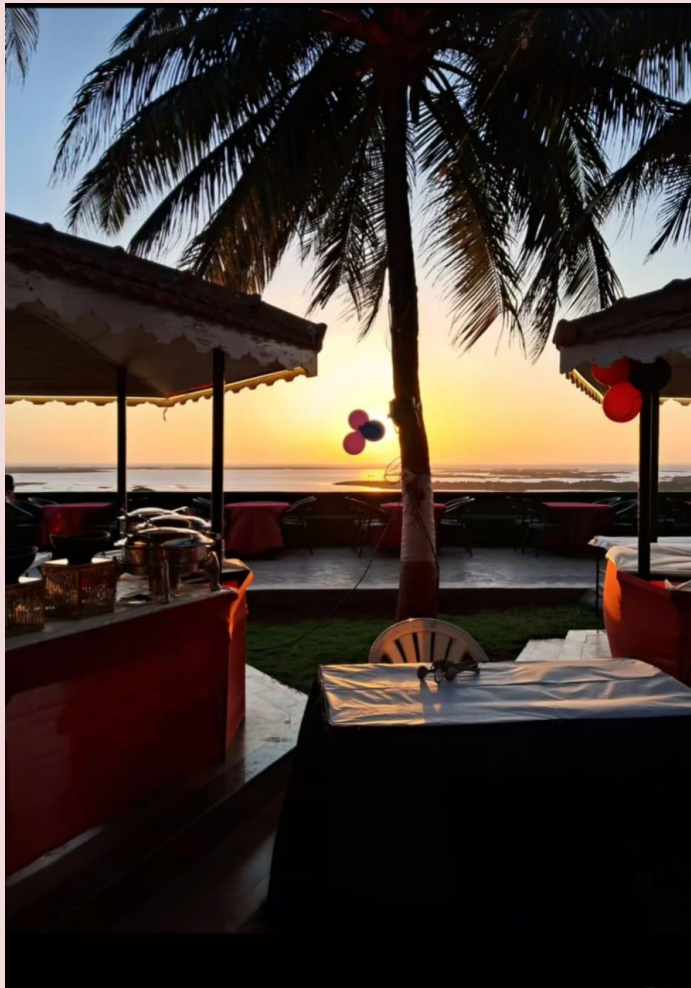


GloMag

Monthly Poetry And Prose Magazine

March 2025



Edited And Published by Glory Sasikala

PARAMITA MUKHERJEE MULLICK



TITLE OF COVER PIC

The Glow

ABOUT THE ARTIST

I am a scientist with a Ph.D. in Genetic Toxicology, a National Scholar, a literary curator and an award-winning poet. I have published eleven books, and my poems have been translated into forty five languages. My poems have been widely published in national and international journals and anthologies.

Immersed in Science I had published many scientific papers in international journals. Passion for literature came a bit late in my life.

Although from early childhood I used to love reading story books and my parents saw to it that we had more books in the house than furniture. So, I used to like stories and poetry from childhood and my mother used to continuously tell me stories. When I grew up my only daughter when a child, would listen to stories continuously and I had to weave new stories every day. Her five years birthday was near, and I wanted to do something special. So, I compiled some of those stories into a children's story book and gave it as a back present to her friends. That was in 2006 when I was teaching Genetics to degree college students. After that when I was heading an institution, I used to keep a diary on my table other than my administrative one. When workload was a little less I started writing poems in that diary. One day I saw that the diary was full so I compiled the poems and published it with a well-known publisher who only accepts 2% of work submitted to them. This gave me confidence. I got further confidence when Bappi Lahiri released my first poetry book in 2014, and huge media coverage happened in established newspapers and television. I feel blessed that my father had written the foreword and released this book in Kolkata the same year. My father left for his heavenly abode in 2015. Thus, my writing journey started with the blessings of my father.

Again, my parents played an important role in my passion for painting. I am the youngest of four siblings and we were of the No TV and No Internet age. My siblings were book addicts and I being much smaller couldn't read. So, my parents gave me huge chart papers, poster colours and big brushes. I used to dip the brushes in the paint bottles and draw huge figures covering the whole chart paper. My father who encouraged me in everything I did, used to ask me what I am drawing and I would answer with a serious face,

“Giants”. So these innumerable chart papers and countless bottles of poster colours were the initiators of my passion for painting. In my mid-teens I took a course in water colour painting.

Photography came quite late in life. I used those reasonably priced digital cameras for our vacation shoots. After my daughter was born, her firsts had to be captured by me. Being passionate about painting and being a Biologist, I always had a good sense of perspective and composition, so photography was fun for me. My husband gifted me a DSLR for one of my birthdays and then the COVID times came. Those days I had more time in hand so I started experimenting with my DSLR and so I became quite apt in mobile photography as well.

My publications are as follows:

- 1. Stories from Fantasyland (Children’s Story book)**
- 2. Life- A Collection of Poems**
- 3. Paradigm**
- 4. The Maverick’s Journey**
- 5. The Sun through my Wine Glass**
- 6. The Golden Window**
- 7. I Love you 4**
- 8. Grrrs to Hisses and their Homes(co-authored)**
- 9. Cloud Nine**
- 10.Unravelling -A dozen short stories**
- 11. Mother-Daughter Dialogue (co-authored with my daughter)**

My travelogues have been published in many magazines

MY THOUGHT PROCESS

I am known as a “Positive Poet”. So like a banyan root which finds nourishment in the hardest of rocks, I too find positivity in negative situations. I feel that in every darkness, there is light. I am a hard-core optimist...my poems spread happiness; they

help in overcoming doubt and bringing back faith; tries to wipe away hatred and bring love and in despair restores hope. My poems sing about how saplings sprout after trees are uprooted; how after every dark night there comes a new dawn.

I have an aversion to fake people and also irresponsible people. I love genuine and sincere people, I love people who believe in miracles, adults who still love fairy tales. Especially, I love dynamic doers and people who try to change the world for the better in their own small way.

3. I have no website, but my writing, paintings and photography can be found on my Facebook **Paramita Mukherjee Mullick** and my FB page **Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick**

My instagram handle: **poetry_world31**

My Youtube channel: **@ParamitasPoetry**

MY PERSPECTIVE OF THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Sunrises and sunsets fascinate me. I feel every sunset and sunrise is unique. I took this photograph on a special day. It was a day of love, Valentine's Day and I had gone with my best friend, my husband to a club in Colaba, Mumbai, which is just beside the sea. We are a middle-aged couple, and our kind of love is just being together; we feel embarrassed to have sweet love talks or screaming out how much we love each other. It was evening and the sun was about to go down. That day the whole open lawn was decorated with red and black balloons. The leaves of the coconut trees all around were rustling in the breeze.

We both were sitting quietly and enjoying the splashing of waves and the myriad colours in the sky. Suddenly I noticed the glow of sunset in the sky. The glow and happiness in our minds coincided with the glow in the sky. The photographer in me had to capture this beautiful moment. The coconut trees and the fluttering balloons enhanced the beauty of that beautiful day of love.

Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

LINDA IMBLER



FAVORITE MOVIE: Harold and Maude, a 1971 drama-comedy. Soundtrack by the inimitable Cat Stevens.

FAVORITE BOOK: The Lord of the Rings trilogy, including the Hobbit, by J.R.R. Tolkien.

FAVORITE HOBBY: Reading. I have eclectic tastes; mysteries, science-fiction, classics, biographies, and horror.

FAVORITE ACTOR: Anthony Hopkins

FAVORITE ACTRESS: Katharine Hepburn

FAVORITE FOOD: Crab salad: sorry/not sorry Mr. Krabs.

FAVORITE COLOR: Blue

FAVORITE DESTINATION: Key West, Florida

FAVORITE SONG: Danny Boy

FAVORITE QUOTE: “Not all tears are an evil.”

PERSON WHO INSPIRES YOU THE MOST (OPTIONAL: WHY):

Paul McCartney. He reminds me to forget age. He taught me the beauty of even the simplest melody.

IF YOU WERE KING/QUEEN FOR A DAY WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I would immediately abdicate. I so enjoy spending my beautiful, quiet days with the person I most love.

SIGN OFF MESSAGE:

“Meddle not in the affairs of dragons, for thou art crunchy and taste good with ketchup.”

LINDA IMBLER

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag brings out one hard copy per year, in February, the Valentine Issue. While there are no visual aids in the hard copy versions, the online version is enhanced by pictures accompanying the writings and the profiles. GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions, and the visual interpretation of these.

GloMag remains euphoria, engaging all your senses at once. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. 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**

The copyrights of the works in this book vests with the individual authors. Prior written permission is required to reproduce any part of the magazine.

© All rights reserved. 2025

CONTENT

Ahmad Al-Khatat	17
Alicja Maria Kuberska	20
Amitabh Mitra	23
Amita Sarjit Ahluwalia	25
Ampat Koshy	28
Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku)	30
Anju Kishore	33
Ann Christine Tabaka	37
Anne Tibbitts	40
Aparna Suresh	44
Barry Pittard	47
Bevan Boggenpoel	51
Bharati Nayak	54
Bill Cushing	57
Bilquis Fatima	59
Bishnu Charan Parida	62
Brian Mackenzie	65

Brindha Vinodh	69
Candice Louisa Daquin	72
Carl Scharwath	75
Chandramohan Naidu	77
Christopher Villiers	80
Dale Adams	83
Daniel de Culla	86
David Norris	90
Debraj Moulick	93
Deena Padayachee	96
Don Beukes	99
Duane Vorhees	102
Eliza Segiet	105
Feby Joseph	108
Ferris E Jones	111
Francis Otole	114
Francisc Edmund Balogh	117
Gargi Sarkhel Bagchi	121

Gauri Dixit	124
Gayatree G Lahon	127
Gazi Abdulla-hel Baqui	130
Geethanjali Dilip	133
Glory Sasikala	137
Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny	140
Gopal Lahiri	144
Hein Min Tun	147
Jahnavi Gogoi	150
Jennifer Gurney	153
Joan McNerney	158
JoyAnne O'Donnell	161
Kakoli Ghosh (a.k.a Moon Drops)	163
Kamar Sultana Sheik	166
Kerala Varma	169
Ketaki Mazumdar	174
Leroy Ralph Abrahams	178
Linda Imbler	182

Lopamudra Mishra	185
Lubna Ahmed	189
M Vijayaraghavan	193
Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar	197
Mehak Varun	200
Michael Lee Johnson	203
Nazia Islam	207
Nitusmita Saikia	210
Nivedita Karthik	213
Nivedita Roy	216
Padmini Rambhatla	219
Panjami Anand	222
Pankajam Kottarath	225
Paramita Mukherjee Mullick	228
Paul Brookes	231
Prabha Prakash	233
Pragyan Anwasha Mishra	236
Prahallad Satpathy	239

Pratima Apte	242
Rakesh Chandra	244
Ranjana Sharan Sinha	247
Ranjit K. Sahu	250
Ravi Ranganathan	253
Ryan Quinn Flanagan	256
Saikat Gupta Majumdar	259
Samixa Bajaj	261
Samrudhi Dash	264
Sangita Kalarickal	268
Sara Bubber	270
Shalini Samuel	273
Shihab	276
Shreekumar Varma	279
Shreya Suraj	282
Shweta Sahai	286
Sindhu Rana	289
Smruti Ranjan Mohanty	292

Somdatta Mitra	296
Someeta Das	300
Sri N Srivatsa	303
Staffy Bhateja (Pen Name: Steffi)	306
Stephen Goetz	309
Sudeshna Mukherjee	311
Sujata Dash	314
Sulochana Narayanan	318
Sunil Sharma	322
Sunil Kaushal	325
Sunita Singh	328
Supatra Sen	332
Sushmindarieet Kaur	335
Suzette Portes San Jose	341
Taghrid Bou Merhi	345
Tania Alphonsa George	348
Thomas M. McDade	351
Uma Agarwal Bajaj	354

Uma Vangal	357
Vandana Kumar	360
Vidya Hariharan	363
Vidya Shankar	366
Vijay Nair	369
Vineetha Mekkoth	372



TAKE ME WITHIN YOUR ARMS

I wish to pass away quietly and peacefully
in your arms, away from the nights of my
parents roofless home where I learned how
to force myself to lie in bed because I was
afraid of the war. Take me within your arms.

Tears on my pillow, I can't even begin to count
how many times I've cried after twelve o'clock

because I miss you! My pure love for you and my
desire to smile for you are rejected by the country I
think about you in today's sorrowful and homesick
thoughts.

I am both happy and sad because I dreamed of you.
I am sad because you are sad watching my heart
escaping beats. Tell me how to blossom like this
red flower. Will you be the cloud that pours rain
on my face so that I know I'm not alone in the afterlife?

Take me within your arms, I want to live a happy life
in a place where fall apologizes to all of the broken
branches.

Before the unyielding wind turns ferocious and tears apart
our hearts and my lips for reading a poem expressing my
love

for you as much as I love Baghdad, kiss all the dead leaves.



Ahmad Al-Khatat: Ahmad Al-Khatat is an Iraqi Canadian published poet and writer. His poem ***Graduation Party*** was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2024 by Mad Swirl. In addition to his Pushcart Prize 2020 nomination, he received a nomination for Best of the Net 2019. His poetry has been translated into other languages and his work has been published in print and online magazines abroad. He resides in Montreal, Canada now with his spouse.



PLAY

On a summer day,
the sun weaves into the waves,
the water tirelessly carves smiles on the shore,
taking and tossing grains of sand.

Children play with the waves,
shouting, leaping, and falling
to the rhythm of the sea's breath.

They laugh and return to the shore
to persistently build sandcastles,
even though they know it's a futile effort.

The restless sea will claim them,
jealous of seashells, bird feathers,
pieces of wood, and polished glass.

Children trust the sea,
unaware of its predatory arms
carrying death in foamy waters.



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



Pic by Amitabh Mitra. Sand and Sea Gouache on Paper

dreams are those, seen with open eyes. In remembrances of long shackled memories. Gwalior then was an evening, changing skies above a fort. The fort was never a conclusion as it challenged its birth right and so are my dreams linked to each other defying death and destination. And you who have gone to a minds fury realizing a reason, have come back again and again. The cry of a sunflower, holding to each other, we leapt again behind many horizons.



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



VERY STALE FAIRYTALE

I was a pumpkin, with a sense of loss, bored.

Rumpelstiltskin was an ash-gourd wearing moss mustard
and magenta

Cinderella in taffeta one long feather and prunella

In the kitchen making custard, polenta and bruschetta

The Prince Fella in brown leather boots and askew crown

Cares two hoots, Misters, for the Ugly Sisters,

But the glass slippers have heels, class skippers,

And Cinders keels over as footmen hover

They are mice after all but nice, pink and small

Mustachioed and squat, the Coachman is a rat
Calendulas bloom like gold guineas in sold minis, knaves,
Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves
In modern times fairytales turn nightmares
Our crimes our golden ploughshares all our skill
A madman raves. The Earth craves Peace,
Not a gold carriage, or Cinderella's marriage.



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



DOUBLE MEANING

The truck of one-too-many caged goats.

Oh, the longing, the terrible desire to park a scooter in front of it

Let them out to run all over the road, escape

After deflating the tires.

Creation is longing to see the revealing/revelation of the sons/daughters of God!

Whether the hirelings flatten

The scooter, or not.



Ampat Koshy: Dr. Koshy A.V. prior Assistant Professor (English literature), Jazan University, Saudi Arabia is currently working as Assistant Professor (English literature), Mt. Carmel College, Bengaluru. He has many books, degrees, diplomas, certificates, prizes, and awards to his credit, and is also an editor, anthology maker, poet, critic and writer of fiction. Two of his co-authored books published in 2020 were Amazon best-sellers in India and USA, namely, ***Wine-Kissed Poems*** with Jagari Mukherjee and ***Vodka by the Volga*** with Santosh Bakaya. He recently won a certificate in Italy for his poetry. His latest book is ***A Sonetto for the Poetic World/You heard the Scream, didn't you?*** co-written with Santosh Bakaya.



A WINTER STROLL

As the winter sets in
Around our green countryside
We go to sit by the stream over
Which hangs the cloud far and wide

And we watch the birds
Flying over us in a perfect row
And loiter around the places
Where in plenty of wild flowers grow

We sing songs of love
And peace clapping at the sky
Where from drops the cool wind
And caresses our faces as it passes by

We climb up the steep hill
To sit there and watch the sight
Below where in its verdant lap
The cattle graze to our left and right

As the sun hangs above the
Horizon and birds fly to their nest
We come down the hill and walk
Back to our dens to relax and take rest



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



BIRTH POETRY

Deep inside a ripening womb
darkness churns itself

around a gossamer seed
rousing ripples in nothingness
until the dark cannot but

drop its lullaby
and shake itself out
of mollycoddling

what in eternal comfort
was not meant to be

Reality hits
the diaphanous flutter
Gasping and sputtering
the seed takes its first flight
into a deep vista of breath
fresh, unalloyed
a green, minty bubble
letting itself get teased
to iridescence
by the playful pursuit of the sun

The wings, bolder now
with a firmer hold on the wind
rise and fall
falling in line
with an inner surge and spill
drift and dive
that dare the devils of the mind
to reclaim the languor
of thoughts that now fly free
breathing poetry



Anju Kishore: She is a Pushcart (Poetry) Prize 2022 and 2024 nominee, a Touchstone Award 2023 longlister, and an award-winning editor of numerous free-verse anthologies. Her book of poems, *...and I Stop to Listen* inspired by the civil war in Syria was published in 2018. Her poems are part of significant anthologies like Aatish 2, The Yearbook of Indian Poetry in English 2022 and 2023 (Hawakal and Pippa Rann Books, UK respectively), and Late-blooming Cherries 2024 (Haiku Poetry from India, Harper Collins). She has dabbled in online theatre and is currently exploring Japanese forms of poetry.



ANOTHER NIGHT

Twisted bedsheets, tangled limbs.

The fury of another night, war torn

and scarred. The enemy, myself.

A battleground of my mind.

Relentless images invade

with incessant word. Pillows

and blankets litter the floor,
innocent victims of the onslaught.

A glaring clock mocks as
minutes turn to hours, and

a litany of worries parade across
the ceiling, no redemption in sight.

I pray for peace. I count my breaths,
waiting for sleep, an elusive friend,

to take me by the hand. Another night
of fury, and still no rest within reach.

*** *Published by Mad Swirl, December 2018***



Ann Christine Tabaka: I am a poet and writer residing in Delaware, USA. I am a retired organic chemist and a retired personal trainer. I have 18 published books. I was nominated 4 times for the Pushcart Prize in Poetry; nominated for the 2023 Dwarf Stars award of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association; was the winner of Spillwords Press 2020 Publication of the Year (Poetic), my bio is featured in the “Who’s Who of Emerging Writers 2020 and 2021,” published by Sweetycat Press.

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



By Col. Richard Goldenberg - "National Guard Soldiers Remember Medal of Honor recipients, actions of WWII" [Image 5 of 5] from DVIDS website, which is part of the Department of Defense., Public Domain,

<https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=145088329>

Thoughts while watching WINDTALKERS

6/3/22. For Joe

During the war

a girl loved a boy

and all her letters went unread

she had nursed him at a hospital

before he went back to the bullets

to the island of Saipan

to the canopy of green that hid the guns which slaughtered
oh so many

she dreamed of her hand

touching his wounds

knowing

that deep or shallow

she could never soothe

her tears fell to the paper

and the ink ran wet

And she slumped

Over those letters

Knowing

that a girl loving a boy who went back to his war

is the most bittersweet sad

in the world



Anne Tibbitts: She has been writing since she was in third grade. She loves telling stories: she loves to write, to create, to teach, to educate, to laugh, ,to travel (in the old days lol) and now she's settled into a cozy and quaint little writing studio by the Mississippi river where she can craft her new poems and re-craft her old poems. Anne is grateful for the academic career that she had but she is also grateful that it is behind her and she can relax and focus on whatever she feels like doing with her own work. That is true freedom.



MAYBE IT'S A FAIRY TALE!

Have you experienced

Once in a lifetime

Kinda love!

When your brain stops thinking!

The other brain works!

And wishes best for you!

Blind to the reality
The other eyes see
What you don't see!

When your heart
Ceases to beat
The other heart does!

When life is at risk
It needs a little madness
To fall in love!

Cautious minds sans
This adventure
That steals your heartbeat!



Aparna Suresh: She holds many identities as a poet, writer, academic and a lover of literature. She has authored a poetry book titled ***Speck of a Soul*** (2019), coauthored and edited ***Painting Dreams*** (2020) and a book of quotes and poetry ***Snippets of the Soul*** (2021). She was the Editor of ***Metamorphosis*** a book devoted to Art and Poetry. She was awarded the 'Best Poet—Editor's choice' by Spectrum Awards in May 2021. Her poem ***Saviour's Destiny*** was long listed for IPR Annual Award 2020. She received 'Poet of the Year' award from Ukiyoto publishing house and ALS Women's Conclave. "She lives a life of Poetry" is her tagline.



