach has a story of it's own.



**Megha Bharati**  
(Naintal, India)

Dr. Megha Bharati 'Meghall' is a critic, poet, lyricist, music composer, director, singer, awards winning actor, editor, author, poet and an academic. She has three books to her credit. She writes in different national and international journals, magazines and books in different languages such as English, Hindi, Urdu and Kumaoni. She earned her doctorate in English Literature, specializing in Afro-American Feminism. 'Meghall' has been working in the field of art, culture and literature for the past several years. She has received numerous awards for her contribution to the respective fields along with her Social Works.

And so, I can't afford to waste it! ... loose it!  
I shouldn't - yes! I wouldn't.  
Each entrancing moment, yes, I will avail.  
I won't let my little ferry wither.  
Even though, I still wouldn't know exactly where  
to sail !!

## MY LITTLE FERRY

I wouldn't know where to sail,  
when my little ferry asks.  
But still I have the confidence to gear,  
the first ship and the last.

I've been through many odds,  
been through situations uncontrollable.  
But always did feel - life's cool.  
Cool with all odds, all good ,all bad.  
Can't afford to waste it!

I've been through the periphery,  
been through patronage and rejections.  
But always did hear - life's music.  
Beautifully musical with all sweet, all sad.  
Can't afford to loose it!

With everything in life- good and bad, sweet  
and sad;  
I've learnt to live - filling each moment with a  
novel dream;  
Because each dream of mine, I know,  
has the caliber of turning into a reality one  
day.



**Mohini R. Gurav**  
(Maharashtra, India)

Dr. Mohini Gurav is an Assistant Professor of English in Maharashtra. She has completed PhD in English from Mumbai University. She has presented papers at International and National seminars. She has published papers in journals of repute. She reviews literature regularly. Poetry writing is her passion. Her poems are published in journals of repute. Few of her poems are published in an anthology "Scaling Heights" edited by Gopal Lahiri and Kiriti Sengupta. Few poems have found space in an anthology "Dew Drops"

published by Forum for Creative Writers, Nagpur. Recently her poems got published in an anthology entitled "Women Poets: Within and Beyond Shores" Published by Authorpress and edited by Dr. Shamenaz. She got the opportunity to share her poems with the women poets from 18 countries. Recently her poem 'Waves' got selected for the 10th International Poetry festival, Guntur. This poem is published in an anthology "Symphony of Peace". She loves to be in the midst of nature.

as worldly materialistic  
pleasures will not give your soul delight.  
For sure someday you too will feel the pain  
like me and understand my plight.

## ME AND MY PLIGHT!

Day and night you are in my mind  
I fail to understand the plight of this kind.  
Consoling my heart not to be so involved  
Unknowingly gets trapped in tranquility  
When your memories recall.

A foolish wish that you respond and talk  
But you prefer to be silent  
And disheartening me you mock.  
I look for you in my dreams  
But there too you are silent  
Unaffected, insensitive, unconcerned being.

My voiceless sufferings  
may not be understood by you  
Then why do I desire  
to be with you?  
Under the pretext of work  
you pretend to forget me  
and here my restless heart desires to  
be in the world of you and me.

Will wait for you

pretence!  
I would like to begin from here and move on  
and keep flowing  
Hope to find unconditional love, peace and  
few but true friends!  
My life moves on ...

## LIFE GOES ON ...

Life goes on and moves on at its own pace  
Showing all types of faces and phases  
Most of them masked and few unmasked  
people around  
Where is the peace of mind to be found?

Heart is full of void and gloominess  
Meditation also affected by the heart's  
commotion senseless  
Some people pretend to be happy and others  
grappling  
To find some meaning in this meaningless  
universe.  
I know nothing is permanent not even this  
life.  
Change is inevitable!

I have come to that stage where I need to  
impress none  
So I move ahead and remain unaffected  
without heeding anyone  
I want to go beyond this life, away from





## Moinak Dutta

(Kolkata, India)

Moinak Dutta has been writing poems and stories from his school days. Many of his poems and stories are published in national and international anthologies and magazines. He has reviewed many books and fictions. He has done reviews on Upanisad also and those can be easily found at [www.blogapenguinindia.classic.blogspot.com](http://www.blogapenguinindia.classic.blogspot.com). His first literary fiction *Online@Offline* was published in 2014. He is interested in photography, films and music.

## THE LEAFLESS CHINAR

In the shade of chinar tree  
Like two birds who had flown over a sea  
The boy and the girl gathered quiet  
Drenched softly by the fading twilight,  
The girl coy and a bit terrified  
By shrill buzz of gunshots bright  
Whispered her fear and longing too  
To her man, her hope, her beau,

'Don't you anymore join those men  
Who are fighting for years and dying in vain'  
The girl with tears in her hazel eyes  
Pleaded to the boy with whom she has ties  
Of love and hope and all those little things  
Which amidst despair only joy to her bring,

'I know how much you are worried about me  
But as long as there is this chinar tree  
We will come here every evening , dear,  
Why those gunshots you falsely fear?'  
The boy told the girl putting his palms on her  
cheek  
As the evening slowly turned dark and bleak,

Suddenly they found some shadowy figures  
Circled around them with fingers upon  
triggers  
'Who are you? What are you here doing?  
Don't you know there's a curfew this evening?'  
A man from the group shouted in a voice gruff  
His face looked poke marked and  
remorseless, tough,

The girl shuddered and was about to cry  
The boy was thinking of a fitting reply,  
He searched for the pin under his vest  
Unhooking which he could put all to rest,  
'Run away, you, my dear, my life ...'  
Saying this he pushed the girl and made a  
dive  
At the man who few moments ago made the  
query,  
A blast deafened all and in the dust all got  
buried;

The girl who was pushed away to a safer side  
Soon after the dust settled found how the  
blinding light  
Had taken away all including her man,  
Strewn like unrecognizable parts upon the land,

The girl shouted in horror and grief  
Under the chinar tree without a leaf,

Many years after the incident the tree  
Remained standing leafless like a forbidden  
memory.



**Moloy Bhattacharya**  
(Burdwan, India)

Moloy Bhattacharya loves to engage himself in writing poems, book reviews, short stories, articles and creative pieces and these have been published in various anthologies, magazines and journals in India and abroad. He invites people from various groups/communities for the feedback and criticisms that he thinks would help and make him stronger as a creative writer. He has just completed a one act play on dowry and started his first novel on human relationship.

## THE GOAT

Don't drag him to the temple  
and sacrifice to appease the Altar  
and relish your hunger.  
Look at his face, closely;  
a poor child that waits  
the moment of impending danger;  
that depicts our unkind gluttony.  
His innocent eyes plead  
for compassion and love.  
Like every living being  
he too, blessed of earthly life;  
why to deprive him of that right?  
Do the deities really hanker after blood?  
And the holy books endorse the killing?  
He is dumb; vague in protest;  
his cry faints in blaring noise  
from the crowd cheering for celebration,  
waning in gastronomic pleasure with the  
carcass.  
Many of his clan are born to be killed  
to gratify our sacred rituals.



**N. V. Subbaraman**  
(Chennai, India)

Bilingual poet N. V. Subbaraman writes in English and Tamil and is widely known among literary circles in India and abroad. He has received many prestigious literary awards and some of those are Michael Madhusudan Award, Best Poet of the Year 1998 from the Poets International (Bangalore), Leibster Award and Fellow of the United Writers Association of India (Chennai) and their Admirable Achievers Award, Expert Translator Award from South Indian Social and Cultural Academy (Chennai), Kavi Nilavu and Seva Rathna Award. Totally he has 37 books published to his credit. He has written more than 1000 Haiku poems.

This is the land that adores womanhood  
Deems it a privilege to protect women  
This is the home that realizes that Truth  
Our culture it is to treat woman as God!

## MOTHERHOOD

Motherhood is God's gift  
Purity is strength of her heart  
Truthfulness is her right hand  
Honesty is her left hand!

She bestows mother's love  
Giving herself is her virtue  
Keeping us safe her daily thoughts  
Constant nursing is her grace!  
May be mother is ninety  
Motherhood is just nine!  
In her advanced age- in Old age home?  
Amongst sins, worst is this sin.

The cow that yielded milk all these years  
Is it fair to kill her when the milk stops?  
Showering love while mother is young  
Crime it is to forget aged mother who nursed?  
Save the Mother sacrificing our lives  
Give all your rights to redeem motherhood  
This is the nation that worships Mother  
This is the Nation that sees God in Father!



**Nancy Paul**  
(Kerala, India)

Born in Mannar, Kerala, Mrs. Nancy Paul (Nancy K. Anto) now lives in U.A.E. She is a poet with an M Phil in English literature. She is the HOD of English Department in East Point Indian International School, U.A.E. She believes that poetry is a medium to express ourselves and can be the voice of social change. Some of her poems are published indifferent anthologies. She writes about nature, social injustice, the conflicts within, problems of women, lack of universal peace etc.

## COVENANT OF LOVE IN THE ABYSS OF DESPAIR

Rays radiant ready to redeem peered  
through the crevices of my soul.  
Balmy they were, to my bleeding soul.  
A ray of hope I found in the abyss.  
Insane I was; My dreams higher  
Pulled me into the abyss of asylum.  
Melancholic; Even my breath and Sighs.  
I was a damsel in utter distress.  
The life loved was not yet lived,  
pulled down by the Spiritual apathy.  
The smiling salutary soul awakened  
My dead thoughts and filled the void,  
Sprinkled life to my oblivion.  
A paladin of peace with face placid,  
Looks gracious but persistent,  
Eyes so Clement and cordial,  
Took possession of my burning soul.  
The wounded soul felt the soft touch,  
Alleviated; the solitary suffering spirit,  
and was lulled to soothe the aching soul  
uttered sotto voce-"renew the steadfast spirit."

## WE ARE THE TEMPLES OF GOD

Rejoice! The temple of God  
Born with a magic mark;  
A spark divine; but a flickering flame  
Many a time with pitfalls.  
Words and deeds stripping off  
The garment divine.  
Vices oft dim the radiance.  
Let our prayer refuel the soul..  
Let the compassion be a floral.  
Let the air be incensed with love  
Let kindness kindle the lamp.  
Let's be the blessed creations.  
Deck the shrine with deep modesty  
To sanctify and strengthen the soul.  
Grow spiritually to bear the trials.  
When the temptation blows hard  
Let our prayers guard the soul  
With deeds pure embellish the shrine  
Anoint His dwelling with thoughts divine.  
How majestic is His abode.  
Rejoice the temple of God.  
The spiritual unction is done.



**Neal Hall**  
(U.S.A.)

Neal Hall is a medical-surgical eye physician and graduate of Cornell and Harvard Universities. An internationally acclaimed poet, he has composed poetry and performed readings throughout the U.S. and internationally to include: Kenya, Indonesia, France, Jamaica, Morocco, Canada, Nepal, Italy, Ghana, Japan, India and Germany. His poetry speaks not just to the surface pain of injustice and inhumanity but deep into that pain. His work has been translated into

5 additional languages: Bengali, Kannada, German, Japanese and Italian. Dr. Hall is an award-winning author of four books of poetry.

