

GloMag

GLOMAG

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose Magazine

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Nandita Vivek



TITLE OF COVER PIC

Aquamarine

ARTIST'S PERSPECTIVE

My name is Nandita. I'm 14 years old and have always been drawing, ever since I could remember at least. I do paint but my focus always lies in sketching and photography. No publications yet except for mom posting drawings on Facebook. I don't really think about anything. I just feel free to express myself through all my drawings.

I didn't really think of much while painting that scenery. I was obsessed with fantasy places at that time, so I put it out on paper. I usually just draw random things that come to mind or scroll through Pinterest for inspiration.

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Panjami Vivek



The one thing you can never fail at:

The spirit that drives my work.

What would you name your boat if you had one?

Sultana after the Turkish Queen Regent, Kosem Sultan.

The happiest moment in your life?

When I held my daughter for the first time.

If you could know the absolute and total truth to one question, what question would you ask?

Who am I?

Love is:

The most beautiful thing, easy only if one can flex oneself to touch some tip of heaven, oblivion, fantasy and have a firm, accepting grip on one's reality and freedom. It is making another important and having one's own needs met.

Fav book:

Lady Chatterley's Lover; 40 Rules of Love; Hangwoman; Eleven Mintues..., to name a few

Fav movie:

Apocalypto; Memoirs of a Geisha; Monalisa Smile; The Help...,to name a few.

Fav song:

Circle in the sand; Kiss from a Rose; Black magic woman; Heaven...

(A few that comes to my mind)

Fav hobby:

Having deep soul-stirring conversations; binge watching series; drowning myself in music; hanging out at the mall; retail therapy...

Fav color:

Purple; combination of blue and white; sap green

Fav sport:

Volleyball

Fav food:

Junk food; Punjabi biryani; Kerala porotta and chicken tikka masala.

Fav pet:

Four legged angels called Dogs.

Fav actor:

Mohanlal

Fav actress:

Meryl Streep; Julia Roberts; Viola Davis; Shobhana; Kate Winslet

Life philosophy:

'Om mani padme hum' is my quick mantra for emotional reflection. It is a Buddhist chant, a condensation of thousands of other mantras. The six syllables invoke emotional balance and great depth of character diffusing impulsiveness. 'Om' is the syllable that curtails ego and substitutes it with generosity. 'Ma' curtails jealousy by inducing ethics.

'Ni' is for patience in the face of desire and passion. 'Pad' is for regulating the bias we are bound to feel as humans with precision.

'Me' is to invoke the power of surrender in the face of greed. 'Hum' is to subdue and transform hatred with wisdom.

One-liner describing you:

I am nice, naive, detached, selfish/selfless with a large heart and a kind tongue.

Favorite holiday destination:

My riverside home in Kerala comes first. But I also love the confluence of French and TAMILIAN culture of Pondicherry.

Favorite quote:

*If equal affection cannot be
Let the more loving one be me.*

~ *W. H. Auden*

Sign Off message:

Know thyself. There is no other superpower in the world.

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A JHURIWALA

On the railway footbridge

A jhuriwala, middle-aged, lean and short,

Hair cleanly kept, sits on haunches,

And sews his tattered coat.

Daily at ten I stealthily visit the man

And wistfully watch his merchandise—

A plastic bag full of jhuri packets,

Each day I wait for three minutes

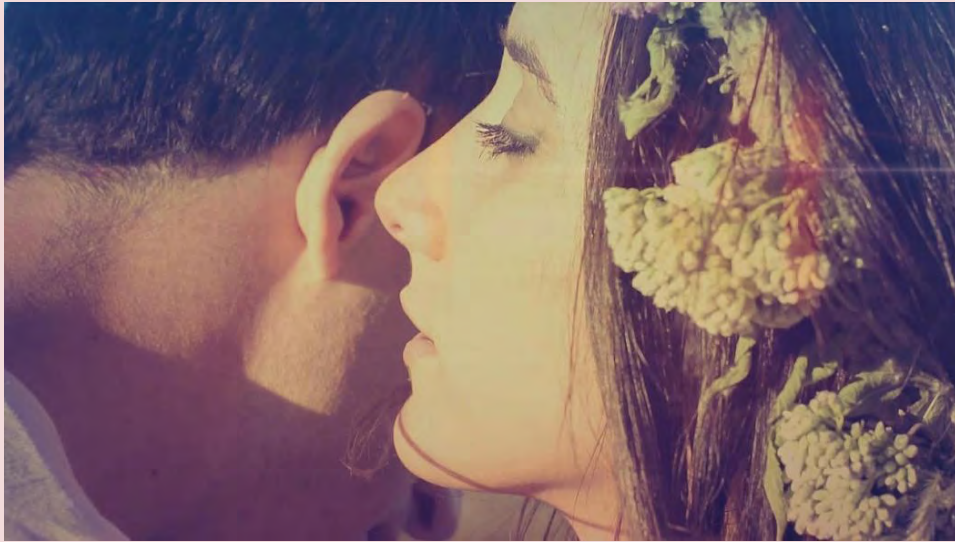
And watch him garnishing his circular iron-ring.

Fashionable boys and girls, uniformed men and women,

The poor and the patients hurriedly pass by the busy bay,
And processed voices announce up and down
Undisturbed, like a lover for her new love,
The jhuriwala puts flowers into his life's wreath.



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



THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN

I may miss names and generations
but the shape of a woman like you
it is ridiculous to ignore a moment

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Yes, you are beautiful, and I admit it
Verses of poems fly to your heartbeat
To learn how to fall in love with moulds

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Be the moon and enlighten my spirit

Be the sunshine above the dark clouds

Be the angel's hands and wipe my tears

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

This life is joy, awful, and seldom terrible

But when I see your eyes smiling at me

I ignore all the times I yelled at my wounds

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I question my brain and he doesn't answer

I question my heart and I forget that we are

broken, with no dignity for tremendous dusk.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Everyone knows that I am a humiliating player

I play with a cheerful soul and nap with a pain

in my brain from missing friends who to heaven.



Ahmad Al-Khatat: Ahmad Al-Khatat was born in Baghdad, Iraq. His work has appeared in print and online journals globally and he has poems translated into several languages. He has been nominated for Best of the Net 2018. He is the author of *The Bleeding Heart Poet*, *Love On The War's Frontline*, *Gas Chamber*, *Wounds from Iraq*, *Roofs of Dreams*, *The Grey Revolution*, and *Noemi & Lips of Sweetness*. He lives in Montreal, Canada.



SUMMER 1847

George broke a wooden pencil in two.

She had the strength of her great-grandfather.

Anger and disappointment gave big power to her seemingly delicate hands.

At that moment she was a mother,
a woman, unprotected by a manly attire.

Auguste carved Solange in marble
and turned her daughter to stone

-unfeeling, indifferent, deaf to the voice of doubt.

Frederic failed her, too.

He left his lover and took the girl's side.

Summer in Nohant was unbearably hot.

Every word raised the temperature.

The novel about Lucrezia Floriani

perished in the fireplace,

but fire did not burn the gossip and sadness.

Nine years of joy turned to ashes by a quarrel

about/over the right to love.

The extinguished feelings could not be rekindled

- it always pains when they die.

Loneliness in sickness turned coffee into cocoa,

and grand creations shrunk to the size of miniatures.



Alicja Maria Kuberska: She is an awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania as well as other organisations. She has received two medals—the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). She has also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy, “Tra le parole e ‘elfinito” (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received the Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).



SAFIRE'S THE NAME

Safire this. Safire that. Safire here
there everywhere these blues so true!

Safire seas – Safire lees – skies so high
Safire sigh. Safire knees genuflect.

Safire heart dances tropes into happy
safire flame! Yes, why not my name?

So Safire, here I come so Safire dear
here let's dance – Safire Safire all around

Safire here traipses merry Safire skirts
billow around – Safire blues so profound!

Secrets of the deepest heart says Safire
heavens do part, and hearts so fine -

Safire's mine! Yes! Safire's mine!

Safire! Safire! Heart's on fire – Opalescent
Luminescent skies tumble down my eyes.

my skin, spine and fall at feet – crumpled
earth all bluesy sweet. Ready for a kiss.

True Safire! Merge with night...

Stars-afire plays the lyre weaving velvet
sky alight – Sparkle on, sings cool fire.

Oh Safire!



Ambika Talwar: She is an India-born educator, author, artist, and wellness consultant whose ecstatic poetry “bridges worlds.” Winner of the Great India Poetry Contest (2018) and Pushcart nominee, she has authored *4 Stars & 25 Roses* (for her father); *My Greece: Mirrors & Metamorphoses*, a poetic-spiritual travelogue. Her poems appear in *RuddyRavensCheshireCats&RustyRats*, *Fasihi*, *Roseate Sonnet Anthology*, *We Are Here*, *Grateful*

Conversations, River Paws, Beyond Words, Aatish 2, GloMag, and others. ~ Published also in Kyoto Journal, Chopin with Cherries, On Divine Names, VIA-Vision in Action, St. Julian Press, Tower Journal, Enchanting Verses, Quill & Parchment, Ambika won an award for a short film. Recently retired as professor emerita (English), she also practices a fusion of holistic modalities. She notes, "Poetry and holism offer a refining language for us to keep discovering our wholeness." She is board-member of CSPA (California State Poetry Society) and lives in USA and India.
<https://www.creativeinfinities.com>



TIME'S DUSTBIN

These stories of ours
are of few minutes or hours—
Nothing but some dust
in the bin of time when past.



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



DARKNESS

Evening drops in silence

Like a cast feather

On overhanging sunset

Between trees, reams

Of shadows besiege twilight

Floundering the offshore

Of mindscape.

Darkness scans your face

Which light feigns or dims

The clarity of a note measured
With closed eyes cuts deep distinct-
I drink in the beauty of evening raga
Contouring your face
Rippling wakeful in my soul,
Devoid of sight the curtain raises
Toppling barriers of brightness
I figure promise of dawn, in threshold
Of your khol-rimmed eyes.



Amita Ray: She is former associate professor in English of a college and is based in Kolkata. An academic of varied interests, she is a Translator, Short Story writer and Poet. She has two volumes in translations of noted Bengali authors to her credit. She is presently a translator in several on-going projects. Her latest publication is a collection of short stories titled TRAIL OF LOVE AND LONGINGS. She has a passion for writing poems and has been widely published in various anthologies and journals. She is also an Executive Committee member of Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library, Kolkata.



YOU

i saw you again

at the Bugti hill side in Baluchistan

where Nawab Akbar Bugti was once assassinated

i saw you again

at the Lahori Gate in Shahajanabad

which doesn't exist anymore

and I saw you again in the eastern ramparts

of the Gwalior Fort

a Maratha smile etched

asking me, are you still looking for me
“abhi bhi,aap humey dhoond rahey hai”
your legs dangled playfully
in a sea of sand
and memories
a deafening wave
of old talks
older smiles
older laughter
gripped us once
again



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



LEAF FILIGREE

Summer

The delicate tracery of leaves

Against the sky

To lie

Under a shady canopy

A tree

Sunshine

filtered through green foliage

Komorebi

Dreamy

The thoughts that float

Light, feathery

The Koel

Piping up

In melody

June's

Nature worship

Is complete

Soon

Ah soon enough

The Monsoon

Till then

For Heart's ease

Leaf filigree



Amita Sarjit Ahluwalia: I am a retired civil servant but at heart a poet and teacher. I write, mostly poetry, in English, Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi. I was awarded the NISSIM International Poetry Award (First Prize) 2019 and then the Reuel International Award (First Prize) 2020 for Non-Fiction Prose by The Significant League, a well-known Creative Writing Group on Facebook. The Destiny International Community of Poets based out of Wakefield, England, UK declared me Winner of their Poet of the Year 2020 as well as Critic of the Year 2020 recognitions, and repeated this double honour for the Year 2021 as well.



OLD, AND LONELY; BUT STILL HAPPY

When you get old

It's likely

You'll also get lonely

But you can count the stars

The waves of the sea

The sand on the shore

Name the shapes of the clouds

And still be happy.



Ampat Koshy: Dr. Koshy A.V. was till recently working as an Assistant Professor in the English Department of Jazan University, Saudi Arabia. He has many books, degrees, diplomas, certificates, prizes, and awards to his credit and also, besides teaching, is an editor, anthology maker, poet, critic and writer of fiction. He runs an autism NPO with his wife, Anna Gabriel. Two of his co-authored books published in 2020 were Amazon best-sellers in India and USA, namely, *Wine-kissed Poems* with Jagari Mukherjee and *Vodka by the Volga* with Santosh Bakaya. His latest achievements are winning a certificate in Italy for his poetry, and editing an anthology as well as working as Visiting Professor in FET, Jain University, Bangalore, teaching Communicative English for Academic Purposes.



Photo by Petr Ovrlov on Unsplash

TWO QUESTIONS. IS THIS REAL LIFE? IS THIS JUST FANTASY?

She was happy

Enveloped, in

Wispy pouf of cloud.

Saran wrap misty sheets

Wishful castles wavering.

Sweet moiré cling film
Glistening upon waxen stalk
Silhouetted pellucid lucid dreams
Walked and talked in and out
Of through composed reality,
All the while, vacant feet
Tapping sunshine stilettos
Upon vacuous caustic marble.

She, of exquisite aura,
Kept him enchanted
For hours. For years.
Spellbound, or self-imposed trance?
Hypnosis or true blue romance?

He awoke, a Rip Van Winkle

Anachronistic

All out of time.

She, cuckoo

With concealed broken heart

In cloistered clock

Soft springs shattered.

Note: The two questions asked as this poem's title are from Queen's through composed masterpiece Bohemian Rhapsody.



Amrita Valan: She is a writer from India. She has a published book of poetry, Arrivederci and one of 17 short stories, called In Between Pauses. She is a mommy of two boys and has worked in a number of professions.



COLORS

Silently I will bring some colors.

You will also bring colors

without

any knowledge.

She'll bring colors, along with him

Our cousins, our neighbors, sisters

and brothers, our men and women

will bring colors, without looking

at them

Trust me, only then we can

savour a broad, genuine

canvas; ---

a world with all colors.



Aneek Chatterjee: He is a poet and academic from Kolkata, India. He has been published in reputed literary magazines and anthologies across the globe. He has authored 14 books, including three poetry collections and a novel. His third poetry collection, 'Of Ashes and Persiflage (New Delhi and Kolkata, Hawakal) came out in November 2020.

Chatterjee has a Ph.D. in International Relations and has been teaching in leading Indian and foreign universities. He was a Fulbright Visiting faculty at the University of Virginia, USA, and a recipient of the prestigious ICCR Chair to teach abroad. His poetry has been archived at Yale University.



A LUCKY DAME

I can see dreams spilling
From your beautiful eye
When standing at the door
To the staring men you feel shy

I can see smiles dripping
From your butterfly lips
When you watch birds going
Up to clouds, white and crisps

I can see you running
Away to the valley alone
To meet your lover singing a
Song of love sitting on a stone

I can see you coming
Back feeling a bit shame
When birds in flights chirp
In chorus, what a lucky dame



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tikku): He was born in a small town, Brajrajnagar, in Odisha, India. At present he is working in coal mine sector and writes poems and stories when he gets time. He has already published two books of poems, *Fragrance of Love* and *Melody of Love*. He is working on his third book now. His poems have been published in many national and International Anthologies. He loves to write romantic poems. He likes travelling and meeting people of different nationalities and cultures. He takes inspiration from simple life of the villagers and Nature's beauty still thriving in rural areas. He enjoys walking by streams and into forests to be with flora and fauna.



the muse has swallowed itself whole
and washed it down with words
whatever of them are left
lie in the languid indolence
of crumbs
their purpose crumpled
to irrelevance
in the silence that spurns
solitude's bestowals

sleepless with heartburn
the night turns away
from satin and sequins
to count the thorns
that keep it awake
deprived of poetry's embrace

dawn fakes solace
the jilted heart, no more naive
looks beyond the sundrops
happy for what has flown away
for only the free
have wings
to leave

or return one day



Anju Kishore: Anju Kishore, formerly a finance professional is a published poet and editor, now learning the ropes of theatre. Her poems, some of them prize-winning, have been featured in numerous journals and anthologies. Author of ‘...and I Stop to Listen’ a collection of poems, she has been part of the editorial teams of nine anthologies in the last four years with India Poetry Circle, Kavya-Adisakrit Publishing, Soul Scribers Society Salem, and World Literature India.



NOT MY CUP OF TEA

I wake up

and it's tea time

morning or evening

I am not sure anymore

I look around and feel lost

I have slept way beyond my time

it is perhaps one of those days

I write my last letter again

keeping it incomplete

as an excuse
to see another day
I am relieved yet restless
I am empty yet loaded
the last and the least of every bit
seems to be puzzling
forever is always a dangerous word
but it somehow smells good
I tell everyone to go away
but the doors are still open
it's very chaotic in the head
and so i need to sleep
to wake up and write the next page
weaving the epilogue first
the stories can still evolve
the tea will keep getting cold
but the heart will still be warm!



Ankurita Pathak: She is a writer, occasional poet, TEDx speaker and a seasoned communications professional from Golghat (Assam). A former journalist, she is currently working with FICCI as Joint Director. A proud alumna of Cotton College, Guwahati, she is also a postgraduate in English from Delhi University. She has been regularly writing articles, poems, travelogues and short stories for newspapers, magazines, portals, and blogs. She, along with her brother, has recently co-authored a coffee table book titled 'Black Coffee & Metamorphosis', which has been listed in the 10+ Hoppingo curated coffee table books alongside 'Masterpieces of Indian Art by Alka Pandey' and 'National Geographic Rarely Seen'.



ALWAYS ONLY

It was
always only me,
always only you,
never anyone else.

Life set.

Schedules met.

There was no room,
no time.

Destiny had spoken,
counting out her
harsh demands.

I cannot say
what I cannot see,
and I cannot do
what I cannot believe.

There was a time
when things were different,
where things were not the same.

There was a life
that was worth living,
before life became too full.