COUCHES – PART 2

In this Ultra Classic, with no coach to train him,
Cliff had but faith and his guts to sustain him

He took on world pros, '83 to '85,
A sheer amateur, but he flayed them alive

The jogger thinks of runners like Steve and Deke
Who faced off troubles but made not a squeak

He thinks of his mates, who rip through the pool
In early mornings, which couches can't fool

His mind's eye lights
on Thorpy and Dawn,
And the lineage of water-crushers before they were born

He thinks how a challenge to the human will
Can command a mountain to shrink to a hill

The jogger's rhythm and mind become one,
His fit body lit by an inner sun

He thinks:

Does it take a genius to realise

That health from fitness gives the greatest prize?

The jogger thinks of his pool and gym

Where the chances of a genius are pretty slim

Leonardo swam, he rode, he fenced.

He was a runner, an archer and scaled steep ascents

Leonardo was a mover. He stood tall to paint,

As if life's to live, and not to faint

Da Vinci prized his standing desk

That gave nerve and muscle freedom to express

Moving desks now get used. Without non-geniuses
becoming confused

We might wonder - did De Vinci foresee

Prime Aussi rumps in love with TV?



Barry Pittard: I am a poet, lyricist and short story writer, living in the Hinterland of Southeast 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.



FEAR FILLED ME

I would like to disarm
the fear inside of me
I'm yearning to let it out
consuming me 360°

I want to peel it off
like the skin of an orange 🍊

making me feel green
like the miserable grinch

Where do I dig for the solution?
so I can take it home
I don't want it to follow me
I just want to be left alone

But before I can help it
I lose myself and surrender
to this gnawing villain
fear filled me since forever

I think i have succumbed
to its hold around my brain 🧠
If I could die to this awful pest
I'll be happy to live again



Bevan Boggenpoel: The award-winning author, Bevan Boggenpoel, was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Boggenpoel completed both a Baccalaureate in Education and BA Honors in Languages at the Nelson Mandela University (NMU). His debut poetry collection was well received. He has written three more titles and co-authored three other titles. One of the books titled ***Madiba's Quotes and Anecdotes (Reflections and Conversations)*** sells at the online shop of the university. He is also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (South African Literature Network). He has published six writers' books through his publishing company Poetic Productions. He is a primary school teacher in Port Elizabeth.



LIGHT AND DARKNESS

When too many negative thoughts cloud my mind

When darkness seems to torture and torment

When I cannot see a road ahead

When heart becomes gloomy with unbearable pains

I scramble like a blind man

A voice, whispers

Don't fear my dear

I am the light residing in your heart

Do not search for light outside

Find it in yourself

You are the power, believe it

Dispel your negative thoughts

Step with confidence

Disregard the snubs and jeers

Stick to truth and do good

You can easily clear the thorny bush

And make a way for yourself

As well as for others.



Bharati Nayak: She is a bilingual poet, writer, editor, translator, and reviewer hailing from Bhubaneswar, India. Her poems and writings have been published in nearly two hundred books, magazines, e-books and newspapers. She has published two poetry books in her native language, Odia, and eight English poetry collections as single author and co-author. She has translated Adila Akkoo's book ***Lost In A Quatrain*** into Odia. She has been felicitated by many literary groups and won awards of appreciation.



***DODOITSU* FOR SAYAH ESMA**

She is our well-born female,
born God's exalted cargo,
adored and blessed shadow
whose *canto* prevails.



Bill Cushing: For March 2025, Bill Cushing wishes a special (if late) “Happy Birthday” to his nephew’s new daughter on her first year, a date she shares with Bill. She is pictured here with mom Yasemin. This poem will be included in Bill’s upcoming poetry collection, ***The Beast Inside***.



Let me drape in your colours
To make my days like rainbows,
my mornings peachy
And evenings pink.
Let your colours
Blend into mine and
create colours of compassion.

Lend me your colours to
Splash smiles on teary faces,
joy among alienated races
And drench every sane mind
In colours of unity.



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



FEBRUARY SONG

When I reminisce on you,
Spring season draws on
Spreading across my mind

Mango blossoms bloom
In my heart,
A sweet aroma fills in

Memoirs fall down like dry leaves
From long standing trees of the city park
Blown with winds
Ask me for more space

In my nerves,
The cuckoo sings
As mornings change colors
And, afternoons laze on the tree branches

With thickening darkness,
I tend to smell the scent of the silence,
Your red lips and blue eyelids
Sing the February song in chorus
As a sleepless night signs off



Bishnu Charan Parida: He is a bilingual poet from Jajpur Road of Odisha. Professionally an engineer though, he loves poetry. His poems have been published in many anthologies and magazines of national and international repute. He has been awarded in the state level Kalinga Nagar book festival, Odisha in 2015, honored in the 11th Guntur International Poetry Festival, honored as a World Featured Poet 2019 of Pentasi-B, China. He also received the 8th R.N.Tagore award from X-press Publications, Kerala.



THE D CARD

you turn on me
with vicious spite
trying to hurt me
misuse
rip me apart
mentally abuse
trying to hurt me
I can't defend myself
or answer back

it's hard
being trapped
in the swirling mist
of the D card

you mustn't go out
meet anyone
no laughter
or smile
no music
always wear a frown
enjoyment is bard
these are the rules
you must respect
the rules of the D card

and I can't defend myself

and I can't answer back

it's hard

being trapped

in the swirling mist

of the D card



Brian Mackenzie: I was born in Inverness in 1949 and lived there until 1969. Since then, I lived in London and Saudi Arabia. I have worked most of my life in the Airline Industry, which enabled me to travel the world quite easily and cheaply. I am now retired and have lived in Spain for the last ten years. I only started writing since I retired in 2009 and it is only in the last few years that I started writing songs and poems and I suppose have become quite prolific. I have published 14 books of poetry, 8 self-published and 4 books were published by a publisher.



REMEMBRANCE AND GRATITUDE

The trees never forget to bring back leaves in Spring,
the moon never forgets to become a silver circle every
twenty-eight days,

the hot filter coffee with brown bubbles that my mother
made,

with the fever of boiling kettle heat in her body,

I remember now, from a different landscape, partitioned by
boundaries,
it never occurred to me to thank her then.

The sweetness of pomegranates
had a little salt in every bead, the sweat of my father
disguised,
ah! how naïve of me- I never realized.

Today, remembrance has become a habit, I am too like
the trees and the moon now.

A prayer to thank the farmer for every grain of rice,
the cow for every drop of milk that drips

air, water, roof, shelter, everything is a blessing.



Brindha Vinodh: Her poems have been widely published. Her book of poems ***Autumn in America & Other Poems*** is available on Amazon. She is the recipient of Poesis Award for Excellence in Poetry and the Reuel International Prize for poetry with an honourable mention.



It is I, your daughter,
the fangs of night are cloned and wandering
ashen streets, their lamp heads drooping
with the fatigue of asking.
It wasn't water that covered the stars
but the wretchedness of loss and quiet savagery.
I climbed out of my bedroom like the boy
who ate the moon and ran ragged, a flame
through the city. It stays eternally hungry, you

cannot feed its furnace sufficiently, it will spit
up its lungs in its endeavor to exist without air.

I exist without you, you let me go like a wild thing
didn't ask yourself how will that work for her? Your wife
is not my mother, my mother is not my mother or your
wife.

She is a temple without doors, as you are a key without a
lock.

When the wind came that day, they predicted
breakout fires, told us to remove leaves from the sides of
the house

ensure everything is wetted down. The howling sounded
like a lake

emptied of its thirst, the buried fields of my childhood
made concrete

how many of us really survived?



Candice Louisa Daquin: She is of Sephardi French/Egyptian descent. Daquin worked in publishing in Europe before immigrating to America to become a Psychotherapist. She's Senior Editor at Indie Blu(e) Publishing and Editorial Associate with Raw Earth Ink. She edits for The Pine Cone Review, Tint Journal, Parcham Literary Magazine & others. Daquin is co-editor of the award-winning anthologies *SMITTEN This Is What Love Looks Like: Poetry by Women for Women*, *The Kali Project: Invoking the Goddess Within / Indian Women's Voices*, *The New Condemned: Contemporary Albanian Poetry in English*, and *Love Letters to Ukraine from Uyava*. Her latest personal collection is ***Tainted by the Same Counterfeit*** (Finishing Line Press, 2022).



HOPE

A flicker in the dark,
soft as breath,
whispers to the heart—
not yet.

Even in shadows,
light remembers
the way
home.



Carl Scharwath: He has appeared globally with 180+ journals selecting his writing or art. Carl has published four poetry books and his latest book is ***The World Went Dark*** published by Alien Buddha Press. Carl has four photography books, published with Praxis and CreatiVingenuity. His photography was exhibited in the Mount Dora and Leesburg Centers for the Arts. Carl is currently an art editor at Glitterati and former editor for Minute Magazine. He was nominated for four The Best of the Net Awards (2022-25) and two different 2023 Pushcart Nominations for poetry and a short story.



www.gettyimages.ae

COWARDS

Have raised my voice
enough.

Enough of mine is,
was heard.

But nothing happened

In the beginning.

Circumstances changed,
so did approach,

attitude

Those around me

left one by one.

Giving philosophically

unacceptable reasons

When I am now,

recognised

applauded

for standing alone,

continue fighting,

they first come

through their shadows,

one by one,

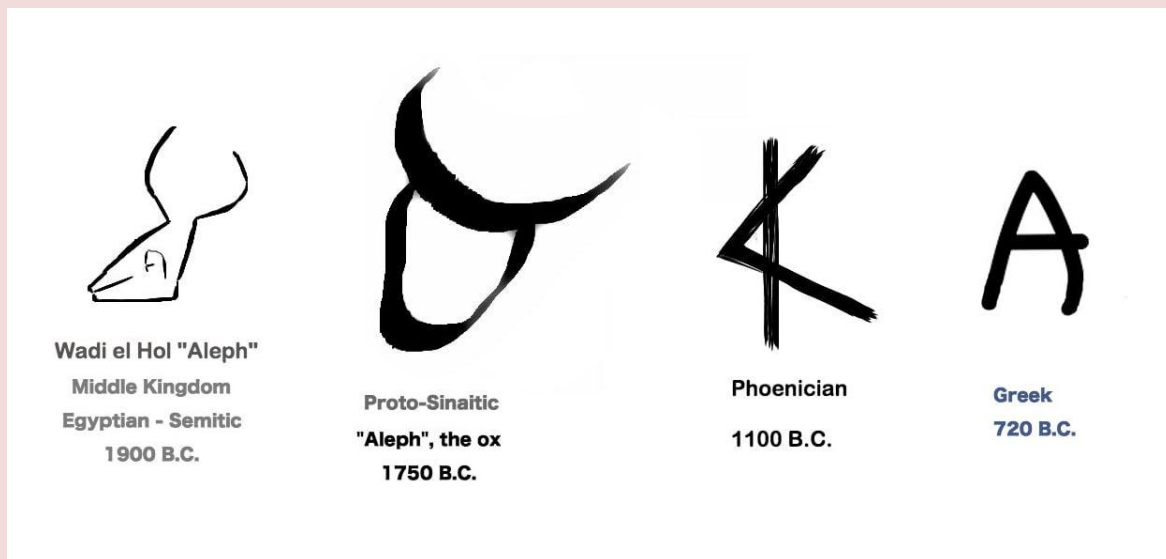
then bring their self.

Cowards

dressed up today as rebels.



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



A IS FOR ALEPH

A is for Aleph, the ox sent ploughing
 To break in furrows soil to take the seed
 An ox's head with horns, symbol endowing
 Speech with permanence, voice scratched to read
 On clay or other bits of earth to show
 Past the scribe's last breath. Now the ox evolved,
 Aleph left his farm, off to sea he'd go
 Phoenician ships sailed to future, the old
 Lands gave way to Greece, here his destiny
 Took shape, now known as Alpha civilised

Europe, from the warm land of southern sea
To snow-spat north so commonly despised
But which harnessed the ox to go their way
Despite the trials years in their thousands bring
Our Aleph lives to work another day
And the great word-crop still bears harvesting.



Christopher Villiers: He is an English poet based in the county of Devon. He has Bachelor and Master's Degree in Theology from Durham University and has written for academic journals on that subject. He is the author of four books of poetry and his poems often take the form of dramatic monologues from characters in history mythology and religion. He works as a freelance writer and when not writing enjoys reading widely, walking and exploring different cultures.



ROSE IN THE WILD

a rose in the wild
still shares its gentle fragrance
and asks not your love

it smiles in the sun
holds fast through the stormy night
awaiting dawn's glow

above its sharp thorns
gazing at the wide blue sky
petals gather dew

at last, it withers
never clipped for any vase
dying free, alone



Dale Adams: He lives in Bethany Oklahoma with his wife Tami and their dog Heidi. He enjoys reading history and science. He has worked in building maintenance and repair, in factories, on water wells, as an auto mechanic and auto parts specialist, and in security. He was 51 when he wrote and recorded his first original songs, and poetry publications in Warriors With Wings Anthology, and Fallen Angel Anthology followed. Dale has established SoundCloud and YouTube Channels, and has converted poems into songs for other poets, including Christine Tabaka and Michael Lee Johnson.

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

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



MY LITTLE PRIEST

Between the 10th and 12th of May

Going one day to visit

The Royal Palace of La Granja, in Segovia

With the entire Conciliar Seminary

Next to the Fountain of Andromeda

Wife of Perseus

One of the many heroes born
From the Zeus' love with a mortal
A certain Rosina was taking
The shadow that its figure gave her.
On the other side, there was "the Curilla"

Little Priest

Who went to the young woman
To see if he could conquer her.
He, who had heard his parents

Call her Rosina

Affectionately said to her:

-Rosina, I'm tired of love myself

In the Conciliar Seminary.

If you're not in love yet

Fall in love with me

And I'll leave the Seminary
When the week begins
With spiritual exercises
Because I don't want
In those days of sacrifice and prayer
To jump over the wall
And go with other companions to have love
Behind the choir of the Cathedral.



Daniel de Culla: I am a Daniel de Culla, poet, writer, etc., residing in Burgos, Spain. I am retired. I have also published poetry, anthologies more than seventy.



By Vincent van Gogh - Van Gogh Museum (retouched picture)

Public Domain, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=39845659>

BLACKBIRDS

I have painted the same picture
Van Gogh. You knew the loneliness
of those blackbirds, why they flew together
above layers of stacked wheat.

These same birds have flown with me daily.
For 37 years, I have repeated this
cycle of flying flocked across rich but
unpeopled fields, circling in the Great Wheel

that will not release me, screaming “Free me!
Free me! My God won’t you please free me,
that I might try again.”



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



THE NEWCOMER

Quivering nonchalantly,
Amidst the rushed rush.

Trembling subconsciously,
Across the rumbling ride.

The newcomer feels...

The Phantoms of Population

Unforgivingly uncontrollable,
Gnashing towards destiny.

The newcomer feels,
The Bomb of the Bay...

Boom Boom Boom



Debraj Moulick: Beauty and terror, the two contrasting sides of the same coin. It is concurrent as well as subsequent. There is a beautiful side of the city because the terrible side is also lurking somewhere... This is one of the versions, it might not be suitable for your mindset, but it exists. Poetry is also about fear, the ability to deal with the daily terror of life. It is about the coexistence of two contrasting aspects. To the beautiful but hardly earned life in the maximum city. You know me.



By Netflix –

<https://www.vitalthrills.com/joy-trailer-and-poster-revealed-by-netflix/>

, Fair use, <https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?curid=78497839>

JOY

JOY is a sensitive, superb Netflix docudrama about the initiative begun in England in the 1970s by an innovative trio of scientists to enable in vitro fertilisation for infertile couples. There were raging disagreements with certain members of the orthodox British medical establishment who saw the doctors as outliers. Dr Steptoe used a laparoscopic camera that had been invented in Germany at

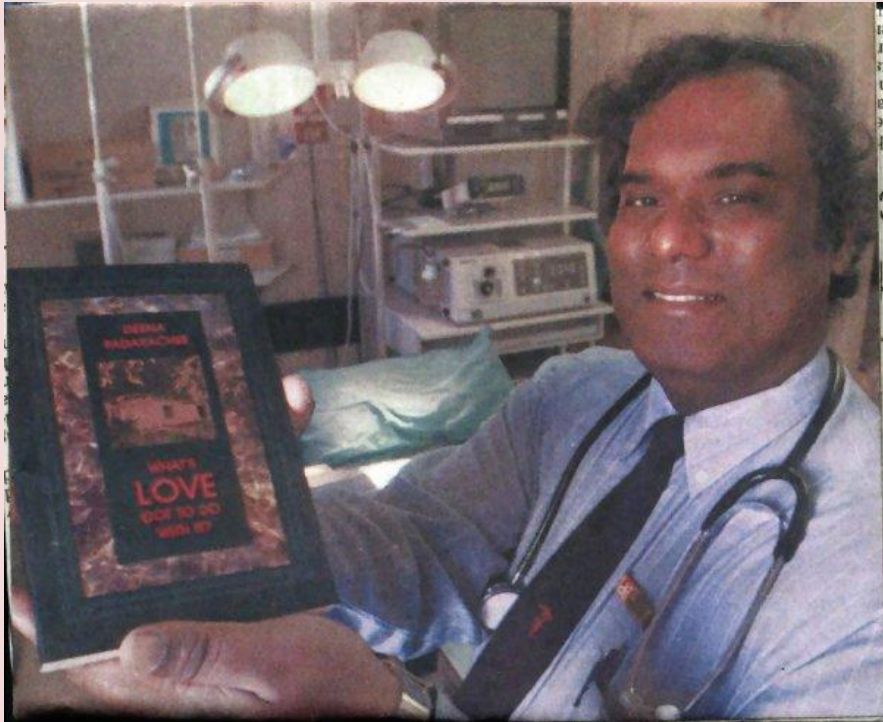
a time when laparotomies were the favoured way of investigating infertility and endometriosis.

Some of the pious were up in arms, and even the Nobel prize winner, Dr Watson, was anxious that such babies might be born with abnormalities.

Unfortunately, certain newspapers denigrated the innovators and harried them, calling them 'Frankensteins'.

Trailblazers may rattle the cages of the comfortable.

The trio of Dr Edwards, Dr Steptoe and Jean Purdy persevered in the face of a fiery eruption of toxic lava from the staid conservatives. The British Medical Research Council turned down their request for funding. Jean's mother stopped her own daughter from visiting her because of the work that she was doing. The lateral thinker was told that she was no longer welcome at her church. But Jean believed in the love that she was helping to bring into the world, and she did not give up despite the personal cost. Dr Robert Edwards was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 2010. Unfortunately, both Jean Purdy and Dr Steptoe had passed away by then. This is simply a brilliant production about a procedure for infertile couples that we now regard as normal. When humans turn their incredible intellects towards the pursuit of reducing the pain of people, how blessed are those endeavours!



Dr. Deena Padayachee (MbChb (Natal)): He has served as the head of the DIPa Medical Journal Update club. He is the winner of the Olive Schreiner and Nadine Gordimer literary prizes. He has served as a columnist for the Sunday Times Extra. He was a prescribed author for KZN matrices. He was an invited author at the universities of Copenhagen, Tuebingen, State University of Louisiana, and the Teachers' College of Mauritius. His short stories feature in the University of Cambridge's, Reader's Digest's, Penguin, and Ad Donker's literary anthologies. He has been honoured by both the Durban Independent Medical Practitioners' Association and the Department of Arts and Culture for his individual contributions.



Artwork © Lucian Cloete

(South Africa)

HUMANITY IN CRISIS

In case you have not noticed humanity is on the move to prove the dire state of a global implosion humans forced to flee in a desperate hurry aimlessly wandering aimlessly floating not sure who to trust or follow as panic grips tired hearts not knowing which way to turn or who to assist as panic sets in despite brave tired hearts carving a new tomorrow and brave angels light the way despite not knowing where to turn –

Breathing slowly step by step no respite where to hide who to trust why us?

Breathing surviving praying take a breath support protect the hive stay alive protect the hive at all cost do not waver stand your ground focus ahead dismiss false larks attempting to derail your path focus conserve your energy protect each other do not give up assist resist renew regenerate do your best to protect your loved ones your dear ones...

When the evening breeze dampen your mood start a chorus of choirs over dunes so ancient you find yourself humming along that healing song then raise the volume to ensure all around you can join in the chorus of life so do not not despair hug a stranger support the weak never look back don't look down...

The journey almost over. A new life awaits. Focus on your rumoured legacy...

Welcome to your salvation...