## MATRIARCHAL PATRIARCH

Fate is not in your stars  
but in part and parcel in you,  
that you are an underling

the hand he raises is made of  
the same hand you raised

you gave birth to,  
breast fed and raised  
his hand

fault is not in fate  
but in part, in you,

you, this grievous weight-bearing arch  
shouldering a patriarchal fist

It's you who teaches the son  
it's his hand that sees in plain view  
your hand when you raise your hand  
against his sister, your sisters,  
your daughter-in-laws

you can't demand your yoke be lifted  
while you yoke your sisters beneath you

fault is not in fate  
it grows in you, you gave birth to,  
breast fed and raised the man  
who raises his hand

Fate and fault are not constellations  
but a distillation, a condensation of  
culturalized, traditionalized condemnations;  
birthed, breast-fed to raise the backside  
of its hand to your daughter's face that she  
comes to know his will and her lowly place

It's you, your hard-handed, handiwork  
mandating domestic vocations over  
economic emancipation from his high-  
handedness

It's you, the pretty ones  
and ones the pretty ones say  
are not so pretty

It grows in you in hues of light,  
lighter and the lightest of white,  
it's your black specter cast from your black  
sun  
beneath which the contours of your  
dalit sister's darker darkness can't shadow  
your deep well waters of matriarchal  
privileges of light and lighter without being

brutalized within inches of her life

it's you, your lipstick'd matriarchal arithmetic  
dividing, subtracting meager domestic wages  
on  
a niggardly patriarchal abacus that does not  
add up  
nor divide out evenhandedly from your hand

it's you, your hand that demands your  
handmaid sisters enter separate doors to sit  
lowly your floors before separate plates,  
separate knives, separate forks, separate  
glasses,  
made to eat separately sitting your cold  
matriarchal floors

too many their bodies your floors,  
sitting there

too many of their hopes your floors,  
dying there

and you wonder why he raises his hand at  
you,  
you, the mother of daughters and daughter-  
in-laws,  
you who desecrate every universal law of  
dignity  
against your daughters, your daughter-in-laws

fate is not in fault  
and fault is not in fate



they're seeds in you to grow in you,  
your daughters, your daughter-in-laws  
who grow to become mothers and  
mother-in-laws who violate every  
universal law of humanity against  
their daughters, their daughter-in-laws

you can't demand the man above you  
to lift his yoke from you while you  
yoke the woman beneath you

it's his eyes of his hand  
that watches your hand clench  
a matriarchal fist of misogyny

it's you who teaches the son  
you who gave birth to,  
breast fed and raised his hand  
that demands the dowry,  
burns your flesh,  
acid splashes acid to you  
and your daughter's face

it's your hands, it's in your hands that  
first uncle's hands first rape your first  
daughter  
for the first time and her tears cry to try  
to tell you for the first time and your first reply  
to her tear filled eyes is to bear this and  
bury it in the wounds of her womb and  
never speak of it a second time

fault is not in fate

fate is not in fault  
but in part, in you,  
growing in you that  
you are his underling

it grows in you, you gave birth to,  
breast fed and raised the man  
who raises his hand against you

fate is not in your stars  
but in part and parcel in you,  
that you are an underling of  
your raised hand against you



## Nidhi Kirtibhai Kunvarani

(Gujarat, India)

Ms. Nidhi kirtibhai Kunvarani is a poetess from India. At past, she has worked as an 'Assistant Professor'. At present, she is working as a poetess for the anthologies and book reviewer. She finds her interest in researching of new theories and comparative study. In several national and international e-contests she is awarded.

## A PEN

It's just a small pen  
can paint the beauty of rain;  
out of all kinds of chains  
can rejuvenate spirit of those seeds got  
drained;  
can reach at the heights of the sky to land  
in the suffocative darkness; as the moon light  
can glimpse far miles, loved one's narrative  
smile;  
can speak silently with thousands of tongues  
being goddess saraswati, deity of wisdom and  
joy.

Words are, at times, mighty as sword  
and soft as soothing silken flowers,  
inspire many and encourage;  
can compose rhyme, dancing rhythm, can be  
sung.

Penned moments live on the pages  
become alive at the touch of reminisque ring  
make moments immortal passing by as a cart  
wheel.

Wiser ink motivates and befriends the poetic  
soul

creates marvelous creation, characters and  
songs.

Other hand for the poets, the pen, feels  
between the piece of papers,  
so many secret behind the wrapper;  
ease the heart by sharing hard or happy  
moments

The pen, just a small pen,  
knows the secret behind the smiley pain,  
a lot of achievements, awards and gifts!  
It's just a small pen of a poet!



**Obhiraj Nandi**  
(Kolkata, India)

Obhiraj, in the last year of his teens, is more expressed through the pen. Beyond the day studying cadavers and nights in anatomy, he struggles for time. He spends his time in reading novels, watching un-reality less-family sans-dramas and scribbling down a few - both in rhymes and in memes.

But one day, the boy was just gone,  
With him, my reasons to visit the store  
Now, I won't come back here, I vowed  
For the other side of glass was there no more.

## THE OTHER SIDE

Salty fries, burger stale, acrid drink,  
Had me regret on my last buck spent,  
Never ever, am coming back here, I vowed,  
While walking to trash can, where they'd  
    ferment.

On the other side of glass stood a messy boy,  
Craving for the garbage I would have trashed,  
Request in his sunken eyes for a mouthful  
    bite,  
A bite, to him, would make his hunger  
    slashed.

I gave it all, to the boy, and not the can,  
Unrelentingly, he nibbled as fast as he could,  
And what seemed a bitter poison to me,  
To him, it was what heaven send would.

My vow broken, I went there for months,  
To meet the little boy, and see him smile,  
And though, my hunger not yet satisfied,  
But my heart would be, for a while.



## P. Gopichand

(Andhra Pradesh, India)

P.Gopichand is a bilingual poet. He is a translator and translates poems from English to Telugu & Telugu into English. He is an associate professor and teacher trainer and she is in this profession for the last 26 years. He has written almost 1500 Haiku, 120 Zen, 100 Free Verse, 75 Senolite, 50 Sparks, 15 Acrostic, 25Translations, 40 Sparks in Telugu, 100 Free verse in Telugu, 1000 Haiku on Special Themes. He is awarded with 10 Gold, 12 Silver, 8 Bronze medals for her

poems. He has received several prestigious awards like Vocational Excellence Award 2010, Bharat Excellence Award, Best Personalities of India Award, Best Indian Citizen Award (2011), Jewel of India Gold Award (2011), Michael Madhusudan Datt Award (2012), Swami Vivekananda International Award (2013), Rajiv Gandhi Arch for Excellence Award (2014), Bharat Siksha Award (2014) and Indira Gandhi Award for Excellence (2014). He has edited and published many books and notable ones are *A Kaleidoscopic View of Indian Drama in English*, *A Spectrum of Indian Fiction in English*, *The Said and The Unsaid Things of Indian Fiction in English*, *Voyage*, *Heart-Throbs*, *Posy of Poesy*, *Poets Paradise*, *The Fancy Realm*, *The Poetic Bliss*, *The Enchanted World*, *Rainbow Hues*, *Happy Isle* and *The Chants of Peace*.

## LOVELY BEAUTIES

Dear friends  
Lovely beauties  
Always new

Every bunch  
Each flower  
Always an enigma

Few drops  
Little sunshine  
Make you bloom in plenty

You don't argue  
You don't wait  
You don't need praise

So the world is yours  
You live beyond words  
In the hearts of generations.

## EARTH -A MAGICIAN

Earth is a magician  
Showing infinite beauties  
For centuries without a pause

Greedy man became a monster  
And sucked the life blood of Earth  
Earth has lost its charm  
The cities grew like worn-out garments  
Rising towers devoured  
The beauties of dawn and dusk  
Glades and bowers disappeared  
Springs and rivers shrunk to trickles  
Monsters heave heavily  
On a ball of heat  
Life will be put out  
Like the flame of candle  
Oh God a drop of kindness  
Will revert the monsters  
To Humans and earth will  
Regain her charm.



## P. Nagasuseela

(Andhra Pradesh, India)

P. Nagasuseela is a bilingual poet. She is a translator and translates poems from English to Telugu & Telugu into English. She is an associate professor and teacher trainer and she is in this profession for the last 26 years. She has written almost 1500 Haiku, 120 Zen, 100 Free Verse, 75 Senolite, 50 Sparks, 15 Acrostic, 25Translations, 40 Sparks in Telugu, 100 Free verse in Telugu, 1000 Haiku on Special Themes. She is awarded with 10 Gold, 12 Silver, 8 Bronze medals for her poems. She has received several prestigious awards

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A fresh Wish to awake and arise  
Anew like the Phoenix exists for long  
With all pomp, zeal and zest

## FRESH WISH ...

Found enough space in the book  
But silence struck me hard  
To paint the myriad hues of my mind

Locked safe all the ...  
Tears and fears of my soul  
In the wide seas of my sorrow

Pushed back all the ...  
Woes and worries of my heart  
In the deep vallys of my distress

Brushed aside all the ...  
Nails and thorns of my limbs  
In the gaint debris of my anguish

Throwd away all the ...  
Pains and wounds of my life  
In the fathomless sands of my agony

Tossed far all the ...  
Dreams and fancies of my mind  
In the vast vaccum of my despair



## O' MAN! BE HUMANE!

O' Man! Fill your world with love!  
Let the heart throb for true spirit  
Let the mind search for real peace  
Let the soul live with strong bonds  
O' Man ! Fill your world with love!

O' Man! Fill your world with peace!  
Let new lanes lead to lovely lands  
Let old paths guide to happy world  
Let all tracks goad to humane fields  
O' Man! Fill your world with peace!

O' Man! Fill your world with warmth!  
Let the life run smooth all the way  
Let the words sound soft eternally  
Let the deeds spread goodness globally  
O' Man! Fill your world with warmth!

O' Man! Fill your world with humanity!  
Let your love kindle love in hearts  
Let your peace sprinkle peace in souls  
Let your warmth create warmth in lives  
O' Man! Fill your world with humanity!



## P. Raja

(Pondicherry, India)

P. RAJA, a son of this divine soil, Pondicherry, India famed for its spiritual heritage, writes in his chosen language, English, and also in his mother tongue, Tamil. More than 5000 of his works – poems, short stories, interviews, articles, book reviews, plays, skits, features and novellas– have seen the light through newspapers and magazines that number to 350 in both India and elsewhere. He has 30 books for adults and 8 books for children in English and 14 books in Tamil. Apart from contributing special articles to

Encyclopedia of Post-Colonial Literature in English (London), Encyclopedia of Tamil Literature in English, and to several other edited volumes, he has also written scripts for Television (Delhi). He broadcasts his short stories and poems from All India Radio, Pondicherry. He was general council member of Central Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi (English advisory board- 2008-2012) representing Pondicherry University. He is editor of Transfire, a literary quarterly devoted to translations from various languages into English.

## MY SIXTH FINGER

Much to my delight,  
My dear sixth finger,  
You have done me  
a great service,  
all these years.

You brought in money;  
Made my wife smile  
That too quite often.  
Her smiles  
made me puff up.

Every fat cheque  
You lured for me  
Metamorphosed into  
Jewels and saris.  
A negligible chunk  
To adorn my study ...  
Oh! She did not grudge.

You created  
new waves in the old sea ...  
every rolling foamy wave

commanding bursts  
of loud applause.

You made me swim  
In the sea of delight  
When fan mails poured in  
From quarters unknown.

But my wife looked at me  
With a puzzled face,  
When the fan is of her gender.  
Ah, how the mails misfired!  
Poor me! Not a day did pass  
Without me facing music at home.

Was it not,  
My dear sixth finger!  
Music to your ears?  
The music that inspired you  
To scribble this verse!

## TRANSFORMATION

These days  
I could stand  
Before the mirror and  
Tease or  
Scold or  
Abuse or  
Do all these at one time.

There was a time  
When I stood face to face and  
Howled or  
Ululated or  
Yammered at others.  
But did one at a time.

My image  
From inside the mirror  
Mocks at me and asks,  
"Oh, when did you become wise?"

I smile back and tell  
My vanishing image:  
"If this is not transformation,  
Then what do you mean by 'wisdom'?"

multilingual poetry anthology of Women Poets with 220 poems in 31 languages. Paddy's maiden poetry collection *P-En- Chants* has also been recognized as a Record by the India Book of Records for never-before-attempted Film Reviews and Management Topics in Rhyming Poetry form. Her poems, short stories and articles have been published in reputed e-zines, journals and newspapers, national and international anthologies.



