

The Enchanting Verses International Journal of Poetry
(ISSN- 0974-3057)





**The
Enchanting
Verses
International
ISSUE-XI**

Published by The Enchanting Verses International.

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International Standard Serial Number (ISSN): - 0974-3057

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Cover Art:- Andrzej Filipowicz.

Background image:- Isaac Watts-Wiki Commons.

ISSUE-XI DEDICATED TO ISAAC WATTS



Isaac Watts (17 July 1674 – 25 November 1748)

Born in Southampton, Watts was brought up in the home of a committed Nonconformist — his father, also Isaac Watts, had been incarcerated twice for his controversial views. At King Edward VI School (where one of the houses is now named "Watts" in his honour), he learned Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

He displayed a propensity for rhyme at home, driving his parents to the point of distraction on many occasions with his verse. Once, he had to explain how he came to have his eyes open during prayers.

"A little mouse for want of stairs
ran up a rope to say its prayers."

Receiving corporal punishment for this, he cried

"O father, do some pity take

And I will no more verses make."

Watts, unable to go to either Oxford or Cambridge due to his Non-conformity, went to the Dissenting Academy at Stoke Newington in 1690, and much of his life centred around that village, then a rural idyll but now part of Inner London.

His education led him to the pastorate of a large Independent Chapel in London, and he also found himself in the position of helping trainee preachers, despite poor health. Taking work as a private tutor, he lived with the non-conformist Hartopp family at Fleetwood House, Abney Park in Stoke Newington, and later in the household of Sir Thomas Abney and Lady Mary Abney at Theobalds, Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, and at their second residence, Abney House, Stoke Newington. Though a non-conformist, Sir Thomas practised occasional conformity to the Church of England as necessitated by his being Lord Mayor of London 1700–01. Likewise, Isaac Watts held religious opinions that were more non-denominational or ecumenical than was at that time common for a non-conformist, having a greater interest

in promoting education and scholarship, than preaching for any particular ministry.

On the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Watts moved permanently with his widow and her remaining daughter to Abney House, a property that Mary had inherited from her brother, along with title to the Manor itself. The beautiful grounds at Abney Park, which became Watts' permanent home from 1736 to 1748, led down to an island heronry in the Hackney Brook where he sought inspiration for the many books and hymns he wrote. He is likely to have attended the nearby Newington Green Unitarian Church, as "in later life was known to have adopted decidedly Unitarian opinions".

He died in Stoke Newington and was buried in Bunhill Fields, having left behind him a massive legacy, not only of hymns, but also of treatises, educational works, essays and the like. His work was influential amongst independents and early religious revivalists in his circle, amongst whom was Philip Doddridge, who dedicated his best known work to Watts. On his death, Isaac Watts' papers were given to Yale University, an institution with which he was connected due to its being founded predominantly by fellow Independents (Congregationalists).

Enchanting Poet award

Dr. Ram Krishna Singh

Brought up and educated in Varanasi, India Ram Krishna Singh is a university professor teaching English language skills to students of earth and mineral sciences. He has authored over 150 research articles and 160 book reviews in journals in all over the world.

He has been writing poems in English for over three decades now and has been widely anthologized and published in various journals and ezines.

A book on his poetry, NEW INDIAN ENGLISH POETRY: AN ALTERNATIVE VOICE: R.K.SINGH (ed: I.K.Sharma) appeared in 2004.

His book, VOICES OF THE PRESENT (2006) is a collection of critical essays on some Indian English poets, while THE RIVER RETURNS (2006) is a collection of his Tanka and Haiku. SEXLESS SOLITUDE AND OTHER POEMS (2009) is his newest poetry collection. .

At present he is the Professor & Head, Dept of Humanities & Social Sciences, Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad-826004 India

EMPTY SHELLS

*Walking along the beach
they collect empty shells
that fascinate senses
in the salty air*

*feel the life now no more
but argue about the sex
of a conch ignoring
the fishermen's song*

by R.K.SINGH

Editor's Choice:-

Weatherman

By Michael H. Brownstein

When the rains did not come,
the elders dug up the bones of the one they called rainmaker
and went to the river 'wgere' the water flowed over them.
And the rains came.

