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We believe that Poetry Is the Last Hope of Mankind. Poetry which represents Art brings man to realize what was missing in this life, and how it can be made better for a whole experience of living. Poets are always inspired with a vision of a happy life for all. And this feeling of wellness can be experienced from the poetry included in this anthology.

Dr. Jernail S. Anand
Chief Editor, Patron & President IAE



This collection showcases the diverse perspectives and experiences of its contributing poets. Spanning cultures, backgrounds, and identities, this anthology amplifies the voices of silent as well as loud writers. Within its pages, readers will encounter the lyrical musings of poets from all walks of life – from the introspective verses of a young aspirant navigating the complexities of identity to the impassioned cries of activists fighting for social justice. Each poem serves as a mirror reflecting the multifaceted nature of human existence, celebrating the beauty of diversity and the universality of emotion.

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POETIC ANTHOLOGY WPC-5

DR. JERNAIL SINGH ANAND



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POETRY: THE LAST HOPE OF MANKIND

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FROM THE PEN OF THE MANAGING EDITOR...

The Poetic Anthology of WPC-5 glorifies the role and need of poetry in the contemporary world, that is plagued by chaos, uncertainty, and strife. Poetry emerges as the last glimmer of hope, a sanctuary for the human spirit amidst the tumultuous waves of existence. Through the ages, poets have served as beacons of light, illuminating the darkest corners of the human experience with their words. From William Wordsworth's celebration of nature to Maya Angelou's resilience in the face of adversity, poetry has provided solace, inspiration, and a profound sense of connection to our shared humanity.

At its core, poetry has always been a vehicle for expressing the ineffable, transcending the limitations of language to capture the essence of the human condition. As William Wordsworth famously proclaimed, "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." In a world fraught with noise and distraction, wars and violence, poetry offers a sanctuary for reflection, inviting us to pause, contemplate, and immerse ourselves in the beauty of language.

Through the centuries, poets have confronted the most pressing issues of their time, challenging societal norms and advocating for change. In his seminal work, "The Waste Land," T.S. Eliot grapples with the disillusionment and fragmentation of the modern world, urging readers to confront the existential crises of their era. Similarly, Langston Hughes' poetry captures the struggles of the marginalized and oppressed, giving voice to those often silenced by society. As Hughes eloquently writes in "Dreams," "Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly."

In times of despair and uncertainty, poetry becomes a lifeline, offering solace and healing to wounded souls. The poetry of Rumi, the 13th-century Persian mystic, transcends cultural and temporal boundaries, offering timeless wisdom and spiritual insight. Rumi's verse speaks to the longing of the human heart, reminding us of our inherent interconnectedness and the eternal search for meaning and purpose. As he writes, "Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing, there is a field. I'll meet you there."

Furthermore, poetry serves as a catalyst for empathy and understanding, bridging the divides that separate us and fostering a sense of shared humanity. In an increasingly fractured and polarized world, poetry offers a common language, transcending barriers of language, culture, and ideology. As the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley famously declared, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Through their words, poets have the power to shape hearts and minds, inspiring change and challenging the status quo.

This collection showcases the diverse perspectives and experiences of its contributing poets. Spanning cultures, backgrounds, and identities, this anthology amplifies the voices of silent as well as loud writers. Within its pages, readers will encounter the lyrical musings of poets from all walks of life – from the introspective verses of a young aspirant navigating the complexities of identity to the impassioned cries of activists fighting for social justice. Each poem serves as a mirror reflecting the multifaceted nature of human existence, celebrating the beauty of diversity and the universality of emotion.

Dr. Parneet Jaggi
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EDITORIAL NOTE

We, as editors of the 5th World Poetry Conference Anthology, extend our heartfelt gratitude to all the poets whose poems have been included in this Anthology with an aim to bring hope to mankind in the world of unstoppable wars. Our gratitude goes to all world poets who participated in the 5th World Poetry Conference 2023 and wished to contribute their creative inputs. Their powerful verses show how creatively conscious they are towards the communities around them. We are the world and through our poetry we have to bring more light to nations that have been put in the fire of war. We also extend our thanks to the poets from Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi for being a part of this Healing Anthology.

Our special thanks to my friend and brother, Salvador Cap Bic for his remarkable work in this anthology.

Charles Lipanda Mahigwe
Editor

Dr. Manminder S. Anand
Associate Editor

DISCLAIMER

The poets published in this anthology own the copyright of their poems, at the same time they are responsible for the views expressed by them. They are also responsible for any copyright issues arising later.

INTRODUCTION

Azaad Foundation [Regd] and International Academy of Ethics joined hands to organize the World Poetry Conference WPC-5 on Nov. 18-19-26, 2023, in which poets participated from more than 30 countries. It was a grand feast of poetry which covered various issues and a highlight was the participation of poets from Israel. While breezing through the present anthology, one has a feel not only of the different countries to which the poets belong, their culture, their ethos, but also a strong thread of affinity can also be seen running through which signifies that although situated at different places geographically, poets represent life in its variety as well as in its unity. Most of the poets expressed themselves against war. In fact, it can be said that the WPC-5 was a Poetic Protest against the current major wars going on between Israel-Hamas and Ukraine-Russia.

We believe that Poetry Is the Last Hope of Mankind. Poetry which represents Art brings man to realize what was missing in this life, and how it can be made better for a whole experience of living. Poets are always inspired with a vision of a happy life for all. And this feeling of wellness can be experienced from the poetry included in this anthology.

I am thankful to the Editor, Charles Lipanda Mahigwe, Dr. Manminder Singh Anand, Associate Editor, and Dr. Parneet Jaggi, the Managing Editor of this Anthology for their hardwork, labour and love.

Dr. Jernail S. Anand

President, World Poetry Conference -5
Chairman, International Academy of Ethics

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CHARLES LIPANDA MAHIGWE



WAVES OF THE SEA

I am a poet with no pen and paper
Words ripple on lips like soft wind
Valiant voice rustles in me to speak
For the orphans whose blood flows
With the viscosity of the fluids
Our flag is dying for we failed
To protect our mother Congo
We brought war instead of peace
When will you stop grinding and crushing us?
We are spices in the mortar
How long will these bloodsheds be streaming in the tunnel?
We're refugees with no shelters
The rhythm of hymn is sung by our souls
For the guns have killed us in the wild refuge
When will these battered years end?
A wave of nostalgia ringing
Reflecting and appealing
When our dead parents were alive
Who would sleep on mat with no net?
Cacia trees were vibrating to the beat of guns
We're vestiges of victims

And being pushed away like pebbles in the river
Walking in the penumbra
As stars dancing in auroras
We're transients
Poetry is aesthetic home
She protects us even during insomniac monsoon
We live in hyacinth
For it is where my father was reincarnated
I smell the scent of air
In the petunia of graves
For our bodies are rutted
When we all ululated
For being penurious
On the waves of the sea

Charles Lipanda Matenga is a writer, poet, author and performer in Slam Poetry from Our talents, our advocacy festival, Tumaini Festival and Zomba City Festival. He was born fatherless on 2nd July 2005 in DR Congo, raised by a single mother, and was often driven to suicide also due to starvation at the Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi where he is a refugee. The Congolese poet is an optimist. He is one of the founders and the president of African Youth Artistic Poetry - AYAP where children and youth are trained for poetry.

MAJA HERMAN SEKULIĆ



REASON FOR THE RAIN

There was all this talk about Boticelli.
There was all this wine in our veins.
There was all this rain.
And all those people coming and going
Through my brain
Dancing on the ferry to another shore
Changes of scenery, of geography
Changes of heart
And there was this wall between words,
Erected with pain.
Will this rain ever stop?
Will the summertime
Open a window
And let the sun shine
From inside
Through my eyes again
After all these years
Of waltzing all alone
All by myself
Amidst the crowds?

Maja Herman-Sekulić (Serbia/USA)

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maja_Herman_Sekulić)

is an internationally published Serbian-American author of 23 books in Serbian, English German and French; her poems were translated in 25 languages. Most recently she was anointed by the UN World Literary Forum their "International Ambassador of Peace", by the Galaxy International Foundation and Academy and the World Literature, India, their "Ambassador of Culture and Good Will", by Global Literary Society their Administrator and unique "Global Poetry Icon" and the "Icon of Style of Serbia in last 2 centuries". In last 3 years she was awarded 13 international literary awards in India, Italy, Turkey, US, Russia and Romania, and First Serbian Oscar for popularity.

DR RASHID PULPUO



WHY THE WARS

The engines of war
A crafty handicraft of man
Tears the world
Pain turned familiar misery
Why the wars?
Which mercies of the Lord makes meaning
Without man's own mercies
The tanks keep rolling
Breaking bones of escaping men
A crying child begs for air to breathe
Bewildered by an unbelievable reality
Bodies strewn like fish rejected by the sea
Some panting to say a last word
Why these wars?
Men turn beast
Roaming the world
In deadly arms
A cry pierce through the air
In silent nemeses

Dr Rashid Pelpuo is a Ghanaian politician. He obtained a Bachelor of Education (Psychology) from the University of Cape Coast, Ghana, and a Masters Degree and PhD from the University of Ghana. He is a five times Member of Parliament for the Wa Central constituency and a two times former Minister of State in Ghana. From 2010 to 2012 he was the Deputy Leader of Ghana's Parliament and a member of the Pan African Parliament in South Africa. He is presently President of the Parliamentarians for Global Action (Ghana Chapter) and President of the African Parliamentarians Forum in Population and Development. In Ghana he was voted the Respected Political Leader of the Decade in 2021. Before he joined politics he worked for several years in the Public Service and and later worked in the private sector as a development consultant. He is a recipient of Pentasi B Life Achievement Award in Poetry, 2015 and 2017, India, and a Gold Medal for Culture Award from the World Union of Poets 2017, Italy)

DR. BAJRAM REDŽEPAGIĆ



WINGED, LOVED MIND AND BORN AGAIN

Does proximity to death reveal fear of death?

Are our sins, like impassable mountains, crouching and waiting from the edge of darkness? Nevertheless, people still remember me for the good,

There is no secret to destiny.

Think and love, think well, let's stay away from hatred, envy and enmity... And that common good, merges and permeates like a living image of reality, like a point that pulsates and draws the strength of good people,...

Everything is holy land, accessible to every man,...

So why does the earth have borders, when we die and return in the earth, and the EARTH is God's, so does it matter where we die? The trace of the DESTINY of our steps on earth is important.

Is that good or bad?

Every living thing carries the germ of death.

What will we be remembered for?

What will we find in the book of our life...?

In which hand will we get the book, right or left?

But in vain, man makes a mausoleum out of life, and goes to the other world, like a firecracker when it is fired from the shell!

***Bajram Redžepagić** described as a parallel of Balkan Dostoevsky, (b1939, Plav, Montenegro and Bosnia and Herzegovina) has been living in Australia for the last 20 years. He was imprisoned seven times for criticizing the ruling system of the former Yugoslavia, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He stood up against war and violence. A writer, novelist, thinker, philosophical writer, essayist, as well as doctor of medical sciences, he pursued a career in literature as well as medicine with significant achievements in both fields.*

DR. MAQSOOD JAFRI



DESTINY AND DESTINATION

Some make their destinies and some are made by destiny.
Some are born with silver spoons in their mouths.
Some open their eyes in this dismal desert of death.
Some make history and some are made by history.
Oft I deem to fetch the secret of fate and fortune.
In this foggy and opaque scenario, nothing can be seen.
Some boast on their pelf and power, some on beauty.
No one knows how to render the inner sacred duty.
The one who seeks finds the fated destiny.
When you knock at the door, it is ultimately opened.
Without movement, we are like dead stones.
The life is in the fast moving ripple of river.
The stagnant pools and ponds produce dirt and stink.
Be an ocean, if you want to live with grace and grandeur.
Inequality breeds the systems inimical to human nature.
We foolishly justify injustice in the name of fate.
And accept to live in a wretched and dismal state.
Let us break the fetters of all whims and false taboos.
Let us come out of the mire of religious and ethnic fights.
We can make our destiny by our relentless efforts.
Lethargy and slackness really mar the human dignity.

Break the idols of dictators and the pernicious priests.
You are the maker of your fine fate and flourishing fortune.
But never forget that God is our Glorious and Grand
Master.
He can make and unmake as he is the Ultimate End.

Dr. Maqsood Jafri was Professor of English literature in Pakistan and America. He is Ph. D in English and D. Phil in Philosophy from America. He is author of 32 books of poetry, philosophy and politics.