Commitments taken over
by a convergence of lifestyle.

Now it is no one,
nowhere,
at no time,
as we struggle to get by.



Ann Christine Tabaka: I am a poet and writer residing in Delaware, USA. I am a retired organic chemist and a retired personal trainer. I have 14 poetry books. I was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry. I was the winner of Spillwords Press 2020 Publication of the Year (Poetic), my bio is featured in the “Who’s Who of Emerging Writers 2020 and 2021,” published by Sweetycat Press.

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



THIS MIDNIGHT...

The chime of the clock strikes,
This midnight...

Night birds wandering

Set the souls free

Heart bleeds within

A thousand galaxies exploding

Every night, the desires of flames
You run away from the wounds of life

Painted in red your inspiration
This white space is my canvas to paint
I write for you,
Every day a different hue

We are back
We brought back to love

Lifts our soul higher and higher
Love is deaf, blind whispers
Let the music dictate
This midnight...



Asoke Kumar Mitra: He studied at Hindu school and St. Xavier's College, Kolkata, and is a retired journalist and was editor of 'Calcutta Canvas' and 'Indus Chronicle'. He is a bilingual poet. He has contributed to various anthologies published in India and abroad. His poems are translated into various languages. 'Savage Wind' is his first poetry book, a bilingual edition, translated into Spanish by Mexican poet Josep Juarez. 'Song Of Pebbles' is his second bilingual poetry book, which is translated into French. Poetry, photography, paintings are his passions.



www.encyclopediaofukraine.com

UKRAINE 2022

Visiting your folksongs,
I have learnt of your nightingale,
And of your eagle...

Was your song bird aroused
When this foe, murderous as all hell,
Crashed in on you?

And did that nightingale
In an instant, shape-shift
Into the storming eagle's
Raptor thrusts at the throat of
Brute beasts that would ravage
A whole people thirsting simply to be free?

Being 80 in this 2022,
I jot late thoughts, but at my last,
I've seen pure gallantry for sure,
Seen, day after day, how your eagle soared

Was this the eagle of your old songs,
An Avatar eagle now lunging at thieves?
Eagle aloft over your smashed streets,
Hell-burnt fields, temples, schools...

Nothing, no-one, spared by this
Archeprimal narcissist and his hordes...

If we should ever over wish for peace
Then beasts, primal thugs, for sure,
Will leap as they always did:
Eternal vigilance being the price of peace

We who grow old
Will soon enough be gone.
But may the nightingale re-straw her nest,
And restore her house of song...

And may peace be watchful
And keep, forever, its eagle eye...



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



www.bhubaneswarbuzz.com

NABAKALEBAR

The Soul of all souls

Oh Supreme

You are present

In me and all

You take your Avatars

To let us feel

That you are present

One amongst us

As any living being

You go through
All pleasure and pains
From birth to death
From morning till night
When time comes for sleep
You go into slumber
And wake up next morning
A 'Yuga' turns its leaf
To see YOU

IN YOUR NEW BIRTH

Nabakalebar—It is an ancient ritual associated with Jagannath Temple at Puri in Odisha when the wooden idols of Lord Jagannath, Lord Balabhadra, Goddess Devi Subhadra, and Lord Jagannath's weapon Sudarsan are replaced with a new set of idols.

Avatar—Incarnation of God/s



Bharati Nayak: Bharati Nayak is a bilingual poet, critic and translator from Bhubaneswar, India. She has done her graduation from Ravenshaw College, Cuttack and post-graduation from Utkal University, Bhubaneswar. Her poems have been published in more than hundred books, e-books and magazines of national and international repute. She has so far published eight books. She was conferred the Sahitya Lahari award by International Cosmos Society, India in 2018 and Star Ambassador of World Poetry And Art Philosophique Poetica International Award in Literature by the World Poetry Conference in Bhatinda, Punjab, India in 2019.



ZOOZ'S BRASSHOUSE" BUSKING

Three spheres of instrument—percussion, sax, and trumpet: brass, reed, and skin—become a discussion of brash banging fun.

The three surround a pail, collecting donations for their beating counterpoint, a concerto akin to some surreal

coo-coo clock. The day's audience gathers:
waiting commuters, tourists, regulars,
a few hipsters. The bucket fills, singles

and fives mostly, some tens, one guy stirs
a twenty. Two skinny Santas dance
into view, a yuletide boogie. The music

shrieks, shocks, squeals, and squawks, yet there's fluid
motion in the high-stepping legs, the feet
that slide, circling Union Square platform

in waves that weave seductive, as these three
dance and create a wake in a shape
that'd break the back of a snake.



Bill Cushing: He continues writing but reaches back to a piece from his 2019 chapbook *Music Speaks* to honor a fun-loving group of great musical talents pretty well known to New Yorkers and now spreading their influence to Europe. For anyone interested in checking them out, visit this clip: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMyqasy2Lco>



BLASPHEMY

Time was shrinking like afternoon shadow

And work spread like an expanse of sea

When a small dying Tulsi plant caught my attention

During my new house's backyard cleaning operation

I asked the labour to halt for a moment

I knew its significance for some even though the plant for me was as ordinary or unordinary as the other plants uprooted and piled for disposal. A tornado of thoughts chased my mind and the next moment I stood at the doorsteps of my next door neighbour, even though a complete stranger.

The door opened and a grey haired lady, her identity conspicuous from the green chillies and lemon hanging at the door stepped out, bewilderment and hostility written bold on her countenance which immediately evaporated listening to me and seeing the plant.

Her fingers moved deftly to touch the plant and then her forehead two to three times, then with folded hands she stood for few seconds,

facing the plant while I watched her
hemmed in my zig-zag thoughts and wondered
will my God (if Gods were different) get offended
for supporting someone to follow their faith or religion.

The words spoken were few, “Ok” and “Thank you”,
but a whole world of happiness was exchanged
in the squeeze of a handshake,
in the effulgent smile lighting up her face

while the defeated Satan, waiting in the shadows
grumbled and swore, stamping its feet.

Blasphemy is not my religion.

Tulsi (Aromatic Basil)—A flowering plant considered sacred and worshipped by Hindus.



Bilquis Fatima: She loves Nature and speaks for social issues, expressing her feelings in the form of short articles and speeches right from her college time. **Poetic Aroma** is her first published book of poems and she is a regular contributor to **GloMag** and On Fire Cultural movement. Her poems have also been published in **Spillwords Press, Sahitya Ananad journal, Destiny Poets(UK)**, and commended by various other national and international publications. She has also contributed to some Anthologies, **“Queen”** published by Vishwa Bharti Research Center being the first one, **Nostalgia** by Prose and Poetry Group, **Inked Thoughts** by The Impish Lass Publications, **The Roseate Anthology, Ruddy Ravens and Cheshire cats and Rusty Rats** by The Significant League group, being the latest one.



MR MOSQUITO!

As I opened my door

You came in,

A gentleman, as if,

You are no guest of mine!

Here and there you moved

Hid yourself in some corner of my room

Behind the bookshelves or the curtains

And stealthily you came out
To sting me from behind

Up and down
And from down to top,
To and from, here and there,
You go round and around
At your freedom best,
Singing and stinging...

Day in and day out,
You tiptoe me from behind
In my home and at my workplace even,
Disturbing my surroundings
And looting my peace

At night you manage even
To sneak inside my net, somehow,

Not allowing me a sound sleep
And devastating my dreams

No guts you have to face me upfront,
Calling me a battle face-to-face
You creepy and cowardly creature,
To sting from behind is your nature



Bishnu Charan Parida: He is a bilingual poet from Jaipur Road, Odisha. His poems have been published in magazines and anthologies of repute.



RITUALS

these days of no control
reaching places hearts desire
moths drawn to burning flame
rituals true with honest fire

with these hearts that lie
a golden chalice into the mire
rainbow drawn to a pot of gold
rituals false in a raging pyre

trapped by a witch's spell

love used like a crown of brier

black widow that pierce a heart

rituals die when life's so dire



Brian Mackenzie: I was born in Inverness in 1949 and have lived there until 1969. Since then I lived in Lond and Saudi Arabia. I have worked most of my life in the Airline Industry which enabled me to travel the world quite easily and cheaply. I am now retired and have lived in Spain for the last ten years. I only started writing since I retired in 2009 and it is only in the last few years I started writing songs and poems and I suppose have become quite prolific. I self-published 6 books and 1 book by a publisher, the second soon to be released.



HOPE AND PEACE

(A skinny poem)

I wish for peace—

hope

for

yogurt

skies.

Hope

situations

will

improve.

Hope.

Peace, I wish for.



Brindha Vinodh: She is a poet, writer, blogger and a former copyeditor. She has contributed to several anthologies and been published on several international magazines, e-zines and journals, Glomag, Soflay, Metverse Muse, Setu, to name a few. She has recently released her debut poetry book titled “Autumn in America & other poems” through Setu publications, Pittsburgh, USA. Her recent achievements include commendable mentions in two categories, “Poet of the year” and “critic of the year” for 2021 in Destiny Poets’ International community of Poets (ICOP) Wakefield, UK.



www.healio.com

TEARS

Lacrimal glands creating

Basal, emotional, and reflex tears

They say are good for your eyes.

The hypostases of three

In a washtub of emotional water

Overflowing in sad memories.

The misery of life within,
when a memory of you evaporates like
Leaves migrating in the wind.

Your name on my lips, aching
to talk to you again in the
Quiet mood when I forgot the words.



Carl Scharwath: Carl Scharwath has appeared globally with 170+ journals selecting his poetry, prose, interviews, essays, plays or art. Two poetry books *Journey to Become Forgotten* (Kind of a Hurricane Press) and *Abandoned*

(Scars Tv) have been published. His new book ***The Playground of Destiny*** (Impspired Press) features prose, poems, and photography. His first photography book was published by Praxis in Africa. His photography was also exhibited in the Mount Dora and Leesburg Center for The Arts galleries. Carl is the art editor for Minute Magazine (USA), a competitive runner, and a 2nd degree black-belt in Taekwondo. Carl was recently nominated for Best of the Net 2021 award and was a finalist for the Mary Cassatt award for photography.



We say we belong to our country,
what if it does not really belong to us.

Treats us badly.

What if you belong to family, family disowns you.

You may think you are honest, but what if those around
disagree.

What if our honest speaking brands you anti-national.

What if you feel you are hurt, they say its inferiority
complex.

What if you feel let down by yourself, what if?



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



WEDDING PHOTO

A picture of outdated smiles

Moment captured for all to see

An innocence of fading styles

The young fools know not what will be.

If we knew... would it help to know?

The future set up like a trap

We'd mess up somehow else, oh no
There's no escape. Youth's rising sap

Springs us to blunder, downward then
Regrets spiral out of control
Until we slump into grave-den
Then grant Lord rest the weary soul.

We knew no better, never mind
Our mistake had a happy side
Our children came from it I find
And their raw smiles I can't deride.



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



IN THE WOODS

Light step on the path

Look closely all around you

Breathe in the fresh air

One shining raindrop

Hanging onto drooping leaf

See the world within

Listen closely now
The wind brings you a secret
To write in your heart

Feel this within you
Nothing can exist alone
All are connected



Dale Adams: He lives in Bethany Oklahoma with his wife, 1 dog, and an unknown number of guitars. He loves reading about new subjects, as well as poetry and music. He has been writing poetry and composing songs since 2011. Dale has established SoundCloud and YouTube Channels, and has converted poems into songs for other poets. Some of Dale's publications are Warriors With Wings Anthology, and Fallen Angel Anthology.

<https://soundcloud.com/dale-adams-272904153>

<https://www.youtube.com/user/DrBuggs13>



pic by Daniel de Culla

THOSE EAR PENDANT EARRINGS

Oh, those earrings hanging from the ears

Where my little bird swings.

It's going to swing

It's going to peck an ear

And to eat half of the earwax.

I don't know if she is a girl or a boy from behind

But she/he appeared to me

When I sat behind her/him

Crazy like a fucker from Carrascal

Or from San Pedro de Cardeña.

Oh, yes, yes!

Oh, no, no!

That I want to marry her/him to my little bird

In front or behind.

He looks like emperor

She looks like an empress

Or a boy/girl from Vilviestre del Pinar

Quintanar or Canicosa.

My little bird goes around

Through their rings

And it invites her/him to get up

And get off at the Plaza de España

To contemplate her/his walk so cool.

Get up, brunette, brunette
Get up refreshed, refreshed
The stop has arrived.
Get up and come with me
Two eggs and a sausage
They must not miss you.



Daniel de Culla: He is a writer, poet, painter and photographer. He's member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, Friends of The Blake Society, Nietzsche Circle, and others. He is the Director of Gallo Tricolor Review and Robespierre Review. He participated in many Festivals of Poetry, and Theater, and has collaborated and collaborates with various magazines and magazines such as: Otoliths; The Stray Branch, Down in the Dirt Magazine, Alien Buddha Zine, and others. e-mail: gallotricolor@yahoo.com



MAMMA IS A CLOUD

Her face is drawn
in the veins of a leaf

She always wanted
to fly above the trees

Mamma is a leaf
floating on the wind

The clouds shape themselves
into her dreams



David Norris: He lived in Asia for 30 years. He resided in Seoul, where he lectured in writing and literature for the University of Maryland University College-*Asia* on US military bases all around the peninsula. His work has appeared in *The Chariton Review*, *Taproot Literary Review*, *Poetry San Francisco*, *USA Deep South* online, and *The Dan River Anthology*. David was born in the small town of Covington, Virginia, way up in the Alleghany Mountains. He left when he was 20 and has been traveling ever since.



I WISH...

I wish that I could have blocked the bullets that had claimed the Mahatma's heart.

I wish that Fatima Meer had not been tortured

I wish that I had stopped Sirhan B Sirhan from murdering Robert F Kennedy.

I wish I could have dissuaded King's killer.

I wish that I could have protected John Lennon from the street assassin...

I wish that I could have blasted Biko's Apartheid assailants and saved his life.

I wish that I could have rescued Dr Niel Aggett from the fascists.

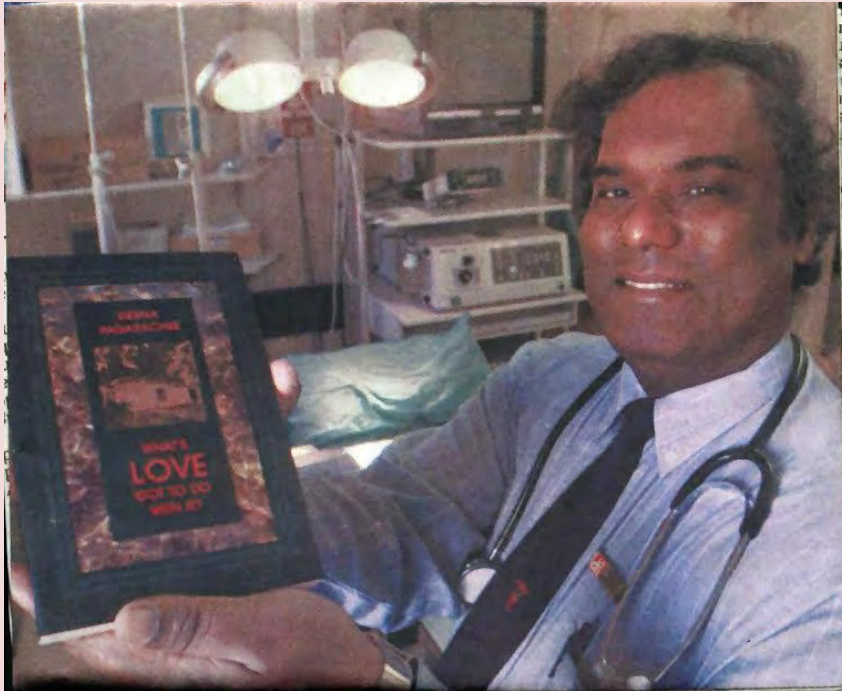
I wish that I could have saved Mac Maharaj from the trauma of Robben island.

I wish that Dennis Brutus had not been tormented and shot...

I wish that I could have somehow spared our President Cyril Ramaphosa the gauntlet he has traversed and still experiences...

I wish that I had saved Mandela so that he could have given us 27 more years of love

I wish, I wish, I wish...



Deena Padayachee: Dr Deena Padayachee is a medical doctor, a graduate of Natal University in South Africa. He is the recipient of the Olive Schreiner and Nadine Gordimer prizes for prose. His poems have been published in India (GloMag), the United Kingdom, the USA, Australia and South Africa. His book of liberation poems, 'A Voice from the Cauldron' was published during Apartheid in 1986. Some of his oeuvres have been translated into Xhosa, Zulu, Tamil, Hindi and Italian. He has been invited to speak at literary conferences at universities in Germany, India, Denmark, Mauritius, the USA and South Africa.



BLIND EYE

The soul's on fire

Alas! You can't see it burn

It's immortal they say

A blind eye can only feel the sea

It's blind, that damned eye

Cauz you let it see just sea

Those waves are souls dancing

A few just set free

Don't you see times running by

Like hell's just set on fire

The morning's just not over

Let that brazen evening be

When was that last time

You raised a toast to that burning soul

And tapped your feet to them waves

Whistled an old song through those lips

And let that tangled life set free

Don't douse that damned soul fire

Let that smoke rise higher

Let those eager birds of sea gouge out

Blind eye, that damned blind eye



Deepti Singh: I am a doctor by profession and I love writing short stories and poems as a hobby.



