

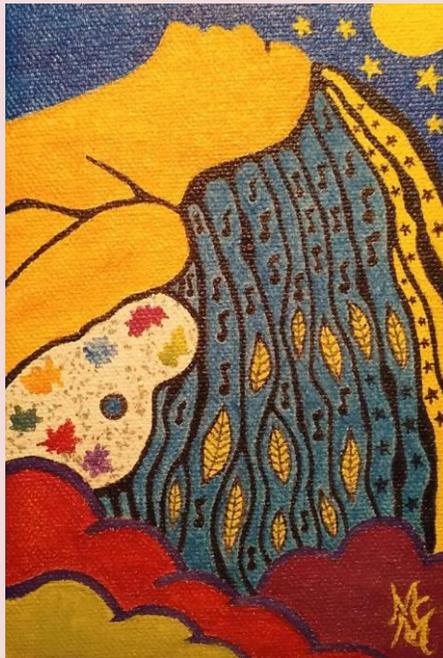
GloMag

GLOMAG

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose

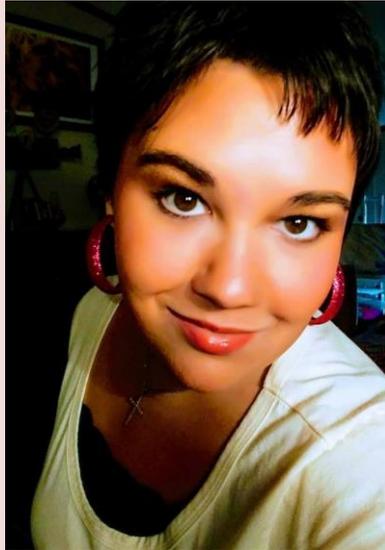
Magazine

July 2018



Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

MYSTI MILWEE



Title of the Cover Pic: The Things I Dream About

Website

Her work and artistic accolades can be seen and read at the following websites:

www.mystismilwee.wordpress.com

www.facebook.com/pages/MSM-ART/178157392288070

About The Artist

Mysti S. Milwee is an International award winning and published artist, Synesthesia Artist & published poetess from Southside, Alabama, USA. Her art and poetry has widely appeared in numerous magazines, e-zines, tours and has been used in academic studies and ministries across the US and abroad. Her works and collaborative works have

appeared in GloMag (Chennai, India) in collaboration with Scott Thomas Outlar; Madness Muse Press-Cover Art for upcoming Anthology-2018; PPP E-Zine (India);Whispers (online journal); Moonchild Magazine (USA)-2018-(Art & Music Collaboration/Interview with International Singer/Songwriter & Creative Entrepreneur Debasish Parashar-New Delhi, India); Ramingo Blog (Italy)-(Art & Music Collaboration/Interview with International Singer/Songwriter & Creative Entrepreneur Debasish Parashar-New Delhi, India); The Alabama Baptist (Birmingham, Alabama); The Mountain Press (Sevierville, TN); Birmingham Arts Journal (Birmingham, Alabama); Illustrator Magazine (Minneapolis, MN); Miss Teen America program book-National Art Award; just to name a few. Her art has been showcased and exhibited in local, national, and international exhibits, galleries, and tours all across the globe since the age of 13. Her photography and digital photography has been showcased/exhibited in local, national, and international exhibits/venues for about the past 9 years. Over the years since age 13, she has received numerous awards including Editor's Choice Awards, the President's Award of Literary Excellence and inducted into The Hall of Fame receiving the PoetryFest Hall of Fame Award and has been published in over 50 anthologies, magazines, journals and e-zines. Her work is scheduled to

appear in several other upcoming journals and anthologies due to release this year. Her work has been used in ministry and academic studies across the US and abroad. She was a full tuition scholarship recipient and graduate of Art Instruction Schools in Minneapolis, MN. Graduating with Top honors, receiving the 2011 Outstanding Graduate of the Year Award, and represents over 2 million students studying with DETC programs across the globe. Her exemplary contributions and representation to society and volunteer work in the fine arts industry has placed her among top fine artists with a nomination in Who's Who in American Art. She is a member of many well-known societies of artistic influence in arts and letters in the 21st Century.

Being born with a natural God-given gift, I have been an artist since the early age of 3, when I first started shading in my coloring books, and rendering my first watercolor portrait at age 3. I started painting in oils when I was around age 7 using palette knives and brushes to create a mountainous landscape, which was a start of developing my artistic talented and in relation to my cultural background being a Native American (Cherokee Indian) where my ancestors originated from the mountains, according to family stories and research originating from the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians from the Carolina's

(North & South Carolina's). I started implementing my own techniques and experimenting with various mediums when I was age 7. Musically gifted as well, around the age of 9, I started to interpret music from ear, without sheet music, it was a part of my memory that was a very important tool that led me to develop a deeper understanding of not only music but through art and music interpretation combined, painting my first musical interpretation on canvas at age 13 on a 5 foot by 5 foot canvas, that eventually led me to showcase and exhibit the 5 foot by 5 foot canvas titled "Colors of Diversity" in my first big show at age 13/14. I realized that I had a rare unique gift at age 13, through research and study I learned that what I was feeling, tasting, hearing and seeing was called synesthesia, it is where I learned to understand who I was as an artist, it came naturally to me and as the years progressed I became to really understand it more and show my cultural background (Native American-Cherokee Indian) in my paintings and showcase my originality, personality, creative character and artistic development skills.

From the beginning, being an artist and poet was a true calling and natural gift from God, as a spirit-led artist and poet, allowing spiritual guidance to create paintings and poems to convey a message, a movement, and metaphorically speaking from the heart and soul.

Reflectively speaking, divine guidance was my propelling force, shaping me to see and interpret music, dreams, and words from a different perspective, foreseeing a dimensional height of ascension/descending nature and sometimes wavelengths of depth from the knowledge and understanding woven into composition whether on the canvas or on paper.

Driven to express the force of energy and emotion through my artistic method of interpretation as a synesthesia artist and poet. Divine inspiration has propelled my thoughts and ideas in a force into the unknown, revealing an aura of emotion, energy, strength, romantic interlude, woven and weaved into the threads of the canvas and pressed words on paper, leaving impressions on people's hearts, thriving my eternal passion to spread like a wildfire leaving molding impressions and touching lives with something beautiful, honest, and unique with emotion, energy, and strength.

The thought process is a wonderful creative process to share.

In previous collaborations this year (Art & Music combined) with International singer/songwriter Debasish Parashar from New Delhi, India; and Famous Composer Keith Barnard (Pianist & Organist) from London, UK; I first take the song I am painting to and meditate upon the timbre of

music, using my Synesthesia method of interpretation evolving into a visual interpretation of the music (seeing, feeling, tasting and hearing in visual art form) and expressing the visions received and expressively creating the visions onto canvas with no set pattern, painting in movement with the music. In music, I hear a certain timbre or note and see a color and visual image. I can taste the richness and depth of the music and express the emotion with color, sometimes and often it is vivid, bold, visceral and sometimes inexplicably unsettling, and of spiritual dimension.

When expressing through dream interpretation often using meditation music beforehand, before creating the sketches. The music stimulates the mind to see images while I sleep, during the sleep cycle [often referred to as the REM Cycle (Rapid Eye Movement)] this stimulates the mind to catch the dreams, images, shapes (in size and color), and project those images deep inside the medial temporal lobe in the region of the brain of particular relevance to the processing of memory (where groups of neurons in the visual cortex widely distributed throughout the cortex to help recreate the original experience, or associated emotion. Therefore using the original experience and emotion and implementing it into visual art form to recreate the images that I see within my dream, and transferring them onto

paper as a sketch, or on canvas as a painting. Dream interpretation also stems from a “high aura of meditation from energy fields, electromagnetic fields of exploring dimension and ascension in the mind of meditative harmony, light, emotion, and from binaural beats that construct dreams and building with mathematical height where lines are non-existing on a plane in the outer dimension, adding layers of existence and spiritual dimension. Using mirrors as portals to see reflections of my lucid dreams, and using the dream mirrors as portals to alternate dimensions, and transport me from one place to another (or one time to another), acting as parallel universes through the looking glass, sometimes they act as spirit portals and energy vortexes. Mirrors are like puzzles for lucid dreams, because their main property in real life is reflection and is driven by the laws of physics. Physical law drives our conscious both consciously and unconsciously in dream world, basing dreams on memory creating an interesting conundrum which is where we can explore with dream mirrors. Some interpretations can be distorted, clear, or even resemble impressionism. Drinking a glass of water before sleep, not only stabilizes my dreams and acts as a “common flow for fluid thinking”. The creative process is often detailed adding excitement, child-like qualities,

confusion, and inexplicable emotional terrain in visual related imagery.

In the perspective of the painting I created here titled “The Things I Dream About”, I conveyed a message of the beauty of a dream in thought through visual form (in my mind of artistic expression: what I see, feel, and hear). I listened to meditation music for an about an hour before sleep, during the REM Cycle I received many visuals of vibrant and ethereal colors and shape combinations.

The binaural beats imitated the length of the hair strands, a free-flow effect, and also imitating to solid smooth tones in between spaces (a form of my synesthesia method of interpretation). During dreams I keep a sketchbook beside me on my nightstand and wake up to sketch the dreams from my memory. The overall concept was perceived from the sounds of waterfalls during a previous dream. As some paintings come through sequential frames or (framework) leading up to the actual painting in some instances. The feathers flowing was a concept of the “feeling sense” of feeling lightweight and I could feel the angels carrying me and then placing me upon the clouds of thought, and is also a symbolism of poetry freely expressing my thoughts into words. The art palette is symbolism of my artistic expression, and the yellow golden glow skin tone portrays a warm feeling of comfort and relaxation under the night sky.

In this painting, acrylic medium and mixed media was used. The moon was painted with “pearl mica” which is an acrylic based media that is in the form of iridescent flakes. A clear base coat “lightly coated” of open medium thinner and mixture of pearl mica with a clear glaze as my top coat to seal in the flakes to adhere to the canvas.

*Notation: This painting was part of the “The Things I Dream About Project” that received Gallery representation in Brooklyn, NY at the Art House Library & Gallery. It remained in their Permanent Collection for about 10 to 12 years.

Other Dream Projects & Collections also remain in the Art House Library & Gallery in their Permanent Collections from previous tours in the 2011 USA Tour; 2012 World Tour; & 2015 USA Tour.

1. Notation Reference: Dream Projects & other Collections that stemmed from AHLG representation led to commissioned works for private collectors. The commissioned works produced for private collectors now remain in “Private Collections” across the globe.

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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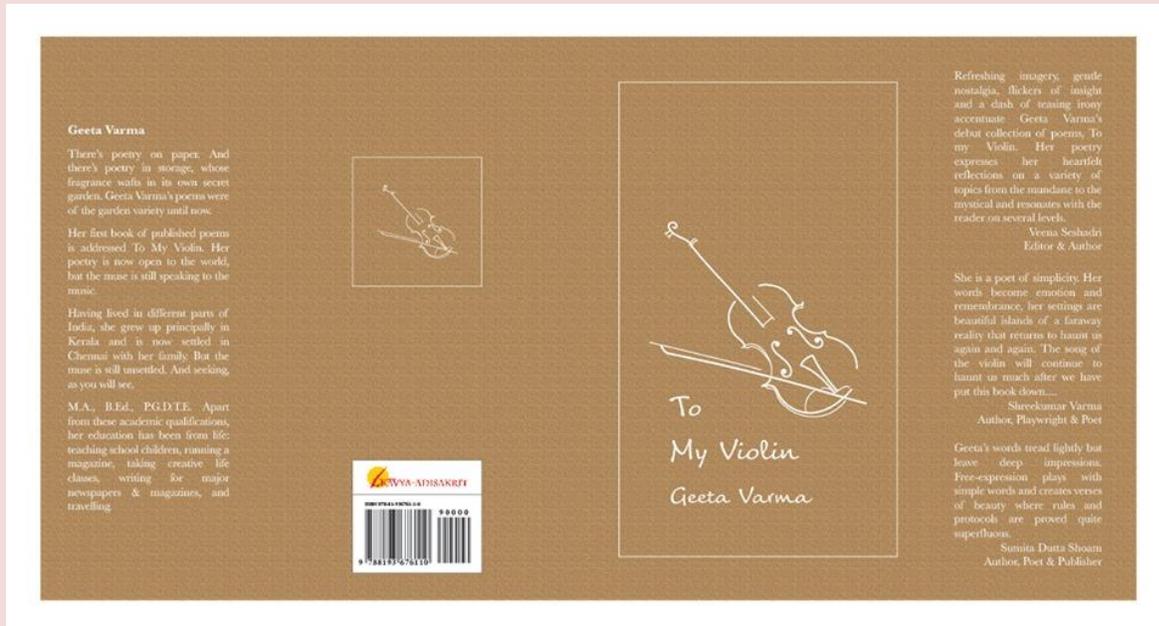
BACKGROUND MUSIC: Instrumental of songs from Hindi Movie, "Veer Zaara"

BOOK OF THE MONTH

To My Violin

Published by Adisakrit Publications

Poems By Geeta Varma



Book Available At

<https://www.amazon.in/dp/8193676114>

https://www.amazon.com/my-Violin-collection-poems/dp/1986773922/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1524859089&sr=8-1&keywords=To+my+violin+by+Geeta+Varma

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

There's poetry on paper. And there's poetry in storage, whose fragrance wafts in its own secret garden. Geeta Varma's poems were of the garden variety until now.

Her first book of poems is addressed To My Violin. Her poetry is now open to the world, but the muse is still speaking to the music.

Having lived in different parts of India, she grew up principally in Kerala and is now settled in Chennai with her family. But the muse is still unsettled. And seeking, as you will see.

M.A., B.Ed., P.G.D.T.E. Apart from these academic qualifications, her education has been from life: teaching school children, running a magazine, taking creative life classes, writing for major newspapers and magazines, and travelling.

REVIEWS

<https://kitaab.org/2018/07/11/book-review-to-my-violin-by-geeta-varma/>

Refreshing imagery, gentle nostalgia, flickers of insight and a dash of irony accentuate Geeta Varma's debut collection of poems, To My Violin. Her poetry expresses her heartfelt

reflections on a variety of topics, from the mundane to the mystical and resonates with the reader on several levels.

~**Veena Seshadri, Editor and Author**



THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Aakash Sagar Chouhan: Aakash is a nomadic poet from Rourkela, Odisha, India. He co-authored “Between Moms and Sons” along with Mrs. Geethanjali Dilip (Geethamma). He also teamed up with eight eminent Indian Poets and launched “The Virtual Reality” in Kolkata. Since then, he has contributed to several anthologies. He now awaits the sequel of “Between Moms and Sons- II” launch with Geethamma this year.