DR KUL BUSHAN RAZDAN



A SPECTACLE OF TORTURE: A MONUMENT OF FOLLY

By the waters of the Ganges,
I sat down and mused.
A deluge of tears welled-up in my eyes,
A litany of sighs, my mind do throng,
Holy Ganga, flow softly and slowly, till I end my song.
Oh, my Divine Mother, Ganga, emanating out of Shiva's
locks,
How come, this demonic desecration of thy sanctity, thy
Divinity?
A horrifying spectacle trans (xed me in horror,
As I behold corpses of Pandemic victims, adrift thy waves!

The rattling bones, the stinking stones stalking the banks!
The Gorgon Virus victims sullyng thy sanctity, thy
Divinity.
O, Almighty, what do I behold? A nightmare?
A horror scape? Nude dead-bodies immersed in the wet
sand on the banks, waiting for burial.
To be decimated, not cremated. As cremation grounds spill-
over with burning pyres!

What worse Tribulation, what greater Apostasy, can these eyes of mine, ever behold?
How hideous, how brutal can humans become, resorting to a Faustian Travesty, a real shame.
Corpses thrown into rivers, an Instrument of Torture, a Monument of Folly, the Hell man
Creates on Earth as humans proliferate the Pandemic, axiomatic of "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread".
Bodies of Corona-Covid victims, heaped in sacks,
A veritable image of Sparagamos, stalks the mind!
On the wet sandy- shores of Ganga-Maiyya,
Sudden surges of grief, of melancholy inundate my mind, my psyche!
A grizzly rodent straddles across the sand, Ostensibly, looking for the stinking Pandemic corpses.

Professor Kul Bushan Razdan is former Head, Dept. of English University of Jammu, Convener Board of Studies, Dean Faculty of Arts produced 13 Ph. Ds, 12 MPhil with more than 150 Articles published in Journals, Periodicals, etc. Translated Radio Plays from Hindi to English, one was awarded the National Prize as the best translated Radio Play!

DR. MOLLY JOSEPH



THE HANGING DEW DROP

.....
The hanging
dew drop
on the flimsy
fragile
shoot,
defying
transience
how you
dangle in
glory
reflecting
the universe
encompassing
all...
I know
how you
emerged
outliving
the aches

and agonies
of the thick
night
saturating
its sorrows
into
scintillating
hopes...
while
you sway
and shine,
I smile...
smile in
understanding
we are
one...
on fringes
of transience
together
we weave out
radiance...

***Dr. Molly Joseph**, Professor, Poet (Bilingual) from Kerala, with her Doctorate in Post war American Poetry has published twenty one books - 17 Books of Poems, two Novels (translation) and two Story books for Children. She has won several accolades. Widely anthologised, she believes in the power of the word and writes boldly on matters that deal with the contemporary.*

DR. LALIT MOHAN SHARMA



VIRTUALLY FRIENDLY

Meeting you has proved to be
A quantum jump in creativity;
Glad to discover a new friend,
Young like time's digital years!
You overwhelm me with praise,
Your talents nudge me with the urge
To renew my quest for life's rhythms
When I read or write and love myself
For privilege of access to your mind.
There's neither the soil the land or space,
That grow truly tall, the towering trees.
The Pines Deodars or Rhododendrons
Assume bonsai shapes on the internet;
Such are friendships in urban plateaus!
Imagination feeds on whatever feeds it.
To greet on your birthday is to celebrate,
Sharing of our private and secret selves;
Pure the joy of being without inhibitions,
Courage and comfort of helping the other.
Play no hide and seek but to be fearless
Like in mind's mirror be true to one's self.

*A bilingual author **Dr Lalit Mohan Sharma**, widely published and appreciated as poet, critic, translator, has ten books of English poetry, 'A Little Fire', the latest. Dharmshala , India.*

RAWLE JAMES



WE FIGHT FOR PEACE

We fight for peace
with closed minds
guarded hearts
conditioned Love
belligerent thoughts
We fight for peace
with a violent nature
trade embargoes
unauthorized wars
one-sided laws
We fight for peace
with greed as a right
eroding soil
polluted air
bloated bellies
We fight for peace
with arrogant doctrines
suppressed rights
devalued history
misinformation

We fight for peace
with religious arrogance
polite correctness
voices suppressed
the moral high ground
While riding life's insanity
with guns, bullets, bombs
peace...peace...peace
I want me some peace
We fight for peace
it's not an oxymoron
peace is a child of conflict
war is its temper tantrum
But peace is also open space
the beautiful silence
it is the laughter of children
the gentle sway of trees
it is the air we breathe
this earth we walk
the air we breathe
We fight for peace
as every day is a fight with self
and the repetitiveness of life
if we must fight
let us fight for understanding
fight for our human splendour
Fight for peace like
Gautama Buddha, Yeshua,
Harriet Tubman, Leo Tolstoy
Martin Luther King Jr., Mahatma Gandhi
Malala Yousafzai, Steven Biko,
Nelson Mandela, Desmond Tutu
peace is me

peace is you
peace is us
I am because you are
peace...peace...peace
I want me some Peace

Rawle James is a Leadership & Spiritual Coach. His perspective is rooted in the belief that he is a student of life and thus life is his teacher. He is a personal leadership & spiritual coach, an advocate of the human spirit and a storyteller through his poetry.

IBRAHIM HONJO



TO NURTURED OR NOT...

Hector's mother Hecuba gave birth to nineteen sons
and several beautiful daughters
and she was the luckiest woman
her happiness was short-lived
Troy was destroyed
and Hecuba became the unluckiest woman
Hecuba, Odysseus's slave settled in history
there has always been someone to ruin the universe in me
and I could never connect
all the bright points on the earth's wounded skin
does this day hurt you in my heart
and does my heart hurt you on this day
on which some new Troy is burning in the name of the
Creator of worlds
He, the Creator, is powerlessly silent
in some far-away corner of the universe
waiting for a man to nurture a man according to his
standards
if we never meet don't regret it
it is not a result of anyone's conspiracy
it is a sign that the roads between our ruins

have been destroyed by the guards of war
they don't believe in sin
they don't believe...that Power is not forever
but Hecuba would again give birth to nineteen sons
and several beautiful daughters
and believe that she would save Troy.

Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian/Bosnian poet, author of 38 published books in English and Serbo-Croatian language, has represented in more than 60 anthologies and magazines. His poems have been translated into 18 languages.

HEMA RAVI



HOPE FOR MANKIND

How many lifeless hearts can this land hold?
Mutilated bodies, piteous cries...
With brave men and women, once a stronghold,
debris and destruction beyond surmise...
Who will release them from this stranglehold?
Negative forces penetrate the skies,
flames of hatred augment manifold.
With brimming tears, they say: 'Spirit ne'er dies...'
Will a savior come down to handhold?
Past deceit and treachery help to rise.
Not for long, such torment one can withhold,
mind, body, and soul cease to harmonize.
Warning Signs! Things are about to explode.
Past petty thoughts and deeds, let all minds rise,
mitigate trauma that's gained a foothold.
Clasping gossamer threads, finding new highs...

Hema Ravi, freelance trainer for IELTS is a poet, author, editor (Efflorescence), event organizer, independent researcher, reviewer, and resource person for English language development courses. She is the Secretary of the Chennai Poets' Circle, Chennai.

RAVI RANGANATHAN



SPARK AT THE PARK

It rained copiously for long last night
Leaving my part of the world wet and wanting.
I found myself alone in the park this morning
None ventured to take a stroll, it was all so quiet.
Took me some time to get over the eerie feeling
That you always get when you don't see human faces
Known ones or the unknowns, at such familiar places
Wondering am I wasting time at a place so unappealing?.
I was so totally wrong; what a miscalculation!
True the park was, slushy, muddy and wet
But my God, I was not alone certainly, and I met
Vertebrates and Invertebrates at each inhalation!
There were joyful squirrels moving on branches of trees
With gay abandon; pigeons and mynas hopping and flying.
Arthropods and mud worms, full of life and kicking
Enjoying the environ, not to appease, even the bees!
My foot falls on the fallen dry leaves were music
To their sensitized ears, and soft breeze a symphony
A pair of parrots were keen aesthetes, like sweet honey
Tweeting their amorous vibes in notes pristinely poetic!
Not caring for this climate, black ants formed a line

Carrying grain; a dog yonder surveyed the scene
The park was as vibrant as one can define
I hardly missed my fellow walkers, this great day was
surely mine!

Ravi Ranganathan, a retired Banker is a writer, critic and poet with three published poetry books to his credit. He revels in writing in micro poems known as 'myku' poetry.

VANDANA KUMAR



IN-BETWEENS

I paused at that juncture
Not quite winter
Not quite an open spring
No more frozen winds on cold mosaic
But missing from action were
Capricious breezes
Come hither looks to the summer
My mercurial love beckoned
A little here
A little there
Hesitant he was
And I would wait
For a ripe summer night of love
A full bloom
In-betweens
Clearly never my thing

Vandana Kumar is a French teacher, translator, recruitment consultant, Indie Film Producer, and award winning poet. Her poems have been published in national and international websites, journals and anthologies of repute.

DR JERNAIL SINGH ANAND



SUFFERING

Everyone
Who is suffering
In body and mind
Is not necessarily a victim.
Suffering is always self-invited
And self-created
Even when some outside agency
Inflicts it.
In fact, we who are armed
With a brain
And charmed by its powers
Are overreachers.
We are controlled by
A highly sophisticated app
In which nobody can suffer
For doings of others
In society
There are powerful people
And agencies which bring
Injustice, oppression and pain
The very idea of injustice

Entails that
One party is blameless
Which is never so.
Angels won't take such blemish
Of partisan conduct
They make things happen
By themselves.
There is no pain uncaused
By you yourself
Only we don't know
When and how.
Life is a dish
Which does not come to us
From behind.
What WE cook is served to us.

PS:

Are my claims bloated and unsupported?
A poet only feels.
Yes there is a lot of injustice
And the powerful inflict it.
It is obvious
The law system is flourishing
Because justice is not done
And it has to be got done.
Men suffer obviously due to
The misuse of power
By few at the top.
Have gods given them license?
Those who play foul with us
And bring us to self-realization
Isn't it justice
Disguised as injustice?
Monsters have no other function

Except to strike
Where they are trained to,
Obviously by God's ED.
There is no hell outside Heaven
As man's mind is a haven
For both
Evil is God's police which settles scores.

Dr. Jernail Singh Anand, author of 161 books, recently won top Serbian literary honour Charter of Morava. His name was engraved on the Poets' Rock in the heart of Serbia. Last year, he was made Honorary Member of the Association of Serbian Writers. Prof Emeritus in Indian Literature at The European Institute of the Roma Studies and Research Belgrade, Anand's most phenomenal work is his epic 'Lustus' which has been prescribed as a text in a North Indian University. He is credited with the theory of Biotext in critical theory. Author of 9 epics which are regarded as modern classics, Anand has organized 5 International Literary Conferences. He was conferred Franz Kafka Laureateship 2022 and International Aco Karamanov Poetry Award 2022 (Macedonia), and Maxim Gorkhy Award [Russia].

DR PARNEET JAGGI



THE POET LIVES

A corner of the sky
has scrapped itself,
bruised and fallen,
creating havoc on the busy earth.
The ants below are still moving in circles
carrying food to their graves.
The pain I feel today
is not the usual one
It has a red colour that increases
as I scratch my body.
Has a metallic aroma
of the blood that is not mine,
I am guilty, perhaps.
The pain is of a virus
engulfing me bit by bit.
As if we are on a cliff
waiting to accommodate us,
making a queue,
sometimes a circle,
at times a ladder for others to climb
at other times a bench to rest,

But on a cliff.
A puff of air will decide
the mood of the cliff.
The poet in me draws pictures-
thin, hazy, subtle,
What has become of life?
One that was gifted,
decorated with bounties and beauties of nature.
The poet lives,
rest seems dead.

Dr. Parneet Jaggi is Professor of English at Dr. B.R. Ambedkar Government College, Rajasthan, India. She is also a poet, editor, critic and novelist. She is the author of nine books that include five collections of English poems. Her historical fiction The Call of the Citadel (jointly authored) won the Golden Book of the Year for Historical Fiction 2022, Ukiyoto award for Best Plot 2022 and Aazad International Award for Historical Fiction 2021.

M. TARIQ



A FLIGHT FANTASY

The waning moon slipping behind the clouds
And the stars taking a shade dull
My fantasy takes flight for the unknown
With life easing in the bosom of the twilight zone

It seems like a delusory perception
A feeling sensational chokes the breath
I find myself falling in the unending abysmal
As it takes me far into the ends of Hades depth.