There is much strength in bones
as their is much weight in muscle.

How else could he clench millet in his fist,
how else could he hold milk in the palm of his hand?
They say grain springs bright from his grave,
they say the harvest is enough for all of the people.

Michael H. Brownstein has been widely published throughout the small and literary presses. His work has appeared in The Café Review, American Letters and Commentary, Skidrow Penthouse, Xavier Review, Hotel Amerika, After Hours, Free Lunch, Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry, The Pacific Review and others. In addition, he has eight poetry chapbooks including The Shooting Gallery (Samidat Press, 1987), Poems from the Body Bag (Ommation Press, 1988), A Period of Trees (Snark Press, 2004) and What Stone Is (Fractal Edge Press, 2005).

Brownstein taught elementary school in Chicago's inner city (he is now retired), but he continues to study authentic African instruments with his students, conducts grant-writing workshops for educators and the State of Illinois Title 1 Convention, and records performance and music pieces with grants from the City of Chicago's Department of Cultural Affairs, the Oppenheimer Foundation, BP Leadership Grants, and others.

When Lotuses Bloom....

By Nayanathara

Yesterday, I had relinquished my desire to live;

Reminiscing with futility those beautiful days

When we dreamt of a future under the stars.

But after you came back once again into my life

A flicker of hope has lit up my heart.

Yet, somewhere in the far horizons,

Dark clouds still loom,

And wild storms lash at the tall coconut palms.

But untouched by pain, anger

Or wretchedness caused by a bitter past

Or creeping anxiety about an uncertain future,

Beautiful lotuses bloom in plenty

In the crystal blue waters of the placid lake.

BUTTERFLY

By Ramesh Anand

My romance with efflorescences in an arboretum,

Is the most picturesque moment in ultimatum.

I can decorate your garden in style, Provided, you keep the flora in pride.

Elated to dabble with a child, As long as, both of us get stirred.

I can pose in variety of striking colours, Competing positively with seasonal flavours.

I am the world's most aesthetic insect, With my graphics globally perfect.

ON AN ISLAND

By Hyderi Amatur Rahman

*I wish I were stranded on a beautiful island;
And left to myself to enjoy the ocean by the sand.
What an exquisite pleasure it would be, being away from man;
And enjoying the beauty of nature, as far as I can.
The pleasant nature would bring peace to my soul and mind;
In its soothing silence, valuable treasures I would find.
I would get immense amount of time to admire its elegance;
And feel the beauty of its forms, in everyone's absence.
Early in the morning, I would enjoy the radiant dawn;
And see how slowly and steadily the glowing sun would yawn.
How splendid it would be, to notice each falling ray of light;
Bring every leaf out of darkness and make it appear bright.
How lovely each drop of dew would seem against sunlight;
As if there were innumerable gorgeous pearls in my sight.
I would be enamoured by the swaying of all flowers and trees;
And listen in all silence, to the lovely gentle breeze.
A stunning song would be made by the chirping birds and humming bees;*



*Which would calm things like never before and would be a masterpiece.
When the silent waves would crash across the picturesque rocky shores;
It would seem as if they are conveying something to me and I would want more.
And when across the horizon, I would see the ravishing sunset;
I would realize how throughout the day, gaiety and mirth I had met.
Finally, when I would lie wondering under the shining moonlight;
I would praise the beauty of nature and His abundant might.*

Poems concerning society by Dr. Ratan Bhattacharjee

Kolkata on Fire

The wild flames of fire
Has engulfed us all
Bricks, mortars, stones
All things from the roof did fall.
All were confused,
All ran helter skelter
All wanted a hand of help
All wanted a safe shelter.
Fire was here and fire was there
Fire was far and fire was near
The wall of flame went restless
People roared below
And fire was tame-less.
Its long tongue
Destroyed all
Fire spread like a cannon ball.
I heard some saying
Fire will never tire
I heard some saying
The world will end in fire.