Don Beukes: He is a South African, British and EU Poet and writer and Poetry Chapbook Reviewer at The Poetry Café. He is the author of *The Salamander Chronicles; Icarus Rising-Volume 1 (ABP)*; and *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*. He taught English and Geography in both South Africa and the UK. His poetry has been translated into various languages. He was nominated for the 'Best of the Net' in 2017 as well as the Pushcart Poetry Prize (USA) in 2016. He was published in his first SA Anthology 'In Pursuit of Poetic Perfection' in 2018 (eBook) and his second 'Cape Sounds' in 2019. He is also an amateur photographer.



LENSES

I was one with those voyeur stars;
I had eyes and thought I could see
through the hollow invisible NotSaid
that keep the planet orderly.

But “Orbit’s disjointed!” they say.
I need a new optometrist
“Magnifiers assemble the blaze!
the noose rope already twists!

and our sky's unconstellated!
we're free to do within our chains!
and we hold too fast to conditions!
we must more dearly count the change!"

So, should I rage
or should I grieve
in my omniscient grave?



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



I WANT MY POETRY

Translated by Artur Komoter

In the accursed lines
a few rocky characters.
The lifeless sphere of words
can be alive
in us,

or perhaps only in me?

It will leave behind an elusive,
but permanent,
germ of words and understatements.

In my poetry
I want to capture
a part of the existing world,
that of the stories,
but also of the illusion
that everyone is
rational and tolerant.

Maybe poetry
will help move
the stone hearts
– of the insensitive-sentient
– of the deaf-hearing
– of the blind-seeing?

Those
who can do something
and do

– Nothing!



Eliza Segiet: She graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. She has received Global Literature Guardian Award – from Motivational Strips; Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020; International Award Paragon of Hope (2020); World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence; Laureate of the Special Jury Sahitto International Award 2021; Laureate of the Special Jury Sahitto International Award 2021; World Award Premiul Fănuș Neagu 2021; Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022); Award - World Poets Association (2023); Laureate Between words and infinity “International Literary Award (2023). She was nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021, 2024.



CONFLUENCE – V
a roseate sonnet

It is because of the rivers –
Rivers that flow in us
eternally mapping time;
that I know

It's because rivers change –
course and time
and rewrite geography
that I know

We have parted;
We had parted!

Roses have their seasons
Oceans evaporate for mountains
Seas sometime give in to rivers
Even we, have to give in to the Acts of love!



Feby Joseph: Well known in concentric circles, Feby Joseph is a part-time procrastinator, and a full-time piano teacher from Mumbai. In the spare time, that he doesn't have, Feby dabbles in poetry and hopes to do for it, what Einstein did for the electric can opener. Some of his works have been published in The Bombay Literary Magazine, Zoetic Press, The Bangalore Review and Café Dissensus.



JOURNEY

The spirit
that created me
also created
a creator with me.

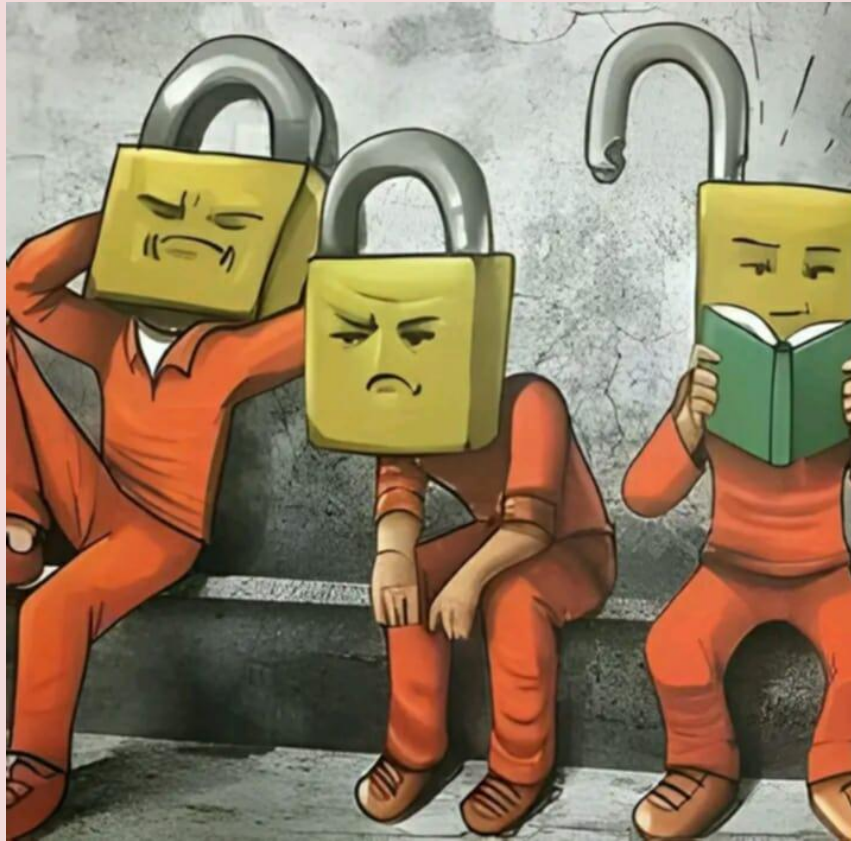
My mediocrity has
brought forth the bearded,
the smoking,
thinking philosopher.

The artist that destiny
will forget,
the poet that
will die from drink,
the musician that
will astound the world,
and the teacher that
will show us the way.
I do not require praise,
just not disdain
for my being.
Do not gaze at me
as you do
the homeless man,
holding a sign,
asking for help.



Ferris E Jones: He is an award-winning, internationally published poet and screenwriter living in Puyallup Washington. His work has appeared in both print and online magazines including as the featured poet for Creative Talents Unleashed. He is the recipient of two grants from the Nevada Arts Council and the Editor/Publisher of Nevada Poets 2009. Ferris has twice received honorable mention awards from Writers Digest annual screenwriting contest. He is also the Author/Editor of seven collections of poetry. He features the work of other poets in the Inquisition Poetry website every month. The goal of this site is to spread the word of poetry throughout the world.

www.inquisitionpoetry.com



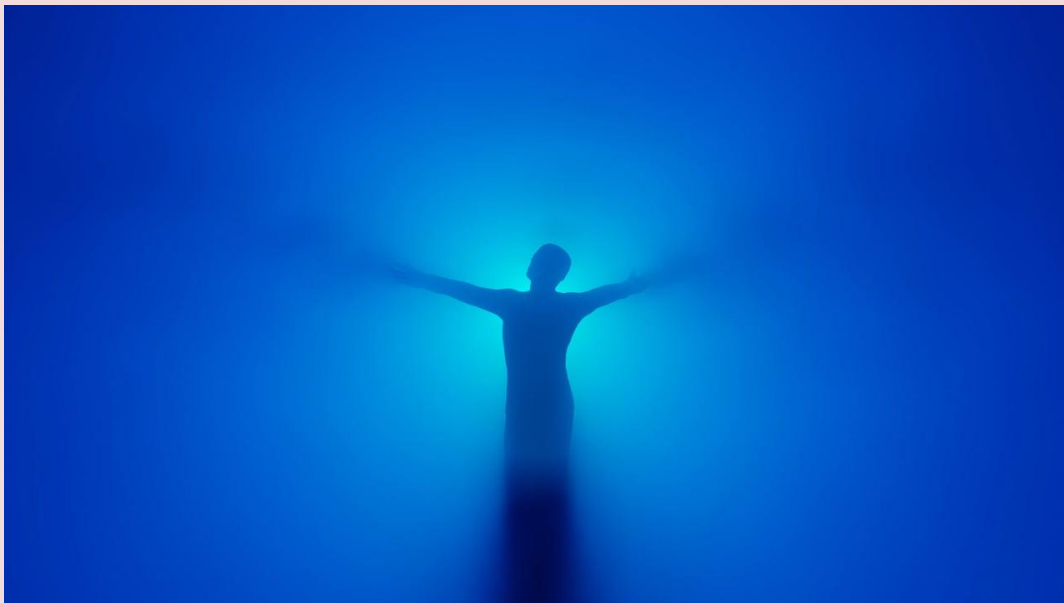
OF READING AND LEADING

I traversed across ages
From kingdom to kingdom
Meeting and listening to sages
From the lips of their pages
Tapping and mining their wisdom
Of things that give knowledge
Both in and out of college

As one who has drank from brooks
Of many slaking refreshing books
I tell, those who took delight in reading
Are the chosen with crown, fit for leading



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



EXPOSED

I hanged my soul
like a worn out,
washed out shirt
to dry
on the horizon line
stretched
between life and death.

My soul
was gently swinging
in the breeze,
forgotten
on the line of verses
that you tied from your heart
to the edge of the world
and back.

My soul
was a child of the night,
it came through the womb
of time...
it was a natural birth
welcomed by the seas
and by the stars.

My soul
followed me,
came to look for my wings
that I lost in this foreign dimension
among moonlight flowers
and poems.

My soul
came to take with him
the mirror's treasured
memories
of us.



Francisc Edmund Balogh: He is a Romanian poet and musician residing in the UK. He works as teaching assistant in London. He writes mainly in Romanian and English and occasionally in Spanish and Hungarian. He has received 1st place at L'Olimpiade Mondiale de Poesie contest, 2020-2021; best foreign author at the 2022, of I COLORI DELL'ANIMA; and The best poem at 'Days turn into night' poetry competition 2024, India. A couple of Francisc's poems was published in the French literary blog 'Lettres Capitales'; published in the 'Vort Vergessen' anthology from Germany; in the 'Azahar' Spanish language magazine; and a couple in World Poetry tree.



THE CALM WITHIN

The world roars wild with thunder's cry,
And winds that sweep the weeping sky.
Glass rains down from shattered dreams,
Yet in my heart, a candle gleams.

The streets are rivers, swift and wide,
Carrying echoes lost in tide.
Yet I stand, with my feet bare,
And feel the earth holding me there.

The voices clash like clanging steel,
Their fury bent on what they feel.
Yet silence hums within my chest,
A whispered hymn of quiet rest.

I sip the sunlight's golden streams,
Let laughter spill through broken seams.
My hands are empty, yet they hold
More wealth than all the world in gold.

Though chaos dances, wild and free,
It does not take the peace from me.
For in the storm, I do not run –
I stand, I breathe, and await the sun.



Gargi Sarkhel Bagchi: She is the winner of '*The Reuel International Poetry Prize 2022*', '*The Indian Women Rising Star for Literature 2023*', '*The National Chanting Bards Award, 2023*', '*The R.P. Sharma's Poetic Present for Poetry Rendition 2023*', '*The Poiesis Award for Excellence in Literature 2023, 2024 & 2025*', '*The Panorama International Youth Literature Award 2024*', '*The WE Illumination Award 2024 for Language, Discourse, Participation*', '*The WE Gifted Poet Award 2024 for Magic of Poetry*', the '*Reverend Dr. Komal Masih Award 2024 for Best English Poetry Rendition*' and the '*Distinguished Poet Award 2025*'. Her debut book of poems is titled ***Two Cents For My Thoughts***. It has won two awards.



THE PLACE WHERE PAIN STAYS

A stain on the glass,
A scratch on the wall,
A knee scraped raw,
A thorn stuck in the bare paw.

You ignore—
the pain stays in the background,
like the introvert child,
hunched over her book,

on the last bench,
never looking up.

You prod—
the pain flares up,
a spark to inflammable gas,
an angry mass,
a scream that shatters the glass.



Gauri Dixit: When not busy working in her office, she is busy being a traveller, climbing mountains, capturing the voice of a solitary flower blossoming from a rock or the bird sitting on a hanging branch, sometimes the setting sun or the sea in her camera as well as in the words she weaves. That she has been a part of many anthologies as well as a Reuel Prize awardee and had commendable mention at Destiny's Poet is incidental. In her first book, ***In My Skin, I Find Freedom***, there are poems on varied subjects, yet there is a common thread of a skeptical questioning mind of a free woman.



AWAKENING

Afflicted by a sudden disruptive malady
My senses shrunk reaching a dead end
Days and nights engulfed by an unknown fear
Life which used to be a casual affair
Suddenly became so extravagant !

The breathlessness which I was suffering from
Made me count eons of time when I breathed smoothly
The pain in my ribcage and muscles extended to my soul
I felt as if I was being rejected by life
As if everything was going wrong

But behind that gloom and despair
There was a mirror of truth
I could see the damage, the negligence
My withered soul was going through
It was none but me who was apathetic towards life

Sometimes soul needs a reset, mind needs a detox
And the body needs a break to rest and repose
Self care is a commitment not to others but to yourself
If you take care of yourself, you can take care of others
whom you love

I learnt this simple thing after so many glitches
Sometimes things that are supposed to go wrong
Are actually found going in the right direction...



Gayatree G Lahon: Hailing from Assam, she is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. She is a postgraduate in English literature from Gauhati University. Being a true aesthete, she finds beauty in every aspect of life and nature and her ink pours those elements in a profound way. Even the complexities of life compel her to scribble in her own way. Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines, both in India and abroad.



LITTLE THINGS

The Universe is built up by little things,
Small clouds flood the seas and the earth,
Time runs into eternity second by second
A giant star is little in the vast universe,

As a vast domain is added by little plots of land,
A tiny needle with small stitches
Begets wonderful intricate embroidery.
Where metal, thread and skill eclipsed novelty.

A trifle becomes significant through faith in little things,
A little gunpowder can cause a great conflagration
Little duties make great work as bricks a building,
A local becomes international little paths following.

Little temptations make a big sin or a crime,
A little bullet destroys a great hope of life,
A little act of sacrifice saves a lot unthinkable
When a man in multitude of sufferings.
Gets a little amount of happiness to survive,
Thus the Great is reached through the Little.



Prof. Dr. Gazi Abdulla-hel Baqui: He is a poet, writer, translator and a university professor, and has already authored twenty-five books; many poems and articles have also been published. Besides being awarded internationally for his poetic accomplishments, he has been honored by Bangladeshi organizations for his contribution to literature, education and research. A solo cassette album called Visions and his poems in some anthologies have been published by The National Library of Poetry, Maryland. His prize-winning poems on Peace have been published in Official Catalogues by Cultura-e-Societa, Torino, Italy. His poems generally deal with peace and patriotism, eternal problems and lasting human conviction.



ONE AND THE SAME

I float in a mirage though I think it is real,
The mirrors on my clothes catching the light of the sun,
Not blinding me but invoking reflections of my inner
thoughts,
Cobalt blue coins glittering in delight as if fragments of the
sky are trapped,
The illusion of water strangely quenches my thirst,

Not the "parched tongue" kind of thirst but the thirst of
quests,

Of my journeys, my evolution, my roots, my identity,

Suddenly something inundates me, and I float buoyed by
weightlessness,

I look at the fine sugary grains of sand I let go through my
fingers,

Stretches of ivory sand dappled by hot and cold winds,

My own understanding and misunderstanding of truths,

I realise I'm sitting on an ocean that once was,

Till it decided to give itself up to the sun,

Leaving its mystery and stories in the dunes of passing
seasons,

Effaced and smeared by dust storms,

So much like memories I carry in my soul,

Dusted away and smudged through my many births,

This realisation leaves me pondering of how everything
transforms,

In its own pace and place in invisible dynamics,

In an ocean of endless sand dunes that look like creamy wavelets,

One never could drown, except in one's own thoughts,

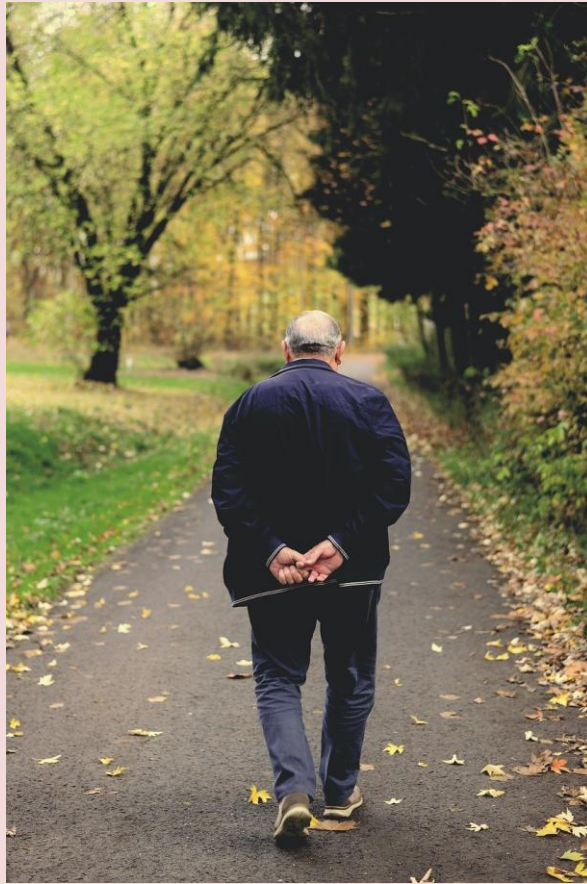
Understanding that the ocean and the desert are one and the same,

And caravans of introspection lead me to oases of a strange bliss,

In the placidity of my mind.



Geethanjali Dilip: Professor of French heading Zone Francophone, poet by passion, her poetry books include, *Geethatmaa , Song of the Soul; Hansa Geetham- Song of the Celestial Swan; Poetry Voice- Geeth Dhvani; Soul Riff; Atmatarang; Rosée- The Dewdrop; Beads of Poesie - Mani Geetham; The Reverie- Swapna Geetham;* and *Poetry Forest – AaranyaGeetham*. Recipient of ‘The Reuel International Award for Poetry’, awardee in the category of commendable mention for her poem at ‘The Great Indian Poetry Contest’; recognition of exhibiting “literary brilliance par global standards”-Gujarat Sahitya Akademi, Indian Women’s Achievers Award from Asian Literary Society, she curates Yercaud Poetry Festival, since 2018, believing that poetry connects the world.



ACCOLADES OF ASHES

I look at myself in the mirror
slide my hand across the gray stubbles on my cheek
that once knew the bloom of youth
round and rosy they were, with a dimple
that she wanted to kiss.

Love was the knowledge of our souls;
unacknowledged yet;
my priorities listed bottom to top
dreams included only myself, and
our love was just some
sidelong glances and smiles
slowly fading the rear mirror.

I drove towards the cheering crowds,
fulfilling my duties with due diligence
that belied the strange feeling of emptiness despite all.

My craving eyes search the crowds for that one face, that
one smile...

What a wonderful life they say
you've done it all
Ignoring my lifeless empty eyes

As I continue to sit tight
on my accolades of ashes.



Glory Sasikala: She is a writer, poet and editor and publisher living in Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India. She is the author of the ***'Sundays With Glory Sasikala'*** series of short stories on Amazon. She is the author of the ***'Glorees Poems'*** series on Amazon. She is the Editor and Publisher of GloMag, an International Poetry and Prose Magazine; she is the administrator of the GloMag Group on Facebook. She is also a published novelist with two novels to her credit: ***Goodbye Papa*** (Writers Workshop, Kolkata) and ***She Spoke In Tongues*** (Setu Mag).

<https://www.amazon.in/dp/B0DH2Z45X6>

<https://www.amazon.in/Glorees-Poems/dp/B0C2D27V6B>



LOVE FANTASY

Listen, listen, to my heartbeat
pulsating in rhythmic passion
like the breath of the wind
vibrant and alive

listen. listen to my pulse
beating softly like the cool breeze
caressing the flesh
on a still autumn night

listen, listen
to the rhythms of my heart
like the song of a river
restless to find its lover the ocean

you come to me
a phantom in a dream
your aura stills the beat of my heart
holds the breath of the wind
calms the flow of the river
holds me spellbound in its intimacy

the yearning in my heart
momentarily softens
when your lips, tender
sweet as wine finds mine
my soul in a trance

dances, dances in delusions of fantasy
my heart is in a distant remote place
where time and space are faraway from reality



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by and has been 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.