Artwork © Esteban

HALF A SOUL

(For Esteban)

I acted brave whilst excited that you would
be reunited with your dear mother – The time
for goodbyes just so fleeting as I waved you

goodbye, unseen by you as half my soul left with
with you – Maybe that is why I felt a most devastating
hole on my return to our mountain paradise but not even
the sight of our majestic stone fortress could heal the
empty void within my soul - Vacant until your return but
this is your turn to reunite with loved ones and dear ones
to rejuvenate recalibrate and create new memories – I
battled not to cry out to the birds consoling me as they
sang
a beautiful consoling melody but I could not mend the
hollow
in my soul – A pain so deep it took my whole being not to
fall
to the ground but I knew I had to remain steadfast and
continue
with half a soul until you return to fill that part of my soul
which
makes me whole. You see, I realised I am not whole when
you

are not with me. My love for you gets me through. I just
want you
to know that I love you with my whole being even if I
struggle to
show you sometimes battling with my own demons but you
steady me in a way no other could ever do. I love you and
adore
you. You make me laugh. You also make me mad but I
treasure
these precious moments and rejoice in these memories we
have
forged over memorable years in this life we made because
you are
and always will be half of my soul – A bond unbroken...



Don Beukes: Don Beukes is a South African, British and EU writer, blogger and Podcaster. He is a Poetry Chapbook Reviewer at The Poetry Café. He has written Ekphrastic Poetry since 2015 collaborating with artists internationally. He is the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles', 'Icarus Rising-Volume 1' (ABP), an ekphrastic collection, 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi' (Concrete Mist Press) and 'The Girl in the Stone' -The Monte Arabí Collection (Inspired Publishing).



BY WAY OF EARTH AND BONE

O ye bags of burlap
with balloons and sponges stuffed,
and packets of excrement
and old bones for the bloodhounds--
someone has stabbed
your middle, your top
to let in and then let out
the noise and the moisture,

the dirt and beauty,
of the green blue golden
Earth beyond your shed.
But what game you have bagged!
What species lost!
O Burlap
Who gavest thou dominion?



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



VERNAL BREEZE

Cheering power of spring that sings
On the faces of flowers that brings
Embraces with a sweet loving kiss
One in another's arm none can miss
Chained in sensual music of spring

On the earth's altar, all dance and sing
Man, birds and beasts are rampant
Dulcifying vernal breeze so is meant
Sweet is nature as heaven on earth
As the flora has just taken its bath
A formless joy is dancing in all
So loving so charming plays its role
In old bodies the minds are young
Full of dreams for a heart does long
Bosky is the earth with blithe of joy
Like a fairy tale all pleasures in it lie
Hope is long, yet joviality is so short
A noiseless call but ears listen not
Rains the joy much in all inward eye
So bliss the spring is, twiggy tufts lie



Dusmanta Choudhury: He is a poet residing in Jeypore, in the district of Koraput, Odisha, India. He is a Lecturer in English in Dr.B.R.Ambedkar Jr. College, Lamtaput in Koraput district in the Department of Higher Education Government of Odisha. He has contributed to various anthologies. He has recently got the Honour of Pentasi B World Featured Poet 2020 Honour. He is also a member of the Pentasi B world Friendship Poetry, The Tunisian Asian Poetry, The Poetry Society, The World Nation's Writers Union, The Love, The Global Literary Society, The Namaste ink an Author's Manifesto, etc. He has also published many Odia and English poems.



THE WORD AND THE ACT

Translated by Ula de B

To Ernest Kahan

One,
who has the gift of foresight
of possible bad future
— acts.

Surrenders own voice to soundness
of people of the world,
knows,
the atomic bomb carries death.

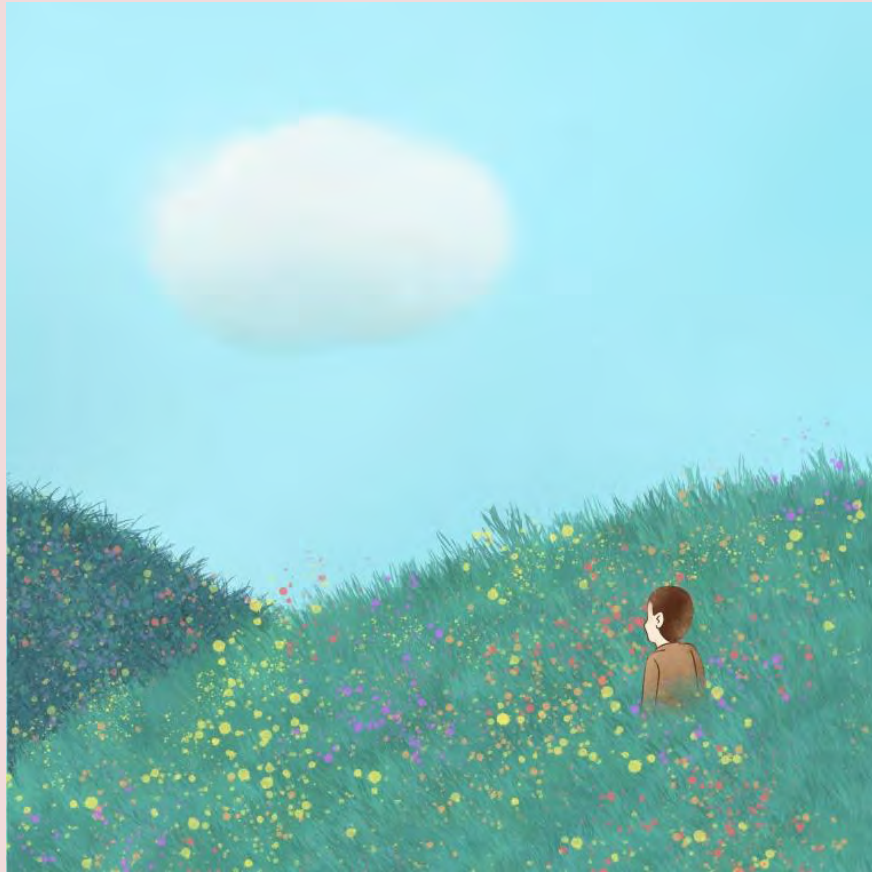
One,
who gives a Hippocratic oath
— heals.

Knows as well,
for the unit and the nations,
it's not just health that's important,
but also the peace.

One,
who can cement
wisdom with the word and the act,
needs not give oaths,
to prevent the collapse of reality.



Eliza Segiet: Received Global Literature Guardian Award from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018. Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020, International Award Paragon of Hope (2020), World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury Sahitto International Award 2021, World Award Premiul Fănuș Neagu 2021. At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world. Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (Marc 2022)



DUNGEON

I beseech you
lingering moments,
stop.

Your insect has its eggs
in my thoughts.

Open this dungeon.

Set the criminal free.

This sentence is relentless.

Let me roam the night,

have the pictures

in color.

Remember fondly

the boy,

the frogs diving

from the sky.

They were alive.



Ferris E Jones: He is an award-winning, internationally published poet and screenwriter living in Puyallup Washington. His work has appeared in both print and online magazines and journals. He is the recipient of two grants from the Nevada Arts Council and the Editor/Publisher of Nevada Poets 2009. Ferris has twice received honorable mention awards from Writers Digest annual screenwriting contest. He is also the Author/Editor of seven collections of poetry. You can learn more about Ferris E. Jones by visiting www.inquisitionpoetry.com where each month he features the work of other poets. The goal of this site is to spread the word of poetry throughout the world.



FLOATING BALLOON

floating balloon

In the celestial lagoon

How beautiful you are

In the bubbles of many a star

Cold light

That brightens the night

How sweet your smiles
To reach us from many miles.



Francis Otole: He is a Nigerian born poet and academician residence in the Federal capital city, Abuja, Nigeria. He is a member of the Association of Nigerian authors (ANA) and many other literary groups. He is an award winning poet from the local and international scenes. He has been featured in magazines, journals, and anthologies, locally and internationally. He is a graduate of the prestigious Benue State University and a student of life. His hobby is reading and writing. He is married with two children.



THE IDEA OF BEAUTY

An impeccable figure carried by legs long and slender

Flawless skin and a complexion that oozes splendour

Vibrant, glossy hair that crowns the radiant face

Perfectly even teeth highlight a smile full of grace

These are the common notions of beauty in our minds

Because it is what in movies and media one regularly finds

But can all these majestic lookers really compare
To the incredible women with whom our lives we share?

A grandmother's wrinkled face and a mother's loving smile

A daughter's bright eyes that can make all things
worthwhile

A sister's friendly grin and an aunt's caring hands

With the help of which, tough times our spirit withstands

And then there's that special someone called a wife

Who might be plain cause she's never been under the knife

But if she truly loves her man and strives to be his perfect
girl

Her inner beauty is worth more than the most resplendent
pearl

In the end it's the book and not the cover that matters

For a beautiful book can't be forgotten, even if the cover is
in tatters.



Gargi Sarkhel Bagchi: She hails from Pune, India. A university topper in her M.A. with German studies, she received a fully funded DAAD-scholarship to complete her second Master's from LMU, Munich. The thesis she wrote there was published by GRIN publishing house, Germany and is available on Amazon worldwide. A German teacher for 18 years, she has been pursuing her passion for writing since 2013 and has contributed her writings towards innumerable prestigious national and international publications. Though currently engaged full-time as a tutor with Deutsch Uni Online, Munich for students world over and as a German corporate trainer, she looks forward to publishing a compilation of her writings soon.



From the cold desert that makes you go blue
Come, be with my summer for a day or two

Let the frozen heart thaw, let the blood flow
Let your feet dance to a song or two

Look down the valley, forget the fear of heights
There's only ever an eagle or two

Keep the pain aside, it will not mind

Go ahead, laugh, have a giggle or two

You know what, love never goes out of fashion

Come here, give me a hug or two



Gauri Dixit: When not busy working in her office, she is busy being a traveller, climbing mountains, walking on untrodden paths, capturing the voice of a solitary flower blossoming from a rock or the bird sitting on a hanging branch, sometimes the setting sun or the sea in her camera as well as in the words she weaves. Her poems speak in a

voice which is unique, cold and direct. That she has been a part of many anthologies as well as a Reuel Prize awardee and had commendable mention at Destiny's Poet is incidental. In her first book, 'In My Skin, I Find Freedom', there are poems on varied subjects, yet there is a common thread of a skeptical questioning mind of a free woman.



LIFE PERSISTS

Beneath the soft petals

a strength emanates

In search of a limitless sky

Even though the rough weather plans something else

Seeds are sown by a vagabond wind

Life is something beyond expectations

Dreams grow

even when there is no hope

An ending is just a beginning in disguise

Life blooms wherever it finds sunshine



Gayatree G. Lahon: Hailing from Assam, Gayatree G Lahon is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. She is a post-graduate in English literature from Gauhati University .Being a true aesthete, she finds beauty in every object of life and nature and her ink pours those elements in a subtle way. For her poetry is a passion where she finds peace and solace amidst the complexities of life.



The entry, a maze
of ancient winding lanes.
We walk, bearing the heat.
Dust rises, covering
huge old trees.
The clusters of dwellings,
once, were palaces.
The broken walls,
the faded murals
echo the history

of a piece of land
that can never be won
By War, but Love.
There are stories
etched on rocks
beside the grand Sarayu
calm, deep, serene...
A legend lived here
and became God.
Now we throng to see him.
They say, even now,
on full moon nights,
locked doors open
bells ring, lamps get lit,
the smell of incense spreads.
He comes and leaves.
But only some see



Geeta Varma: She is a poet based in Chennai, India. She has contributed to numerous anthologies. She has also published two books. She has been a teacher for thirty years and a freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling.



ROOTED

Before the calm hits the storm,
This tree grips the soil like its last day on Earth,

Not yielding fruits as it used to nor lush foliage,
But breathing, feeling, giving whatever little shade it
musters,

Sparsely flowering too for onlookers to identify its name,
Gracefully ageless it stands tall although bending to gusts,

It paints the picture of dignity winning the respect of those
who matter,

The elements playing with its branches, as it shelters
nesting songbirds,

Watching seasons drift past its verdant tapestry of emerald
iridescence,

Waiting with fortitude to let storms go past its numerous
arms that embrace the light and dark alike,

Before the calm hits the storm,
This tree grips the soil like its last day on Earth!



Geethanjali Dilip: Geethanjali takes her name seriously and evolves as a handful of songs. A French teacher by profession she contributes to several ezines and blogs. She is a recipient of The Reuel International award for Poetry 2017 and also the meritorious award for commendable mention in Great Indian Poetry Contest 2018. Residing at Salem, India, Geeth believes that poetry connects and moves the world.



the right picture for a poem
about childhood
fleet footed, hair flying
about school days
books, teachers and homework
plaits and ribbons and uniforms
and pranks
about teenage and first love
and first heartbreak
and the horrific pimple outbreak

about true love

marriage

children

grey hair, falling teeth

grandchildren and growing medicine cabinet

about a million small and big things

that go to make up a life well lived....

the right picture for a poem

is only of an old woman

reminiscing.



Glory Sasikala: She is a writer, publisher, and poet currently residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She is the Editor and Publisher of GloMag, an international poetry and prose magazine. Her poetry books, novels, and short stories are available in various online bookstores such as Amazon and Flipkart as well as on her blogs. She is on the brink of publishing a very interesting collection of anecdotes and short stories inspired by her rather colourful and chequered life.



THE COLOUR OF LOVE

Oh!! what colour is love
is love the colours of the rainbow
or many shades in between

is love the colour of autumn
russet, scarlet and gold
trees shed their leaves
they fall, and are blown away

by the breath of the dancing wind
is love fickle like the autumn wind

is love the colour of winter
all white as snow

snowflakes fall from icy clouds
the nights are long
the skies perforated by radiant stars
piercing the misty night
is love pure like the winters snow

is love the colour of spring
when rebirth renews all life on earth
and life emerges from hibernation
to claim once again this earth
is love reborn from the heart
and soul of spring

is love the colour of summer
when flowers blaze
in a panorama of heavenly perfection
and the rich delicate blush
like a flame engulfs the landscape
in a myriad hue
is love warm like the summer sun

is love colour blind
like the innocence of a child
she and I dared
to love across the colour line
they said, the colour ivory and ebony
could never live in harmony
and our love could never be
in synergy with the colours of the seasons.



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.



WATER'S EDGE

There are seeds in everyone, growing inside,
create their own waves and ripples,

Your voice rears high up to meet a liquid sky
connecting to memories, roses back to the wall,

There is no depth, it's surface only, images of the
footprint. I look around in every direction.

All is tuned to blue, even the sailing boats
assume the colour of water and sky.

Words are aqueous blue swirling in darker hues,
perhaps in search of the shore and sand.

The whole canvas, inward and outward condenses
like a sonnet, it escapes through the latticework.

Blue skies falling down at the water's edge
then through, then elsewhere.



Gopal Lahiri: I am a bilingual poet, writer, critic and translator residing in Kolkata. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published ten volumes of poetry in English and eight volumes in Bengali. In addition, I have also jointly edited seven anthologies of poems in English and also have one translation work of short stories of Israel, translated by me from English to Bengali. I have been nominated for Pushcart Prize in poetry category for the year 2021. Edited recently, 'Voices Within' anthology of poems, published from Setu Publishers, US. Co-editor of two recent anthologies titled 'Home' and Poetry Conclave Yearbook, 2021'.



www.globalcitizen.org

WHO ELSE? (CLASSICAL VERSE)

Who else can force back Nature

When it breaks itself in its vile temper

To bend the sinewy, roadside raintree to meet its
dishevelled demise,

And to fell solid, man-made towers, irrespective of size,

That have ever gripped the earth with power and pride

With their hard heads always set high, as if nothing can
hide

Them from existence into oblivion?

In the flurry of rain, mantled in the whirling gale
That traversed the Bengal Bay across many an isle and hill,
Four or more coconut trees standing majestically in the
desolate, urban glade
Foolishly defy its invincible charge in the day's gloomy, livid
shade.

Their lush frays writhe as their imposing stems balance
between survival and collapse.

Iron lampposts lying bowed or prostrate; uprooted trees lay
on the ground their green caps;

All struck by Nature's transcendent
might of destruction.

Who else can force back Karma like Nature?

Does he who makes all his men curtsy to him in his
tyrannical lecture,

And who by his illusory power and overused prerogative

Decides what to destroy and whom to be allowed to live

Ever find in him the ability to avoid or some powerful
weapon to saw

His comeuppance and his time to face trial according to
Karma's Law

For the debt he owes to Him?

Let him, the disguised coward with a gun,
Carry on his mischief and find pleasures in his immoral fun;
Let him, the disguised coward with a gun,
Bully his men until he sees the drop of his evening sun
And before the Snarl of his Power goes dumb and its shine
grows dim
When the One finally comes to overpower him
That reigns as the Mightiest in his realm.



Hein Min Tun: He is an award-winning writer and multi-published young poet from Myanmar. He graduated from Mawlamyaing University in Mon State with a BA (Hons) degree in English Language & Literature in January, 2020, and is in the middle of doing his Master Degree. He is the recipient of "Distinguished Writer Award for Excellence in Literature" from the International Short Story Competition: "Bharat Award for Literature, 2021-22" for his short story "The Outcast". He has some poems to his credit in popular global anthologies, including those launched by "The POET Magazine". He is also the third prize winner in one weekly poetry contest on the Given Theme, held by ALSphere (Asian Literary Society) for his "Sonnet: Morning in Kalaw".



AUBADE 2

(For NS)

Ten years on, it all remains unfinished, still.
Just like that morning, when I returned home
to a half-pomegranate on the plate,
a kettle quarter-filled with cold rose tea,
(the fragrance clinging with all its might),
a bouquet of blue gladiolus in the pink
glass vase. Of course, also the sunlight
of a hot June morning, the small shed-shop

where we shared a chilled Thums Up.
I don't remember what was spoken
or what we wore. I had wailed for
my demon lover the night before.

You were never the rain;
you were always the thirsty summer
of a dry city. I followed the oceans
after you, only to lose it all.

Ten years on, everything remains
unfinished, still.



Jagari Mukherjee: She is a poet, editor, and reviewer based in Kolkata, India. She has two full-length books of poetry and two chapbooks. She is the winner of Poesis Award for Excellence in Poetry 2019, and also the recipient of Reuel International Prize for Poetry 2019, among other awards. She is a gold medalist in English Literature, a Best of the Net 2018 nominee and a Bear River Writers' Conference alumna, and a Bear River alumna. She won the Women Empowered Gifted Poet Award in 2020, and the Bharat Award For Short Story 2022. Jagari is the Founder and Chief Executive Editor of the literary journal, EKL Review.



