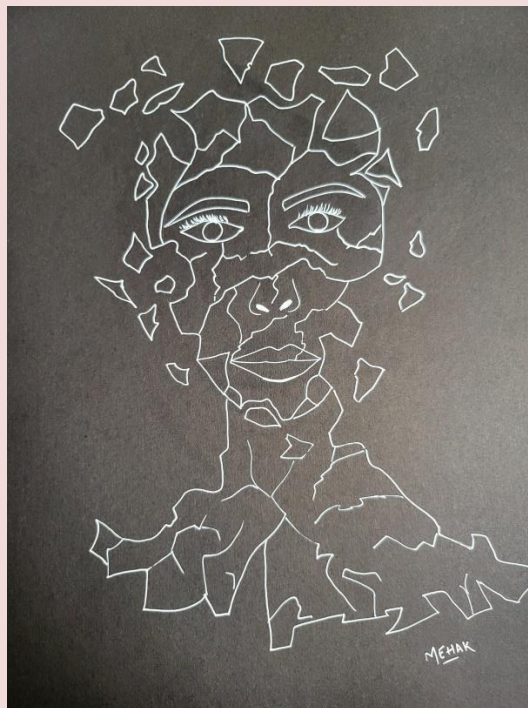


GloMag

GLOWING

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose Magazine

October 2022



Edited and Published by GlorySasikala

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to the memory of our fellow poet Late Shobha Warriar. Always in our midst through her poems and thoughts.



MEHAK VARUN



TITLE OF COVER PIC

Shattered Yet Powerful

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Mehak Varun, is a writer, an artist, a poet and a thinker. She is an author of four books - THE Humane Quest vol 1, 2 & 3 and 'I am Me'.

She has been bestowed with the '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 a

recipient of various other prizes in poetry competitions as well.

She is known for raising contemporary issues in society. Just as there is freedom, there is a certain responsibility towards the same. To choose to do good and be good within the specified responsibilities is freedom in action.

Creative thinking is not about generating something new from a blank slate, but rather about taking what is already present and combining those bits and pieces in a way that has not been done previously.

As Maya Angelou says, “You can't use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have.”

The cover picture 'Shattered Yet Powerful' depicts the day-to-day struggle a woman goes through. Still, she doesn't lose hope and moves ahead with her head held high. After every rain, the sun blooms and brings along the rainbow to cherish. Likewise, we bloom with our inner thoughts and try to bring out the best of ourselves that life has in store for us. Let storms come, enjoy the moment and learn to create shelter. Stay. This is the rainbow charm. With the whisper of the rain, comes another rainbow, another day, another hope.

When the sun peeks
through the dawn of the day,
I do not dwell
and seek no favour.

My smile can be infectious
that can hold the grip
of the coward you,
never misunderstand me
for I am braver at night
and won't bid adieu.

For, I am a woman
who roars.

My inner mystery
no one can touch,

the fire in my eyes
makes your body shudder.
My head doesn't bow,
for, I shall rise.

Take my softness
for my weakness,
and I will become the fire
quenching the thirst
of my blaze.

For, I am a woman
who roars.

As the moon brightens
from behind the clouds,
I turn into a wolf
seeking my powers from within

Flowing into the river
with moonlit dimness
coming in a surge
of ardour, stifling the pain
within.

For, I am a woman
who roars.

Mehak Varun

(mehakgrover@amartex.com)

ABOUT GLOMAG

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

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

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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PRE-PUJA BONANZA

Pre-Puja days

A man from Rainda

Appeared at wee hour

And tirelessly beating drum

To keep his stomach at bay

A sari-seller from Kolkata
Arrived and occupied a hotel
Exhibition cum Sale, you know,
Announcing 'open for all',
Though I know it is a big lie
So I sipped cola and quietly
Came back home.

A hawker looked happy
For his cycle was loaded
With bundles of worn-out clothes,
That once graced ladies rich,
And sacks of junked pots and pans.

Roads got repaired,
Maids and casuals paid bonus
Lost boys ventured startups
For a week, and Royal Stag ads

Cheered all 'It's Your Life
Make It Large'.



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



GRAVEYARD

This world is not my
favourite zone.

The graveyard is my
favourite space.

Autumn trees are letting
its leaves to blown away.

Like my dreams died in the
days of the war.

Why people dry my tears
and wish me nothing well,
They work to make room
for my death in their prayers.

My grief sings beneath the
same moon, but different sun.
Thy wind will unlock the clouds
just to rains my miserable verses.

Yes! I am weak to stand for
my homeland and fight for it.
Yes! I am tired of the edges,
and boundaries of this planet.

I relish some of faded colours
of spirits, whom I symbolized

in the night, of booze & smoke.

perhaps, I'm born to shine on a

different planet...



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



RAINY SONATA

Sudden gusts of wind
tap rhythmically upon the window.
Raindrops jangle on the glass.
Downpour composes a sonata.

It records transparent notes
On the invisible staves.
Single sounds join together
to create the thundering chords.

Cold drops vibrate in music,
Antarctic glaciers crumble,
hot springs of geysers steam,
rivers flow down with an allegro rhythm.

Water, as the Eternal Wanderer,
will never know peace.
It will continue roaming
between steam and ice.

Yesterday it was an ocean.
Today it is a lake.
Tomorrow it will be a tear.



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



CONCRETE FOREST

Why look for love in the human chest

Here in this civilised concrete forest!



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



PEEPING

peeping through a broken
window

she saw a sky bruised

from gun butts

torn into two

shrill voices of soldiers

incessant barking of dogs

'juden' being repeated on

loudspeakers
a staccato of red
broke stilled silences
anne frank struggled
mind and heart
against a shredded
dawn

peeping through a broken window
of my reasoning
i saw najib still alive
raised to an electric pole
at kabul
a brittle sun eventually broke
his eyes trapped footprints
of the last sunlight

anne frank and dr. najibullah

stayed with us

in changing horizons

wind swept promises in

the dark

peeping through a

broken window

Anne Frank

***died at the age of 15 in Auschwitz concentration camp in
March 1945***

Dr. Mohammad Najibullah

***Former President of Afghanistan, castrated and tortured
to death by Taliban on 26 September 1996***



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



CHAI SHOP GOSSIP

Using the Old Occitan Tenso-Partimen form of Poetry to write a conversational discussion-poem on a contemporary Indian subject

So, Brother Hiranman, what are your thoughts
On Arrow Party leaving Flower Union?
Think you the leader A left on his own
Or was he excised like a painful bunion?

O Brother Taraman, what would I know
About such things when all of my attention

Is focused on making my two ends meet?

This subject you should to Friend Jagan mention.

Hey, Friend Jagan, you follow all the news

Do you think separate parties will unite

To form a single opposition now

Is all this hullabaloo wrong or right?

Friend Taraman, in this busy chai shop

We have so many friends present today

Why not ask them to put forward their views?

Let us ask them what it is that they say.

Friends, I Taraman, put it to you , answer,

That Leader A was wrong to leave Flower Union.

Do you think he decided on his own

Or is he acting as somebody's minion?

Taraman, I Chhagan, am of the view
That Leader A did what was right and proper
The people need a change and he realised it
And changed his course or would have come a cropper

Ah, well, dear customers, I like your talk
But now it's time for me to close the shop
Please come again tomorrow and discuss
Again whether A will take off or flop.



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

Nothing has value anymore

Everything has value only for a few seconds

How to navigate through or negotiate with such a world?

Search for meaning?

Micronarrative and subculture are the graffiti flowers on my wall

Where is the connect?

Humans matter and flora fauna earth Nature the universe

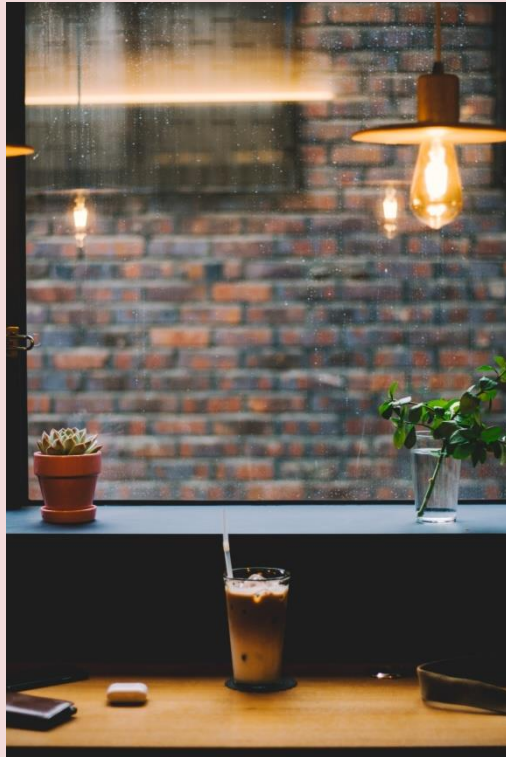
Lesser devil world no choice other than system too big to beat

There must be more like arts culture sciences humanities history ecocivics philopsychology neo disciplines

Static at 9.0 something on the car stereo destruct



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



DID IT RAIN?

Did it rain this morning?

I heard sounds of rains falling on
my bones and skin.

But could not get drenched;
neither could I satiate my longings
for those wondrous drops.

The world outside came between
rain and me, this morning.

A sandy desert, arid and agonizing,

where
rows of decorated chairs
offered cryptic smiles,
took me away from
the drops.

I heard sounds of rain on my
bones; but could not get drenched.



Aneek Chatterjee: He is a poet and academic from Kolkata, India. He has been published in reputed literary magazines and anthologies across the globe. He has authored 14 books, including three poetry collections and a novel. His third poetry collection, 'Of Ashes and Persiflage (New Delhi and Kolkata, Hawakal) came out in November 2020. Chatterjee has a Ph.D. in International Relations and has been teaching in leading Indian and foreign universities. He was a Fulbright Visiting faculty at the University of Virginia, USA, and a recipient of the prestigious ICCR Chair to teach abroad. His poetry has been archived at Yale University.



MY HOUSE BY THE LAKE

I have a small house by the lake
And a chair to sit under the tree
I like to read books sipping tea
I feel out of world and damn free

I watch birds come to the lake
Play in its clean and pure water
White clouds float across its body
I watch them and feel much better

There is no sound except soft
Whistling of the wind flowing
From edge of the hills that stand
Near the lake and in ray glowing

In the crimson glow of evening
I sit alone and meditate and pray
Thanking Him who gave me this
Life and beauty of a passing day

I like to be left alone in this land
Of hills and lakes and white snow
I would like to die with a book in
My hand and no one should know



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



If I dropped dead, dear Autumn
Will you soften my fall on your mosaic breast
Get Winter to set aside our differences, please
And descend to embrace the grieving trees?

Ever tactful, the sun will thaw the ice in time
And she will relent, too late

For we would have merged in eternal fidelity

You and I

My autumnal bride.



Anju Kishore: Anju Kishore's poems, some of them prize-winning, have been featured in numerous journals and anthologies. Her book of poems inspired by the civil war in Syria, '...and I Stop to Listen' earned her a glowing review in Kendriya Sahitya Akademi's English journal, Indian Literature. She has been part of the editorial teams of nine anthologies in the last four years with India Poetry Circle, Kavya-Adisakrit Publishing, Soul Scribes Society Salem, and World Literature India. She received the Editor of the Year 2022 award from Asian Literary Society.



HEY YOU!

how often you forget to be kind
to yourself
the shoulder droops with
with the invisible load
the head throbs, the heart races
and the mind screams
memories, thoughts, fears
and what not!
how often you forget that

you are not just skins and bones
tethered to your wrinkles and cracks
how often you forget to believe that
you are more than what you need

you are an entire cosmos
lit with stardust and atoms
your soul is made of flames
lighting up the sky
you were, are and will be
enough
just as you are
and that, my darling
is all that you need to remember!



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



A HOUSE IN RUIN

Walking past the old dwelling,
looking in through doleful eyes.

She is an abandoned house,
tenebrous windows, crumbling

walls. Visions of the past haunt
her rooms, as she combs through

the disarray. A dark shadow
lurking in the closet evokes images

of some forgotten past. Peeling
paint, chipped plaster, her joints

are creaking hinges. Her mind, a
cobwebbed attic peppered with

incoherent words. She wades
through the rubble of her own

demise. A house that has stood
the storms of time. Age demands

its toll. Turning to walk away, the
once beloved house is left in ruin.

****Published by Literary Yard, March 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 14 poetry books. I was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry. I was the winner of Spillwords Press 2020 Publication of the Year (Poetic), my bio is featured in the “Who’s Who of Emerging Writers 2020 and 2021,” published by Sweetycat Press.

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



MOTH-EATEN...

Moth-eaten memories

Limping,

Rheumatic fingers shaken

Luckless lovers flurry the whirlwind

Broken leaves in tranquillity made them cry

Azur sky

Angry grey clouds

Fluttering

The alluring warmth of Autumn

Caressing

Cleavage of sky

Midnight autumn rain

Night in silence

Smelling the rain fragrance

Caressing nostalgia

Memories of her melodies

She never loved

Just said thank you.



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



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YOU, UKRAINE 2022

As if, in this bleak year 2022 of ours,
there were not perils enough to bear
that confront our fragile globe ...

As if there were not challenges enough
that burst to test our human creativity and of our hearts...

This tyrant, igniting inside his head
a tinder boxful of brittle, dry, inflammable pseudo historical
theories,
thought to amuse himself and his
heel-clicking henchmen with a massive fireworks display,
exploding the skies In tribute to his own imperial glory...

I hurried to read a little of your history,
I explored a little of your folk songs and stories, and
watched the
costumed blossoming of your folk dances.
I read of your exquisite nightingale...
and wondered this about her:

Does she now stir from her ancestral depths and want to
sing both of
heartbreak and defiant gallantry?
Does she, from out of her depths,

wish now to teach her lullabies to
her children of today?

Does she want now to sing
full-throated, and to summon her children
from out of the smoke, wrack, ashes
that they might learn to sing alongside her
for the sake of some heart healing?

Visiting your folkways,
I learnt of your eagle, too

When that tyrant rose from out of all hell,
did your folkloric eagle rise too,
rise out of your heartland and soar,
swoop, thrust at those who would devour
a people yearning simply be free?



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



PEER PRESSURE

watch the company you keep
beware the things they do
don't be lured into
the traps they set up for you

remember there's choices
each one of us must make
no way it has to be
your set standards you break

pleasures always last
just for a little while
but the consequences of those pleasures
will last for many miles

of cause friends are not always friends
don't you dare be fooled
refuse to align your life
to be controlled by their rule

often they hide their jealousy
for the ladder you may climb
then they cunningly make you do stuff
that will affect your prosperity in time!

don't you dare succumb
to peer pressure hanging around

it doesn't ask for permission
or make a wailing warning sound

this peer pressure!
you can overcome
even if it means
you have to get up and run



Bevan Boggenpoel: He was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He attended Soutpan Primary and matriculated at Westville Secondary School. Boggenpoel completed a Baccalaureate in Education at the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University. He launched his debut Anthology 1 December 2016. The book was well received by the public and he sold 200 copies locally. He is also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (Literature Network in South Africa). His poetry is written in a South African context that covers different issues in daily life. In his writings he strives to tell a story or teach a lesson that will inspire and motivate. He is currently a teacher at Bethelsdorp Road Primary in the northern areas of Port Elizabeth.



A DAY WITH POETRY

A Day with poetry

Is a day full of love

Because it is a day when sun shines

or a bud opens

A bird takes a flight

The peacock finds its rhythm

The brook sing

A sweet fragrance spreads

And a music fills the heart.



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



SIREN OF AGONY

after *Biohacker-10* by Jenn Zed

She gags on the cascading gush of blood
she vomited. As it flows down, coating
her chin, she raises two fingers, pressing
blood-stained hands against pale breasts
as life ebbs in a pose of futile supplication.

Trying but failing to stanch the viscous,
acrid cascade of her life force flowing
from within her, she stares toward the sky.
A biohack victim, her vacant eyes
beg, hoping to hear any answer why.



Bill Cushing: Bill's work has appeared in anthologies, literary journals, magazines, and newspapers. He facilitates a writing workshop for 9 Bridges Writers Community. His poetry collection, *A Former Life*, released in 2019, won a Kops-Featherling International Book Award. His chapbook *Music Speaks* won the 2019 San Gabriel Valley Poetry Festival Award and medaled in the 2021 New York City Book Awards. His most recent collection of poems is “. . .this just in. . .”. Bill is finishing up a memoir focused on his years serving in the U. S. Navy and later working on commercial vessels before he returned to college.



the painting is painted by Johannes Vermeer around 1669-1670.

THE LACE MAKER

Her eyes meticulously follow
the shimmer of the pins on the pillow
dexterously tracing intricate patterns
Of Venetian lace
humming a song of great relief
while her mind races
to a distant land

a flower lined, sunbathed valley cradling
a multi-storied red-bricked building.