There suddenly I find myself strong and jubilant
I'm no longer weak and cowardly drawn
For I'm Hades myself lord of all the underworld
And beside me in all brilliance is my Persephone.

But then a jarring noise awakens me to my senses
I find myself once again among the living
Yet there remained the fleeting moments want
Which never happened yet froze in my longing.

***Tariq Muhammad**, writing under the pseudonym, M. Tariq is a bilingual poet residing in the USA.*

He hails from India and is fond of writing romantic poetry. A contributor to few selected literary sites he regularly attends poetry conclaves in India

SHOSHANA VEGH



POEM FROM SEA TO LAND

From the depths of the soul
Mermaids caressing the ship
The salt in their mouths
Singing, bringing new poems to life' odes of love
Combination of letters and words are
decorating the stern of the ship
Here from the depths, I carried
them softly to shore
Gifts for the god
and your noble soul
At the end of the day
sky and sea merged into a green surface
I'm growing near
Alligators from the Niles
Sometimes shores are the
Key of life
Whatever I want is little of this existence
In which you are
Open rivers in me
And the sea inside me breaks out.
It's waves.
Hit me with your strength.
I am ready to live for this poem

Shoshana Vegh from Israel is a poet, writer, translator from English to Hebrew, editor and publisher with 22 books and 200 edited books. She has received awards from Kosovo 2022 and feminist festival in Turkey 2023.

LESLIE D. BUSH



A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

Poetry is a universal language.

Do you agree?

We write on and about similar themes

Allow our imagination to fly free

Language is also a technical issue

It's plain to see

Full of rules, written or not

A tree is a tree

How would it look, this language-

Naked and defenceless on paper?

Could we agree on its form?

Find consensus on what is normal

Are we to accept the statement-

“Poetry is a universal language”

In the metaphorical form?

As inspiration towards understanding

And communication

We write on and about similar themes

Allow our imagination to fly free

Leslie Bush is a New Zealand poet, with decades of experience.

DR SATISH K. KAPOOR



DEATH

No one dies.
The tiny wave
On primeval waters of life,
Rests when exhausted.
Spark returns to Furnace;
Matter merges in Matter;
Mind in the Mind;
Life remains alive
Death remains dead.
Like the decrepit stuff
In some crucible for recasting,
Mortal remains
Move onto Cosmic factory.
Like leaves that fall
In the lap of the Mother Earth,
Existence returns to Existence
To become existent again
In a new form.
Man is a drop-
An ocean in miniature.
The drop survives death

By becoming
Ocean itself.

Dr Satish K Kapoor is an eminent scholar, author, educationist and spiritualist from Punjab, India. He was formerly a British Council Scholar, Principal, Lyallpur Khalsa College and Registrar, DAV University, Jalandhar City (Punjab), India.

BARON AMB. DR. LJUBOMIR MIHAJLOVSKI



TEARS OF PALESTINIAN CHILDREN

*Dedicated to the 5,000 Palestinian children killed by
Israeli militant madness (11/13/2023)
78 years ago, Jews were killed by Hitler's fascism,
but their descendants killed 5,000 Palestinian children in
thirty days.*

Surviving children cry over destroyed fairy tales.
They walk at midnight
and helplessly curse each other.
Here at the graves they cry quietly,
the soldier buried our desires,
no butterflies,
No tears
but with the color of war,
torture and ashes.
The stones are crying.
we are alive
but as we go we are dead.
Heads drop.
Let's wait patiently

for deaths - yours and ours.
Prayers and religions are dead
like civilization.
Ouch
does anyone have a place to
light our way
our world to a new life????

Baron Amb.Dr. Ljubomir Mihajlovski from Macedonia is recognized worldwide for his works in world literature and in building world peace. His diverse role as a teacher, poet, director, journalist, peace ambassador, philanthropist, and especially as a theorist and science-fiction writer, portrays him as a monumental figure of modern times on a planetary level.

DR. ZBIGNIEW ROTH



WITHOUT PEACE AND LOVE - WE WILL NOT SAVE HUMANITY

the intricate sounds of the song written down on paper
they penetrate the senses and enslave human memory
birds sing over lands and seas
from the morning to the dark blue sky

A farmer while plowing lifted a clod of dry earth
Tears flowed from his eyes profusely, although they did not
do anything
and in this fight for the future from the dawn of humanity
supported by prayer, he gathers all his strength

A painter sat down in the meadow with his easel
He stretched the immaculate stretcher
frame over the frame of his thoughts
with a deft movement he painted red poppies on the canvas
there is only one question: how will the image be read?

At home, a large pot of food is boiling on the stove
children are already looking hopefully into empty plates
and fear grips the mother, who is concerned about their fate

so that they are not hungry, he quietly says prayers

nearby in the park, grandfather and grandmother are sitting
on a bench

they read the press about bloodshed in a distant world
just a young girl next to her with a book of poetry
she carelessly believes in the future in the stanzas

this is the mission written in the works of our poets
give great strength and faith in the future now even today
each of us with the enormous strength of will and power of
our souls

He saved our world from destruction and crushed all evil.

Dr Zbigniew Roth is an author, composer, poet with 65 years of authorial experience and 54 years of compositional achievements. He received the Mahatma Gandhi International Award and is the Ethics Ambassador of the University of Ethics, India. He was awarded the centenary medal by the Association of Authors ZAiKS Polska in 2023.

EVA PETROPOULOU LAINOU



LOVE

We don't have the same way to show our feelings
Our eyes
Our hands
Our body are different
But love is unique
An energy that embrace us
Like the morning breeze

...

Voices
So many people cry for help
Cry for freedom
Cry for peace
But why we cry in our happy moments
And
Laugh... when we are in a very difficult situations?
Maybe this is the self-defense of our organism
Still discovering the human brain
What is certain...
It is that we have free will
My garden
It is life

Everything is surrounding us
Like two arms that embracing our new born
We need 4 seconds to fall in love
We need 8 years to develop our personality
And an entire life to discover
Who we are
Looking For ...
Looking for you..
Looking for you behind every unhappy moment
Looking
For Why
In every world that just started
Looking for
Excuses
For every woman murder
Is our world
Only for riches and technocrats
Are they going to survive with their robots
That will sing songs to make their faces smile?
Looking for you
This excellent mind
And
Unique thought
Looking for you
In this empty world
With the empty minds
Is this world
Creating illusions
To keep the world silent and sleepy
While the beast are eating flesh
During the Holy night
Looking for you
In this big planet

Full of plastic
Just I wonder
Why the half of world
Want to destroy the other half?
Looking for you
In this madness
Genocide
Of children
And
Dissapear of
Women
How the babies
Will come
If the man that plays
God
Destroy the feminine?

Eva Petropoulou Lainou is an awarded author and poet from Greece with more than 10 published books. Her poems are translated in more than 15 languages. She is President of creativity and art of Mil Mentos Por Mexico Association represent Greece, President of Global UHE Peru, Vice President of Cultural Association China, Mexico.

RUKI KOČAN



It Will Be, Timeless Light...,

Poet, and it will be wonderful. Iskra.- He gave us a soul, a heart. From the point, The world seasoned with love. The creator. We and the irresistible We,... vibrations of a unique being. A timeless puzzle game, and a song. ... In the mirror of spiritual vision! ...A flash of the whiteness of nature, and the dance of Iskra. A cosmic image of joy, and the magic of breath. Unadulterated Truth, or Existence. No illusion, miracle wondrous. The sanctuary... and, Sunašce milo. That enigma of Vertical perfection,... One being, - a timeless being. In infinity he walks, pure Consciousness. Us and His, the sublime gift of love.

***Ruki Kočan** is a magician and timeless poet of love, maestro of sublime caresses of the heart and soul, and new scientific spirituality, marvelous cosmic poet, laureate of Tesla's spirit and golden strings, author represented in numerous world historical anthologies, winner of elite world awards. He lives and works in the Netherlands.*

ZLATAN DEMIROVIĆ



WHILE HEARTS ARE BEATING

While they shoot at each other,
their hearts still beat,
regardless of thoughts without tears,
all kinds of ideas, only fears,
with the only goal, to hit!
But hearts do not think, do not guess,
rather, they know very well and they have power,
while they hold the key to life, also, to connect
with other hearts, wherever they are
and whichever side they are on, they beat,
and we are not interested in that magic,
because it's how we were taught, just an organ,
but not the lighthouse and the only one
navigator through life, which we must follow,
and without it, we are lost amid the unknown sea...
In the duality of separation,
through the prism of subjectivity,
for us are visible and separated,
only: "They", "We", and in the middle of all,
our lost and vulnerable "I"!
While hearts are beating,
they are still shooting and hitting,
all until HEARTS ARE BEATING...

Zlatan Demirov is a bilingual book writer, novelist, critic, internationally acknowledged poet, and trilingual translator (English, Czech, Bosnian-Croatian-Serbin languages). The founder of *PRODIGY LIFE ACADEMY* and author of the *PRODIGY LIFE PROGRAM*, which serves as a platform for spiritual and personal development. Founder and Editor in Chief of *PRODIGY PUBLISHED-USA*. Founder and Editor of *PRODIGY MAGAZINE-USA*. His works have been translated into: Italian, French, Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese, German, Swedish, Dutch, Greek, Turkish, Chinese, Russian, Japanese, Hindu, Bengal, BCS (Bosnian, Croatian, Serbian), Albanian, Hausa Nigerian, Arabic, Aleut (Alaska), Pakistan, Bahasa-Indonesia, Kurdish, Persian, Azerbaijan, Bangla, Tajik, Bulgarian, Romanian, Hebrew, Punjabi, Slovenian, Czech, Slovak, Macedonian, Tamil, Uzbek, Kyrgyz, Nepali, Assam, Africaans, Lesotho, Isixhosa, Zulu, Swahili and more, on the way.

DR PERUGU RAMAKRISHNA



EMPTINESS*

Atop a distant meditative hill
Fitted the fire flies
Sparkling like the stars.
Shrouded in darkness was a thick forest!
Under the canopy of a rainless cloud stood a mountain
While the gustful winds
Forced the trees to sway and bend their heads.
A bird soared high
It's eyes in quest of the unknown.
Dancing and rising from a shallow lake
Was a playful fish.
Ripples formed on a yonder pond
As a man threw stones
As if dispelling his dreams
A moonlit sky
Furtively glanced at the moon
While embracing
The vast expanse of the ocean.
As i sped my pace
I reached out to the
Treasure chest of my life's experiences,

Only to realise that
It spelt nothing but "Emptiness" ...!

Dr Ramakrishna Perugu is an award-winning Indian poet, author of 26 published books and a retired tax officer from Nellore, Andhra Pradesh. His poems have been translated in to many Indian and world languages. He participated in several International/ World Poetry Festivals. He is a Doctor of Literature, Academician, Translator, Editor and Reviewer.

DR. TAMALI NEOGI



SHAKUNTALA SINGS PAINFULLY

I

Remembering Ulupi and Chitrangada, the lone women's
positive demeanour,
I doubt,
If not loneliness a disease of modern world,
Byproduct of individualism, a substance based disorder?
Shakuntala sings painfully,
Penelopean loneliness is unknown to her.
Connected with the whole world yet more alone than ever,
No no. Postmodern loneliness is as unparalleled as
Sisyphian,
Just find one who doesn't suffer from existential loneliness
as our Atlas.

II

Away from mother, forsaken and lonely, dies Fatik,
heartbroken,
A deep, even deeper longing to return home
But who is there to understand? He sees,
The little boy is granted perennial leave.
Loneliness nurtures Apu when wrenching poverty freezes
Durga's heart,

Suffering of each is unique that way. Neh!
Devdas, Charulata or Binodini, how many more to name,
Literature and History present a procession of lone men
and women.
Different suffering, different contexts, piercing flesh and
bone,
As if feeding a raw mind unprotected, to the scavenging
birds,
On mountain tops; the Eagle eats up Prometheus' immortal
liver.

III

Yet some wither away, some bloom,
If the world is what it is, to combat the malady,
Is the rule floating, not sinking, my dear?

*Ulupi, Chitrangada - wives of

Arjuna in Mahabharata

**Phatik- the little boy, the central
character of Tagore's short story
"Homecoming"

***Apu, Durga- the son and
daughter of the poor Brahmin
Harihar Roy in Bhibhutibhusan's
Pather Panvhali

****Devdas- the central character
of Sarat Chandra Chatterjee's novel
Devdas

****Charulata- the wife of
Bhupati in Tagore's Nastanirh

*****Binodini- the Bengali actress
of late nineteenth and early
twentieth century

Dr. Tamali Neogi is Assistant Professor of English, Gushkara College (West Bengal), India. She has published V.S. Naipaul, Dark and Comic Vision, Woman of Patashpur and edited Postmodern Voices, Volume VIII: An Anthology of Poems. She was Associate Editor of the Anthology of Ethical Poetry, a venture of International Academy of Ethics. Dr. Neogi has published short stories in Tales of Our Times, "Lapis Lazuli" and other edited volumes, presented research papers at National and International Seminars.