Haiti : Under the Bricks Buried Alive

I was lying under the heap of bricks
One two, ten, fifty, hundred, thousands...
I could not cry any more
They all fell upon me one by one
all at a time, I dont know how they exactly fell
upon me
I saw the whole building becoming bricks
The debris rushed upon me
To bury me alive
I was dead, I was sure I was dead.
I never died earlier, so I did not know if I was
dead.
Bricks fell on me one after one, all at a time
I bled profusely, my senses got benumbed
One of my eyes got blind
One of my arms bruised awfully,
I heard no human sound
But I longed to hear such a sound
Human voice could be so sweet to hear
I heard a man calling a man
'O, come here, a man is still breathing'
I lost my sense and heard no more.....

Mugging the Queen's English

By Mohsin Maqbool Elahi

Former South African president Nelson Mandela once asserted that if one speaks to a person in a language s/he understands s/he appeals to that person's mind, but if one speaks in that person's language one appeals to the person's heart. The everyday speech of the people or rather vernaculars are commonly used in English all over the world, be it prose or poetry.

African American Vernacular English (AAVE) — also called African American English — is an African American variety (dialect, ethnolect and sociolect) of American English. Non-linguists sometimes call it Ebonics or jive or jive-talk.

The earliest depictions of black speech came from works written in the eighteenth-century, primarily from white authors. The first novel written entirely in AAVE was June Jordan's *His Own Where* (1971), though Alice Walker's epistolary novel *The Color Purple* (1982) is a much more widely known work written entirely in AAVE. Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun* (1959) also depicts near exclusive use of AAVE.

Some other notable works that have incorporated representations of black speech include:

Edgar Allan Poe: "**The Gold Bug**" (1843), Herman Melville: ***Moby Dick*** (1851), Harriet Beecher Stowe: ***Uncle Tom's Cabin*** (1851–1852), Joel Chandler Harris: ***Uncle Remus*** (1880), Mark Twain: ***Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*** (1885), Thomas Nelson Page: ***In Ole Virginia*** (1887), Thomas Dixon: ***The Clansman*** (1905) and Margaret Mitchell: ***Gone With the Wind*** (1936). The lingo of black slaves who worked in tobacco, cotton, sugar and coffee

plantations in South America in the 18th and 19th centuries was well utilised by most of these authors.

Several African-American poets and authors like Langston Hughes, Maya Angelo and Toni Morrison have used the language of the street to grapple with and articulate the present reality for the man and woman in the streets of the ghetto and to explore the future. They dug deep into the vast well of vernaculars of Harlem (New York), Detroit, Salem and New Orleans and the many variants of township slang.

There is irony, sarcasm, and, of course, the usage of everyday black speech in Mr Hughes short poem

'Children's Rhymes':

By what sends

the white kids

I ain't sent:

I know I can't

be President.

What don't bug

them white kids

sure bugs me:

We know everybody

ain't free.

Lies written down

for white folks

ain't for us a-tall:

Liberty And Justice--

Huh!--For All?

In the second stanza of '**Po' Boy Blues**', Mr Hughes uses a double negative the way African Americans were wont to use, and many still use:

I was a good boy,
Never done no wrong.
Yes, I was a good boy,
Never done no wrong,
But this world is weary
An' de road is hard an' long.

Then there is the exploding galaxy of West Indian troubadours who have never felt shy of using Jamaican/Caribbean Creole in their poetry. It is also known as Pidgin English. In fact, Pidgin English is spoken and written in many countries of the world, including Hawaii.

Louise Bennett is a legendary performer and pioneer of Jamaican Creole in poetry. The following is one of her most quoted stanzas:

Yuh mean yuh goh dah 'Merica
An spen six whole mont' deh,
An come back not a piece betta
Dan how yuh did goh wey?

Another of her popular poems is '**Back to Africa**' which begins:

Back to Africa, Miss Mattie?