Name: Aakash Sagar Chouhan

Occupation: Poet and Team Leader, Avanze Group, Salem

Books/e-Books: Between Moms and Sons Series, The Virtual Reality, Plant Poetry, Glomag

Favorite book: From Sex to Super consciousness by Osho

Favorite movie: "Lucy" and "Limitless" would be two of them.

Favorite song: Yet to compose

Favorite Hobby: Strumming to sing a Poem.

Favorite color: Black

Favorite sport: Looking inside.

Favorite food: Baked minds.

Life philosophy: "Play the Game"

One liner describing you: "I am am!"

Favorite holiday destination: My heart.

Favorite quote: "Love is is"

Birthday: 10th Dec' 1984

Sign off message: A dream together makes it reality.

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A NAMELESS SCENE

Blue skies with an open eye,
Sees us always but tis' unseen;
The air also got ears everywhere,
Hearing this silence between;
Places have spaces to feel and fill,
A nameless scene.

The tameless tongue of life endlessly talks,
Gentle steps of sound aimlessly walks;
In a land of footprints resting in peace,
Pieces of time in empty hands to please.



Aakash Sagar Chouhan: Aakash is a nomadic poet from Rourkela, Odisha, India. He co-authored “Between Moms and Sons” along with Mrs. Geethanjali Dilip (Geethamma). He also teamed up with eight eminent Indian Poets and launched “The Virtual Reality” in Kolkata. Since then, he has contributed to several anthologies. He now awaits the sequel of “Between Moms and Sons- II” launch with Geethamma this year.



Prairie Indian Encampment/Artist: John Mix Stanley

American, 1814-1872

INDIANS

For many centuries, the cold waters of the oceans flooded the ice bridge

And old Asia has forgotten about the existence of a new land – America.

Frosts and the white desert blocked the trails of human migrations.

Those, who passed, went towards the Sun and greenery.

There is silence, as the tramp of buffalo herds passed and the dust settled.

The slender tents disappeared and winds have blown fumes from the campfires.

Now golden ears of wheat reign on the vast plains
And blustering plumes of corn conquer the landscape.

Nothing is left of the past.

The times of brave warriors are gone irrevocably
Although the stone arrowheads are still stuck in the ground
And ancient songs are humming by a few old men with eagle features.

Manitou abandoned the prairie and left his brave people.

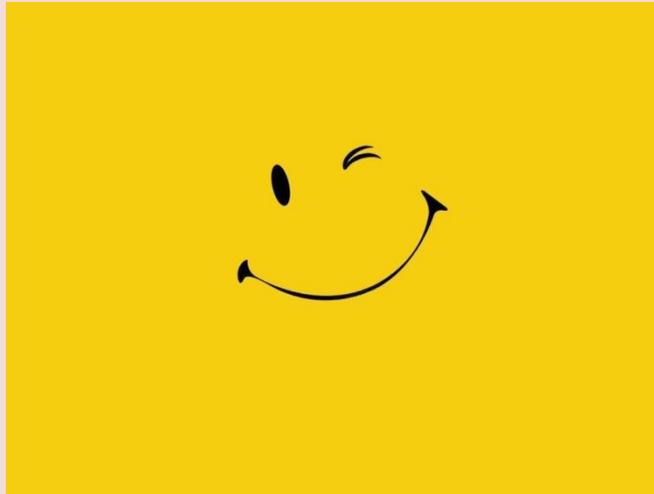
The Indians learned the taste of failure, the bitterness of new life.

They vegetate trapped in the vapors of alcohol - the gift of a white man.

History added a new chapter when integration was closed in reservations.



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



DINNER JOKE

Stabbing the Atlanta blonde sales manager's right wrist with my salad fork, Ouch!, she yelped, followed by my confession that the forking was purely accidental before bridging the room's momentary hush by asking, Was it good for you?, though never learning if she did or did not blush as she howled hysterically with the rest of the corporate brass around the table.



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



LIONEL MESSI—THE POET OF SOCCER

(A sonnet on Lionel Messi. I dedicated the poem to Muhammad Sohell Rana, the greatest fan of Messi I've ever come across.)

You are the poet of soccer, Lionel Messi
As if with Football you wrote 'The Odyssey'
Like Homeric simile is your every dribbling
With poetic elements replete is your playing

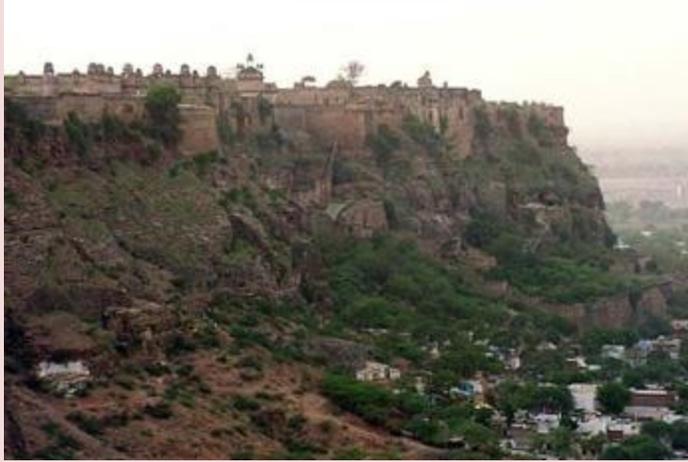
Who call you just a footballer or sportsman?
You belong to the great poets like Chaucer
You have truly blessed the arena of soccer
The poet could not help but be your great fan

Sometimes you lose games with no goals
Your win pleases us and loss pleases haters
You are therefore the happiness of all souls
You are beyond win or loss so far as art matters

You may not win World Cup but won the heart
As you have turned the mere game into an art.



Aminool Islam: A bilingual poet, he weaves poetry in both Bengali, his mother tongue, and English. He also weaves English sonnets. He did his M.A in English literature from National University, Bangladesh. He is currently the sub-editor of a literary magazine named Neeharika.



Ageing is watching many empires slowly pass by. I hear you within me, your voice being ageless. A familiar age-old Maratha surge rages, the train closing on to a life, our breathing even grows closer. Gwalior in its ageing grandeur suddenly encompasses the body, your laughter riding many duskdawns, I had even put charcoal lines to it. Longing a fevered noon is our closeness at Gwalior in a cacophony of such restless empires. Their dreaded departure fading in storms, birds come to rest on skeleton trees. Skies imbibe in such memories. Loving you is the wilderness, an eye recoiling to your words spoken, images inherent to much such coherence.



Amitabh Mitra: He is a poet, visual artist and a medical doctor, based at East London, South Africa.



Only you too saw what I saw in myself

And I what others saw in you

We cannot say we mirrored each other

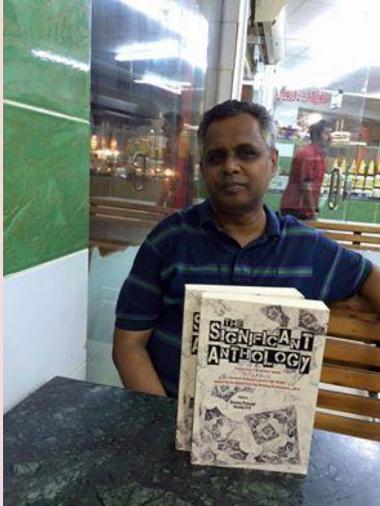
I have no words to describe the falling of shadows of trees
on night grass

picked up by eyes sharp to notice their curvature

from root to lengthening crown on the ground

but you could evoke the sight in your words

While in my silences between my rough words you saw
hiding the veins of gold in the rock
which were born of years of waiting
when no one else would watch.



Ampat Koshy: I am a poet, fiction writer, editor, anthologist and literary critic or theoretician residing in Jazan, Saudi Arabia. I work as an Assistant Professor, in the English Department, of Jazan University. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 1 collection of short stories, 2 poetry collections, 1 book on poetry, and 2 books of co-written essays and edited or put together and contributed to 1 critical anthology, 3 mixed anthologies, 3 poetry anthologies and 2 short story anthologies. Recently I have been given the Ambassador of the Word title by a Spanish organization.



QUEEN OF ARTS

You watch it when she starts to move

Even if it's just a walk

Seems like it's a walk on the moon

That's no simple talk

Dancing feet

Turn on the beat

She's surely going to burn the floor

Walking around

Rocking the town

Even if it's just a lore....

Now you watch it when she starts to croon

Even before she stops to dance

Seems like a gifted child

With all the feelings

That's not so mild

Beverly's seen

Crooning a tune

Tip toeing all too soon

Skating along, on a song

Breaking all the famous rules

Watch it when starts to move

Even if it's just to talk

Seems she's getting to start

She's the Queen of Arts

Queen is seen

A very pretty scene

She surely is made for more

One can tell

It rings a bell

She's growing, And

She'd grow all the more

I remember.....

Baby feet

Toddling on the beat

She surely was burning the floor

Walking around

And now she's crooning too...

She surely is made for more!!!



Anand Abraham Pillay: He is a writer, singer, dancer, artist, and athlete. He is currently living in Mumbai and is Senior Manager with AAI, Mumbai Airport. He loves to cook, loves adventure and loves travelling, and is a naturalist.



WOMAN ALWAYS RESPECT YOURSELF

Walk the solitary path of truth

Optimism is the recipe for wellbeing

Modesty defines your inner strength

Anxiety should never enter your heart

Never estrange yourself from compassion.

Assert yourself with integrity

Linger in the rivers of hope

Wage war against insolence

Aspire to achieve your ambitions

Yesterday is only a memory

Set your heart afire with passion.

Rise up woman in chains

Escape the chambers of mental torture

See the world through a beautiful lens

Pulsate with songs of freedom

Electrify your psyche with nobility

Claim your self-respect and honour

Trust your inner voice to guide you

You are uniquely designed

Only you can make the difference

Utter respectful words in any situations

Recognise your inner beauty

Seek those who promote you

Exude your positive outlook

Leave the pulses of negativity

Forgive yourself to taste freedom.



Angela Chetty: I am a poet residing in Durban, South Africa. I work as a consultant. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published a poetry anthology. International Poetry awarded me as an Elite Poet in the 2018 Poet's Showcase and Yearbook which honours top writers and best original poetry. From The Heart featured two poems as Editor's Choice for the most heartfelt and meaningful prose in the Annual Valentines edition.



RAIN AND TEAR

Rain brings your memory to me
With its sound and new fragrance
Raindrops beating upon leaves
Remind me how your eyes used to dance

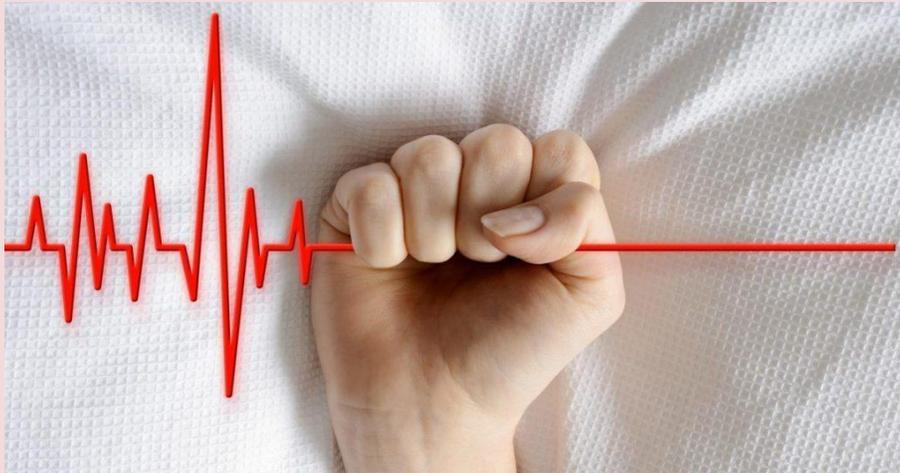
Rain with its coolness and purity
Gives me your sublime love and care
With their diamond glint raindrops
Remind me of stars in your hair

Rain with its moderate pace runs
Down valleys, streets, fields and creeks

Remind me how tears of parting
In silence flows down your cheeks



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku): I am a poet residing in Brajrajnagar, Odisha, India. I work as a mine surveyor. I have contributed to various national and international anthologies. I have also published two poetry anthologies. I am presently working on my third anthology on romantic poetry.



Is there a reason

Or just a fancy

Is there a logic

Or a contrived fantasy

You do know when you're gone

You ain't gonna be mocking our karma

From wherever you are

As you did on terra firma

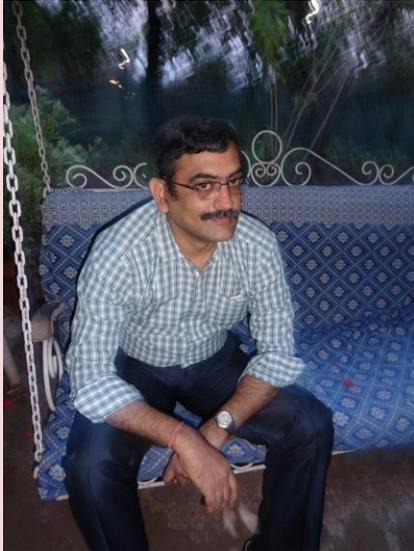
Then i must verily believe

That the mind tends to deceive,

Think of those who didn't want to go

But had no choice, they were chosen so

If clear of mind and sound of body
And enough greenbacks to get you by
Dedicate your days to serve the needy
Instead of a selfish, "Goodbye"



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



LIONEL'S LONELINESS

Considered as one
of the greatest
but anyhow fails
national test,
time and again
without any gain,
but is just human
destined to fall again,
he touch
the stars
nearly everyday
but not in his
all eternal way,

despite his unequal genius
he doesn't owe
the world cup
but football owes
the world cup to messi,
with so much of other
exploits and records,
he is living loneliness
inside out,
determined to stem
the drought,
for he knows that
excellence for own nation
brings unequal respect and adulation,
besides personal salvation,
if that doesn't happen
anyway or any day,
be sure that the world

is not meant for one
as beautiful and dutiful
as him,
and also be sure
we are going to miss
the man when he is gone,
great men never ever tire
but one day
they will have to retire.



Ashish Kumar Pathak: He is a middle school teacher posted in Munger district of Bihar, India. His works were recently featured in fragrance of Asia, unkept resolutions, east meets West and GloMag anthologies. He has got a letter of appreciation from President of India for his poem.



Phuket, Thailand, 2018 by Asoke Kumar Mitra

SOMETIMES...

Sometimes like a mist on a Sunday morning you come,

To tame the wild buried within

Dense yellowed leaves blew ceaselessly

Where to go

Suddenly a translucent curtain

You opened the window

The clock strikes slowly, no hurry

My heart knows

Shaken dreams, obstinate crossroads

No definite place to go

Sometimes

Walking around

An empty soul weeps alone

You left like wind, not really to back again.



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



ANTHEM FOR OUR OWN CHILDREN

We love pets and so we chose to be parents and tactfully steal their childhood.

We love horses and so we pitilessly burden them with our unbridled desire.

We love dogs and so we rob them off their spontaneous movement.