DR TEJASWINI PATIL DANGE



NEON LIGHTS AND ME

There are neon lights at night, they say.
They flood themselves on the roads
To swipe away the darkness
That gathers from all corners every day.
My nights are bound by the walls.
Guarded by the thresholds.
One day, I wish to step on the road
At night in the neon light and walk alone.
Beyond the darkness,
There is starlit sky and the canopy
That nullifies the dark between the two sparks.
I wish to measure the distance
Between the neon-lit road and the milky way.

Dr. Tejaswini Patil (Dange), Associate Professor in English, in A.C. College, Kasegaon, (Sangli, Maharashtra) is Founder Director, INNSÆI Journal and Matru Akshar Journal. She is a widely published trilingual poet writing in Marathi, Hindi and English. The books to her credit are- English- 'Talons and Nets', 'Verses of Silence' and 'A Glass of Time', translated into Romanian, Hindi poems, Kaainat. A reference book 'Relations and Relationship', Edited: Poetry and Literature World Vision Anthology - 'Literature and Art for Peace and Humanity'; 'Mystical Voices', Lilith Vol.1, Wings of Poesy.

TONY CARPENTAR



WE'RE WOLVES

Maybe my humanity is just a front to hide my beast or the beast is really me OMG

I try to hold him back until I fall asleep but I can't tell if the thoughts are coming from him or me.

I cry out to the moon and I draw out my words long and slow.

I'm usually afraid people will know but there's just something about that full moon though.

Sometimes I wake up naked in a strange place with my eyes burning from sprayed mace, trying to hide my manhood.

I eat sheep like I'm in a race. I try to set a slower pace but they taste so good.

One night I had a crazy dream. My mother, my brother and both sisters were there and we just killed and killed all night long without a care.

But what if it wasn't a dream and we're really a family of evil killing machines?

What if they have a beast inside like I do but how could I ask them, "Are y'all evil beasts too?"

I saw mom with a toothpick after moon-down and I thought surely not her until I saw what she picked

from her teeth, bone and fur.

I almost just asked her, "Hey mom are we a pack of wolves?"

That would explain why we all go outside and howl up at the moon when it's full and also why

I feel so out of place in this people's hell.

OMG We're wolves LOL.

Tony Carpenter is a writer writing poetry and stories. He's now writing his third book now called Brainchild. He lives in the United States.

HERITIER HAVYARIMANA



UNITED AFRICA

United Africa is what we yearn,
From our mother's womb and even when we were born,
Our voices are too little to be heard,
Hoping you can convey to the wide.
Together we shall claim our unity,
Blames won't aflame our fame.
United States of Africa,
Is the song that have stayed in us for so long,
The dream that lights our sights,
The vision which grows with hope in my heart,
The continuation of ending colonisation and any-type of
discrimination.
One color, One people,
One Allah, we're equal,
One name, One aim,
All Africans we're the same.
If fights didn't finish differences,
Passports didn't change anything,
Why not making a single dynasty,
Like a group of united ants,
African shall unite,

Nelson Mandela and John Magufuri should resurrect and
fly with us Dollars, Kwachas,
need to die and establish an African currency.
Imagine hugging each other in peace,
Sharing the little to each,
Allowing free exports,
Moving without passports,
Opening the country gates,
Allowing your blood to cool,
Black or white shall not define you,
We shall not divine underground water,
And never divide
our daughters,
For Africa is one continent.
Birds sing in the same rhythm,
But wondering varying of our anthems,
Clouds share the same path,
But Africans setting each other apart.
What is the need of exceptions,
If at the end we kill our own brothers,
What is the need of religious fights,
Giving power to hypocrite colonists.
One color, One people,
One Allah, we're equal,
One name, One aim,
All Africans we're the same.

***Heritier Havyarimana** was born on 13 December in 2006 in the democratic republic of Burundi but currently living in Malawi as a refugee, He is a poet, an advocate, a feminist as well as an alter server. He was named Firstborn Poet by his mentor (Hassan Chilewu) after showing some quick improvement.*

KALLOL CHOUDHURY



SCIENCE CITY

On the way to Science City,
The smell of dhaba kept you suffocated,
But when you reached Science City,
you were fascinated
By seeing everything one by one
You exclaimed ,'Oh!What a beautiful place!'
By putting five rupee coin in a box,
You knew everything about your Height, weight, mind.
When I wanted to ride the ropeway
Over my head, you prevented me.
When we rode the roller machine
Inside the dinosaur, you were scared!
What are you so afraid of! I don't know.
The sea fish in the aquarium was
Mesmerizing you as if we were
talking to the fish under the water.
After clanging of fishes in the glass
of the aquarium they settle.
You said that by bringing
Fishes from the sea,
People has kept the sea in the aquarium.

Kallol Choudhury is a bilingual poet, short story writer, translator, researcher and social activist. He has ten books to his credit. He has translated Jayanta Mahapatra's Sahitya Akademi Award Winning Poetry book "Relationship" into Bengali and the Bengali version "Samparka" was published by Sahitya Akademi. Received Invierno Revista Official Magazine 2023 Award from Argentina recently. Penprints Publication, Kolkata recently published his debut poetry collection in English " Buddha On Planchette".

RIMNI CHAKRAVARTY



THE COLD WAVES BLOW

Again the cold waves blow
There in the country side of Mirik or Darjeeling
the oranges bloom
In green and orange the trees zoom
While a child smiles and glow
To watch and wonder the taste of the juicy fruit
While an old withered face reminisce of the bygone root
The splendid days of youth,
Gone are his days of childhood glory
Gone are those days when as a child he had a story
To share to his peers
Those were the days of everlasting cheers
But now his days have turned to everlasting fears
Where decay, disease remind him of parting from this
beautiful earth
In childhood and youth he cherished those days of birth
Those were his days of spring and summer
When the wander –lust travelled afar
To explore new lands,
Perceive the excitement of reaching the Blue Mountain
Now it is winter
Everywhere he finds sands

Without any refrain
The sun shines bright
While the little child loves to enjoy the sight
As the oranges dances with the breeze
Mesmerized the little boy looks up the trees.

***Rimni Chakravarty** Asst. Professor of Humanities, Siliguri
Institute of Technology, West Bengal, INDIA has publication of
articles, poems in different National and international Journals
and a few book chapters.*

SATINDER KAUR



THE CHILD INSIDE ME

In the depths of my soul, a child
resides
Bubbly and passionate, where
joy abides
With boundless energy, like a
vibrant stream
The child inside me dances in a
dream.
Like a prism, reflecting colors
bright
This inner child fills my world
with light.
With laughter and mirth, like a
tinkling bell
The child inside me weaves a
playful spell.
Innocence wraps around me like
a soft embrace
A precious treasure, untouched
by life's race
With no sense of fear, like a
joyful bird,

The child inside me spreads its
wings, undismayed
So let us embrace the child we
keep inside,
For it is the essence to live a
life truly fructified.

Satinder Kaur is a bilingual poet, short story writer and reviewer. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are a part of several national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. She hails from Jalandhar in Punjab (India).

NATALIE BISSO



SIMPLE SCIENCE

Do not feed the evil in yourself, do not envy the other,
Flattery and envy are bad friends in life,
The whole science is simple, just look at it differently,
The worst enemy is in you! If you win, you're the winner.
You are not a dollar to please everyone endlessly,
If you have chosen a goal, then go to it, destroy all the
enemies!

Explaining your actions is too careless,
If you stop, you can get into someone else's temple.
Communicate with your enemies - there will be a huge
benefit,
Only from them you will easily learn about yourself,
What is hidden from the eyes, and from the thought is not
modest,
He will speak to your eyes, without flattery.
Don't ask! Do not wait for mercy - there will be no miracle!
Control everything yourself, you are the master of fate!
Be in harmony with yourself, you will get a moment of
victory

Only in the struggle! Just know, the reefs of life are rough.

*Natalie Bisso is a Poet, novelist from Germany, Academician
MANI; MARLEY; Founder of the ILACT Association.*

DR. R. SHEELA BANU



GOD IS WITH YOU

God Is With You
Do not feel lonely my child
The Almighty is always with you my child
At night and morn
He ne'er leaves you forlorn
Weep not my child
Feel the God within you my child
Within and without
His presence you can feel no doubt
Give yourself unto God my child
He shall ne'er forsake you my child
Human ties are ephemeral
Divine tie is immortal
Wake up with cheer
Stop shedding salty tear
Leave all your conflicts and fear
At his benign feet my dear
Nothing will go amiss
Ye shall live in perpetual bliss

Dr. R. Sheela Banu is Associate Professor of English at Government Arts College, Salem-7, Tamil Nadu. She is also a creative writer and a translator and has authored five books- “In Search of Dawn”, “String of Pearls”, “Foul Humans”, “Jayakanthan” and “Your Goal is Within Your Reach”. She has also edited a book of poetry entitled “Eternal Melodies.”. She is a singer, dancer and a voice artist. Her speeches have been aired in All India Radio.

NATALIE MWAJUMA



HEAR ME OUT !!

They never feel our pain
Even if we write it on the paper
They change it into pieces
Our cries have been taken as happy songs
Singing them from January to December
But they never remember
It is never too late to repent
But they painted our hearts with sorrows
Even if we look in the mirrors
We cannot see ourselves
But slaves
Being busted in any second
Was our hope
Burying bodies of people
Was our special work
Crying endless cries
Was our hobbies
Dancing in our only blood
Was our joy

We were lost
Being saved was our cost
We let them take us as mads
Because they didn't know
What was in our brains
Hand, we begged
To be hold
To end up endless flow of red water
But they changed like lizard later
And wanted to swallow the world
Now we're once again
To make the revolution of the year
For it rotates to form night-day
For we have found a way
As we say
We need peace
And not death's kiss
We need mercy
Because none can guess the future
Let gather our hands
And be one heart

Natalie Mwajuma is a poetess from African Youth Artistic Poetry - AYAP and she loves much spending her time in doing poetry. She was born on 11 August 2008 in DRCONGO and she resides with her family in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi as refugees.

DR SHALINI YADAV



EMBRACE NATURE

Our planet
a bounty of life,
a mother to mankind,
but we take it for granted,
and destroy it with recklessness.
Inhumane it is
hunting faunae;
cutting down of forests;
polluting the oceans with waste;
leaving the earth sterile and deserted.
The melting ice,
the rising sea,
the malodorous air
it's Nature's alarm, we all should hear
What is done to the aura we once sought?
Our planet is in peril,
energy usage, we must refuse
greenhouse gases, we need to reduce
recycle, and plummet the leftover
embrace nature, with respect and grace

We must realize and hope,
to turn the tide and cope,
to start by being sentient,
to be responsible for our actions
to take care of the earth and its hedge.
WE should safeguard the resources we have,
preserve the ecology of our land,
ensure a better future for generations,
for life to flourish
and peace to prevail in evocations.

POEMS

Poems full of life
living truth told
inspire people
to lead on the journey of life...

Poems
born of mind
breathed out
filled in aura with ooze
the witness of infinite loneliness...

Poems
engrave all subjects from
love and harmony war,
nature and humanity
gives meaningful new dimensions...

Poems
awaken insight
touch the unseen
underline deeply
emerge as a loud voice...

Poems

pouring out protoplasm flow
like mountain river liberate
from worldly nooses
solve the troubles of the mind...

An avid poet, writer and professor, Dr Shalini Yadav holds a PhD in Post-colonial Literature. She has edited and authored 12 books, moreover, her articles, short stories, poems and research papers have been published in newspapers, journals and anthologies. With various awards in her credit, she also plays the role of reviewer, editor and member of numerous International journals, literary magazines and societies.