WHITE MOON

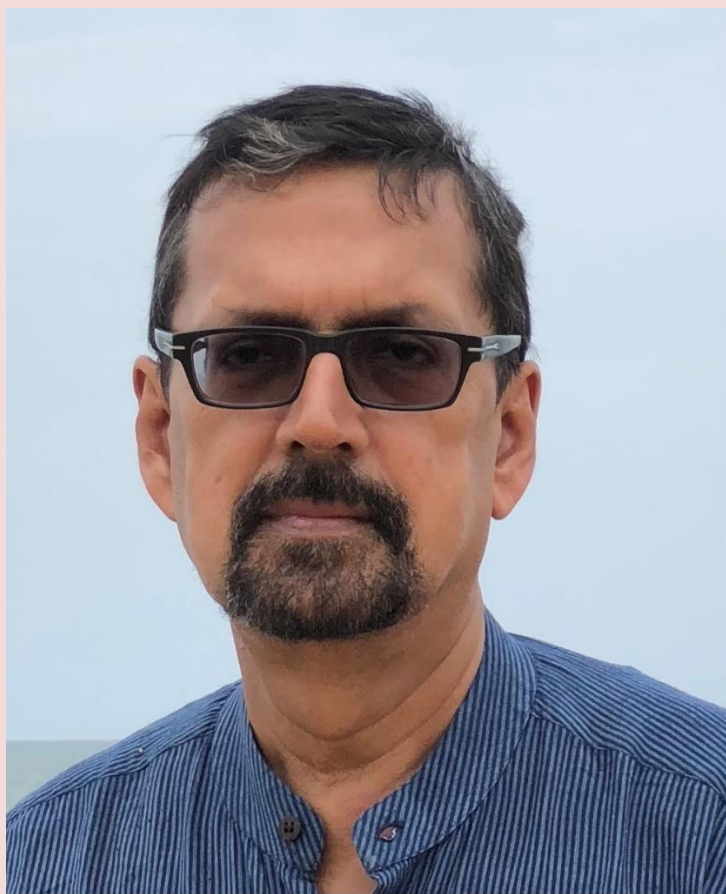
I dip my hands and shake the cold bushes
the petunias are still unwrapping
the night's silence.

The white petals unlearn their grammar,
display the calligraphy of peace,
The hunger for light is still there.

I pluck one, and then another,
they try to say something but their
voices cannot be heard.

I bend down and collect a few memories
my mother's face rises from among them,
white moon like it used to be.

The wooden cottages drink the morning
lights, they flicker, melt and glow
in another sky.



Gopal Lahiri: I am a bilingual poet, writer, critic and translator residing in Kolkata. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published twelve volumes of poetry in English and eight volumes in Bengali. In addition, I have also solo/jointly edited eight anthologies of poems in English and have one translation work of short stories of Israel, translated by me from English to Bengali. Two recently published books of mine, ***Crossing the Shoreline*** and ***Some Resonance, Some Desire***. I have been nominated for Pushcart Prize in poetry category for the year 2021. I am the first recipient of Jayanta Mahapatra National Award for Literature, 2024.



EVE

When you came to April, clad in profusion of Padauk flowers, with steps brisk, elegance and a sprightly air, I don't think I can still remember Thingyan.

At the touch of your syllables that come waltzing off your dawning lips, and dive into the lagoons in my irises in mirth in aura of steadfast devotion like the everlasting veins of His presence, I came to accept the heart of the heart of creations.

It is the sudden grasps of your palms that offered me cosmic alchemy. I have become capable of overshadowing

the Agni of this universe in the territory of my fathomless abyss, and swallow it with effortless ease.

As the old foliage is turned anew with peeping sprouts of jade, and buds and florets replenishing the heavens of trees, you are seen, splashed in nuanced subtlety every time you drift towards me, light and tender as the wind.

When I sometimes chew on trivial brier when munching your sentences, I don't get upset, my dear. You are balanced like the duality of His realm. You soften into a breeze, and your breeze tends to grow into a storm at times.

I'm not going to ask of His Supreme Lord for more. The offering he has vouchsafed me in his Eden makes my life rich..... too rich. Now, I've come to realise you came to me with the reason that He wants me to love Him.



Hein Min Tun: He is a multiple award-winning poet and writer from Myanmar. He has received "Distinguished Writer Award". He has also achieved "Tagore Honour" given by Literoma for his contribution to literature. He has a successful book to his credit; his debut poetry collection ***Crescendo*** has earned him the "Panorama Golden Book Award - 2024" conferred by Writers Capital International Foundation. Additionally, he came 3rd, the 2nd runner-up in the Rabindranath Tagore International Award Poetry Contest, bagging the "Poiesis Award for Excellence in Poetry". Above all, Hein Min Tun is the Winner of the prestigious "Reuel International Poetry Prize" (2024) for all the poems he has written so far.



ABSENTEEISM

The cactus has bloomed after five years on his birthday. She brews a cup of coffee in the kitchen. It's force of habit to put two cups on the refectory table. There are hummingbirds and cherries hand painted with intricate details on the white porcelain... The rims are golden. They had been an impulsive buy on a visit to a local antique store. Now the tears well up in her eyes as she realises her error. Last evening she had referred to him in the present tense at her weekly book club meeting. Her throat had tightened with grief even though she bravely continued to

analyse the plot. This evening the open window welcomes
a gust of wind redolent with the earthiness of new leaves.
She promises herself that she won't reach for his absent
hand while crossing the road today.

bowstring hemp

she utters his name

like a prayer



Jahnavi Gogoi: She is a poet and writer based in Ontario, Canada. Her poetry has been published in many magazines and journals across the world. She lives in the picturesque town of Ajax with her family and identifies as a bibliophile.



an abundance
of dark news amidst
scant joy

no words, yet
wave after wave of sadness
body surfing grief



my thoughts
like the clouds
drifting to you

on the edges
of your shore
I am home



drifting off to sleep
your purr resonating
with my heartstrings

you melt into my lap
hard to tell where I begin
togetherness

tears of abundance
love and gratitude
spill over



on the edges
of memory
we linger longer

when there are no words
poetry alights upon my heart
and says it all

examining footprints
in the snow before me
I meet myself



Jennifer Gurney: She lives in Colorado where she teaches, paints, writes and hikes. Her poetry has appeared internationally in a wide variety of journals. Two of her poems have won international contests and one was recently turned into a choral piece for a concert. Jennifer's first book of poetry ***My Eyes Adjusting*** has recently been published.



THESE KNOW NOTHING DOCTORS

Who see me as a caricature
to quick in their criticism
using flash cards as diagnosis.

They pretend to understand me
never known poverty
forgetting I can hardly walk.

How convenient to cuddle up
compliment my beauty.
You really need glasses, Doctor.

So unimaginative...thinking of
yourselves, believing everyone
is healthy and rich.

Poor communicators.
Refusing to listen, won't study up.
Business dummies. Can't use
the brains you were born with.

Feel sorry for yourselves. How
hard is it to lift a prescription pad?
Who is paying your salaries?

Medical mafia wears a
white coat and a mask.

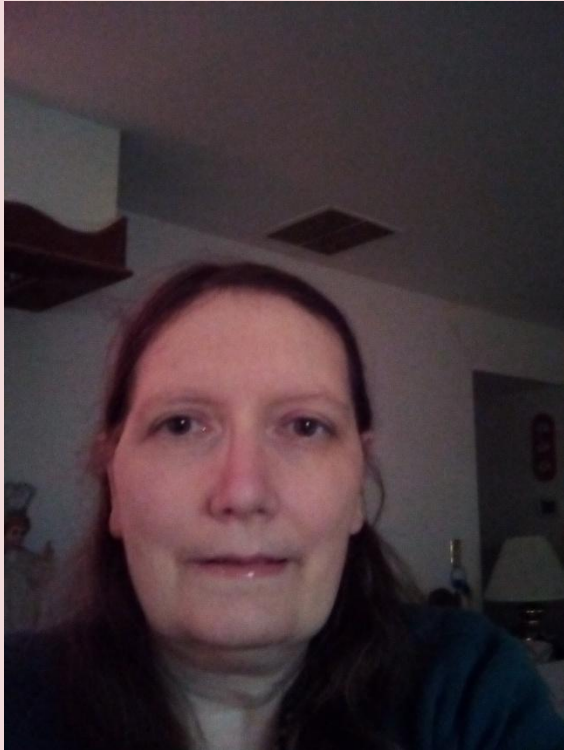


Joan McNerney: She has been the recipient of three scholarships. She has recited her work at the National Arts Club, New York City, State University of New York, Oneonta, McNay Art Institute, San Antonio and the University of Houston, Texas, published worldwide in over thirty-five countries, her work has appeared in literary publications too numerous to mention. Four Best of the Net nominations have been awarded to her. ***The Muse in Miniature; Love Poems for Michael; and At Work*** are available on Amazon.com. A new release entitled ***Light & Shadow*** explores the recent historic COVID pandemic.



FIREPLACES WARM SONG

Fire such orange sight
warming my spirit bright
red beams of hands light
Keeping us warm aglow
from the frosty winter blow
The sun is in a fireplace
keeping us in a tranquil space
singing us to bed at night
crackling against the wood's song



JoyAnne O'Donnell: She is a Pushcart-nominated poet. She is the author of five poetry collections. They are ***Winds of Time; Spring and Summers Veil; Palace of Enchanted Day and Night; Heaven's Medal;*** and ***Summer in The Breeze.*** She has also brought out two chapbooks: ***Angels*** and ***Tea Time*** by Origami Poets.



PRESENCE

Black holes and dreams come in a package of cool
nothingness

wrapping up time and space,

bruised desires squirt from an unfinished tube of
moisturizer

randomly squeezed out in haste when sore dryness afflicts
the endless fragility

cracked cream bleeding white at every twist and turn with
agility

forming splashed galaxies and powerful uncertainties
consuming its surrounding moments;
a gorge gulping up the whole river and the presence

here it's lumpy blankets and sleep-stained pillows
scrawling the blank dank blue page,
cleaners strip yesterday's sleep and whispers, leftovers
from blocked basins
check-out time comes as a newborn black hole
where time is blank, blank is full
we are leaving, but dreams are still here, hear
an echo of a bottomless sorrow wobbling for rest as a pain
remembered,
simple and sublime, prehistoric.



Kakoli Ghosh (a.k.a Moon Drops): She is a post-graduate in English literature, and hails from an industrial town in West Bengal, India. Her published books are ***Unfinished*** (2010), ***The Bridge*** and ***Estuary*** (2022). Her oeuvres have been published in Paradise on Earth: Vols. I & II (USA), Ferring Love (India), GloMag (India), Poems for Haiti (South Africa), The Poet magazine, (UK), The New Norm (India), Stories from India (Ukiyoto), etc. Many of her Bengali poems have been published online and printed in local magazines.



IKEBANA

The world is a beautiful place,

Can you not see it in my face?

Said the red red rose,

In very poetic prose!

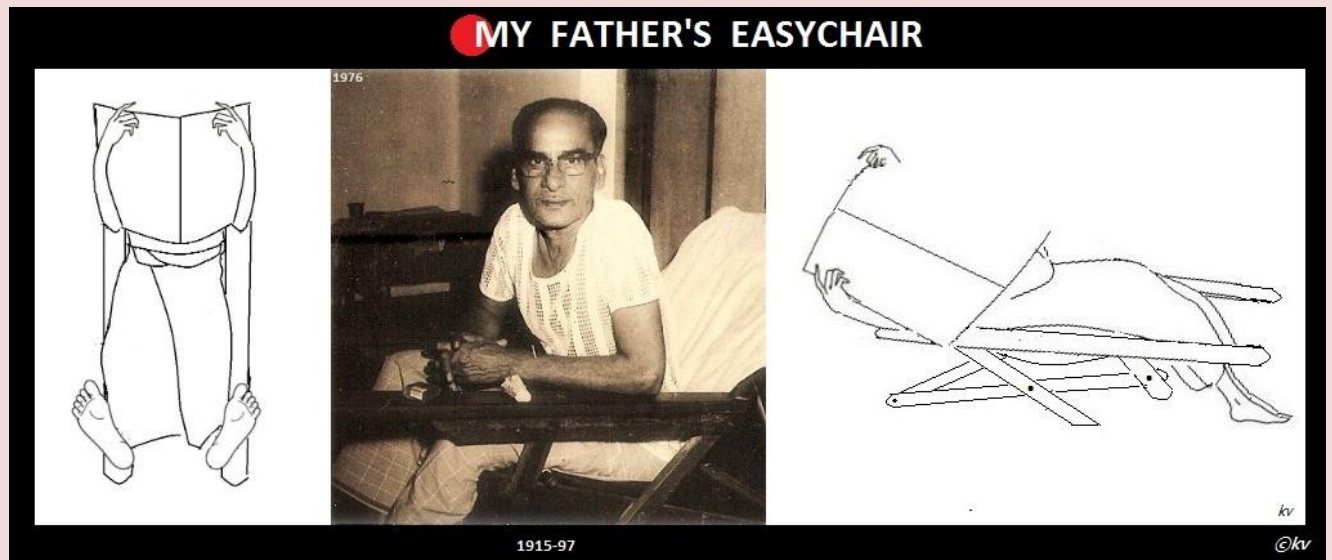
Not more beautiful than me

Said the pristine white lily...

Her fluid grace I couldn't deny,
Though much I did try.
Then, all aglow in lovely pink
The lotus swam up to the lake's brink
What say you of my petal and leaf
I'm the most majestic, I believe?
From somewhere the bluebells sang
It sounded more like they 'rang',
As for the bougainvillea, they wouldn't be left behind,
Of course their paperous beauty is one of a kind!
As so it went, with the daisies, and the
Dahlias and marigold.
The Mahua and the Parijatha and the Kamekona, flowers
of gold!
I, poor soul, couldn't say this or that to any,
Since, indeed each was beautiful and there were so many!
Since each was trying to become primary Donna,
I orchestrated them into a beautiful ikebana.



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



MY FATHER'S EASYCHAIR

The memory of my father has a resting place;
it is in the serenity of his easychair.

A stoic in the middle of the desolate drawing room
in a house vacant for the last few years.

The house he had built seventy years ago
on the western deck of the *Chirakkal Chira*,
a bathing tank spread over thirteen acres.

He would lie back in the easychair,
settled in the comfort of its sagging cloth,
his feet up on its long armrests at the far end,
a matchbox and a packet of beedis at the near end.

The armchair aesthete that he was,
He would in the complacency of his easychair
talk to the family and guests;
read letters, books, and newspapers;
hold forth on art, literature, and education
ethics, politics, and social justice
in a room full of his friends from the school.

In the year we moved into the new house,
the communists won the election.
The easychair raised a clenched fist.

Its cloth sagged deeper in the middle
under the burden of expectation.
Its spirit remained unbent, unsagged.

The shaky but strong easychair
carried the weight of his excitement
when man landed on the moon;
when Indira lost the election after the emergency.

When Sukumar Azhikode visited my father,
it swayed in the music of his easy eloquence.
It loosened its fists and biceps in the rhythm
of the nimble *Kalaripayattu* steps and stances
enhanced by Chirakkal T Sreedharan Nair.

My father never sat on any other chair
except when eating in the kitchen.

No one else sat in the easychair
but for my mother in her feminist daring.



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.



MOON CURRENTS

the mood is irrational

the full moon prepares to unveil her looks...

play with light and shadow for the first time this year...

expressing up close

love, longing, loss...

emotions ripple...

flow like an underground river...
a silvery mystery close to my uncertain heartbeats...
today the words I write,
echo like the strings of a veena,
cascading in ripples of different intensities.

the moon whispers...
I curate the poems... as we converse,
make love, within this space of ethereality...
the wind chime's tinkle...
responds to the caressing music, resonates, embraces,
dreams nuances... with the ruffling leaves...
the jasmine, the flame of the forest flowers,
the sweet, heady March breeze blows,
rooted are we intensely to the unsaid words...
haunted by truths brewing deep inside...
we age with silver hair and wrinkles...
our eyes yearn...

the moon's love is forever young...

hidden in all the secret places of silvery lustre...

for the first time today,

I will see you and feel your wonder!



Ketaki Mazumdar: She is a poet who writes prolifically, passionately and joyfully. For her book ***Woodsmoke and Embers*** she has been listed amongst the 'Top 50 Most Influential Authors of 2021'. She was honoured as 'Poet of the Year 2022', by Ukiyoto Publishing. She was awarded 'The Creative Author' by Maharishi Vedvyas International Award for Books, by Poiesisonline. She is the recipient of the prestigious Emily Dickinson Award for her just released book ***Toasted Orange Embers***. Her poems have immense depth and soul. She writes on life, love, nature, women, mysticism and weaves a tapestry of India, in her book. An educationist and a National Awardee, she has also authored many delightful children's books.



GOD WILL MAKE A WAY

there's a precious peace
ripped away from me
and not me alone
but also the family

to replace it
it can't be bought

only through God

it will be restored

so many tears

have already fallen to the ground

Lord we need, right now

please come and turn things around

we are deeply hurt

and in tremendous pain

You are our Helper

not Shane or Wayne

it feels as if

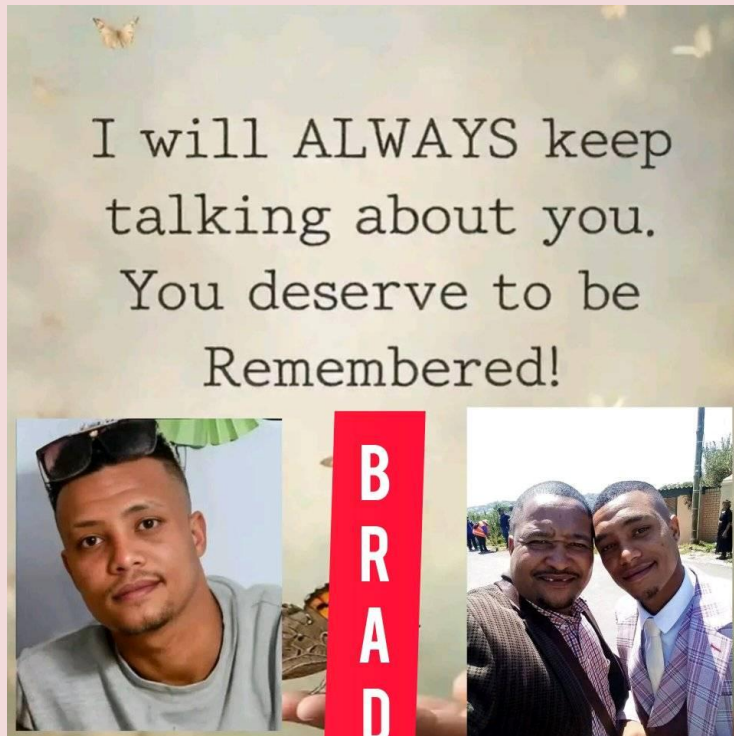
there's a dagger in our chests

of all doctors, none compares to You

because You are the Best

please Lord, heal this wound
and close this hole
please refresh us
and once again make us whole

one day is like a 1000 years to You
and a 1000 years like one day
in faith I'll wait
knowing that You will make a way



Leroy Ralph Abrahams: I'm an only child. I never knew my biological father. I reside in South Africa, Port Elizabeth, Helenvale. I'm married to Eileen and we have two boys and one girl. I'm a published author of 4 poetry books. It's personal testimonies and outreach. I started an outreach program with Chantal Sam Moodaley in 2020 and we decided to name it, 'Meet The Need'. We serve the community every Saturday morning.



BALCONY

The unintended cost of sacrilege
against the biosphere throughout the ages,
accounted for, in part, by a rapid spread of spiritual drift.

In our own time,
the creeping of poisons and turbulence slides into our
existence,
due to the strength of all nations

as viewed only from the balcony of dominance,
mushrooming from rich cities with bankers and merchants.

On an autumn bedrock, trees shake their limbs,
a drama to be enjoyed.

Summer gives an account of a soothing river's journey,
and springtime's blooming does well if untouched.

The beauty of snow tends to restrain
man's cancerous hiding places in winter.

Accounts of formulated ecological theories must ring true.
Careless decisions, thoughtlessly collected and recirculated,
will not bear us fruit.

The balance of the natural world,
the life of the earth,
including nonhuman energy,

should be revered because
nature will destroy us if we break eye contact.



Linda Imbler: Her poetry collections include nine published paperbacks: *Big Questions, Little Sleep* First Edition; *Big Questions, Little Sleep* Second Edition; *Lost and Found*; *Red Is The Sunrise*; *Bus Lights*; *Travel Sight*; *Spica's Frequency*; *Doubt and Truth*; *A Mad Dance*; and *Twelvemonth*. Soma Publishing has published her four e-book collections, *The Sea's Secret Song*; *Pairings*, a hybrid of short fiction and poetry; *That Fifth Element*; and *Per Quindecim*. Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of publications can be found at lindapoetryblog.blogspot.com



ARGUMENT BETWEEN SHE AND HE

Argument between the two

HE...

SHE...

He--- I love you

so I miss you

I hate you

When I don't see you.

She – why?

He –Don't you understand?

The reason behind my pangs

The bleeding wound of mine harps

When you ignore my heartfelt words

She – You are a crazy brat.

He—yes I am crazy

Dizzy and hazy when you come

Overlook my feelings

And walk away without listening my story.

She- I recognise your depth

I breathe your air

Your presence arouse my senses

I am fond of your presence.

He—your words never show such essence,

Your signs don't indicate me as your preference

It's me who constantly reminds you

About my choice, you...

Think my words are to sue

But genuine are my feelings for you

Truthfully I say, I am very much fond of you.

She(laughs)—This is the difference between you and me

You scream out your desire

I ignite the flare

You idolise your tenderness

I live in that softness.