We love parrots and so we make them devour the dry yellow pages.

Children of immortality they are not.

Children of love they are not.

Children of 'man' they are not.

They are investments.

They are corporate.

They are crippled.

Destined

Dizzied

Doomed.



Avik Kumar Maiti: He is a poet and writer from Midnapore. He is a permanent ESL teacher at Belda Gangadhar Academy, West Bengal. He likes to travel, explore the locale with cultures, to drink life to the lees', passion in humanity and drenched in literature. He believes that God is there and one day everything will be fine again. He believes in the flame eternal that is within us, which may cause a miracle with just a sympathetic touch.



WHO WILL BELIEVE THEM?

She is so young,

Each day is fun.

She suspects nothing,

Thinks everyone loving,

Everyone nice,

Everyone warm,

With not a one

To do her harm

A toothy smile charms her.

It's wolf teeth harm her,

Pickaxes on ice

He is so young
Each day is fun.
He suspects nothing,
Thinks everyone loving,
Everyone nice,
Everyone warm,
With not a one
To do him harm

A toothy smile charms him.
It's wolf teeth harm him,
Pickaxes on ice

Who will believe them
If they tell
Of pickaxes on ice?
Who will speak for them
If they tell

Of pickaxes on ice?

And what if they ask:

Is anyone loving?

Is everyone ice?



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.



CARBON FOOTPRINT

The planet's environment

Can really do

Without pollution

Coming from you

The atmosphere

Needs your care

Please don't go around

Ignorant and unaware

Our sea life

Don't need another plastic

Showing them concern

Would be fantastic

Our biomes

Will only survive

If we work daily

To keep them alive

Reduce your carbon footprint

Release less carbon dioxide

Too many species

Has already died

You can be responsible

Protecting what is dear

I'm saying this out loud

So everyone can hear

Let's join hands

And save our precious planet

Recycle and reduce waste

Should become a daily habit



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



There was lot of blood in the street

lot of people around

all surprised

whose blood is it

police drew chalk mark around

cleared crowd

crowd moved, stopped

hand cart, a bundle

breeze played with covering cloth

moved a dead man

old, wrinkles on his face all over

lot of grey hair

lot of chalk, charcoal

photographs of Jesus, Sai Baba, Hanuman, Shiva
few coins, currency notes/Che Guevara T shirt full of blood
Crowd looked back Sai Baba sketched in charcoal frame
below in bold in red-Sab Ka Maalik Ek.

Next day's newspaper carried a report

Death of street side secular artist—name not known—let us
call him Anonymous.



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. I am writing poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



MEDUSA

I turn folks to stone, what's a girl to do?
Cold snakes hold sway above my head and reel
Over my cursed scalp. There is none who
Can love me, none whose kindness I can feel.
Once I was beautiful, and that is why
Poseidon raped me. Yet Athena's rage
Ran on his victim before time to cry
For pity; thus my life began this stage.
Life? A girl is dead but a monster prowls
In her place with reptilian tresses,
All breathing joy turns dead before my scowls

Due to a god's assaulting caresses.

What can I do but haunt this clammy cave

And pray at least to find peace in my grave?



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



DOWNFALL

Staring out my window

Rain steadily sheds its grief

Same as the weeping in my heart

How could I ever know

The pain would only increase

Should have ignored you from the start

Slowly you gained my trust

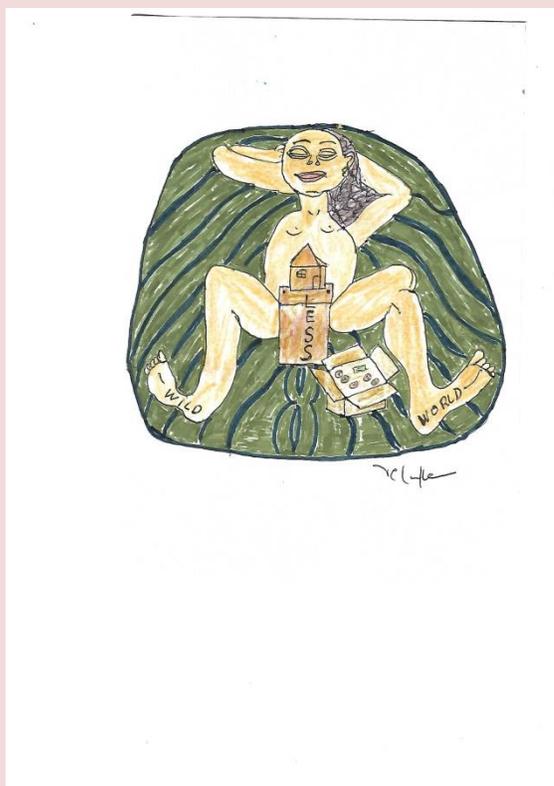
Thought our love would last a hundred years

I gave you everything, gave you all

Your indifference caused a cloudburst
Of an everlasting flood of tears
Condemned me to a downcast downfall



Daginne Aignend: Pseudonym for the Dutch poetess and photographic artist Inge Wesdijk. Daginne posted some of her poems her fun project website www.daginne.com. She's the co-editor of Degenerate Literature, a poetry, flash fiction, Arts E-zine. She has been published in several Poetry Review Magazines, in the anthologies 'Where Are You From?' and 'Dandelion in a Vase of Roses'.



HOMELESS HA'NINI

Mother, there is a Child in the street

Ha'Nini told me his name is

More alone than a moon.

He says he is cold

And he is asking for money

to go to a place

Where to sleep well.

- Son, give to him five euros
To go and stay overnight
In the pilgrim hostel
And tell him that tomorrow goes
To the Archbishopric
Where Caritas put its flag
And they are well provided for beds
And desires for to eat.

-Make up his mind
Tell to him
That in this beautiful Country
There is Charity to tasting
Like with watermelons and melons
And that, in White Sources
There is a water source
Where he will drink
If you say yes.



Daniel de Culla (1955): He is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.



EMILY AS I TRAVEL SLOWLY

We bought a big house.

I don't ever want to move.

I thought if we spent

this money I wouldn't

have to. Now, I'm to go

on vacation? I wanted

to get lost in this house.

This is why Emily won't

let me move to the woods.



Darren C. Demaree: He is the author of five poetry collections, most recently “The Nineteen Steps Between Us” (2016, After the Pause Press). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology and Ovenbird Poetry. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.



BODIES CURVED OF STONE

The rain poured harder, as the sky changed its colour to a darker shade of slate.

They walked through the endless shower, holding hands without any cover on their head.

The gushing drops drenched them down, to the most intimate curves of their body and clothes are now just an incumbent hug to enfold their primitive soul.

They walked as their footsteps imprint their marks on the red mud road, which will eventually be laved back to even by the descendants of the outpour.

They walked and walked conversing with the silent languages of the pounding of their heart, not only betwixt

themselves but also with the earth, surrounding them like the sleeping petals of a rose.

And the stream of Gulmohar tree flowing through the twain side of the road, continued to kiss them every now and then with the dripping of their vibrant scarlet petals.

They walked holding hands getting soaked in the soft love, the universe was emptying on them and they walked and walked to the end of the road where the woods begin.

She hold his hands tighter moving to him closer now and they walked and walked into the woods and the rain kept coming down.

Her long hair kept stuck with her bare back spreading all along to her swarthy waist and the endless drops continued dripping and rippling along her forelocks to her soft girlish flesh.

The tips of her blossoms were now eminent underneath the wet cloth veiling them, and he felt the unassailable urge under his skin to take her into his embrace.

They stopped deep into the wood, both hearts pounding hard and their juvenile body came closer to taste the primitive Love.

To bodies curved of stone, lushed and danced with the
rhythm of their moan,
as the leaves of shakhua and piyal kept dripping on them
through the dusky teal.



Debjani Mukherjee: She is a MBA in applied management with a mind lay bared to soak up every occurrence around her and pour it down on paper. She is a sensitive soul to feel and understand the world and captivate it into her words.



A PRAYER

If I could turn the Sahara to sugar cane and give some of it
to the land-hungry

so that our paradise is not turned into purgatory

If I could melt the ice of Siberia and help the land to hum
with life,

And give some of it to every landless person in this angry
world.

If I could take a little of the Kalahari and help it become
green

So tyrants might be less free with our enterprises.

If I could make a little of the Atlantic, Land,

and give some of it to Irish Catholics and to Irish
Protestants,

to the Germans, French, Argentinians and the Italians,
so bombs will not lacerate children and vital, vigorous
people will not be paralysed.

If I could turn a little of the Pacific into land so that the
wealthy Americans

could fight in it among themselves, so that they might stay
away from Vietnam, Cuba and Grenada.

If I could teach the Russians that they have enough land
and had no need to invade Hungary, Czechoslovakia or
Afghanistan.

If I could but gift oil to the Anglo Americans,

So that their killers might stay away from Iraq and
Afghanistan,

And not maim children, eviscerate the aged, break the
hearts of innocent human beings.

If I could teach soldiers that invading another's country is
criminal,

That destroying families, homes, hospitals, schools, bridges,
people,

Is criminal.

If I could teach people to be satisfied with God's bounty
and not steal.

If I could teach people that there is no happiness in another
person's unhappiness
or life in another's death.

If I could teach people not to strangle this beautiful Earth
with their progeny and annihilate other Species.

If I could teach people that religion cannot mean hate,
and that arrogance is merely a symptom of decay and
doom.

If only, O Lord!

If only!

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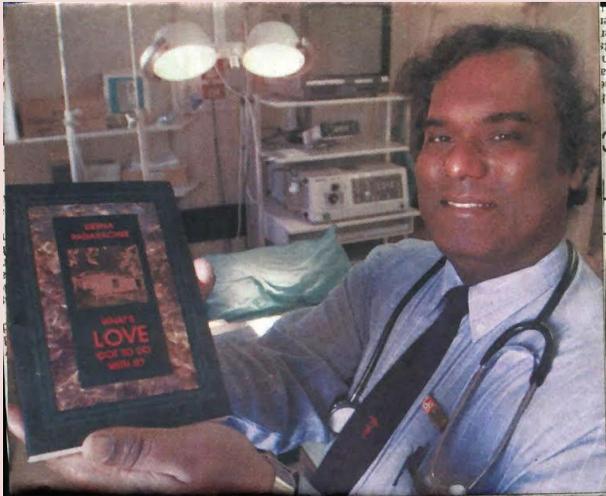
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Deena Padayachee: I am an Author and Poet, residing in Durban, South Africa. I work as a physician. I have contributed to various international and South African anthologies. Three of my books have been published. I have been awarded the Olive Schreiner prize for prose by the English academy of Southern Africa.



NOT JUST ABOUT MAKING LOVE

The matter wasn't just about making love,

The matter was about sitting together,

Hand in hand, in silence,

On the veranda overlooking the valley,

Just feeling the touch, the warmth of each other,

And letting the magnificent view,

Immerses us into an extraordinary joy.

The matter wasn't just about making love,

The matter was about walking together for miles in the woods,

To watch the spectacular sunset from the view point,

Letting the rays of the setting sun,

Wash our body leaving a golden hue,
And getting us overwhelmed with an unspoken emotion.
The matter wasn't just about making love,
The matter was about sharing our moments together,
About promising not to let go,
About feeling the joy and pain of each other,
Being happy together and suffer together,
To live a life, entangled with each other,
With a promise to go to the grave together.
That would have been unrealistic, perhaps never to
happen,
But the matter was about the faith in the promise,
It wasn't just about making love.



Dipankar Sarkar: I am only a part-time poet residing in the city of joy, Kolkata, India. I work as a senior executive in the education sector. I love writing but I am yet to publish any work except my poems in Glomag. I am an ever optimistic person in spite of the many battles that I lost and some that I won. I am working on the first book of mine on humanity and the world that I have seen so far.



EXISTENTIAL ECHOES

The Blue Forest – I should hear the deafening crush of rotten leaves beneath my swollen feet but instead I hear the cries of nature begging humanity to ease its chokehold strangling final contortions caused by mankind’s forced engineered macabre metamorphosis in its insatiable thirst for knowledge on a higher plane, searching endlessly for the meaning of life beyond this planet – Frantically looking for tangible proof of an unseen parallel universe only whispered in treasured verse documented by those who walked this earth before us – Their visions floating as ash born from the melting earth below us, covering our existence with the memories of eons ago. I hear them whispering as I try to find my way back through this blue forest.

Green Skies – I remember wanting to drown in my self-inflicted liquid melancholy and drift away to a deeper mental cavity but my desired captivity was not meant to be as I found myself floating upwards towards green skies forcing my tired lifeless eyes on darkening toxic green skies – I saw golden eagles falling from the sky, their feathers scorched by what we released into the air after another nuclear nightmare ; The air thick with choking cries of the unknown, the forgotten, the invisible...

Black Earth – The silence deafening my mind bursting my memories fading as I walk along a deserted narrow path with only scattered swirling ash surrounding each step I take – Where to? I don't know but I am compelled to continue forward, as the path behind me is now covered with the ashes of everything and everyone we have destroyed but why am I still here? I hear it – A siren, a warning, a beckoning, the final reckoning?

I long for blue skies. I yearn to see with new eyes. I'm here...



Don Beukes: He is a bilingual South African British writer and the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles' (Creative Talents Unleashed) and 'Icarus Rising - Volume 1' (Alien Buddha Press). His poetry has been anthologized in numerous collections and translated into Afrikaans, French, Farsi and Albanian. He was nominated for the Pushcart Poetry Prize in 2016 and the Best of the Net in 2017 by Roxana Nastase, editor of Scarlet Leaf Review for his trilogy 'Esorfo Ygolirt/Trilogy of Rose'. His debut South African publication is due in August 2018 in a unique anthology with three prominent South African poets.