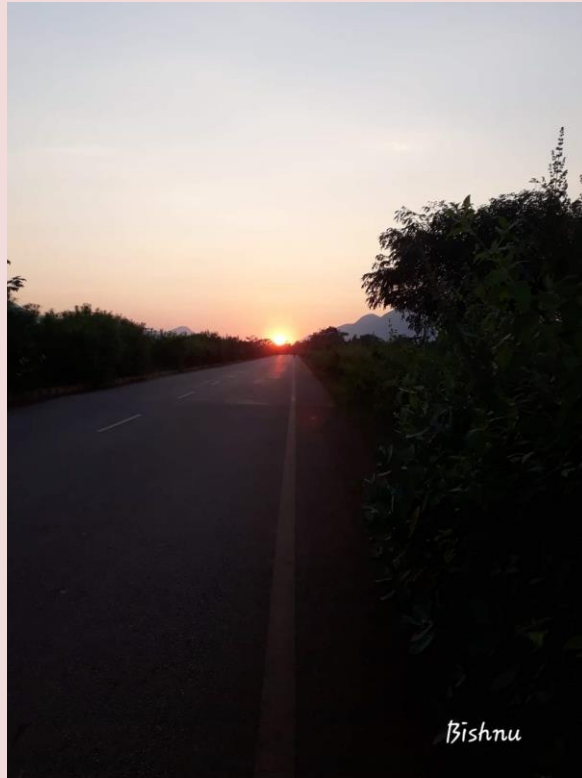
A sky touching rectangular
block hovers in her mind
where knowledge is imparted
to soft malleable minds
molding them into doctors, engineers,
and top rank professionals,
where the piece of her heart
secured a safe entry
a feat of pride and pure envy
that remains a dream for many.

By the time this exquisite piece
gets completed
a new future will wait at the doorstep,
when her daughter, graduated

would return all decorated
with medals, knowledge and a lifted head
to put an end to her mother's drudgery
and this last piece of lace
woven with love,
a memoir of her labour,
an ancient talent
shall embellish the hem of her daughter's skirt.



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



THE JOURNEY THAT NEVER ENDS...

The journey never ends,

From dawn to dusk

From earth to sky

The journey goes on...

The road that begins from my doorstep, trifurcates at the marketplace and runs in three directions towards the horizons,

And the horizons have no end

The sky is not a roof but an endless void of cosmic expanse

The flowers bloom

The leaves rustle

The soft touch of autumnal zephyr fills the heart in hilarity

The flock of birds fly across the hollowed dales

Seasons pass by one after the other

The seedlings come out cracking the earth

The clouds drift apart for making way for the blue of the sky

The autumn moon showers its silver beams

Innumerable stars keep gazing at us twinkling incessantly

Dew drops on the grass turfs make a sparkling morning

I do not know

Where from the wind comes and where it goes

How a quiet morning leads on to a tumultuous day

And fades into a tranquil evening
Where all the darkness of the night goes
And eventuates in a dazzling dawn

Life leads on
Death is not an end
This journey is infinite
This journey is an eternal bliss



Bishnu Charan Parida: He is a bilingual poet from Jajpur Road, Odisha. He writes on nature, philosophy, love, life and relationship. His poems have been published in magazines, anthologies of national and international repute.



THE BLACK TRENCH COAT

(Part 1 of 3)

She wanted to spread her wings

it was January, it was winter cold

I was alone in my dungeon

the single bar heater gave little warmth

Songs of Love and Hate, arrived today

it was on repeat

a bottle was on the table
two fingers of comfort were left
the words 'Jane came by with a lock of your hair'
stung, they stung in my grieving ears
the cigarette smoke froze in the cold
the bottle stood empty
the room slowed down

I needed a drink
I slipped on my 'famous' Black Trench coat
I headed for the door, the night, the biting rain
searching for a bar, searching for anywhere,
wanting her



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



Sedoka guidelines: Two three-line stanzas. Five syllables in the first line and seven syllables in the second and third stanzas. First stanza is a question by one lover. Second stanza is an answer by the other. So it's traditionally a love poem (and often a collaborative work)

SEDOKA

(1)

(5/7/7)

You are but a rose.

Fragrant, but absence, a thorn.

It pricks, when will you be back?

The time shall soon come.

Love that bleeds is beautiful.

Bear this happy ache, oh dear!

(2)

5/7/5

The waxing night moon.

Our waning relationship.

Black hole or one whole?

Dark phase is over.

Sunshine around the corner.

Happy days ahead!



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



ATARAXIA

Time to enter the Epicurean Garden

A buffer to the Zephyrs blowing of

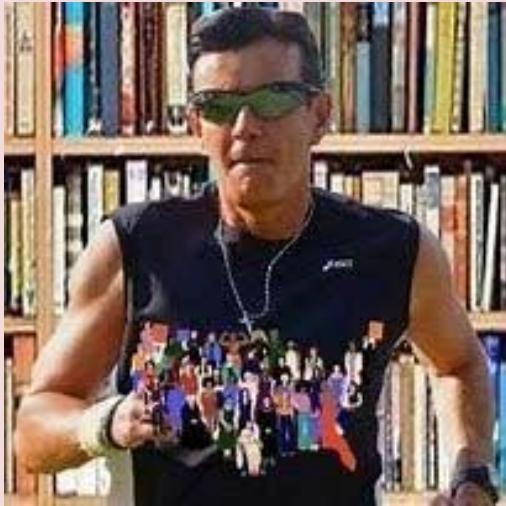
Obscurantist voices impregnating

The innocents huddled in ignorance.

Tranquil pleasures-

Procreative purpose-

In an atomic swerve
Filling desolate emptiness
Looking for less what's there
Then what was truly missing.



Carl Scharwath: Carl Scharwath has appeared globally with 175+ journals selecting his writing or art. Carl has published three poetry books and his latest book *"Playground of Destiny"* features poetry, short stories and photography (Impspired Press) His two photography books were published by Praxis in Africa. His photography was also exhibited in the Mount Dora Center for The Arts gallery and The Leesburg Center for The Arts. Seven global poets have also selected his photography to grace the covers of their published books. Carl was the art editor for Minute Magazine (4 years,)



It was a time not of cell phone.

Why cell phone, no phone.

Something would tick inside saying she is coming this way,
she would

From a distance our eyes locked

a slender smile from her,

butterflies flitted all around.

When we met, silence spoke,

as she said she too felt the same as she stepped out.

How telepathically connected.

Those were times, when heart ached,

a day without meeting was a day not counted.

So much was spoken in silence.

That those three words found it difficult to come out,
practised on the mirror a million times.



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.



FIRST KISS

Glistening with mucus and innocence,
Her face bore down on mine in the playground
As some children's game half-adult in sense
My memory rummaging this moment found.

I let her catch me, I was no great prize
For kiss-chase but she made the best of it

The thrill and horror took me by surprise

A long fuse I could not un-light was lit.

Our lips pecked each other, that's all we knew

(And should have known) we could not understand

Thank God the realms of adulthood, no clue

What awaited in the distance, that land

We saw from an ocean distance, but then

A faint sight of it occurred on that day

The games of children foretell games of men

Quite crueller games than this the grown-ups play.



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



OCTOBER

Winters' first cold breeze
flows across the open fields
from the distant north

the trees will shiver
limbs will release their gold leaves
to color the ground

wild geese call 'goodbye'
as they climb into gray skies
looking for the sun

I stand in the mist
the north wind whispers softly
in uncovered ears

she's on her way back
to paint the fields pristine white
sing the Earth to sleep



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

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

<https://www.youtube.com/user/DrBugqs13>



pic by Daniel de Culla

THOSE EAR PENDANT EARRINGS

Oh, those earrings hanging from the ears

Where my little bird swings.

It's going to swing

It's going to peck an ear

And to eat half of the earwax.

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

But she/he appeared to me

When I sat behind her/him
Crazy like a fucker from Carrascal
Or from San Pedro de Cardeña.

Oh, yes, yes!

Oh, no, no!

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

In front or behind.

He looks like emperor

She looks like an empress

Or a boy/girl from Vilviestre del Pinar

Quintanar or Canicosa.

My little bird goes around

Through their rings

And it invites her/him to get up

And get off at the Plaza de España

To contemplate her/his walk so cool.

Get up, brunette, brunette

Get up refreshed, refreshed

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



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



THE FROZEN CHOSUN

I.

Love is an animal which grows soft fur

Love has many children in every place

Love is old and barren, a silent face

II.

My children were once in your eyes

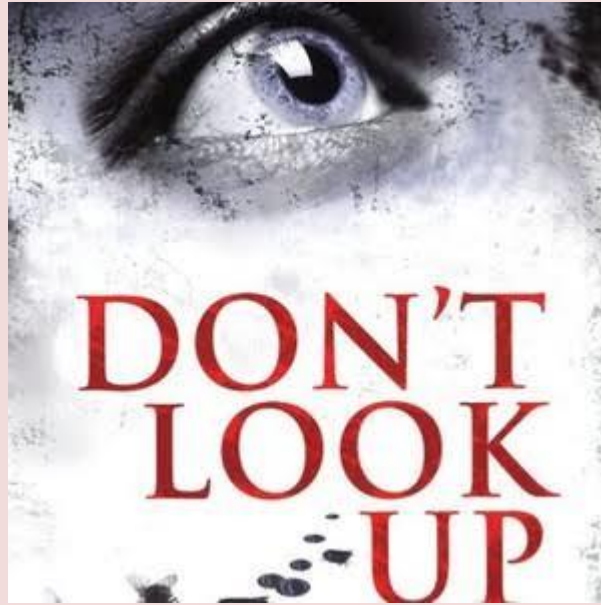
My dreams were your fingers

A bird's quiet flight, a leaf in wind

Our love will not come 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.



DON'T LOOK UP: A REVIEW BY DEENA PADAYACHEE

This irreverent satire unleashed by director Adam McKay had my tummy rumbling in 'illegal' glee as holy American cows were depicted engaging in the most inane, materialistic and sexual escapades on that side of the stormy Atlantic.

I won't spoil the surprises that you're going to feast on, but, believe me, this movie sports a comet-full of mirth that will have you chortling into your trifle, let alone choking on your chicken!

I raised my glass of red wine more than once as I savoured the over-the-top acting and the 'wicked' writing.

Initially I had been surprised that the likes of Meryl Streep (who plays the part of a degenerate, smoking, sexy,

President of the USA) and Leonardo di Caprio who plays a pill-popping astronomer with neurotic gusto, thought this movie worthy of their time.

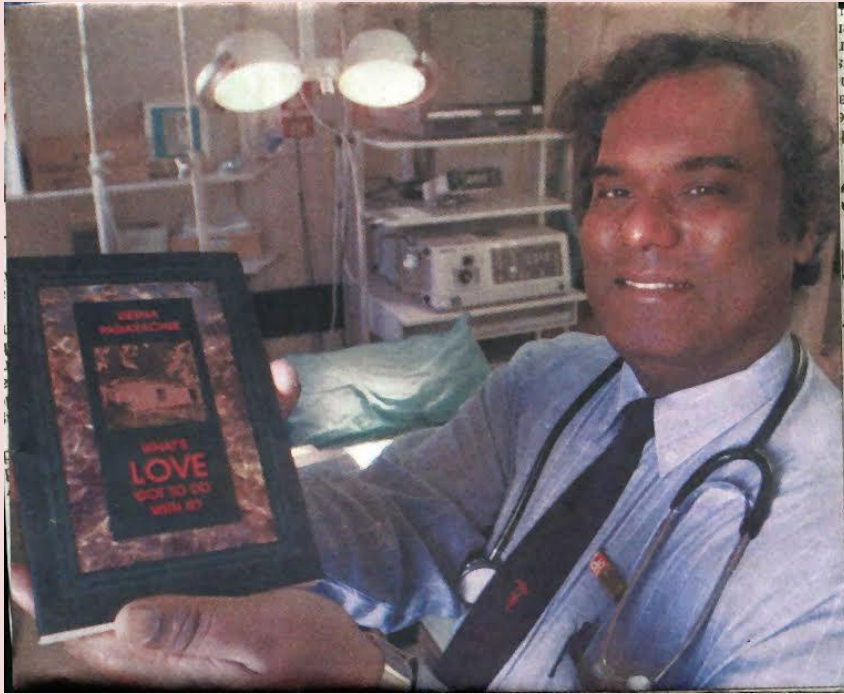
The answer lies in the intelligent script which flaunts naughty nuances and great wit; it delights in deflating despicable egos and lampooning the unconscious; uncensored writing ripples like rampaging piranhas through the flick. David Sirota was involved in writing the script.

Many of the ladies depicted in the movie are highly educated and free thinking, yet intensely vulnerable.

I loved Streep's derisory, satirical take of a slutty, venal female President who is owned body and brain by the billionaires. The film is a pinball of festive fun; it had the actors reprise their anti-establishment roles with deft genius. Their favourite political and 'scientific' clowns were ripped apart to the sonorous sound of the horns signalling the impending annihilation of our planet.

Hapless humanity has been challenged again and again by gorillas in power grappling like cretins with challenges well beyond their ken.

Enjoy!



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



COSMIC VOYEURS

Gold piles on gold dispelling the blues.

Diaphanous sunflowers flood the day with endless glinting hope.

A fresh morning births,
trembling with sound and promise.

I sip a steaming cup of tea.

Smoking hot

just like the stranger sitting at the Pâtisserie.

With a half-smile he is texting someone.

I imagine him imagining her rubbing her delicate cheek
against his,

so immersed am I in the caress of his velveteen dreams.

I give his dreams a secret name

and go on sipping my tea.

At ten 'o clock, from above the rim of my cup

someone looks at me askance.

I wonder if he is lusting for me or christening my dreams.

Everywhere I glance

people are in furious scrutiny of people,

wondering if they are joyful or dismal,

mundane or special,
sublime or ridiculous.

If only they knew that most obsessions are commonplace.
Only

the pheromones are unique,
that glide in from the beloved's breath to yours,
warm, tranquil, up close and personal.



Deepika Chand: She is quintessentially artistic and sees herself as a Poet, Artist, Mystic, Empath, Forest Lover, Tea Person and a Mind Wanderess. She has won Editor's Choice Awards in the U.S. in the past. More recently, she was honored by 'The Nissim International Poetry Prize' 2020. In

addition, she has co-authored her debut book 'The Blue Hours' with Professor and Pushcart Nominee, Dr. Koshy AV. Her poems have been featured in prestigious anthologies. Presently, she is writing in her new glowing Avatar 'JUGNI (The Mind Wanderess)' which is an explorative inward journey in conversation with her alter ego. She also paints 'Abstract Figuratives' and 'Portraits'. Her canvases embellish homes all over the globe. Three of her paintings have graced the covers of Karamvir Puruskaar Awardee Rashmi Anand's books.



PERSPECTIVES

Where oceans are

River reaches

Where hearts are

Music reaches

Where Heavens are

Prayer reaches

Silent but for sure

It's all a matter of time

In this timelessness

It stifles

It liberates

It's all what you see, feel or hear

Or what you want to

Isn't what I see blue seems green to you

It's all a thin line that we walk on

That fine balance is

All a matter of perspectives



Deepti Singh: I am a doctor by profession and a writer by passion. I love to write poetry and prose on nature and human psychology. I am a silently keen observer who finds liberation in penning it all. I find music and books as my best companions.



Artwork © Esteban

THE CENTURION

(For Ukraine and Zelensky)

I Am Ukraine – I am proud to readily defend my loved ones
my community my foretold

legacy my proud culture my future my country my language
my dreams my passions but

most of all our freedom from a vicious fiend feeding on
increasing darkness, intent to

destroy maim twist rupture capture dismantle delete and
annihilate causing a frantic

manic exodus a devastating cataclysmic spiral into
anarchic disruption of normality.

Blue Emotions Yellow Mood – The shock of a sudden
apocalyptic invasion

surely shook us to the core of our existence, as we tried to
rationalise an unprovoked

attack on our freedom our deserved happiness our
potential to become the best we can

possibly be but it was not meant to be because of one
man's insatiable hunger for

absolute power – No matter how many children families
and generations are culled!

No Farewells nor Hasty Goodbyes – It happened in the dead
of night out of sight

strange sounds and tremors alerting us to unknown terror
advancing from a supposed

neighbour! No time to make sense of the art of war when it
breaks down your door and

forces you to naturally defend everything and everyone you
hold dear, no matter how

hard your heart beats for familiar fears, as the call goes out
to hurry and defend not just

your family but indeed a nation suddenly having to leave
everything and everyone to

preserve life protect a mother a father a child a family a
generation a nation...

Diary from the Bridge – This morning I heard it – The
symphony of war. A faint whistle

at first yet splitting the air with piercing ferocity, as missiles
rained down on our beloved

city of Kiev. My heart burnt to go and defend our customs
our people our language –

our Destiny. In the dead of night I woke up, utterly
exhausted to the sound of my

countrymen and women relieving me from my post as our
troops advanced...

The Last Train – I finally reached Kiev to defend and prevent total destruction, ensuring my people had the chance to leave imminently praying they would find sanctuary, as the last train disappeared – My people suddenly refugees and smiles turned to ashes and hope melted into flames leaving only charred choices...

Aftermath – A world united although some hesitated denouncing evil, mayhem and mass murder. A culture disrupted invaded but through it all a brave leader never waived nor crumbled, his moral compass a beacon of hope and exemplary leadership despite unimaginable pressure to protect a nation a culture – A future.



Don Beukes: He is a British and EU Poet and writer and teacher, originally from Cape Town, South Africa. He is a Poetry Chapbook Reviewer at The Poetry Café. He is the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles', 'Icarus Rising-Volume 1', 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi', 'In Pursuit of Poetic Perfection' and 'The Girl in the Stone'. His poetry has been anthologized in numerous collections and 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 is also an amateur photographer and his debut Photographic publication appeared in Spirit Fire Review in June 2019.



INSTANT BRISTLECONE

Not like a loaf gone stale.

Not a burdened bristlecone,

One

ring mOre,

and then

anOther.

And not like barn paint

a-fading from bright youth.

Instead,
suddenly.

Every meter's a marathon.
Organs collapsed, woodwinds muted.
Every face lost to dust and smoke--
halved or quartered, memories absconded.
And lovers' beauties
knotted and gnarled
by sO many rings.



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.