## **Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy**

(Andhra Pradesh, India)

Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy is currently the Honorary Literary Advisor, The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati (CCVA). She has to her credit as a curator 4 International Multilingual Poetry Anthologies, the latest Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017 with a collection of over 915 poems in 82 languages with its earlier 2016 edition with 527 poems in 53 languages, already declared a Record of Unique Excellence by the India Book of Records. She has also compiled and edited Women, Wit & Wisdom (WWW) - an international

## GO ALONG ...

Every little fall  
Is a wakeup call  
To be up and fine  
To rise and shine

A small setback  
Is not a put off  
It opens up avenues  
To tackle any issues

Every dark cloud  
Doesn't bring rain  
Let small problems  
Not clog our brain

As we go along  
Paths will clear  
Right or wrong  
Destiny will steer

## IT IS NEVER TOO LATE

*It is never too late to be what you might have  
been*

**-George Eliot**

It is never too late  
out of gloom to ourselves preen.  
It is never too late  
to spruce up a period that's lean.  
It is never too late  
to visit places, we've never seen.  
It is never too late  
to be what we might have been.

It is never too late  
to keep our surroundings clean.  
It is never too late  
to keep our environment green.  
It is never too late  
of bad habits to ourselves wean.  
It is never too late  
to be what we might have been.

It is never too late  
to be sorry for words we didn't mean.

It is never too late  
from negativity, some positives glean.  
It is never too late  
to show, to mend fences we are keen.  
It is never too late  
to be what we might have really been.



### **Pallavi Kiran**

(Dhanbad, Jharkhand, India).

Pallavi Kiran is a Senior Research Fellow in English discipline in the Department of Humanities & Social Sciences at Indian Institute of Technology (Indian School of Mines) Dhanbad, Jharkhand (India). She is presently working on the English Translation of Gulzar's Poetry under Dr. Md. Mojibur Rahman. She pursued her MPhil in English Literature under the guidance of Prof. R. K. Singh. Her area of interest includes Indian English Poetry, Hindi Poetry, English Haiku and Translation (Hindi and English).

## THE STARS THAT I KEEP

The stars that I keep,  
the sky will envy.

To the depth where I dive,  
the ocean will never forgive.

The rage of a thousand fires that I hold in,  
the volcanoes will always punish.

Yet, I stand here by myself ...  
Breaking all the fetters,  
the earthly bond thought could handcuff me !

## RAIN

You fall  
outside my window,  
why not on me?

Your thunder  
frightens the young and old,  
why not me?

Your dark and dense clouds  
can downpour,  
why cannot me?

My thoughts and words  
can dip in you,  
why not me?



## Pantas Pangihutan Sitompul

(West Java, Indonesia)

Pantas Pangihutan Sitompul hails from Kota Bekasi, West Java, Indonesia. Writing poetry is his passion. Since childhood he loves poetry which is for him a pearl of words and wisdom, a way to create a better world, a better future in global fraternity. His poems have been published in many international anthologies like World Union of Poets, 30 Best Poets in World, Telangana Anthology, Healing the Planet and Poetry for Peace.

## NON VIOLENCE WAR

After the world war II ended  
Most of parts of the world  
In destruction, a hell on earth!  
Most of nations under colonialism  
Celebrate their independence ...  
How so cruel the war, millions died, tragic!  
What we get now, after all of these ...  
After the whole destruction globally  
Nothing ... just a nonsense pride!  
From this: let's build again our humanity form  
In a new version, a new concept  
For a better future, for a better world - for all!  
One world, one life: in a moment of time!  
A new era in the wind of change  
Change our mind, our heart, our dream!  
Our life ... just a blink of eyes  
Don't plunge it into ocean tears ...  
Let's walk hand in hand for a better tomorrow!  
Let's forget our identity:  
We just live our life in a moment of time  
To taste a better life 'in a meaning'  
What we have to fight:



A poverty, an illiterate, a better life;  
An equality of human rights for all;  
Creating a better world in fraternity!  
No more weapons, no more swords  
Let's come with love, and go with smile!

## DUST IN HUMANITY

I came from dust  
In the form of humanity  
Walking and sowing my seeds of love;  
On long and winding road  
The dense dark clouds lurking  
Wandering under the Sun  
I open my pages each day  
The story book of my life  
To write down my story  
Compilation of my mystery  
Million dreams spreading somewhere:  
Creeping up till the top of Himalayan apex;  
Set on my sewn sails for ocean wide;  
Flying high, throughout vacuum space  
To reach Venus till Uranus ...  
Passing the lightening thunderstorms  
In sweats: I walk and run each day  
To find my destiny  
From nothing to eternity  
To steps my feet on golden way  
Reaching my rainbow of heaven  
To lay down my head; and my soul  
Until my fingers entwined  
In rest and peace: with eternal love  
Found my name in 'the book of life'!



## Pavol Janik

(Bratislava, Slovakia)

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. He is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. He was the president of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the SWS (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in-Chief of the literary weekly of the SWS Literárny týždenník (2010–2013) and Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the

UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014). He is the member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura– Umeni – Kultura (from 2014), member of the Writers Club International (from 2004), member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015), member of the World Poets Society (from 2016), director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (from 2016) and chief representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad.

## SUMMER

The sun smashes our windows.  
An urgent song reaches us from the street.

On the cellophane sky  
steam condenses.  
Unconfirmed reports are reproduced  
about the wind.

The trees are the first to begin to talk  
about the two of us.

## I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Behind the horizon the light is spraying.  
The sky tremble's like a tear.  
The winged summer wilts.  
Through the algae's a lonesome dew slides.

Trees hold empty nests in their hands.  
I quietly sing birds psalms.  
In the empty night, empty star is falling.  
Empty gaze of water is still cloudy.

I read an exclamation of silence  
and drink the morning blood stream aloud.  
The morning is taking deep breaths.

With its soft palms of the hands,  
the haze crumbles poems.  
Heart's beating is not quieter.  
Unbelievable sobs, like as if it was dead.



## Pintu Das

(West Bengal, India)

Pintu Das is presently working as a school teacher. He is a writer by chance than a decision. He writes poems and short stories in Bengali and as well as in English. His poem has been published in an anthology namely Mother Earth.

## WRONG!

Happiness has left me thwarted, devastated,  
Happy now I'm very, beyond so a so called.  
Happy, I'm, so happy sensations destroyed!  
Happily yielded to happiness as has hailed.  
The defined has found itself redefined,  
renamed,  
The love finds itself how more loved than the  
lover!  
You have come out of my bond, have left me  
redeemed!  
Are you happy - asked I, added you much  
better!  
You are happy, what more I wanted, now sure,  
known?  
I had one line top in my prayer, let God alone  
know ,  
What I craved most more than yourself, let  
go unknown,  
Let the answer pave its way, what is there to  
know?  
But you know dear, one fear leaves me never-  
How your fiancée of fine 'ok' will meet your  
wit!

You are to reborn then, subhuman be for 'ver?!  
Wrong were you ever! no, never have I found  
it,  
I have always been wrong, but this time how I  
be!  
I knew you more than myself, though wrong  
want to be.



**Pramila Khadun**  
(Mauritius)

Mrs. Pramila Khadun is a poetess from Mauritius. Her poems have appeared in various anthologies mainly, The American Poet Naomi Nye's anthology, The Vast Sky, National library of Poems, Maryland, The significant anthology by Dr. Ampat Koshy, Brian Wrixon for anthologies, Spring Summer Autumn and Winter, Pics anthology, Diaries at Cold noon. She is a featured poet at Pentasi and her poems appear regularly in Rejected Stuff and Destiny Poets. She has had 4 collections of poetry published entitled *Rajnee*, *Kavi*,

*Priyumvada and Igniting Key*. Her Novel entitled *when love speaks* has also been published in India. Her book *Food and Nutrition Simplified* is currently being used by Cambridge School Certificate in School in Mauritius. Her two projects, *Understanding Diabetes* and her collection of 108 Poems on peace and love entitled *Shangri – la* are currently under print.

## SO AFRAID TO TOUCH HER

They had been face book friends for a long  
time

And for long hours, they used to chat.  
She was a feast for the eyes,  
A searing emotional tapestry  
Woven by warps and wefts magical.

She was the emotional nucleus of her poetry  
And he was the hallmark of a great lover.  
They never met and this never created  
Any chagrin or distress, for their hearts  
Were in constant unison, day and night.

One day, they decided to meet,  
Not in the forest swamp or interlocking jungle,  
Not by the lake where ripples  
Create the sweet music of love,  
Not on the beach, basking in the sunshine  
And not even in a restaurant amidst  
The play of forks, spoons and plates.

They met in a hut in the golden corn fields  
Where silence reigned with a majestic touch.

He knew that if she's amazing,  
She won't be easy  
And if she is easy, she won't be amazing.  
He never thought how beautiful she was  
Until, he met her.  
And when he met her, he was so afraid to  
touch her.

## WHENEVER

Whenever I had a big problem,  
I always put a coma, never a full stop,  
For I know that life is a garden of solutions.  
I would walk unperturbed for I know  
Problems love me and always look for me.  
I never raised a question mark about their  
Origin or reasons of existence.

Sometimes, I would put them in between  
Inverted comas to remember them  
And prioritize them as problems  
That needed quick solutions.

And when I solved them,  
I put an exclamation mark  
To express my joys.  
I never use semi-colons or colons  
For they are signs of weakness,  
A delaying tactic, an irrepressible desire  
To break free.

Highlighting my wings of poesy,  
I delete the secret sins put in brackets  
And sing with full-throated ease  
The songs of life with open endings.



## Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya

(Howrah, W.B., India)

Born in 1947 Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya MA (Triple) M Phil, PhD is a retired professor now residing at Howrah, West Bengal, India. He is a Bilingual writer (English and Bengali). He has been writing on different subjects for the last thirty years. He seeks to retrieve the wealth of poetry when it is a revelation.

## BOOTLESS LIFE

There was a tomcat  
Who put on a straw hat  
He kept it on a grey mat  
it was nibbled by a blue rat  
The rat became fat  
The tom cat became angry  
Hungry and cranky  
He ran after the rat  
Across the mat  
But he was stopped  
By a cup of milk  
Milk was a pleasant drink  
That made the cat think  
How bootless the life of a cat  
Destined to run after a rat  
He resigned the job of killing cats  
And turned white  
He became an anchorite.



I must excelsior into the blue deep  
And float in the air of pure consciousness  
Like a cloud of fire  
Sun is my god.

## THE BURNING ORB SUN

The burning orb Sun  
Likens a chinrose bun  
Floating in the blue deep  
The son of an ancient sage  
Of illimitable grace  
His lustre is measureless  
He drains  
the polluted waters of the earth  
Into vapour and recycles  
the same in loving mirth  
Into ambrosia to shower  
upon the much loved dust.  
He is like the monarch who derives revenue  
From the sphere with magma matter at the  
core  
Only to pour the same upon the earth  
A thousandfold and more  
I meditate on the Sun  
May he shine within me  
And burn all the evil in me  
Rid of all desires  
lightened



**Rebecca Barnstien**  
(America)

Rebecca Barnstien is an American who came to the UK to gain an MA in poetry. She has come to love the sea but misses the mountains from her home. She works mainly in experimental and interactive works.

## INTERLUDE

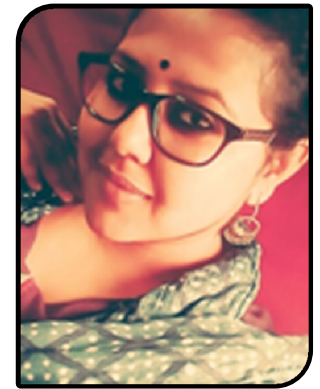
My body is not lucky  
*Where opportunity*  
But my body knows, my body  
*and position not*  
hush and listen  
*gained body is scattered*  
for rivers filling my mouth with stones  
*disordered.*

What is the state of my body?  
*First seek*  
Dash between trees and ghosts  
*expanded, then seek*  
howling in ways  
*compact. Then arrive at well-planned!*  
Incomprehensible  
*Opponent doesn't move, I*  
relax, relax, let the ghosts consume  
*do not move*  
not a sacrifice  
*opponent moves the slightest I*

my body knows not luck  
*move first*  
but timeliness

Pearls are indigestible

born of grit and patience



**Ritushree Sengupta**  
(Bangalore, India)

Ritushree Sengupta, a doctoral scholar of the Department of English and Other European Languages, Visva Bharati, Santiniketan, is presently working as an assistant professor in REVA University, Bangalore. She has been staging her own plays on streets and is a storyteller these days in Bangalore. She writes poetry since her school days. She is also a trained musician.