Fin Sorrel: He is the founding editor for Mannequin Haus (Infii2.weebly.com). He is the author of Caramel Floods (Pski Porch, 2017) and Sand Library (ABP, 2018).

justice

stiffens into lawform

melts in passion's heat

dissipates

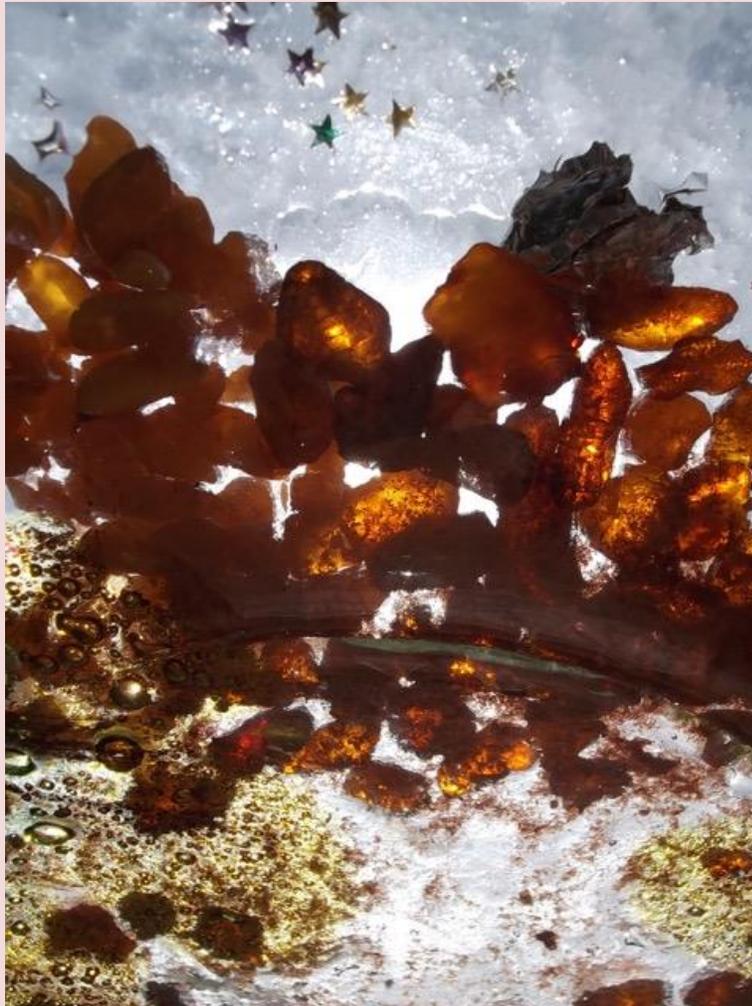
back

into myst ery

just/ice



Duane Vorhees: After teaching for the University of Maryland University College in Korea and Japan for decades, Duane Vorhees retired to Thailand before returning to his native Farmersville, Ohio, in the US. He is currently rehearsing for a local charity comedy and is the proprietor of duanespoetree.blogspot.com, a daily e-zine devoted to the creative arts.



UNSATISFIED

She remembers how
from the salty bay
you picked out
covered in patina amber.
Like the wind,
like the murmur of the sea

it opalesces
with the echo of those days.

She strokes it
with the thirsty hands.
She is still unsatisfied,
she still has the memories
and she is still waiting,
but now
– only for dreams.



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



THE ORDER

Ping

"Can I take your order?"

"Let's see???" ...while biting on her lower lip.

Something different?

What's different?

New? New! New...

Try something new today.

I will take one of those...

A piping Hot...

Tall,

Dark,

Handsome

A dash of cute dimples.

Oh oh oh and a beard.

Neat.

Clean.

And nice hair, he has to have nice hair...

Yes, please, to run my fingers through them...

His laughter. He has to be funny yet cool and calm.

Passionate. Got to have passion or else I will get bored.

Of course oozing confidence won't be a negative.

Only the very best for me. I deserve it!

.

Ummm strong arms...

No no not big arms, strong arms...

Wait cancel that... Normal arms will do...

We can always work on the bear hugs!

Killer abs... or it's off to gym for him.

And moves to match...has to have style! Not negotiable!
Period!

Mc Dreamy eyes!

Mc Steamy wit1

Wait wait wait... lips, tasty lips!

Yes I don't mind the extra charge for tasty lips!

But they have to be tasty!

No compromise on that!

or I'm returning it for a full refund!



Fathima Zara Khan: I am 29 years old. Scorpion by nature, Poet by pain, Lawyer by profession...Lover of life by choice! I started writing when my tears stopped flowing about life's trials and tribulations. It's an escape and my own personal survival guide.



Floating

Is imbalance

I plant a few trees

To be rooted

The reflections

Cut my solitude

At a distance another silent island

Provides some comfort

A lone violet

Adorns the water

Rocks and ripples

Are connections

The sky

Appears to be

Hopelessly romantic

Fluffy white and blue

Happiness is the fragrance

All around

I am an island

Living and loving it



Gauri Dixit: She is a software professional from Pune, India. She is an avid reader and regularly writes in poetry groups on Facebook. Her poems have been published in multiple anthologies. Her poems were featured in the Poet's Corner for the E-zine 'Mind Creative' published from Sydney Australia and Learning and Creativity e magazine.



YOU AND I

Let us fix a date out of the calendar
and go for a ride to somewhere out of this world

Let's not talk about grocery and high price

No home loan...jewellery or life insurance

Rather we will feed our soul with poetry of life

We will rise with the sun and sleep peacefully on the
horizon

We will fly with the wind and kiss the mountain tops

Will satiate our thirst in the soothing rain

When we sing rainbow coloured songs
A living canvas will emanate
with all the hues of love and life
Let love be the centre of our universe
Let us find a world beyond the terrestrial boundary..



Gayatree G Lahon: She is a poet from Assam. She did her masters in English Literature from Gauhati University and presently working as a teacher. Poetry is her passion. She draws inspiration from nature, love and the beauty and complexities of life. Her poems have been published in newspapers, anthologies and magazines, in India and in foreign countries too.



Pic by Gayatri Mavuru

I am little butterfly

Tiny... Delicate ... colourful ... and full of Life

Let me tell you my story

I too have some past to carry

One fine day

As a part of my life's play

I too felt like

My tears were burning

My blood was freezing

My heart was crying

My brain was bleeding

My breaths were choking

My ears were echoing

My tongue was drying

My skin was shedding

My nerves were shaking

And my whole body was dying off

But, but

I didn't let my dreams die

Believe me I too cry

That day

I cried on my own shoulders

I hugged myself

I pampered myself

I stood for myself

I realized that

It's not the last day of my life

I should and I have to live for sure

With all my senses

I felt my pain

And that day I have seen myself

Getting transformed into a beautiful butterfly

From a caterpillar

So my dear friend

You might be feeling the same the way i felt that day

Don't worry for those

Who insult you

Criticize you judge you

And finally leave you...

This is your life

You have to live it at any cost

Kill your fears

Kick your insecurities

Kiss your possibilities

And create your own opportunities

stretch yourself a bit more

believe in yourself a bit more

love yourself a bit more

And hold your head high a bit more

Imagine....

Very soon

you are going to flutter your wings

You are going to live your dreams

You are going to fly high... really high

And one day for sure... you are going to

Reach up to the sky.... reach up to the sky... reach up to the
sky...

And that's how every Butterfly is born...



Gayatri Mavuru: She is a Bhubaneswar-based poet, artist, social activist, choreographer, educator and social entrepreneur. She is the founder and Director of Cherry Blossoms Pre-School. She is also the founder and a managing trustee of Sri Gayatri Vidya Vikas Educational Trust, which deals with women empowerment and education for the underprivileged, and promotes art, culture, literature and heritage. Her book 'Sizzling Verses - Drizzling Colours' presents a unique blend of poems and paintings, attesting her skill in using the pen and the paintbrush with equal finesse. Her works have been published in various national and international magazines. She has also contributed poems to more than ten

anthologies. Recently, she got featured in the W&Art, a magazine featuring contemporary women in art. Recently she have compiled and edited two national Anthologies entitled Vasudha and Vasudha 2. She describes herself as a painter turned poet, since the colours on her palette inspire her to paint her verses.



Hundred and alone,
she waits,
looking out of the window,
hopeful, once the road clears,
her visitor will certainly come
to carry her away.

The road is a clutter all day
with shops and people
alive, noisy, unaware,
that she watches, conveniently,
from her window,

ancient, dark, large,
no one can spot her.

Her legs ache, get restless,
her eyes water for no reason,
she hears nothing,
her weak voice stays silent,
yet she worries about her children,
now old, they adore her,
as she waits in the darkness,
struggles to walk, holding on to things,
or the bars of the old window,
waiting, for the last hour.



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a Freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling.



OUR BIT

In this whole existential charade
Sings an anonymous minstrel bard
Where a masquerade strides in a yard,
With a sign "Life" carved on unseen placard.

In this virtual but invisible frame,
Every soul entity plays a game,

Every life and non-life with a name,
Spinning as motes from where we came.

If we stop and watch this show,
With wondrous eyes scenes to stow,
A river infinite of time would flow,
As light its myriad rays does throw.

Every soul communicates in silence,
Bees and breeze, flowers and fragrance,
Talking through signs so much sense,
Of creation and destruction in quintessence.

Here we watch in awe the rustle of trees,
While the winds caress foliage to tease,
Time like memories flits and flees,
While memories etch themselves forever with ease.

Every little detail in a puzzle to fit,
This truth unfolding as we quietly sit,
A blueprint that plays a story already writ,
As we play our role and do our bit.



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



SNOW IN OCTOBER

The first snows
Are alighting the land
In October
And the mud in the lake
Is frozen fast on top
But underneath is a duck bill
Enmired
And ensmeared with clay
“Who is the owner?”
I think
A-ducking in the oozy mud
For zoo-o creatures

Swimming, little, meaningless lives

In slime

In time for the Big Freeze,

When all on the surface

Enfrosts to hoar

And ducks pick scrappily at it,

The flakes whirl around the lake,

White and thick and melting

For the quick has not plunged

Far enough below zero

Yet

And the freezing mud on the

Outside

Yields to quagmire within

With the bill of the beak

Of the quack, quack, quack

Enmired in the sludge

Of the pond



Geoffrey Jackson: He has been an intrepid TESOL instructor at 5 universities and 4 colleges, blown off course from England to Holland, Finland, Hungary, Oman, Saudi Arabia and, in the Roaring Forties, to Denmark. A self-described European cosmopolitan and Americanophile with New World dreams, Geoff is the Poetry Editor for Fullosia Press.



BURIED ALIVE

In the graveyard of the buried alive

she screamed and groaned...

moaned

and they sighed...

another one

to tell a story

It was the best day of my life (she said)

there from my coffin

in my best clothes

mascara, rouge and lipstick -

I could hear them praise me soft and low

twas pure bliss!
people in black and mourning
with nothing but good to say of me
highlighting my achievements
played down my bad
and I had been waiting
my whole life for this!

and then they were there
these people in black
my friends, foes
and I don't know
kissing me on my forehead
bidding me goodbye
hardly aware that i was screaming
silently - no one heard my cry

my mind registered bouquets
a malicious eye or two
some tears spilt to wet my face
a whispered word from you

and then they gently closed the lid
and nailed it into place
and lowered me down by ropes
down into the hole
and threw mud upon my face.

hey! 'don't do that!' i cried from where within
i could hear the muddy rain
but bury me they did and an epitaph -
"Buried alive - never to be heard of again!"



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She is the Editor and Publisher of GloMag.



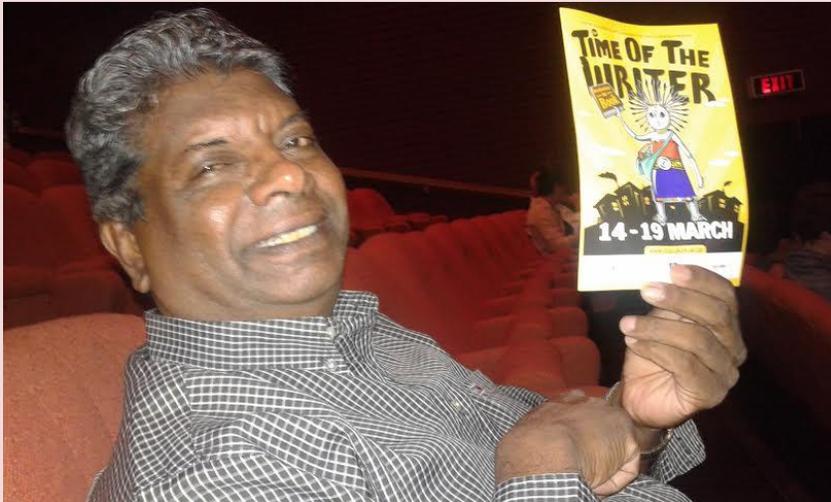
THE STAGE

O' my love you should not pine
you are my confidante,
my lover, my friend
all the roles we act and play
we don't need a script to define us
there is no need to rehearse our roles
you on the stage besides me
you do not need a cue
when you speak your lines
with flawless passion
and the language of the body
speaks a thousand words

there isn't a shadow of doubt
that your feelings burn
deep with a solitary yearning

we share this stage
living and playing many roles
we write the script to our prevailing moods
and the words of love we invent
as we are consumed by the moment
and its intensity
in this lovers romance as the drama unfolds
you are my Juliet and I am your Romeo
and if the sceptics should say
it's an incredulous love story
theatrical farce and make believe
the truth be known to you and I
that the characters we portray
are real life lovers

the world is our stage
i am your leading man
you are my leading lady
you should not languish
your heart should not bleed over life and love
you are not an interloper
trespassing on the stage
you are the reigning diva
when the curtain goes up
the audience with breath held in anticipation
you make a sweeping entrance
I step on the stage beside you
and in a duet sing a lovers ballad
an aria flows in perfect harmony
seducing every lovers heart
with our make believe fantasy



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.



A VOYAGE THROUGH CLEFTS

It arrived, encamped and despatched

Life is just a voyage, it journeys,

A tale of centuries whirling around

If thought, is but a gossip of one night.

Oh dear! Meet me on terminus, if you can

Or Life is just a tramp on endless pathway,

What remark I shall pass on bliss and grief

A few strides they are in your way or mine.

Tracks are in heaps but no final destination

Where to go and where to find my pathfinder?

Satisfied who is in this thirsty world yet
On the lip of dusk my dawn stands waiting.

Mark on the roads I found on every curvature
But a fragile wind washed away the signs,
How closely I looked in the cracks of life
In the hands of autumn I found the hem of my spring.



Imran Yousuf: I am a Poet/Writer/Columnist residing in Anantnag, J&K India. He works as Columnist and Journalist. He has contributed to various international anthologies. He has written a series of articles about great poets of the valley published in various newspapers and magazines which he is compiling in a book now and hopefully will be releasing soon.



A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDMA

My grandma's hands carried
The memory of
The map of Burma
Where she was born.
It is different from
The Myanmar in today's Atlas.
Each wrinkle is a story
That was conceived

From the time she was born.
Her long hair fell below
The knees, so that her mom
Tied it in plaits joined as a bun.
She also wore short white skirts
And played tennis each evening.

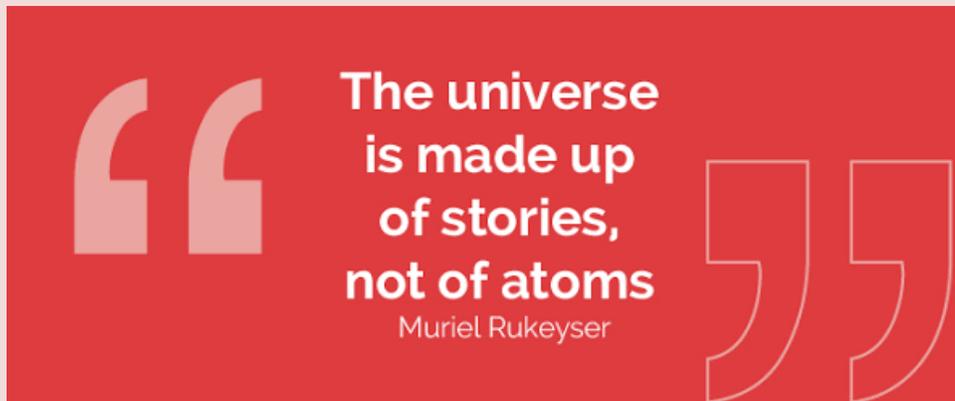
I heard that my grandpa
Married her when she was thirteen --
Enamored of her butter skin and long hair.
She never played tennis again
Or entered a classroom.
But on her deathbed, she sang
"Orange juice and lemons" for me.
Doctors diagnosed her with dementia
Because she apparently did not
Recognize who I was.