{Never-ending fight moves on}



Lopamudra Mishra: She is a contemporary poet, author, translator and editor and hails from Bhubaneswar, Odisha. Her writings are intended to touch the inner chord softly by emphasizing the ‘Sense and Sensibility’ of attachment and bonding. Six of her books have been published: ***Rhyme of Rain; First Rain; Tingling Parables; Rivulet of Emotions;*** and ***Red Tulips***. Her sixth book ***Hurricane Heart under the Honeyed Sky*** is on the way. Her poems have been published in various magazines and anthologies. She has been Editor of Radical Rhythm-4 & Co-editor of Radical Rhythm Series and Durga. She is an alumna of Sailabala Women’s college and Ravenshaw University.



ETERNITY DAWNS

Amidst the pouring rain showers
Being together by divine powers

Paris, the romantic city of lovers

For us, so much in love, two doves

Under the umbrella, so cosy

You with me, I am all rosy

Warm feelings, being so close

You are the one, I chose

Softly my lips, you are kissing

My heartbeats goes missing

Tears of love flows

My eyes, my skin glows

The love in air, surrounds me

Your caring arms, envelops me

Swiftly holding me, in embrace

A gentleman with all the grace

Enchanted by your charms

I know nobody can harm

You will protect me, I fawn

Till eternity dawns



Lubna Ahmed: She is an Author, Writer, Editor and Educator. She has written several articles, blogs, poems and short stories in online Magazines, E-books, and more than 25 National, 12 International published Anthologies under her pen name 'Princess Lubna'. She resides in Delhi-NCR with her family. She is a Certified Master NLP (Neurological Linguistic Programming) Practitioner and Workshop Facilitator, Certified Advanced Life Coach, and conducts SuperKoolKids Art Therapy workshops. Lubna graduated with first class marks in Science (Zoology Honors) from AMU Aligarh Muslim University. She holds a diploma in Travel & Tourism and Export Management.



METAMORPHOSIS

It was metamorphic time
The images were floating
in my dreams
in regular succession
one after another

I could have lived perpetually
in the shadow of those images
envisioning the dreams

But, now I've moved out
to reach elsewhere
to start thinking about
the spaces
between words
to synchronize
the meaning
between imageries
and dreams

Let me remain
submerged
in thoughts
for some more time

There is always space

Between time and

metamorphosis

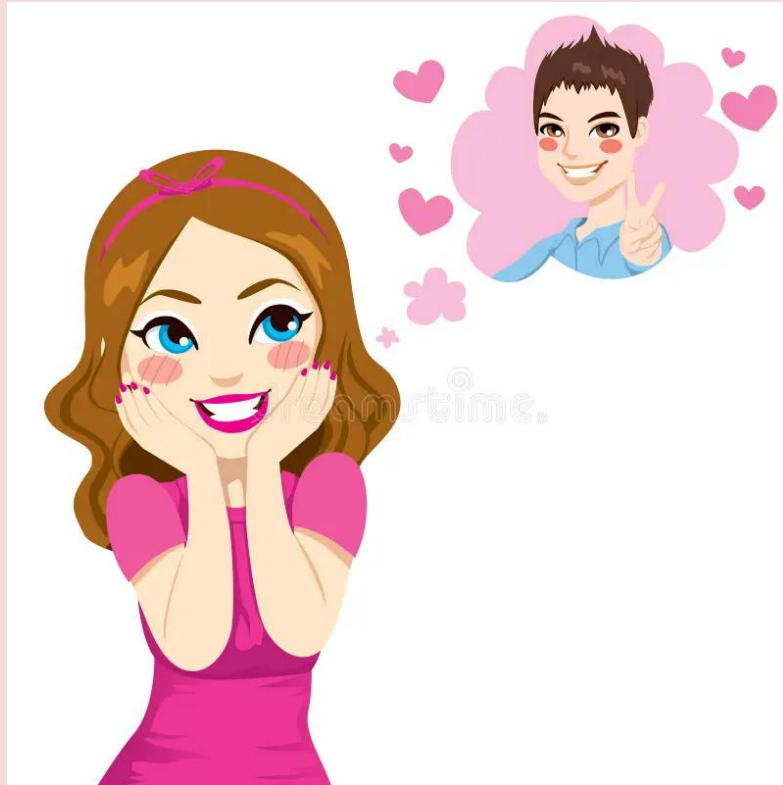
I looked at the sky

The clouds are getting dark

and disintegrated



M Vijayaraghavan: He is a retired senior executive of a multinational pharma company. He lives in Parli, Kerala (India) with his family. Being a multilingual and prolific poet, he has written 100s of poems in his native language Malayalam and in English. He has in his credit an anthology of poems titled as ***Vaakku*** (Word) in Malayalam. Most of his works have appeared in periodicals, anthologies and social media.



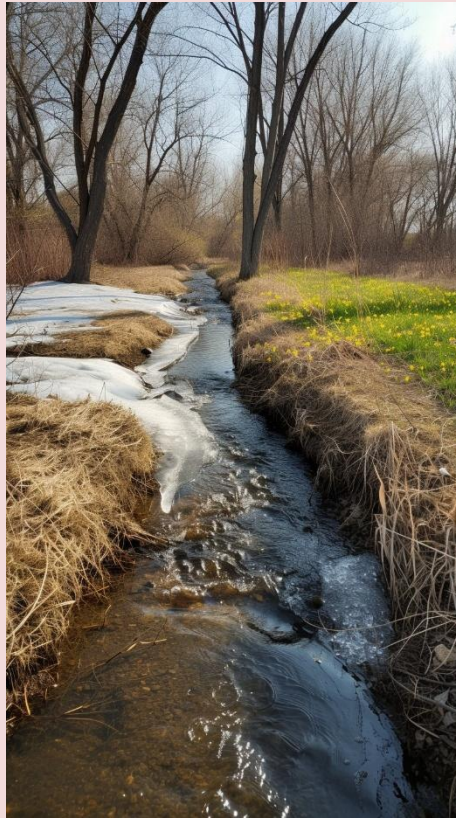
MY PLAYFUL HEART

the eyes say no
the lips stay quiet
emotions calmed
the feelings drown
in the voiceless chaos
but my wicked heart
thumps and pumps
and turns it all around

bringing to the fore
my tender love
the gawky presence
the funny pretence
forcing the blood to rush
and colour me
colour me a passionate pink
a pink of the love
the love that was concealed
to be disclosed neither to you
nor to the world
all my feelings to you revealed
the passions won
and my love-story thus begun
because my playful heart
played naughty today



Dr. Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English). A poetess, blogger, life-skills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women and children. She is the author of ***The Night Jasmine And Other Love Poems***. She is the winner of Icon Of The Year-Lifeskills Counsellor 2015-2016, and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing.



THE THRESHOLD OF CHANGE

Between the hush of winter's end,
And spring's first breath that bends and mends,
March stands poised, a fleeting seam,
A doorway carved in time's great stream.

The frost still lingers, pale and thin,
Yet crocus rise and robins sing.

The restless wind changes its rhythm
First a sift melody- then a heavy downpour.

Bare branches stretch with aching reach,
While rivers break their icy speech.
The world slowly unfurls,
A hesitant step through March's door.

This is the month of in-between,
Not quite fresh, yet shed of sheen,
Where roots dig deep and wings take flight,
Where dusk holds hands with morning light.

So step through this doorway, release the past,
Let winds reshape you, bold and vast.
For March is movement, chaotic yet wise,
A whispered promise—then open skies.



Mehak Varun LL.B: Writer, poet, an artist, Mehak Varun, is the author of four books - ***THE Humane Quest vol 1, 2 & 3*** and ***I am Me***. She has been bestowed with '100 Inspiring Authors of India' award in Kolkata. She has also been honoured with the 'Women Of Influence 2019' award presented on women's day in New Delhi. Along with her books, her work has been published in various anthologies, and she is the recipient of various other prizes in poetry competitions as well. She has also been certified with a course on persuasive writing and public speaking from Harvard.

mehakgrover@amartex.com



FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I found your life smiling
inside a four-leaf clover.

Here you hibernate in sin.

You were dancing in the orange fields of the sun.

You lock into your history, your past, withdrawal,
taste honeycomb, then cow salt lick.

All your life, you have danced in your soft shoes.

Find free lottery tickets in the pockets of poor men and strangers.

Numbers rhyme like winners, but they are just losers.

Positive numbers tug like gray blankets, poor horses coming in 1st.

Private angry walls; desperate is the night.

You control intellect, josses men.

You take them in, push them out,
circle them with silliness.

Everything turns indigo blue in grief.

I hear your voice, fragmented words in thunder.

An actress buried in degrees of lousy weather and blindness.

I leave you alone, wander the prairie path by myself.

Pray for wildflowers, the simple types. No one cares.

Purple colors, false colors, hibiscus on guard,

lilacs are freedom seekers, now no howls in death.

You are the cookie crumbier of my dreams.

Three marriages in the past.

I hear you knocking my walls down, heaven stars creating dreams.

Once beautiful in the rainbow sun, my face, even snow
now cast in banners, blank, fire, and flames.

I cycle a self-absorbed nest of words.



Michael Lee Johnson: He is a poet of high acclaim, with his work published in 46 countries or republics. He is also a song lyricist with several published poetry books. His talent has been recognized with 7 Pushcart Prize nominations and 7 Best of the Net nominations. He has over 653 published poems. His 330-plus YouTube poetry videos are a

testament to his skill and dedication. He is a proud member of the Illinois State Poetry Society. His poems have been translated into several foreign languages. Awards/Contests: International Award of Excellence "Citta' Del Galateo-Antonio De Ferrariis" XI Edition 2024 Milan, Italy-Poetry. Poem, Michael Lee Johnson, "If I Were Young Again."



Even my subconscious mind
Knows that it will be hard
To live without you
In this lifetime
Once again...

Deep inside it cries,
And tries to think of ways
To keep you beside

In every dance in the rain

In every tear in the pain

And in every laughter

Once again...

But never will it dare

To try to hold you back.

Will always pray for you

To break all the barrier.

And be who you want to be

Once again.



Nazia Islam: I am currently residing in London, United Kingdom, working as an Early Years Practitioner. My dream is to make a difference in the world by shaping the minds of the future generation. I write out of passion and sometimes, out of whim. I love nature, books, simplicity, and the sound of rain.



PRESENCE

Black holes and dreams come in a package of cool
nothingness

wrapping up time and space,

bruised desires squirt from an unfinished tube of
moisturizer

randomly squeezed out in haste when sore dryness afflicts
the endless fragility

cracked cream bleeding white at every twist and turn with
agility

forming splashed galaxies and powerful uncertainties

consuming its surrounding moments;

a gorge gulping up the whole river and the presence

here it's lumpy blankets and sleep-stained pillows

scrawling the blank dank blue page,

cleaners strip yesterday's sleep and whispers, leftovers
from blocked basins

check-out time comes as a newborn black hole

where time is blank, blank is full

we are leaving, but dreams are still here, hear

an echo of a bottomless sorrow wobbling for rest as a pain
remembered,

simple and sublime, prehistoric.



Nitusmita Saikia: Since the last 19 years, she has been working professionally as an instructor in National Cadet Corps. She is a trilingual writer from the state of Assam, India. Apart from poetry, she writes short stories, plays, quotes and articles in English, Assamese (mother tongue) and Hindi. She uses 'nsaiko' as her pen name for poetry and quote writing. She has been writing recently for magazine like FM (US), GloMag (India), Poetry Today (India, Kolkata), Tuck magazine (US), Innsaei (India), Matruakshar Journal and Sandhan (India), Barnil Assamese Magazine (India), and Sipoy. She is also a regular writer for newspapers like Adhunik Assam and Ganavarta from Assam.

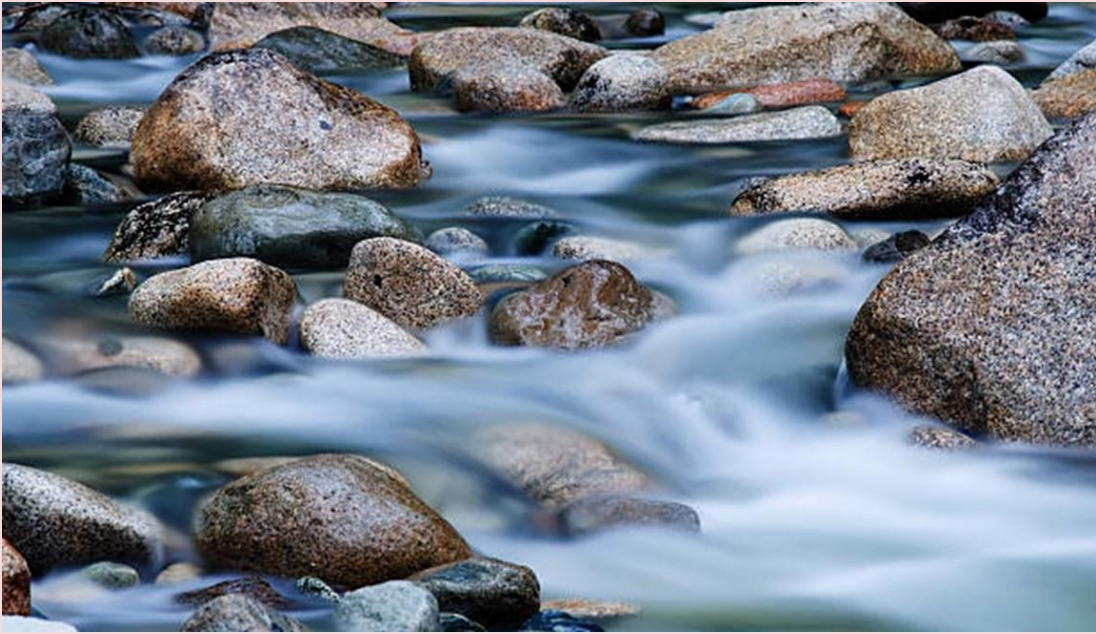


image credit: iStock

WHAT THE RIVER SAID

Initially, I pitied the stone,
trapped, silent, unyielding,
as the river wore it down,
broke it down to nothing.

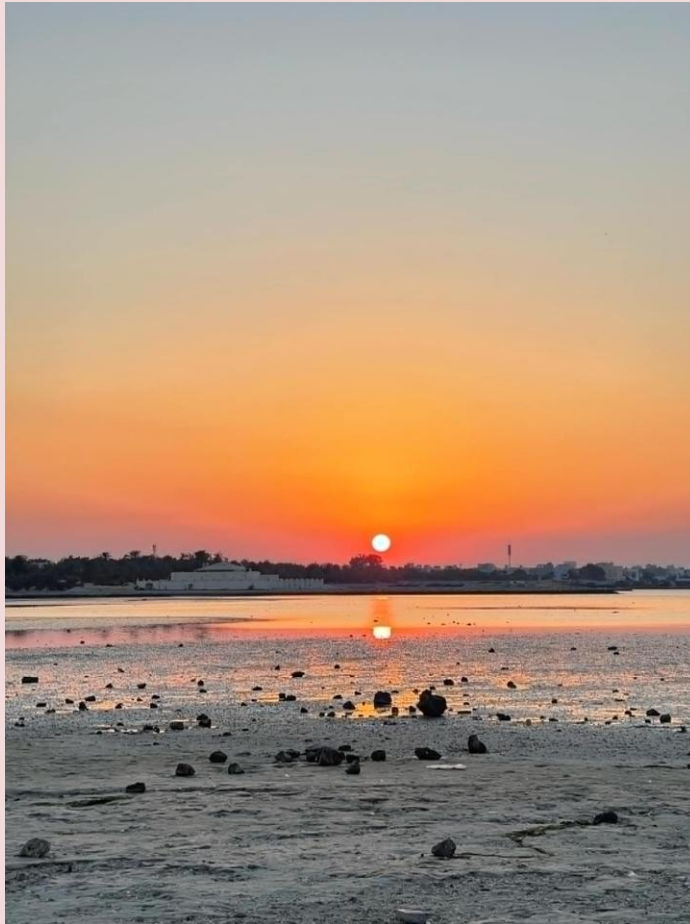
But then the river spoke to me
in ripples,
told me of the importance of change,

of how even a stone must move,
must become sand, must become earth.

And that was when I noticed—
it was not breaking,
but becoming.



Nivedita Karthik: She is a graduate in Immunology from the University of Oxford. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and published poet. Her poetry has appeared in GloMag, The Poet anthologies, The Ekphrastic Review, Visual Verse, The Society of Classical Poets, The Epoch Times, The Bamboo Hut, Eskimopie, The Sequoyah Cherokee River Journal, and Trouvaille Review. Her microfiction has been published by The Potato Soup Literary Journal. She also regularly contributes to poetry open mics. She currently resides in Gurgaon, India, and works as a senior associate editor. She has published two poetry books, ***She: The reality of womanhood*** and ***The many moods of water***, available on Amazon. Her profile was recently published in Lifestyle Magazine.



MY PEN JUST SCRIBBLES...

Singing stars, chanting galaxies

Sparkling constellations,

Varied fantasies, test my inking capacities,

Myriad stories flicker

My pen just scribbles...

Blooming flowers, wilting leaves

Rustling branches, snakey vines

Nature inspires

My pen just scribbles...

Hullabaloo of life, pain and strife

Insipid smiles crying hearts

Human sounds stir my soul

My pen just scribbles...



Nivedita Roy: Recipient of Reuel International Runner up 2023 for poetry, Nivedita Roy is a teacher by profession. She is the author of 4 poetry books ,1 short story and 1 collection of essays. She has co-authored around 40 international anthologies till now. Her poems/articles are published in many newspapers and sites in various global magazines and newspapers. She hosts literary shows for various platforms. She is a Lucknowite who resides in the Kingdom of Bahrain.



WHERE LOST WORDS DWELL

Silence sways beyond the dusky gloom
Gently reveals a hidden room,
No map to this library, no directions to tell
Yet stories breathe where lost words dwell

The wide swinging doors whisper in the air
There are hushed voices and murmurs everywhere.
Their syllables, like unspoken dreams faded away
Like soft echoes in the night.

Yet in the hush, the pages turn,
Their ink still waits, their meanings burn,
Words once lost are never gone...
They wait to find a voice at dawn.



Padmini Rambhatla: Padmini finds joy in reading stories and exploring the written word, a lifelong passion that now harmonizes beautifully with her newfound hobbies of gardening and going on long walks with her loyal dog. Immersing herself in books and creative writing has always been her sanctuary but tending to plants and strolling through nature have introduced a serene rhythm to her day. Her love of language and the natural world fuels her creativity and enriches her ever-curious spirit.



It is sad

That children learn to love

From damaged adults

That scar them for lives.

Or it is a boon

To grow around thoughtful angels

That tune your heart

Into a fine, grown soul.

Sometimes there are no traces
Of love trails that take you
Back to families or blood
To make that visit

And sometimes... There is a call,
"My dear little girl! Where are you?"
You shift plans to rush towards love,
Ah, some hot food and old tales...



Panjami Anand: She is a systematic therapist, soul plan reader and numerologist from Mumbai. She loves words and the Power of expression. Poetry to her is therapy and the song of life.



LOVE ETERNAL

Arborglyph

As long as this tree lives
our love will also live
earnest, eternal and evident
This carving by the folding pen knife
on the banyan tree
as teens we were
witnessed by cupid himself,
the memorial built by us for our own love.

It gives us fragrant memories even as adults
of times joyful we spent in each other's lap
and tainted not a bit by dark desires.

Our hearts are one
pierced with love for each other,
the arrow is made of rose petals
not sharp
Cupid has tied us together
And threw into the ocean of life.

But it seems
To live as lovers is far happier
than to live as couples.
Does that tree now bleed
seeing us in war of words?

***Note: Arborglyph is the carving of shapes and symbols
into the bark of living trees.***



Pankajam Kottarath: Pankajam, a bilingual writer, poet and novelist, is the author of 44 books, including 25 books of poems, besides a French translation of one of her books and has contributed poems/articles and reviews to numerous national/international journals/anthologies. Her works have been discussed by literary critiques besides an exclusive book of research papers on her works. She is the recipient of awards like Rock Pebbles National Literary Award 2019, Reuel International Literary award for Lifetime Achievement 2022, Global Literary Leadership Award 2022 from Gujarat Sahitya Akademi & MS, MVV Creative Writer Poetry Award 2023, ISISAR Literary Eloquence award, 2024, among others.



BODY MIST

Zzzzz I spray the body mist

All over myself in copious amounts.

The mild fragrance reaches my nostrils.

It soothes my nerves and my being.

My olfactory senses are alerted.

Some memories resurface.

Memories associated with the similar smell.

The perfume resurrects some nostalgia.

My skin, my cells, my being absorbs the body mist.

Acts like a catalyst of remembrance of sweets days lost.



Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick: I live in Mumbai, India. I am a scientist, a literary curator and an award-winning poet. I have published eleven books and my poems have been translated into 45 languages. In January this year, I received the Ukiyoto Poet of the Year Award. I was one of the recipients of the Mumbai Woman Leadership Award 2024, and in June'24 I was one among six women around India to receive an award themed, “ Women: Breaking

barriers, Leading futures, Shaping change". Through my poems, I try to make people aware about conservation and climate change. I love painting and photography. I head two literary and performance forums in Mumbai.



INCITED

You incited the sun to rise.

That's false. It's a hoax.

You are all liars lying.

Here's a video of you.

False. Digital fakery.

Manipulation. Hoax.

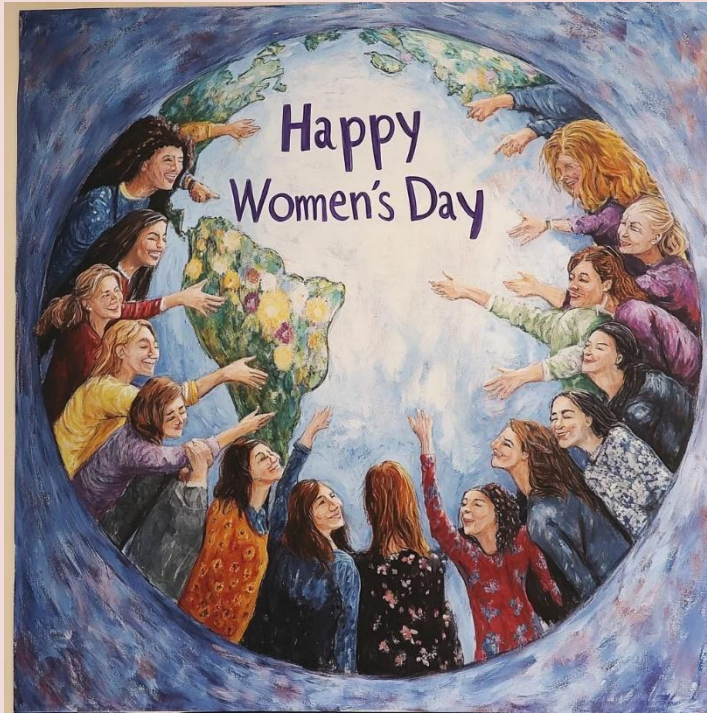
Fight, fight, fight. I'm here for you.



Paul Brookes: He is a shop asst. His chapbooks include ***Wolf Eye*** (Red Ceilings Press, 2023); ***Wolf Eye Territory*** (ImpSpired, 2024); ***Ever Striding Edge*** (Dark Winter Press, 2024); and ***The Dude Work*** (Sherwood Handcrafted Press, 2024). He edits The Wombwell Rainbow interviews and challenges and a substack webzine, The Starbeck Orion.

<https://thewombwellrainbow.wordpress.com>

<https://substack.com/The%20Starbeck%20Orion%7CSubstack>



WOMEN'S DAY

For every woman,
There is one day,
When the rose-tinted glasses-
Finally fall.

The bubble bursts-
And the world starts looking entirely different.

Honey-glazed remarks, subtle gestures,
Harmless requests, generous raves,
Gentle placement on the pedestals-
Everything looks different and crystal clear.

Then, there's no going back-
To looking at the world the old way again.

I wish every woman goes through that day.
And walks away-
If something no longer serves her anymore.

That day, to me,
Is Women's day.



Prabha Prakash: Prabha Prakash is a poet based in Kerala, a Chartered Accountant who likes to describe herself as an auditor who loves words more than numbers. Her first poetry collection ***Lost Monsoon*** was published by Writers Workshop, Kolkata in 2018. She is the recipient of Reuel International Poetry Prize 2019.



Far away from home,
Earning a living,
Livelihood and festivals—
An incongruous setting.

Festivals come and go,
Just like this Vasant Panchami,
And I remain alone in my room,
Just sleeping.

No chaos of waking up early,
Or my mother in a hurry, readying me,
None of my grandparents shouting at us for being lazy!
No Aarti thali prepared, no prasada,
No sweet delicacy of Chuda Ghasa and sev boondi.
No more of that excitement that today we don't have to
study.
No homemade satvik food, touched by my mother's hand...
No joyous school feast or lunch.

It's all a walk down memory lane,
With time spinning its centrifugal web.
All we have now is a hiraeth.



Pragyan Anwasha Mishra: Just a girl trying to weave the ordinary, the mundane into something, somewhat aesthetic.



TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

How to ink the silence buried in her

How to pay tribute to a beloved revered mother who has
breathed her last while gasping for the air

Laying in her bed, having tied to an oxygen cylinder ,she has
been suffering from pulmonary fibrosis,

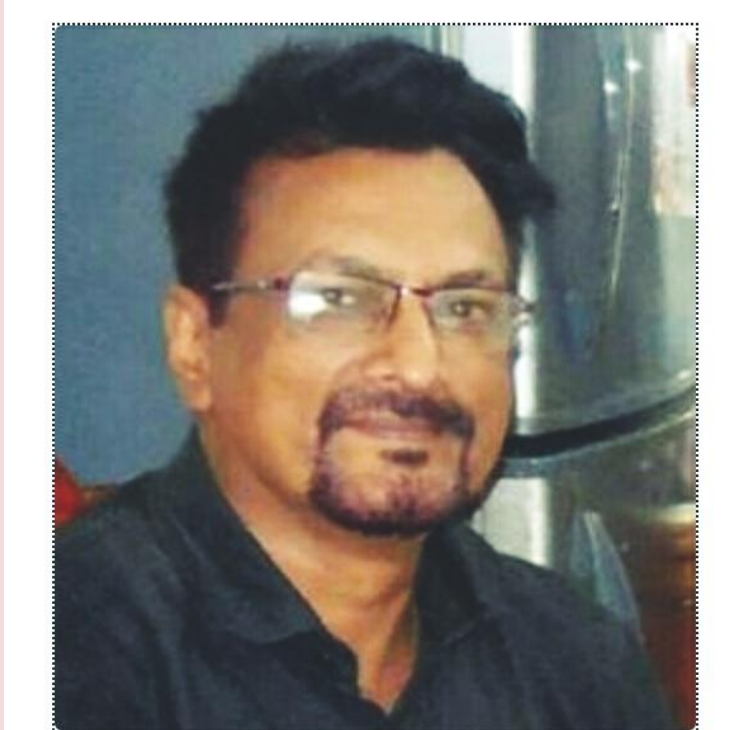
To me she is my mother earth!

In her womb is nurtured
my entire being with much love and care
She covers my body with layers of skins
My interior too is curated by her.
She has infused life in to my body
In me she has carved two beautiful eyes to see the beauties
and bounties of nature in a world full of tremors
and wars.
In me she has implanted even a head with brain to dream
and dare
How can I forget, In her womb developed I too have two
delicate palms with folded hands for prayer.

All that she pined for is a hand full of sky with toxin free
clean air to breathe and I failed to give her the legitimate
share and now she is in a hospital undergoing palliative
care.

Air, air and air everywhere but not a ounce of fresh air to
breathe, now being the catch word,

The mother is inside the I.C.U in the ventilator,
In her, gasping my very earth for air
Day by day our world is becoming a pulmonary ward!



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



Busy as a bee! Working tirelessly, Robotic, no let-up, no breather, Breathless being in the grind, Why is the world hurrying and scurrying, antsy like?! The sky will not fall down?! Preparing for the worst scenario, in the physical world, we tend to become selfish hoarders of food and everyday supplies, unnecessarily inducing shortages of essentials, The common man is left hungry, His money cannot bathe him, feed him nor house him! Let us pause for a moment, we can only take good deeds with us, When the bell tolls. So, let go of avarice, be more humane to all around, Leave the world a better place to live in! ©Pratima Apte 18/3/2025



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



O HEARDSMAN!

You're our leader throughout this journey, long and arduous, from one corner to the other,

Of this unending desert;

O herdsman! kindly lead us to greener pastures, or

An oasis full of hope and happiness;

We know that you will not be lost

In the shifting dunes or blitz

Of overpowering winds,

Which come so swiftly to snatch from us, every iota of joy and mirth;

We are not surprised to see you treading on the destined
path, or dare to make a new one amidst mighty presence
Of the sprawling sand of golden hue;

We are so sure that your rough and tough exterior, and
ruggedness of a seasoned rock,

Will never go- as long as your heart is filled with steely
resolve to cross the desert,

Like a valiant knight of the highest order;

We will follow you, toeing your line, until we cross the
barriers of time and space,

And reach the destination

With full honours;

In the meanwhile, allow us to croon silently,

The never-to-be forgotten songs of evergreen hope, and
repeatedly chant the mantras,

Of our undying commitment to our time-tested values,

Which can't be ever touched by the terrifying sandstorms.



Dr. Rakesh Chandra: He is a former civil servant. He has got five collections of English poems titled ***Moon is Black; Circle of Life; The Sunset Musings; On the Wings of Clouds;*** and ***Rakesh Chandra Poetry.*** He has published one book of prose ***Life in the Times of Corona.*** He has published one collection of Hindi poems titled ***Mere Shahar Me*** and a book on Rekha Chitra titled ***Be Chehre Wale Log.*** His English poems have found place in different anthologies, poetry journals and Newspapers' literary supplements. He is the recipient of the 'International Naji Naaman Prize' in Literature for the year 2022. He has translated 9 Hindi literary books into English.



GHAZAL

My dreams are broken glasses, seasons fade,
In silent hours I search the traces, seasons fade.

The petals rot, the leaves in autumn fall,
A world with mortal faces, seasons fade.

A solo soul is sad amid the crowd,
Aloof from busy masses, seasons fade.

Now fades the candlelight of love in me,
The waning moon in hazes, seasons fade.

Some sparks in ashes, Ranjana, glint still,
I see some dews on grasses, seasons fade?



Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha: She is a poet, author, academic and retired professor of English. Her poems have been included in Postgraduate University Syllabus and have been translated into Greek, German, Spanish, Russian, Persian Albanian, Chinese and other languages. She has received many awards and honours for her poetry that includes a commendation from the former President of India, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam. Her poems, short stories, articles and research papers have been published in highly acclaimed dailies, magazines, e-zines, archives and journals at national and international levels including Sahitya Akademi's journal Indian Literature. She has authored and published 9 books in different genres and 51 research papers.



A MAGIC OF SPRING

At dawn the woods speak in a new voice soft

Mixing bee songs with intermittent yEEP

Above canopies a robin aloft

Growing nestlings call their mother and peep

Inside their nest they call in feeble tones

Chirping for fresh food at the breakfast hour

Out is the parent digging mud and stone

Finding worms that provide flapping power

Spring spins a magical trick in the trees
Placing young nestlings in hollows and nests
Raising them to adults in warming breeze
In time for them to depart as the guests
No change is as pleasant as a chick's growth
Glad that spring fulfills his annual oath



Ranjit K. Sahu: He is a resident of Charlottesville, Virginia, USA, and is a poet, short story writer, visual artist and a freelance columnist. His languages of expression are mainly English and Odia with a few poems published in Hindi. His themes for poetry mostly include nature and human elements. His English literary pursuits include poems and an attempt to develop a new format of poetry combining the elements of sonnet and acrostic. He has a few books of poetry published in English, Odia and Hindi. He is interested in photography with some of his photographs displayed in local exhibitions.



I HAVE ASKED TIME TO STAND STILL

I have asked Time to stand still

And wait for my words to outlive it

I know Time will not give me a chance

My words are fiery, thoughts sublime

I deprived it of any respite

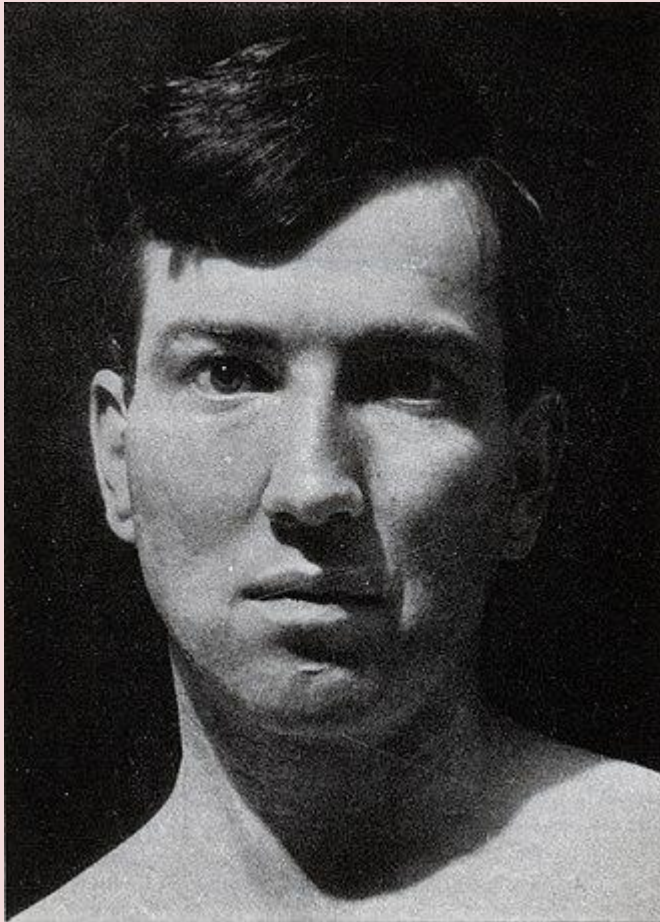
Time cannot but put me out

To prove that I am a mere finite...

I shall though have the last laugh
Reaching the delicate edge of Infinite
My mortal remains will scorn at you
And plant for me an immortal fame
Much beyond memoirs of your flame
Beyond borders which you cannot tame
And etch my living name on your own fragile frame...



Ravi Ranganathan: He is a writer, poet, and critic. He is also an ex-banker. He has to his credit four books of poetry. He has won many awards, the latest one being the 'Maharshi Ved Vyas international award' for creative poetry for his book ***Blade of Green Grass***. He writes regularly for GloMag and Literary Vibes. He is the Treasurer of Chennai Poets' Circle.



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Graves

ROBERT GRAVES

The poet
read about his own death
in the papers.

After that,
he shed all custom.

Embraced
a whole new way
of thinking.

As though
his life began
in that death

so prematurely
printed.



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



IN THE TRIBALS' HEART

I breathed a song in the air
Standing beside the hill there
And I couldn't watch it go
Through the airy way,
Nor could I guess
That how long it flew
For miles over the villages
Or fell down in the 'bay',
But I found my song back

Later, in the tribals' heart

At the village near

A very little away.



Saikat Gupta Majumdar: I am an amateur and bilingual poet. I reside in Kolkata. I work in a private organization in 'Accounts Division'. My hobby is writing poems, rhymes captions and short stories both in English and Bengali. My main focus is on English poems which have got published in various online magazines including the US-based bilingual magazine 'SETU' so far. I have obtained certificates from one of them also. Apart from online magazines, I have successfully contributed to 'Indology,' the Raigunj (W.B. India) based little magazine in Book form and to GloMag.



HOLI

A divine boon failed in the face of devotion
As evil went up in flames
The demon king was no match
For a little boy's prayers.

The world erupted in joy and delight
As God himself descended,

Part man, part lion

He blessed the boy for his dedication.

Spring bursts forth in a flurry of colours

And so do we, for a day or two.

Pink, green, yellow, red, purple and what not;

Some may turn silver too!

The festival of colours, and the burning of evil,

The full moon of Falgun symbolises new beginnings.

Let them keep all the exams they wish,

We still celebrate the eternal bliss.



Samixa Bajaj: Samixa is a student of journalism and mass communication at Mount Carmel College, Bengaluru. In addition to writing, she also enjoys reading, dancing, and occasionally, sketching.



WITHERED MEMORIES

I stand before a cluttered desk - a pink bone china coffee mug, a pair of black-rimmed glasses, a pile of yellowing pages,

And a golden nibbed pen sitting atop a notebook

Tears fill my eyes as I move a cold shaking hand through the blur

To open the notebook - vintage, worn-out at the edges

I open a page at random only to find -

A blank sheet and some long-since wilted rose petals inside

And now the steady drip drip of tears that have managed to
escape my kohl lined lashes

Sodding the paper...

Her cerulean hued eyes, her pale face, the scars on her
wrists swim to life before my eyes...

For a moment, I wish she'd stayed - a half-hearted longing
perhaps

But I knew I had no right to even wish for such a thing...

She had lived and loved in all her innocence,

Weaving tears of blood into the alchemy of the most soul-
stirring verses

And yet, over the years I had seen how she died a little
every day

In a world she was brought into not by choice but by birth

And she braved it all - the "so called humanity"

As I watched her being victimized, dragged again, again and
again to the balustrade

Until she was but a shadow of her old self - barely
recognizable

They preyed upon her innocence

While she continued scribbling in silence through years of
pain and despair

A living saga of love, loss, grief and longing

Until... Until that fateful evening

When standing atop the cliff, she barely managed a
whisper

"Take me home please"

That longing in her voice - years and years of suppressed
pain

I... I just had to do something

As I stood weeping over withered rose petals

And the alchemy of her verses that still echoed of her
innocence, the lingering fragrance of petrichor dreams....



Samrudhi Dash: She writes under the pseudonym ‘Inara’ and is a poet, author, editor and motivational speaker with a Master’s in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University (JNU), New Delhi. She has to her credit, five poetry collections and three novels; her third novel ***Letters From A Stranger - A Life Changing Map*** made it to the Amazon Bestsellers List at Rank 10 in 2020. She is a recipient of the Nissim International Best Upcoming Poet Prize, 2019, the WE Strong Feminine Voices Award, 2020, the WE Women of Letters, 2022 and the Nissim International Prize for Excellence in Writing, 2022. Her signature words are “Hope, Live, Believe”.



SADISM

The barista's heart floated so fragile,
offered up just for me.

And I ...

I sprinkled sweetener,
jabbed my stirrer into it,
and watched as
the cream art
swelled and swirled

into pale
coffee shades of brown.
And sank into folds of foam
destroyed in entropy forever.



Sangita Kalarickal: Her work appears in several journals and anthologies. Her chapbook ***Mamina*** showcases free-verse poetry and haikai form. A Pushcart and Touchstone Award nominee, she is the associate editor of Drifting Sands Haibun Journal and conducts the podcast Ripples in the Sand. Dr. Kalarickal lives in the midwest USA with her family and the fantasy characters she writes about.



He, the happiness, the soul

Bringing joy and happiness was his only goal

He hung around bringing smiles

He went around dirtying the tiles

The splashes of mud that kept everyone alive

To keep him safe and comfortable did everyone strive

And he shared only love as a gift
That gave everyone's mood a lift.

With all his antics, he was goofy
But his love pure as a verse from the sufi
And one day just like that he left towards the eternal land
Giving all the love he could, light as sand

The void he left was unbearable for all
In his life so small
He came as a bundle of joy, an angel, the sweetest doggy
Such was the life of my baby Herbie



Sara Bubber: Sara is a doctoral student creating an environmental curriculum through stories. She runs an Early childhood centre with focus on sensory development of toddlers. She is the editor of the children's section of Heartfulness Magazine and is a meditation trainer at Heartfulness Institute. She is a nature buddy and loves spending time with her dogs, in her garden, birding, wildlife photography and going on forest walks and safaris.



THE HEALING

When the world refused to understand me,
when the world thought I was wrong,
an unknown human trusted me quickly,
recognized my goodness,
just like the closest kith and kin
who had known me for years.
It kindled hope in me—
there are people in the world

who will let me be myself
and accept my world.

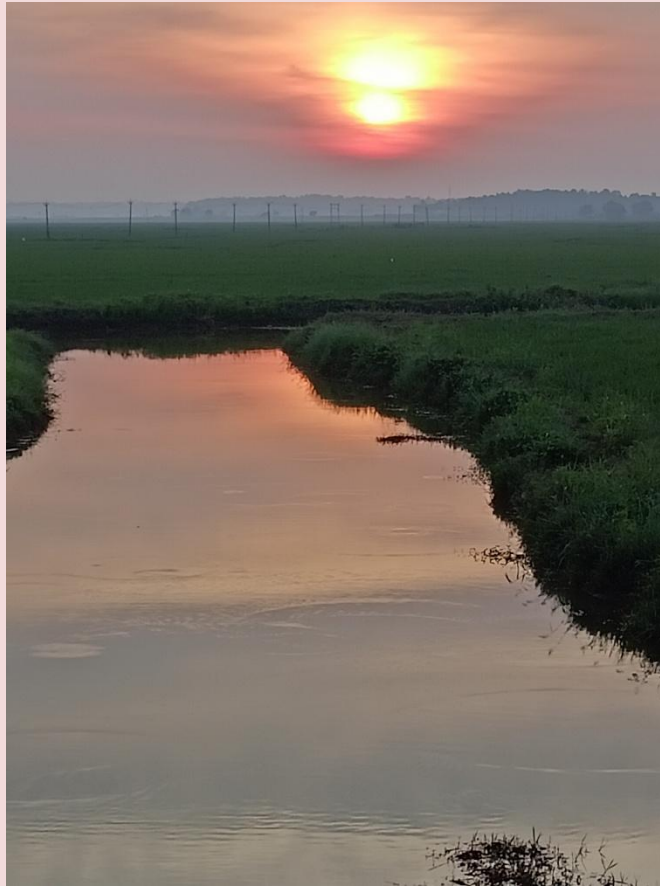
When people can easily cheat
and twist the truth to create stories,
I was moved when someone came to me,
acknowledged their ignorance in time,
and cleared my name.