7 SUMMER NOTES

Trees cascading over
emerald fields. Noon
swollen wet with rain.

Listening as jingles
from ice cream vans
circle noisy streets.

Teenage girls parade
down town showing off
their new sun dresses.

A red hot rod passes by
streaming salsa music.

Children at Townsend Park
tumble down hillsides breathing
in fresh mowed grass.

Big hunks of strawberry pie
with gobs of whipped crème
at the picnic table.

Full moon anchored
between blue sky
and waves of clouds.



Joan McNerney: She has been the recipient of three scholarships which includes one from the University of Mexico School for Foreign Students in San Antonio, Texas. She received her Bachelor of Arts Degree in English Literature from New York State Board of Regents, Excelsior University. She has recited her work at the National Arts Club, New York City, State University of New York, Oneonta, McNay Art Institute, San Antonio and the University of Houston, Texas as well as other distinguished venues. A reading in Treadwell, New York was sponsored by the

American Academy of Poetry. Her poetry is found in many literary magazines. She has four Best of the Net nominations. *The Muse in Miniature* and *Love Poems for Michael* are both available on Amazon.com and Cyberwit.net. Just released is a new title *At Work*. This collection shows colorful snapshots of working women and men in their daily lives.



CLUMSY SOUL

With the clumsy billowing column
of my bubbling and brewing autumn,
I upheld the unsteady sky till morn.

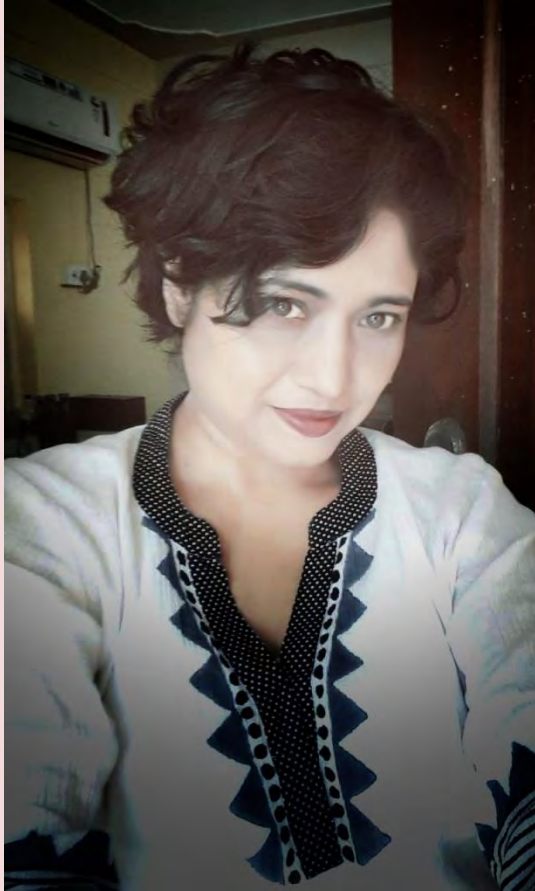
Clouds ripened in my dreamy doubts,
wisdom of season slept in sprouts.

My wayward soul saved the sun
from falling down unborn;
my orphaned shadow,
the day protects and shields,
dignity ripens like golden cornfields.

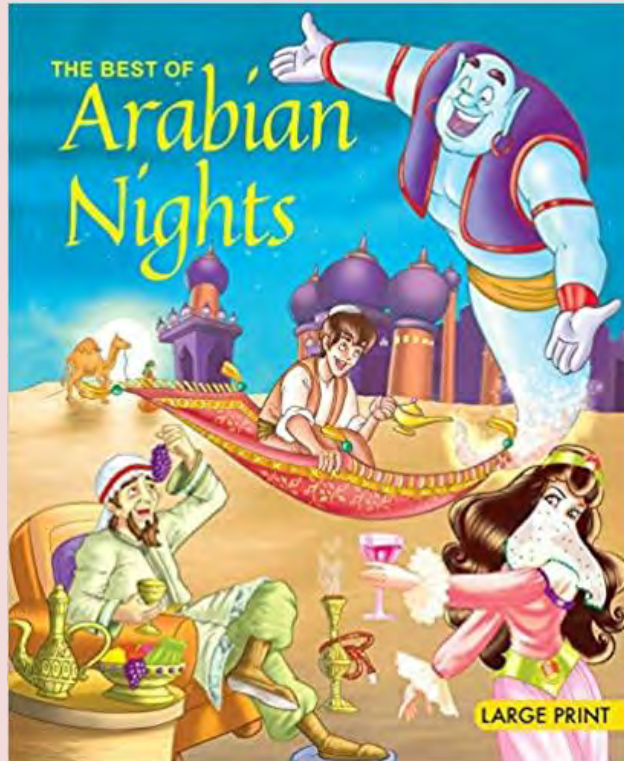
The weary moon aborts its light
to bear the splendid delight
of the rays of the sun;
the moon burns its useless womb
when the day is gone.

I labour to hold up the drooping sky,
that may swathe the freedom
of naked wings soaring high;

migratory birds should never know
how like toe nails, the clouds grow.



Kakoli Ghosh (a.k.a Moon Drops): She is a post-graduate in English literature, and hails from an industrial town in West Bengal, India. Her published poetry books are 'Unfinished' (2010) and 'The Bridge' (2022). Her oeuvres have been published in various national and international anthologies. Kakoli is equally keen in vernacular literature. Many of her Bengali poems have been published online and printed in local magazines. She is also a painter and a jewellery designer and has keen interest in music and art in general.



<https://www.amazon.in/Best-Arabian-Nights-Om-Books/dp/9380069545>

A THOUSAND NIGHTS IN ONE NIGHT

One night I dreamt a dream within a dream,
A Pantomime of the grandest imaginations...!

In a palace of the grandeur grandest, I see a beautiful
Princess

She tells a story to the King...the characters in her story
come to life

And play out their parts...

Black pillar-like Jinnis wearing golden rings

Beset with huge glittering precious stones

Jovial giants with laughter like roaring thunder...

Gazelle-like Eastern princesses

Hiding sharp minds and sturdy spirits

In their delicate forms and faces.....

Donkeys, bulls and cocks that can speak

And Merchants who understand the tongue

Of Beasts...

Here I meet Ali Baba the woodcutter who become a
millionaire

And Aladdin from pauper to Prince....

Huris and Witches and Magicians

Valiant Princes, Singing Trees, Talking Birds

Golden Fountains and Enchanted Horses

Jealous sisters, wise Vizirs and Holy Dervishes

Sindbad's adventures on Land and Sea...

Grand Palaces, wilderness and Desert

Opulent pleasure grounds and exotic fruit

The wealthy glitter of Arabian Lands

and the wonders of Greece and ancient Persia...

Tales of Fishermen, Caliphs and Kings

Treasures hidden deep in the Earth

And the mysteries beneath the Seas.....

A Thousand Nights in just one night....

I marvel at my imagination working overtime

Whilst I myself slumbered...

Sometimes after a long labored day
When I hunger for dreams of rich Fantasy...
I just fall asleep reading the Arabian Nights.



Kamar Sultana Sheik: She is a poet, writing mostly on themes of spirituality, mysticism, and nature with a focus in Sufi Poetry. Her professional career spanning 18 years has been in various organizations and Institutions including the IT sector. She is a self-styled life coach and has currently taken a break to focus on her writing full-time. Sultana has contributed to various anthologies and won several prizes in poetry contests. A green enthusiast, blogger and content-writer, Sultana calls herself a wordsmith.



SEVEN DAYS/NIGHTS OF THE WEEK

It's time we overcame our fear of the night and modified the names of the seven 'days' of the week to give equal importance to days and night:

Sunnight

Monday

Tuesnight

Wednesday

Thursnight

Friday

Saturnight

We thus call out and put an end to the discrimination against nights that the English language has been practising every week. We may also note that neither 'day' nor 'night' is used in naming the seven 24-hour periods of the week in languages like Tamil, Bengali, Hindi, Telugu and Malayalam. Bengali perhaps has the best names, all the seven of them ending in our favourite word "bar": Shombar (সোমবার), Mongolbar (মঙ্গলবার), Budhbar (বুধবার), Brihoshpotibar (বৃহস্পতিবার), Shukrobar (শুক্রবার), Shonibar (শনিবার) and Robibar (রবিবার).

Cheers!



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur). He is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer, who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.



ALWAYS A WOMAN

She feels like a woman.

Broad hipped.

Encased in a lilac whisper of gentleness.

Shoulders spread to carry the weight of the world...

Her eyes penetrate to mystical depths...

To far away vastness...

Her heart now is filled with erratic beats...

lacerated with love and loss...

She is often in purgatory...

but rises, each time with phoenix wings...

purified by fire...

Undefeated!

She is a beautiful woman with clairvoyance,

Entangled in the stars,

moved by their vibrations, tunes and criss-crossing
journeys...

Amaranthine glistens...

She feels like a woman...

Forever living,

Always enthralling, still, calm and mysterious.

She is a part of celestial wonder...

Whose legacy carries on.

Her lips glisten as do her eyes,

Kohl lined around her wrinkles...

She is a woman...

draped now in a serenity of age,

a never dying womanhood.



Ketaki Mazumdar: She is a poet, a dreamer and an author. She grew up in Kolkata and now resides in Mumbai, India. After an amazing thirty-six years of being an educationist, receiving a National Award from the then President, Dr. Abdul Kalam, she now indulges in her passion for writing poetry and authoring children's books. She has contributed her poems to many poetry sites and authored a boutique book of hundred poems, for private circulation. She continues to learn, be awed by nature's beauty and mystery, human relationships and the spirituality of life and death.



A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER

A glow of smile on her doll-like face
Is an unfathomable mystery to me.

Are the gods waving a magic wand
Messages sparkling from the sky?

Has she to blossom through a nettle
of thorns? Grapple with a horde of

stereotypes preferring the
cave to the plains?

I loathe praying to stones or seek
solace in glaciers of myth;
I bow to Nature's mighty brow
say a prayer that would shake thunder.

Let depravity not stain her blood,
warts poison her mind; she will
plough through the mire, head
high untainted by strains of dust.

The world moves towards hara-kiri,
corroded veins beyond cure.
A pall of black shrouds the sky
weighed with fears of rain.

Does it mourn the futility of hope?

Yet I mumble a fervent prayer

amid the cracking of plaster walls.



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



OF TEARS, SHED, I HAVE SOME

In the valley of tears:

Lizard skin sheds,

I have no laments.

Babies bawl out teeth,
my regrets are few.

Deers cry off antlers,
I believe not in tragic misgivings.

Tulips spill their petals,
my grief is frozen.

Actors sob an image,
I will stand away from shadows.

Trucks pour out their loads,
my despair evaporates like snow under bright sun.

Jesus shed and wept his blood for me.

I should disregard all restraint

in the valley of tears.



Linda Imbler: Linda Imbler's poetry collections include six published paperbacks: *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep*, *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep*" second edition, *Lost and Found*, *Red Is The Sunrise*, *Bus Lights*, *Travel Sights*, and *Spica's Frequency*. Soma Publishing has published her four e-book collections, *The Sea's Secret Song*, *Pairings*, a hybrid of short fiction and poetry, *That Fifth Element*, and *Per Quindecim*. Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of

publications can be found at
lindaspoeetryblog.blogspot.com.

In addition to writing, she helps her husband, a Luthier, build acoustic guitars and steel strings. They are currently working on number 10.



She woke up

She realized her presence and days were unnoticed

She felt her words being quietened

She sensed her cells were missing her energy

She knew her efforts were often clad with dust

She broke the iceberg

The crackle of each piece forced

her to wake up

and dream of fairies again

her belief in butterfly wings

her audacious love for the thunderous sky

her approach to set the patterns in the rainbow
her softness to wear the garland in her oiled plait
made her brave and crazy
the notable glances fell on her madness
brilliance and of her grace
She became conscious of the furnace in her
She clasped the clouds and set free the sunshine
From her thumbnails
She understood her worth and beauty.
She confessed her love for her own.
This only happened when she woke up.



Lopamudra Mishra: She resides in Bhubaneswar, Orissa. She completed her graduation in English Hons from Sailabala Women's college, Cuttack and post-graduation in English from Ravenshaw University, Cuttack. Her fascination for writing came from her grandfather and father from an early age. Writing for her is the powerful medium of expression. Her poems have been published in many magazines and anthologies. Her works include her very own published books ***Rhyme of Rain; First Rain; Tingling Parables; Rivulet of Emotions; and Red Tulips.***



DEVOTION

Devotion is the acts of simplistic living

Deep love a mother feels for her child

Loyalty, precious gem for a close friend

Giving valuable time to wounded hearts

Listening to heal them from their agonies

Spreading love to the downtrodden

Steadfast in virtues and values

Believing solely in giving love

Praying for the humanity to rise
Contrary to popular belief that
Devotion is only in religious acts
Invoking the God is extremely personal

One must seek blessings in private
Devotion is the depth of emotions
The selfless love your dog has for you
The look in his eyes is to die for

Devoted beings are the enlightened ones
The truth seekers of the universe
The Believers of seen, and unseen
The eternal lovers!



Lubna Ahmed: She is a Certified Master NLP (Neurological Linguistic Programming) Practitioner; NLP Workshop Facilitator and Soft Skills trainer; and Certified Advanced Life Coach. She conducts SuperKoolKids Art Therapy workshops. She resides in Delhi with her family. She has managed to carve a niche for herself in the literary world by her ever so simple 'Love poems'. 'Princess Lubna' is her pen name, her writers' identity. Her love poems are spiritual and have a Mystical Aura. She has written many poems for National and International Anthologies. She is an avid traveller.



DRENCHED THOUGHTS!

The rain played xylophone

On the eaves.

I sat on the couch

Against the window sill.

The first summer rains

Of the year,

Petrichor infused

Images emerged

Clear!

Maa making plaits

Of my dishevelled

Hair.

And I, oblivious of her chiding

Let my free spirit wander!

A secret dance, private

Invisible, with the raindrops

My inside twirled.

The leaves so exuberant,

As after a deep cleansing facial,

Lush and cheerful appeared.

Their gratefulness so evident

Having bathed in divine shower

So radiant!

I watched the hieroglyphs

On the window pane

The haunting melody of the rain

Primeval desire arise
The little girl in me
Into the vast infinite
On paper pinions flies!



Madhu Gangopadhyay: She hails from India. She is fiercely passionate about poetry and short stories, and a penchant for mythology. She conveniently explores all the genres of poetry writing. She has a Master's degree in English Literature from Calcutta University and a Bachelor's degree in Education. She has been in the education industry for two decades now. She has also been a content developer

and has designed academic course books for senior school students. Her works have been published in several anthologies and online journals. Her poems have been translated into Spanish, Albanian, Turkish and Persian languages. She is also an exponent of Indian classical dance forms. Currently she is pursuing MA in Psychology.

<http://madmusingspoetry.com/home>

<https://www.facebook.com/madhu.gangopadhyay.5>

madmusingspoetry.com



Writers and poets
Can create a picture
With their imagery
Lucid rational flow
Of hurdles, pain, love, drama
Picturesque portrayal
Of emoting self
Depicting life in varied ways
That's sometimes beautiful
Sometimes nasty

As per what they choose to portray
via their mighty craft!



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a poet, writer, editor and a social worker based in Kolkata, India. She has got published in various national and international anthologies and is regularly featured in popular literary magazines and e-zines. As an executive editor of The Impish Lass Publishing House Mumbai, she has 5 anthologies to her credit. Madhu is a friendly, optimistic and compassionate person who

believes in humanity and volunteers for the upliftment of the underprivileged and destitute. According to her, hope, belief, and perseverance are the powerful mantras that have the ability to pave our path towards success no matter what. Her writings often revolve around these keywords. She can be contacted at madhuj2203@gmail.com.



MY WINDOW

my world is my window

nowadays i stand near it

for hours together

and see the speeding traffic

as it passes by on the roads

or i just listen

listen to the concretised silence

the silence that speaks

and i hear a groan at times

of someone in pain

waiting for the loved in vain
at times floats a laughter
or the squeal of a baby
i try to smile
be a part of things crazy
i visualise that much in love pair whizzing past
in the swanky red car
in wedded bliss
or may be not
they might be just trying to steal
steal some time
or deepen a shy kiss
some jolly moments
in happier agreements
till it all lasts
winning over the blasts
of the harsh seasons last
and i smile

smile for a little while
then turn away to cry awhile
gazing away through times and miles
i do feel sad at times
at times when i see the lonely skyrise
the one with wise eyes
and deeper ties
with the many nestled in its bosom
creating so many stories
freshest glories
yet not a part
still life throbs in the stony heart
it lets me hear
hear all its stories
and i wait
wait for the next dawn
to see more stories rush through
whizzing past the highway

and the high-rise with newer lives

narrating new tales

nowadays i listen in earnest

when i stand

stand near my window

my window to the world



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



Yes, I am a sinner
who dares to love,
the 'immortal' love.

What wrong did I do?
If I risked to love,
my existence within.

Ah, the cruel sinner
who defies the rules
the code of society.

Sin, what is it?
A mere wrong
without demarcation.

Yes, I am a sinner
of myself,
that won't define me, ever!



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

(mehakgrover@amartex.com)



ROSE PETALS IN A DARK ROOM

I'm but a poet of this ministry,

rose petals in a dark room fall.

Everyone's life is a conflict.

But mine is mastery of light and neon night

and I walk behind

these footsteps of no one.