## DOG DAYS

Exile it is that you offer me in the name of  
love.

Exile it is that I chose over ties relentless.

Exile it is that offers me an anxious breath,  
confirming life in the needles of my nerve.

I paid for it.  
More than your whimpering scepter could ask  
for.  
Blood and bones, they called it home.

I refused to stay,

Made of warmth, baked in love,

I refused to buy.

I was asked to leave in peace  
But peace could not be bought for polished  
shoes or sparkling nights!

My tangent hues  
Of reckless nerves  
did give away to sordid whims.  
I had no dreams to run behind.  
My weekly sores  
Some more and more  
They crawled beneath my window panes  
And there again, I learnt the game  
of pleasuring bombs.

Running short of reasons for I only keep  
pansies in my purse,

I walk back.

I cry for a dog whose mother forgot to tell  
him about his upcoming dog days.

We search for our dog days together. We boil  
life.

## STANIISLAUSED

My freckles these days are bluish.  
I sell them for a dime or two  
Near the bridge  
where the man sits with a green guitar  
long before I thought was my star  
But in vain!  
I swallow it all  
Once again my parched throat  
Takes the boat of your nicotine lips  
A broken doll slowly weeps  
in a cradle close.  
A morsel of happiness swims in,  
Then you begin!  
To burn me down in totem showers  
To break me down in foster arms  
To bring me down to mirror days  
In hundred ways  
In thousand ways.



**Rob Harle**  
(Australia)

Rob Harle is a writer, artist and reviewer. His writing work includes poetry, short fiction, stories, academic essays and reviews of scholarly books and papers. His works have been published in reputed journals, international anthologies, online reviews, books and he has two volumes of his own poetry published – *Scratches & amp; Deeper Wounds* (1996) and *Mechanisms of Desire* (2012). He is currently a member of the Leonardo Review Panel: Manuscript Reviewer for Leonardo Journal, advising Editor for the Journal

of Trans-technology Research, advisory Editor for Phenomenal Literature (India) and member Editorial Board, Episteme Journal (Bharat College). His artwork, publications, Reviews and selected writings are available from his website [www.robharle.com/](http://www.robharle.com/) [harle@robharle.com](mailto:harle@robharle.com)

## SHOOTING THE BREEZE

Three weeks past the 'best by' date  
dragged reluctantly, angrily  
into existence with the force  
of cold, old steel pliers  
my characteristic, a furrowed frown  
a frown on a new leaf of life.

Rising, falling, drifting with the breeze  
resting now and then to hide  
a city plot, the mountains green  
the sea or coast, a place to dream  
to reflect upon the absurdity of life  
of birth and breath and death.

And now with good companion leaf  
I've come to rest a while  
in great long dead volcano's arms  
whose primal landscape laughs too loud  
whose village struggles under steamy skies.

The uniformed and drugged misfits  
go floating onwards, past  
and egos, grossly over size

strut the dirty street  
stoned beyond courtesy's convention  
with paranoia lines etched deeply  
into empty faces, void.

And then pure love flows by  
to set the paradox a-straight,  
the valley mirrors cycles sure  
of death and life and change  
as living green disguises basalt bare.

Old clairvoyants waffle on  
drowning in their flood of self deception,  
and I wait for the breeze of synchronicity  
weaving my philosophy of existence  
upon my companions loom  
10,000 megabytes from Virtual Village.

## CHTHONIAN VAULTS

Androgyny rises swollen and ripe  
tempting, it caresses your mind easily  
like the taste of melting chocolate,  
a transformation of mental images  
collected from past encounters  
rounded, sensuous, piercing  
gradually heat your inner core.  
To become yin and yang  
without sacrifice or scar,  
to survive the boredom of mediocrity  
you grow wings like Icarus,  
only shrewd, you soar towards Pluto.  
A journey of passion and provocation  
to the deepest realms of nature's womb  
where every move treads a razor's edge,  
and blood and semen flow together  
as archetypes yield their secrets.  
Far from the purity of whiteness,  
the glaring brightness of the Sun  
you play in chthonian vaults of darkness,  
moving forward with profane purpose  
transcending synthetic moral pretence

the freedom you desire seems close.  
Fly dangerously young hermaphrodite,  
explore every chance with craving  
swallow life with your voracious tongue  
and consummate your destiny  
in a ritual of solipsistic rapture.



### **Rohini Behra**

(Balasore, Odisha, India)

Rohini Behra is a bilingual Poet (Odia and English). His poems have been published in Odia Magazines and in English Poetry Anthologies e.g., My Sweetest Love, Spring: The Season of Love, Symphony of Souls and Poetic Rainbow. He has been awarded with many awards on various Categories from time to time. He has attended many National and International Literary Seminars and Conferences. The Spectrum Publication House, UK has recognized him as "Outstanding Performer" in January, 2017.



Aspiring to adhere the divine qualities.  
Let the tale never have an end  
For perpetual and everlasting blessings  
Redeeming culmination of everlasting loving  
life.

## ESSENCE OF LIFE

Loyal love and lively laughter are  
The opium of one's extended life  
Are intoxicating but resolving and hypothetical  
The essence of a pious and contended living  
Are doctrinal and guiding light to loving life  
Escorting us through numerous trials and  
tribulations  
Is a crazy feeling which can do miracles.

Love and laughter turn thorns into roses  
Are instrumental converting vinegar into sweet  
wine  
They are like a global community sharing  
humanity  
And brotherhood right in our neighbourhood  
Both swirl like a magical carpet  
Transforming the world into graceful planet  
To lengthen our life into loving being.

A symphony of love and laughter promote  
An orchestra of emotions in our mental stature  
Conducive of lengthening our charismatic life

## A BEAM OF LIGHT

Lord Rama, 7th incarnation of Lord Vishnu  
And son of King Dasarath and queen  
Kaushalya  
Of Ayodhya is a metaphor of morals and  
virtues  
Is also called 'Maryada Purusottam',  
Born to demolish the evils by establishing  
Rama Rajya,  
A State of peace, contentment, affluence and  
justice.  
Sita, his devoted, honest and most faithful  
wife  
Had to confront many upheavals including  
Agni Parikshya.

The immortal had come in the manifestation  
of Lord Rama  
Showing the path of immortality to the  
Mankind  
When Rama is sweared into the heart  
All other things are augmented unto you,  
Fame, freedom, fortune and fullness

Worship his form and reiterate his name  
For they are eternal and perennial.  
His holy name, aromatic, tranquil and sterling  
Is a sure cure for the ills affecting the society  
And afflictions affecting the souls.  
Grieving mortals are consecrated with  
heavenly portals  
His abode is every soul's only dream  
Transcendental pleasure is an opportunity of  
him  
Life is a mirage and death a truth in this eternal  
journey.

O Lord graceful and gorgeous  
Full blossomed blue lotus  
You are magnanimous, magnificent and  
benevolent  
Forgiving, forbearing and endearing  
Poets and sages down the ages have sung  
poems  
Applauding your allegiance to your father and  
Honesty and sincerity to your subjects.  
Great is thy name, O Lord Rama  
In establishing Rama Rajya, a dream come  
True.

operates with Universities abroad for literary and social projects. Roula lives in Athens. She studied Archaeology at Athens University and obtained an M.A. in Classics, at Leeds. She lived in England for 25 years, lecturer of Modern Greek language at Wakefield College.



## Roula Pollard

(Athens, Greece)

Roula Pollard, Greek poet, writer, playwright, translator, literary promoter, broadcaster and director of the "Greek Sculpture Park" has published three Poetry collections in Greek, short stories, and essays. Her fourth Poetry collection in English *Century of Love* was translated into Telugu. Her poems have been translated into Italian, Spanish, Albanian, Urdu, Hindi and Telugu. She promoted top English and Greek poets and participated in prestigious international Poetry festivals. She is included in international anthologies and co-

## DOES NATURE DISPERSE HOPE EVERYWHERE?

I ascend and descend blossom scented  
Grecian hills  
at mid noon. Scorching heat hazes the horizon  
the scented landscape like a prayer. I hear,  
the past  
music from ancient Greece, alternating with  
Byzantine hymns  
mixing with Indian sitar  
I listen to life too

A driver of a water lorry I am, heavenly rain I  
carry  
should I wait until late, late afternoon to water  
the plantations of hope? Labor renews the  
soul  
I do not rely on modern irrigation techniques.  
I do not rely on tap water, or on polluted water  
wells  
my love for water was born out of clear  
mountain springs.  
I, the gatherer of pure sound and water, on

ancient  
hills and mountains, collect courage and faith  
like miracles  
from organically grown petals to feed the soul  
of life  
with patience, affection, compassion and good  
will.  
My plains, valleys, hills, mountains, grow  
determination  
never despair, they become active, interactive  
aware, become present to present and future  
growth of love.  
Sense its aroma my friends, the Earth eternally  
reciprocates  
remember, remember nature fully  
understands human nature

do not just promise empty love, just act. Act  
and love  
for a green earth, green sky forever  
as you love yourself  
and me

## GREEN EARTH LOVERS FOREVER

I discover in your smile  
the footpath of a future miracle  
my earth passion and green petals  
of mind.  
Men smile like a river when in love  
women kiss like purple dawn, lovers of green  
earth  
love forever  
their thoughts and actions. This tired earth,  
this forever-thirsty garden.  
True lovers drink, eat, hug, their senses  
open like eternity. I know this love path  
from ancient times. Why then, my love,  
do not love me like greenness, do not kiss  
me  
green forever? The Earth was green  
before nuclear power, before fertilizers,  
pesticides, weed killers  
tried to kill her.  
Love lives on true promises only  
true actions, philosophy, practices. So from  
now on

**Rumpa Ray-Ghosh**  
(Mumbai, India)



Rumpa Ray Ghosh worked as a teacher in St. Thomas School, Mumbai. She is a content writer for Pratham (NGO) and an English curriculum developer in Vibgyor High School, Mumbai. She is the author of *Musical Marvels of Self*, an anthology of poems. She writes poems and owns a personal blog [www.fragmentofimagination.com](http://www.fragmentofimagination.com).

**CURSED BY DESTINY**

They are always in a haste  
Survival is on their mind  
Every day they run in a crowd  
Apprehensive to lag behind

Victims of doomed fate they are  
Poverty plays a hideous trick on them  
Every moment they struggle and strive  
To move faster in this deceptive game

Abandoning risks behind, they  
Rush toward their work-destination  
Whether it rains, storms or shakes  
They only hope to beat the starvation

Deprived of the power to design  
Their own path in this unending vastness  
The ill - fated poor of our land  
Evanescence in the dark cloud of hopelessness.

threshold

Being the epitome of might, prosperity and  
security  
Stands erect for centuries in the midst of  
storms tropical or cold

## THE FORT

Standing unconquered in the midst of chain  
of mountains

It is an unending chapter of history untold

Inside the ancient walls of this historic structure  
Thousands of mysteries eventually unfold

Shining armours and shimmering ornaments  
Embellished with silver, diamond and gold

Hallways and corridors full of mementos of  
gallantry  
Walls decorated with pictures of warriors bold

Mesmerizing grandeur and the royal charm  
all over  
The interior adorned with paintings thousands  
years old

Age-old artefacts and costumes of the  
majestic ruler  
Reveals unknown secrets right from the



**S. Nivetha**  
(Chennai, India)

S. Nivetha is a first year student of BCA in Ethiraj College for Women, Chennai. She was the youngest poet delegate to the International Multilingual Poets' Meet held on 13/14<sup>th</sup> November 2016. She has found a place in the *Indian Book of Records for Children*. She is a writer of prose and verse and she has published a book titled *Fly, Fly, Fly*. She is a cartoonist, songster and an athlete.