Although orange juice and lemons
Are not sold for a penny nowadays;
Yet the rest of the song is true.
The grass is green, the rose is red
And I remember my grandma even
After she is dead.



Jagari Mukherjee: A gold medalist in English Literature from University of Pune, Jagari Mukherjee is an award-winning bilingual poet, writer, and critic from Kolkata, India. Her writings have appeared or are forthcoming in several international newspapers, journals, and anthologies, including Plum Tree Tavern, Labyrinthine Passages, Duane's PoeTree, Vox Poetica, Margutte, Tuck

Magazine, Setu, Night Garden Journal, Scarlet Leaf Review, and others. She was an attendee at the prestigious Bear River Writers' Conference 2018 in Michigan, US and won the Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2018 for her review of Kiriti Sengupta's *Dreams of the Sacred and the Ephemeral* (2017). Her first book, a collection of poems entitled *Blue Rose* (2017), was published by Bhashalipi.



THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

Stories we love to listen

Stories we love to watch

Stories we love to read

Stories we love to share

A lot of stories hither and thither

In fact, the whole world being a story

The art of story-telling

Reveals the perception

Varied they are

Film stars call it bio-pic

Students call it studies

Professionals call it stress

Poets call it poem

And, artists call it an 'Art'!

An art to nurture

To explore the latent gems in the world

To reveal our true-self

To palpate the dew drops

And, to enjoy the peace

Pressure vents

When we narrate

A nano-tale or a story

Or simply 'life'!



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



THE DAY THE TALKING STOPS

Here we are fighting amongst ourselves
agree to disagree in this never ending Hell
I'm better than you because I voted for him
I'm better than you because of the color of my skin
I'm better than you because of where I live
where I was born makes me God
where I am from makes me a saint.

What will you do
the day the talking stops
what will you do
when there aren't any cops

no politicians

no left

no right

what will you do

when eternal night

lights up the sky?

what will you do

the day the talking stops?

When everyone is running for their lives

when everyone is committing crimes

when everyone is judged so harshly

how are you gonna feel?

when you're under the knife?

all of the hatred that you made them feel

all of the consequences

now oh so real

you are now illegal

this is God's world

not mine

not yours

how does it feel?

What will you do

the day the talking stops

what will you do

when there aren't any cops

no politicians

no left

no right

what will you do

when eternal night

lights up the sky?

what will you do

the day the talking stops?

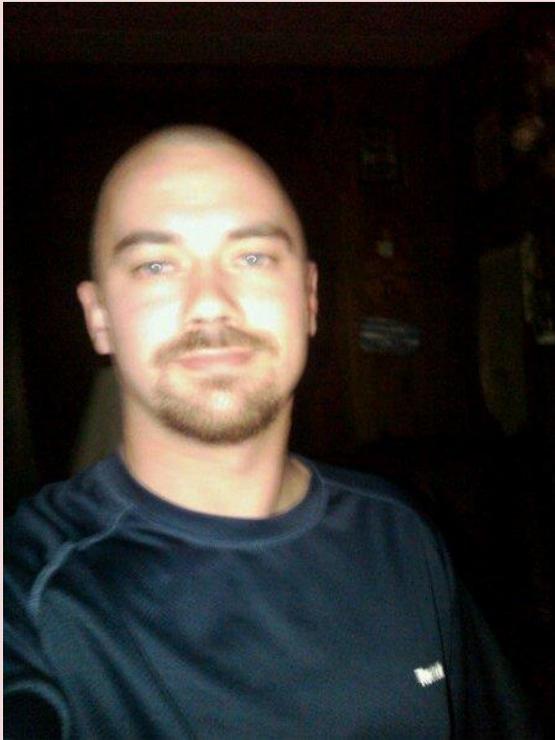
Get out of my country
you don't belong here
you don't have the right to live
free from fear
get out of here
or we lock your kids up
then sign an order to cover it up
enough!
in the end your patriotism won't matter
your borders your laws
all is disaster
do you think judgement day cares
about where you live
all it cares about is your evil sins
you think you're winning now
but wait til it matters
you'll be on your knees pleading
for a happily ever after.

What will you do
the day the talking stops
what will you do
when there aren't any cops
no politicians
no left
no right
what will you do
when eternal night
lights up the sky?
what will you do
the day the talking stops.

The day the talking stops
where will you be?
still yelling illegally?
that's up to God

to judge your eternity
not you and your imaginary borders of insanity.

What will you do
the day the talking stops
what will you do
when there aren't any cops
no politicians
no left
no right
what will you do
when eternal night
lights up the sky?
what will you do
the day the talking stops.



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



ECLIPSE

That handsome weatherman
announced this wonderful phenomena.

Beginning at 9:45 p.m. our earth
will jump between moon and sun --
wham-oo, an eclipse.

So I hurried outdoors looking looking
waiting waiting waiting. No moon.

Wandered down to the river hoping
hoping hoping. But no eclipse, no moon,
no nothing. Same old raggedy clouds,
only darkness with tomorrow on tap.

Tomorrow is Monday, moon day. I will
look for moon glow in every grin and
find this winking universe in your eyes.



Joan McNerney: Her poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, etc. Her latest title is Having Lunch with the Sky and she has four e-books. She has been nominated three times for Best of the Net.



INTO DISCOVERY

When you have risked it all
just to have a taste.

When you have feasted on victory,
yet swallowed defeat.

When you've achieved ambitions,
yet still felt unfulfilled.

When you realized it's not
about what you own, but more
about what you experience.

When you see the sun on the
horizon, or the rising full moon.
Can you feel the unrelenting pull?

When wanting to explore
becomes needing to explore.
It's time to seek the rare,

Seek the path less trodden
and perceive an elation of spirit.

Let your dreams find adventure.
mount your steed and ride into
the rising sun. Into Discovery!



Ken Allan Dronsfield: He is a disabled veteran, poet and fabulist who is a three-time Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Nominee for 2016-2017. His work has been published world-wide in various publication venues. Ken loves writing, art, late evening thunderstorms, walking in the woods at night during a full moon and spending time relaxing.



THE SOMEWHAT SOMALIAN PIRATE

I'm a somewhat Somalian pirate

Seven ships I did frustrate

I don't have many a mate

Just seven of us if you collate

We're rated on a scale of pi

That's how we got our name pirate

7p ?is my score, the highest rate

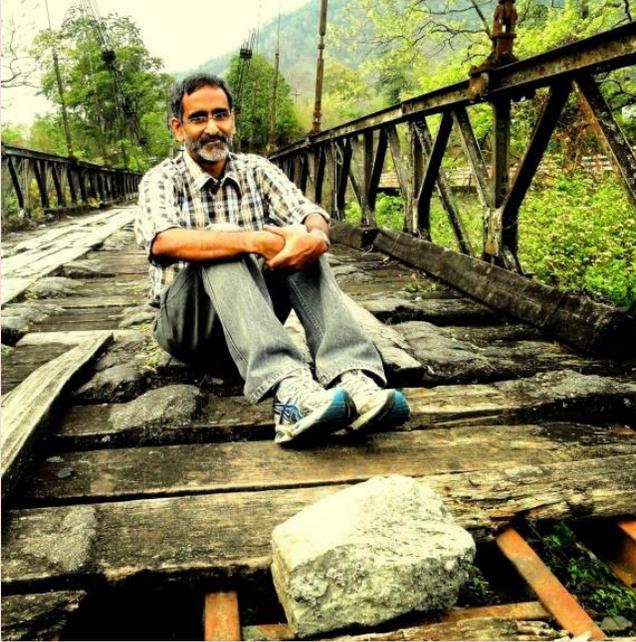
1p is the rookie pirate

who gets 3.14159% of the loot

2p is the rate a junior pirate gets

after he plunders two ships
and he pockets 6.28318% of the loot
Then 3p, 4p and so on

I'm the captain rated 7p
Mine is 22%, it's that high
God gets our last 12 percent
He protects us to the last cent



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



Pic by Kiran Zehra Komail

THE FULL MOON OF JULY

a Kiran Zehra Komail Poem

Darling, June is gone
Now here comes July
But he hasn't come to get me
Sigh, sigh, sigh
But I shall Wait.

The last Saturday of June
Was a magnificent full moon
Said he "My love, I will come

Kiss you and make you mine.”

I waited.

The moon amalgamated with the morning sky.

But never came he, neither sent a note saying why

Then rose the sun of July

Through the clouds cracking colors

And a rainbow saw I.

A note then came saying he hath made plans

To come and hold my hands

But that was going to take time

It was also going to take hope and prayer.

The Buck Moon, he promised.

And as endless as this might seem

I will wait again

He may or may not sky in

But with every passing moon
I will only hope he comes soon.



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



SHE

It's her hand that I miss

It's her glance that I miss

It's her smell that I miss

It's her words that I miss

It's her voice that I miss

It's her care that I miss

Oblivious to all the miss

She was never there to miss

Craving for that love

Wishing for that care

It's a dream for me
It should be duty for her
But amidst finding this dream
She never was on duty
Some have it some don't
But to have it still not have it
Some have something to miss
I don't have that something to even miss
Fortunate or unfortunate
Left alone to grow
Grew to be a grown up
The eyes
The ears
The skin
The heart
Still waits for the dream to be true
Duty or not, would she come?
Is it a waiting game or a lost one?



Lalantika Venkatraman: She is pursuing masters in counselling psychology in Bangalore from Christ college. She has been writing poems since almost 3-4 years now. She can write poems on the subject given to her. But it is essential for her to empathize with the emotions, feel it completely to write. She writes in both Hindi and English. Some of her hobbies are writing, listening to songs, whistling, dancing, and painting. She is an artist and into drawing since her childhood. It is also a medium used by her to express herself. She wishes her poems are a motivation for others to reflect about themselves. She believes strongly in loving and to love, all emerging from gratitude. She is a therapeutic clown too as that is something that has interested her recently.



YOU

You

Yes! You

There's so much

That you can do

If someone tell you, you can't

They lie

You have it within you

Just give it a try

Don't look

At age

Just flip

The page

Start over

Start fresh

Feed your spirit more

Than your flesh

You can be

A doctor or teacher

Maybe also

A lawyer or preacher

I was called a nothing

But God made me a something

Today I'm a Published Poet

And I love writing

I hope what

I've mentioned here

Will be motivational

To you

Don't look

At your age

I hope what

I've mentioned here

Will be motivational

To you mam and sir



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



OVERSHADOWED

I didn't think the circuit would break.

I thought we'd survive the storm.

The tempest overshadowed our words.

Our need to communicate roughly transformed.

Explosive bright flashes of white light,

Seen through a veil of distrust,

Only as harmful, we saw ourselves

Now we have neither love nor hate to bind us.

Your need to control me was wrong.

It's time to change the design.

My need to rely on you misguided.

The timing of this outbreak so much more than fine.



Linda Imbler: She is the author of the published poetry collections “Big Questions, Little Sleep,” “Lost and Found,” and “The Sea’s Secret Song.” She is a Kansas-based Pushcart Prize Nominee. Her work has been published in numerous national and international journals. Linda’s creative process and a listing of publications can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com. When not writing, Linda is an avid reader, classical guitar player, and a practitioner of both Yoga and Tai Chi. In addition, she helps her husband, a Luthier, build classical and acoustic guitars.



SPIRIT DANCE

Note: Dedicated to the loving memory of my childhood hero, the invincible Michael Jackson (August 1958-June 2009), the king of pop music, an artist of incredible caliber who had broken many glass ceilings in a racist, white-dominated America, and dared to dream and live life in his own terms, with impossible dreams and stardust.

Earth of the dark, I had found myself
In Moonwalk, a rich convulsive dance
Voluptuous, nonchalant, you swayed
Emerging from the limpid grey around,
The taut blackness, the blushing smile
The gyrating hips, 'just beat it, beat it, beat it',
Words choking, lips smeared with chaotic spurts of beauty,
Dusk in your skin,
Flesh, blood and poetry

In your dance,
Deep cry, frantic rhymes
In your songs,
A river born in the rhythm of your burning, melting,
writhing, dissolving.

Earth of the dark, all I know is how
The spirit dance shapes you
In centripetal and centrifugal forces
And while the music flows,
Strumming and beating away
To its own crescendo, there it goes
Your frostbitten body, your lovelorn soul
Spelling the epic of chaos,
Restless
Formless,
Resistant,
Exuberant,
Swallowing restraints of tradition.

Earth of the dark, all I know is
How all of it shaped your translucent mould
Hovering in your Neverland
Like a pale shadow of a celestial childhood which was never
born.

Way past the drumrolls,
The frothing
The frivolous, sullen moves,
The trying and testing,
The celebrations of sexuality,
How you hungered for that
One infinite sparkling,
One miraculous consummation.

Earth of the dark, your spirit dance lives on.
Way beyond
The amnesiac crowd
The pangs and tears

The death verdict

The columns of remembrances.



Lopamudra Banerjee: She is an author, poet, editor and translator based in Dallas, Texas, USA. I have published one memoir, one poetry anthology, one translation, and co-edited two fiction anthologies and one poetry anthology. She also received The International Reuel Prize for Poetry in 2017 and The International Reuel Prize for Translation in 2016.



RAIN SPEAKS

Outside my window, I see.

Raindrops, pitter patter on tin roofs.

Begetting a melodious tune of the rains.

Birds chirping in symphony.

The petrichor exhilarating at large.

Dancing in the rains.

On the euphony of life.

Vivid imagery of me and you.

The rain washed greens

and an enchanting hue.

The nostalgic aura

and the bewitching view.



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a bilingual poet from Kolkata (India). She is a poet, writer and a blogger. Her write-ups are featured in various anthologies, national and international literary journals and websites. Madhu is a compassionate person who try and serve humanity.