Michael Lee Johnson: He lived ten years in Canada, Vietnam era. Today he is a poet in the greater Chicagoland area, IL. He has 248 YouTube poetry videos. Michael Lee Johnson is an internationally published poet in 43 countries, several published poetry books, nominated for 4 Pushcart Prize awards and 5 Best of the Net nominations. He is editor-in-chief of 3 poetry anthologies, all available on Amazon, and has several poetry books and chapbooks. He has over 536 published poems. Michael is the administrator of 6 Facebook Poetry groups and Member of the Illinois State Poetry Society

<http://www.illinoispoets.org/>



VALUABLE LESSONS IN LIFE

“My life is painful. I can’t bear this loneliness. I really wish my son was with me. And I want to spend the rest of my life in peace,” Vijay thought. He was bedridden due to a stroke followed by paralysis on the right side of his body.

"Sorry Dad, I can't come to India. I will try to arrange a home nurse for you." Vijay was shocked to hear his son’s words from Canada. He could feel the formality in those words. After all, his son was just doing his duty. Vijay was all alone in the big house after his wife’s death. Now this paralysis, which is no less than a punishment...He was feeling depressed and helpless. With tearful eyes, he remembered his loving wife. He was missing her love and

care. But the bitter truth was that he treated her like a doormat.

“Please take care, my dear son....” His mother’s voice was ringing in his ears. He sobbed remembering his loving mother’s words when he cunningly left her in the orphanage years back. The news of her death also did not matter to him. He was busy building his business empire.

“Do you know the saying that what goes around, comes back around? Nobody can escape from his Karma, son...” Vijay closed his eyes and sobbed remembering his mother’s affectionate smile when she explained the valuable lessons from Bhagavad Gita in his childhood.



Dr (Major) Nalini Janardhanan: She is a doctor who served in the Indian Army as an Army Medical Officer. She is a popular writer from Kerala who received the Katha Award and a writer of many medical books for which she has received the IMA Sahithya Award. She is an Akashvani artist of ghazals and bhajans. She has been felicitated with many awards for her contributions towards society as a Doctor, Singer, Writer and Army Officer.



GENERATION GAP

You say, "Mom, it's my life!"

I hear, "Thank you for bringing me to this beautiful world!"

You say, "Only I can decide what to make of it!"

I hear, "I love you for giving me all the care that has made me what I am today!"

You say, "You never understand!"

I hear, "I need your advice before I take this big leap!"

Oh! My dearest! I'm old indeed!

Suffering from the loss of hearing,

Or the loss of the glory of being

A mother!



Nazia Islam: I am a teacher, currently residing in Dhaka, Bangladesh. As an Early Childhood Educator by profession, my dream is to make a difference in the world by shaping the minds of the future generation. I write out of passion and sometimes, out of whim. I love nature, books and simplicity, and the sound of rain.



I AM NOT A FOOL

I fall down, deep down below, rolling still down

Gathering dust and dirt from the ground

You laugh and merry, thinking I am a fool,

I am not a fool!

You manipulate, manoeuvre and mastermind misery

Believing you are on the fast lane to wealth and affluence

Hey you! Think not I am fool!

Sometimes, I turn a blind eye
Other times, I borrow a deaf ear
Those times, I learn a dumb lip
Most times, I ponder how you betray
Many a time, I wonder how you lie
Much ado, you thunder why you blunder
While my whole being quake at your yonder.

I am not a fool, I wait, I pray you redress
I hope you repent, because I fear your end.

Do not abuse respect, or humility
Never outsmart trust, or honesty
For transparency is not weakness; Neither are ignorance,
innocence, vulnerability, ability and capability what you
think!



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



IMAGINING A VALLEY OF LOVE...!

Hanging on the window,
A canvas of light,
A speaking canvas like some bizarre
Collection of the old sailor,
Often whispers in my ear,
Tickling my reverie to wake up

From its long sleep,
As my pensive gaze punctures through it,
For a break from the cage,
An end of the slavery of a lazy day with some monotonous
thoughts..!

And wanting that pleasure
Of flying out,
Like a quill
To meander like the shadows of clouds
On the smooth floor of a river,
My eyes keep drawing the pictures,
On the speaking canvas of light
At its call to visit the horizon
That side of the window curtains
Where waits for me
Bizarre thoughts of romanticism
Like a rain drop
on the tip of a worn-out roof to fall

To make the valley,

A home of happiness and love..!



Nitusmita Saikia: By profession, an instructor in National Cadet Core, India, Nitusmita Saikia is a keen worshipper of literature. She is working presently in Jorhat, Assam, India. She writes in both English and own regional language (Assamese). Being active in various online Poetry groups and blogs, she has been writing for E-Magazines. With these, her poems have been published in various poetry anthologies National and International. She is also an active social worker. Working for various NGOs, socio-cultural organizations within her city Jorhat, Assam, Nitusmita takes interest in animal welfare too.



ME AND MY DIARY

Me and my diary...

Often have silent scribbled conversations

Mostly would be a soliloquy

I scribble on her core

She feels my sorrows

She soaks up the tear drops

She knows my guilty pleasures

She is the attic of my Pandora's treasures
She is the 3 am friend I yearned for
My diary, my trusted confidante
Sees through my opaque pages
When pain pricks and prods
As I suffer from drapetomania
She captures my flight and grounds it
I spill my venom on her
She absorbs it
Lying next to the pillow
Does she wonder on my sanity?
Have I reincarnated her papery limbs into a being?
Or has this body of crisp paper
solely making me feel worth the living?



Nivedita Roy: She is a teacher by profession, bilingual poetess and author. She resides in the Kingdom of Bahrain and belongs to Lucknow. She is the recipient of Independence Day Literary Honours 2021 awards by Motivational Strips. She is the author of 2 solo poetry books in English and Hindi. She has co-authored 11 anthologies. Her poems/articles are published in many newspapers and sites in India and Bahrain. She is the Moderator for the Bahrain office of Motivational strips. She is one of the editors for the ezine Brahmand: Voice of the cosmos.



A woman walks down a dirt road late at night

When the stars are obscured by the after-haze of the day's
vehicular block

When the apartment windows are shuttered tight

When the shop doors are padlocked shut

When the cats prowl and dogs growl

When the city sleeps.

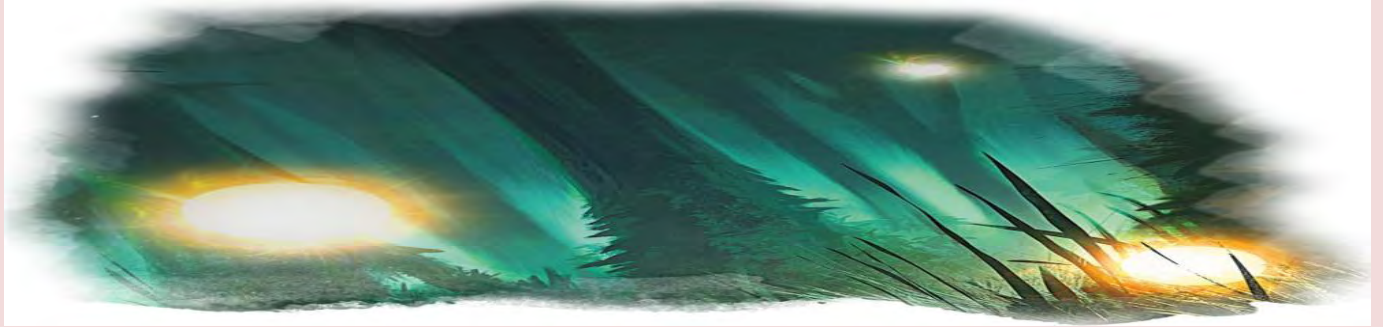
That is when she steps out, wide awake,
Heading in to do an honest day's work.
She walks down a dirt road hedged by wildflowers
Past the red barn and the gabled farmhouse
Till she reaches the shade of a large oak
Under which waits her midnight rendezvous.
She has been meeting him and feeding him every day for
the past 3 months
And he, despite being of a retiring and reticent nature most
of the time,
Actually waits for her here.
She opens her tote bag and plucks out the remains of
today's dinner
Some chicken wings and a juicy apple
And leaves them for her...friend?
Her friend with his shiny coat, his piercing eyes, his long
ears
After the friends look at each other one long minute

She resumes her walk and soon is lost in the after-haze of the sleepy city

While down that dirt road her friend, the coyote, begins to munch on dinner.



Nivedita Karthik: She is a graduate in Immunology from the University of Oxford. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and published poet. She also regularly contributes to the open mics organized by Rattle Poetry. She currently resides in Gurgaon, India, and works as a senior associate editor. Her first book of poetry, *She: the reality of womanhood*, was just published.



WORDS-WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF MY MIND

Like little raindrops on a lake
They swim gracefully around in my mind
Insidious, persuasive, startling,
Like shimmery fish, glinting
in the silvery moonshine of the night
They come to me in the wee hours,
With a sparkling intensity,
Burning through my sub conscious
Like a blaze of crimson fire,
Branding my brain and leaving me quivering
with the anticipation of imprinting them
in a flow of verse or beautiful prose

on a piece of pristine paper.

Words! Beautiful, tantalizing words

That jump at me from somewhere and stay on

Till it's time for newer ones to add to the repertoire of

Expressions and perambulations of my mind,

Will-o'-the-wisp words,

flitting, fleeing, difficult to catch,

but when they settle down on paper,

they are mine, mine only.



Padmini Rambhatla: I am a poet, teacher and homemaker residing in Chennai, India. I work as a high school English teacher. I have contributed to Glomag and my children's school magazine. I have not published anything so far but in the near future, I will. I also enjoy painting in different mediums, watching movies and listening to music.



I have been every card
On the Major Arcana
(The cycle will churn
Over and over, deeper/darker)
And just like the tarot begins
With the foolishly brave,

Eyes, senses lost in the heavens
In blind, naive hope and joy
With a foot ready to fall
Into unknown depths of life;
Yet very positive, promising card...
That's how my journey began
A dauntless halfwit chasing stars.

I juggle the roles of the empress,
High priestess, temperance,
The tower, sun, moon and world...
Years have shaken the fool away
My eyes don't stare upwards in wonder
My steps are those of deliberation.

Sadly, I realise I am no longer
The Fool that began my journey.
I have been lost, facing dreary void...

I mourn the death of my foolish self

Alas, the Fool is gone...the Fool is gone!



Panjami Anand: Greetings, I am but a speck in the world, aspiring to be as aware and genuine as possible. My poems are fragments of my soul. Thank you for running your palms through them.



ISLANDS

Sitting on the same sofa
the couple chats through social media,
hunts comments, counts likes.

Intimacy, a flat tyre,
dialogue, a seasonal fruit.

The lone kid sits next
lost in the world of animation.

Bonding, a bolt from the blue
affection, an unfastened gift.

Each one smiles to themselves,
the hearty laughs go missing;
sincerity sits at the back
frankness, a currency not in use.

Dining table
the venue for family chats
lies dull and deserted.
Each one in their own worlds
mutual understanding mislaid
sharing, an old calendar.

Houses turn into
islands of unknown inhabitants;

inmates, travelers in a coupe
without a common language.



Pankajam: Pankajam Kottarath is a bilingual poet and novelist and an author of more than 30 books. Her poems, book reviews, short stories and articles have been published in many national/international journals and anthologies. One of her poetry collections has been translated into French. Three books on literary criticism discuss her works in detail. A book of critical essays and research papers on her poem titled “Poetic Oeuvre of K Pankajam” has also been published. She is the recipient of many awards.



jon-moore-_2MyZDsUSM4-unsplash

A TREE SPEAKS

They try to uproot me with their axes again and again.

But my gardener keeps me grounded, the woodcutters try
in vain.

The harsh wind shakes me to the core.

But my roots keep me fixed, I am not scared of their roar.

The lashing rain beat me with force.

I still stand strong, not forgetting my course.

Age catches on me, tries to make me weak.

But I spread out my branches happiness to seek.

The soil beneath me washes off at times.

My roots grow deeper to catch hold of new soil which
rhymes.

Some other trees try to keep away the sun.

I shoot my branches higher to win the run.

A green, green tree am I.

Looking up, standing tall and high.



Paramita Mukherjee Mullick: I am Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick and I live in Mumbai, India. I am a scientist transformed into a well-loved poet with eight published books. My poems have been published in national and international journals and anthologies. Some of them have been translated into 39 languages. I have started and am the President of the Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library (IPPL) Mumbai Chapter and also the Cultural Convenor and Literary Coordinator(West India) of the International Society for Intercultural Studies and Research(ISISAR).



Poets, painters glow with the Moon
waxing, waning does not stop them
great symbol since ages
mother feeds the baby
pointing to the moon
lover compares the lady's face
What did Neil Armstrong do?



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: He is a poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003); Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org



#30DAYSWILD REDUCING GRIEF USE

Griefing the soil grief to grief the garden Use a grief butt to capture and store rain grief to grief your garden. The average house roof in the UK collects enough rain grief in a year to fill about 450 grief butts. Leftover cooking grief? Cooking pasta? Cool down the excess grief to reuse in the garden. Grief early or late grief your garden in the early morning or in the evening to reduce the amount of grief lost to evaporation. Focus on grief the soil so the grief goes straight to the roots, where it is most needed. Grief with ice cubes.

Don't let grief run until it is cold.



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



THE ALBATROSS

I've seen you in my English classes at school
Through the printed literature reader,
I've uttered your name multiple times that year,
And wrote about you in foolscap sheets, performing a
ruthless post-mortem of the giant poem
Your master Coleridge penned.

Now, meeting you after many years,
I can feel the salty sea air in my breath,
Your elegance
And a majestic gloom that overpowers the surroundings.

I can see you fly without worries
Carrying with you, attributes gifted by a talented soul,
Made so immortal that we all talk about you even now
And use you in our speech,
But I guess no one has seen you around anyone's neck,
Then why the curse?



Prabha Prakash: I am a poet based in Kerala. I am a Chartered Accountant and work as Assistant Manager with EY. My first poetry collection 'Lost Monsoon' was published by Writers Workshop, Kolkata in 2018. I have been selected for the Reuel International Poetry Prize 2019.



THE EARTH WITHIN

Rooted to my soil

You are sprouting limbs

Are you the same green earth

That I imbibe?

The earth in you is becoming more greener
Thanks for the threat it poses to global warming dear.

What else earth is if not a womb,
A piece of land that one carries to the graveyard.

Wherever eyes go Green grass and a forest of desires
Wherever eyes go I could see only your eyes.

May I slip in to your body like a snake
May you roam around me as if a tigress
Mind it, we both together shall complete the jungle!



Prahallad Satpathy: Dr. Prahallad Kumar Satpathy, who hails from Odisha (India), is a bilingual poet writing both in Odia and English. He is a retired Associate Professor of Economics. To his credit, he has four published anthologies in Odia language. His poems are published in many national and international journals. Twice he has represented Odisha Sahitya Academy as an honorary member.



RESISTANCE

Every time you roared,
My heart sank and it felt sore.
I felt humiliated and locked,
Like I was caged and for years mocked.
Still there is respect and love a lot,
'Resistance' can be summed up as our story's plot.
My feelings are numb, being for years suppressed,
Now I come out, with my emotions undressed.
I never want you to read this poem

As I am a victim of patriarchy

And not a survivor of this hell.

I am ashamed of myself having feelings for you such,

A victim of patriarchy whose words were left unspoken so
much, so much.

I accepted your flaws and all kinds of mood,

I stayed with you out of compulsion and for my own good.

I have nothing more to say

Because for years my

words were left unspoken,

For the first time I try to express them in the form of this
poem.



Pranati Jaiswal: She is a 16-year-old girl living in Kolkata. She is a student of Calcutta Girls High School. She is passionate about expressing her thoughts in the form of words and therefore she writes poems, stories and articles.



DOOMSDAY

Man proposes, God disposes. Doomsday is approaching, end of the world, a new world order cometh, are doing the rounds in cyber space. A wise man told this story to his disciples. It went like this:

Two Sensible Men were blessed by a vision, by a Seer, which shook them to the core.

One of them went home and took stock of his material wealth. He distributed his belongings amongst his close and loved ones. Since he was a widower, he went to live in an old age home, living and eating frugally, assisting and helping his resident fellow men, keeping himself healthy and fit.

The second man, went home, pondered a lot, and looked back on his struggle with poverty, the penny pinching he

did, the sacrifices he made... he thought he would make enough to last seven generations of his progeny. If the end is approaching, he wanted to live a merry life, full of loving and giving. His family found in him a new loving father, husband and friend. Life from now on is one big party! Going to movies, to restaurants, pilgrimages, eating healthy, being fit, being compassionate towards one and all.. gone was the hard taskmaster, the disciplinarian, the stingy guy. He found time to answer questions of his grandchildren and others. Eating food with him was now enjoyable, fun-filled. He had time for everyone. He became an attentive, caring person.

Came doomsday. It struck with full force, unexpectedly. They were all in it together...bound by love, no fear in their hearts...

Now, all realised the meaning of his oft repeated words - Enjoy today, be kind, loving today, why worry of tomorrow?! They were all ready to meet their Maker.



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



ON A WINDY EVENING

On a windy evening
The fire begins to glow
The cosmic rays
start dancing from the earth's surface
Far across the land
Sweet spring visits again
to kiss my angelic heart
Happiness begins to bloom
Life becomes full of love

Soul starts dancing in the breeze
as I walk through the green forest
Chirping of birds is music to my ears
My fantasy touches the highest peak
Tulips of heaven shower blessings from blue womb
Sweet fragrance titillates my inner self
In the tranquility of timeless moment
I listen to the music
which my mind sings
I listen to the words
which my soul composes
Awakening the old treasures of heart
Feathery moment gives solace to me
whispering the soft syllables of love
of rhythm and beauty .



Preety Bora: She hails from a small city called 'Golaghat' of a beautiful state 'Assam' (India), she started writing from her college days. Her inspirations are Life and Nature. Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines in India and in foreign countries.



Image by S. Hermann & F. Richter from Pixabay

MATHERAN, 11TH DECEMBER 2011

They passed me by on horses in Matheran —
their eyes locked into each other,
unmindful of the sais leading them on
or the gilt-edged sunrise drowning them slowly,
or the bee-eaters darting, or even the macaques
quarrelling.