## NATURE'S GIFT OF SEASONS SPRING

When I woke up I saw the sparrow on tree  
Lovely birds in the cage think of flying free  
Beautiful flowers all around me I see  
Walked into field where I felt the breeze from  
sea!

## Summer

When I woke up I saw the bright and nice  
light  
I sweat and switching both the fans at my  
sight  
Feeling like having something sweet and quite  
cool  
My mother shouts: "Get up; it's late for the  
school"!

## Autumn

When I woke up I was shocked to see no leaf  
Words from my lips had to be very much brief



No air I walked around to see the branches  
I found all around me not many creatures!.

## Winter

When I woke up I was rolled up with blanket  
I switched off the table fan from the socket  
I had a wonderful sight of the snow white  
Alas! No one around me to fly a kite!

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter four  
seasons  
Natural calamity comes sans reasons  
God's creations of seasons are indeed great  
My mind thinks why at times these seasons  
come late.



**Sabuj Sarkar**  
(West Bengal, India)

Born at Raiganj, then in the district of West Dinajpur, on 28 July 1983 and brought up in different places of West Bengal, namely Dooars, particularly in Falakata, then at Kaliyaganj, Malda and Kolkata, Sabuj Sarkar finds real pleasure in reading and writing poetry both in English and Bengali. He teaches English at University of Gour Banga since 2009 and again poetry is his comfort zone. A keen observer of social and cultural changes, Sri Sarkar writes articles regularly on Folk culture and tradition.

A lone empty lane  
A wide brown space  
A red anxious sky  
Are all to make a life grace.

## AN EVENING IN MARS

A lone empty lane  
A wide brown space  
A red anxious sky  
Are all to make a life grace  
The long wait of Godot  
For a glimpse of green  
Are now nowhere  
Never to be seen  
The great grand Warnings  
Come, save the planet blue  
Were heeded not, now masked in Mars  
Left only but to rue  
The open wide field  
The shower of rain  
The soothing sound of cuckoo  
Are all in vain

In confined freedom  
In a place unknown,  
Nowhere to play  
All the charms are gone!  
Now,

## GOOD MORNING

Whispers.  
As mild as the backbenchers make  
In a crowded classroom,  
I hear the morning breeze disturb  
My lazy crumpled bed;  
My drowsy tired eyes snooze  
Keeping the bed tea off.  
A gentle prayer for the past  
A humble urge to undo the present  
Frightened for another new morning,  
Brushing with death,  
And bombshells,  
Rape of a girl in a distant village  
Delay the birth of a happy morning.  
Birds chirp anxiously, lest  
The hooligans bang their guns for nothing.  
Tea gets cold.  
Whispers melt.  
A day breaks gradually.



**Sagar Divate**  
(India)

Sagar Divate is a simple, gentle, confident and hard working human being. He is an Electronics Engineer who plays with circuits and chips. Apart from this he writes poems and essays. Most of his works are in Marathi and derive their inspiration from everyday life.

Is it going to be there for eternity?  
Let's keep moving on as we always do  
Consigning a piece of my life's pie ...  
To Negativity ...

## NEGATIVITY

Slowly Slowly  
Inch by Inch  
It's gripping me  
Intruding my mind  
Folks say its catastrophe  
Like inhaling a disastrous poison  
Don't know whether  
Let her in or rebel  
And my armor breaks tinkering  
It is there and here to stay  
Negativity ...  
And battle of the consciousness starts  
Creating indecisiveness in everything  
The buts, the ifs, the should i's, the could i's  
start bursting  
In all the scenarios put in front of me  
And all the collocated past glories  
Become just a stint of felicity  
The dubiousness becomes a habit  
Be it in a hard fought loss  
Or an overwhelming win  
How long will it reside?



## Sathian K. S.

(Kerala, India)

Sathian K. S. is a teacher, writer, and poet. He has been writing poems since his boyhood. Presently he is the Principal of Winners College, Calicut University.

## BE EVERGREEN FOR ETERNITY

Let us make our planet green  
Let it be a carpet green clean  
Let plants and trees be green  
Let it be a forest of our dream.

Fields with thick and fast plants  
Valleys with lush greenish plains  
Forests with sweet fruits grown  
Carpet laid pleasure of heaven.

Animals frolic in thick fast forest  
Green leaves plenty forest secret  
Hills on top tall trees dance swift  
Grasslands green and clean sight.

River sides with thick vegetation  
Seashore with waves a sensation  
Music of forest in wind a vibration  
Clean atmosphere fresh inhalation.

Let our planet be rich in vegetation  
Let our earth be greenish mansion  
Let rain water plants and grassland  
Let us make earth a green garland.



**Scott Thomas Outlar**  
(Atlanta, Georgia)

Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site 17Numa.wordpress.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, and books can be found. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Scott serves as an editor for The Peregrine Muse, Walking Is Still Honest Press, The Blue Mountain Review, and Novel masters. His most recent book *Poison in Paradise* is available through Alien Buddha Press.

**KOOL-AID**

Green is the color of envy,  
and jealous are the eyes  
that once could see  
but lost all focus.

Better to have never experienced God  
to begin with  
than to have sipped  
from golden chalice  
then turned your back  
on heaven's gate.

But always be careful  
when walking toward the light  
through dark tunnels  
that it's not just a train  
coming your way.

louder than a breath  
whispered to catch  
a voice so faint  
as it was carried away  
into a final fading sleep

## WITH THE MORNING MIST

Her blood rush  
was a white light flooding  
through veins that craved  
more electricity than the socket  
could possibly deliver

1,000 miles per hour  
straight into humbling thickets  
catching splinters  
that just didn't matter  
once all the wounds became holy

Singing hymns  
from a half-full bed  
seemed the best  
way to call upon the Lord  
to chase out  
every empty spirit still  
hiding underneath the sheets

The ghost of hallelujah  
passed between the veil  
without any sound

**Shafinur Shafin**  
(Bangladesh)



Shafinur Shafin is a Bangladeshi poet. She has published her debut book *Nisangam* which is a collection of Bengali poems in 2016. She is also the poetry-editor in an e-zine named *Prachya Review*. As she cannot paint, so she wants to create image with the power of words. She writes in Bangla and English both language. Her Bengali poems have been translated into seven different languages including Nepalese, Hindi, French, Spanish, German and Italian language. Her English poems have been included in two anthologies published from New York and Philippine, and also her poems appeared in several international magazines.

**TWO REPTILES**

If there is a world-

Drowned in darkness!

Then,  
If the whole world  
Becomes a huge ocean -  
Put an island in the ocean,  
Where no sun-rise  
No sunset  
No light,  
No purity

Only the last two reptiles move on  
With their chest  
Brought down the dark within a little distance.



## MIRROR

Flower reminds me of  
Funeral,  
Graves of the shrine,  
Plucking childhood  
And reminds me of  
The fetus I killed.

Two fingers on the mirror  
Never touched each other!



## Shraddha Singh

(Gwalior, India)

Shraddha Singh, a Creative writer and Blogger by passion has authored an anthology titled '*Behind Smiles*' and has contributed to *Flock: The Journey*. She is a spirited soul with full of twinkles. With her first love of writing, she embraces life as it comes. Shraddha strongly believes that happiness brings miracles and thus she engages in everything that makes her soul happy. Shraddha is a curious voyager. With miles to go and miles covered, she loves to express her perceptions experiences via her blog & writings. She blogs at [www.shineshraddha.wordpress.com](http://www.shineshraddha.wordpress.com)

## LOVE-CONSPIRACIES

The caffeine is restive  
So are my pulses  
Guarding its aroma  
To serve you the best sensations!

Roses have turned protective  
So have my love  
Holding their fragrance  
For you, against the wind!

The candles are full blown  
So are my fantasies  
Devoting all of themselves  
To the love conspiracies!

## MAGICAL IS MY LOVE

The strings lay detached  
wind has lost your fragrance  
my stars have refused to shine  
afresh is your journey, denying my presence!

But,

Deep rooted is my belief  
magical is my love  
wherever you sway  
Your soul will come back to me!

poetry book, *Heartfelt Poems*, published in 2015. With a desire to strengthen her bond further with her readers, she published her next book of short stories *Soul Stirring Stories... women with extraordinary spirit* in May 2017. Through these 13 short stories of fascinating women, possessing an indomitable spirit, she has inspired several women (and men) establishing herself as a story writer and winning appreciation from her readers.



**Shubha Sagar**  
(Mumbai, India)

Subha Sagar is an educator, counselor, tarot reader, reiki master, poet, Blogger and a healer. She has worked in 12 reputed schools across the country. During her twenty-five years of career, she developed the love for penning down her thoughts. She has traveled extensively across India and abroad. She attributes her insight into the various facets of life, to this exposure. Throughout her teaching career, she wrote prayers, nature and inspirational poems but the idea to collate some of these gave birth to her debut

## THE WOMEN

Women are blessed with an indomitable strength!  
To achieve their goals, they can go to just any length.

They do not claim that men are inferior to women;  
But they do believe that; women are equal to men.

Still, even in this modern era that we live in today,  
There are people who have a different thing to say.  
They so look down upon women and ill treat them,  
And strongly believe, men are far superior to them.

The truth is, that not just in this twenty first century,  
But even in centuries that are now a part of history,

We have so many examples of extraordinary women,  
Who, through their courage, have shocked even men!

What is it that a man has but a woman does not possess,  
Be it brain and brawn, or immense power and prowess.  
Yet, she has the innate ability to remain overly modest,  
Only when caught up in challenges, she resorts to protest.

Why do we keep subjecting her to constant humiliation,  
Through evil acts of harassment, abuse and molestation?  
This would only lead to great havoc and devastation,  
And to further degradation of the human civilization.

It's high time that men give women a deserving position,  
And guard her from all kinds of disgrace and defamation.  
Women pass on the true legacy to the new generations,  
They are therefore the pillars and saviours of civilization.



**Sk. Sariatullah**  
(West Bengal, India)

A postgraduate in Geography, Sk. Sariatullah writes poems in Bengali. He has passionately dedicated himself in the practice of art of literature. His poems in Bengali regularly appear in various prestigious series and numbers. He has been honoured and certified by the literary body of several prestigious magazines and dailies. He has been conferred with Kaji Najrul Honourary award from Bangla Akademi Sabha Ghor in Kolkata for his poem, *Bangachi* (tadpole).

## GODLY

Lying in row  
At funeral on pyre  
The society, civilian's pride  
Turning slow into ashes.  
The cloud bursts with thunder  
Ogrely rush to kill  
The child of Man,  
The beauty of creation!

Once this planet of lives  
Had faith on scripture:  
Nuclear bomb would be disabled  
In the name of religion.  
But, it was a myth  
All goes in vain!  
When religion spreads fire  
Fiercely blazes out in hatred  
The innocent bird loses its last refuge  
The devil laughs cruel  
Yet, survive mother still and God  
Indewel who everything  
Always show the right track;  
Teach care and love.

Mother once told a story  
Somewhere around the end  
There was no religion;  
Prevailing only  
Affection, sacrifice and love...

Truest of all -  
The trees are the only religious.



**Soumen Roy**  
(West Bengal, India)

Soumen Roy loves to read and write poetry. He writes poetry in his mother tongue Bengali, Hindi and English. Many of his poems have been published in several anthologies. His poems have been published in a book which is currently used to teach the children in schools. He is an avid reader and lover of literature.

## KALSI

Sipping the divine nectar  
of creativity  
Smile devoted to the creative  
austerity  
Glows faith, full in devotion  
Pouring the cool, a silent ocean  
Descends the bliss, softening the  
rigid roots  
Grasping the placid  
pursuits  
Smile the faith full in  
devotion  
In between creatures and endless  
creation  
Chirping birds tweeting  
rhymes  
Embraces the aura of cuddling  
chimes  
Song of eve comes in  
prayers  
Blew the conch shell, a devoted  
surrender  
Merciful veil in tomorrow waist  
Celestial glow pours in haste.