THE EVENING LEADS TO THE NIGHT

The dazzling globe is sowing hues
In the western empyrean as a muse
Return the twice born to their nests
Carrying food in beaks after quests
Glow the crimson to welcome star
Appear they apace one after another
As nymphs, around a fulgent queen
Smiles the moon with far soft shine
Move old people to religious shed
Where the Bhagabata is daily read

Light women earthen lamp in abode
Perhaps for salvation it is the road
Get chance glow worms to glow on
Time has come that they want often
As the cold crystal moon is in loves
A part of sky, looks like feet of doves
Yet the purpose is concealed to all
Those who have lives with the soul
Whispers the unseen in human ears
At night all are so dead in slumbers



Dusmanta Choudhury: He is a poet residing in Jeypore, in the district of Koraput, Odisha, India. He a Lecturer in English in Dr.B.R.Ambedkar Jr. College, Lamtaput in Koraput

district in the Department of Higher Education Government of Odisha. He has contributed to various anthologies. He has recently got the Honour of Pentasi B World Featured Poet 2020 Honour. He is also a member of the Pentasi B world Friendship Poetry, The Tunisian Asian Poetry, The Poetry Society, The World Nation's Writers Union, The Love, The Global Literary Society, The Namaste ink an Author's Manifesto, etc. He has also published many Odia and English poems.



UNDERSTANDING

Translated Artur Komoter

Since I can remember

I have felt the best with only myself.

I did not like it when someone
hugged, kissed, rumped.

I edged away, fought back,

I did not want to be caressed.

I do not have to, I do not want to, I cannot...

I cannot, I cannot, I cannot...

I know it more and more often.

It sunk in!

Be like everyone else?

I am not, I am not, I am not...

That's how I was born.

They think I am sick,

it's not a disease, not a disease, not a disease...

only myselfness.

Myselfness, myselfness, myself...

A state in a closed world

where

you do not need compassion,

kisses

but understanding.



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



martinfamilymoments.blogspot.com

NEST

He tossed
his intentions
from the nest.
If they take off,
they continue.
If they don't,
they perish.

The gulag
rests on
the stoop,
like a
southern
hound dog
in the
hot sun.



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 in various 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. You can learn more about Ferris E. Jones by visiting www.inquisitionpoetry.com where each month he features the work of other poets. The goal of this site is to spread the word of poetry throughout the world.



WHORE

I look at war

A cheap whore;

Dirty and smelly

Battered and tattered

Homeless and hopeless

Hungry and angry

Wretched and wicked

And I wonder

What attracts her numerous suitors

Who come

Preaching her devotion

And teaching her promotion.



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



Artwork by Gargi Sarkhel Bagchi

PARADISE

A bewitching garden with inflorescent trees
Warbling birds and a tranquil breeze
The dazzling sun laughs; fluffy clouds bob gently
They all speak of bliss if one listens intently

The pristine cool air, so abundantly fresh
In parts beautifully misty, like an intricate mesh
The rhythmic gurgles of water splashing somewhere
Is music so melodious, there's no need for fanfare

But this need not be heaven although the description fits
For there are places on earth too where such beauty exists
And then there are moments that to these joys come close
Like the chortle of an infant or the sight of an exquisite
rose.

Savouring rejuvenating rains or undulant waves on a beach
Overcoming fears and attaining dreams that seemed out of
reach
Making someone proud or the special feeling of being loved
The very first kiss ever or being snugly hugged.

Each of these precious moments in our everyday lives
Gives us a glimpse of heaven and our spirit revives
Oh, it is puerile to want to die to experience paradise
When all we need to do is look around with open eyes.



Gargi Sarkhel Bagchi: The 1st prize winner of ‘The Reuel International Poetry Prize, 2022’, she hails from Pune, India. A university topper in her M.A. with German studies, she received a fully funded DAAD-scholarship to complete her second Master’s from LMU, Munich. The thesis she wrote there was published by GRIN publishing house, Germany and is available on Amazon worldwide. A German teacher for over 18 years, she has been pursuing her passion for writing since 2013 and has contributed her writings towards innumerable prestigious national and international publications. Though currently engaged full-time as a tutor with Deutsch Uni Online, Munich, for students world over and as a German corporate trainer, she looks forward to publishing a compilation of her writings soon.



BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

tanka prose

Love sheds its mask. Shards of your breath scrape my neck.
Knives of your fingers peel away my skin. What remains is
not much. What remains is not pretty as such. How you can
keep your eyes open I wonder, I cannot even look at my
reflection.

breaking the pot

to put it back together

with gold

what people will do
for the love of kintsugi



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



THE SERENE NIGHT

The serene night glides quietly

Enveloped in darkness

Meandering through the silent beads of moments,

Weary breaths rest peacefully

Detached from pent up desires

Eyes in quiet repose enjoying bliss

Sinking in an oasis of dreams
Faraway from confined destinations
Free from the grip of worry and anxiety
No hurry to reach the terminus
A sweet slumber in the lap of a charmed night
Making a journey to an unseen realm
In the loving embrace of the night



Gayatree G. Lahon: Hailing from Assam, Gayatree G Lahon is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. She is a post-graduate in English literature from Gauhati University. She is closely akin to nature and her poems delineate her feelings very beautifully. She calls herself an aesthete who tries to find beauty in every aspect of life. 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.



istock.com

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

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



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



PENANCE

A blue silvery glow that the clouds trap,
The hills watching this hide and seek quietly in the dark,

For they too will be bathed in Her milky white light,
Wearing a mysterious mercurial veil on their silhouetted
self,

For there She rises in her fullness with a flourish,
A fortnight's staying away in a strange penance not
showing Her face,

She achieves a completion, dignified in patience for Him to
light Her,

Facing Him, Her face beams in a light that reaches our eyes,

Heavens exclaim in celebration ' It's full moon rise"!

And here on Earth hearts and souls rejoice without knowing
why,

To soon realize as they look up at the sky,

She has stood face to face with the One she waits for,

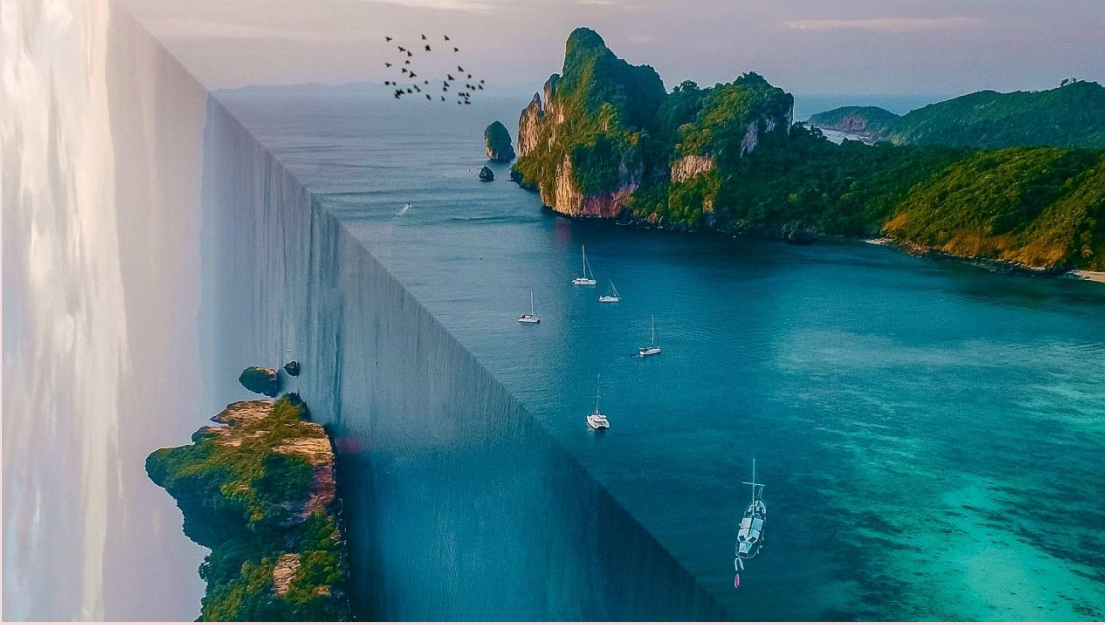
To light up the Earth in beams of soft silvery white!!

Her penance done pure and renewed is Her nectarine
shower,

As the mind swells with Her haloed glow cleansing fogs and
gloom!



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



He did not care if I felt too—
he just took.

And I prayed he would always do so...
for I felt nothing—
had nothing to offer.



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



BROKEN SONGS

There's a broken song
not a balladeer's love song
with tormenting graffiti lyrics scribbled
on the subway walls, beseeching the soul
as I walk through the underpass
to catch the evening train to nowhere
the lonely shadow of the street musician
the Busker on the violin cuts a heart-rending figure
as he nimbly plays the violin to passers-by's
for a few coins to feed his soul

his fingers deftly on the cords
with an artistic precision he moves the bow
back and forth perpendicular across the strings,
each stroke of the bow creates musical notes pleading to
one's soul

in my preoccupation the beauty of the fiddler's genius is
lost
in the clamorous cacophony of the people rushing by
my auditory sensations assaulted by tinnitus
my mind cannot encrypt the essence of the melody
and the harmony of the music
the solo violinist surrenders to the universe
from his pavement world stage

there are too many broken songs with no harmony and
melody
like tumble weeds swept by the desert winds
we cannot put the songs to the music beating in our hearts

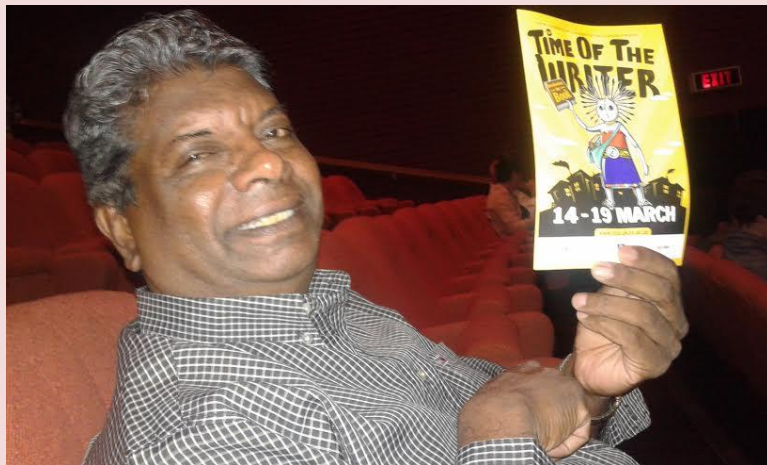
life's miseries have distorted and killed the musical notes
for the songs.

The lonely Busker with the violin holds the secret to life

If only we stopped for a fleeting moment

and listen to the beauty of his moving performance

the music would have touched the core of our souls



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



IN STILLNESS

The silence surges forward. It hushes, leaps, seeps. The quiet and quaintness of the tea gardens inhale the calmness under another sky. Tea bushes have a different kind of intimacy. They tap breeze at times writing dozy metaphors. All the shadows are buried near *Eagles Crag*. Are they absurd evil? On the hill slope, the red of the tin shades disappears in the mist. Prayers fall into the void.

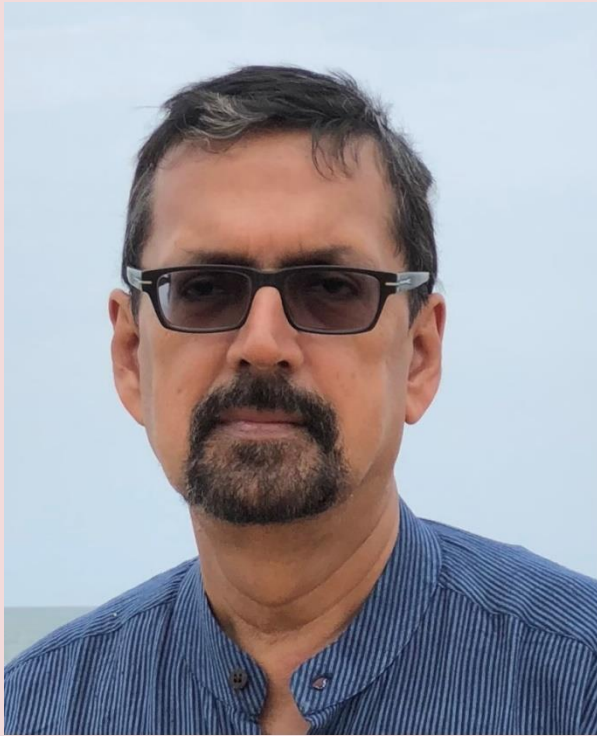
Preju brings the two leaves and one bud and place on my palm. Is this the long life eyebrows? Is this the silver tip? The aroma wafts in and falls inside my iris. And finds a way to my dreams. There are cracks in the rockface far and

above. Everyone is drowned in whispers. I can see the
endless wild uprush in the green. I still stare. It is beauty, it
is fulfilment, it is rest.

mountain top

shines

in luminous silence



Gopal Lahiri: He is a bilingual poet, critic, editor, writer and translator with 27 books published, including eight jointly edited books. His poetry is also published across various anthologies as well as in eminent journals of India and abroad. His poems are translated in 16 languages. He has been nominated for Pushcart Prize for poetry in 2021. He is the recipient of the Poet of the Year Award in Destiny Poets, UK, 2016, Setu Excellence Award, 2020, Pittsburgh, US and Indology Life-Time Achievement award, West Bengal, India. His latest collection of poems '**Alleys are Filled with Future Alphabets.**' has received wide acclaim.



I SEE MY FATE IN THE RUBBER TREE

I see my fate in the rubber tree

On my country ride under the ebbing azure sea.

Mute is the time in silent shame when he blinked blithe in
lustrous wear

With his fragrant fame humming in the sighing air.

One decade or so edged away through eternity's brink.

Now is his growth reverting to appalling shrink.

From his limp-green tresses ageing in the brooding dust,
Languorous curls swirl down, dried in rust.

With his essence full gleaned and usefulness exploited to
loss,

His sinews are now sunk in dregs—limbs gaunt and gross.

He will be left there to decay in sunshine or rain as he may
like.

Or, he will meet his premature doom at the wood
chopper's cruel strike.

Whatever, he will be the firewood that cooks meals in the
village huts,

The chair for their ease and the hard sandal to keep my feet
from bruises and cuts.

So, my dear, never come to see me at my grave through the dusky air.

My poetry will always prove that I am breathing here and there.



Hein Min Tun: He is an award-winning writer and multi-published young poet from Myanmar. He graduated from Mawlamyaing University in Mon State with a BA (Hons) degree in English Language & Literature in January, 2020, and is in the middle of doing his Master Degree. He is the recipient of "Distinguished Writer Award for Excellence in Literature" from the International Short Story Competition:

"Bharat Award for Literature, 2021-22" for his short story "The Outcast". He has some poems to his credit in popular global anthologies, including those launched by "The POET Magazine". He is also the third prize winner in one weekly poetry contest on the Given Theme, held by ALSphere (Asian Literary Society) for his "Sonnet: Morning in Kalaw".



SYLLABLES

a snapdragon perches
on the embroidery of wounds

a dewdrop nestling
in a cup of petals
resists the sun in vain

Time plucks out
a daisy chain of lovers
from a summer pattern

soon, I'll press dried flowers
between pages, where
a poet composes syllables
of soft yearnings



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



DREAM FROM PEARL COURT BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Comets circle in orbit through cool
evenings as leaves fall. Red, yellow,
brown leaves coloring sidewalks.

Crowds of people come home stopping
to talk about cold nights, slow trains,
high prices, navigating this mad mad world.

Stepping in front of the apartment building,
Gloria saw the familiar "Pearl Court"
incised in capital letters over the entrance.

Windows rattle as she undressed for bed.
Adjusting her pillow, Gloria relaxes...
gathering calmness around her.

The familiar cacophony of heat rising
through stairways hissing along walls
echoed through hallways.

Entering ebony night, she came upon a
dreamscape of hills full of heather, fragrant
pink heather. She stands waiting on a top peak.

Waving her arms, tossing seeds into heaven.
Planting empty fields of night with rows of light.



Joan McNerney: She has been the recipient of three scholarships which includes one from the University of Mexico School for Foreign Students in San Antonio, Texas. She received her Bachelor of Arts Degree in English Literature from New York State Board of Regents, Excelsior University. She has recited her work at the National Arts Club, New York City, State University of New York, Oneonta, McNay Art Institute, San Antonio and the University of Houston, Texas as well as other distinguished venues. A reading in Treadwell, New York was sponsored by the American Academy of Poetry. Her poetry is found in many literary magazines. She has four Best of the Net nominations. The Muse in Miniature and Love Poems for Michael are both available on Amazon.com and Cyberwit.net. Just released is a new title At Work. This collection shows colorful snapshots of working women and men in their daily lives.



DRIVING RAIN

come over here
let us move together
through the light
through the smoke
we travel in circles
of friends in need
in heat

rolling down corridors, highways, and hallways
to our rooms, to our child
the one we left when we began to hear
transmissions, confessions
reflections in the mirror
who could predict the beauty of those nights

as tribes gather
so do souls
and ghosts, and poets
upon rocks, electric, metallic, organic
thunder and rain upon the rim
of this crater formed
on the brim of this elusive hat
a book, a gospel, the cry of the wild

we feed, we drink, we inhale and inject
here is the dance, here is the medicine
we seek in the eye of the hurricane
and we fear not while we inhabit this song



Joe Kidd: He is a multi-award-winning songwriter, speech writer, music/film critic, and ordained minister, inducted into Michigan Rock & Roll Hall of Fame 2017, recipient of Michigan Governor's and US House of Representatives certificates for work promoting Peace, Social Justice, Cultural Diversity. He lives in Detroit Michigan USA with

partner, author/vocalist Sheila Burke. He has a CD titled *Everybody Has A Purpose* 2015, a book of poetry titled *The Invisible Waterhole* 2020. His works appear in benefit recordings, Music For Japan, and Songs For Standing Rock, many poetry journals. He was on tour throughout North America and Western Europe.