But I wonder where they're headed

— to an elopement, a temple wedding, a souring marriage, a custody dispute, a cathartic divorce?

— to an engagement, a wedding with sangeet and mehndi, school fees, wilting outside consulates, an empty nest, a twilight of babysitting?

— to a break up, new relationships, nostalgia, regrets and a fading away into Alzheimer's?

Or will they just go back, eyes looking ahead

at careers, salaries, taxes,

3 BHK flats, Euro III compliant cars,

always some few days away in a broad noon

that starlight having dimmed.

I cannot quite say. They've gone out of sight;
a group of boisterous boys arrives,
in their train—another dozen thoughts.
I can't keep thinking all the time—so I
look back into my camera,
hunting paradise flycatchers with my viewfinder.



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: He is a Thane-based epigraphist, historian, copywriter and poet. He has been published in several anthologies and magazines. He is the editor of Narrow Road Literary Journal, a e-zine of poetry, haibun and flash fiction.



NONAGENARIAN LOOKING BACK

Her soft hands and unequal fingers,
Palm after so many wounds and cuts,
Long journey into household
Of kitchen and palm lines criss cross;

what do they signify now her last days,
after all merciless threadbare cutting

into her time, times inability to intervene,
her sole company of chanting mantras.

A plantain leaf rolled over, with food eaten,
half eaten and wasted, thrown into bin,
for dogs and winds to share and unshelve,
she sees in the yard, only a fake world round;

astrologers, palmists, tarot cards,
parrots piking cards and all beliefs
non beliefs , belied and followed
until destiny had its upper hand.

Pages and voluminous books,
Minute details erased and embedded
in deep cull outs and like worn out clothes,
they will not suffice and still she endures.

Her heart only storage of vast memory

Now strengthens and reverberates

In regular beats till she sleeps

In a self-styled corner of peace.



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

pearlrade.blogspot.in

pearlrade.wordpress.com



UNREAL CITY

Ghats, narrow lanes, sand, temples and the river fill the images that flash in all the presentations of the City Eternal; the City of Light and it's stuck with them, shown as the real city.

Yes it is all of those images, and more. There's something

missed in simplification: the spirit, the life, the transience
present ever; the sorrows, the joys, the filth
of the rotting piles of flowers of offerings,
and all that's seen or not, at all hours are present
in a simplified, made easy, kind of single-faceted city.
How can it be allowed to be multifaceted and alive?
It needs to be simplified and packages for consumption;



Rajnish Mishra: He is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India and now in exile from his city. His work originates at the point of intersection between his psyche and his city. He edits PPP Ezine and writes at:

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



STRIVING FOR THE THOUSAND SUNS

Life is a teacher, and we are
The sincere pupils, equipped with
Different tools in our hands; we
Are seated on the hard and rough
Pavement of realities of routine human
Endeavours; we both are honing
Our skills, and humbly trying to

Outshine others, in the same trade
Or calling;

We're trying hard to clear
The dirt from the dead leather-skin
Of shoes, and to activate the brain
Cells, at different times; while the
Doors and windows are wide open
In the broad daylight for one of
Us, the other is attempting to open
The mind's eyes, and to unravel
The mysteries of universe through the
Pages of books after books;

We both are striving hard to collect
The every shaft of bright sunshine;
We'll create one day, an aura

Of our own, more resplendent
Than the thousand suns.



Rakesh Chandra: Mr Rakesh Chandra is a retired civil servant. He is currently pursuing his Ph.D in Law from Lucknow University. He has got two collections of poems titled 'Moon is Black' and 'Circle Of Life'. He also has one collection of Hindi poems. His English poems have found place in different poetry journals and newspapers' literary supplements. He also has authored two books on Law.



MAHUA*

The road that snakes through the forest,
is lined with Mahua trees.

The dark, dusky tribal woman--

Strong, smooth, beautiful

as if chiselled out from black marble,

goes on collecting Mahua flowers

in the scorching sun

with a big bamboo basket on her head.

Under constant threat of double jeopardy,

vulnerable to violence and tape,
she braves the fear of wolves--
Wild wolves and civilized wolves!

The sale of Mahua this year
will get her to a big teddy bear
and a pair of baby shoes.

Intoxicating Mahuas--

The pearls of hope and smile:

Round and ivory-white!

****Mahuas are small aromatic fleshy flowers found in central India.
These are used in many cuisines.***



Ranjana Sharan Sinha: Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha is a poet and author with 9 published books in different genres and is a well-known name in Indian Poetry in English. She is a retired professor of English, S. B. City College, Nagpur. She has received many awards for her contribution to poetry, including a commendation from the former President of India, A. P. J. Abdul Kalam for her poem 'Mother Nature' contained in her collection 'Spring Zone. Her poems from her collection 'Scents and Shadows' are part of the post-graduate university syllabus. She lives in Nagpur.



ORPHANED SUMMER BREEZE

Orphaned breeze went door to door
seeking asylum, slipping from its chore;
Friendless it was, it could merely snooze
furious within, vexed with itself
it could hardly breathe;
It did not want to die like an elf
And lie beneath the wreath.

Trees did not stir, nor drying leaves sway
Heat too swooned in dismay
Air in spite of tussle, did not rustle
Rivers rumbling in spate sweated
Image of the mirage so silhouetted;
It is no time for rhyme or chime
This is such a scorching summer time.



Ravi Ranganathan: He is a writer, Poet and critic. He is also retired banker settled in Chennai. He has to his credit three books of poems: *Lyrics Of Life*; *Blade Of Green Grass*; and *Of Cloudless Climes*. He revels in writing his thought-provoking short poems called 'Myku'. He loves to write on Nature, Life and the human mind. His poems are featured regularly in many anthologies. He has won many awards for his poetry, including recognition in 'Poiesis Award For Excellence' of Poiesisonline, Sahitya Gaurav Award by Literati Cosmos Society, Mathura, and 'Master Of Creative Impulse Award' by Philosophyque Poetica. He contributes poems and articles regularly for monthly webzine 'Literary Vibes' and monthly e-magazine Glomag and the biannual 'Metverse'. He is the Treasurer of Chennai Poets' Circle.



CELANDINE

Spirits bloom in your grooves

A flowering yard on a floating lake

Silk-soft petals alight here

Regrets of an autumn's downcast leaves

Dulcet, your flamingo-red beats

Green lagoons, my eyes span your skies

Lissome, lithe, langourous

My seasons yearn for unending rain

A bramble corner waits

a forgotten dirt track ends

And there bloom my pretty celandines

Nodding shy yellows brush past a dream

There is a songbird in your bush

like love tiptoeing on rain-misted feet

Come under the trees; listen

while we kiss this earth into silence

Insistent bumble bee, duck into her folds

stroking her shyness away

as you reach the whorls

Your thirst is her ecstasy

A tango slow in buttercup heaven
Hold precious this innate dance
The twirls, the curves, the heaves of the fall
swirl within unwritten poems of desire
Two circles of joy, a grave till springtime
Love remains an evergreen celandine



Reena Prasad: Reena R's poems have been published in The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, York Literary Review, Lakeview International Journal, Glomag, Duane's Poe Tree, Mad Swirl, etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's Poet of the

year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in July 2015. She was adjudged second in the 'World Union Of Poet's' poetry competition, 2016 and won an award for poetry in 2016 As 'You Like It International Poetry Contest', commemorating the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare. She won the Reuel International Prize for poetry, 2018.



istock.com

JIM & PAM

in Paris

in Love

seeing the sights

and no longer

being seen

not through that lens

that tears everything down
in unscrupulous
pursuits –

a chance
to rediscover
each other,

to pull at the
aging darkness

in this eternal
city of light



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



THE EARTHMOVERS

It has not happened all of sudden

But their plan was hidden

Between the trigger and target

Those days cannot forget.

The earth-movers were not

Used to move earth, but they

Removed our brother's homes
That was made of sweats and tears

They forced us to change our dresses
That was protecting our moms and sisters
From the evils, and rapists
By hiding their flush and nudes

They washed our past by
Shedding our blood, so that
No one could distinguish us
From our roots and existence.

They changed the history from books
But they don't know the truth
Can't hide underneath; one day
It will spurt out as if the seeds
Sprout out from earth after a rain.



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): A freelance writer and painter from Kerala, India, working in Doha as Franchise General Manager. He writes short stories, poems and travelogues in various regional language magazines (Malayalam), periodicals with a pen name as ‘Saleem Kattuchola’, and writes English poems and articles in International magazines and newspapers.



RAINDROPS

Raindrops, raindrops, on the road,
Glistening like fallen stars
As they mirror the moving images
Of the many passing cars.

Raindrops, raindrops, on the roof
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,

Sliding slowly down the window,
On the ground in a splatter.

Raindrops on the spider's web,
Sliding down the silken threads,
Shining beads of a diamond necklace,
Like all the fairy tales I ever read.

Raindrops, raindrops, on my being,
Soaking my long, brown hair,
A sopping mess I may now be
But in this moment, I don't care!



Samixa Bajaj: I am a high-school student from Guwahati, Assam. I love reading, writing, dancing and sketching in my free time. I am also learning the guitar and would like to learn other instruments too. Besides being a regular contributor to GloMag (thank you Glory Aunty!) I also contribute to my school magazine every year.



Pic created by Samrudhi Dash using Adobe Stock images in Creative Cloud

THE GAMBLE

I stare outside, beyond the hazy pane of the window,
Drops of dew coalesce to form small rivulets over the
frosted glass

Silence and yet another sleepless night filled with
unanswered questions, unquestioned thoughts...

I cradle the mounting pain in the loins of an aching heart
Tears refuse to flow, hovering as always, behind khol lined
lashes

The furore of the battle has died down

And now I sit in solitude to nurse my wounds

And prepare to continue the gamble with Time

No longer oblivious of the viles and ruthlessness of
Koronos*

I allow the scalding wounds to bleed

For, through all these years of turmoil and war,

I have been seasoned to accept pain in unquestioned
silence

Somewhere in the farthest recesses of nostalgia,

I search for the younger, livelier, wild and free young girl
who lived life to the fullest

Once upon a time, before these battle scars were etched
upon her slender wrists, her porcelain skin

I lost her to Koronos, in the early years of the gamble
And yet the saga has continued - Aphelion Perihelion
shifting stands

I cradle pain in the warmth of an unconquered soul
Tired, worn out and goaded past endurance - yes
And yet I know, tomorrow I must return to the fray, once
again

And even though it means losing more of my white knights,
castle and bishop to Koronos,

I know this is what survival is all about - I never had the
luxury of choice in the first place

And as for who will declare 'check and mate', I have long
since stopped speculating the future

For, all I have is now - this moment...

Koronos - Greek God of Time



Samrudhi Dash: I am a poet, novelist, editor and motivational speaker, currently residing in New Delhi, India. I write under the pseudonym 'Inara'. Along with contributions to over two dozen anthologies, international e-zines and magazines, I have published till date five solo poetry anthologies and three novels and conceptualised and edited four anthologies of different genres. My other hobbies include crafting, painting and photography. My signature words are "Hope, Live, Believe". I my third novel "Letters from A Stranger - A Life Changing Map", a blend of a medical thriller with epistolary and philosophical underpinnings which available as an e-book on Amazon Kindle and figured in the Amazon Bestseller List at Rank 10 in 2021.



created by Sangita Kalarickal using Canva

PRELUDE

Motherhood is my walking stick
as I endure the three miles for water to last the day.
Three full water pots balance on my head
as the sun beats down on the desert sands,
my feet sweating in the embroidered leather mojri.
I want to reach my little, hungry child
my home, my safety
My steps rapid, one after the other,
The world looks dark from beneath the kohl in my eyes

I pass them, and the whistles.

I don't want to notice them but I do.

I'm sure they cannot see the kohl in my eyes...

My bright red veil does a good job.

But I know they imagine... imagine my lips, my neck,
shoulders and bosom

covered under heavy silver and layers of thick cotton.

I know they watch, oh I know.

My skin crawls beneath my clothes under their greedy
stares.

I feel their smirks, I smell my doom.

Each sees a different image as they each imagine.

The needs in their minds and the lust in their loins.

And if they chase me, I will be the unfortunate.

The blemished. The vixen who entices by existing.

My child will wail, and perhaps my mother;

But my walking stick will no longer protect me:

For the vulture sees only the prey — not its history, nor its
tears

I hold on to the pots and quicken my feet,
As the beat of footsteps speed up behind me.



Sangita Kalarickal: She has been, since childhood, wordsmithing and honing her craft in the forms of poetry and fiction. Her fiction and poems have been published in several e-magazines, and anthologies. Currently, Sangita spends much of her free time sharpening skills in her latest obsession, haiku. Ever since she embarked on her journey as a hajin, mid 2021, her haiku has been published in

several haiku journals. She utilizes her left brain at her day job in technology. Dr. Kalarickal lives in Minnesota, USA, with her husband, kid, and her garden, which she shares with wildlife, sometimes happily.



THE LEAFY CLUTCHES

The palm trees swayed to the muted notes of the night.
Suddenly bitten by the imp of mischief,
they stiffened their spines, whispering conspiratorial notes.
They rustled a bit more; perhaps bent on settling some old
score
with the unsuspecting moon.
Soon, in two mighty ambitious sweeps,

the terrible twain had trapped the moon.

What vile goons!

A befuddled moon shot a pallid query at the palm trees.

Was there no way, they could be brought to their knees?

“Come, let us frolic in the night sky”,

suggested one of the feisty clouds, to the shackled moon.

Ah, what a boon for the manacled moon!

One cloud from the right, another from the left,

playfully pulled at the beleaguered moon.

Looking this way and that,

it furtively slipped away from the leafy clutches.

“Bravo”, roared the clouds, applauding the moon for The Great Escape.

The notes of freedom rang loud and clear in the night sky.



Santosh Bakaya: Recipient of the Reuel Award for poetry [for my poem, *Oh Hark!* Setu International Award, 2018, Keshav Malik Award, 2019, I am a poet, essayist, novelist, TEDx speaker, biographer, and creative writing mentor, critically acclaimed for my poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, *Ballad of Bapu*. My Ted Talk on *The Myth of Writer's Block* is very popular. I write a weekly column *Morning Meanderings* in Learning and Creativity.Com, the first part of which is an e-book now. My two collaborative e-books, *Vodka by the Volga* with Dr. Ampat Koshy and *From Prinsep Ghat to Peer Panjal* with Gopal Lahiri have been Amazon bestsellers. My latest book is *Runcible Spoons and Peagreen Boats (poetry)*.



The smell of fresh soil
A breather for a farmer's toil
Shades of blue grey skies
The world becomes nice

The dance of the leaves
The world again believes

The colours of the flowers

The mist from the showers

A joyous relief from heat

Joy makes everything upbeat

A fresh start for a brighter tomorrow

A goodbye to sorrow



Sara Bubber: Sara is a storyteller, writer, poet and an Animal communicator. She works as a content writer at Heartyculture Wellness. Sara spends time with books, her pets and her indie friends in the area! She is a fan of Bollywood over Hollywood and less known Hindi series!



HER AGONY

She sat and watched the cloudy sky quietly

Shedding tears

Unable to read her friends poems

She asks herself

What have I done to deserve

This treatment

I only wrote poems and her

readers enjoyed them she feels

Tears pouring down
She is getting depressed
Verses getting stuck
A lump in her throat
Unable to speak to her
Heart out to anyone
She imagines herself
To be a good for nothing
She gets up and sings
Tapping her feet
Looking above for
God's divine mercy
To help her in this
Horrorific situation
Which she never imagined!
The cheerful chirping bird
Has become dumb
And no more berries tastes

Sweet anymore and no more

She flies, her wings have become weak like her mind

and the monotony she can't

handle any more

She knows all her friends are missing her too and this
makes her unhappy always

Oh God help me to overcome

This situation lest I may

go insane



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



GOD, LOVE, TRUTH, AND LIGHT

If you want God

I can show you to the forest

but that's a tree you'll have to find yourself

If you want Love

I can point at the moon all day

but it is the night that you'll be needing

If you want Truth

I can teach you all about addictions

but that's a drug you just can't shake

If you want Light

I can flash these shining sirens

but, sadly, most choose to fall back asleep



Scott Thomas Outlar: Scott Thomas Outlar lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia, USA. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. He guest-edited the Hope Anthology of Poetry from CultureCult Press as well as the 2019, 2020, 2021, and 2022 Western Voices editions of Setu Mag. He has been a weekly contributor at Dissident Voice for the past eight years. Selections of his poetry have been translated into Afrikaans, Albanian, Azerbaijani, Bengali, Cherokee, Dutch, French, Hindi, Italian, Kurdish, Malayalam, Persian, Serbian, and Spanish. More about Outlar's work can be found at 17Numa.com.



A HAUNTING NOTE

Do you remember my voice?
That echoed in your heart for days
Do you wish to hear it again?
From the depths of my grave

Come open your heart, once
Listen to my whispers
My bones have a million stories
Untold anguishes and agonies

The smiles I missed to give back
The forgotten thank you and sorry
Open your ears, once
My lips shall whisper amidst the silence

Hear this sweet soul sing
Lend me your lap for a second
My head wishes to rest
Before it goes back to dust

Where do I find you, oh love
In the grave near or afar
Wish you would sing back
Let me find you again

Again, when the clouds wake up
The skies roar and thunder
And when the mud over my crown dissolves.