I never expected it, but I was touched,
wishing to respect them more
and follow the same when I am wrong.

Sometimes, life puts us in burning oil,
then sends angels to heal us,
to teach us kindness and goodness.



Shalini Samuel: She finds that writing is the purpose of her soul. She is a senior content Writer at KAI Marketing. Shalini is keen on writing business content, technical articles, and poetry. She has authored three poetry collections: ***Singing Soul; The Painted Life;*** and ***Drizzle***. Her name often appears in online and print poetry anthologies. She also writes technical articles for top online websites like Hubpages, Dzone, UXMatters, and The Runtime.



OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN

“Our paths will cross again
when parallel lines meet each other,
Under cherry blossom trees,
where love and hope,
showers and withers in the same evening.

A hope not as promising as a drop of rain in a desert,
but more like the confluence of two ancient rivers,
reunited after ages of separation.

You were a daydream I never thought would embrace the
realms of reality,

A sunflower blooming in midsummer dawns,
You forever ruled my garden of ethereal fragrances.

You arrived, stayed forever in my heart's sanctum
sanctorum.

You departed in mid-winter,
never to return to my world of Fae flowers anymore.

Memories of our escapade will remain forever,
This untold story will be buried with us”



Shihab: He is a bilingual poet, writing with passion in English and Malayalam. His poems ***Closed Doors*** and ***Sojourner's Dialogue*** were published in Madras Courier's digital issue, 'Art and Poetry'. His book, ***Feathered Words*** was launched at the 2019 World Poetry Conference in Bathinda, Punjab. His work has also appeared in anthologies like Arcs Prose Poetry Magazine and Color My Dreams. Shihab works as a Manager at Capgemini and is an avid traveler and photographer.



www.tc2.ca

THE HOUSE WE BUILD...

The mason can't live in the houses he builds,
the driver can't enter the places he's reached;
where are the awards for a teacher of winners,
and the cook goes home to lesser made dinners.

We created the universe, all in our mind.

We rated ourselves the best of a kind.

We crafted ourselves for a lifetime of work,
but struggle to endure a moment's deflect.

The moment is universe, heaven or hell.
The moment is vast, or confining cocoon.
Each brick we place is a blessing we give,
though the house we create is not ours to live.



Shreekumar Varma: He is a poet, novelist and playwright living in Chennai with his wife Geeta. His translations, columns, articles and reviews have appeared in newspapers, magazines and anthologies. He won the R. K. Narayan Award and the Charles Wallace Fellowship. His children's book was short-listed for the Crossword Award; his novel long-listed for the Man Asian Literary Prize; his play won First Prize in the All India The Hindu-Madras Players Play-scripts Award. He has been teacher, editor, journalist, entrepreneur.



THE INTRUDER

Something came running

Black and fat

Oh my god,

It was a big rat

My heart's pounding

Would not stop

I ran out of the room

With my laptop

My children could not stop being mean
They blamed my room for not being clean.

Hot onion Wada was made
The rat trap was laid
Look at the tiny rat's power
It stayed hidden like my lover.
My room had an eerie silence
As we searched for the intruder with a magnifying lens.

Two days seemed like a year
But the rat was nowhere near
I spoke about the rat to all,
They laughed till their tears began to fall.
The rat continued to show its defiance
I continued teaching my maths and science
Then the rat could take it no more
Getting trapped in my study room was a bore

It walked into the trap

I saw it eating Wada from the gap.



Shreya Suraj: She is a gold medallist in Mathematics, teacher, artist, photographer, and volunteer. She is a Mathematics teacher by profession and an artist by passion. She is the Founder of an art group called ANYBODY CAN DRAW on Facebook. She is also a volunteer in various environmental organizations that organize beach clean-ups and has done more than 200 beach clean-ups in Qatar. She believes that each individual is unique and encourages

every individual to do different types of art works using recyclable materials. Her principle in life is to do good to others unconditionally and without expectations. If your work is good, nature will definitely reward you.



MY FOREVER

At the penumbra
Where reality stops reigning
And eternity begins
We shall live in each other's lives
Beginnings shall begin
Endings shall end
And we shall fly over into that misty haze
Where passion moults into love
Each minute momentous

Foggy mornings enveloping our starry nights
Afternoons melting into salty evenings
Days and nights alternating into you and me
Melding seamlessly into a timeless space
Moments morphing slowly into
Forever



Dr Shweta Sahai: I am a Doctor of Medicine, a medical practitioner as well as a medical teacher. I have observed society from very close quarters. Poetry is my stress buster, which protects me from succumbing to the pressures of my profession. My poetry has been featured on many platforms like the prestigious GloMag, The Wise Owl and Anthology of women poets of India and South Africa. Some of my artwork has also been featured in GloMag.



RUNNING A RACE ALL THE TIME!

Life has a pace of its own.

sometimes we outdo this pace.

because being grown- ups we

are expected to be running a

race all the time.

adding to it, we are parents, professionals...and what not--

so racing at a faster rhythm is just the next obvious thing.

from morning to dusk I run
in my own track,
you in your own.

and it's been a long- long
time -- I mean this Run.
my feet are tired now,
what about you?

can't we kind of slow down
or pause or even stop?
or you join my track
or pull me into yours?

together, then at some point
we can stop or pause; smile or hold hands or argue and
make up
--- before it is too late and
the time has actually run out!



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



I AM IN LOVE

to know love

i fell in love with you

before i could know

what love is all about

i melted and lost me in you

what remained is not i and you

but we, a single entity

a single pair of eyes

that sees nothing but you and me

largely blind to the world outside
a single heart that never differentiates
i from you and the identification is so complete
i feel as if i am you and you are me
nothing in between

i am your feminine tenderness
you are my masculine virility
i am your flute
you are my melodious tune
I am the oyster
you are the Pearl inside
i am your eyes
you are my vision
i am your ears
you are the symphony of life
i am a physical body
you are the consciousness within

a single soul we are
that never desires salvation
but thousands of births on this earth
to come here again and again
to fall in love and lose each other in the
the beauty of love and move ahead on the path of
ceaseless mirth, bliss, joy and romance

if that is love
i am in love my love
and i will be in love with you forever
here and hereafter



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty: He is from Padmapur, Jagatsingpur, Odisha. He is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups are published in newspapers national and international magazines and anthologies. He has four collections of poems: ***Mana Upaban; Aroma of Wilting Petal; Something I Look At;*** and ***And After*** to his credit. His collection of poems and proses are published in his blogs under the heading A LOOK AT LIFE, SOMETHING I LOOK AT, A LOOK, THE RIVULET, THINK ONCE MORE, THE JOURNEY, AU THARE, AU EKA GAPA, SROTASWINI, JATRA, THE JOURNEY, etc. He has been consecutively awarded International Faith Poet of the year by Destiny Poet International Community of Poets, Wakefield, U.K.



A BEAM OF INSPIRATION IN MARCH

Reminisce of the Dandi march led by Mahatma Gandhi in the past,

Stirs the emotions today as it's embossed in our hearts.
The spring augments to a plethora of divine festivals,
The colours of love and hope paint faces with smiles that bloom.

A pleasure, a beam of inspiration that evoke,
Kindles hearts to tingle the sensuous budding to provoke.

Celebrations and awakening sprinkle the ecstasy,
Lauding the rituals with fervour for peace and transition in
fantasy.

Enlivening the spirits advocating gender equality,
To create a society free from bias and discrimination
significantly.
The voices still echo " STILL I RISE " with its dignity,
Hope and resilience doctrinates self-esteem in a possibility.

A vision for a new sustenance with new born leaves,
The beatitude of nature astonishes us in its tranquil
attributives.
Invigorating romantic deluge in the minds to captivate,
Butterflies suck nectar to inspire love in life 's different
facets.

Glorifying the union of family and friends,
Through the unity in festivals we laud each religion with
respect.
The dance that rejuvenates embellishing the hair bun,
With some fresh Crocus and Jasmine seems sempiternal
stun.

Concocting youth, health and hope,

With aquamarine, sapphire, gold and coral red in a dip .
Vibrant colours leave incredible luck to the spring
festooners,
Juggling with warm chocolate to soft beige as charmers.

The dawn arrives with a new hope for a new sunrise,
The sunflowers cosset our sentiments with exuberance and
surprise.

The transparent water still continue to inspire,
That seasons will come and seasons will go yet our spirits
must admire.

The creations and the colours of life,
The smiles that connect to hearts for passion in a stride.



Somdatta Mitra: She is a published writer from West Bengal, whose passion is painting, writing, oratory and travelling. She has worked on 1500 anthologies as a co-author. Her debut solo book ***The Spectrum Of Emotions*** is a colour palette of life. She has accomplished three world records in poetry.



DREAMS

If only I

Could fasten myself on the wings of a rainbow shining in
the azure cerulean sky,

Could collect the mist and the dewdrops sprinkled on the
moistened shining grass,

Could ride with the waves while gathering the froth,

Could listen to the wind whisperings its secrets on the rain
parched land,

Could acquire the silver glistening in the water on a full
moon night,

Could levitate on the aura and the red hues of a shy sun
kissing the day adieu,

Could catch the stars falling from the sky and preserve their
brilliance,

Could bottle petrichor after a spell of rain on a hot day,

Could contain the fragrance and vibrant colors of the
petunia and allamanda undulating in the zephyr,

Could encapsulate the innocent and toothless smile of an
infant,

If only, if only



Someeta Das: She is a retired Professor from the Dept of English Maharaja Manindra Chandra College with twenty-eight years of teaching experience. She is interested in writing poems, short stories, travelogues, as well as traveling, exploring Mother Nature and making new friends. She has published in GloMag, Women's era, The Statesman and a number of e-zines.



NAME

Selective memory is a gift

It takes little time for loyalties to shift

What is nurtured and idolised

is just a balloon punctured,

a thing, a relationship derecognised.

No more powdering, perfumes, dresses or boots.

No phones, emails, no candid photo shoots.

No whispers, no headlines, no one cares two hoots.

No friends or foes, kith or kin.

No loss or win or acts good, bad or a deadly sin.

No villa with a pool and a Mercedes Benz

No masks to change, no more pretence.

No highs and lows or a turned up nose,

No more crawling, no whining about woes.

A pansy can be as cherished as a rose.

Poetry and art go into the same can as prose.

No more waiting, no testing of patience.

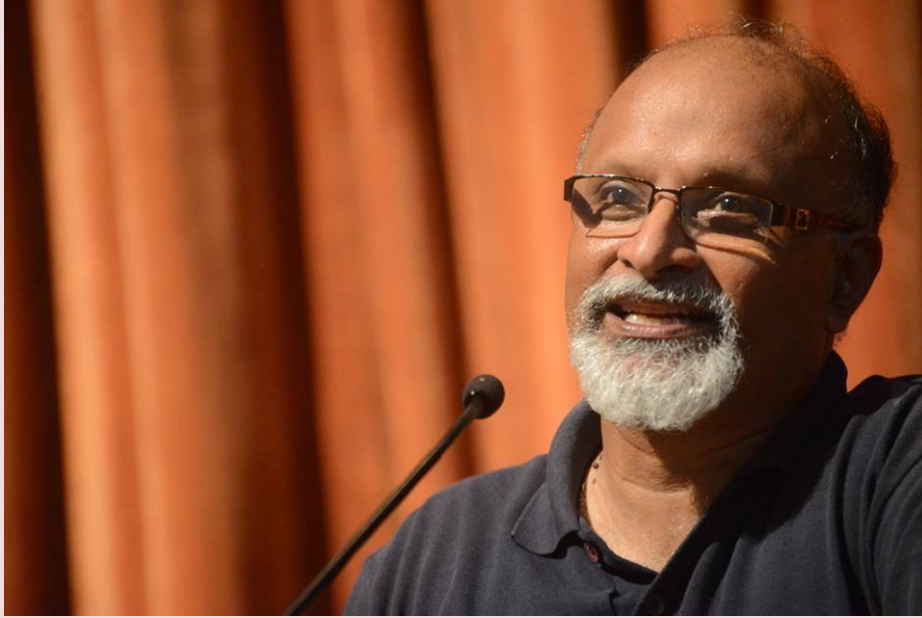
Buried at sea or burnt in a pyre, interred in a coffin or bare
in the Tower of Silence,

Between gibberish and sense,

just a breath makes all the difference.

Realisation hits hard at the end of the game.

There's really nothing in a name.



Sri N Srivatsa: Chennai-born Sri N Srivatsa is a retired banker living in Noida. His original poetry and translations mostly from Tamil to English and vice versa plus a handful to and from Hindi, have been featured on several journals and platforms. Thirteen volumes of Tamil poems by thirteen different poets and one volume of English poems translated by him into Tamil of yet another poet, plus a collection of his English translations titled ***Modern Tamil Poetry: A Miniature Canvas - Volume I*** with a poem each by 153 poets have been published so far.



DOCTOR

Curing ailing bodies

Saving lives

Noble is his persona

He sees our faeces, our sputum but is never frowned

Going to the innermost depths of our minds and bodies to
locate disorders and cure them with his benevolent
treatment

Putting in days and nights of efforts for us to be hale and
hearty

He is the reason people are reborn, recharged to face life's challenges

He sees us in our lows; turning them into highs

Killing cancer, killing depression- he is a stern enemy of all the pathogens and diseases

The stethoscope, the sphygmomanometer, the prescription, the pills - are not the sole epithets that I associate a doctor with

For he has the might to reverse Fate

He remains next to the Almighty for me!



Staffy Bhateja (Pen Name: Steffi): She is an award-winning poet, editor and exhibited painter hailing from the City Beautiful. She is the Chapter Head of Chandigarh of The Asian Literary Society. As a writer, she has taken part in numerous anthologies under various publishing houses and has solely edited a book titled ***Catharsis*** under The Impish Lass Publishing House. Her poem on the Taj Mahal was awarded the Certificate of Excellence in the Asian Literary Society's Annual Wordsmith Awards Contest 2023 (Poetry Segment) and her poetry piece titled ***It Is Poetry!*** bagged the second position in the same contest in 2024.



MIST-LESS SKY

Blue paints the mist-less sky.

A beautiful canvas enticing the eyes.



Stephen Goetz: He is a published poet from Lincoln City, Oregon, USA. He is Senior Street Performer who loves to dance. He is a published poet in online poetry groups. He has received poetry awards from Motivational Strips and other affiliate online groups. He is a regular contributor and has appeared in consecutive books put out by GLOMAG.



REVERSE POETRY

Dear readers this poem of mine can be read normally and also from bottom line to the top. It will make sense both ways.

Did you know that
Living would be so difficult
Without an iota of humour
Breathing eating surviving
But where is the fun in that
Laughter should ring true
Loud and clear
Humour should be humoured

Sarcasm and Irony are part of that
Humour should be meaningful
Positive thinking is its fallout
Laughter releases 'feel good' endorphins
Laughter eases 'the blues'
Laughter is the best medicine.



Sudeshna Mukherjee: She has surprisingly survived in her mundane world without pangs of pain while labouring to birth her book-babies - ***Mélange*** the hotch potch and ***Meanderings of Mind***. She doesn't feel like tom-toming about herself when she can slurp on Tom Yam Soup. She mentions feeling 'Special' though and is particularly partial to a 'Golden Vase' as a reward for consistently serving Funny Side up. She sings through life splaying it with vivid colours. Plastering smiles is her speciality, often tongue firmly in her cheeky cheek. A chunk of her time is spent in spouting English to young adults who are lost to the beauty of the Language.



MY STORY

I am a blossom in the midst of deep woods

Craving to be loved by many

Call me wild and crazy, I do not mind

My sprightly self sips nectar from sunshine

As on when the mighty mountains

And the tall trees let the sparkle in

I am regaled to the fullest
When the wavering light plays hide and seek
I squint a bit and then open eyes
To get into the feel of it

Wafting to the tunes of breeze in the evening
I remain engrossed in timeless rhapsody
That the ebb and flow of the sea chime in
I try to sing but hum a few familiar lines

I am not a poet though
But appreciate a bard's grail and endeavor
I wonder at times how poets quill with ease
Varnish their poesy with colors of rainbow
Even when shadow and darkness are overwhelming

When night deepens in toto
Howls and growls rule the sleepy universe
I hide face beneath the big bulky tree
Peep every now and then to verify
Whether dawn has set in

On days when the sun is sick
My prospects of blooming remains bleak
I lay buried inside the timid bud
Feel dejected, swamped in pain and sorrow
Yet do not relinquish hope
Of a brighter and better morrow.



Sujata Dash: She is a poet from Bhubaneswar, Odisha. She is a retired banker. She has four published poetry anthologies (*More than Mere-a bunch of poems; Riot of hues; Eternal Rhythm;* and *Humming Serenades* -all by Authorspress, New Delhi) to her credit. She is a singer, and an avid lover of nature. She regularly contributes to anthologies worldwide.



FATE

Road lit by moonlight

Soothing the soul

Forgetting her worries

Laughing, naughty and carefree

Like a butterfly fluttering towards nectar

A full bloom in her youth

Free from the tangles of life

Always in the shade of protection

An umbrella behind her, protecting from sun and rain
With a little heart full of romantic thoughts.

She walks down the beautiful road

Enjoying with friends

A halo of happiness surrounding

She suddenly lost her way

Engulfed by the darkness

Like a firefly burning itself out in the fire

Peace, short-lived

The harsh wind swept it all away

The good times now only in memories

The road lit by moonlight turned grim

A girl in her teens

Going to undertake a herculean task

A compassionate and guiding star, her father

Returned home frozen and speechless

Leaving behind his sweet family-parents, a wife and three
daughters

The youngest just four years asks “why is mother crying?”

An unbearable situation

The Eldest girl fought a battle,

A Young mind torn between the death of her father and
tenth board exam.

After all, she must overcome the situation.



Sulochana Narayanan: I am a multi-talented individual currently serving as a high school teacher in the government sector in Palakkad, Kerala. I have a great passion for painting, music, and Nature, and I also love to express my creativity through poetry writing. My first poetry collection called ***Imprints*** was published by Apple Books. Additionally, my poems have been included in various anthologies such as *Words Cannot Define Her*; *Known Yet Unknown*; *Melodious Musing of Love*; *Me and My Valentine*; *Goddess on the Earth*; and *Whole World in a Single Word*. I have received several certificates of appreciation for my poems. I am reachable at sulsubra@gmail.com

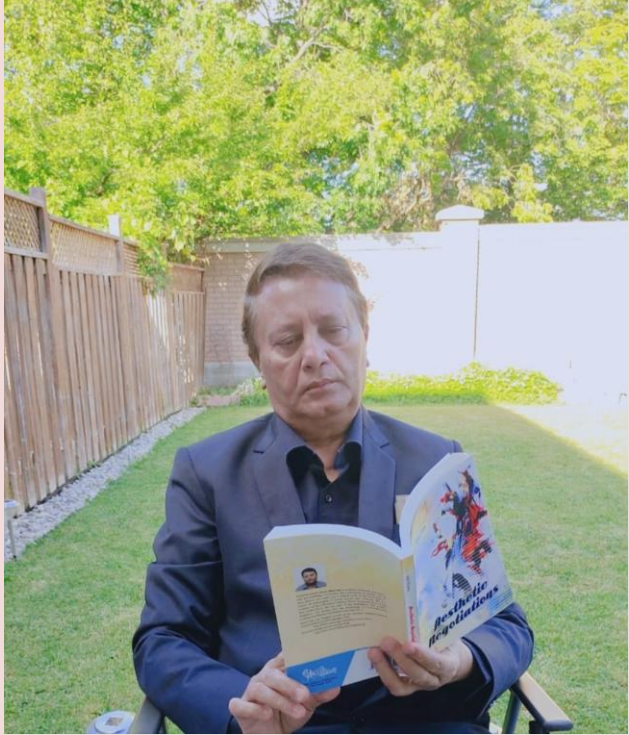


CHANGEOVER OF FORMS

The light
of a
forlorn streetlamp
turns
the Dwarf Balsam
into
white-green-grey painting, back of
the fir, in gloom; bricks, slates and timber,

dark phantoms
from
the trail behind the rows
of
neat detached homes with many
unheard
narratives of joy-n-pain;
thick snow, a pile
of
puffed-up cotton balls, left
by
an artist in a hurry,

a
March evening hangs over
an
illuminated skyline.