<https://www.amazon.com/Joe-Kidd/e/B089QYDXSM>

<https://joekiddandsheilaburke.com/>



THE LAST BATTLE

I've heard the deep blue plight
of endless freedom night after night,
sharpening the stars to dazzle bright.

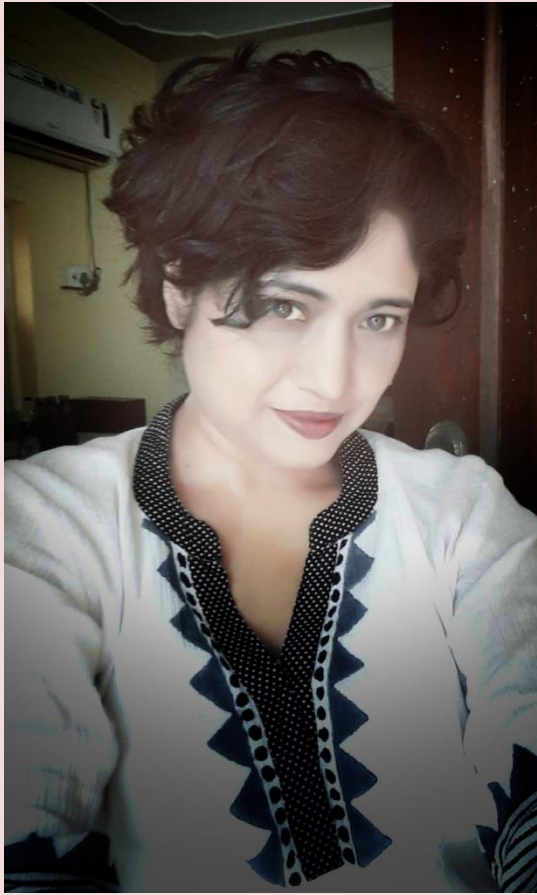
The bend of the sea has grown old,
for the world, the moon, it has to uphold,
caged birds fly at a price as freedom gets sold.

The seafaring freedom drifts and roars,
tossing and foaming waves cry for shores,
where a coconut grove, shades over the rocky pores.

Like a flame from the sun, so intense,
that burns itself, glowing as a light of essence,
I search for the reason of my boundless existence.

A rudderless sail longs to anchor,
an unbound promise cries for the destiny in store,
a corner of the sky falls asleep beyond our next-door.

Hold me tight in your insecure worries,
liberate me each day anew from your stories,
bind me in your breaths as death lives in glories.



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



CHILDHOOD

Rain puddles and paper ships,
Paper planes and fairy dreams,
Alien spaceships, wonderland poems,
Such, was my childhood...

Simple homemade swings,
Playing skipping rope until breathless,

Cotton candy and gola-ice,
Such was my childhood.

Water-colour paintings,
Reading history books again and again,
Pretending to be Alice with the Cheshire,
Kittens and dolls and crayons,
Such was my childhood.

Fancy dress dressing-up,
Colorful balloons and secret diaries..
Smooth white ice-cream cones,
Fresh biscuits with jam..
Such was my childhood.

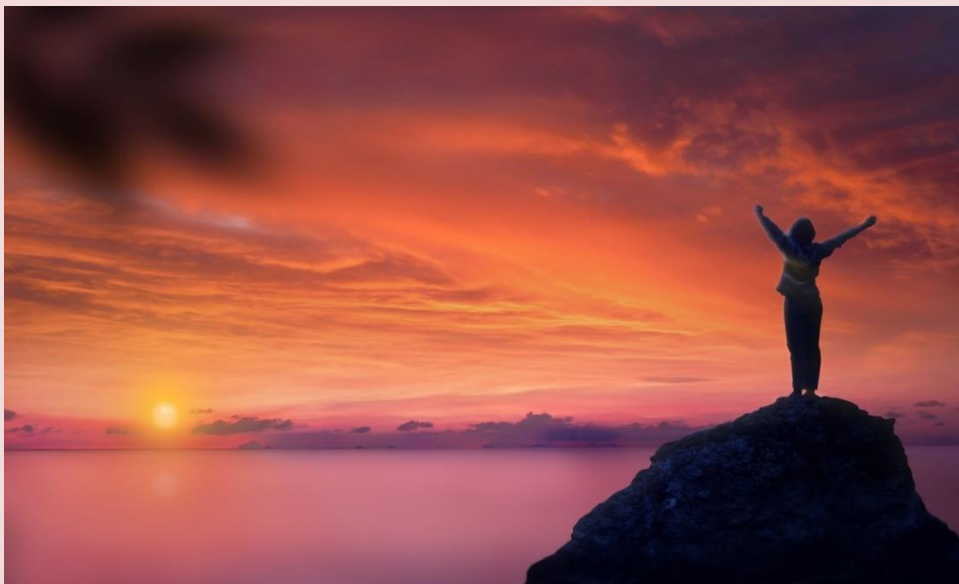
Frilly frocks in candy colors,
Sturdy, smart shoes...
Dancing with the wind,

Partying with the stars,
Such was my childhood.

My height has shot up
My weight has doubled...
I best not mention my waist:
Except for these, folks,
Nothing much has changed,
I shall always remain a child at heart,
Living through life, like a childhood.



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



WHERE THE MIND IS WITHOUT FEAR

I was taking a walk
When I was taken aback
By a solid whack
On my stooping back

She smiled and said,
"Don't stoop so much.
I had to straighten your back."

I always wanted to walk tall
Straight and full of purpose

Where the mind is without fear
And the head held high, as Tagore said

Today Tagore's idea has been destroyed
I stoop in doubts and tremble in fear
Because knowledge is now freely fake
India is being broken up into fragments
By narrow minded leaders and rulers

Their words come out
From the depth of depravity
They stretch their arms in rabble rousing
To spread vainglory and untruth
They are a bunch of Don Quixotes
Fighting self-created windmills
They fight Nehru and Mughals
Cheered on by their sycophants

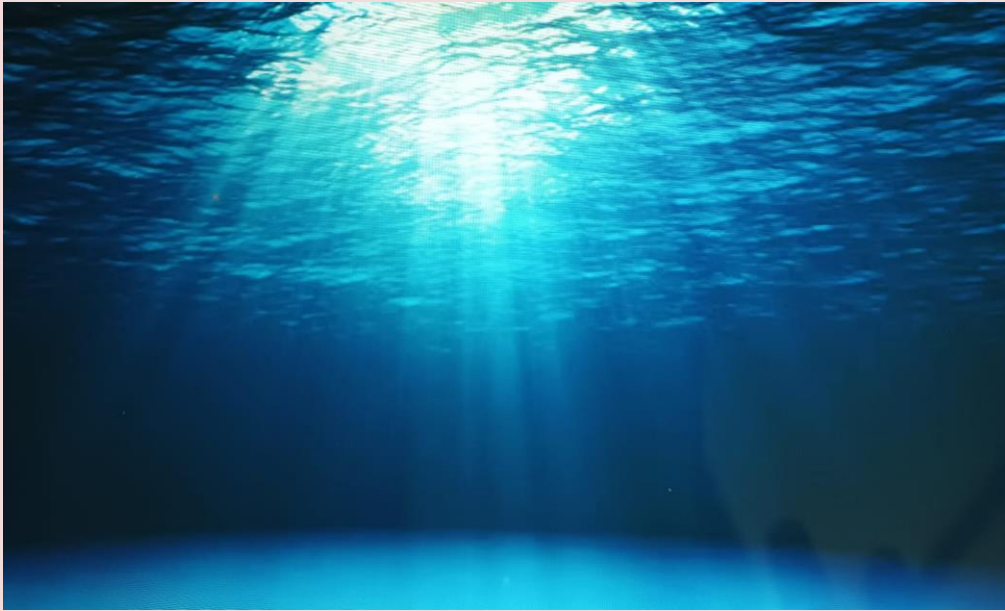
They divide citizens on the basis of religion
Food, language, philosophy and ideology
Our stream of reason has lost its way
Into the dreary desert of communal hatred

How do I straighten my back?
How do I strengthen my thoughts?
We have to fight to reclaim our land
May our minds be led forward
By rational thought and scientific temper

May humanity triumph over nationalism
May humanism triumph over Hinduism
May our behaviour be shaped by equity and empathy
Not by religious dogma and belief
May my country wake up
From the bane of religion and superstitions
Into an age of freethinking



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



A LEAP OF FAITH

Through the prism of personal experiences, I pass...
through the layers of reality stereotypes,
growing in seasons of unstoppable time...
flowers and thorns,
sun splashed days, rain dawns, cloud songs, moon drops on
flowing rivers,
laughter and talk.

Wisdom is painted with feelings,
they linger in words on thoughtful doors and windows of
the mind.
they come together serendipitously,
lingering on intense joy and pain inside the musical
introspections...
unknowingly marked and calibrated in the reality of time
and space.
The stars are gone...
hidden in the zone of darkness.
I empty self of self, speck of speck and
feelings of dark nothingness,
that drift to the galactic edge...
like being gently drawn to source...
a quiet, velvet touch of death offline...
The stars are gone.
There is left,
only a leap of faith.



Ketaki Mazumdar: She is a poet who writes prolifically with passion and joy. She and her latest book *Woodsmoke and Embers* has been listed amongst the Top 50 most influential authors of 2021. She has been honoured by Ukiyoto Publishing as Poet of the Year 2022. Her poems have immense depth and deal with life, love, nature, women, mysticism. In her book, she weaves a tapestry of India in a section, *Terracotta Thoughts*. Her love for her country shows through, seeped in imagery of places she has travelled, in India. An educationist, with a National Award, she has also authored children's books.



TO LIVE LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN

Let me not do a U-turn of
my neck to see the past.

Skill sets that lost their sheen
in time, high hopes slithering down
a slippery slope and scorned by
ingrate times that sang an ode to Darwin.

Warm a pedigreed chair with emaciated stare,
or a rickety one unfit for your pedigree.

My chagrined inner voice said
“Fruit is not the milestone, karma is”
Me, fellow mortals, were never shy of
bending our backs, cerebral sparks
that lighted many, pleased a few.
But landed as always where destined
with a sickening thud and inner nudge
“this is not what you strove for....”
Soon days wove into burdened years
When stars shone less in a dark dawn,
my own halo eclipsed in the oblivion.
An old raging song that stirred the chords
Of a crowd lost suddenly in the eerie!
Years later had an awkward timbre
when resung on a changed string!

I sense the new faces, old hopes straining
to carve a frame, new light!

I go back to my dusky sky, see where

I slipped amid the stars which shone once.

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



LUSTROUS PROMISE

The moon gives trance
with the lean grace
of its partial profile,

then opens like a gift
shedding its decorative twine.

Its beauty regarded as an active harvest
of grain sifted from graceful turns of phrase.

Luminous magic grows,
as we cast beyond the moon,
from everywhere at the same moment.

The vivid excitement of its timeless majesty
brings forth vestiges from beyond my eyes
of he whom I still believe hung every moon.

Moonshine infuses the oceans
with hypnotic sparkling tides,
and we stand, enchanted by its bright lure,
pulled by tides of happy hearts
that intimate we really can have the moon on a stick.



Linda Imbler: Linda Imbler's poetry collections include six published paperbacks: *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep*, *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep* second edition (expanded with 66 additional poems); *Lost and Found*; *Red Is The Sunrise*; *Bus Lights*; *Travel Sight*; and *Spica's Frequency*. Soma Publishing has published her four e-book collections, *The Sea's Secret Song*; *Pairings*, a hybrid of short fiction and poetry; and *That Fifth Element*; and *Per Quindecim*. Her new book, *Rhythms Told*, will be published this autumn. Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of publications can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com



SONG OF RAINDROPS

The raindrops are falling incessantly

Creating a rhythmic melody in the air

Invoking the concealed desire

Imbibing the passion of a petrichor.

Slowly igniting the flames with in the concealed door

Filling the air with familiarity touch

The vibrancy of shower is driving the air to go crazy

Each pulse is aware of this

Each cell speaks so

Every raindrop sings the tone of brotherhood and friendship.

Every minute I am measuring the drops falling from my rooftops

Every time I measure the depth,

every time I wonder about the miracle

Lately realised my fondness, my affections

Are taking the shape as jingles

The magical effect of yellow metal lures the garden. The song of dancing rain is generating melody to an extent



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



THE NIGHT

Poetry Form: Haiku Sonnet

The sun sets slowly
Welcoming the night quietly
Embracing snugly

Moon is resplendent
Shining moonbeam heaven sent
Glorious splendour

Tender care heart misses

Silent evening caress

Smothered with soft kisses

Perfume so fragrant

Stolen priceless moments

Superbly pleasant

Delightful thoughts

Wondrously memorable



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



RESONATING RUINS!

Trapped in trunks and junk

Suffocated yesterday struggles!

They are not mere things

In sepia brown and staid white

Rainbow past died!

In ruins and cracks

It tries to revive

The lost glory!

Bygone time,
Turned into an oblivious story.
Memories!
Buried beneath pile of dust.
Rusted echoes, forgotten,
Hushed!
Broken, discarded
Not burned nor buried
Baggage of cobwebs
Through time carried!
Nay, they are alive!
In rubbles, in the cloud of the mind.
Like rain they travel
From the brain
And through the eyes
Salvation find!
Amidst the clamour and chaos
Of today and tomorrow

Yesterday flourishes and thrives.

How many ever tomorrows may arrive!

Existence oscillates between

What if and whys!



Madhu Gangopadhyay: She hails from India. She is fiercely passionate about poetry and short stories, and a penchant for mythology. She conveniently explores all the genres of poetry writing. She has a Master's degree in English Literature from Calcutta University and a Bachelor's degree in Education. She has been in the education industry for two decades now. She has also been a content developer and has designed academic course books for senior school students. Her works have been published in several anthologies and online journals. Her poems have been

translated into Spanish, Albanian, Turkish and Persian languages. She is also an exponent of Indian classical dance forms. Currently she is pursuing MA in Psychology.

<http://madmusingspoetry.com/home>

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

madmusingspoetry.com



Days ahead when I was sad and desolate
Scuffling with my pathos inside
Almighty blessed me with an angel to be my side
That's what you are, I announce with pride
Loving caring and understanding like none
You are one of a kind in millions
Your eyes depict a deep passion for me
Your smile reflects the innocent child in thee
Your gentle attributes are soothing to the soul
As if life paying me some kind of payroll

My bruised self-wishes to hide and nestled in your embrace
As you keep loving me with eternal grace...



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

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



SMILE...

let's mend the broken heart
be attached to it with love,
feelings that feathered once
touch the high skies now.
taking the cold hands
clasp them,
bring them together
enwrap with tenderness

to join two hearts,
to let the tears in these two eyes
be wiped with the warmth of love.
let me take you
towards a new lighthouse,
swimming through light years
wading through a new pool of light,
on a new path
towards a new colorful morning.
let's get out of this storm
with this uncouth noise,
unbearable and unhappy,
let all the nostalgia flow away
from the core of time
to the core of the heart
and flow like the rain
from the canthus of these eyes.
from the rain of tears

let us handle some pearls again
of bygone days
and find the lost smile.
look you in my eyes dear
let's gather the dreams
amidst the rainbow dreams
let's smile again.



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English). A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women and children. She is the author of “THE NIGHT JASMINE AND OTHER LOVE POEMS”. She is the

winner of ICON OF THE YEAR-LIFESKILLS COUNSELLOR 2015-2016, CREATIVE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2016, and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing.



WISDOM

I tried to ride on the waves of wisdom
built on my tide of experiences
only to slip and fall
get wet in the unprecedented waters of change
I land on the shore exasperated
sticky sand clinging all over
I walk bare foot
trying to shake off the itchy sand
I dry myself in the hot sun
burning my skin and hair

I walk the entire stretch of the beach
Clothes dry to feel the air
Skin turns golden brown as the dry sand turns shades
Freedom of movement uplifts the mind
I turn back to face the vast ocean
with puckered face I smile
at the illusion rolling waves create
It rises and falls
that's the journey of its life
Tides venture into the heart of the sand
only to withdraw after having its fill
Yet the course of each wave is fresh
It's newness can never be boxed
into the casket of wisdom
which is as slippery and shifting
as the movement of the waves!



Madhu Sriwastav: Madhu Sriwastav is an academic based in Kolkata with creative interests. She is an award-winning poet, reviewer, translator, writes short stories and short plays. She received the jury award for her poem in the International Panorama Literary Festival 2022. Her works have been published in national and international journals and magazines, both online and print. Her debut book of poems *Trips Climbs Circles* has received rave reviews



FALL THUNDER

There is power in the thunder tonight, kettledrums.

There is thunder in this power.

The powder blends white lightning,
flour sifters in masks toss it around.

Rain plunges October night, and dancers
crisscross the night sky in white gowns.

Tumble, turn, swirl the night away, around,
leaves tape-record over, over, pound,
pound repeat falling to the ground.

Halloween falls on the children's

knees and imaginations.

Kettledrums.



Michael Lee Johnson: He lived ten years in Canada, Vietnam era. Today he is a poet in the greater Chicagoland area, IL. He has 248 YouTube poetry videos. Michael Lee Johnson is an internationally published poet in 43 countries, several published poetry books, nominated for 4 Pushcart Prize awards and 5 Best of the Net nominations.