## Soumyashree Bhattacharya

(Kolkata, India)

Soumyashree Bhattacharya, an ex-student of A.G. Church School and an MA in English Literature with a B.Ed degree, started her career as a teacher. She has been teaching since last 15 years. She writes mostly on life's most ardent emotions like love, nature, spirituality and society, with the flavour of lucidity yet wizardry of words. She enchants and enthralls her readers in a spontaneous way and reaches the core of their hearts through her poetry.

## SHE

A golden heart of depth and desire  
A true lover in sunshine and shower  
parched and metamorphosed she was,  
in a delirious mental state.  
In the excruciating pain of her obnoxious fate  
A sprightly adolescent she was,  
with all positive vibes ...  
with great ambitions and dreamy eyes  
And a mind full of countless enterprise  
But the crafty mother ruined her state  
and her thorny marriage was  
another disaster's gate  
Her life became a garland of  
struggles and hardships  
as she still managed herself to equip  
In a tiny, dingy room she lived  
and cooking, cleaning, washing all she did,  
though her studies she did not leave  
Toiling day and night she managed a job  
her dreams, she did not allow to get robbed  
Gradually she decorated her tiny household,  
she did not lose her heart of pure gold  
With the blessings of her late grandparents

endless battles she continued,  
their benedictions kept her spirit ever renewed  
Months turned into years and years into  
decades,  
bereft of love, she had abuses and tortures,  
and moments of abashment instead of praise  
With smile on her lips and a child's faith  
she still survived to embrace happiness,  
once before her death ...





## Sourav Paul

(West Bengal, India)

Sourav Paul, a student of English literature and a UGC Junior Research Fellow, is presently pursuing his PhD at Department of Humanities and Social Sciences, National Institute of Technology Durgapur, India. A Sangeet Prabhakar in Indian Classical Music (vocal) from Prayag Sangeet Samiti Allahabad, Sourav is interested in poetry, music and contemporary literary theories. His poems and articles have been published in international journals.

## DARKNESS RISING

The lights are not yet off  
The street is long and wide  
Circus of stars are hunting along  
The moon is full and bright.

Miles to go alike the miles you pass'd  
Lonely crowd is gathering tonight  
Keep the feet you on, hush!  
The moon is full and bright.

Flames and tears have seen  
Darkness grow and fight  
Winds and showers- welcome!  
The moon is full and bright.

Who has seen the man  
Sleeping the caves beside?  
The glass of fire is dead  
The moon is full and bright.

Frenzy thoughts may snick  
The clock of thwarted plight  
Where the hell you try to dredge

The moon is full and bright.

Once the rope is found a null  
The snake is high to bite  
Tender is the singing grass  
The moon is full and bright.

## ODE TO THE MOON

The clumsy sky is calm tonight  
Rising stars are on the hey  
Oh! the misty clouds conceal the Fairy-Lamp  
in rest, dash'd  
With doubts here me, an ignorant gay.  
Never before the starry sky was thus vined  
with phthisical flashes,  
Never the dreary beauty broken down into  
busy idle ashes –  
Devoured in by the odious western sky,  
Never the rustics had discordant view of the  
dispers'd Tribal Fair, a new –  
Darling Fair losing her glory dooms to the  
cold, dark and routed graves –  
A horizon weird stately Nature brew.  
This my mare is all the long scared the wisest  
Solomon  
And filled his mind with odds regard to the  
blind poet's devilish guy  
The very same must Plato foreseen and bold,  
cynical voices gathered up;  
Accursed, how so much, I feel  
Shaken

Smokes of xenophobe I inhale wrapped in a  
 gloomy silver art –  
 Where varying Ego strives the witty sage and  
 the Fairy-Lamp wanes a lean image.  
 Long before the first man driven onto world  
 or the gloomy immortality Dawn offer'd  
 Nature convene the still serendipity of Truth  
 to generations  
 Of transient troops, ego and id  
 A sense did always meet essence  
 A magic wings to boost the shadowy night –  
 Her petals of light cannot be pent up kissing  
 the poets and pilgrims, the seekers  
 Who e'er your endless glamour hide  
 And evoke the truest beauty we strive.



**Steffen Horstmann**  
 (Naples, Florida, USA)

Steffen Horstmann has written more than two hundred ghazals in English. His poems and book reviews have appeared in many reputed international journals and magazines like Baltimore Review, Free State Review, Istanbul Literary Review, Louisiana Literature, Texas Poetry Journal and Tiferet. Horstmann has published two books of ghazals, *Jalsaghar* (2016) and *Ujjain* (2017).

## SIBYLLA'S VOICE IS THE TEMPEST WITHIN A SEASHELL

Sibylla's voice is the tempest within a seashell,  
Raving of the Apocalypse the Ma'dan foretell.

Mist frosts roses in a palace garden echoing  
With the shrieks of ghosts a shaman's charms  
repel.

Shadows on the wall of an Ethiopian grotto  
mutate  
Into a lioness leaping in the slipstream of a  
gazelle.

Spiderwebs expand like sails as hummingbirds  
whir  
Amid orchids & the flaming blossoms of the  
immortelle.

Voices are hushed in torch-lit streets below a  
terrace  
Where mirrored light frames the silhouette of  
Jezebel.

He is the desert exile glimpsed in mirages &  
emanating  
From whirlwinds of sand, whom nomads  
named Ishmael.

Air funneling in scorched basins manifests  
sciroccos  
That seethe like furnaces of wind raging  
through Hell.

Fleets of galleons choke The Dardanelles as  
clouds  
Of flame-tipped arrows shroud an Ottoman  
citadel.

Jets are white smears in auroral light above  
skyscrapers  
As debris swarms in a column of wind  
beneath the El.

**Subhashree Barik**  
(Odisha, India)



Subhashree Barik lives in the Ganjam District of Odisha, India. She writes poetry for different poetry blogs. She contributes her poetry for various poetry anthologies. She is a young poetess who believes that students should not only read literature but should be a part of it by donating their creation to the literature world.

**BOOK OF MY LIFE**

Perusing through your dusky pages,  
I find my thoughts in utter calmness.  
Smelling your musky exotic fragrance,  
I enter in a muse of magic-casement.  
With you I feel more younger  
Dance and giggle as a teenager  
And I step into an enthralling, fantastical  
rose-garden.

Let me wander in your ever-green meadows  
And fill my eyes with the beauty of your  
mountains and brooks  
To nurture the renunciation of broadness  
in my mind and looks.  
Let me read you in the nature's lap  
At last to lie in a eteranal nap.

With you, I forget my sorrow,  
If and but,  
What I can and what I cannot.  
My urges and pathos are transformed into a  
headstrong discoverer.  
I know, over coming my every rise and fall,  
I have many miles still to cover  
I have many miles still to cover.

## Sudipta Mondal

(Kolkata, India)

Sudipta Mondal is an Assistant Professor of English. She teaches at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhury College, Kolkata, West Bengal, India.



## THE PRAYER

A commanding voice bade the soul to rise,  
"Ye soul tell me your final wish".  
The puny soul with its quivering lips  
Proceeds to utter its final wish ...  
"Dear God, thou who have created me,  
To thou shall I return.  
But before merging with your greater being,  
Grant me my wishes, Sire.  
Worldly possessions, me desire no more,  
But sire, my heart desires things  
Unique and priceless.  
Soon I will lose myself to you  
But, oh Lord, let a part of me  
Live on upon this earth ...  
I want to live as the first ray of sun  
Painting the horizon in golden hue,  
In the twittering of the bird  
Heralding a new day,  
Full of hope, joy and aspiration.  
Let me live as the first drop rain  
assuaging the thirst of the perched earth.  
As the damp smell that enchants the senses  
When the earth gets soaked in angels' tears.

I wish to live as the joyful tears  
 Rolling down the tender cheeks  
 Of a mother newly-made,  
 Cradling the child in her arms.  
 Make me live as the touch of father's hand,  
 The first guide of our life.  
 Oh Lord, but curse me not to live,  
 As the defeatist tears of a girl ...  
 Beating her chest  
 After losing her modesty.  
 Curse me not to live as the candle light vigil,  
 Turning into a fruitless gathering.  
 But let me live as the hand  
 Decreeing the perpetrators death.  
 Let me be a part of the mob,  
 Rising in revolt to seek revenge  
 Whenever innocent blood flows ...  
 Let me return on earth, again and again,  
 As the cloud of revolution brews  
 To crush the dark tightening fist of the despots,  
 And to proclaim the victory of the Goddess  
     Justice."  
 Upon ending his prayer  
 The soul casts a glance askance  
 At the radiant face of the God;  
 The mighty lips curve in a beautiful smile  
 To utter the single most powerful word:  
 "AMEN".

## THE DEPARTURE

"Wake up!Wake up!"  
 A dim, distant voice disturbed my peaceful  
     sleep.  
 I endeavored to sink back into the comfortable  
     embrace of sleep.  
 The voice said with great urgency, "Don't just  
     give up as yet,  
 You still have years to live,  
 You have not lived enough".  
 Upon this words,my heart took offense  
 And begins to enumerate:  
 "I have lived through a tensed and tortuous  
     childhood,  
 I have lived through the agony of misplaced  
     identity,  
 I have suffered schism,  
 Withstood discrimination,  
 I have suffered pain, illness and death with  
     fortitude,  
 I have carried on through the ignominy of  
     countless failures,  
 I have endured a gulf of loneliness;  
 I have been left shattered, scarred and

mutilated,  
 My endeavor to plaster the broken pieces  
 Have resulted in getting broken again.  
 Don't you dare accuse me,  
 Of not living".  
 Me thinks, the Death stands nearby,  
 Smirking at the silly,futile conversation.  
 "I have lived through an eternity of aches and  
 agony,  
 I am overcome with exhaustion;  
 Now let me find the final repose  
 In the the cold embrace of a sleep,  
 That knows no end."  
 The proud Death brandishes its sword at this,  
 Tightly gripping the fragile hand of the soul,  
 Finally snatches it away,  
 In a desperate attempt to claim,  
 Its most coveted prize.  
 Before the final departure, the soul,  
 Casts a complaining,contemptuous look,  
 As if to pose the most dreadful question,  
 "Have you ever lived, REALLY?"



**Sujit Mukherjee**  
 (Delhi, India)

Sujit Mukherjee is an author, story teller, poet, photographer and culinary expert. He has thirteen poetry books and his poems appear in more than ten poetry anthologies. In addition, he has three bilingual books of poems namely English-Spanish, English-Chinese and English-Bengali. He also authored seven books. He considers his poems as dewdrops of his soul. Thus, all his poetry books are named as *Dewdrops*. Manifestations, grandeur, beauty, sublimity and divinity expressed in the form of poems make it



simple to read and easy to understand. Most of his poems reflect the glow of his own soul. His art is that of a song that acts as a beacon of light. Poets and poetry critics around the world have praised the freshness of the thoughts expressed in his poems covering all aspects of humanity, nature and people, in simple words. He is a member of the International Writer Association (IWA), USA, which is a UNESCO recognized body. He is also member of Poets of the world (PPDM) organisation. He is the poet ambassador for India for all International poetry festivals organized by the PPDM. He received the best poet of the year 2013 in India. The President of India honoured him by reading his poems at his official residence, Rastrapati Bhawan, Delhi, India. His poems are translated into Spanish, Portuguese, Mandarin, Taiwanese, Greek, Bengali & Hindi. His books of poems are displayed at libraries of different countries.

## MEET ME IN MY VERSE

We both live together  
In our soul  
In love and in loss  
We are both far yet close  
We are united yet separated  
I weave my longing for  
You in my verse  
I conceal your beauty  
Within the wefts of my soul  
My night dies in memory  
My days live in waiting  
I go back to my verse  
To find you  
You will find me my poems ...