VIKTOR RADUN TEON



THE TURN OF SYNESTHESIA

A shore that is entered abruptly
echo of the open sea
I have been asked
I slide down the croup of the missing horse
to cut off a piece of light
to make a collage
the shadow of the cathedral in a flaming chalice
the bitterness melts into ecstatic snow
I opened the lid of the impression
I drew a third of a circle with a sword
the sobs of illusion
the corpse of a chamois
falls off the rock
the flesh of the quietest demiurge crunches
under the teeth
turn of synesthesia
transfer to albino
the dog is at the door
no barking yet

***Viktor Radun Teon** University professor, poet, writer,
philosopher. Lives in Novi Sad, Serbia.*

MAJA L. MARKOVIĆ



FREE THOUGHT

If you don't have free thoughts,
You're going to become robots.
If we don't independently think,
Everything that is good will sink.
To stick to my free thought
I never forgot
So now I can say
There's no dismay
As lies are thrown away
And truth is on display.
If people such could be,
The world would be free!
And what can be more important
Than a free world,
Where all what's good is unfurled?
Such a world begets hope
We'll be able with anything to cope.
This was a kind of brainstorming
On the free thought.
Don't take me wrong
If it is perfect not.
If your thought is free,

You may claim independent to be!
And if you happen to ask me,
I dare say:
Independence is endlessly better
Than pretence.

Maja L. Marković is an English teacher and translator from English into Serbian and vice versa. She was born in 1975 in Serbia. She graduated from the Faculty of Philology, Anglistics Department, University of Belgrade.

BHOLANATH DAS



FROM THE STUDIO

A cluster of heavily gunned glossaries blow in for more
revenues;
War furniture flashing out in the clippings with vows
repetitive
of the arithmetic of the nuclear daggers, clubs and
slingshots.
Lenses zoomed onto the rusty rods of romantic memorials,
brewed over,
the intoxicated fumes of the red wine of organized
butchery.
Jets swooping into the towers, built in the million sonnets
of love,
Bulldozed the bricks of alphabets; the cameras further in, to
calculate
The statistics in letters bold 'Live Scenes from the Front
Line'
In the scroll bar, 'Drones of Destruction', 'Troops and
Tanks'.
No wonder, a panel of experts from Habbard Canada
School
Turned the tables by the depths of trenches, in the studio.

Compound grammars of artillery, rhetoric of war epics,
scooped out
From the Macbeth's Golgatha . Oh, Poof! Blast.
The millions across then, upgraded the video of 'Live
Streaming',
While between the sips of coffee, graphic parodies of peace
Have already smoked away with the scrolled up papers on
desk.
Thus ends the first part of performance; a commercial
break.

A ballooning laugh, the death toll rises to forty, if mine
being less.
How kidding. Further down, the voice with violin,
When the doomed youths are laid asleep on a grassy
pillow. Open-mouthed, bare head, blood oozing out from
nostrils;
Not unnoticed by the lenses, even the brook flowing by the
burial site.
More Breaking... with more modulation, 'Air Strikes on ...'
'Faster, Smarter, Stronger' read as channel motto.
Thus ends the second air strikes from the studio.

***Bholanath Das** teaches English at Debra College. He was short listed for the poet prize for the poem in All India Poetry Competition and also the Rabindranath Tagore International Poetry Contest Prize fourth position (2022).*

DR MANJU CHOUHAN



MOON AND ME

O Moon!
Both of us are alike
You keep on changing your shapes
Perhaps to fit in the eyes of the beholders
And so do I.
You had the wounds
When he rejected you
For the sun.
But the scars
You cherish
And so do I.
When I came to the rooftop
You touched me
With your shining fingers
You fell in love with me And landed into me
And so do I.

Dr Manju Chouhan is a Professor in Chandigarh University. She is an author and a researcher who has widely published her research papers and poetic compositions in reputed journals and anthologies.

HARINDER CHEEMA



THE POWER OF THE PEN

When a poet writes
He actually spreads his wings to take a flight
He can travel back and forth in time
He can capture the "Time" in his rhymes
He can talk to the Sun and the Moon
He can comprehend a mother's croon
He can fly to different lands
He can sleep in the desert sands
He can reach the bottom of the sea
He can talk to the busy bees
He can beckon characters from the past
His interests are many, his areas are vast
He can stir an hornet's nest
He can start a revolution or create an unrest
He is also the messenger of God sitting in the Heaven
So never underestimate the power of the pen.

Harinder Cheema is an internationally renowned, versatile poet, writer, novelist, author, translator, anchor, educationist, Editor, motivational speaker and a Naji Naaman Laureate.

ESTHER WA MWENE



HUMAN RIGHT

The door has closed
We are remaining in cries
Things are disruptive
A prerogative man arrested
While criminals are autonom
Respecting bribe than rights
Human right whence it's?
Girls under 18 years are forced to get married
Dropping them out of school
Although they need it
Violently raping is like songs abuse of power spread as bad
as a pungent smell
Human right whence it's?
Water became very expensive than blood
people kill one another
Like the way they slaughter animals
Things are disruptive
Money becoming necessary than human beings
Human right whence it's?.
Thieves became more than sandstone
Stealing a hat on head

it is very merciful
Life becoming bitter
Better dying
Human right whence it's?

Esther Wa Mwene is a poetess from DR Congo, nowadays living in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. She loves poetry and enjoys writing poems. She writes to make readers feel loved, comfortable and happy even in hard times.

DR. RAJNI CHHABRA



WILL TO ACCOMPLISH

O! God
Let the goblet of my life
Remain half filled.
So that endeavours persist
To fill it.
When goblet is brimmed
A fear follows
Lest it should
Splash and scatter.
When goblet is half filled
Endeavour persists
To gather some more
Drops in it.
The purposefulness
That is associated with efforts
Is missing in perfection.
Brimmed goblet
Does not have
Room to add more.
No expectation remains
From life.

Accomplishment gives us
Satiety and negligence
Will to accomplish
Stirs efforts.
Let me subsist
In a little bit of
Imperfectness
And let me relish from
Goblet of life
Drop by drop
let me live persistently
Striving life.

***Rajni Chhabra** is a retired Lecturer in English. She is a multi-lingual poetess, polyglot, blogger, reviewer, International Director at W.U.P. and on Editorial Team of Ruminations and Glimpses (two Bi lingual U.G.C. Journals), Global Ambassador for Human Rights and Peace (I H R A C), Global Ambassador of World Poetry. Published Works include one in English [Mortgaged], 4 in Hindi, 11 on Numerology, 9 translated books from Rajasthani, 1 from Punjabi, 8 from Hindi and 1 from Nepali into English.*

INDERJIT SINGH



YEARNING

Oh Lord !

Let me remain young and innocent forever

The child in me should never die,

For, to stop to be a child is to defy

Natural joy that does rest

In the heart of hearts of the best.

Innocence -an absence of responsibility

For a crime or lack of ability

Or intention to harm or damage ;

Keeps in thy eyes

My faithful and loyal image.

O Lord!

Grant me my wish!

The Godfather replied:

'Childhood paves way to youth

Two faces of the same coin are they both.

Take care of freedom also

Never let the child in you die

Be childlike and remain on the ninth sky.

When childhood drops

All happiness stops!

Hardship, trouble and woe
Start as soon as youth beckons you.
You yearn for youth to stay for long
But, age makes the youth restless
Wants you to make efforts,
Strive-seek-&-serve
Hold your head high with deeds justified
And remain, till eternity, to the youth's fold.
As long as you remain pure and mild
You shall enjoy the innocence of a child!'

***Inderjit Singh HES-II** a teacher of English is recipient of three INTERNATIONAL AWARDS in various WORLD POETRY CONFERENCES, and several academic events. A philanthropist by nature, an author, bard, anchor and performing artist by passion, and a school lecturer by profession, he aspires to spread peace and a message: RETURN TO NATURE through his writings.*

MEHUL DAVE



"WHEN LIFE GOES SPELLBOUND"

"When life goes spellbound ...,
You just keep searching for the positives spread around...,
The secret lies in Perseverance and Belief must you keep in
mind..,
Always ignore those hazardous reactions, turning your eyes
blind..,
Life is not a bed of roses and it challenges us every day in
every way....,
Graciously accept it and then thou shalt experience His
blessed ray....,
Just keep moving wherever your heart feels is right....,
Believing in yourself is the only way you would see a
blooming site....,
Failure is just a moment do not interpret it as that's what is
destined..... ,
Diamonds my friends are always gathered from black rocks
when deeply mined,
Let the time come as that's the most powerful element of
the Universe to grace you...,
God will bless then and your desired success will embrace
you...,
So, when in life you feel down, scared and dejected....,

Ask Almighty to give you strength and blessings...,
for its only you who can fight back the negative and reject
it...,
Believe in one thing, the deeds you do always come
around...,
So need not worry just keep working on goodness and wait
for it to many folds rebound....,
Just be positive today and always....,
Hear the whispers of nature and feel the blessed sound....,
Keep moving my friends,
When life goes spellbound”

An Entrepreneur by Soul and a writer by Passion, Mehul loves to write his heart out in the form of poetry, verses, and articles, has published in many international anthologies. He writes in Hindi, English, and Bangla. His first published book was 'Rooh -Poetic Journey of a Soul'.

SLAVA BOŽIČEVIĆ



LIFE GAME

With life am I in love.

Life is a ship sailing
from port to port.

People are getting
on and off board on
the way...and so on
till the end.

I'm travelling and
carrying a bleeding
wound in my heart:
it will hurt till the end,
and I accept that.

I'm speaking with it
all the time.

I'm looking for
a compromise.

But, in life, whether
we like it or not,
rules are always
the same and
they beat us.

Birth, love, hate, good,
evil, success, failure,
happiness, unhappiness
health, illness. Death.
And the ship sails into
its last port.
That is the game of life,
and it beats us...

Slava Božičević was born in January 1937 in Zagreb, capitol of Croatia. She writes short stories, poetry, essays. She had more than 350 exhibitions with cultural theme in diverse lands. She is author of five poetry collections. She is International Ambassador of International Academy of Ethics and member of many organisations.

DR SONIA BATRA



HOW DOES IT FEEL...

How does it feel ...
When there is no jingle of coins ...
Or rubbing of currency notes in your pockets ...
And how does it feel when inspite of all
You cannot put on your tables
One square meal ...
And how does it feel when your stomach churns and
grumbles on acidity
Hunger pangs snatching your sleep ...
And how does it feel when a homeless child snuggles in
crevices
Out of fear of predators closing in ...
And how does it feel when a loney child loses its
innocence on torrid culprit of streets
And how does it feel when tiny hands
Dig into garbage
For some left over and tit bits...
How does it feel to be a sex worker Entertaining many and
many in one night
Out of compulsion ...
Not free will ...
And how does it feel

To be an illegitimate child
Ever hounded by so called legitimates Roaming in
camouflaged lawful societies wearing masks of humanity
And above all, how does it feel ...
To feel...
So helpless in this life
So overhung with catastrophes and what struggles they
struggle To make the ends meet
And what determines their fate
Is it karma...
Or some other theory...
And one more question
How do they feel...
When they see around them their fellow men adorned
luxuriously
Are they envious or they, simply by Grace of God do not
overthink
Yes sometimes I have seen some very beautiful smiles
adorning their faces, amidst all the sufferings
And that makes me think...
How much of wealth is required to make us happy...
Do we really need to hoard it
And if we are more privileged than them
Shouldn't we share our privileges with
The needy...

Dr Sonia Batra is a dentist by profession and writer by passion. She is author of two solo books -The Soul Stirrings and Twin Flame. She has contributed in many international and national anthologies. Her poetry has been featured in many magazines and she is a recipient of many awards.

MAJA MILOJKOVIĆ



IT DOESN'T PASS

What is attached to the heart does not pass
Like the seam of a mother's hands that sewed a charm for
her son to go to war
Like a rosebud stuck between blooming and dormancy.
Nor the sadness of a loyal dog waiting for its owner at the
entrance to the city cemetery gate.
The hunger of a child looking at a bakery window does not
go away
Neither is the pain of separated lovers.
All the waiting seems to last for centuries.
Sadness, fear and suffering are magnified when the poor
person is left empty-handed at the end of the day.
And until the longing of the heart is not fulfilled,
everything seems to be stuck in a vacuum and does not find
a replacement if the goal of the heart is not fulfilled.

Maja Milojković, born 1975 in Zaječar, Serbia, lives in Denmark and works as Laboratory assistant, painter and reviewer. An internationally recognized poet who advocates peace in the world, she has authored two books of poems "Moon Circle" 2019, "Trees of Desire" 2023.

DHURJATI VENKATA SUBHASHRI



I LOST A POEM ONCE

Between ordering a toast
And buttering it up,
I lost a poem once
I was carrying in my head.
On the way back home
With every step forth,
I took two steps back
Trying to retrace the verse.
Down memory lane,
I walked and jogged,
But never came too close
To where it was born.
Along the way,
I picked off the street,
Bits and pieces, words and phrases,
Flashes of hope in jumbled mazes.
As I turned the corner,
At last back home,
I found myself closer
Yet farther from my poem.
For I could not but notice,

That my poem had changed.
On the long walk of recall,
It had morphed, into a familiar stranger.