You no know wha you dah seh?

You haf fe come from somewhe fus

Before you go back deh!

The Guyana-born John Agard is an outstanding luminary of West Indian-British troubadours. The poet, performer and story teller can be hilarious at one moment and moving at another. In his Introduction to ***Mangoes and Bullets*** (1985), Mr Agard says, "The whole emergence of the art in oral poetry has caused black poets to come up with words of their own making."

Agard's well-known poem '**Half-caste**' is an imaginative, wry and darkly comic take on racial divisions and misconceptions. In it the narrator questions, 'Explain yusef/wha yu mean/when yu say half-caste/yu mean when picasso/mix red an green/is a half-caste canvas?'

In their blend of puckish wit, social observation and playful humour, these poems often revel in disrupting the establishment and accepted opinion; running the stylistic gamut from freewheeling, grammarless performance pieces to traditional metered and rhymed forms, as well as mixing 'straight' English with the Caribbean Creole of Agard's own

cultural background.

Mr Agard's poem '**Limbo Dancer's Mantra**' from ***Limbo Dancer in Dark Glasses*** (1983) is a poem worth reading many times. It is crisp, concise and full of zest. In fact, you actually want to do the limbo while going through it.

Limb/Bow

pronounce dem

two syllable

real slow



you hear me

real slow

Limb/Bow

savour dem

two syllable

till glow

spread from head

to tip of toe

Limb/Bow

contemplate dem

two syllable

in vertigo

of drum tempo

Limb/Bow

meditate on dem

two syllable

calm as zero

vibrate to sound

let mind go

and forget the stick

I tell you
don't think about the stick
that will take care of itself

The poet from Guyana is at his riotous best in 'Listen Mr Oxford Don' from ***Mangoes and Bullets***. He hacks the English language into bits and pieces in the third and fourth stanzas without using any weapons:

I ent have no gun
I ent have no knife
but mugging the Queen's english
is the story of my life

I dont need no axe
to split / up yu syntax
I dont need no hammer
to mash up yu grammar

Rastafarian English (or Iyeric) is an English dialect primarily spoken by Jamaican Rastafarians. It is much easier to learn than Jamaican Creole because instead of being a whole different dialect, it is mainly a set of vocabulary that reflects Rasta beliefs by eliminating negative words (such as death and hate and ugly) and replacing them with positive ones (like live and love and beautiful).

Thus, words which were coined at one time, accidentally or purposefully, found their way into common parlance to enrich the English language once and for all.

A collaborative work on George Markham Tweddell

by Trev Teasdel and Paul Markham Tweddell

George Markham Tweddell was 19thc English poet, author, printer, publisher, people's historian, Chartist and much more, writing and printing in the small North Yorkshire town of Stokesley. At the age of 19, as a printing apprentice, he created one of the earliest radical and literary newspapers in the area, supporting the campaign for the abolition of slavery and the anti corn Law issue and much. He often wrote poetry under the pen of Peter Proletarius. He was sacked from his job because the conservative landowners didn't like his radical stance and tried to shut down his newspaper. The young man managed to find support to buy his own press and the paper came out on time much to their disdain. Their response was to set up their own rival conservative newspaper.