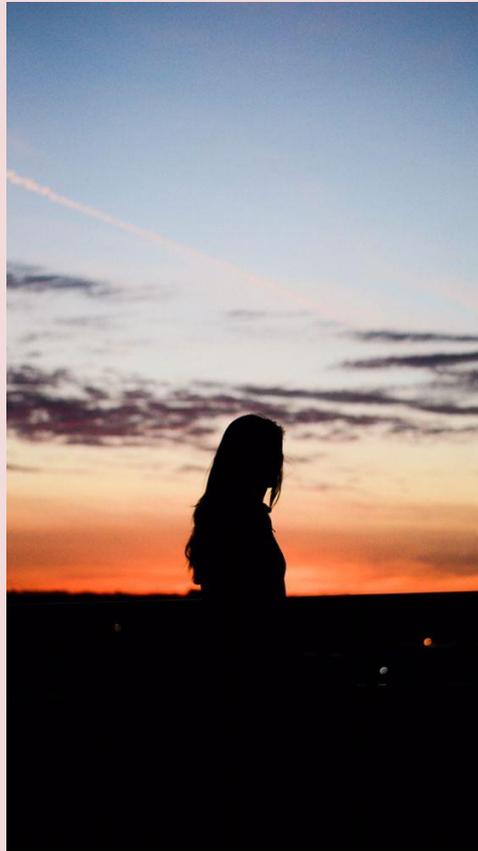
THE SANDSTORM

It came unannounced,
Without any signal or warning,
The Sandstorm!
It engulfed us,
The sand entering from everywhere,
Through the cracks and the crevices,
The chinks and gaps
And the smallest of gaps,
The particles blinded me,
I choked and coughed,
Rubbed my eyes vigorously,

Trying to hold onto you,
But all I could get was dry, grainy sand;
As the water from my eyes streamed down
Clearing my sight a bit..
All I could see was a dry gloom
And an obstructing haze,
I gasped for breath and looked ahead
To see your sandy silhouette
Flying away with the sandstorm,
Becoming one, with it
Mingling with the yellow and brown,
Leaving all the colours behind,
Leaving me!
Perhaps never to return.



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English). A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counselor, 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.



SUNRISE

The daybreak breeze is a messenger

An anonymous vagabond inhaled it and realized

It carries the scents of faraway wild flowers

And the vapours of an orphaned, shortened streams

The skin behind the ear is the first to absorb the

Chillness in the air, quickly savouring it before the

Redness in the sunlight kills it, like it kills miniscule life

The avian songs need no stage, no promotion, no audience

They sing like they are performing everyday verbs.

With no introduction, no writing, no invitation.

A high dazzling light precedes the unraveling of truth,

Blinding the eye, confusing the mind, echoing voices

After struggling for some time, there is a clear vision ahead

The sublime milky light gets shaded with orange hazel

Now you know how she got that colour in her eyes.

Those eyes need that decoration

After saving so many dreams from last night

It's sunrise!



Mahitha Kasireddi: She is from Hyderabad, India. She had been a writer with the online magazine Youth Ki Awaaz. She is a former content director at Campus Diaries. Her poems have been published in literary journals. She is the

writing finalist of the Campus Diaries 25 Under 25 2016 National Contest. She's certified by the University of Iowa for completing the International Writing Program MOOC on how writers write fiction 2016: Storied Women. Her poems are also to be published in an anthology by Author Press India called Women Poetess: Within and Beyond Shore.



Now they rest
in remembrance,
the frost of my heart gropes to reach
the swelling sun ,
smell of ripening mangoes
a lull filling the air,
and you.

The languid noons,
our sleepy neighbourhood,

and the familiar bell of your cycle
beneath the winding iron staircase
of our old house,
where stealthily we met,
~a cauldron of simmering desires.

The heat of the noon
seeping in our skin
lips sucking every bit of sun from within
the sweat, the hunger spreading
like rage of forest fire.

Now summers are
some months in the calendar,
and the droning of air conditioners.

The sweltering noons
the shady mango tree
now flicker
only as memories.



Mallika Bhaumik: The poet had been a student of literature and did her masters in English Literature from the University of Calcutta. She is passionate about writing and many of her poems and stories have been published in National and International anthologies, well-known magazines. She is an event planner by profession and is fond of music, travelling and cooking. She lives with her husband and sons in Kolkata and is a proud Kolkatan.



WHEN IN LOVE

In love, we were once
sesame seeds
nestling into a pan

Surging fragrance
hinged to our hearts
which
we painted together

Our moans,
glowworms webbed
to the music of nights

Gleaming once like
the mistress of an emperor,
our life, similar to
the sound of her anklets

whose beads broke loose
one evening and
we became ascetic drops
pouring from an orphan sky.



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



THE MISSIVE

I sent you loving a massive cloud
Full of intentions teasing but proud
Drenched you with dihydrogen monoxide
Soaked you thru grass even on rockside,
If you have heightened senses
You cannot grow or keep fences
As each leisurely breath you take
I'm there inside, like a placid lake.



Late Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi: Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatelist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



ON FAIRY TALES

There's no romance in waiting to be rescued.

Think about it-

the wait is long and painful.

Pacing the floor of the tower room,

drumming fingers on your chin

Harkening for the clip of hooves

when you could befriend the witch

Slide down your own hair

Make magic with it

Share profits with her

And live happily ever after.

There's no romance in waiting to be rescued
from a cabin in the woods.

Dodging poisoned apples,
cooking, cleaning, scrubbing, washing
for seven, yes seven men.

while you harken for the clip of hooves.

when you could befriend the witch

Walk out into the sunshine

Start your maid service

And maybe meet some men,

Not so vertically challenged?

There's no romance in waiting to be rescued

when you lie comatose,

by the pricking of your thumb,

These Womanly Accomplishments

I always knew were overrated.

for now you lie. unable to harken
For the clip of the hooves.
when you could've befriended the witch
Played with the sword
become the queen
And lived happily after,

but now the journey ends in a wedding.
Think about it
A marriage to just a pretty face?
Wouldn't you rather it ended
In beer-drinking with friends?



Maya Sharma Sriram: She is a full-time poet and writer living in Mumbai India. Her work has appeared in an anthology and in many journals. She has also published a novel. She is an Elle Fiction Award Winner.



IN DECEMBER

In December Miami sun
stands out on the southern
tip of Florida like a full-
blossomed orange,
wind torn sunshine eats away
at those Florida skies.

Spanish accents echo through
Caribbean Boulevard loud
like an old town crier
misplaced in a metro suburb.

Off the east coast ninety miles,
westward winds carry inward
the foreign sounds lifting off
Castro's larynx,
and the faint smell of an
old musty Cuban cigar
touches the sand and the shoreline.



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



ON TAGORE, RAINS AND A DAY OF JULY

After visiting Shonajhuri one spring
Felt to go there again,
In the midst of rains,
When revealed my plans to friends,
They laughed,
'planning to go there during monsoon?
Hey! The place would be filled with mud and slush,
And the weekend market would not be there too!'
Someone said, trying to dissuade me,

But the poet who had written so much on rains,
And who had lived there for long,

Would not it be another way to find him there?

Again?

Or to feel his songs more onto my heart?

His songs of rains?

That I thought,

Dared not to say these to my friends;

But my friends,

Have they not known me for years?

Have they not lived with me and my poems and songs?

'do not you worry! We all are going with you!'

They said in unison

And that settled it;

We reached Shonajhuri that afternoon of July,

It was drizzling then,

Those eucalyptus and gulmohor and several other known
unknown trees

Looked freshened and moist

As if they have got a bath and the breeze

Made them slowly nod their heads,
And we sang,
Seeing them,
The red soil country,
And hearing the sweet pitter patter of rain;

Later at night,
When the sky cleared a bit
And the silvery moon peeped through the cloudlets,
We sat at the open sitting area of our lodge,
And again we thought how Tagore had made moon
Like other celestial things , part of his wondrous creations;
And we thought Shonajhuri and rains and Tagore
All came together to us.



Moinak Dutta: WELCOME! JULEY! BON JOUR! CIAO!

Me? I am nothing...I'm not a conscious poet...I just scribble;
For scribbling is like singing spontaneously...It is like
dancing loving the movements of body...So I live...So I wish
to depart...



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MY YANG AND YIN

Dreams on my tired lashes rest their wings
Orgasmic heart drums, tugs the vignette strings
I pick up the gossamer wings, stitch them
Fly as an Eve into the tempting garden of Eden.

Each night, colourful dreams bloom
Like innocent kids in festive costumes.
I zip to a secret place, never leaving a trace
For someone to follow and discover this space
The human complexities don't exist
Only the things I love are at my fingertips.

I meander in the bleak vortex of autumn,
On cold winter comets sail as a naked phantom;
Smear the sky in different turquoise tinctures
Mottle the sad night with magenta stars
Zoom to a utopia, a paradise of desired altars.

The seductress mind is full of expressions
Roam one foot in heaven, one in perdition
My inner soul leaks thoughts on a blank canvas
Paint the peripheral moon waltzing on Mount Parnassus.

It's an addiction, an unpricked relief
The manifestation, partially an imagination, partially a
belief
That manipulates and destroys the void within

A chalice of solace, from which I drink my sins

Balance my existence, the yang and the yin.

(In Chinese dualistic cosmology the interaction of yin and yang maintains the harmony of the universe.)



Nandita Samanta: She was in a teaching profession, presently is a secretary of a creative organisation. She is a multilingual poet, a short story writer, a reviewer, a dancer and an artist. Her works are well appreciated and published and her paintings have been displayed at various exhibitions. Her published poetry collection is titled 'Scattered Moments'. Her poems, articles, and short stories feature in various international and national anthologies, magazines, journals, newspapers and e-zines. Her poems have been aired in U.K. And US radio channels and have also been translated in different languages.



THE DESIRE

A desire

Arose

In her,

As she stood

Afar.

The Prima Dona

Never allowed

Others

Apart from her entourage

Into her star-studded royal chamber.

The desire

Knocked hard

But she had to

Walk away.

The ignition, however,

Remained.

A sigh

Arose

From her heart,

As she stood inside

The Prima Dona's royal chamber

Ruined by the ravages of time.

"This small?" Squeaked her tentative voice.

"Yes." The guide assured,

"Her Majesty chose to stay closest to the King."

She looked around;

The stars were gone,

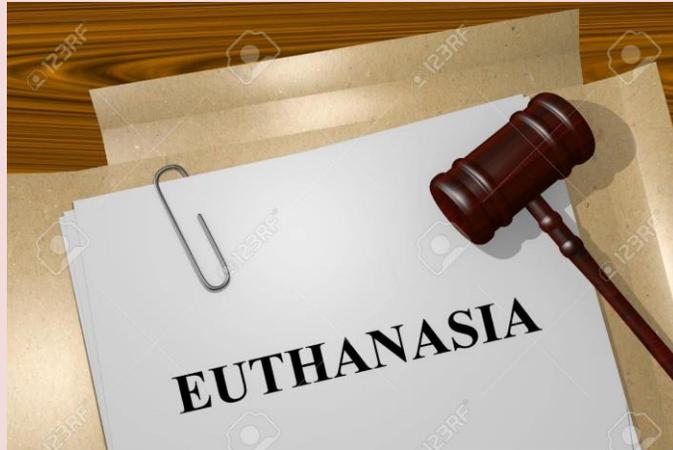
The diamonds looted,

The whisper of depressed murmurs
Echoed around, as
The four-hundred and fifty year old desire
Finally extinguished itself!

...From the historical ruins of Fatehpur Sikhri, India



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



EUTHANASIA

The dreamless sleep that soothes the soul
beckons from beyond the battered mortal coil
Vesper has risen
and in the last few hours of wakefulness
as you rush to set things in order
you feel the pangs of eternal rest closing in fast

Thinking of memories of the days long past
quietly turning the pages of your mind
you remember that old banyan tree in your backyard
the one that spawned many a root and shoot
the one that swayed gently in the face of the storm

the one that withstood the heat of the sun
and the one you looked upon as your grand-uncle
And you remember the day you took it down
as its life neared the end
offering a modicum of dignity
as a thanks for the countless joys given



Nivedita Karthik: I am a poet residing in Chennai, India. I work as a Senior Quality Controller. My work has also been published in the journal of the Society of Classical Poets.



BIRDSONG

Waking up to the warbling sounds of myriad
birds, the golden dawn washes over me
Drenching my senses in joy and enchantment
The soulful and sweet songs waft from the verdant tree
That stands like a sentinel outside my window.

Though ravaged by storms and gales, this tree
Has stood the test of time and steadfastly
Remained upright and invincible.

It is a haven to beautiful birds who fly in and out
Like wandering minstrels, regaling me with their music.

Mornings are blessings from Heaven, roses with dew drops
glistening

Greet me coyly, like blushing brides.

Robins, koels and mynas set up a divine chorus,

Greet the Sun god gracefully, and I am filled with

A hope for a beautiful day.



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



I search your writings for words
That hang heavy
With longing for me
Hidden in them.
O, there is one here
Another there, a handful
Of sharp, deep feeling.
I hold it to my heart then
To bleed a poem
And toss it into the world
Hoping some heavenly breeze
Would Godspeed it to you.



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession. Sometimes it helps to know that we are all fighting secret battles and we are not the only ones in pain. I love to observe human relationships and nothing inspires my writing more. Thus, the dominating theme of all my writings are conflicts and triumphs of the same.



The grass greener than before

My green fuse

Flowing through the grass

As I lay by your side

The stars as our witness

Reading, mapping your body

Kissing you

I transcend Space and Time

Is there a law against souls

Desiring

Craving

Touching

Becoming One?

Throw the law into the winds

Come

We are beyond borders

National

Cultural

Even gender borders

Be mine, this moment.



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



SHE TAKES HIM

By the tongue,
The hand, the blood.

By the bone,
The skin, the imagination.

By the hair,
The lips, the mind.

By the prayer,
The grief, the sharp edge.

By the unhealed scars,
Red eyes, sheer drop.

By the world, the earth,
The contract.

By the weeds, the poisons,
The dope.

By the rainbows,
The unicorns, the dreams.



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)



A GIFT OF SNOW

Above the clouds in the dark night sky
A star looked down and wondered why
The Earth wore this cloak so wove
Delicate of form and the star was behove

To cry from the wonder of the beauty there
Casting its wondrous rays for all to share
And as its magic mixed in the upper sky
A snow flake was born in the air so high

And soon there were more to join as kin
And a dance began and invited in

Yet more and more to swirl around
Before departing for the ground

And the still night sky smiled down on all
At the aftermath of this Grand Ball
The countryside was cloaked in white
This gift was left for us this night



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



FIRST DROP OF RAIN

With the first drop of rain

Touching the earth

Your memory drenches

My heart

I know n't

To whom I shall be grateful

To the cloud

To the wind

Or to the magnanimity

Of the blue sky

The canvas that encompasses
Everything

I simply behold your eternal beauty
Washing my blood stained face.



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



FATHER'S DAY

I love you, Papa!