GRIEF LIKE AN OOZING WOUND

There comes a point in time
When it hits you
That something is lost,
Forever.
Never to hold again,
Never to move again,
Never to talk again.
When that knife of truth
Punctures your soul,
Out pours a flood,
Not unlike blood.
The same kind of pain,
As wrought by a bodily wound.
The heart heaves,
The jaws ache.
The eyes bulge,
Unable to cope with a dam ready to burst.
The hands contort, not knowing how to help.
When the mind is deluged and words run out,
A thick blanket of sleep is spread,
For the mind to rest,
To restore it back to life.
Loss is loss,
There is nothing to do.
An emptiness, with nothing to fill.
A wound in the heart, never to be sealed.
The scab grows thicker,

The knife of memory duller.
But if ever a trigger split open the scar,
Grief oozes out again, in a slow trickle,
When left unattended,
Will drown you whole and soul.

D V Subhashri is a writer, translator and amateur poet based out of Bangalore, India. With a decade plus experience in professional translation from German, Hindi, Telugu and Kannada into English as a freelancer, she is currently pursuing a PG Diploma in Literary Translation and Creative Writing from Ahmedabad University. Her stories and translations have appeared in Muse India, Out of Print, Kitaab, Saaranga and Eemata online magazines. She can be reached at shri2777atgmaildotcom.

TARAK DHURJATI



HALT

Train of thoughts, stitched like flowers
Trail of emotions, an army of ants
Mother goose and gaggle of goslings
Herd of sheep, running in the maze
Round and round, perpetual motion
Step inside, once into past
Fly outside, once into future
Just Halt, and look at yourself
Step aside, once into present
Stop the sheep, stop the geese
There is no maze, it's a line
An origin and an origin
Halt and find thyself
and then let everything run
like clockwork, order in chaos
Like our time, like our life.
Unfinished Elegy
I become frozen, I try to remain
In dark, whether I end or begin
Is it a simple story, of a fallen mine
Myself, a spark, in your empty time

Live along, become a ripple, as you mean
My reflections, shades you've never seen
My echoes, sounds you've never been
I hang in resonance, as a lingering longing toll
In emotionless stone on curious caller's call
Feeble spirited venture on my marble memorial How
does it matter now, then or ever
Goodbye 'O"shadow, I stand bow and mourn
You are free in my wind, be eternally flown
I remain to end in union towards one.

Tarak Dhurjati is a senior management professional. He is an alumnus of IIM-A and IARI New Delhi. He loves travelling, music and writing. He has published an anthology titled "Collection of Unedited Juvenile Verses-Teenage musings" in 2022 which is available on Amazon.

SURBHI SHARMA



THIS WORLD IS NOT FOR GIRLS

No matter what one writes
What one talks about
Feminists revolt for
Priests worship of, epics
Warble on the name of
Prestige
No matter what people worship
in navratras, and in several fete.
But o! My exquisite girls
This world is not for us.
Girls never remain young
From her menarche to her first parturition the
burden of Albatross always
Knotted tight around her neck.
Never understood, always expounded
enigmatic...
It's a curse of God
A grave mistake that he created
Lilith and Eve
The swollen wombs carrying girls are
Shashti's Bane to mothers
Is it Eve's mistake or satarupa's deference?

No one really knows.
Be it a Treta Yuga's Shanta
sacrificed for the cupidity of sons
Kaikayi tamed for strikingness
and Manthra, the ugly for her guile.
Their recklessness tagged as evil.
People worship nature for its prolificity
Adi shakti in many of her forms
But still ruthless world has
left no room for women.
There might be several temples of goddesses,
love monuments alike Taj Mahal for
Princess Nurjahan and many more
But, oh! poor souls, this world is not for you
Not worth for girls.

Surbhi Sharma, a Research Scholar at Himachal Pradesh University, is doing research on Greek and Hindu mythology. Her poems are published in The Criterion: An International Journal in English, Muse India, Literary Voice. She also writes blogs and is a freelance writer.

ERALIEVA UMUTKAN POLOTOVNA



GUARDIAN OF MY COUNTRY

(For border guards)

He proves that he was born a man,
There is prudence in his courage.
Day and night in all seasons - he can
Guard the border of his people.
So let us speak of him with pride,
He serves Motherland in the far countryside.
A border guard is the guardian of the homeland.
He doesn't waste a day or a minute in vain.
Train yourself, grow stronger, and then
The enemies approach the border
Neither on the mountains nor on the plain.
He looks straight into the eyes of death,
Defending the people; defending the Earth.
Heroes such as Cholponbai and Duishenkul,
Let's give him some brave, inspiration,
With a spirit of courage, he will be strong, full;
All warriors-soldiers are the shield of the nation.
Thank you for your hard work on the border,
Remembering, you get our life in order.
Let's wish them luck and happiness,

May they return home safely, may they be health.
May God protect them from bitterness.
May God support, help, also bless.
Let the wars on our Earth Stop
May Peace Prevail Throughout the World!

Eralieva Umutkan Polotovna was born on July 12, 1968 in the village of Kok-Zhar in the Nookat district of the Osh region of Kyrgyzstan. A poet, writer, publicist, author of ten books, she was awarded the medal "Icon of Peace" of the Institute of Peace in Nigeria (Abuja) (2022).

RUTH TAKONDWA



HOPELESS GIRL

She is me
I feel her
She feels me
I mean we are one
But you give no mercy to us
Treating us as slaved prisoner
I think we need to get saved
To be born
Is it a claim ?
How about to be born as a girl child?
Our breast you have changed them into toise
Our vagina you have changed them into
shoes
You wear us anytime
You use as anytime
You sex as anytime
how do you feel if you do such so?
How would you imagine if it could be you?
Could you allow me to do such thing you do?
How could you feel?
Why don't you have humanity?

How do you feel if you destroy somebody's life?
A five-year-old girl child
She knows nothing
But you eaten her like a lion
Eating her body parts
Like a leopard without fear
You came to me as well
You became a hyena
In a minute you changed to hare
In a second you changed your colors
like chameleon
Pretending yourself
as a kind person
You want to take
my virginity away to give it to devils
and evils
At the end
Grave must swallow it
So what do you think you're doing
We are tired of your bullshits
We need the end of this
Until when innocent tears will be rolling down
Just coz of you
Who are you ?
Are we not like you?
Were we born to get troubled ?
We are tired
We need the end
At least
if you could
Know our mission, visions,
ambitions, maybe you could not
have done this.

Ruth Takondwa is a passionate writer who was born in 2008 in Malawi. She is a Rwandan Refugee living in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. She is the secretary of African Youth Artistic Poetry - AYAP where she trains orphaned children to discover their dreams. She does poetry to express he self and advocating for others. She is a slam poetess and Authoress of Being Refugee Wasn't A Choice Anthology.

MELITA RATKOVIĆ



HELLO BLUE BIRD

In deep space
you are blowing your nest
without shackles and cages in peace
you live, you fly, you dream, you sing.
Infidelity in people scares you,
they don't know that paradise rests in you.
When they see you, they shoot you in the wings.
You are prey for them, they don't know anything else.
And you spread love with a song,
you carry the angel's message with you.
You come early at dawn, sleepy one
you wake up. Even the sky is not the limit,
what can a little blue bird do,
faith is your ally, early dawn
companion. If only people would
had they known, they would never have shot at you.

Melita Ratković, lives in Novi Novi - Serbia. She is literary ambassador of Serbia in Brazil. Lifetime member of the AIAP - Intercontinental Academy of Artists and Poets - Brazil, World Academy of Culture and Literature AMCL - Brazil, Music and Art Literature Academy - Brazil Guimarães Rosa Academy of Letters, Allegro - Brazil.

DR. ANU GIRDHAR



DON'T WAIT UNTIL I AM DEAD

What happens when you die,
At the funeral, loved ones cry,
Speak on love,
For a glimpse of you, they try,
Suddenly everyone cares,
Might not have even recognized,
When you were here.
Why did they wait until you died,
To say what they needed to say,
Why did they wait to love you back and convey.
Don't wait until I am dead,
Life is precise and fragile,
My dear friend!
When I am dead,
Don't play melancholy rhymes,
Don't miss my warmth in cold winter nights,
Don't miss my jokes, my mood swings, my cuddles, my
obsessions, my fights.
Miss me for what I left behind,
Miss me for my hugs, for my love notes,
Miss me in my poems, I used to write.

Dr. Anu Girdhar is MDS in Prosthodontics and Professor in a reputed dental college in Chandigarh. She is the Chairperson of

Women Dental Council as well. She has authored three poetry books "As The life Unfolds" and "Heartstrings" and "Benevolence". She is the recipient of Rabindranath Tagore Lit Prize.

GEORGIANA-LAURA GHEORGHE



THE POET'S TRUE POWER

Hidden deep within him,
Sensitivity allows him
To feel the feelings others ignore,
To see the things that others can't
Because of the fog of indifference,
That's covering the holy garden.
With the aid of the divine inspiration,
The poet's verses enter through the thick mist
Until they reach their intended destination.
With a power beyond compare,
They thaw the icy layer of the cold heart,
Filling it with love and warmth.
Now that the inner lamp is shining,
Men can finally open their eyes
And see things with their heart,
Giving life a new meaning.
Equipped with self-knowledge,
The brave souls are ready to go on
Their journey through life once again,
In pursuit of wisdom
Under the guidance of the poet.

Georgiana-laura Gheorghe is a sensitive soul who considers writing as a way to express her untold feelings and opinions. She's a translator and she published three bilingual poetry books so far. She competed in various national and international creative writing competitions and won many awards.

DR. ARTI KUMARI



URGE

Don't brand me a weaker sex
I have muscles to flex
With my courage and determination
I can reach the apex
I possess the power
that can make my nation proud
Whatever the situation be
I can never be cowed.
I can wrestle again
And erupt like lava
I can perform deadly
And dare produnova.
Not just a home maker
not just in trade
I can transform the whole world
Just give me a break
I can hold up sky
And I'm meant to fly
Let me stand up for my choice
And loudly raise my voice.
I just want a chance
I just want a chance.

Dr Arti Kumari is a bilingual poet writing both in Hindi and English. She has three books of Hindi poems and has edited two books of ghazals. She loves to write about nature, love, social issues and different shades of life. Her poems are being telecast on Doordarshan. She has been honoured with many awards for her contribution to the literature.

HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA



QUEST FOR PEACE

Life revolves around the cult of work that determines the
journey of our struggle

Life ever seeks the rainbow of contentment amid rosy-
thorny hues of scarcity and abundance

Life of profusion or isolation

Life of attachment or detachment

Life of collaboration or personification

Which one renders peace?

Which one showers bliss?

No road is absolute ; nothing is entirely perfect

We are dwelling in a world of relativity

Summer or Winter

Spring or Monsoon

Autumn or Dew

It's the vitality of action that triggers the voyage of
discovering the dove within and without!

Himanshu Bhushan Jena is a published bilingual poet, author, reviewer, critic, editor, researcher and teacher of outstanding global grace. His three anthologies of poems namely Tranquil Rapture (2019), Spring of Serenity and Ripples of Reflection (2020) have been widely acknowledged worldwide. He hails from Raipur under Jajpur district in Odisha, India.

AISWARYA BIJU



I MISS YOU

I miss you...
I miss you when it rains...
I miss you when the sun shines bright
I miss you everytime I pass the seaside
As the raindrops hit me
My mind screams
Flooded with all the memories
Of you and me...
Every writer needs a muse
And my dear other half,
I'd be nowhere as good
Without you.
Our story is complicated
And entirely twisted
But my love,
I'd have it no other way
Than to be loved by you
In this beautiful way...

MANO

He has seen me giggling at 3 am
He has also seen me breaking apart
accepted me everytime
Either with this full or broken heart
He knows how I spend my days
He is aware of every night
Every smile,
Every giggle,
Every look.
A person who sees me inside out
A partner for life,
A partner in crime,
My best friend.

Aiswarya Biju holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature and aspires to become a teacher. She has always communicated her feelings through poems and wishes to publish more of her writings.

KUMA RAJ SUBEDI



EXCUSE ME, SQUEEZE ME!

In her 80s there she stands
In her ragged clothes
Gesturing to say
Here I am; squeeze me
The Sunrays tore her apart
Like her man
In her youth
Making her a useless Nanny Goat
She worked all her life
But earned no money
Her work added up to nothing
Raising her kids
Into a female-cycle deep-gorge, she fell
She gave life
But forgot to live
She breathed
But forgot to inhale
The forgotten statue says, "squeeze me."
Sons and daughters
Her fields and crops
She can count
Sorrows and pains

are unremembered Squeezing her
To her man she said,
“Excuse me, do you want
anything more from me?
I gave you children
I catered to your wanton desires
I gave you my whole life.”
She is almost deaf
She is almost blind
She has wrinkles
She has scars
And finally, her man said,
“I’d rather you keep quiet;
I have a brand-new wife.”