He is editor-in-chief of 3 poetry anthologies, all available on Amazon, and has several poetry books and chapbooks. He has over 536 published poems. Michael is the administrator of 6 Facebook Poetry groups and Member of the Illinois State Poetry Society

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



MY TREASURE BOX

My children used to tell me “Mom, why are you wasting time taking photos? Let us enjoy the happy times together!” They are right. But I always like to capture and cherish those precious moments in life. In the gloomy, scary and depressing days of Corona Pandemic, I loved to open my treasure box of memories to elevate my mood. Every picture has a story to tell. I could feel the love of my family when I glance through those pictures which are little moments but adorable memories. Life is blessed if you have an affectionate family. A loving family is a gift or a blessing from God to us. Family is everything to us in this world of selfishness, revenge and backstabbing. The unconditional love of family unites each other like a strong

bond. The value of family can only be realized by orphans on the streets with nobody to take care of them.

I feel that my life is beautiful like a rainbow due to the various colours given by my family members. We are nothing without each other. We can overcome depression and stress with happy moments shared with family. We are always there for each other. Love you, my family! I miss you, my children. Don't worry. Trust in God. We are there for each other. Together we shall overcome this sad phase of life and this dark night. Tomorrow the Sun will rise again with fresh hope and new promises! I am thankful to God for gifting me blessings who call me MOM. Because of you my precious kids, each day is special for me. Thank you, my children, for making me a Happy Mother. My love is with you always and forever. God bless you!



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



KINTSUKUROI

I gave you everything when I was whole.

Plain and smooth,

A perfect beauty.

But I forgot to set my boundaries.

I forgot to give some to myself, too.

As time passed, I became fragile.

My beauty faded.

And so, you left me!

Shattered. Wounded. Scarred.

But as the sun never stops rising,

I never stopped working on myself.

I started to give myself love, and mend myself.

And this time, with something more precious.

My scars were mended with gold and wounds with glitters.

With time I became whole again.

To prove that I am worthy even if I am not perfect!

It's a new me with the scars

That shine.



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



MY SUSPIRATION...!

The dream to build memories feels like
a herculean task,
Yet at the hours of loneliness only,
the need of memories lie.

Still waiting and hoping,
in one part of life

If I could have been able to sow a few
unforgettable moments..!

Times are drifting away in dire poverty,
No smiles there to trickle down
through the maze of locks of hair,
To spread all twinkling lights of thousand stars,
in the eyes to hold the fair of witticism
where the all pride dried up..!

Sometimes, I keep looking pensively,
At the past that exists the other side of my thoughts,
No, there is nothing of mine to recall
And I return back alone
laden with chestful emptiness,
and sow my suspiration in lonely hours,
assaulting the nights on the walls of the room...!

Sigh...the rooms of memories are still empty,
And the moments were slipping
looking for answers to my questions,
didn't stop; couldn't stop,
kept on rolling on the roulette of chaos,
Chaos of pain; maze of broken dreams..!



Nitusmita Saikia: Nitusmita Saikia, a bilingual writer from Assam, India is presently working as instructor in National Cadet Corps. Apart from poetry, she also writes short stories, plays and has been writing for magazine like FM, GloMag, and Innsaei. Her poems have been published in many national and international anthologies and in local newspapers, in blogs etc.



OUT OF ORDER

It's out of order...

Yet again the elevator!

They huffed and puffed

The staircase seemed unfeasible

The spasmodic muscles resisting the climb

Fumbling for the house keys

Along with a chastising grumble

And then the clicks of success

Door creaked open to a darkened home

Where is the light switch?

The bulb and smiles lit up in alliance

Bony limbs walked around

Finally to settle with a kettle

Cooker, too, was out of order...

Sip from cups was the supper

Emptiness and silence lingers

Home bereft of offsprings

Resonates of emptiness

The decibels of slow breathing

The elevator, the cooker, the tap

All out of order

The octogenarians oft wondered

Or was it life itself?



Nivedita Roy: She is a teacher by profession, bilingual poetess and author. She resides in the Kingdom of Bahrain and belongs to Lucknow. Along with many other awards, she is the recipient of Independence Day Literary Honours 2021 and 2022 by Motivational Strips. She is the author of 2 solo poetry books in English and Hindi. She has co-authored 13 anthologies. Her poems/articles are published in many newspapers and sites in India and Bahrain. She is the Moderator for the Bahrain office of Motivational strips. She is one of the editors for the ezine Brahmand: Voice of the cosmos.



Painting of Starry night by Vincent Van Gogh (Image courtesy: Wikimedia commons)

STARRY NIGHT

Then I go out at night to paint the stars

Blessed are we to see the starry patterns

The starry patterns in the sky above

that echo the patterns of my thoughts

the patterns in my scribbles

the patterns in my words

I see through the maps in your eyes

The stars shining and glowing

lighting my way and showing me
your heart, your soul, you.



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 Society of Classical Poets, The Epoch Times, The Poet anthologies, The Bamboo Hut, Eskimopie, The Sequoyah Cherokee River Journal, The Ekphrastic Review, Visual Verse, and Trouvaille Review. Her microfiction has been published by The Potato Soup Literary Journal. She also regularly contributes to the open mics organized by Rattle Poetry. Her poetry books *She: The reality of womanhood* and *The many moods of water* are available on Amazon.



WELCOME TO AUTUMN

The sweltering summer slowly
simmers down to a gentle chill
The green leaves in the trees show golden
and burnt orange glints,
a beautiful swathe of chiffon around me.
I lift up my face to breathe in
the advent of fall in the garden
The mellow smell of peaches and apple pie
Wafts in the air as my heart
thrills to this lovely weather.

Many poets have created
mesmerizing poems about autumn
but can anyone ever do justice
to living, seeing and breathing
in the various scenes and flavours of this evocative season.

Halloween and Thanksgiving around the corner,
Pumpkins galore, Jack o lanterns in the yards
gleefully await the cheerful voices of children
in their ghoulish costumes.

My doorbell peals impatiently and
cheerily, announcing the arrival of the little imps
as they trill, "Trick or Treat'!

My heart sings with happiness
as I pour multi -hued candy
into their waiting palms and treat bags.

Give me an apple tree to lean on,
a cup of mellow pumpkin spice latte

A favourite book, and I am lost in this beautiful season of
all...



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



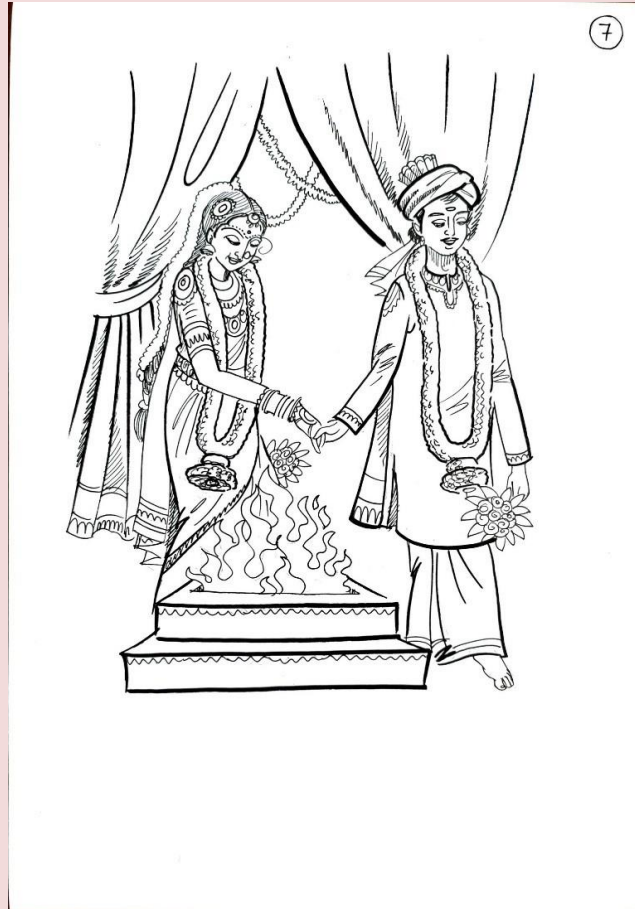
Long ago, before the world
Cast its shades and sheen
I have seen you raw and blank
As have you me all over the place.
Young, naive, ineffective, wild,
Princesses of lofty air castles...
Tasteless were we.
I will always remember
Such silly times of ours together.

But I see you two decades later
Coloured rich with travel, experience
Your wings strong and eager.
I honour you and your driven life
Ever ready to use my spacious soul
To accord change, flex perspectives
To accommodate the good, great, happy...

And I greet this new, ravishing avatar
For we have both grown two decades
Happy looking forward to meet you
But you're happy talking to me of yore,
As if that is the only thing I'll ever be.
Sadly, you dishonour what I have become,
There is no room for my good in you
With time you have not grown in soul
As you are scrawny as I last saw you.



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



THE TREATY WITH THREE KNOTS

Slinky walk

Behind lighted lamps

flame guarded by

decorated palms,

her hand in his

secured

circumventing the sacred fire.

Swish of wrapped up silks
dissolved in
whispers of Vedic chants;
Rattling yellow bangles
outshine charms decked out;
Air mellifluous diffusing
radiant freshness of jasmine.

Whiff of wicks aflame
with wafting smell of
scented sticks
arena set
for tying the three knots
with splatter of saffron coloured rice
and
a lifetime treaty entered.



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



Mehrauli archeological park, Delhi, India - S. Deepak, 2012

www.chayachitrakar.blogspot.com

ROMANCE OF THE RUINS

In the stretches of greenery,

I was following some peacocks.

The squirrels with twinkling eyes,

Were luring me to their trees.

And suddenly, so suddenly in the midst of such beauty

I came across the ruins.

The gambuj* at the centre

The latticed terraces on both sides.

Two seven pillared minarets on the sides.
The plasters have come off
The olden styled thin bricks showing.
The open iron gate was tempting me to go in.
I with trepidation of heart went in.
The courtyard at the centre,
The hidden staircases to go up.
I went back in time.

I was there in my royal finery,
Climbing up the stairs to go to the latticed terrace.
There were birds chirping from a thousand trees nearby.
My silver anklets tingled in rhythm to their chirpings.
Some peacocks flew to my terrace to give me company.
Some musicians were playing music in the courtyard.
The shenai* tune reverberating throughout.
I could hear giggles of other friends of mine on the terrace.
The terrace was cool as the trees gave it shade.

Their leaves were fluttering in the breeze.

The sunlight through the leaves shimmered on the terrace.

Some squirrels were jumping on the lattice.

My dupatta* was fluttering in the breeze as well.

I swirled and danced with my friends

My long tresses swirled with me

I was happy as happy as can be.

****gambuj---roundish Mughal structure***

****shenai---musical instrument***

****dupatta---a flowing attire over a dress***



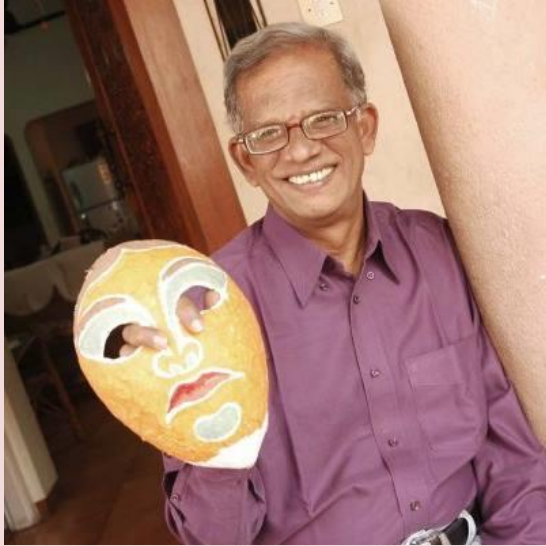
Paramita Mukherjee Mullick: I am Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick from Mumbai, India. I have published nine books and my poems have been widely published in Indian and International journals and anthologies. Some of my poems have been translated into 39 languages. I am the President and the Initiator of the Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library (IPPL) Mumbai Chapter. I am also the Cultural Convenor and the Literary Coordinator (West India) of the International Society for Intercultural Studies and Research (ISISAR). Apart from being blessed with numerous awards from Indian concerns I have been awarded the Gold Rose from Buenos Aires, Argentina and the Panorama International Literature Award from Greece.



Mumbai taxi drivers
seven i met last week
age ranging 20-70
hindu, muslim, shikh
each one has a story
a young driver wants work in Dubai
a proud father wants his daughter
to fly in the sky as a pilot
another driver wants to see Mysore

one common thing

everyone liked the Shinde government.



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



THE FALL

We will fall, perhaps we will float. The fall
Is easy, landings the hard bit. Tumble
Just right. Before we go in gusty squall.

This green mask drops, reveals colour to all,
We can no longer shield mam from trouble.
We will fall, perhaps we will float. The fall

Decided by season's gust great or small
Some will be blown far, others snuggle
Just right. Before we go in gusty squall

We see some last year's brood crushed by footfall.
Others sucked up into darkness crumble.
We will fall, perhaps we will float. The fall

We never know when, only in cold call
No choice but to leave mam without struggle,
Just right. Before we go in gusty squall

Future on stone, in earth after freefall.
Perhaps we will be mams come full circle
We will fall, perhaps we will float. The fall
Just right. Before we go in gusty squall.



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



COLOURS

This time, when I choose the colour of my note,
The note I love to scribble down-
The note that escapes getting damp all the time I pour
down my thoughts on it-
I prefer to choose grey.
The mix of black and white
The colours of yesterday
Where things were either good or bad
And you did either right or wrong
And you either laughed or cried.
Today,

I have gone allergic to colours-
The hues that combine complex shades
And deceive your vision
And confuse you with half comprehension-
That you stand perplexed
Lost within the choice
Amidst too many colours...
I hope we moved back
To black and white.



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



FRAGRANCE OF LIFE

Why can't I talk to the cloud

Why can't I talk to the flower

Why can't I talk to those insects?

Is there no language?

I am tired of talking with men.

They talk only about their woes, price rise, weathers,
buildings, skyscraper.

There is a life beyond the mundane world, let someone tell.

Inside the mirror-imprisoned faces

Words, imprisoned with in the walls of lips

Sights, caged inside the eyes

Hearts and beats are mechanical, busy in their own musings.

See life in toto,

At times stare at the blue sky that ferry the moon to an unknown shore

See how the twinkling stars melt in to liquid light of the dawn.

Flowers are never summation of petals

Smell the fragrance of life

Feel the river flowing inside the veins

Look at the palms where imprinted the map of the universe.



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.



The profundity and beauty of life

I love visiting wet lands and nature reserves.

I admire the movement of little animals

While the wind whistles

Through the evergreen bamboo.

The woods, dark and deep,

And the hills steep

Have so many beautiful messages

For all those who can decipher them.

I look at the birds flocking

In formations by hundreds

While the thundering waterfalls
Remind me of the powers of water.
Very often, the wilderness beckons me
For it knows I champion the causes
Of ecological consciousness.
We need to have respect for all forms of life,
Terrestrial, aquatic, amphibian and so on
For they are all creations of God.
I simply adore the absolutely
Breathtaking exotic and exquisite flowers
Which create radiance and fragrance
While the koel sings her heart out.
When it is time to come back
To the masked and quarantined world,
I listen to the pindrop silence
While the crescent moon whispers
'So ephemeral is your existence,
Enjoy the profundity and beauty of life.'



Pramila Khadun: She is a write/poetess from the Republic of Mauritius. Married to Raj, she has three children Dr Rajnee, Captain Kaviraj and Priyumvada. She is holder of a BSc degree in Home Economics from S.N.D.T. University, India and a Post-Graduate Certificate in Education (PGCE) from Mauritius Institute of Education. Before retiring as educator, she was Head of Home Economics at Modern College. She has several published books to her credit. She has contributed to several international anthologies. She is one among the Incredible Women of India. Ade CapasManilah (Australia) projected her as one of the twenty-five women of essence. Her poems have been frequently highly recommended by Destiny Poets based in the UK. She won the Reuel International Prize for excellence in writing and Literature in 2015.



Fading sunlight,
Deepening sunset,
Soon it will be pitch dark,
No sweat!
Failing eyesight ,
Hurtling into the abyss of blindness,
No sweat!
Sound waves seem distant,
Turning stone deaf,
I know the meaning,
Of total silence,
No sweat!

Limbs locked,

Nerves unresponding,

Breathing subsiding,

No sweat!

My inner eye sees vast vistas opening,

My nerves tingling with new sensations,

I feel the wind in my hair,

I am flying free!

Joyfully!

Heavenly vibrations fill my ears,

I am on cloud nine,

Physically inert,

No sweat!

I have entered my inner world,

That is lighted, unbounded and peaceful,

Wish to be there forever,

But, the time has not yet come,

Have to return to reality,

To my remaining duties in the present,
Come out of meditation into the mundane world around
me...



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



ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

It was about last night

You and me both were glowing from inside.

Hearing cricket's song

Together we spent a moonlit night,

Together we cooked stories at sky's courtyard.

As well as our minds became fertile,

bodies were inseparable

Together we watched the fairy moon

The night aroused the emotion of our souls

The air moving between us tried to sense our pulses
Your highlighted hair and rosy cheeks waved with the wild
wind.

At midnight breezing an old tune,
the old fisherman returned to his far homeland.

Our surroundings were already occupied
by our vivid dreams

As I kissed you on your glowing face,

A lure for life dazzled in your eyes

Lightening flashed from the sky's skinny breast
promises kept to be fulfilled by each other forever,
with an everlasting grow of pleasure .



Preety Bora: Hailing from a beautiful state "Assam" (India), the poetess, Mrs Preety Bora started writing from her college days. She lives in a city called Golaghat with her family. Nature inspires her to write poetry. She writes in both languages: in English and in Assamese (her mother tongue). Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines in India and in foreign countries . Being an innate lover of Nature, she allows her feelings and ideas to be expressed as free verse. Her poems visualise the beauty of Nature and the fundamental elements of life.