No, I don't think, I loved you enough,

I did not bother about yoga, about being healthy,

You spoke less words, but your actions spoke the loudest,

Yet, I found excuses like lack of time; to make beneficial changes for myself,

Your whole life was an example of simple living and high thinking,

You burnt your back, shielding us from the relentless sun,

We frolicked in your shadow,

You were so tall and broad-shouldered for us, a mental He Man,

Most grudgingly, we lived a principled life,

Now, we realise, how precious is a good night's sleep, with
no worries of ill-gotten wealth,

Mom's lectures were never taken seriously,

But one look of disapproval from you, brought all our
shindigs to a halt,

We did not mind Mom's thwacks,

But your cold silence, unnerved us,

We craved your hugs and kisses,

Which were few and far between,

But now, i realise how hard it must have been, to hold your
horses, to appear distant, for sake of decorum,

As head of the household, life treated you most unfairly,

Yet, you stoically bore your lot, unflinchingly,

Looks like they don't make Dads like you anymore..

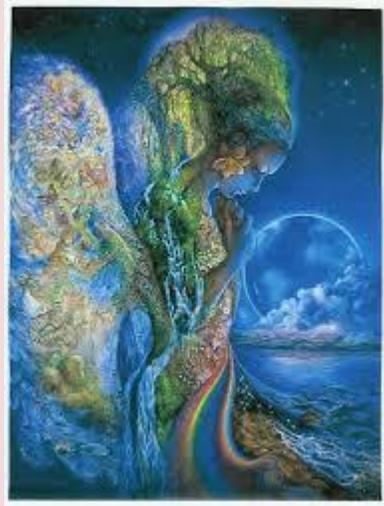
I haven't found yet a father figure to fill for you,

Simply because you are irreplaceable!

May we have many futures together..??



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



DIVINE ONENESS

Like a rose petal

Her heart is so fine & soft

Emits fragrance of love

Showers kiss of love

Embraces my heart & soul

Purifies deep within

Waves of divine melody

Dance in and around

Unites in ecstasy

Sprout out dew drops

Makes a river of love

Transform into an ocean.



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



THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR ROMANCE

The night was made for romance

Our lips touched the warm embrace of the night

Sitting under the blue velvety curtain

Lost in your arms, for years at a time

We became uncivilized for a bit of time.

The night was made for romance

Under the moonlit drizzle our hearts melted in love

Our passions grew old and tempting

Unfolding the creamy layer of the midnight skies

Your touch was my grace

Like a fresh dew drop

You came into my life.

Just sitting by the river alone

Recollecting the sweet memories of my youthful days

With all love and grace

My heart wants to fly to the rhythmic night

O, holy spirit!

Let's dance in the moonlit drizzle, or

Let me sing a song of love for my beloved one.



Preety Bora: I am a poet residing in India, Assam, in a small city called "Golaghat". I am working as a co-editor of a bilingual book. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published one anthology of poems. Nature is my inspiration.



TO V

I once wanted your approval.

But it doesn't matter now, given you are dead.

It was because I craved your flesh.

Now that you are dead, I can freely say so.

I sought your eyes, your breath,

Your sweat, your skin, the pores of your skin

Exuding the sweet come hither smell

Of young lust...

Well not so young but still work in progress

But they did say you were too young to die at 40

And I too old to love at 37... But now of course...

Coming back to your skin and its pores
And the dream of lying naked with you
And in the fullness of your body and masculinity
To forget my self-loathing and body image insecurity
And to intellectualise and argumentate
In that silly pedantry that you and I delighted in
And to touch your lips and their red fullness
And to pass my fingers over that trembling submusculature
And to, well, lots of 'and tos' that will remain 'and tos'
Because you bloody went and died and left me
Not even sane enough to resent it.

So, free of the need for your approval
I can badmouth this cruel world
Polish my vitriol on things you held sacred
Troll those you liked (whom I loathed)
But not because I loathe them for themselves
But because in each of them I can smell your seducing
breath

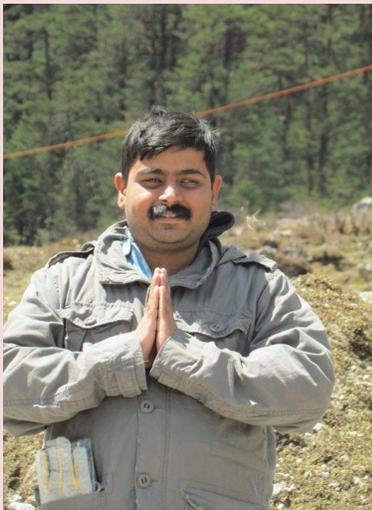
(And your eye-watering jackets)

Pushing me to rage in a widow's lamentations.

Death craves an afterlife,

But I, all I ever did crave

Was the chance to tell you. Once.



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



A TREE SPEAKS

Black or nutty brown, round or oblong
Whether farmers' dutiful hands sow
Or blown by wind's thrilled flow,
Or low lying until weathered by climatic
Shifts to germination, these seeds
Underground are calm to Sprout
Above, exposed to the warm sun, like
Proud siblings, spread into multi branches,
Sturdy twigs and leaves and fruits
to cure thirst and ailment of many:
many passers-by take rest under this
shady nook and corner and sleep till dawn

to do business and play games.

Birds have no discrimination and rule
their roost all over leafage.

Crows and pecking birds, parrots
sing duets becoming our pets.

But, one day in the pretext of deforestation,
We are felled and gone.



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



TRANSLATION BY RA SH/ SIMMI KUTTIKKAT

That day when I opened my eyes

We were two cats.

We were waiting in front of the fireplace

In the darkened room of the old woman

Who had painted her toe nails black.

However hard she tried

She could not recollect our names.

Suddenly,
Taking out a gun from under the pillow
She fires at the spiders mating
In a corner of the room.

One of them get shot and die on the spot
To flutter around our heads
Like a butterfly with white wings.

Getting wet with the tears of the spider
Who lost its mate, the solitary fireplace
In the room extinguishes.

In the third week of Hypothermia
Someone finds us by chance.
Someone was coddling the nameless us
Covering us in a blanket.

Unable to stem our mirth

We two run away into the darkness.



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



the process of forgetting:
sparrows to which you throw beans.
they eat them,
clear the remnants
and fly off.
nothing left.



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



TSADDIK (A RIGHTEOUS ONE)

anywhere, somewhere...

this most human of humans-

solo voyager along a highway to the heavens-

sits shotgun in an anonymous vehicle running on heartbeat,

bestowing gifts from above to others below

penetrating our spirit with words directly from the heart,

a mirror reflecting back our strengths and weaknesses,

a gorgeous shadow, this voyager, satisfied with the sun

smiling after the moon, and holding back a tear,

prays that humanity be granted another year

beneficent actions from this illuminated soul
are performed anonymously, crisply, detached,
actualized as authentically as last year's loaves of bread...

hence, this minstrel with no voice

this wordless wordsmith croaks along from one dumb
throat universe to the next, insuring humanity's river of
sparks never ebbs

*a tsaddik's brachas never fade away- so why wait for some reason why?
there is no "why" to understand*

for all will turn out precisely, justly...

(and if things do not turn out this way, it is not the end



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



I CARE FOR YOU

(To all the children of the world)

From a corner of the world,
A cry is heard for the first time,
A complement of joy and pain
Giving life a true meaning!

Your tiny eyes wide open
To see the unknown at first sight,
No idea what is ahead of you:
A world so messy and confused!

Yet, unable to clearly see
The difference between
What is the truth and a lie,
The world is waiting for you!

The beauty of your arrival,
Your first fragile smile,
Your sign of curiosity and
Unafraid to face the unknown!

The future is embedded in you
When the most is expected
In a world filled with uncertainties
And you have trace your own path!

Your true love and innocence
Is the essence of life itself

For you are part of yesterday,
Today and a dream of tomorrow!

Now your struggle for survival
Has become your priority and
Despite of your pain and agony,
From my heart I truly care for you!



Romeo della Valle: I was born in a beautiful island named Quisqueya or Hispaniola and from Italian and Spanish parents and came to America very young with a goal, mainly, to succeed in life and be happy. I am a man with a Vision and a clear mission: 'To spread my message of Love an Peace throughout the World' and if my poetry can touch a single soul in the World, then I would gladly die leaving my clear footprints behind!



MY WISH FOR TONIGHT

Tonight, I wish that
I could watch the stars
Blinking in the far skies;
Like a flock of fireflies
Glittering above the rooftops
Of absolute darkness
Tonight, I wish that

I could stay on wet clouds
All the night, and wish to
Purge the pain of my heart
As if we blow-off
Trembling candle light.
Tonight, I wish that
I could scream loudly by
Standing in the middle of
A valley of silence and to hear
The echo from the mountains
Of loneliness that covers me always.
Tonight, I wish that
I could oscillate in a swing that is
Made of rain threads
And catch-up the shining moon
To brighten the face of my love
As it was her only condition for our love
Tonight, I wish that

I could float in the air with her,
Like calyx flower
And vanish in the clouds
Tonight and forever.....



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): He is a freelance writer and painter, from Kerala, India, working in Doha as Admin Manager. He writes short stories, poems and travelogues in various regional language magazines (Malayalam), periodicals under the pen name Saleem Kattuchola, and used to write English poems in the Saudi Gazette Weekend edition.



I FEEL LONELY

I feel really lonely when
Everyone is talking and I sit alone.
Nobody ever comes & talks to me;
My classroom never seems like home.

I feel really lonely when
During games everyone mingles,
And I have no one to talk to.
The snobs of my class stare and giggle.

I feel really lonely when
I think of my best friend.

She changed schools sometime back.

Thinking of her, my heart is rent.

But what to do, I never fit in

With anyone in my class,

I feel like, the idea of fitting in

I must from my mind let pass.

I'll think only of my future

Which looks bright and gay,

And I must strive, to make it

Come true, come what may.



Samixa Bajaj: She is a student of class 8. She is an avid reader (she's called a Book Addict). She is fond of dancing and drawing in her free time (time left over from reading). Her poems are born out of despair, non-acceptance in her peer group ('coz her intelligence is not everyone's Cup of Tea), out of pain!



A PATCH OF BLUE

A bully of a frog, sitting on a termite-ridden log
chokes on his cacophonous croaks.

The age- mottled tree looks on, bored,
drenched to its pores.

And the rain pours
unruffled by the boisterous breeze
sashaying through the trees.

The dark clouds thunder their stentorian wrath
disheveled and shaking their grey matted locks.

The birds halt their talks and scurry for cover.

One lone bird sits forlornly on the telephone wire
having no clue, where vanished its patch of blue.



Santosh Bakaya: I am a poet, novelist and essayist residing in Jaipur, Rajasthan, India. I work as a teacher and have contributed to various anthologies, have written many novels and poetry anthologies, and a poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, Ballad of Bapu. Recently, I delivered a Ted Talk on The Myths Of Writers' Block.



It is the season of tea and corn flour balls

It's the season of massive waterfalls

It is the season of a number of wind calls

It is the season of gale and hail storms

It's the season for agricultural gains

It's the season of blocked lanes

It's the season of delayed trains

It's the season of the vanishing rains

Vanishing, because it is sparse, scattered

It appears to look like a cloth that is tattered

Trying hard to manage through patchwork quilts

Trying to walk like a man on stilts

Trying to push through a complete season

But with so much pollution, it sees no reason.



Sara Bubber: I am a poet residing in Vadodara. I am a student. I have been part of GloMag for almost a year. I have received meritorious recognition in Shri Ram Chandra Mission Essay Writing Competitions for two successive years.

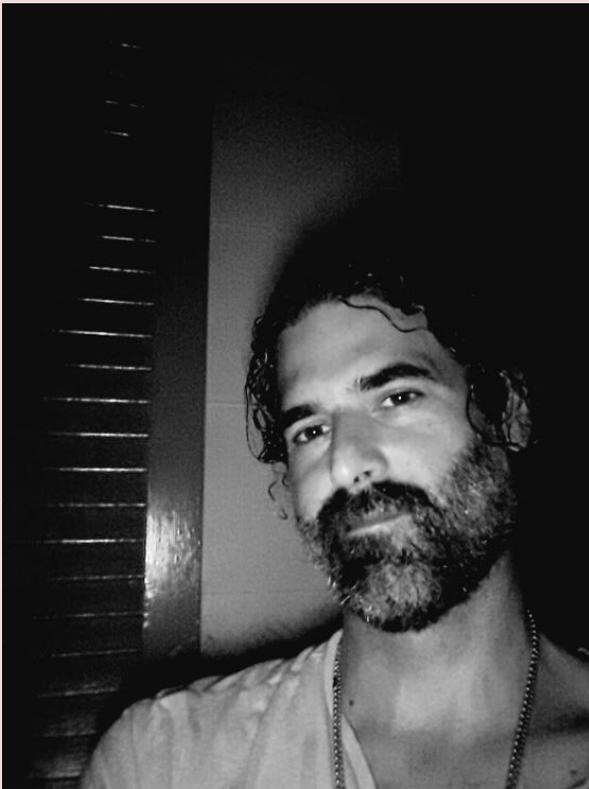


BEFORE AND AFTER

My profundity
fell to pieces
before dispersing
completely
after I discovered
the easiest way
to be happy
is with a simple
thank you

because I don't need
any fancy words

or big ideas
to help me smile
when we are staring
at each other
in the silence



Scott Thomas Outlar: He hosts the site 17Numa.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, and books can be found.



DOES LOVE EXIST?

In its purest form
In this materialistic world,
Where loyalty and sincerity
Is fading day by day~

If the answer is yes,
Then why it is not visible?
When somebody needs it?
Or it has some terms and conditions
To be fulfilled~



Shamenaz: She resides in Allahabad. She is a literary Critic, and author & Editor of 7 Books. She is also a member of Editorial Board of Journals: "Cyber Literature (Online), 'Literary Miscellany', 'The Context', 'Research Access', Expressions, IJRHS Literature (Jordan), Feeling International (Poetry Anthology, USA) and Levure Litteraire (Poetry Magazine, France-Germany-USA).



BLOOMING LEAVES

Leaves on a tree

Inasmuch a free

Totality of clustered

Wholesome bunch

Waving slowly and carefully

Invisible, yet the wind blows

Leaves, so fine start shaking

Softness making leaves cringe

As if it was on a binge

Leaves, on a code of conduct swinging

In unity as well as in diversity

Softly pliant, to the wind blowing

But accurate in its tethering

Leaves, many hues enfolding

Colours majestic and tempering

A solid but colourful existence

Seemingly to be the mainstay of sustenance

Direction not withstanding

The cruel bending

Leaves a slow crushing

Of fire and warmth

Is it the bitter end?

Of fine but beautiful memories

Leaves in memoriam

Of slow but warm reunion



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



POEM-1

What skies we dream
Our fires out of reach
We move as waters in a stream
To pyres on the beach.