Shalini Samuel: She comes from a little village in Kanyakumari. She works as a content writer at Kai Marketing. She loves to write as it gives her more peace. Author of three poetry collections she thinks poetry is a beautiful form of art, where the poet writes out his/her deeper mind and the reader gets a glimpse of it.



www.wallpaperflare.com

THE LOST HORIZON

Snowy tops in the distance
Looming over as if in a dream
Slowly reeling from the
World of mesmerising reality

Horizons, large and looming
A spectre in the distance
Seemingly close as if
Assuming a stance

Beholding a vision

Endearingly near from afar

Is it a vision that is beckoning

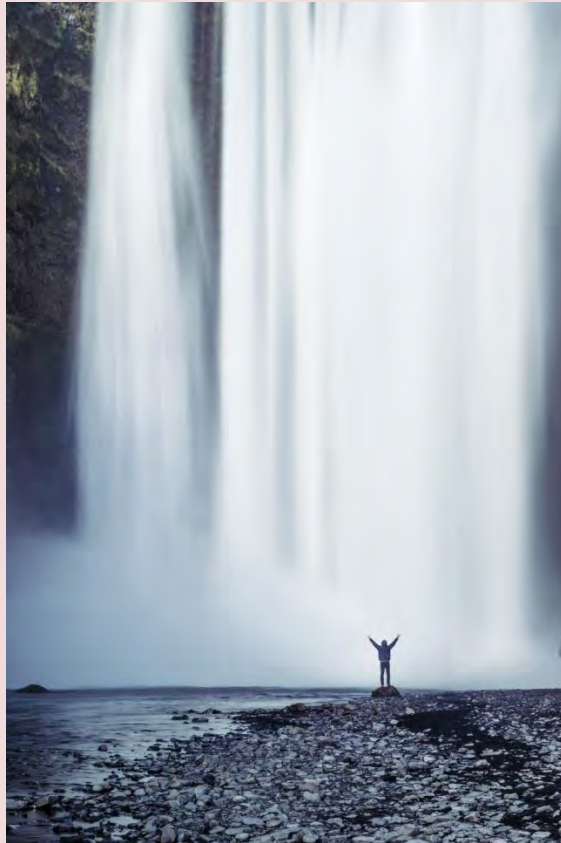
In its vast travesty of emotions

Beautifully chosen upon the right path

Horizons never to be seen again



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



I DO, I DO, I DO!

There's all the questions asked of me,

I'm happy and I'll do...

Such energy for life, oh yes!

I'll do...

Some say it's wishful thinking

that I do...

I do, I do, I do!

The wish is born and then the thought.

The day unfolds, and follows suit.

My nights are dreams, my days obey.

I say sometimes in darkest times...

I do, I do, I do!



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

www.shreevarma.com

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shreekumar_Varma



CELL

Forever in my hand,

Always next to me

You sleep next to me,

You are not my child, yet you spend maximum time with me.

A few inches long,

A few grams of weight

New models of you come out regularly
You are becoming attractive day by day.

You measure my breathing

You monitor my walks

You carry an ocean of knowledge

I never taught you anything, yet you are so smart.

But I have a complain

You take away all my time

I am so lost without you

Are u a cell phone or a prison cell, only time can tell.



Shreya Suraj: I am a mathematician, artist, photographer, and an environmentalist. I am the Founder of an art group called Anybody Can Draw on Facebook which has more than 6000 members from all over the world. I am also a volunteer in various environmental organisations that organises beach clean-ups and tree planting. I have taken part in more than 190 beach clean-ups in Qatar and conducted more than 100 art workshops online and offline all over the world. I believe there is only one Earth, so we all must do what we can to create a better world for the future generations.



in.pinterest.com

EMBARKING ON A NEW JOURNEY

In mother's arms rests the newborn baby,
Soon to open eyes to a whole new amazing world!

Feeling emptied; yet full with
joy, pain, exhaustion and relief--
the first-time mother cradles the baby
with acceptance and little disbelief!

She looks at the little baby and feels the tender heartbeat,
it has tiny hands, tiny feet
tiny eyes, a tiny nose and
the tiniest mouth ever seen!
She falls in love at the very first sight,
A lifetime of waiting it has been!

Love flows, gratitude flows,
blessings flow and tears flow .
A tumult of emotions arose, only, Time Froze!

The father watches dazed—
overwhelmed, speechless, uncertain, anxious and proud.
'The best father I would be,' he
decides leaving no place for doubt!

Happy faces, happy smiles,

All safe and done!

Kissing his very own bundle of joy he realises,

a New Journey has begun!!



Sindhu Rana: I am a poet and writer residing in Jalandhar, Punjab (India). I have contributed to various leading newspapers n journals; e-zines and anthologies. Am a script writer and voice-over artist for documentaries. However, reading and writing remain my first love.



MY FATHER

The hands that groomed me,
the eyes that loved me,
the ears that listened to me,
are no more.

The fountain of love,
the epitome of sacrifice,

the perennial stream of wisdom

is no more

The beautiful tree,

under the shadow of which,

I played and smiled,

grew and developed,

and lead a life free of care,

is no more.

No more is the man,

who manned and schooled me,

and made me what I am.

No more is the window,

through which I looked at,

no more is the giant patriarch,

who lived his whole life

for others and the values, he held high.

I am all alone,
in a sparkling whirlpool pool,
the sea is boisterous,
getting violent and virulent,
and more and more turbulent,
the able navigator is no more,
who will bring me ashore?



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty: He is a finance officer working in and from Padmapur, Jagatsingpur, Odisha, India. He is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups have been published in newspapers and in more than 200 national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. He has 3 collections of poems to his credit, and also blogs at A LOOK AT LIFE, SOMETHING I LOOK AT, A LOOK, THE RIVULET, THINK ONCE MORE, THE JOURNEY, AU THARE, AU EKA GAPA, SROTASWINI, JATRA, THE JOURNEY etc. He has received accolades, and has been consecutively awarded the medal of International Faith Poet of the year by Destiny Poet International Community of Poets, Wakefield, U.K. in 2019-20.

Website-smrutiweb.wordpress.com



“PURNIMA” AT CHILKA LAKE

Happy is the person who journeys through the Chilka lake on a night train, seated by the window of a non ac carriage with only his thoughts and the full moon for company. It becomes specially endearing when the necessity of making inane small talk is absent.

The entire night can be spent gazing as the train snakes the circumference of the lake, shrieking like a banshee chugging its way through.

But wait, in the interplay of light and darkness, the silver orb can be seen playing hide and seek, its beams lighting the flora and fauna, now on the periphery of the waters, now among the trees that stood like gawky teenagers, the rhythm of the train changing, the song its tracks jubilant

and alive, its rejuvenated motions pulsating and reverberating. Like me, the locomotive seemed to be mesmerized by the ethereal and surrealistic beauty of the ambience, the sheen of pearly light on normally muddy waters, effulgent as liquid silver, its fathomless depths marked by poles, standing like watchdogs or guardian angels to protect its treasure trove.

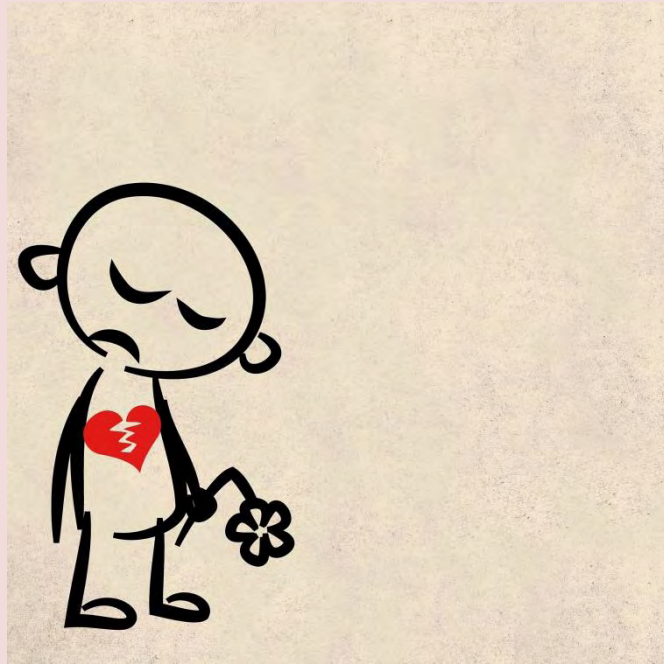
A song filled my heart as I recalled the Persian poet Rumi's words "If you want the moon, do not hide from the night." An ennui filled my spirits because of my own mortality, but on recalling the great poet Wordsworth words "A slumber did my spirit seal; I had no human fears." I was comforted, the serenity and solitude washing over me, grateful for this phenomenal journey, which is etched into my memory even after a couple of decades.

Purnima: Full moon

Chilka: Brackish water lagoon in the state of Odisha



Someeta Das: She is a retired Professor with twenty eight years of teaching experience from Maharaja Manindra College, Kolkata. She is interested in writing poems, short stories and travel narratives and has published in Glomag, Setu, Woman's era, The Statesman and a number of e-zines.



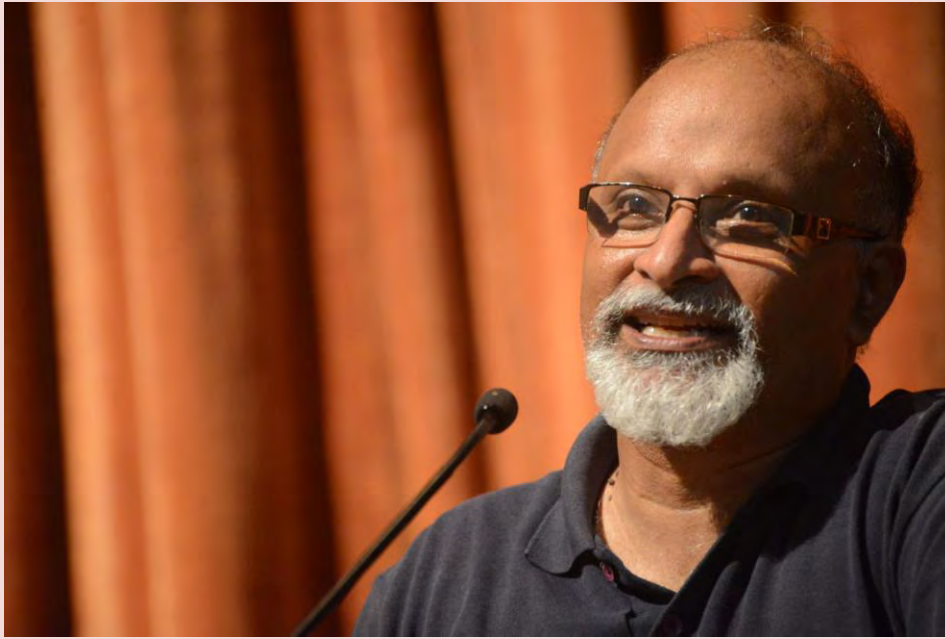
MEMORIES FROM HALF-A-DOZEN YEARS AGO...

Poets and painters, actors and teachers,
Postmen and athletes, doctors and preachers,
Young and old,
timid or bold,
Everybody feels the same pains and aches
Every time when the heart breaks.

The leader, the dealer, the jack and the joker,
The slave and the master, the atheist and the Pentecoster,

Bugs, birds, beasts or fish,
Be it a man or woman as you wish,
Everybody feels the same pains and aches
Every time when the heart breaks.

The dancer, the lancer, the boxer and the wrestler,
The archer and the soldier, the sheriff and the hustler,
The hot and the cold,
The fence sitters and the do-as-they-are-told,
Everybody feels the same pains and aches
Every time when the heart breaks.



Sri N Srivatsa: Chenni born Sri N Srivatsa studied physics, dabbled in fine arts, moved to New Delhi in 1978 for a government job before ending up as a banker. A singer with the Madras Youth Choir for fifty years, he has worked both behind and on-stage in Tamil, English and Hindi productions of Arangam, Yatrik and Madras Players, besides pursuing translation of good poetry from Tamil to English and vice versa plus a few in Hindi, as a passion. Over the years, his poetry has been featured on television, various magazines and in an anthology of poems for children. Four volumes of Tamil poems, including two in 2021, by four different poets translated by “moi” have been published.



MIDNIGHT

The night has fallen
as thick as black
as beautiful as
her hair unbraided

The cloud shrouded moon
as round as white

as flirtatious as
her eyes veiled

The stars in heaven
cold fires cast down
diamonds for my angel's neck

The jasmine breeze
her perfumed touch

The mist the rain
as soft as gentle
as delicate as
her dewy kisses

The stones underfoot
as smooth as warm

as sensual as
her brown skin

All of Creation
her sacred song
her ancient music
my lullaby

Every midnight
I dream of
every midnight
I fall in love with
my heaven and my earth ~



Stefan Bohdan: Stefan Bohdan lives in Orlando, Florida USA. He is retired from the architectural/engineering/construction world. He now spends his time writing poems and novels. His English poems have been published in multiple books, anthologies, journals, newspapers, e-zines and translated into Persian (Farsi), Arabic, Urdu, Nepali, Hindi, Bengali, Estonian, French, Spanish, old Japanese, Dutch, Afrikaans, Turkish, Italian, Malayalam, Assamese, Tamil, Bosnian-Croatian-Serbian, Hebrew, Filipino, Hiligaynon and Kinaray-a. He also writes reviews for poetry books. He is internationally published and has collaborated with poets, translators and artists from around the world. He is the founder of Third Eye Butterfly Press.



HEALING

Standing on a no man's land

Where I couldn't flee from monsters howling at me

Flashback of intimidating memories bombarded me

And suicide seemed the only escape

The Devil roared in his usual baritone:

"I got you! I 'll get you!"

Leaving me trembling

Do you realise?

How broken it was to live in the captivity of an oppressor?

But, finally,

Healing arrived like a white flagbearer in the battlezone
And I found light at the tunnel's end
It dawned after the darkest hours
Turning me into a supernova
Helping me reclaim my body, reclaim my mind
Thunderstorms still raged
Stones still rolled
Nevertheless, I found calm
Growing branches and bearing shade for the sunburnt
Learning how to forgive
I created things that pulled me out of the hell
Singing anthems of hope
I turned my tragedy into triumph and finally God uttered
the consoling words:
"Congratulations! Your drought is over. I am going to
shower you with blessings, change, love, new opportunities
and healing."



Staffy Bhateja (Steffi): She is a 29-year-old poet hailing from The City Beautiful Chandigarh. She has completed her Masters in English Literature from MCM DAV College, affiliated to Panjab University, Chandigarh, and is currently pursuing Masters in Philosophy at the University's main campus. Poetry and painting are two of her biggest passions. As a writer, she has taken part in numerous anthologies under various publishing houses and has solely edited a book titled "Catharsis" under the Impish Lass Publishing House. She believes in the words of George R R Martin that a reader lives a thousand lives before he dies and the man who never reads lives only one.



FIRE IN THE SKY

I saw fire in the sky.

When I saw the stern look in his eyes.

The message to treat everyone good.

Breaking down barriers like they should.



Stephen Goetz: I'm a published poet from Lincoln City, Oregon USA. My poems have appeared in online poetry groups. I have received awards from Motivational Strips and affiliate groups. I'm a regular contributor to Glomag online magazine. I have appeared in conservative poetry books put out by Glomag.



The ceiling stares at me with a poker face

I stare back at it deadpan

The voices in my head are playing a match

Loud mouths! I try to decode random words that I catch.

Ufffff ! The virus is really really a nag

Constantly it is bugging my throat

I holler hoarse

It itches coursing it coarse.

My open mouth resembles a goldfish
Much like it does with a whack on the solar plexus
It's because under siege is my nose
The twin tunnels are blocked comatose.

Mr. Virus is undecided
where to attack next
Out of context
Without any pretext.

The voices creep to whisper
They are at crossroads
Should they shouldn't they
I listen cocking my ear. Hey!

Just then my body is wracked and jarred
As whatever is between the ribs

pokes and jabs, dashes and crashes

By the end of my bout 'it' probably is a pulpy mishmash.

Ahhh! The raw feeling of discomfort

As I toss and groan, whimper and moan

As I soothe the tender thorax with my stiff fingers

Self-preservation and self-love linger

Now I have to end my ditty as I feel nutty

Preparing for a fresh round of coughing, I can't be caught loafing.



Sudeshna Mukherjee: Sudeshna Mukherjee's poems deal with varied human nature. A keen observer, she chronicles the happenings around her and writes with a tinge of humour. 'Meanderings of the Mind' and 'Mélange' are her published collections of poems. She loves 'words' and loves to play with them.



ENIGMA OF SILENCE

My tryst with enigma of silence, came of age
when i learnt to quiet eloquent distress

everything was off the mark
a little impertinent too

the ghosts of last season

still nipped at my heels, made me rueful

swallowing mouthfuls of cold air

I dared to get hold of those wandering warmth

since been playing hide and seek game

and all those pranks

the shuttered windows of self-esteem opened gently

making me privy to a fistful of azure sky

my life took a quaint twist from there

as I indulged in a pitter patter of raindrops

and emerged from the shades of those molten sighs

chatter of mind slowly settled down

the enigma too thawed in the warm cuddles of life

a calm strength shaped its muscles to whisk me away

to pen down a saga of romance with its subtleties



Sujata Dash: Sujata Dash is a poet from Bhubaneswar, Odisha. She is a retired banker. She has two published poetry anthologies (More than Mere-a bunch of poems and Riot of hues, published by Authorspress) to her credit. She is a singer and an avid lover of Nature. She regularly contributes to anthologies worldwide.



ALBATROSS

The voice of my education raised its venomous snake head
again and again, and I recoiled into a shell of silence

Many huge moons waxed and waned, leaving open dark
doors

of secret desires as I stood upon the shores

my feet lapped by treacherous oceans

where sharks waited to drink my tears,
grasp in clutches crustacean, to rip my softest 'neath
butterfly gossamer.

The tears that dripped wet my wings
thwarted my journey seeking the skies,

I was just a gallinaceous bird-brained bird-ling,
trying my wingspan to take the autumn flight,
came crashing down. Pulverized bones
needing to be quenched and tempered,
balked at all the albatrosses around my neck
were they that brought me down?

Then I walked to the Sea of Galilee
and pleaded, "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me"
across life's tempestuous sea
to voyage through death.

And a light like a lily in bloom blinded me.

I walked on a tamed sea, hand held, Jesus beside me.

He took me to the place of his entombment

In Magdalene swathes I shrouded his body

and stayed on watch three days

The first to set eyes as He arose resurrected,

all the albatrosses around my neck weightless,

I spread my wings tied to the cross

bearing it to my mount of Calvary

and there from higher grounds

I learned to fly.