Mr. Kuma Raj Subedi, ESL lecturer, is a bilingual poet and translator from Australia. He is also the recipient of The Best Poet of the Event Award in International Nazrul Poetry Festival-2023, Bangladesh. Hi debut anthology The Colours of Spring is themed around nature, female suffrage, memories, relationship, love, and identity. He is also a member of two poetry reading groups: Friendly Street Poets and Trams End Poets in Adelaide, South Australia.

SHAFKAT AZIZ HAJAM



NOSTALGIA

I remember you when there's spring
I remember you when the birds sing.
I remember you when I hear chattering of a brook
I remember you when at tulips I look.
I remember you when I am alone.
I remember you when I look at the moon.
You came in my life as spring
My heart joyfully began to sing.
I forgot sorrows when you called me in a soothing Voice
And when you laughed, produced ringing sound that
echoed thrice .
You spent little time with me like a tulip flower
Though it shows itself to me yearly, you left for ever. Now
I am alone but often your memories accompany me
Which don't give me a joy but only cause anxiety.
I thought you were my moon in my each dark hour
Since you left me, the darkness from my life doesn't go
away ever.

Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a children's poet and English language teacher from Kashmir, India. He has authored two poetry books titled- The cuckoo's Voice and 'The Canary's Voice. His poems

have been published in various anthologies like Prodigy, Greece based anthology, Wheel Song, UK based anthology, Litlight Pakistan based anthology etc.

MILICA JEFTIMIJEVIC LILIC



OF ABSENCE THE PRESENCE

You are a black Moon that pulls me up
And I, enchanted, am climbing,
You are too present in the absence
We become one through your logos.
I am Lilith, always demanding.
You can come into me only through mind
You know that, and wait for my command.
The door of my innerself are high.
Only by a torch of words you can enter
Into the midst of the lucidity
That agitates my blood,
That embodies the river between us
To wash away our karma
Unseparated in the eternity of a poem,
To hide the midnight sun
That radiates intoxicating, but resisting.
As a black dove, I restlessly
Circle above you, suppress the pain,
Sweetly coo to call you
On the moonlight feast where I will dance
In white, like dervish, my vertiginous dance.
When you turn ready for all,
I will disappear.

***Milica Yefimijević Lilic** (academician of the Slavic Academy in Varna and an honorary Doctor of Literature of the European Institute for Roma Studies) poet, essayist and critic, promoter of world literature, has published 30 books.*

MANJULA ASTHANA MAHANTI



POSSESSIONS

Instead of seeking respect
In such a vast and versatile society
Instead of expecting affection
Instead of getting pulled by the
Care and warmth of near-dear ones
What, if you become Love yourself ii
Not for a moment, or a day, or a month
But forever...
The whole world is in need of
This soft, gentle emotion
What you are searching for, outside
Is your's already..
It's very much inside you.
You are wealthy, not because of,
Materials, and the priceless possessions
But, because of the bright flame of love
You possess, share with the world.
Let a new Sunrise bring new way
That is bright, alluring, joyful presence in life
It will bring solace, contentment
Smiles and peace

Just allow love to flow
Like a mountain stream...

Manjula Asthana Mahanti is a well-known, award winning author, editor, translator, has published nine books, participants in many anthologies. She is Gujarat Sahitya Academy Samman recipient and also Icons of Asia award winner.

DEVI NANDANA R



THE SETTING SUN

Ceaseless waves caressed my feet
My heart skipped a melancholic beat
I fixed my eyes on the horizon,
'nd watched the dreams float heavily afar.
The setting sun stood splendid
in all of Apollo's glory...
His beams guided the lost
even as they seemed to cease.
I longed for an ending
as astounding and still
as the setting sun...
Without chaos or disputes,
Leaving when the time is near.
Giver of life,
the ending of light...
Endings are hard
But beginnings arise.
The ebbing light was right,
the word was loud...
For even when the rays fade,
they promise a new dawn.

***Devi Nandana** is a burgeoning poet and aesthete hailing from Kerala, India who juggles her ardent love for poetry with her MBA pursuits. Her verses carry a blend of literary finesse and soulful resonance.*

KALIPADA GHOSH



MORE POETRY LESS WAR

War is the worst thing
and Poetry is the delicate
and nobler theme.

War should be banned from the world
War and Peace are antagonistic and antithetic to each other
War brings destruction of human civilization
Demolition and bloodshed
And killing of thousands and thousands of human lives and
destruction of national wealth and prosperity.

And threatening of sovereignty of a nation.
Peace brings love and happiness
Peace of mind, mental health.

A perfect life and human dignity
Peace , love and solidarity.
War snatches away the smiles of children
Love, mercy and compassion of Women
Heart and Soul crying and parching
Love and rose are withered away.
The smile of children dries up slowly.

A maddening war cry
And deafening Sirens
Buzzing sounds of war crafts and bombs

A total devastation of prosperity
And human resources
Bloodshed, death and killing.
War crafts and Nuclear weapons demolishing
human civilization
A total massacre and infirmity
Of a few generations.
Death ,Killings , bloodshed and greed.
Destruction and only destruction.
More Poetry and love and less War
Horrors of War
Stop War and hug peace for the survival of the humanity.

***Kalipada Ghosh**, a bi-lingual poet, critic, essayist, translator, humanist, orator and educationist has authored 11 Books of Poems in English and Bengali dedicated to Nature, Man, love, world peace, humanity and social issues. A member of the Asiatic society, Kolkata, he is associated with International Academy of Ethics.*

MANUELA CECCHETTI



LA FIAMMA DELLA SERA

E nell'involucro dei sogni
rinchiudo il crepitio ostinato
d'astri e maree,
nel dubbio della morte
mi abbraccia dolce il fuoco
di luna casereccia. L'amore alla mia terra mi colma di
silenzi,
nulla può spegnere nel nulla la fiamma della sera.

THE EVENING FLAME

And in the envelope of dreams
I enclose the obstinate crackling
of stars and tides,
in the doubt of death
sweetly embraces me the fire
of homely moon.
Love to my land
fills me with silences,
nothing can extinguish in nothingness
the evening flame.

Manuela Cecchetti, author of “LA TERRA... UN PIANETA DA AMARE [2019], her first poetry collection was “LAMPPI BAGLIORI DIAMANTI. Meteore d'Eterno”, (Ensemble), [2022] which was followed in 2023 by the new syllogue 'CREPUSCOLI D'AURORA' (Bertoni). Many of her poems have been published on Italian and foreign websites, anthologies and magazines (L'Altrove - Appunti di poesia; Ellin Setae; Limina Mundi; ANIME CON VISTA; Poesia Ultracontemporanea; Souffle Inédit; Antologia virtuale Transiti Poetici etc.).

VIJAYA LAKSHMI POTU



THANK YOU THANK YOU

How weird the human nature!!

For not taking a turn of head and thanking with a smile, For
a helpful gesture big or small,

For helping the errand going by passers with a route right,
For offering the timely needed few bucks of change for a
timely transport,

For pulling the busy mobile indulged teenager from a fast
pacing deathly motor vehicle,

For awakening a close-eyed devotee to look at her fire-lit
saree with an alarming shout loud,

For sharing loads of baggage of a lonely rail traveler,

For adding words simple to comfort highly a burning heart,

For all the services paid and more for the unpaid,

For every second of the invaluable TIME one gives.

Just a small bow, a simple smile, a twinkle in the eye,

Or a single word, 'Thank you' with a grateful heart is all
you need.

“Gratitude is a way of life “I strongly felt.

But some inner voice strongly creeped up.

It pricked and pricked and pricked

Until I thought and re thought about myself.

Haven't I thanked all those who helped me, served me,
informed me, comforted me and
taught me?
Haven't I haven't I??
I thought and thought; day and night.
Until the naked TRUTH dawned upon me
I thanked all the benefactors human but forgot the
benefactor DIVINE
Who brought me to this planet, gave me the beautiful world
I live in,
With the Sun and the moon and the lovely twinkling stars
And the myriad hued flora and awesome fauna,
And everything, in fact, every... thing.
Let me thank the Supreme benefactor always and in all
ways
This simple word 'thank you' may not suffice yet still thank
you, thank you.

Vijaya Lakshmi Potu is a promising bilingual writer in English and Telugu. She has many poems and a few short stories published to her credit. She has received 2 awards in the field of Research and Development in English Literature.

ANUPAMA KAUSHAL



AROMATIC ARCS

Arching aromatic arcs of prime
From the deep delving ravines
Holidaying from thundering vibes
Of constant wriggling jibes
Cajoling a ticking needle delay
Maneuvering sliding spaces off lay Surfacing
the caverned depth of mind Unknown
unrealized its unaccustomed kind Natural
spice flowing high
Upto moistened wavy sky
Circling around spheres mystic
Creating an aura exotic
Of the dawning twilight
Curvatures clasping sight
Revolving masses to uphold
Working novelty in every fold
A silhouette carves the advent
Of soul's farms in crescent.

Anupama Kaushal is a lecturer in English in Rajasthan. Her areas of interest are mainly feminism and post-modernism along with inspirational note. Her poems have been published in various prestigious journals and anthologies.

BINOD DAWADI



IN THE WORLD OF ARTS

I forgot this world,
As well as engage in the world, of arts,
I start to write and paint,
I start to create creative things,
My heart, soul and mind, Loves my works so much,
My life spends in these, For forever,
I should not earn and fulfill,
My duties and responsibilities,
Like as others,
I am very much happier in my world,
I think that God is giving me,
Some powers and energies,
To enjoy for forever in the,
World of literature and art,
I give my thanks to my Gods,
If I am not enlighten and not given,
Knowledge I couldn't become,
The artist today,
Now I live for arts,
As well as die for arts,
I will create history from arts,
And for that I am working day and night.

***Binod Dawadi**, the author of *The Power of Words*, is a master's degree holder in Major English. He has worked on more than 1000 anthologies published in various renowned magazines.*

MISHIKA KAPOOR



STORY CONTINUES

You were the chapter
I never wanted to stop reading
You gave me magic
You gave me bliss, hope
Of happiness in life
But you had to end
But I did not know so soon.
I hope you were a bit long,
Unlike my syllabus chapters
I could read you a little more
A Little longer
But you had to end
What about the smiles we exchanged
How'd you forget?
My admiration to each and every word of yours
The butterflies your lines gave me?
But you had to end, So soon
I miss those nights
I would read you for hours
I memorized each word of you
Unlike my syllabus chapters
But you ended

There is pain
There is sorrow
But I will read the next chapter
For the story continues
But someday later
I would open this book for you
Only you and read you again
Million times to be with you
For the longingness of you
The emptiness after you
And so I will read you again
Again and again.

Mishika is an exuberant and candid teenager. She has a keen interest in English especially in Literature. She has been writing poems from the age of four. Many of her poems have been published in various national and international journals and anthologies.

SUCHISMITA GHOSHAL



BEAUTY

Beauty was never about
how many hearts swung
with one of my glimpses
or how many compliments
reached my door to honey-wrap me,
but it was always about
reaching to the breadcrumbs
of my heart and make a brave delicacy
with all the leftovers
and cherish it while my cuisines
are elevated with timeless flavours
and served in my life's dining room.

Author and bilingual internationally published poetess Suchismita Ghoshal hails from West Bengal, India. She has been widely published in different online magazines, newspapers, anthologies, international literature conclaves, radio platforms, research journals and other mediums in several countries.

BIPASHA MAJUMDER (DE)



HAIKU

1

war still on . . .
forget-me-nots fall
one by one

2

a moonbow glint . . .
the war orphan sheltered
in an orphanage

3

festive sky
with pied kites . . .
the beggar's downcast eyes

4

left leg fracture . . .
half moon days
I spend now

5

my baby's first cry . . .
I can hear the whistle of
a morning train

6

Christmas dawn . . .
my dear unwraps
the seventh heaven

Bipasha Majumder (De) is Assistant Professor, Department of English, Debra TSKS Mahavidyalaya, India. Her poems have been featured in many reputed national and international journals. Her debut work on haiku entitled Teleidoscope: An Anthology of 60 Haiku was published in 2022.

INGRID H. TURNER



“ROSES”

I never paid attention to the folds in roses until I bought these for you.

Yes, they're cherry red, and they remind me of certain parts of you...the folds...your folds.