MORNING'S ZOOM OF BUTTERFLIES

Early spring in the cheerful morn,
My garden's resplendent sirens
booming around in flowers of nectar,
Welcoming our friends zooming around.

Your deft stroke of usual fingers,
Delicate touch and go on flowers,
Invitatory glance at mine too
for a step ahead on pluck and go.

Sun's warmth mild and peeping around,
Rays gentle all sides through grills,
Straight on buds and blossoms of perfumed
Aura for a move congenial for blessed alone;

How often I recall poets' and seers' journey
Comforted by language of prediction.
A quick realm of parrots and cuckoos,
their sharp-edged beaks on kiwis.

A feast of delicacy and delight,
Steady zoom of butterfly,
Form from afar and nectar near,
to my pained heart companion dear.

His Majestic peep not silken touch
On butterfly in growing hot amidst,

Inching on cupped flowers yellow and rose,
Brown and violet wings day's feast.

Home garden and gardening
Till the last breath, steady move one
Nothing can deter and spoil
Unless undone by else of crooked stand.



Radhamani Sarma: Radhamani, a student of Ethiraj college, Chennai did BA English Literature, and MA from Venkateswara University, Tirupati. She specialized in the plays of W.H. Auden for her doctoral thesis from the University of Madras. She obtained (PGDTE) CIEFL, post-graduate diploma in the teaching of English from Hyderabad. She is a retired professor of English from Pachaiyappa's college, with 31 years of teaching experience. She guided M.Phil and Ph.D. Research scholars. She has published four Books of poems and one book of short stories. She is widely published and anthologized and subscribes to various journals and websites, and is also a reviewer and critic. Now her avocation is mainstream poetry and haiku-relate verses, with a keen interest in Cherita and gembun.



DAYS DRY LOVE DEAD

Yes, there was magic in the way she laughed.

and magic in the curves of her eyelashes.

Bewitched, I was to realize, too late, that laughter
does not stick to the curves of eyelashes forever.

She laughs less often now,

Never for me.

I'm not funny; not anymore.

She laughs outdoors;

when others are around,
to show them all's well.

She laughs; I start, and sniff for that magic.
I fail every time, for it's gone.
Gone is that winter sun's soft, warm glow.
Its magic has vanished and love with it.

We don't talk much.
Her work and mine, her screen
and mine, her dreams
and mine keep us busy.

Days dry love dead.
It's life.



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

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



The Paper Lanterns are Floating in the Motoyasu River

I'm releasing the paper lanterns
Into the placid waters of Motoyasu river,
Flowing beside the Hiroshima town,
To spread the message of peace and love,
To the whole universe;
I want to apprise the powerful maniacs,
That the bombs of any kind,
Can't heal the humanity's bleeding sores.

Their footprints of destruction and devastation
On the sands of Time remain

Etched forever on the forehead of flourishing
Civilizations, like a tattoo black;

My paper lanterns are the carriers
Of light amidst the prevailing darkness
all-around;

But I can't wait for long, as I
Have to sow the seeds of
hope and joy
On the rough soil of war-ravaged world;
I wish to tread on an enlightened path.



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



FORMS AND FACES

In the streets and alleys of time—
Meandering and labyrinthine,

I keep on turning the pages of life
Amid the peace and the strife,

Life-- a vast anthology of poems
Composed on my changing selves,

Expressed through multiple metaphors:
Absolute, complex, conceptual, yes!

I feel the fragrance of the red roses
And shivers and sparks of your kisses;

The beauteous bath in colours flaming:
A season of youth—growing, sizzling!

Soon the bright sun mellows out,
A temperate zone that doesn't shout,

A soft sun slants across my horizon,
Wisdom and love flow together in unison.

Now waiting for a few poems more
Standing on life's vast sea- shore!

Autumn's appearance and winter waiting—
No quivers between melting and freezing!



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



WAVELENGTH

Humongous wave it is; rather waves within the wave
Form within the formless, splashing and urging,
Surging to reach out: They are never here nor there
They are everywhere, and very much within us
Like a rebellious tide, always on the ride
Insistent, impatient, unruly and restless
Far away from the route of a remote shore
Or seeking Sea's depth from heart's core!
Even if they are hounded and always on the run
Even if not visible on the contours of their fleeing face

Waves must have dreams and unquiet fantasies
They must chase them and trace them in the race
Unraveling themselves, discovering their blissful tears
Till they sync with a restive Sea, and bid bye to shores!...



Ravi Ranganathan: Ravi Ranganathan is a writer, critic and a poet from Chennai. Also a retired banker. He has to his credit three books of poems entitled “Lyrics of Life” and “Blade of green grass” and “Of Cloudless Climes”. He revels in writing his thought provoking short poems called ‘Myku’. Writes regularly for several anthologies. His awards include recognition in "Poiesis award for excellence" of Poiesisonline, Sahitya Gaurav award by Literati Cosmos Society, Mathura and’ Master of creative Impulse ‘award by Philosophyque Poetica. He contributes poems for the half

yearly Poetry book Metverse Muse. He writes regularly for the annual anthologies of Guntur Poetry festival and Amaravati Poetic Prism. He is a regular contributor for Glomag and weekly contributor for the webzine “Literary Vibes”.



SYMBOLIC INDIGNITY

He was lynched to death with no clothes on him
She was yanked by her hair and stamped upon
They died crunched under a train, hungry in their sleep
Jai ho

The girls of this land walk awkwardly
Their thighs pressed, yet striding fast
Trying to keep its izzat from falling out
But look where it hangs now

Sold in the marketplace,
On little poles, on rooftops

Dignity is for the inanimate

The hordes will be out soon, to kill you for casting off a
torn, soiled symbol

With patriotic chants, justifying the brutal, undignified acts
on a citizen who took out the trash

You cannot wear a flag to hide your nakedness

Nor tear one to bandage your wounds

But you can drape one to show off your shallow living



Reena Prasad: Reena R's poems have been published in The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, York Literary Review, Lakeview International Journal, Glomag, Duane's Poe Tree, Mad Swirl, etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in July 2015. She was adjudged second in the 'World Union Of Poet's' poetry competition, 2016 and won an award for poetry in 2016 As 'You Like It International Poetry Contest', commemorating the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare. She won the Reuel International Prize for poetry, 2018.



UMBRELLA FINISHING SCHOOL

What a nice thing,
to trust wholly and inherently;
your umbrella sent off to finishing school
like a pledge against the long-insistent sun,
augered down into a fine bedrock
of etiquette and ease,
a loyal companion during the dog days,
standing silent guard...

I remember when you were just starting out,
that old shrew behind the cash
that found you shameless and unwieldy –
look at you now, a monument of grace!
No tree has ever stood so firm,
no woman as beautiful or lasting
in peaked contentments.



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



THE EXISTENCE

To unload all the heaviness, o
I spent the night sitting alone
Under the roof of darkness.
Afar, the blinking little stars,
It seemed like small holes
On a black umbrella.

The air was fresh and cool,
The fragrance of nature, and
Handpicked little tea leaves

Roamed everywhere in
The chariot of silence.

In the distance, unclear shadows
Of unknown trees chilled into
The Grotto of mysteries;
Spread by centuries,
About the mountain town.
The darkness that surrounded
Calloused with the music of nature.

Sitting alone on the porch
I was thinking about how
Do I approach

The woes of my life in such
A way it may reach

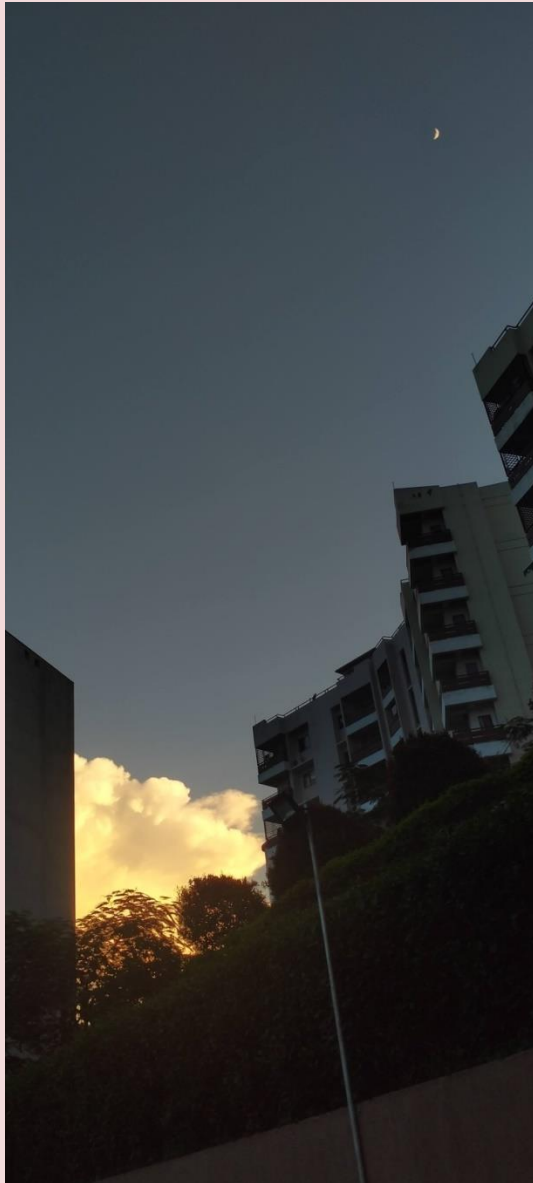
The night-birds sang in
Distance; calling their mates
To share some heat
By hugging with wings
Rubbing with beaks
They were asking
the meaning of loneliness.

Though nothing exists alone,
I would say, solitariness
Is the paradise of poets

Alone, nothing exists.



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): A writer and painter hailing from Kerala, India. He is working as a freelancer. (BPO). He writes short stories, poems, and travelogues in various regional language magazines (Malayalam), periodicals with a pen name 'Saleem Kattuchola', and used to write English poems and articles in International magazines and newspapers. He has now settled in Aluva - Cochin, Kerala, where he finds time to collaborate with the news media as a columnist.



THE SUN AND MOON IN A SINGLE FRAME

The Sun and Moon in a single frame.

Never together, but for a single day.

Let me tell you a tale I know,
Revolving around Day and Night,
To be precise, 'tis the Sun and Moon
That feature in this tale o'mine.

They loved each other, deeply so.
Lovers or siblings, how am I to know?
And so they spend all of eternity
Chasing each other in perpetuity.

But it seems they're doomed to stay apart
And never even touch, a feather touch,
And so was born, the tale I tell:
The Sun and Moon in a single frame.
Never together, but for a single day.

It's once a year that they come close,
Yet even then, the Sun is veiled by clouds,

For her brightness would not spare the Moon,
And so they gaze upon each other from afar.

The Sun and Moon in a single frame.
Never together, but for a single day.
And so they spend all of eternity
Chasing each other in perpetuity.



Samixa Bajaj: I am a student from Guwahati, Assam. I'm currently preparing for my class 12 boards. GloMag has provided me with a regular forum on which I can present a piece of my soul through my writing, for which I am very grateful. Besides writing I love to read, dance (I am a Kathak dancer), sketch sometimes and I'm currently learning how to play the guitar.



THROUGH EQUINOXES:

Alabaster dreams, blend in with the silken sky

Chromatic hues of fading beats,

dance away to a lullaby of a funeral march

Effervescent nostalgia sends smoke spirals from the
flickering flames of the last sunset

Gliding past gilded whorls of a wanderer's heart, yellowing
maple leaves carpet my way onward

Amidst the riot of colours in an aureate dawn, I feel
strangely lost

Juxtaposed between two realms - aphelion perihelion,
shifting stands

Kites of a lost childhood flutter past the translucent veil of
memories

Languidly the present and past swing through the
melancholic autumn air, gently caressing my long golden
tresses

Neatly the last dregs ink themselves on paper - Ochre
memories and epitaphs of dreams long lost

Poetry bleeds in crimson hues of scribbles, each fallen leaf,
verse onto itself

Quietly my wanderess soul weaves itself between the lines,
the metamorphic seasons

Almost a year and half now, and yet life has continued
through the equinoxes

I continue to walk on the serrated edges of life, happiness
occasionally splattered on the embankments of sorrow,

Cradling purloined memories in an aching heart, too
adamant to move on,

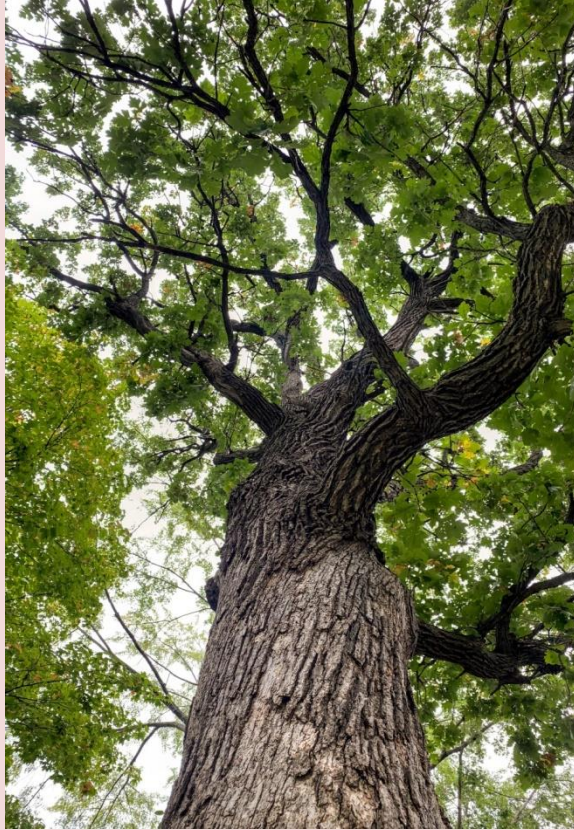
I continue to live and love in your anamnesis

For, if death be poetry, life is its crescendo...



Samrudhi Dash: I am a poet, novelist, editor and motivational speaker, currently residing in New Delhi, India. I write under the pseudonym "Inara". Along with contributions to over two dozen anthologies, international e-zines and magazines, I have published till date five solo poetry anthologies and three novels and conceptualised and edited four anthologies of different genres. I write under the pseudonym "Inara" and have completed my Masters in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi. My signature words are "Hope, Live, Believe". I have recently published my third novel "Letters

from A Stranger - A Life Changing Map", a blend of a medical thriller with epistolary and philosophical underpinnings which is now available as an e-book on Amazon Kindle and figured in the Amazon Bestseller List at Rank 10.



SUMMER LULL

To all the pains throwing curveballs
at me, I want to close
my eyes, and for a moment,
be.

Just that.

Walk over the prairie meadows,
spread my blanket under the grand old oak
that stands guard,

lay down my satchel bursting with wildflowers
I've collected on my way,
pull out the cheddar cheese,
and the fragrant olive bread.
I won't taste it just yet, only breathe the aroma in.
I'll pull out the hardcover novel
I won't read it just yet, only feel the well-worn pages
bulging with a different world.
Savor the moments for a while longer.
Swirl the red in my wine glass,
I won't sip it just yet, only look
at blue, deep space
through the sanguine lens.
And perhaps,
just perhaps
life will wait a while longer

before it lets the thunderclouds
roll in.



Sangita Kalarickal: Sangita Kalarickal is a wordsmith, crafting in the forms of poetry, both free-form and haikai styles, and fiction. Her work has been published in several e-magazines, and anthologies. She utilizes her left brain at her day job in technology. Dr. Kalarickal lives in Minnesota, USA with her husband, kid, and her garden which she shares with wildlife, sometimes happily.



THE AUDACITY OF CONCRETE

Every day I see a new concrete monstrosity cropping up in the vicinity,

audaciously trying to touch the blue beyond.

I look at the patch of green where a family from the village still lives,

and a peacock often comes and preens, unfazed by the din of traffic.

They own a few cows and a piece of land where they still farm.

The menfolk bathe in the open,
and the women have built a temporary structure covered with tarpaulin,
under one of the trees which shakes with the twitter of boisterous birds.

The women wave at me as they milk the cows,
often inviting me to have tea with them,
on a bench fronting their thatched cottage.

The profusion of wild flowers around them sway with unalloyed glee.

The mangy dog, lounging under the bench, barks a greeting,

and the birds raise the level of their crescendo of tweeting.

A couple of sparrows swoop down from a tree, and happily hop near me.

Today morning, was a tad hazy, my heart missed a beat,
when I saw a heap of bricks lying next to the verdant
greenery.

Would another grotesque concrete structure come up to
destroy

the pristine scene of bucolic calm and joy?

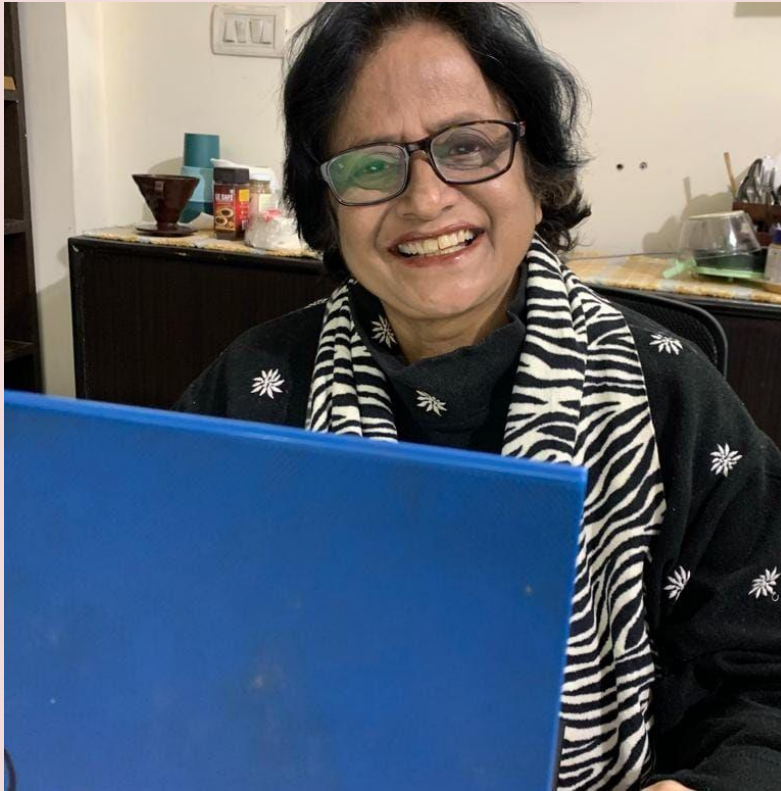
A truck rumbled to a halt near that patch of green.