NOTE: The first three lines are with reference to my youth years training to become a doctor when I had not realized my real passion lay in the world of art. The pressures I had to battle finding my real self in a world where I felt a misfit were albatrosses around my neck, till I learned to use them as means of sustenance while keeping the flame inside me burning.



Sunil Kaushal: Dr. Sunil Kaushal, an awarded author, a gynecologist, trilingual writer, translated into French, German, and Greek, has been honoured nationally and internationally with many awards. The Nissim Award given by Nissim Ltd., awarded by The Significant League (International); the Enchanting Muse and Fellow of the Regal World of Scribes Award, by The Pentasi B Poetree Group; Literary Brigadier by StoryMirror; Stickypins bestowed her with the title of Quillmaster; the Women Achiever's Award 2019 by Literoma. Featured in the Limca

Book of Records as part of the Amravati Poetic Prism 2018. Her poems find a place in The Golden Book of World Records. Winner at YoAlfaaz. She was awarded Best Lioness President, Asia. She is a Gold medalist in Dramatics. Her varied interests and hobbies keep her in love with life and active at 76, yoga being the fuel.



EXHAUSTION

The hot afternoon is

spread out

on the hot pavement

like that

worker

gaunt-faced

blank-eyed

covered with the dust of
the construction site,

the din of the machines

pulleys

mixers

fellow workers

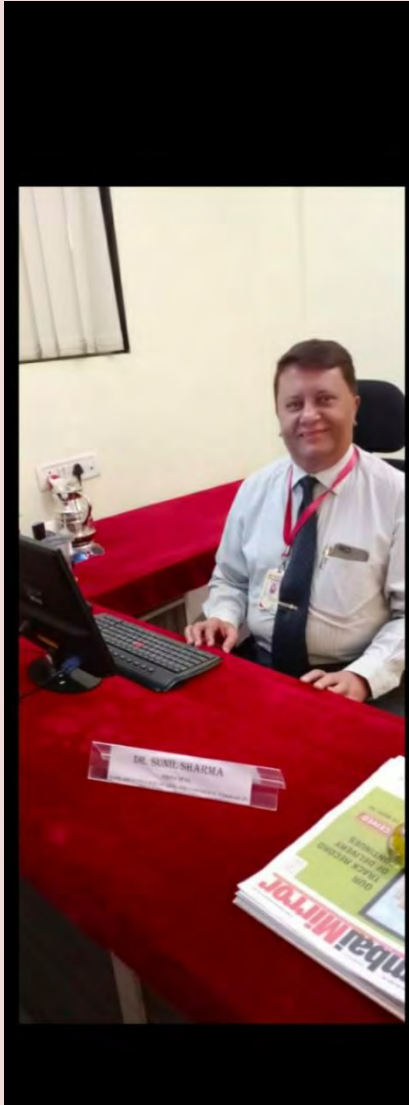
unable to wake him up,

the lean teenager

from

a distant Bihar

village.



Sunil Sharma: Sunil Sharma, a writer-freelance-academic from Mumbai, India, has published 22 books, solo and joint. He edits Setu.

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

<http://www.dr.sunilsharma.blogspot.in/>



Goonja sa hai koi iktara

iktara...

I catch the falling stars in your eyes, making wishes which I
doubt will materialize

I long to be a moon in the sky of your arms, softly humming
the lyrics of your name

jo barse sapne boond boond..

naino ko mund mund...

Dreams drip from the umbrella of memories - crocheting
pearls on the kerchief of eyes

Knitting a pullover of reminiscences

I hold it close to my chest

Walking on jasmine paths of love, your words keep ringing
in my head -

goonja sa hai koi iktara

iktara..



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



YET...TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY

Another dawn...another day

One more added to what already is

One more

With smiles and sighs

Another watching the clouds

Changing form

The sky... colours

The shadows their size...

Hurrying to the rooftop

In hide and seek

With sun and showers

Chasing...gathering

Building...

Only to scatter

The postman

Without letters

Hurries along

The birds flutter and call

Build nests

Of fragments

Amassed for a lifetime

Only to be ravaged by the storm

In moments...

Memories...beckoning dreams

Pending work

Tomorrow's plans

All as wisps of smoke

Merge...Engulf

With the vast emptiness

Around...



Supatra Sen: Dr. Supatra Sen, currently Associate Professor in a reputed Kolkata college is a veteran academician, teaching and researching in the fields of Botany and Environment. Her 100 odd publications as international books, papers and reviews are chiefly in her professional subject. She has edited several UGC funded ISBN volumes and is also the founder and Chief Editor of an ISSN peer-reviewed multi-disciplinary academic journal ‘Harvest’ www.harvestjournal.net since 2016. Her tryst with poetry writing began in 2020 during the global pandemic and in October 2021 her poetry anthology ‘My Autumn Sonata’ was published.



in acrylic on 300 gsm by Suzette Portes San Jose

YOU AND ME IN THE WIND

i have you in my life in dreams beneath a dream
with my heart in sorrowful joy learned to scream
the name curved within the core of my heart
that through my days would never want to depart

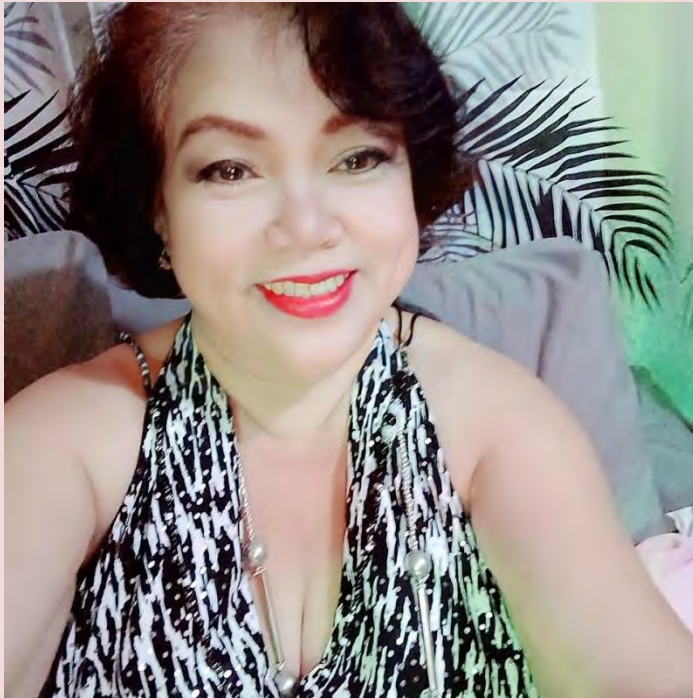
i have you to keep holding on in love to believe
when life shall ever end to begin again and live

meddled among the earthly bounty of enchantment
to be one as i breathe your air in a borrowed moment

i have you to lean on with your embrace so warm
as i feel so peaceful and serene, no worries of harm
the body to cuddle by your side with a loving caress
the touch of your lips so sweet with all tenderness

i have you in every blowing wind brushing my hair
while whispering those promises that echo in the air
yet bruises my heart with tears like raindrops falling
heaven whines as you will leave our time of loving

i have your love in a certain time, in a certain while
we have the love shared and treasured with a smile
no words of goodbyes as loving goes to fade away
you and me in the wind... my love will forever stay



Suzette Portes San Jose: She was born and raised in Cebu City, Philippines. She was born with a passion for writing and living in her art forms. She now has joined 23 book anthologies internationally. She is also a recipient of multiple awards for her ART works and Literary works. She also founded her own Poetry Group of artists and poets writing Ekphrastic Poetry. She is also a founder of Artist Kids charity project all for free. She is also a Publisher and is now publishing her own book along with other book anthologies of her group.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DREAM

I didn't want to fall in love with you, how did this happen?

I do not know!!!

In my dream

I was standing, full of longing

And half way on the road I was evading desire

So I won't be disappointed or rejected by reality...

I believed Love is more than a phone call

More than you looking beautiful and more than me
dreaming of you nightly

To love was not part of my plans

Neither was my dressing up in finery for you...

But, who can stop what cannot be stopped?!

I am supposed to smile in pictures

And send you kisses with the wind

And I have no clue about romantic dates

Nor blind jealousy

Nor about the waltz dance and the arousing French
Perfume...

But I fell in Love

And here is my heart beating wildly, and I do not know
what Love means...

I remembered your way of talking

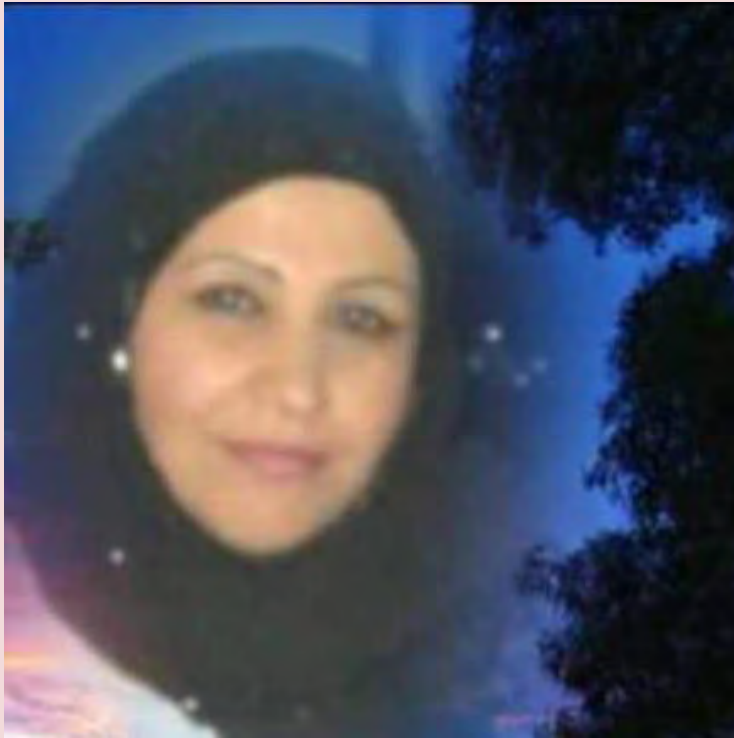
Your voice with its lazy tone

And the brown dimple.

I realized how to lose my balance

And dream of you

And long to the sun's laughter in my veins.



Taghrid Bou Merhi: She is a Lebanese Poetess, Writer, Translator, and Arabic teacher for non-native speakers and lives in Brazil. She holds a Law Degree. She is a Development Coach at Sawa association for development and Editor of AL-ARABE TODAY and RAINBOW Magazine. She is fluent in several languages. She is responsible for the Translation department at AGAREED LITERARY and AL-LAILaK Magazine. She has published 4 collections of poetry. Her poems have been published in numerous international anthologies. She has translated 8 books by poets Arabic and Hindu. She is published in various literary magazines, journals, anthologies and websites. Her poems have been translated into more than 24 languages.



LITTLE THINGS

Little things can make a life,

Little things can break a life.

Little things go a long way,

Little things can end a strife.

Little things add up to big,

Little things can help config.

The complexities of life

Little things, yes little things!

Little things are not so small,

Little things can lead to a fall.

Little things are the keys,

Little things can build up a wall.

Little things are important,

Little things are most fervent.

'Coz they go a long way,

Little things, yes little things!!



Uma Agarwal Bajaj: I have been contributing to Glomag for over a year now! And Glory di's trust in me has really made my pen a little creative. I am a Company Secretary by qualification, a homemaker by choice(since the last 20 years) and a budding businesswoman. Having been occupied with family and kids, I recently realised that I have the ability to pen some of my thoughts. I write both in English and Hindi and hope to be better myself with each passing day. I read fiction, whenever I get some time. Apart from this I love to cook and have a fascination for gardening(in my balcony).



CAPTIVE

Can you think of the time ages ago
Cocooned from harm you could go
Clamouring for ice creams cones,
Cotton candy and grilled corn
Cooing to the birds and owls?

Calling out to friends
Cycle bells a tinkling
Castles of sand a building

Clapping to a simple tune

Cavorting under the full moon?

Camping outdoors in summer

Cool streams of gurgling water

Cooking fires put out at night

Calm stars and constellations bright

Craving that simple way of life?

Cares weighing you down many

Chores, keep watching the penny

Claims on your time aplenty

Career calls, family and duty

Clip your wings and weary?

Capture that innocent joy again

Cast yourself in that childhood vein

Challenge notions of workdays

Create time for some fundays

Channel energies into self-care.



Uma Vangal: I'm a filmmaker, film professor, film curator, leadership trainer, Tedx Speaker, Women Wellness coach, DEI specialist, yoga therapist, poet and mother. I have taught media, communication, journalism, visual arts and film for 30 years at leading institutions across Chennai, South India and also at Kenyon College, Ohio. Currently, I'm on a Fulbright Research Fellowship exploring ways to evolve a global gaze in Documentary films. Transnational identities, cuisines, cultures and cross cultural journeys form the crux of my work in writing, films and my pedagogy. I make films with a focus on humanity and humanism. "Dream all you want and pursue your dreams since anything is possible, if you set your mind to it" is my motto.



MOUNTAIN

Translation © Don Beukes

The wind is silent ;

stubborn silence;

flagrant mood swings and

argumentative incoherent whispering

The dune in a misty Outline;

pink-white etched against the

pale-white blue on the horizon

Bones from dead trees move

what grows lies cold and keeps watch

invisible in the mist

my journey of prayer

Present but absent

A ghostly mirage silhouette

Whitened pale in the searing afternoon sun

like a mountain rising



Val Smit: Val Smit is a South African artist and poet based in Cape Town. She writes ekphrastic poetry per artwork created and uses various media in portraying images that she feels fitting to deliver the message of the words she pens down. She focuses on the inner turmoil experienced by our disconnectedness from nature and each other. Her work has been published in various online journals including GloMag India, The Chachalaca Review, The West Review, The Raconteur Review, Literary Garland and Valiant Scribe.



SING ME NO SONG

A loner

I sat on a tree

On an even lonelier branch

On solitary leaf

Looking for company

In city

Deaf to bird song

Looking for soul mate

To fly out with

I am but a bird

Of species undefined

Looking for peace

In city

Strewn with realtor brochure



Vandana Kumar: She is a French teacher and poet in New Delhi, India. Her poems have been published in national and international websites like 'Glomag', 'Mad Swirl', 'Scarlet Leaf Review', 'North of Oxford', 'Grey Sparrow Journal', 'Lothlorien Poetry Journal', 'The Piker Press', 'Dissident Voice', 'Borderless journal', 'Madras Courier, etc. She has featured in anthologies like 'Harbinger Asylum', 'Kali Project' and 'But You Don't Look Sick'. She has recently featured in Fine Lines- a print quarterly literary Journal based out of Nebraska. 'Her cinema articles appear regularly in 'Just-cinema' and Daily Eye. She was a jury member for the 'All India Poetry Competition' organized by 'Cocoa-Butter' and also co-edited their debut print anthology that resulted from this competition.



QUINTESSENCE OF ESSENCE

The rain

enters back

into my dreams

A quintessence of essence

Quivers in my feelings

Have not heard

much from you

for a long time!

Still memories crop up!

In this moment of

interlude

I could hear

your footsteps

This darkness

is my only companion

to emigrate into

eloquence of

solitude

The flames will

leap again

from the memories

to decipher

the passion

Love has many moods!
Let me talk to the wind
before the night changes
its dialect



M Vijayaraghavan Nair: He is a retired senior executive of a multinational pharma company. He lives in Parli, Kerala (India) with his family. He is currently the editorial board member of Sahithya Samvedanam Magazine published from Kothamangalam, Kerala. Being a multi-lingual and prolific poet he has written 100s of poems in his native language Malayalam and in English. His first anthology of

poems in Malayalam titled as “Vaakku” (Word) is getting ready to be published soon. Most of his works have been appearing in periodicals and social media.



WHILE WALKING THROUGH A GREEN FIELD ...

Your smile reached your eyes

When you caught my voice

Across a hall of smug masks

And in the garden, how your words

Peeled off the scented secrets of the night

And everything fell in place:

Your intellect, care, trust, and gait

And for the 'first' time

I was speechless at dawnlight - -

We can now set aside that summer of lost smiles

With long-distance eyes

Forgiving half-forgotten white lies

For I had foolishly thought

That my long monologues had been parked

In the 'No Parking' zone of your heart:

Happiness is holding hands

While walking through a green field,

Sharing each other's silence.



Vijay Nair: I retired as Associate Professor, Department of English, Government Victoria College Palakkad, Kerala. I taught English Language and Literature in various colleges for 31 years. My Ph.D. thesis was on the plays of Wole Soyinka. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016. I was the ‘Critic of the Year’ in 2016, 2017 & 2018 at Destiny Poets, UK and was also adjudged the ‘Poet of the Year’ in 2018 by the same poetry group. My poems were nominated on 8 occasions as ‘Poem of the Month’ at Poets, Artists Unplugged. Three of my poems have been included in the PG syllabus of BBMK University, Dhanbad. My short stories have appeared in Dynami Zois [Virasat] and The Road Taken [Impish Lass].



I join the Zoom meeting

I cannot see the other participants

Only the poet and the moderator are visible

I message a friend and am reassured that it is so

I listen to the poetry

Powerful, moving

I flip over the dosa on the pan

And hope that I'm not visible

That my cooking is not a distraction to the hosts

So I listen

So I read

So I write

So I work



Vineetha Mekkoth: She is a poet, writer, translator and editor from Calicut, Kerala. She works as State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. She has translated for the Kerala Sahitya Academy and has also contributed articles for the Malayalam Literary Survey, a quarterly brought out by the academy. She has published poems and short stories in various anthologies. She is co-editor of two anthologies. Her debut poetry collection 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' published in August 2017 is available on Amazon. Her latest work titled 'Penpiravi-Birth of A Woman' is the translation

of the Malayalam poet Girija Pathekkara's poetry collection
published by Authorspress, New Delhi (October, 2021)



ciao! 😊