(Inspired by a poem by poet Mustaq Shah of Kashmir)

## I WATCH THE BOAT

I watch the boat  
Veiled within the mist  
Gliding towards the shore  
Floating like a leaf on turbulent ocean  
Bouncing up and down  
Waves tries to stop it  
Waves cannot stop it  
Is that you sailing towards me?  
My love is pulling you towards me  
Waves cannot stop it  
So often you have sailed in my dreams  
So often I have watched your mystical beauty  
I am the shore where you belong to ...



**Suman Jana**  
(India)

With Masters in English Literature, and Psychology, Suman Jana writes poetry, short stories, articles and reviews on various social issues. His creative works are appreciated and regularly published in various national and international journals. He is currently working as an assistant teacher in English in Army Public School.

## DEATH OF A POET

I scream, when I see that roadside kid  
Under the flyover, looking at the plate  
Snatching the leftover, that no rich man need.  
What's his guilt? Did he born early or late?

I slap me, when I see that pregnant,  
Crying in pain, coward beau, fled in time.  
She can't leave, that coming infant.  
Will god listen her countless chime?

I kick that stone, seeing the lonely lass.  
Waking fast, lest those rascals drunk,  
Fear in eyes, late night, they may harass.  
Societal ill, women are mere chipmunk.

All my knowledge in vain, 'Change' is  
    necessary bliss.  
If my humanity dies, can I die in peace?

## LEAVE ME OR LOVE ME

My strong arms can't  
Pick you up anymore.  
My brown stained teeth  
Smells cigarette smoke,  
Alcohol, my hair grey  
you are young still. Go,  
Who will caress you.  
Leave me, don't love me.

My six packs are paunch  
Now, my biceps thin stick.  
Can't satisfy on bed, failed  
To praise your prettiness.  
I know, you don't feel good  
When I walk with you, beside.  
Go to that handsome, please  
Leave me, don't love me.

My heart weak or weak your  
Love? My body old or new  
Your thought? My looks pale  
Or fake your glam? you know.

Your soul smile seeing me cry.  
If you remember my love deep  
And my commitment true,  
Then Love me or leave me.



**Sunita Paul**  
(Kolkata, India)

Sunita paul presently stays in Kolkata, West Bengal, India. She is a writer by passion and profession. Sunita is now working online as an administrative assistant to Deborah Brookes Langford, CEO, WILDFIRE PUBLISHING HOUSE, COLORADO, USA. She loves reading, travelling and listening to fine music. She won many interschool writing competitions. *Stars of lightning* is Sunita's first published book collaborated with Deborah Brookes Langford, an American author. She has contributed her writings in many international

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## LIFE IS A STAIRCASE

As I paused at the middle stair case,  
Looked down to see many known and  
unknown faces,  
Memories are brought alive,  
As in the ocean of my past I dive.

Some good old ones brought joys and smiles,  
Who gave me pleasure and strength to cross  
many a miles,  
But then there stood some awful ones,  
Who hurt and bruised me all over in life's  
long run.

I looked up at the stairs above  
Giving me way to go and rest in peace with  
love  
Cannot predict what is in store  
My future,I pray holds no worries more.

As I climb up, I see faint faces and voices  
here  
Nothing is visible, no sound is clear

The stairway where ends is unknown to me  
It's all a mystery what I can see.

But then I walk with my head held tall,  
Firm steps, taking care not to stumble and  
fall.

I know i can and I will, cross all hurdles and  
win the race,  
Reach the top of the staircase with a slow but  
steady pace.



### **Surbhi Anand**

(Bihar, India)

Surbhi Anand is a young student and poetess from Bihar. She expresses her feelings through stupendous words.

Fear is a rock  
Collide with the rock  
By collision the flame ignites  
The beauty of you  
This queen will be called  
A golden lady!!

## QUEST OF SOUL

In the fillings of spider junk  
Fluttering the conscience  
Searching of existence  
Why come in this world !

Bothering the aspirations  
Twinkling in this flame  
In their own type to live  
By own efforts,  
I made foundations  
But to make fort there is  
Need of heights !

Restrictions,  
Through, them one by one  
What if you are a girl,  
Fount your legs !

As you have volcano inside  
Will take the type of fire  
By puberty glow burn the  
Boastfulness !



## Swapan Kumar Rakshit

(West Bengal, India)

Swapan Kumar Rakshit lives at Bankura, W.B., India. He writes poems. For professional needs he teaches physics and from his emotional impulse he writes mainly sonnets to be acquainted with the universal mind.

## THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER

The borrowed life of some impulse addict  
Has eaten up my life force, that I've earned.  
The bets of my gamble have eroded bit by  
bit,  
To give me a lesson; but nothing had I learnt.  
However, the ashes remained, I've to collect;  
And the scattered seeds in the aftermath of  
loss,  
For new field; where, I've to fight against ill  
fate.  
Then I'll irrigate the field for an affordable  
gross.  
It'll be like driving a car fitted with squared  
wheel,  
Or like propelling a ship along the darkest  
street.  
But, it'll give me opportunity to enflame my  
will,  
And, eventually, I'll testify my power in deep  
sit.  
The world is my oyster, and, it'll be same for you.  
You may see the same, but, from my point of  
view.





## Swapna Behera

(Odisha, India)

Swapna Behera is a contemporary bilingual poet from Odisha, India. Her poems, articles and short stories have been widely published in various leading national and international journals, newspapers, e-zines and anthologies like *Tomb Of Words*, *TimeLess Love*, *Lang Lit*, *Hung On the Cross*, *Creative corner*, *The Poetry Wall*, *My Sweetest Love*, *Diff Truth*, *Voices of Humanity*, *Rock Peebles*, *Amarvati International Multilingual Anthology 2016*, *International Multilingual Poetry Anthology*. She has also published a collection of her

short stories in Odia titled *Batikhunta O Muu* and *Pherile Tumar*. Her poems are translated in Albania and short stories in other Indian languages. She has been conferred the prestigious International Poiesis Award of Honor as a Jury Member at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature (an International Short Story Competition). She has won several poetry contests. She was a trained teacher in Substance Abuse Prevention education. Besides, as a teacher for over three decades at the Mont Fort School 1984-1995 and Kendriya Vidyalayas 1995-2015, she has received several outstanding recognitions for teaching excellence.

Escape for a savour banquets  
in the dreams  
The count down starts  
For the ardent escape  
Somewhere, here or there ...

## THE ARDENT ESCAPE

He kings, queens and the concubines  
escape in the corridors of the palace  
History hibernates in the broken anthills  
Emotional charcoal lines sketch  
names on the walls of the old in

The dice rolls;  
Descending snakes or ascending ladder  
Grins of a looser or splattering smiles  
Draupadi's mortification or Srikrushna's flute  
Somewhere the seventh note always escapes  
The tunnel of the third eye  
opens in the emancipation

The roller coaster moves fast  
Goes on the swim or sail  
Currency escapes as conspiracy  
Blood gets thinner than water  
A new planet rotates  
The straight line twists to be a cycle tyre

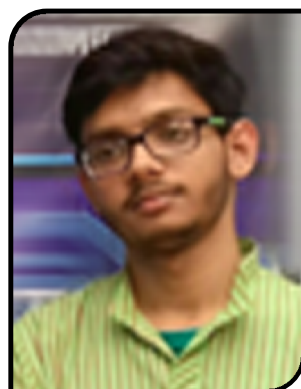
Logics become logistics  
Slumbering smiles in the footpaths

The world is ready for the funeral condolences  
Let him die peacefully  
For thousands are in the queue  
To be the martyrs, to be the poets ...

## A POET IS DYING TONIGHT

A poet is dying tonight;  
In a panacea of blood  
Enough of transfusion, transmission  
And lots of confusion  
He is in love with the widow droplets on the  
    grass  
Love is a forbidden Adam's apple  
A poet is a pet or the Jagir of the society  
His heart is on lease  
He can neither smile or cry  
Has to be in the syndrome of hangover

A poet is dying tonight  
Tired and sleepless,  
wrapping the blankets of the stars  
The tattoo of time on his soul  
Is he the broken bangle pieces  
to celebrate peace?  
Or a prism to refract the beam of light?  
A stamped flesh hung in the butcher's shop?  
A poet is dying tonight; before comes the  
    twilight



**Sweeyam Chakraborty**  
(Kolkata, India)

Pursuing M.Sc in Economics under University of Calcutta, Sweeyam Chakraborty loves to write verses in English. He is the Founder-Editor of "The Xplicit Truth" - a community of budding poets & artists. He is attached with Poetry Paradigm. He is a columnist and content-editor of Sarakbatia. He is a literary group Member (poet) at "Tarader Khoje" - a little magazine.

## HORIZON

You are Endless;  
You are Fathomless;  
You stretch beyond Realms;  
You are the limit to Dreams.

You are where  
The Unknown transcends The Known ...  
You conceal  
Our Bondages beyond What's Shown ...

You are the Way-  
To God's Abode.  
You are to Whom:  
The El' Knight rode.

You are The Transition  
Of Earthly Light.  
You are The Boundary  
Of Dark and Bright.

You are the one,  
Who marks The Day's Onset

You bring The Dark-  
Devouring The Sunset.

You be My Guide:  
On The Day of Eternity.  
You be My Shelter:  
Departure from Worldly Dynamicity.

You would Absorb Me in Infinity;  
Waiting till You Summon.  
I would Love to be with You,  
YOU ... The Mighty Horizon!

## NOTE

On a lightly Living **NOTE**  
The girl took all adversities.  
Joyful, playful, lively she was-  
A mosaic of skilled diversities.

Yet, that night of incessant downpour;  
As the raindrops clattered,  
In the dark room a silent soul;  
Inside her heart was shattered.

The crux she couldn't figure out.  
She was nonplussed.  
Shuffling thoughts, anxiety rose,  
As the drenching hours passed.

Life is unpredictable!  
Sometimes we can't contemplate what it  
teaches;  
As She felt herself secluded that night;  
Only that was there, Her incoherent speeches.

Despairs took over. On the paper the pen  
scribbled ...

Illegibly, legibly she wrote:  
"I wish to fly, soar so high, and be free"  
Last words on her Leaving **NOTE**.



**Tuhin Sengupta**  
(West Bengal, India)

Tuhin Sengupta lives at Udaynagar in the district of Bankura. He started his writings at the age of 14. By profession he is a teacher. Although primarily a poet, he also writes short stories. He writes both in English and in Bengali. Nature, animals and the instincts of man appear time and again in his writings.

## THE LOST GODS

The forest is green, creepers crawl with the  
rains  
And silence covers the forest in a balm of  
grace.  
The ruined temple stands covered in moss ...

where are the people, who were the nameless  
kings,  
That ruled that place? The queen's steps  
marked  
Wet footprints where the pug marks are.  
All the terrific power, all the praise and desire  
The tears of mothers, the prayers of wives  
Are they present in shining moss?

Which mason set that stone blocks  
Living beyond the kingdom, nameless  
artisan's power.  
Not a single memory of the men who moved  
Of the children that played, of the bells that  
tollled.

On the verge of a depth, like a yogi in his  
trance  
Or a man dreaming of his lost fortune  
The temple stands.  
The ground melts with every rain.  
The jaws of jungle snaps at it ...

The cast out wolf of dwarf forest  
Curls in peace where the alter was.

rotting fish and submerged weeds and  
bloated mice ...  
Careless they go on calling  
And under the grass the deaf cobras  
Slither.

## THE NIGHT OF THE FROGS

The night thickens, dark rain hits the muddy  
grass  
the air reverberates, The frogs are reigning  
the drooling night and the growing shrubs.  
From under the veil, of the darkness vibrant  
the shaking calls come. No pleasing love  
song is this  
No soft villanelle or colored dancing of  
monsoon birds.  
They crawl in night- rough skins hopping  
through the blades  
And desperate they throw the call of life  
They roll and love, drag and fall and they  
fight.  
The time is passing the time is short  
And impulse floods the flooded fields.  
Every second the notes rise and fall like tall  
grass swaying in tumult of rain.  
No heavenly songs are these  
No elevation of feeling it seeks  
No losing one in another's eye  
From the mud it comes with the smell of



widely in refereed research journals of international repute besides authored a few of her articles for *Infinithoughts*, a holistic magazine and *Invocation*, a spiritual research journal on *Savitri*, an epic poem and masterpiece of Sri Aurobindo.