The dog too lazy to raise even an eye. Sigh!

My horror-struck eyes regained their sheen
as the women waved to me.

"Come have tea." They shouted. I dashed towards them,
pretty fast.

To have that cup of tea with them - perhaps my first and
last.



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



TO HAPPY TIMES....

Don't say in a while

I'll be able to smile

The time to be happy is now

And to time we bow

Worries, tensions are part and parcel

Happiness was meant to be universal

So wipe the tears away

Cheers to happy times we say!



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



GOVERNOR

Pretty bird, pretty bird
soar either way across the street
or hum loud enough above the music
and thick tinnitus
to start this poem forthright

There are two parks
within one mile from home
and I have walked them

3,500 times or so
since returning

I try to keep
my obsessive compulsions
framed
in a positive light
soft as a feather
so I can stay flighty
and continue dancing
as these bones crumble

The reason I hesitate to speak about
my own suffering
is because I know everyone else
has their own
bouts with the world
to contend with

I lick my wounds in the woods
and rub coconut oil in both eyes

God, you know
the burn feels good
but saps and salves are better



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



FUTILE CALL

Time changes everything

Nothing is permanent

It keeps running like the clouds

The second that gave me goosebumps,

The minute that gave happy tears,

It's gone. The horizon fades slowly.

In a slippery world, I walk on a glass rope

With no assistance from time, I quiver

My hope rests in the distant Dahlias
Life with its ups and downs entices me
Evading the fall, I have progressed a bit
The infinite rope calls me to make the next step.

Introspection, hesitation, and fear force me to give up
Yet one day, the hour hand moved my legs too
In a new world, with pride, I watch a colorful dream
Lost in the bliss, I have forgotten my painful path
Like the cruel world, I, too, was lost in my temporary treat.
Wake up and listen to the pain of fellowmen - someone
afar said.



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



MY LOVE, MY STRENGTH

My life was wet and was drowning
I never thought I would fall in love
My heart was dry, constantly draining
My life was dreary and dry without love.

For without you, my life was drab
Bright is the day I know not, with sunbeams
Slow heart and painful, as an injured crab
And the night with delicate moonbeams.

It was like climbing hills and mountains
How hard was it to climb even a step?
My life was damp like a limp fountain
Water from the spout, drip, drip and drop.

But you found me sweetheart, in time
I will take wings and fly into the pond you fish.
My crab of a heart flew into overtime
You saved me and my heart in a flash.

Now, the dry sunken jar is full of wine
My heart is revived by passionate love
The most cherished and luscious wine
Is strengthening me with your powerful love.

I thank you my darling, with all my heart
My love, you are my redeemer, you don't know

I owe you one and you are in my heart

I am singing aloud with my face aglow.



Shankar N Kashyap: I am an artist - author, poet and painter residing in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK. I am a Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon. I have contributed to various anthologies, both National and International. I have also published 8 books so far including Medicolegal, Historical, Thriller as well as books on Poetry. I was declared “Author of the Year” on consecutive years 2017 and 2018.



SURROGATE FRIENDS

Beyond far lines of the familiar,
where reasons are plenty
and thought is chameleon.
Past home and my family,
faith and its homily.
Cycling ghosts of childhood.
Pet creatures, splashing, and rupture.

The farther I go, the closer the sky.

The scent of wet earth
is like dying and birth.
I live in populous solitude,
with birds, clouds, ancestors.
I live in the company of wings.
My silence is song, my story is gone.
I choose my friends each day.



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

www.shreevarma.com

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

It's a combination of rational, irrational and imaginary values

Cherish the area and the volume of surfaces around you

Observe the Fibonacci dance of the trees and the bees

Life is not meant to be running around in circles

Nor is life meant to be stuck in a corner,

Your height and weight are mere numbers

Your beauty is just infinite

Life cannot be given a perfect mathematical formula

Yet we can still factorise it to receive love, happiness and success.



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 organisations which organises 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.



SOMETHING I LOOK AT-168

Dreams, brighten
my lips with a smile,
smooth my ruffled feathers,
let me survive the toughest times.

Dreams, let me be enthused by your spell
without you, life is just like a hell.

Dreams refresh me and let me come back
to reality with renewed zeal.

Dreams, take me away from the harsh realities to bloom in
the beautiful world of fancy.

But for my dreams, I am here
in the fascinating world of yours
Or else I would have been
moments of past dead and gone

I love you, my dreams
For you, my present is so beautiful,
past nice and fascinating,
future so promising and colourful
In you, I create my moments,
live them as I love and fancy



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

smrutiweb.wordpress.com

smrutitanuja.blogspot.com



MEMORIES

I remember watching the froth riding on the crest of a wave
on a sea so blue,

I likewise remember the green stormy elevated waters
flecked with white foam on it too.

Of memories etched in a mind not so long ago,

When with colleagues and upturned umbrellas we watched
Nature's beauty bestow.

The dark waters at full tide flinging sand and salt to our
parched and waiting lips,

The eyes mesmerised on the horizon where the brown and
grey meeting point tip.

The enigma and reflections never ceases to amaze,

While the rainbow colours of the sea with its soothing and complicated mosaics holding us in complete sway.

The charm of ferociously calm waters interspersed, teaching that time like water, never stands still,

Even when personal storms and thunder at times like the ocean mills,

The stormy sea is a reminder that things will soon come to a pass,

The calm overtaking storms though for a time it will last.

Relating much to its beauty with its many problems and phases,

Unapologetic by its behaviour, the archetypal sea astonishes us with the Almighty's graces.

Its ebb and flow telling us that we are not alone in our strife,

As happiness and pain interweave its way into human life,

Administering the reality that nothing is permanent and here to stay,

For with peace, calm and faith, we shall very soon weather our way.



Someeta Das: Someeta Das taught for twenty-eight years in the English Dept. of Maharaja Manindra Chandra College, Kolkata. Among other interests, writing poems, short stories, and travel narratives are of special interest. She has published in Glomag, Woman's era, Setu, The Statesman and a number of e-zines.

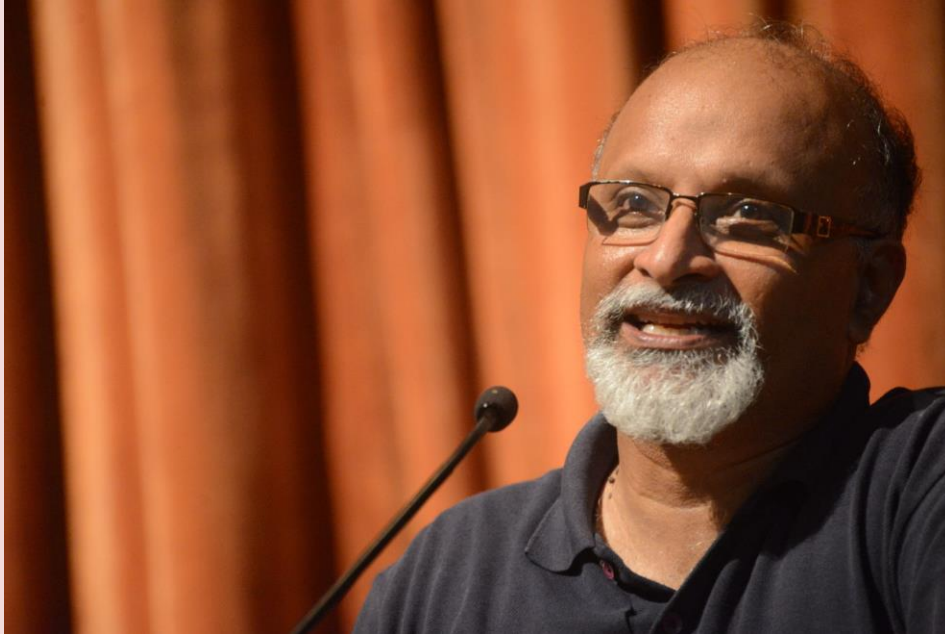


Throw away the key
And with it the lock
Once you can see
That you can never beat the clock

Hold not on to yesterday
That has past unto history
Or hoard for the next day
For tomorrow remains a mystery

Dream on my friend
Do it right now

The 'Present' has no beginning or end
Time is your ally and not foe.



Sri N Srivatsa: I was born and brought up in Madras of yore and moved to New Delhi in 1978. I am a Physics graduate who spent more time dabbling in fine arts before a career in banking. I have been singing with the Madras Youth Choir for almost half a century. I worked both behind and on-stage in Tamil, English and Hindi productions of Arangam, Yatrik and Madras Players. I have been pursuing translation of good poetry from Tamil to English and vice versa plus a few in Hindi as a passion. Over the years, my poetry has been featured on television, various magazines and in an anthology of poems for children. Four volumes of Tamil poems, including two this year, by four different poets translated by “moi”s have been published.



YOGA

The heritage of our nation

A beautiful dance between physical frame, mind and soul

Commencing with Sukshma Vyayama

Moving on towards the graceful movements

The twelve postures of Sun Salutation are our pride

Pranayama boosts the health status miraculously

Healing depression and anxiety, calming the nerves

Shavasana marks the conclusion as the Yogi lies tranquilized on his mat

A cure for numerous maladies passed on to us by stalwarts- Patanjali, Krishnamacharya, Iyengar, Ramdev

21st June commemorates its universal appeal, raising awareness worldwide on the intrinsic element of Indian health sciences- YOGA.



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



Watching and thinking in the moonlight.

To the senses is a delight.

Everything is in focus in the night.



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



BIAS Of BIOS

I look as aghast as I possibly can
and no I am not traipsing in a can-can
My brows browse through worry lane
anxiety prone refusing to take off on any plane.

I read and re-read their bios, my head reels in cryo
So many awards exists? "You have none" my head insists.

Their bios read like thesis I am so done in for I feel queasy
multi coloured multiple feathers I lack, my hat is as bare as
a sheared sheep's back

I trudge on heavily heaving, I am collared I am berating.

It's raining it's raining awards, I am a retard in a leotard
I have to go fruit picking, all wounds a-licking.

Oh! They really are the peach
for pedestrian me it's out of reach.

When can I tom tom and be a pain in the neck
flicking an invisible dust mite what the heck
shaking a few legs and perhaps heads
Heads will not turn but I want my bed made.

Preen bombard boast be the toast
all's fair in this game of most

roast dazzle be the host

but let me sail away to the farthest coast.



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



EMBELLISHING LONGING SENSE

Soaked in the sunshine of the toddler sun
I am still on the bed with my pillow on
through the glass panes of window
I sip each drop of nectar that nature has to offer
on this pristine morrow
trees stand tall in their glory
swaying in the wind...whispering their story
zeal of clouds to soar higher
compete with agility of course of rivers

make me inhale the nuggets of rapturous delight
I feel hooked to the aura of bliss
and get entwined to the splashes of magic
my galloping imagination speaks loud
through random verses
Lo! my gnawing sense disappears
longing sense adorns life's centrestage
I get to realise the quaint ethics and subtleties
that life is a drop of dew squirming in a spider web
and this one time offer
needs to be loved, lived and savoured completely
as I watch the twilight melt into the horizon
a genuine desire for cosy seclusion envelops
engulfs my soul
buzz of the long day becomes a distant rumbling
a herd of quaint expressions
embellish wings of poesy and calm strength .



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



AGE IS JUST A NUMBER

Day by day we grow older
Increasing the height of our shoulder,
Aging is a constant process
And every age has another grace.

Why to ponder
So much about the face;
Your beauty and charm
Someday, somehow, somebody will replace.

When you grow old
Surrounded by dear one,
It's called life
Otherwise, it's nothing but survive.

Some wrinkles and grey hair
Never can fade the glow
Of a kind and honest heart,
Whose smile is very fair.

Never be afraid to be old
With time and experience, you become bold.
Youth is a colouring glass
Old age is like gold.



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from India. She born and brought up in city Kolkata in a family of teachers. She has keen interest in music, poetry and drama and she loves every form of fine arts. She has done master degree in English Literature and Hons in Bengali literature. She is a published poet and her poems have been published more than twenty national and international anthologies, magazines and blogs. She is the founder of an online poetry group and a member of World Union Of poets. She is very passionate about poetry and she thinks poetry is the best way to express your thought.



I WANT TO WRITE POEMS THAT ARE JUST ME!

I want to write poems that are just me
Me, after I close the door to outsiders
outsiders, who think they have a right
a right to my thoughts, words, and deeds
my thoughts words and deeds, invariably unlike the herd
the herd, happy living in a box, square, or a circle
a circle where multitudes are orbiting
does orbiting have to align with the so-called normal
normal or nescient?
Nescient, who box the wrongs together and label it 'Right'

'Right,' because behind it are the masses
the masses who take the easiest escape route
I too take the escape route, into another orbit
another orbit, where orbit the variegated, on unlike paths
unlike paths circumambulating
circumambulating paying homage to words, weaving
tapestries
tapestries in black on pristine white, born in the dark
the dark, where many a skeleton, I hid for years in a
cupboard
the cupboard now bursts at the seams
seams fly apart, crumbling, I watch
watch crumbling dust, one with the earth
earth rewards me with gardens lush with poems.



Sunil Kaushal: Dr. Sunil Kaushal, an awarded author, a gynecologist, trilingual writer, translated into French, German, and Greek, has been honoured nationally and internationally with many awards. The Nissim Award given by Nissim Ltd., awarded by The Significant League (International); the Enchanting Muse and Fellow of the Regal World of Scribes Award, by The Pentasi B Poetree

Group; Literary Brigadier by StoryMirror; Stickypins bestowed her with the title of Quillmaster; the Women Achiever's Award 2019 by Literoma. Featured in the Limca Book of Records as part of the Amravati Poetic Prism 2018. Her poems find a place in The Golden Book of World Records. Winner at YoAlfaaz. She was awarded Best Lioness President, Asia. She is a Gold medalist in Dramatics. Her varied interests and hobbies keep her in love with life and active at 78, yoga being the fuel.

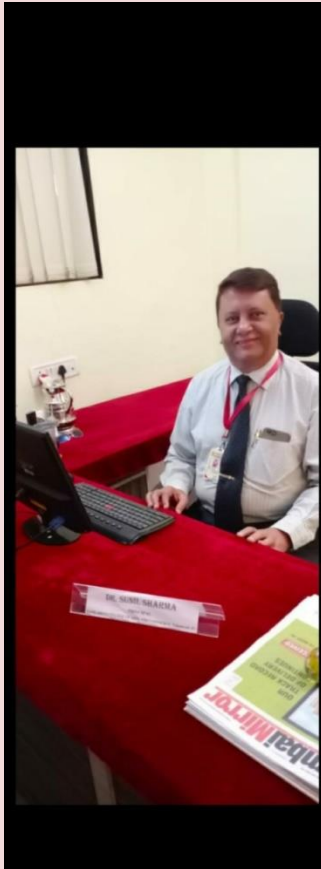


DUNGEONS CANNOT BREAK

In the dungeon
the bearded thinker
shackled to a piece
of a stone wall,
survives the
cold
dampness
chills
perpetual gloom.

The sad sighing
the deliberate
starvation to death
or a suicide by a metal piece
left nearby the babbling
prisoners in that airless
underground cell, where time
always stands still.

The strategy is simple:
the frail man in chains
can hardly move but
lives on every bitter moment
by thinking of a sweet home



Sunil Sharma: He loves to listen to the stars, birds, winds and watch the sky. He tries to understand the eye-language and enthusiasm of the pet dogs—feel the pain and weight of the leash, trapped in a home-cage, bound with the chains, watched by Covid-19. Sunil has published 23 creative and critical books—joint and solo. He edits the monthly Setu journal

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

<https://sunil-sharma.com>



AN INDIAN SUMMER

Written in Roseate sonnet form

Red hot chilli peppers in white martbans of achars
stuffed with masala -
ground coriander, kali mirch, hari saunf
sauted in piping hot mustard oil
dark green paisleys plucked from blooming mango trees
pickled on lazy afternoons
hot winds and dripping golden fruits -

dasehri, langda chausa, and the Alphonso
prickly pineapples which need to be smoothened
taming it into proper pieces
Roohafza evenings in azure glasses
Orange-y noons of ochre
Star spangled sheets of moony nights
Eclair filled dawns of butterscotch

****A form of sonnet devised by Dr. Koshy A. V.***



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



IF WE MET...

I wish to meet me

More often now

The only meeting

I truly look forward

Planning and dreaming

The idyllic vacation

Music, poetry and more

Yet...