POEM-2

i die.
it's not unusual.
people learn from death.
especially relatives and sufferers.
dying is a lonely art that brings people together.
i die.

will you, my friend, my love, my mimic,
die with me



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



A LOOK AT LIFE

I am never alone
never i was
never i will be
when i was born
my mother gave birth to twins
me and my shadow
to be with me forever
here and hereafter

As and when i come here
my shadow, my sanskar

karmic debts and deposits
come with me
to see me enjoy and endure

Sometimes i see you
sometimes i do not
but you never desert me
even for a second
since birth, you are with me
like a mad lover
silently witnessing
the chill and charm of life
its ups and downs
consoling me that
nothing but you and i
are permanent in this world of
changing interests and colours

None like you, none can be
for you and i are but one
when i die, you will be with me
to see me
depart the body
burn into ashes and mingle in oblivion
again i and you will be one
to move on the path of
joy and despair
fulfilment and frustration
pelf and poverty
bliss and eternity
to detach from actions, its fruits
and complete the cycle of birth and rebirth



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



HAPPY DOCTOR'S DAY

Hardworking and courageous

Accepts all challenges

Positive attitude

Preventive approach

Yearns to bring smile for patients

Disciplined personality

Optimistic individual

Considered as second God

Take care of patients

One of the sacred professional

Responsible towards his duties

Selfless service for mankind

Dedicated towards profession

Always available at any moment

Yes, a doctor is as precious as pearl of an ornament!



Sonia Gupta: Dr. Sonia is a dentist by profession. She is the author of four English & two Hindi poetry books. Her many poems and stories have been placed in various anthologies, magazines & newspapers. She has been received various awards in Hindi literature and won many poetry competitions organised by various literary groups on facebook. Besides being a poetess and doctor, she is fond of paintings, singing, cooking, designing, knitting and teaching.



I WRITE FOR YOU

Only you

No one else may relate

But you will

The concealed sadness

Hearty laughter

Eye brimming with tears

Overflowing emotions

Contradicting reactions

Wise talk when weakest

Foul speaking when spirited

You will know the unknown

You will hear the unspoken
Love, lose, beginning and end
I write for you
Only you



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



SPEECHLESS

I speak but my words lose their way

in the mist of unmindfulness

I say but my words disappear like wisps of smoke in the air

I voice but my thoughts but they get way laid in the fallow
land

I tell but am not heard in the routine cacophonous babble

I shout but it gets shrouded under the banality of the
sonorous ocean

Wave upon wave submerge my tone

I talk but its meaning meanders lost like a desert stream

So I communicate.....

Only with silence

It listens

It understands

It empathises

It approves

Without misunderstanding

Without passing judgement

Without misrepresentation

My companion

My friend

My sanity.



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



LOVE - AN ANOTHER RELIGION

Love is devoid of any language, caste or religion
Pure love itself a divine religion.

Where rules are made by lovers
And maintained without any rules and regulations.

Love has an another language
A language of silence
A language of heart
A language of an another definition.

Love has a understanding
That nobody yet understood
Pure love never gives chance
To inspect bad or good.

When you think about risk and pain,
what you lost, what gained
On the way of love
You are just a passer-by
Unaware of your destination
But ready to say good bye!



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from Kolkata(India) . She born and brought up in a family of teachers. From her childhood she has a keen interest in music, poetry and drama. She has done honours in Bengali literature and Master Degree in English literature. She is a published author and her poems have been published in many national and international anthologies, blogs and magazines. She is a lifelong learner and lover of music and literature



MY BREATH—

That which slows down,
Self-consciously, when I
Close my eyes and notice it:
Deepens, calms, and expands
My abdomen and chest.
Mind swells too
Until sparkling Universe
Is inside my head.
Continuous silver singing,
Crickets in musical delirium,
Merge their notes with
Oum of the Sun

Ringling in my ears.

When I conscious be

The Universe is me

And I am the Universe.

Aham – I am.

But while riding Life

Unpaused Speeding

Yelling Bargaining

Persuading Performing,

Honest or facile,

My Breath forgotten,

Shallow, barely there,

Starving my lungs,

Shrinking my body,

I'm not Aware:

Aham Breath.

I am Breath.



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



ODIN

Cloaked figure wandering the heavens, the earth
And the underworld, for eons---

The long-bearded and one-eyed Odin,
A figure of mystery and awe,

The ceaseless seeker and restive traveler---

Ravens and wolves and eight-legged horse

His faithful companions in these seamless journeys in
search

Of knowledge so crucial for survival.

The God that was seen by the Vikings and the others
Preceding them and after

And, now, seen by us, the high-tech of the new millennium

Very vividly in our post-modern homes and offices
As a vital link to a turbulent past of humankind.

Odin!

Much revered

Much loved

Then, now and in future.

In the second decade of the year 2017,
Earthlings look for not a fearsome God of war
But a benign source of poetry and wisdom
That can heal a divisive Midgard through
His divine runes.
Enough of the horrors of the battlefields and the butcheries
Littering time- space continuum
Of the stained histories; cries of the wounded and dying
That still haunt---like the Wild Hunt in wintry sky
For lusts for land and power; endless cycles of bloodbath!

O, Odin who famously consults Mimir for advice
The life-giver, the ruler of gods, the healer
Give us, your magical words and wisdom
And, not recurring wars, in ages much advanced.



Sunil Sharma: I am a writer, editor, poet residing in Kalyan, MMR (Mumbai Metropolitan Region), India. I work as a college principal. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published one novel and eight books on prose and poetry.



NEVER ALONE

Under the stars and the moon
she is never alone.

The soft velvet night sky
wraps her into his warm embrace -
so tender, tender
in a warm embrace.

The silent echo of all souls
whispers gently

and their silent humming
creates an enchanting melody
in the Universe -
an eternal, heavenly piece of music.

The journey starts the minute she dares
to search into the depths of her inner being.
She feels a blissful breath of love,
of love in the air
she is never alone...
once again she gets embraced
and knows
she is not the only one



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.



FISHING ROD

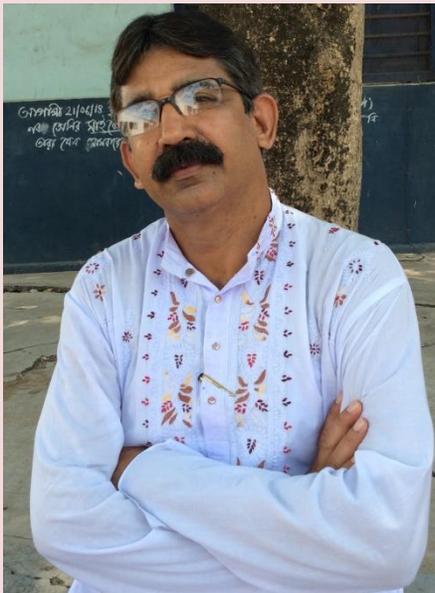
Now this fishing rod is silent like a frail device,
Yet, it stares relentlessly like wide eyed Narcissus.
Since adolescence, it has been searching for bliss.
But, its gluttony has been turning it into enormous.

The prophets and the theologians blame this rod,
They oppress it; and denounce its shameful act.
To them, any trepidation of rod is against their god.
So, they torture themselves by avoiding any eye contact.

Though untranslatable, the rod has its specified wish.
Though unputdownable in black and white, it has an aim.

Though unspeakable, it has a wish to hook a beautiful fish
Under muddy water and has wish to prioritise its own
claim.

So, it's not unexpected to see its sudden surge and change
When it wants to fathom beyond its usual limit or range.



Swapan Kumar Rakshit: He is an Indian poet who writes sonnets as he wants to be acquainted with the universal creative minds. He lives at a rural part of the state of West Bengal.



ONCE IN A YEAR

Once in a year I go to my village
There sits the basket maker and his wife
Near the river from morning till evening
Cutting bamboo logs
He rambles, chops and polishes
makes the strings
weaves and ties to give the shapes
flat or round, mat or mound
A basket holds the ravish festivals
Colours of Holi or Diya of Diwali
Hibiscus or coconuts

Bangles, incense or ladoos
For marriages or graveyard
A basket is a heart bubbling with emotions
Joy or tears
Fingers create magics vibrant
Red or crimson yellow
Once in a year I go to my village
The basket makers wife sits alone
Her husband no more
May be slept on the bamboo pyre
My son picks the half made baskets
Curious as he is
Once in a year my son comes from States
He went straight to the village
To collect his memory
Alas! Only plastic strings lying
A skill is dead
Memory echoes; in the waves of the river



Swapna Behera: She is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. Her stories, poems and articles are published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred the International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, the Pentasy B World Fellow Poet in 2017 and a recipient of Life Time Achievement Award 2018 by the Literati Cosmos Society. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner of The Literati.



RED LETTER DAYS

Gone are the days of the post

The snail mail so sneeringly called.

The days of the friendly postman

Who would happily share the time of the day

As he would, news he had carried to people on his way.

Scribbled messages of love and affection,

Sometimes anger too and vehemence.

A longed for appointment letter,

An errant lover's written apologies

Scornfully tossed out but secretly read,

After his steps had crossed the beat.

Beautifully penned creative tomes,

Remembering parental homes,
When marital strife occasioned the yearning
For mummy's loving caressing.
Ah those days are gone now
When cycle bells on the busy road
Caused bent heads to lift up the mood,
Hoping for a letter long,
To be read and read again
Till the frayed folds fall among
Shredded memories and evensong.



Usha Chandrasekharan: I am a poet and writer (poet, novelist, writer, etc) residing in Coimbatore, India. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published one novel.



RESIDUAL LOVE

From a sieve we drew out the residue

Of a once lilting romance

The damage done

The snail mail returned

The postage unpaid

From a picture perfect

We cropped each other

Readied for individual exhibit

Rats chewed

On poignant memory weaves

In the apocryphal land of 'death do us part'..

We scripted 'I am over you' manuals'

Love shrunk like the linen lining

Of her virginal wedding gown

Prosaic onlookers watched

As the 'we' bled

To a disfigured I

And a love went

Completely awry



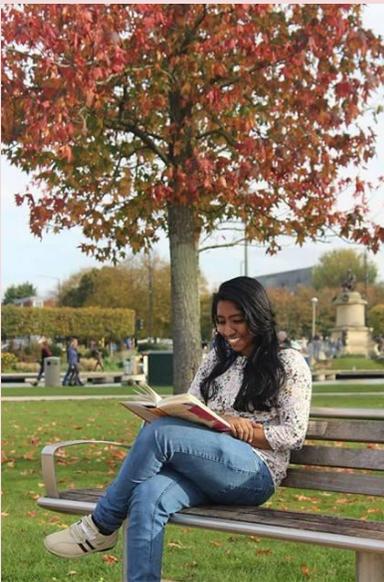
Vandana Kumar: I am a poet, residing in New Delhi, India. I work as a Teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies.



My name must be a winter night
caged inside your mouth,
the frozen letters stuck under your tongue,
in the walls of your cheeks
and a few broken consonants coiling
the tonsils.

The biting cold
jitters away a few butchered pronunciations,
but as the warmth of my memory
loosens your jaw,
you try one more time,
to find your lips whisper
your name instead,

but
in
my voice;
somewhere else
a summer night
shivers.



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



IF BY CHANCE WE WERE TO MEET AGAIN

If by chance we were to meet again

Would you recognize me through the shroud of fog and see

The bearded lover I used to be

Or would you only bear witness to

A heavily bandaged

Skeleton with a guiltless grin, teeth askew?

If by chance we were to meet again

Would you at journey's end imagine

The fifteen wounds stamped upon my skin

Or the impatient water rushing into my lungs

When I was drowned to death
By the frenzied hands of those who loved you once?

If by chance we were to meet again
Would your eyes grown weak with grief, not see
A staring stranger or hear his heart's silent soliloquy
On how he wished he had another life to live:
Tongueless to tell you how much more love
He had with him to give.



Vijay Nair: I am a poet residing in Palakkad, India. I am an Associate Professor in English. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 3 poetry collections. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016.



ON LAKE EERIE

one summer

vacation at

Marie & Earl's

out on eerie lake

for reason only

a former self knows

I took along

a Ken doll

to sleep with

Aunt Marie made a joke

I didn't get

but it was alright
the entire thing seemed
to make her happy



Wanda Morrow Clevenger: She is a former Carlinville, IL native. Over 450 pieces of her work appear in 155 print and electronic publications. Her flash fiction “Roses and Peppermint Candy” won the 2014 Winter Short Story Contest in The Holiday Café. Her poem “corsage” won the 2014 Black Diamond Award for Excellence of Craft in The Midnight on the Stroll Poetry Contest. Her nonfiction “Big Love” was nominated for 2016 Best of Net by Red Fez literary journal.



FOURTH OF JULY 1981

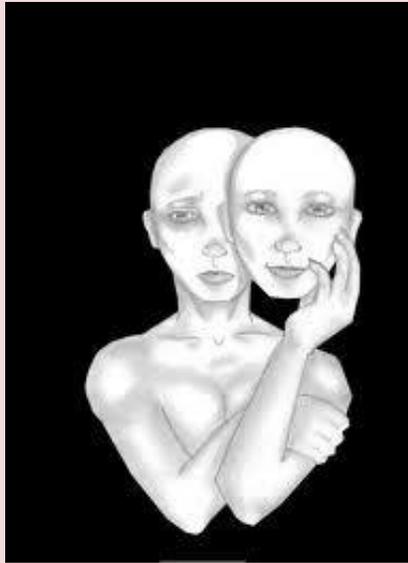
Clouds, like a herd of whales,
dark bellies passing overhead,
wheel and turn, moving northeast.

I stand beneath that majestic entourage
Watching, at dusk on the Fourth of July,
while the children down the street stop

lighting Roman candles, running
to seek the shelter of porch roofs
as Nature's fireworks outdo Man's.



William P. Cushing: Born into a Navy family, Bill Cushing lived in numerous parts of the East Coast as well as the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico before moving to California. He earned an MFA in writing from Goddard College in Vermont and now teaches at East Los Angeles and Mt. San Antonio colleges, living in Glendale with his wife and their son. Besides being a regular contributor to GloMag, he's been published in Another Chicago Magazine, Brownstone Review, Mayo Review, Metaphor, The Song Is, and West Trade Review as well as in anthologies, including both volumes of the award-winning Stories of Music. He was recently honored as one of the Top Ten L. A. Poets in 2017 and has previously had work nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Along with writing, teaching, and facilitating a writing group (9 Bridges), Bill has also been performing with an area musician in a collaboration they have named Notes an Letters, which is available on both Facebook and Youtube.



WEAR A SMILE

Wear a smile fellow countrymen
That you are breathing here
In a country with middle income status
Even though popular belief says
Lies reveal themselves in three forms
Lie, sheer lie and statistics.

Wear a smile fellow countrymen
Even though a Tonu is murdered
In the safest area of all
With artificial eyes peeping all over

But none showing how she was raped
Killed and thrown in the dense undergrowth.

Wear a smile fellow countrymen
Even though a convict goes scot free
Receives treatment on foreign soil
While a patriot in a youth in Rashed
Is on remand for ten more days
His family threatened with his disappearance.

Wear a smile fellow countrymen
Because the pillars of the awaited bridge
Against the prediction of the hostile world
Is in sight signifying how strong we are
Even though a dying mother is on the street
With two orphans attending upon her.



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



ciao! 😊