**Ujjwala Kakarla**  
(India)

Dr. Ujjwala Kakarla is a Professor of English, literally a Poet and Short Story Writer, a spiritual activist and a passionate researcher in Aesthetics and Indo-Anglian Poetry. She also served as a web consultant freelancer for Bodh Bridge Educational Services, IIT Chennai. She is a writer and moderator for Spectrum Publishing House, UK. She is the author of *Lyrical Whispers of Self: Anthology of Poetry* and *Indian and Western Aesthetics in Sri Aurobindo's Criticism*. She has published her research papers, short stories and poems

## INTERIOR MONOLOGUE

Unique things of majestic creation  
Sopping my mind in ferment of fruity silence,  
Beholding its thoughts on wonders of  
existence  
Suffused me in rapture of transcendence  
Creating ceaseless questions teeming as those  
gentle ripples,  
Intoxicated me in contemplation of monologue:

Thoughts on external marvels of  
existence questioning in monologue:  
Whom is this creation?  
Night striving to set foot on day spring in ripples,  
Daybreak following the dusk of silence,  
Dazzling sun in dimness greeting the moon  
in transcendence  
Peaceful moon in showering moonlight  
showing its cosmic  
beauty of existence!

Infinite pretty stars brimming on the barren  
stage of existence,

Plunged me into thoughtful monologue,  
Soaking me in silver light of transcendence!  
Those floating stars of inky sky, cosmic  
brilliance of creation,  
Shimmering bright and dimming blur in  
silence,  
Reflecting earthly souls of mundane world in  
myriad acts of ripples!  
Winged seasons rolling past with time in  
ripples  
Rivers and oceans ridging in flow  
and desiccation in cycle of existence,  
Celestial flow of pureness floating me in  
silence  
Sunk me in deep repose of monologue  
Questioning about the splendorous nature of  
creation  
Merging me in beauty of nature's  
transcendence!  
Which painter painted  
this splendid nature of transcendence?  
That evolved my gloomy mind descending in  
vague ripples,  
Opening my inner eye of creation  
Showing me romantic paths of existence  
Diving me deeper and deeper into inner  
monologue  
Showering me in heavenly downpour of  
silence!  
A lyrical sonnet tuned to music of silence  
Intoxicated me in ripe wine of transcendence  
Melancholic thoughts on inner wonders of  
existence

in monologue,  
Echoing those hidden wounds of emotions in  
ripples,  
Questioning the creator of existence,  
Whom is this creation?  
That strange silence ceasing those loathsome  
emotions of ripples,  
Whispers eternal melodies of existence  
Inspiring me to be a romantic seeker of  
magical creation!



**Varsha Saran**  
(India)

Varsha Saran is a bilingual writer. She writes poems and her poems have been published in different international anthologies and journals, newspapers and magazines.

## I AM A PIECE OF CLOUD

I am a piece of cloud  
Vagabond  
Abandoned  
Roaming aimlessly  
And you are the sunshine of this master of  
solar system  
Sometimes you turn me into fumes  
I fly away like ordinary vapour  
And I dissolve in this atmosphere so easily  
and effortlessly  
Like your left hand 's work  
But sometimes this play  
Change its norm  
And I cover' you'  
O' mighty king  
And turned into sweet rainy droplets  
That drench this earth  
With its blessings of divine  
And sometimes I burst into tears  
And then  
Disaster and disaster  
Here n there  
Tells us about the uncertainty of life!!

## PYRE

We are burning on the pyre of worries  
That ends till the fire of our funeral  
Our unconscious mind  
Is somewhere  
Fully reserved with the chain of tensions  
No body is fully relaxed  
Our brain is stretched  
Just like an elastic  
And working unlimited  
Till our last breath  
Why!!!  
For our common desires n needs !  
For two time bread, clothes n shelter !  
We ignore our creativity  
Our peace of mind and  
Forgot our Divine.....  
Just because , to collect such materials  
That will be scattered here n there  
In our rooms  
In our Veranda  
Some scraps on the roof  
That proves  
That we never take anything with us

Only some good or bad memories  
In other's heart  
Printed by our behaviour  
Some Good work  
And it's good results  
While people see our burning body  
And staring at its ashes  
Thinking about our deeds!!



**Vasanthi Swetha**  
(Chennai, India)

Vasanthi Swetha finds her interest most in poetry, dance, reading and dreaming and she believes that a poem is a result of a conversation with the poet's soul.

but because you would help me cleanse,  
by holding me as I gather courage  
to play this ruthlessly soothing game  
called life.

## DIRTY

There are times  
when we choose to  
let things be packed,  
the task of opening  
and dissecting truth  
feels like a nightmare.  
They remain there  
wrapped with fear  
and blissful ignorance;  
every thought rots  
into mighty conundrums  
that leave way for gruesome guesses  
to grow within our minds,  
and drop curtains of melancholy  
that feeds on our soul.  
This room called  
unpredictability is dirty,  
it smells of stale expectations  
and burnt memories,  
with thoughts strewn all over  
this dirty room,  
I sometimes look for you  
not because you are part of this filth

## JOURNEYS

If you told me  
journeys were meant  
to end,  
I would tell you that  
they were meant to  
begin.  
To all the times  
departing was made hard,  
arriving was made suspenseful.  
Sometimes, we left places, things and people,  
sometimes they left us;  
all to start afresh in another  
path, to another plot twist.  
We were  
ridiculous passers of time,  
who felt too empty  
or felt too heavy.  
Our journeys were loops  
that were always connected,  
stories that were always told  
in words or silence,  
love that was always filled  
with hurdles,

but we were ants  
occupying sweet territories  
called destinations,  
failing to see the journey.  
We were humans who found the cave  
but failed to see the carving  
on it that said  
"Keep going."  
We don't have destinations;  
every destination is a journey  
that begins, to not end  
but to begin another.

NCR Campus, Ghaziabad, UP and two other universities. He is editor-in-chief of *Ars Artium* (<http://arsartium.org>), a widely indexed international research journal of humanities and social sciences published from New Delhi.



**Vijay Kumar Roy**  
(Arar, Saudi Arabia)

A PhD on the poetry of John Keats and LLB from LN Mithila University, Darbhanga, Bihar (India) and CELTA from the University of Cambridge, United Kingdom, Vijay Kumar Roy is the author of *Realm of Beauty and Truth: A Collection of Poems* (2016), *Premanjali* (2009), a collection of poems in Hindi, and editor of *The Melodies of Immortality* (2012), an anthology of poetry, besides editor of a dozen academic books. He teaches English at Northern Border University, Arar, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. He has also taught at SRM University,



## FATE AND FORCE

Hope creates hope  
And bridges the gap  
Between ambition and achievement  
For those, whose fate and force meet.

Fate brings pleasure and pain  
And closer to the mystery of life,  
Force integrates all skills  
And brings success from our toil.

If fate captivates the force  
And doesn't support ambition  
It leads one to a state  
Of despair and destruction.

Fate is kind, fate is cruel  
Force is strong and life's fuel;  
Success by fate is a mere success  
It is a victory if achieved by force.

## HATRED

Hatred is good  
If you hate evils, injustice, immorality;  
If you hate the work, not its doer  
All for the sake of goodwill

You can't hate a man for his act  
Only he is not guilty for it  
Guilty is also the society that made him do so  
He is also an image of God, like you  
If you hate him, you hate the Creator  
Who made this beautiful world for all  
And blessed you with all beautiful things  
You cherish incessantly.



**Vivekanand Jha**  
(India)

Vivekanand Jha is an Air Force veteran, is an Indian English poet, translator and editor. His poems and articles have featured in numerous journals and anthologies. He has authored one critical book on the poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra and edited nine critical anthologies on Indian English Writing. Recently he has edited a poetry anthology, *The Dance of the Peacock*, featuring 151 Indian English poets and published by Hidden Brook Press, Canada. He is the founder and chief editor of two literary journals, Verbal Art & Phenomenal Literature published by Authorspress, New Delhi.

## A BANYAN TREE

you planted with your erudite hands,  
on the dirt barren like the sands of seashore  
has blossomed into an insignia of immortality.

Its every leaf-large, gristly, glossy green,  
inherits your benign wisdom, resplendent  
like a beam of the rising sun.

Swaying in harmony like a sea of poppies,  
giving away message of breeze to every  
ambler,  
roasted, scorched in sizzling summer.

Standing on its rhinoceros root,  
adding and multiplying into a knot  
of branches, roots, trunks, leaves, and fruits  
symbolizing a true meaning of life  
teeming with a cascade of complexities.

Forming a shelter and shadow like a cloud  
even travellers, needing no respite

from heat wave, heaving and parching,  
have to retard their egos for a moment,  
stopping by the tree, mutters in marvel:  
Which hands have sown its seeds?

## NONCONFORMIST

This guy, gleaming in gay,  
bulging in muscles, twinkling in tattoos,  
radical and rebel in his own right,  
is hell-bent to fashion  
this heavenly abode into hell

He has no inhibition on his brazen passion,  
spitting and pissing where he dwells.  
All set to bask in the glow of boyish warmth  
milking out from the fodder of lust.  
The battle he fights but sans fire, smoke and  
bloodshed.  
He will have no peace and bliss  
till he delivers a baby through his anus.

God makes one, man makes many.  
I chuckle to myself in frustration  
to see such a singular sensation.

## Williamsji Maveli

(Thrissur, India)



Williamsji Maveli (Williams George Maveli) is a writer. He is a sincere, resourceful and diligent in his poetic work. His writings reflect the amount of research on the current events that has gone into it along with his knowledge and expertise in the field. His poems are simple to read, interpret, and understand. His latest book which is a collection of lyrics titled "ARAMVIRALTHUMBATHU..." (On the tip of the sixth finger) is published in India.

## THE WRECKED SHIP!

The body seems to be motionless,  
floating on top of the gentle waves ;  
at the border of mounting sea,  
She is a wrecked ship !  
Dead like a whale from the depth  
of a self-embrace to the cool water  
shoulders; breasts and arms,  
She is a black storm !  
Enduring wild wind, heavy rain,  
ice and surging tides on her body;  
an orphan at the deep ocean  
she is a nymph, trapped in my net !

## SITTING AROUND THE CORNER

Sitting around the corner,  
Under an orange tree light;  
In elegant twilight; in a rainy night;  
Looking at her bountiful eyes;  
Rubbing the toes one another;  
A light pleasure of a mild touch;  
A leisure time face to face  
Under a mild dream; a fantasy  
In a drowning stream of delight,  
Satisfied by kisses and caresses;  
Fulfilled and brazenly asking for more.  
I knew that I am so love-crazy  
On your celestial body and mind!



**Yogiza Jr**  
(Abuja, Nigeria)

Yogiza Jr is a writer, poet and engineer, based in Abuja, Nigeria. He is the author of *Faithful Perjurer* and *Insane Muse Journey*. His poems appeared in more than fifteen international anthologies.

## IF YOU INVEST IN MY LOVE

If you invest in my love  
I will shape the earth like your body  
your body parts will be different continent  
your veins will be different oceans, your  
breasts of golden will be rocks and mountains  
if you invest in my love

if you invest in my love  
in your body i will rearrange Nigeria  
I will search the unsearchable Sambisa forest  
before the girls became pregnant, please!  
just be imagining the infallibility you will sprout in  
if you invest in my love

if you invest in my love  
you are the deity of the goddess  
earth is your shrine of worshippers  
if you invest in my love  
every need of yours is within you  
every sound you hear comforts you  
everything you touch smoothen you  
everything you see decorates your beauty  
if you invest in my love  
if you invest in my love  
I will wear love to worship you.