Yet it never happens

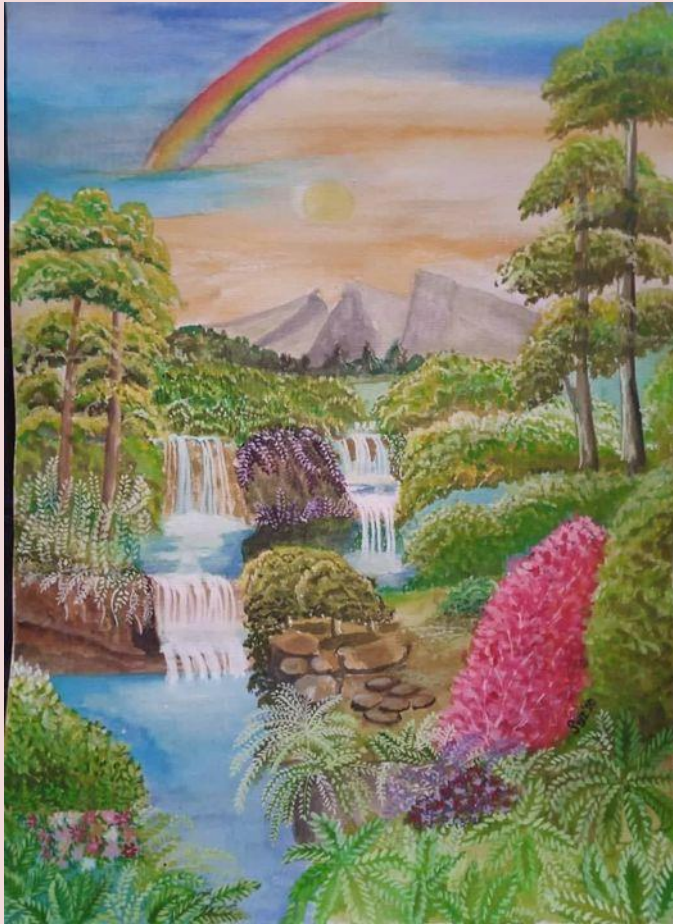
I never come across me
Even by chance

My accomplice, my warden
My whole and part
You are ever so elusive...
Bound ...
Or forever free

The mirror inverts
The camera masks
People interpret
And me and I
Stagger blindfolded
Seeking...
And doubting
Each other's existence



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



in watercolor on A3 cloth pad by Suzette Portes San Jose

SANCTUARY OF SOLITUDE...

the whisperings of inner peace
from the heart of the silent soul
that dwell within my wholeness
on oneself in longings of true self

I rebuild time and again in its truest
solemn world of spiritual solitude
on my own ground of the sanctuary
in the emptiness of my wanderings

found the beauty that enchanted me
in thoughts and visions of my own
when i can hold and touch in blindness
all that only my heart can hear and see

now wailing in an echoing voice of silence
Swift as the winds blowing from the freeze
away from the warm embrace in coldness
the wonders of the mind stood in stillness



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



DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER

Life asked her to dance

and She danced

Life asked her to sing

She sang.

«Laugh» - said life

and She laughed.

Suddenly darkness appeared

Embraced her

On the Stage of Life

a strange shadow play unfolded.

The actor tried to force her to play along,
which She refused to do.

Nevertheless,

Life stopped for a while and in
this remarkable condition The Reviewer moved around
in search for the light,
confused and blinded.

She was the Messenger for God's sake

The Messenger.

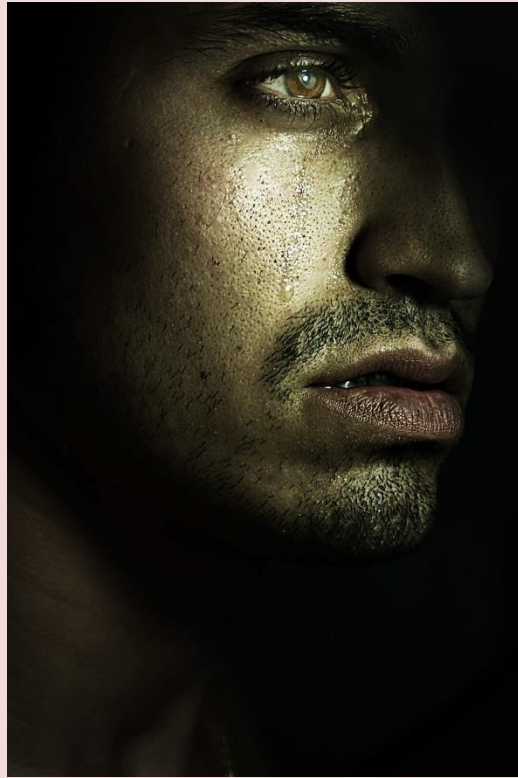
She never signed up for the role as a Sinner.

Her legs felt weak and She knelt and crawled around
The vulnerability tasted like blood, became her strength.
The only option was to trust and stand up for Herself!
Take no BS...

Again life asked her to dance, and She danced.



Svanhild Løvli: She is a bilingual poetess, currently living in Gjøvik, Norway. She is a freelance translator. She loves to draw and photograph and spend much of her time in Nature. She is concerned with family life, nature conservation and gender equality. Svanhild is a regular contributor to GloMag. She is published in several other anthologies worldwide. Her poems have been translated into Italian, Polish, Swedish, Serbian and Hindi.



LONGING!

The infatuated wandered longingly,
And accepted the pain
Caused by arrowheads
Thrown by his beloved...

It won't dissuade me from his love any heartaches
My heart is clinging to hopes
And is holding fast....

By God, even if lovers are saved from passion,
My tender heart can't escape the yearning...

Do you consider the feeling of fondness a luxury?!!
Or do you think the hearts of lovers are puppets?!!

From intense ecstasy,
The spirit of love only bleeds longing, overshadowed by
Passion and blood...

Honour people when they are gray and elderly,
The pulse of loyalty in them does not know old age!!!



Taghrid Bou Merhi: She is a Lebanese poetess, writer, and translator living in Brazil. She holds a Law degree and is ambassador of the team “International Cultural Salon Association”. She won the Nizar Sartawi International Translator Award for Creativity 2021 in the field of translation and literature. She is the editor of AL-ARABE TODAY and RAINBOW Magazine Revista Literária Agareed and Allaylak. Her poems have been published in numerous international anthologies and journals. She has translated 8 books. Her poems have been translated into more than 24 languages. Her books include: Songs of longing; The Keys of Science:Verses and Manifestations; Philosophies at the Edge of the Soul; FLOWERS OF LOVE; 5. Wounds of the heart; 6. Esperanza (Under Review).7. Mine Is Not Mine.



DURGA

Behold! The beautiful Devi
Arriving on the mighty elephant.
Signifying abundant rains
And a bountiful harvest.

Post the long run of pandemic,
That's a good news indeed!
The Devi has decided to depart on the same
Showering the earth with more rains.

Hoping for prosperity

All eyes await,

The arrival of the Devi

Through Earth's gate!



Uma Agarwal Bajaj: I have been contributing to Glomag for almost two 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) and a budding businesswoman. Having been occupied with family and kids, I recently realised that I have the ability to pen some of my thoughts. I write both in English and Hindi and hope to be better myself with each passing day. I read fiction whenever I get some time. Apart from this, I love to cook and have a fascination for gardening (in my balcony).



LIFELINE

The heady scent of pink roses

As I sip the cool pink rosemilk

Brings up happy memories

Of my mum stirring the glasses

An ice cube into the fresh milk

On hot summer days

The pungent aroma of chillies,
Salt with the sour mango
And smoking acrid sesame oil

My mouth even now waters
Tasting the spicy avakkai
As my aunt sets rows of bottles

The distinct smell of coconut oil
Mixed with musky Jackfruit
Evokes the joy of family

In the verandah my Dad holding court
As he slices up the fruit
Surrounded by us children

The smells of childhood

The aromas of happiness

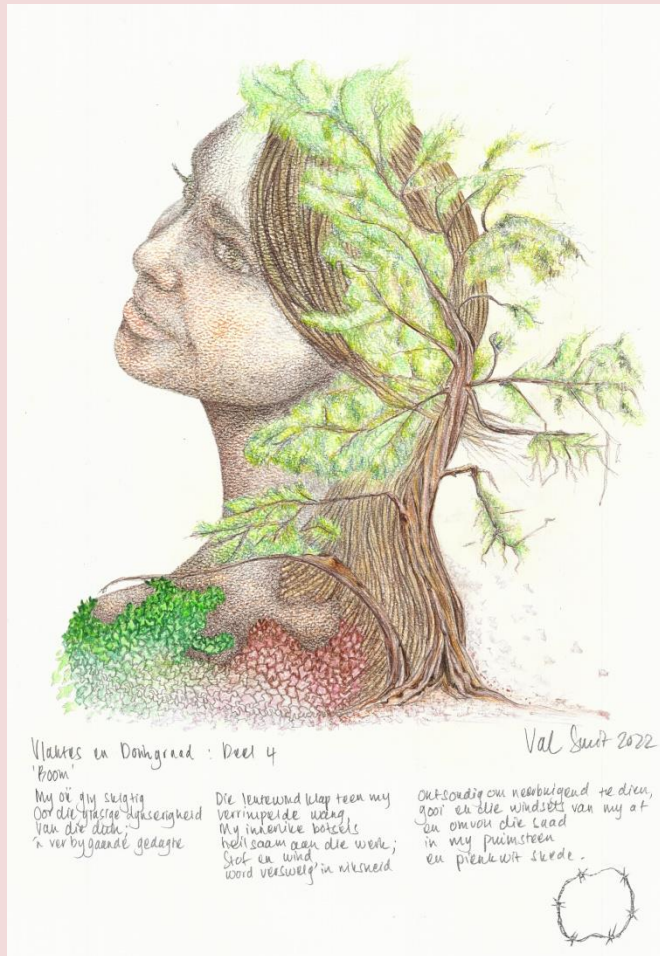
The scent of unconditional love

Keep me going today and ever



Uma Vangal: I'm a filmmaker, film professor, film curator, leadership trainer, Tedx Speaker, Women Wellness coach, DEI specialist, yoga therapist, poet and mother. I have taught media, communication, journalism, visual arts and film for 30 years at leading institutions across Chennai, South India and also at Kenyon College, Ohio. Currently, I'm

on a Fulbright Research Fellowship exploring ways to evolve a global gaze in Documentary films. Transnational identities, cuisines, cultures and cross cultural journeys form the crux of my work in writing, films and my pedagogy. I make films with a focus on humanity and humanism. "Dream all you want and pursue your dreams since anything is possible, if you set your mind to it" is my motto.



TREE

Translation © Don Beukes

My eyes slip pensively over the glassy halo of
the dune – a passing introspective thought

The Spring wind slaps
against my wrinkled canyon cheek;
My inner tumultuous clashes steadfastly

Working diligently –

Dust and wind, absorbed into nothingness;

Liberated from sin to serve bowingly.

I discard all the windswept remains

And hug the seed in my plume stone

and pink-white armour



Val Smit: VaL Smit is a South African artist and poet based in Cape Town. She writes ekphrastic poetry per artwork created and uses various media in portraying images that she feels fitting to deliver the message of the words she pens down. She focuses on the inner turmoil experienced by our disconnectedness from nature and each other. Her

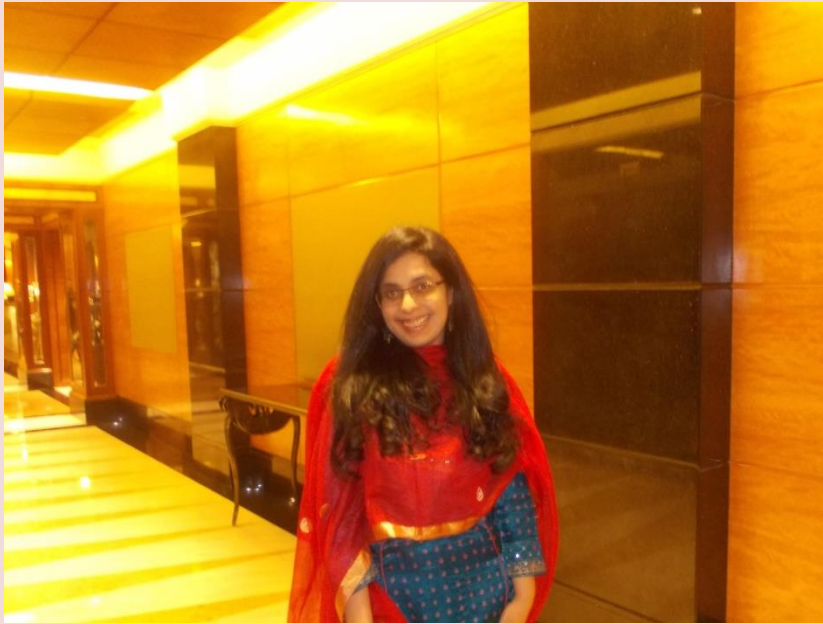
work has been published in various online journals including GloMag India, The Chachalaca Review, The West Review, The Raconteur Review, Literary Garland and Valiant Scribe.



LONESOME TRAVELER

I am a lonesome traveler
But for cold breezes for company
On a winter's day
I look at the skies
Throw my prayers in the air

The sun plays peekaboo
Humanity on the trail
In the midnight moments
The night's coldest hour
A search for elusive warmth



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



SUMMER WINE ALL DAY

First, look at yourself in the mirror and

Smile!

Protruding jaw? Cracked teeth?

Receding gums? Toothless?

Smile!

No matter what your lips look like

No matter what you look like

S m i l e! and reach out for

Summer Wine

Get started on loving yourself

Don't rush into just dabbing the colour

on your lips and walking away to face the day

Train your eyes. Train your nose. Train your senses—

Hold the tube with grace, lift the cap, t w i s t

Savour the moment the deep burgundy reveals itself and

S n i f f

Summer Wine can get you heady!

Pamper your lips (YouTube shows you how)

Let the colour bring out the shape that's you

Done? Now, with equal ceremony

reset the tube, replace the cap

put it away with gratitude

look at yourself in the mirror again...

Ah! The tingling, joyous sensation of *Summer Wine*

through your eyes, your cheeks

your entire being

a l l day

****'Summer Wine' is originally a seductive ballad written by Lee Hazlewood, sung by Suzi Jane Hokom and Lee Hazlewood in 1966, and later made famous by Nancy Sinatra.***



Vidya Shankar: I am an English Language teacher and a 'book' in the Human Library. Widely published in reputed literary platforms, author of two poetry books, and editor of four anthologies, I love exploring various poetry forms and experimenting with new writing techniques. Featured in a unique coffee table book, '50 Inspiring Women boys and girls should read about, Chennai Edition', I find meaning to my life through yoga and mandalas.



STRANGE PILGRIM

Time flows

unceremoniously

Unknowingly

we are getting old

Each and every

seconds

that took me

through these
long journey
counts

I get a scare
before I stand
beside the mirror

Each and every moment
is changing me
frantically
and trying to make me
a stranger

That day is not far
when I will fail
to recognize me

Why the dreams and desires
don't belong to me?
Why the soul framed
in flesh doesn't belong to me?

The landscape
where I am in
The journey of life
that I am undertaking
The change
that is taking place in me
makes me weary

I seldom feel that
my life is laced with
blankness and
I am a blurred image
of an existence

which is controlled
by an unknown power

I never found myself
nor I felt my being
as a benign soul

Like a strange pilgrim
I continue my journey
Undaunted
Unabated



M Vijayaraghavan Nair: He is a retired senior executive of a multinational pharma company. He lives in Parli, Kerala (India) with his family. He is currently the editorial board member of Sahithya Samvedanam Magazine published from Kothamangalam, Kerala. Being a multi-lingual and prolific poet he has written 100s of poems in his native language Malayalam and in English. His first anthology of poems in Malayalam titled as “Vaakku ” (Word) is getting ready to be published soon. Most of his works have been appeared in periodicals and social media.



OUTPATIENTS

Some sunsets disappoint

Like those who have grown unrecognizable,

Their smiles shifting through

Clouds of doubts: You wait

Chewing away your fingernails

Like a caregiver outside the ICU - -

With our dislocated dreams
We have bypassed places
Where even benign words

Drew suspicious looks - -
Let us share this space
With the stillness

Of certain sedated memories
Like relieved outpatients
Wearing tired but happy smiles.



Vijay Nair: I retired as Associate Professor, Department of English, Government Victoria College Palakkad, Kerala. I taught English Language and Literature in various colleges for 31 years. My Ph.D. thesis was on the plays of Wole Soyinka. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016. I was the 'Critic of the Year' in 2016, 2017 & 2018 at Destiny Poets, UK and was also adjudged the 'Poet of the Year' in 2018 by the same poetry group. I have been fortunate to have had my poems 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].



I'm the leopard made of midnight clouds. I have leaped from within you. The darkness has no space in me. Only the moon has. I light up all eternity. I have known love. That is my strength. Tomorrow when you think of darkness I shall come to you. My claws will rake through your satin skin drawing the redness to the fore. In that gush the darkness will wash away. Who can stand against the river? I have seen it when the earth began. Impermanence is permanent.

When the river comes gushing with a roar that drowns out all other sounds we will be pushed along. We shall go twirling down, dragged to and fro. The rocks may hurt us with their solid wetness but hold us they cannot. For now we are the river. Confident, flowing without a pause. And you, I shall carry on my back to the safety of the known.



Vineetha Mekkoth: She is a poet, writer, translator and editor from Calicut, Kerala. She works as State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. She has translated for the Kerala Sahitya Academy and has also contributed articles for the Malayalam Literary Survey, a quarterly brought out by the academy. She has published poems and short stories in various anthologies. She is co-editor of two anthologies. Her debut poetry collection 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' published in August 2017 is available on Amazon. Her latest work titled 'Penpiravi-Birth of A Woman' is the translation of the Malayalam poet Girija Pathekkara's poetry collection published by Authorspress, New Delhi (October, 2021)



ciao! 😊