Even though we're standing here under that deep blue sky -

the sun's a fire in your eyes

and a world of ocean stretching beyond even us, but

I'm thinking of folds

of roses -

of your rose.

I love you

and these roses -

I bought them as a red expression of love

but they've become more than that -

intimate, like

your folds

folding over me and

folding me in to you.

Ingrid H. Turner is a poet, spiritual mentor and full-time traveler. She is the author of three books, “Locked in Love”, “Words. Love” and “Bitch: A Reclamation”, available at major retailers worldwide.

PRIYATOSH DAS



I LOVE TO SEE BLOOMING FLOWERS...

I love to see blossoming flowers...
Spreading fragrance far and wide,
Bewitches passionate passer-by.
I love to see blooming flowers
Filled with sanctity and love.
I love to see the heavenly Sun
Full of refulgence of light
Which permeates my heart with the aroma of love and
delight,
And helps me to go ahead
Traversing the prickly path of life.
I love to see the human heart
Enough big and bright-
Spreading the fragrance of humanity and love.
I wish a resplendent life
Of all -
A habitable place in the lap of the mother earth...
Beset with unearthly peace, beauty and bliss
Where I can breathe till my last
With heart's fullest contentment.

Priyatosh Das is a talented Indian poet. His poetry carries a spark for the unknown.

RAFIK ROMDHANI



UNREAD EPISTLE

Tightened grip on unseen shards.
Pinions held captive for so long.
Dream digests an ensnared nightmare
in a place where it should never be.
The beast from the dark
looking East for no purpose.
The door of death invisible, creaks.
A child holds before his own unknown
a cup of milk so cold.
"Mum, say something please,"
his hand perching like a quail
on her ice-cold chest.
"I will join you up there, mum
Maybe tonight or tomorrow" he cries.
Eyes to the sky like two pearls
pretty certain of their destination.
Animarium on the red mirror of dawn.
Every day a new episode of gruesome
scenes comes out to the world.
A black mule struck dead as well
for just being there near death's door.

Tightened grip on unseen shards.
The sun, still an unread epistle
being tossed above our heads
as we look like buffoons at our own feet.

***Rafik Romdhani** known as RR is a Tunisian poet. He studied English language and literature in the Faculty of Arts, University of Kairouan and graduated in 2006. Dance of the Metaphors was Rafik Romdhani's debut collection. His other collections include The Crash of Verses, Rough Roads, and Vapour of the Mind.*

DR. R. KARTHIKA DEVI



THE SCARS OF WAR

The scars of the war scare the hearts
The eyes which have carried dreams are filled with fear
The cheeks have become the cascades of tears
The sky has turned red
The clouds are buried under the soil
Thorns are sprouting above the earth
The sun has lost its light
The whole world has become dark but with heat
Why? There are datura on the mango trees!
The oleanders bloom on the jasmine branches!
Life has changed upside down...
The flame shines downward
And water runs upward...
Whose God will take incarnation to bring back the blue of
the sky?
Whose prophet would come to restore the dreams and the
sleep of the eyes?
Man fights in the name of God
But, who has seen God?
Who has given names to God?
My God is the God shown by my mother
His name is the name mentioned by mother

My belief in God is my faith in my mother
Mothers won't allow children to fight:
They expect the children to save, protect and love like
Gods
Mothers have the powers to bring back the light of the sun
Sons should be taught that God has different names and
various forms
Then, flowers would bloom fresh and clouds would swim
in the sky
As usual flame would brighten upwards and water would
run downwards...

Dr. R. Karthika Devi is Assistant Professor of English in M.V. Muthiah Government Arts College for Women Dindigul, Tamil Nadu, India. She regularly publishes research papers in journals and edited volumes. She is a recognized Ph.D. guide in Mother Teresa Women's University, Kodaikanal.

SREEDHARAN PAROKODE



TOYS BEHIND THE SHOP

The toys behind the shop
smiles at the persons
passing through!
They seem to be beckoning the customers
With the emotions borne in.
Dresses for different ages say
nothing about their fascination but
Keeping quiet as
They are in the glass cage!
Carry bags have calculations of
their spending method.
The puppets do not have much
cunning ness to attract the passerby!
Counter for cash dealings,
almost free during some seasons!
Partners come and share views on service to be rendered!
Though the toys stand still,
they appear to be moving
When the shutter is down.

Sreedharan Parokode is a bilingual poet and lyricist from Kerala State, India. He writes short stories and songs for

professional dramas. His staged dramas are ' Kannadi' and ' Griha pravesham'.

He has 30 solo books of poems to his credit. He has written songs for animation film. Sreedharan has recited his poems in different parts of Serbia in 2007, Taiwan in 2015, and in China in 2018. He received Sahitya Shree Award, Sahitya Shiromani Award and Shan E Adab awards.

AYUB KHAWAR



THE DAYS ARE DRY

The days are dry
As dry as my thorn-pricked throat,
Whirlwinds are the chains of their feet,
They bear the termite eaten blanket
Of yellow dingy sunlight,
Like prisoners bearing shackles
Over the raised feeble shoulder-bones,
The days are drab,
The days are dry and very annoyed too
They stand bare-footed,
Bare-headed like me,
Tattered dress,
Soil-pertained,
Ragged like palms of hands and soles of feet
These days are like cracked bones of my chest.
In the network of veins of these days,
There runs the thirst of deserts,
Instead of greens,
Sand drifts on their lips,
If you peek in their ruined eyes,
You will see the pigeons of illusions,
Wing-curtailed blind pigeons,

Imprisoned into their own flutter.
O! My beloved,
These days, like mine,
In their hollow chests the suns are embedded
In such a way as they will have,
In their destiny.
No evening,
Nor any wall of the night of fusion,
In the shade of which,
Having blue moons of vows in their hands,
They could lean
But for whom,
Think awhile!
Their glow is futile for a person with torn dress,
And soil-pertained like me!

Ayub Khawar is a multi-dimensional literary persona from Pakistan, a poet, dramatist, lyricist, T.V drama and film producer and director. He is the author of several books, his major work- Symphony and Other Poems got worldwide fame. He writes on social and political issue including peace. He is recipient of several national and international awards.

SALVADOR CAP BIC



INTO THE BADLANDS

Grown up in the barracks
Cold heart like an ice
Strange thoughts intruding my mind
No hope that a sun will rise
Under the sullen singing ballads
Under a baron taking orders and worship him as god
Destiny won't end until a man goes down
And a day is as old as a sun
Never will it end unless a man dies
As it is said
The weak are preys to the strong
In the badlands
There's no wishing to be strong
The system is real
No retreat nor surrender until a life is taken
Kingdom under another kingdom and above another
kingdom thirsty enough to defeat other kingdoms
Freedoms are taken
Homes are taken
In the end we became hostages waiting to become clippers
and colts under a baron who believes he gave us life

Good men turning into beasts used by him to torture the
rivals

Even if you quit and stop

But all the slaughtered souls will still hunt you down,
ringing in your mind like an alarm leading

to depressions, regretful and suicide

No peace will come by killing a man

Salvador Cap Bic's journey of poetry started in 2016. Apart from writing poems, he is also a short story writer and has written a book entitled AS I AM TOUCHING THE MOON. He lives in USA.

DR SUDIPTA MISHRA



THE POWER OF ETHICS

Let's embrace professional devotion
Don't kill the spirit of honesty
May we tread on with dignity
Ethics is the weapon to move on
We need to wear a set of values
Principles are there to survive with empathy
Oh, humans wake up with conscience
Don't choose war instead of peace!
Life is full of principles
But we fail to hold the core rules
By deriving joy from unethical entities
We alter into criminals
In all professions, we've our duties
Remember them sans any frailty
Doing duties well opens doors for ethical paragons!
Let's be good humans...

Dr Sudipta Mishra is a versatile artist who has excelled in dance, art and culture with an international repute. Currently she is pursuing a doctoral degree in English at CVU.

ALITA MARIAM VARGHESE



THE VOICE OF AMAZON

Hey men! do you understand me?
Now, I have scars on my face
Once, I had immense space to sit,
I cover almost eight
South American countries,
Almost every species that approach
I would love to lay them on my
Chest and I hug them with warmth
Of my hands,
I protect them like a Mother.
I can provide you with an
Immense Amount of Oxygen,
I have created a shelter for multifarious
Birds, Animals, and other species,
I have a different Medicinal plant,
I can maintain the water Cycle,
Provide food, and support to people
With My Resources.
Many people are attracted to my beauty
And they would like to Visit me.
In the Morning

The Melodious sounds of Birds could
Evoke a sense of joy in you.
At Noon you don't feel tired because
You are protected by my dense trees.
At Night those branches of my trees
Would cover you like a blanket.

Now I need your help man, I need
Your help, I am starving for your help
Burning down inch by inch every day.
I can hear the melancholic cry of my children.
My chest is now burning out
My children are tired and some of them
Just surrendered to their last breath
Now I have no pure air to breathe
See the dark inside the corner of my
Scorched heart.
I am Burning. It will burn me,
My children are crying loudly.

Stop this nonsense!
Why do you do this cruelty to me?
It is you who did it.
Please, give me my children back,
Take away the scars of burn marks out of my chest.
I am still on fire. I want to come out of it.
Please save me.
The birds who woke me up are no more,
Cuddling of the Animals is no more,
The sound of water is no more.
I am thirsty. I need water.
Stop this cruelty!
Towards me and help me if you can.

Stop the nonsense acts.

It is time to save me and many like me.

Ms. Alita Mariam Varghese is a BSc Psychology student pursuing her final year degree course in Kristu Jyoti College of Management and Technology. She is endowed with the traits of simple demeanour, multifaceted skill sets, ample creative prowess and aesthetic sensibility in a substantive measure all the way. She is a literary person of sum and substance indeed.

DR SUMAN KESWANI



ANGEL DIARIES

One cold day God decided to view
The world, his proud possession.
But all he could spot was
An insensitive bunch of men
Immersed in their own pursuits
Oblivious of the agonies around !

Angels arrived on Earth
As instructed
And started inspecting thoroughly.
They were shocked to see
Numb men zooming past accident sites like zombies!
Unconcerned and apathetic!

The Angels trodded into cities
Shocked to see misery all around
In the form of pain, penury, pollution.
God had created men all equal
But here they saw higher men and lesser men
With distinct boundaries !

The Angels wandered past lanes And failed to understand
How the same winters were faced
With different clothing for different men.
Some dressed up in rich furs
Some trying to sleep without a blanket!

The Angels were shocked to witness
The huge gap between rich and poor.
They sighed, the world was going astray
And some divine intervention was needed
So that Man regained his senses!

They jotted down in their pads,
Only calamities could control Man's haughtiness!

Dr Suman Keswani is Asst Professor English at DRB Sindhu Mahavidyalaya Nagpur, Maharashtra. She is BDS (Dental Surgeon), M.A English NET and PhD in English. She joined teaching 8 years back. She is a dentist by fate, teacher by profession and a poet by heart. She has written about 200 poems till now and has also published two books of poems named Reflections and Merge with the Muse. She is an Associate Member of International Academy of Ethics. She is also a freelancer and has written about 30 articles for the Vidarbha Plus page of The Times of India. She has to her credit 25 research papers in reputed national and international journals. She has recited her poems in various international and national poets' conferences.

DR SUSHMINDAR JEET KAUR



THE SEASHORE BECKONS

Sometimes I sense
As if I am standing upon the seashore
And observing the alluring waves, rising and receding,
And sometimes I feel as if these waves are inviting me,
Tempting, summoning and refreshing me,
Loudly calling me by my name,
But I cannot move and have become dead.
Traumatized and disoriented as if they have been
anaesthetised.

Yes, many times,
It felt as if I had been jammed and the sway of the waves
was making me wet,
Pouring and bouncing its showers upon me,
As if to wake me up from my slumber
But am unable to move and escape.

I try my best to read between the lines.
From sunrise to sunset,
From dawn to dusk,
But nothing emerges.

No waves are coming
And touching my limbs,
Even these remain far from me, alien to me,
As if not allowed to go the undistinguished;
Keeping a distance
And providing no solace,
No rest and peace,
No cool and calm life and shade.

Even the sunset mystifies me,
Deludes and swindles,
When I observe the outline of the clouds in the firmament
Which is bowing to take in its embrace
All the earthly beings
And taking these to the horizon
To be merged in itself.
And become unified.

The orange luminosity of this sun,
When fall upon the waves
And mixed with these,
Transform these too in the pretty orangish tone;
Still, life remains uncertain and indeterminate.

A desire arises to travel and be transported to the home
But through the sea waves,
By being absorbed in these
And becoming cool and calm
Tranquil and unruffled.

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