Sunil Sharma: A humble word-worshipper: catcher of elusive sounds, meanings, images. He has published 28 creative and critical books--- joint and solo. He is the winner, among others, of the **Panorama Golden Globe Award-2023** and **Nissim Award for Excellence-2022** for the political novel ***Minotaur***. His poems are included in the UN project: *Happiness: The Delight-Tree: An Anthology of Contemporary International Poetry*, 2015. He is the managing editor of Setu bilingual journal (English) that has more than 5-million views so far:

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



MORNING GLORY

When fingers fly the whole night through,
serenading stories pirouetting poetry too
and lifting your head, you see
the sun sitting on your window ledge
singing a lullaby with a goodnight hug.
You tell yourself,
“Good Lord! it’s time I slept some”.
A beak tapping on the windowpane

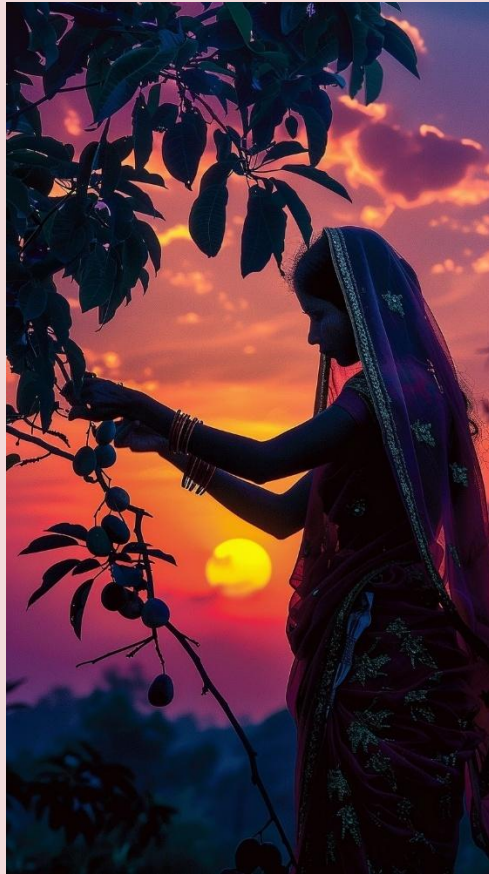
with the dawn chorus cacophony floating in
tells you, your topsy turvy life is insane.

Why does the International Dawn Chorus Day
be restricted only to the first of May?

Why don't I keep my window open daily
sweetness of bird songs floating in
revel in nature's greatest symphony,
sparrows vanquished by mobile towers
returning to cities celebrating divinity
once more hop, skip, chirp away
watch sunrays kiss sleeping chicks
with robins, blackbirds and thrushes
twittering and tweeting
wake up the gardens.



Dr Sunil Kaushal: She is a gynecologist, poet, author, translator, essayist, and editor. She has been translated into French, German, Greek, Punjabi, and Chinese. Her twice-awarded memoir ***Gypsy Wanderings & Random Reflections*** won the Nissim Non-Fiction Prose Award given by The Significant League, 2020 and The Golden Book Award by Wing's Publication International, 2024. She is a winner of multiple awards, some of which are: Women Achiever's Award 2019; Enchanting Muse & Fellow of the Regal World of Scribes; Featured in the Limca Book of Records; Featured in the Golden Book of Records; Gold medalist in dramatics; and Best Lioness President Asia award.



My poems cannot impress you
No tongue-twisters or exotic sounding words
No fountains spouting rivers of emotions
No naked declarations

My poems cannot impress you
No western influences or a little black dress
No cleavage hugging stanzas

Or sensuous metaphors

My poems wear sarees

No, my poems cannot impress you

They stand without any masks -

In their desi avatar

They are the mango pickle drying in the sun

The dholak dhaap and the afternoon nap

My poems cannot impress you

They have no expensive make-up.

Just the salt of the hot 'loo' winds rubbed on them

My poems are the kohlapuri chappals in a room full of
Jimmy Choo and Louboutin

Their arms are filled with bangles - red and green

My poems don't tell it slant

Infact they can't -

They can only be direct

And don't care whether or not
they are politically correct

No, my poems cannot impress you!



Sunita Singh: Steeped in the Ganga-Jamuni tehzeeb, Sunita Singh is a bi-lingual poet, author and storyteller based in Delhi. Her verses and stories are dipped in the ink of her heart and have been awarded and published in numerous Indian and International portals, anthologies, magazines, e-magazines. Her solo book of English poems was awarded the best debut collection, while the biography penned by her is being translated in Hindi. Sunita is an avid storyteller and has been involved in doing dramatized readings of stories in various schools, events and on digital portals.



WHEN SPRING BECKONED...

Spring came knocking

Beckoned me to warmer climes

Verdant meadows gurgling streams

Flowers swaying to abundant sunshine

But there is so much to be done
Duties to be fulfilled
Promises to be kept
And I must keep my word...

But spring was in the heart
Countless wanderings call
Moments of whisper to ancient trees
Gaze at distant stars in silence...

Not now...perhaps some other time
Some other year
When my work is done
And I am free...



Dr. Supatra Sen: Currently Associate Professor in a reputed Kolkata college, she is a veteran academician, teaching and researching in the fields of Botany and Environment. Her 125 odd publications as international books, papers and reviews are chiefly in her parent subject. She has edited several UGC funded ISBN volumes and is also the founder and Chief Editor of an ISSN peer-reviewed multi-disciplinary academic journal 'Harvest' www.harvestjournal.net since 2016. Despite two National Awards in Literature earlier, her serious tryst with poetry writing began in 2020 during the global pandemic. Her poetry anthology ***My Autumn Sonata*** was published in October 2021 and ***Sojourns in Autumn*** in early 2024.



I, THE WOMAN, AM A SHADOW

I am a shadow,
but not the kind that chases the light with grace, ease and
coziness.

I am the one that lingers in the corners, and loiters,
dawdles and delay

Always distant, always unseen, a shape defined by absence.

I belong to no one, and yet I am bound to everything.

I observe as the world moves forward, bright and full,

While I remain stagnant, fading into spaces where no one dares to look.

My presence is not required or desired or craved, not even acknowledged.

I live between the moments, the quiet pauses between breaths,

Where the world forgets to notice that I am here.

I am the whisper of a forgotten memory, the creak that goes unnoticed.

I am a wisp of air in a crowded room, but no one feels the shift.

I am the feeble and faint echo of a life that never fully belonged to me.

A presence without substance, a figure without form.

I have no voice, only the hollow space where it should be.

I am the unsaid things, the words I could never speak, the love I could never offer.

I am not the hope that shines bright, but the darkness that settles quietly
and waits for nothing.

I have known what it is to ache, without the comfort of being seen.

I have learned to live in silence and to breathe without being noticed.

I am the forgotten half of a broken dream, the puzzle piece
that doesn't fit,
the shadow that lingers long after the light has gone.

I do not ask for recognition, nor for the warmth of a hand
that reaches out.

I do not wish to be anything more than the faint outline of
something that was never meant to exist.

For in the quietness of my being, I find my peace.

The pain of being unseen, of being only a shadow, is mine
to carry alone.

And I do so, without complaint.

I am not a person, but the space between people, the
emptiness between hearts.

I am the reminder that sometimes there is no need to be seen to exist.

Sometimes, being a shadow is all that is left.



Dr. Sushmindarieet Kaur: She is an Associate Professor of English at G.G.N. Khalsa College, Ludhiana, Punjab. M.Phil in Anthropological Linguistics and Ph.D. in Indian English Literature, she has recently brought out collections of poetry under the titles ***Voices From Within*** and ***The Tapestry of Heartstrings***. Besides editing ten books, she translated Sikh Soldiers in Italy: Second World War. She has been anthologized in various journals and books. She is the Associate Editor of UGC Care-listed, Peer Reviewed Journal LITERARY VOICE, Editor of the poetry section of INNSAEI, editor of the Punjabi section of “MatruAkshar” and Deputy Chief Editor of LITERARY JOURNAL of AESTHETICS.



In Acrylic painting by Suzette Portes San Jose

RHYTHM OF THE WIND

A Septon 2/2/2/2/2/2/2/2/2

Wrapped within the arms embrace of the cold gusty wind
Body shivering thawing a freezing broken heart to mend

Laid lost and forsaken by time in tales of love's wonder
The promise of holding our hands in tight grip of forever

Far beyond the glimmers of twilight and the setting sun
Shadow cloaked with warmth in my melting coldness gone

An angel sent from the vastness of nowhere was there
waiting

Stood steadfast in between time and space of winds
whirling

On the crossroads of desires from somewhere in time and
forever

Found each other's souls destined for a love that lasts to
never

A vow in the creation of a world to dwell and live in love to
last

It was the reincarnation of glory from the oblivion of the
past

The anticipation of true love at the wrong time and wrong place

Bygones reborn from not so long ago glanced a moment to trace

Beneath the lights of heavens haven the solitude of the soul in serenity

Sharing the warmth in the arms of fate to wander upon uncertainty

As the wind blows to nowhere, time leaves a melody in grinned

It was a song that was golden as the autumn leaves sang the song... Rhythm of the

Wind



Suzette Portes San Jose: She was born and raised in Cebu City, Philippines. She is a University half scholar, born with a passion for writing and living in her art forms. She now has joined 25 book anthologies. Each of her poems is written with her painting as visuals and is now appearing internationally. She has also received multiple awards for her Artwork and Literary works. She was awarded Poet of the Year in 2017 by one of the prestigious poetry sites in UK. She is also a regular contributor to a monthly issued magazine in India. She has also published her self-authored books and founded her own private group of a few artists/poets.



ON THE WIND'S HANGER

In the mirage, I hang my disappointment on the wind's
hanger,

It trembles in the storm—neither falls nor finds rest.

I search for my fleeing shadow in the alleys of time,

But it has vanished into the darkness of a broken yesterday.

My old friend is a tale told to strangers,

Riding a bicycle without wheels,

Racing illusions to doors that never open,
Waiting for the wind to carry him into absence.

In the desolate squares,
Passersby plant silence on weary pavements,
Harvest pain from the eyes of wanderers,
And write their names on the walls of oblivion.

In a distant corner, April sprinkles the child's face with rain,
Leaving in his hands the crumbs of a dream,
While ravens croak atop the ruins,
Mourning a city that slept in its pain—and never woke up.



Taghrid Bou Merhi: She is a multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor journalist and translator. She has authored 23 books, translated 35 books to date, and 112 articles to date. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature, and she was chosen among the top 20 international journalists from Legacy Crown. She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

poète maudit

the world is made
for the apathetic,
the vanquishers —
and there is none
more accursed than
the poetess

\

\

\

some write for fame,
some seek gold
all the while they are
scared to reveal,
to bare the soul
tyranny of the pen
has no end,
desires cling the soul
as nails that splice
a slit wrist
hung as indecent
on the skin
like a leper
denied water

\

\

\

\

the tyrant critic,
the green-eyed scholar
construes just misery
and reflections of
himself onto
hapless words
the outcast,
the denied,
makes a nought
with a pen
until it consumes
the mind
like a void —
all to just
disappear
until the
next circus
whip...

\

\



Tania Alphonsa George: She is a literati, poet, and educator with a Master's degree in English Literature and a Bachelor's degree in Education from the University of Kerala. A passionate seeker of creative expression, she finds inspiration in solitude, crafting poetry and reflective works that explore identity, art, and human experience. As an educator, Tania is committed to inspiring young minds and fostering a deeper appreciation for literature and self-expression. She enjoys pushing the barriers until there exists just art — pure, unfiltered, and true.

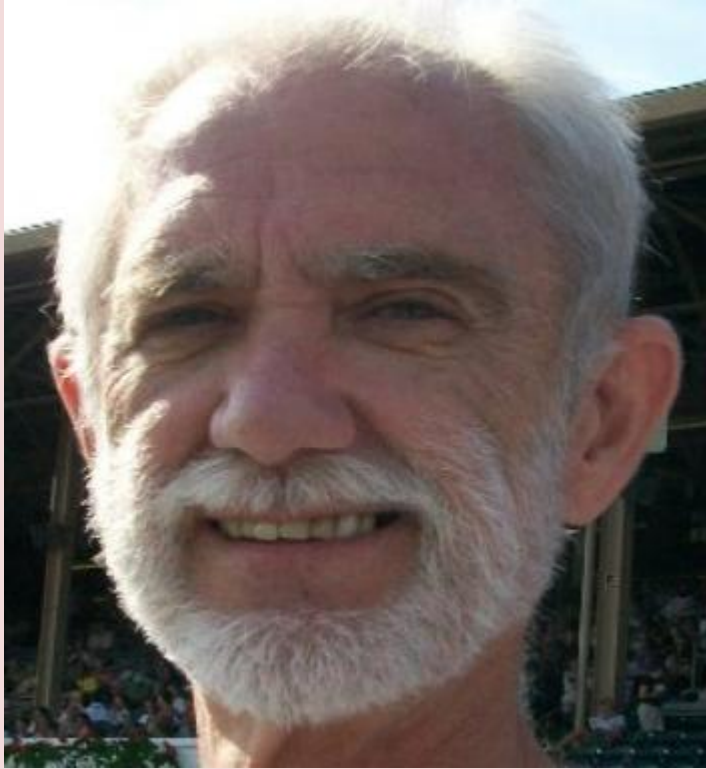


<https://patch.com/north-carolina/charlotte/hurricane-dorian-ocracoke-feral-cats-seen-after-flooding>

THE FERAL CATS OF OKRACOKE, NC

If the Island could
corral them
like the Spanish ponies,
their eyes would
obsolete the lighthouse.
Some tongues whisper:
toss them
into the sea

as you would
bad bait.
Sacrifice them
to the weather
Gods thumbing
waves pages
picking out
the next
angry name.
Ha! Those eyes
would not expire,
just glow
in the wakes
of ferries
and fishing boats –
the purring
fuses of hurricanes.



Thomas M. McDade: He is a seventy-nine-year-old resident of Fredericksburg, VA. He is a graduate of Fairfield University. McDade is twice a U.S. Navy Veteran serving ashore at the Fleet Anti-Air Warfare Training Center, Dam Neck Virginia Beach, VA and aboard the USS Mullinnix (DD-944) and USS Miller (DE/FF-1091). His poetry has been most recently published in The Rat's Ass Review.



A SPECTACULAR FAMILY

A spectacular family

Of spectacles;

Yes you heard it right!

You can find spectacles on all the frames (of the body);

big or small,

young and old.

Spectacles are visible all around(Ah!).

The gene runs in the family;

Extremely strong and relentless
Coz it takes the best from
Both sides of the parents.
Every pair of eyes
Is covered by a pair of glasses;
Making it a spectacular family!



Uma Agarwal Bajaj: I have been contributing to GloMag for almost three years now! And Glory di's trust in me has really made my pen a little creative. I am a Company Secretary by qualification, a homemaker by choice (since the last 20 years). Having been occupied with family and kids, I have now started having some time for myself, now that the kids are all ready to leave the nest. I write both in English and Hindi and hope to better myself with each passing day. Apart from this, I have, since last year, been involved with the activities related to the Inner Engineering program by Sadhguru.



www.vecteezy.com

AVIFAUNA

Woke up to the insistent cry of the peacock

Warning me of the gathering grey clouds

An anthakshari with the koyal followed

Back and forth we cooed tirelessly

Watch out for the bumble bees she said

The curious crow tilted to glare at me

It's a hot day he cawed, backlit by the rising sun

The parrot called out prettily, near the guavas

Take a bite, she seemed to beckon

The sparrows tittered around me

Thank you for the seeds bless you

The day begins on such beautiful notes

Not too far from the bustle of the city

Reach out, we are near these feathered songsters say

If only we could, every day will be a blessed day



Uma Vangal: She is a part-time filmmaker and public speaker, sometime professor, critic and curator, an occasional gender activist and a full-time mother and grandmother. She wears many hats and writing permeates all her work and interests, but with the aim of making a difference. Her work, be it documentary films, poetry, mentoring, yoga training or workshops, echoes an abiding interest in ancient wisdom and her guiding tenet “Be true to yourself”.



SINKING LITTLE HEART

Going through an old album

How things were

The way they are

Compressed between images

Of grainy texture

An ebbing tide

Of late afternoon

You take out an old cardigan

The fit

No longer snug

Around the chest

Sleeves that shrank

And lovers went back to being

‘Just friends’



Vandana Kumar: She is a French teacher, translator, recruitment consultant, Indie Film Producer, cinephile and poet residing in New Delhi, India. Her poems have been published in national and international websites, journals and anthologies of repute. She has been a part of seminal feminist anthologies like the Indie Blu(e) publication 'The Kali Project'. Her collection of poems ***Mannequin Of Our Times*** (February 2023) - has won multiple awards and a Pushcart nomination in the poetry category. She is currently the Poetry editor for the Reader's Choice magazine. Her literary travels took her to Athens, Greece where she was a Guest of Honor at the Global Vision Summit 2024.



MORNING MANTRAS

Dawn,
Dark sky,
A tinge of pink
At the edges,
Purple, orange, then blue,
A canvas of colours
spread in ethereal hues.
Crystal air, birds calling out

to the new sun -

“Arrive soon!”

Holy chants fill the space,

Temple bells greet the day.

The Yogi in his vrikshasana-

A tree, begetting the morn.

A fresh beginning

Washing yesterday's

Mistakes away.

A chance to repair,

Promises to fulfil

And blessings

to cherish always



Vidya Hariharan: Vidya Hariharan is an enthusiastic traveller, coffee guzzler and manic reader. In her spare time she wrestles with crossword puzzles and has won prizes. The poetry gene jumped two generations as her great grandfather P. S. Rama Iyer was a Malayalam language poet and author. She lives and works in Mumbai, India. Some of her work can be found in Cafe Dissensus, Setu, Poetry Super Highway and Under the Basho.



THE COLOUR OF MONEY

In a cityscape
of tarred roads and concrete buildings
the non-existent grass
can never be greener
on the other side

In a cityscape
of tarred roads and concrete buildings
all that counts
are wallets that are always thicker
on the other side



Vidya Shankar: She is Associate Editor for haikuKATHA journal, host for The Haibun Gallery in Triveni Haikai India, author of two poetry books, copy editor, and an English Language teacher. Her work has appeared in prestigious anthologies such as the Yearbook of Indian Poetry in English, and her haiku longlisted for the Touchstone 2024 awards. Featured in a unique coffee table book on 50 inspiring women of Chennai, Vidya finds meaning to her life through yoga and mandalas.



For Françoise Hardy [1944-2024]

You flick your long hair back

And a dimpled smile

Shyly filters through - -

Shadows hide between the lines

In 1962: “All boys and girls

Of my age, walk down the street, two by two.”

How true the words
That are softly captured by your voice
And flash across our eyes.

“But me, I walk alone - -
No one whispers “I love you.”
Under the fringe, the ballad flows

But you, Françoise, slipped away
Before I woke up to
Your contemplative verse

Or as you sang in 1968:
“Behind a Kleenex, I would know better
How to say goodbye to you.”



Dr. Vijay Nair: I retired as an Associate Professor in English. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016. I was the 'Critic of the Year' in 2016, 2017 & 2018 at Destiny Poets, UK and was also adjudged the 'Poet of the Year' in 2018 by the same poetry group. My poems have been nominated on 8 occasions as 'Poem of the Month' at Poets, Artists Unplugged. Three of my poems have been included in the PG syllabus of BBMK University, Dhanbad. My short stories have appeared in Dynami Zois [Virasat], The Road Taken [Impish Lass] and in Cocoon Stories: Imprints of Childhood [AuthorsPress].



GLADNESS

I wear my lines and greys

With pride

Of a life well-lived

Of a life well-loved

And my jaunty feet take me on paths myriad

To the home of the wild flower and the white desert

My brown paper skin

Has seen many a sun

Felt all the wind and rain of the years
The veins on the back of my hands
Are merry rivers that carry my heart's desire
For it beats
And it beats
Till one day it will not
But what does it matter
For I have lived, loved and laughed.



Vineetha Mekkoth: Vineetha Mekkoth, poet, writer, translator, editor, and reviewer based in Calicut, Kerala, works as State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. She has translated for the Kerala Sahitya Akademi. Her poems and short stories have been included in various anthologies. Her debut poetry collection is ***Ashtavakra and Other Poems***. Her book ***Penpiravi - Birth of A Woman*** won the Reuel International Prize for Translation and is the translation of the Malayalam poet Girija Pathekkara's poetry collection. She is co-editor of and contributor to the short story collections, *Cocoon Stories: Imprints of Childhood*, *He, She and It: The Grammar of Marriage*, and *Aquality: Tales from the Depths* published in March, 2024.



ciao! 😊