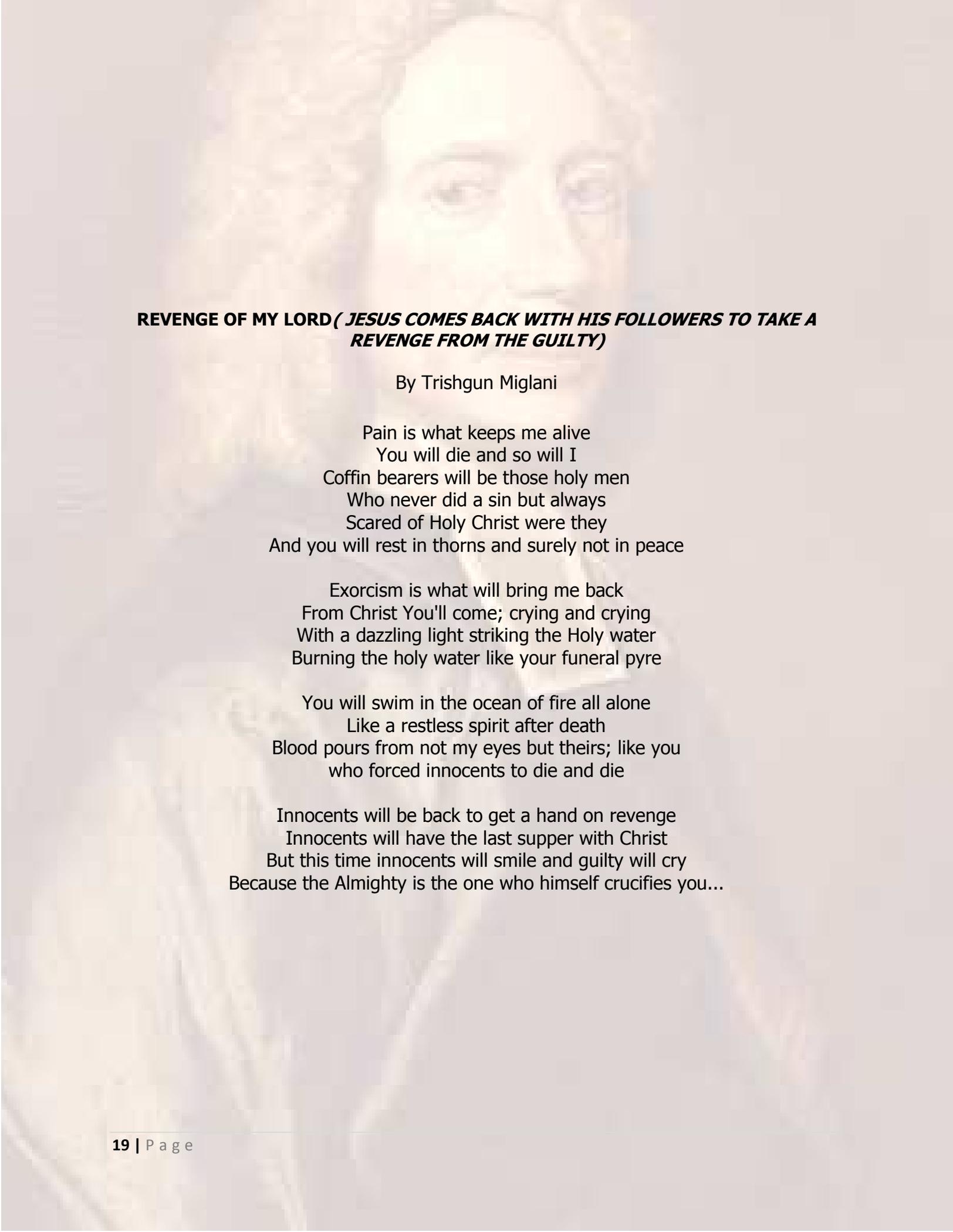
Tweddell went on to champion many a cause and supported and published many poets in the area and in Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham, preserved some of the work and memory of many poets and authors of the area, some of whom had passed on long ago. It is solely due to Tweddell that we now have a record of many of these writers whose existence would otherwise not have been remembered. It was therefore a great for me and Paul Tweddell to collect together the many published and unpublished poems of George Markham Tweddell and publish them over a hundred years after his death, just as the man himself had done for others in his own time.

Here is a link to the Collected Poetry of George Markham Tweddell (1823 - 1903) with an introduction and history by Trev Teasdel and Paul Markham Tweddell.

<http://www.tweddellpoetry.co.uk>

Here is a link to the Tweddell history site

<http://www.tweddellhistory.co.uk>



**REVENGE OF MY LORD (*JESUS COMES BACK WITH HIS FOLLOWERS TO TAKE A
REVENGE FROM THE GUILTY*)**

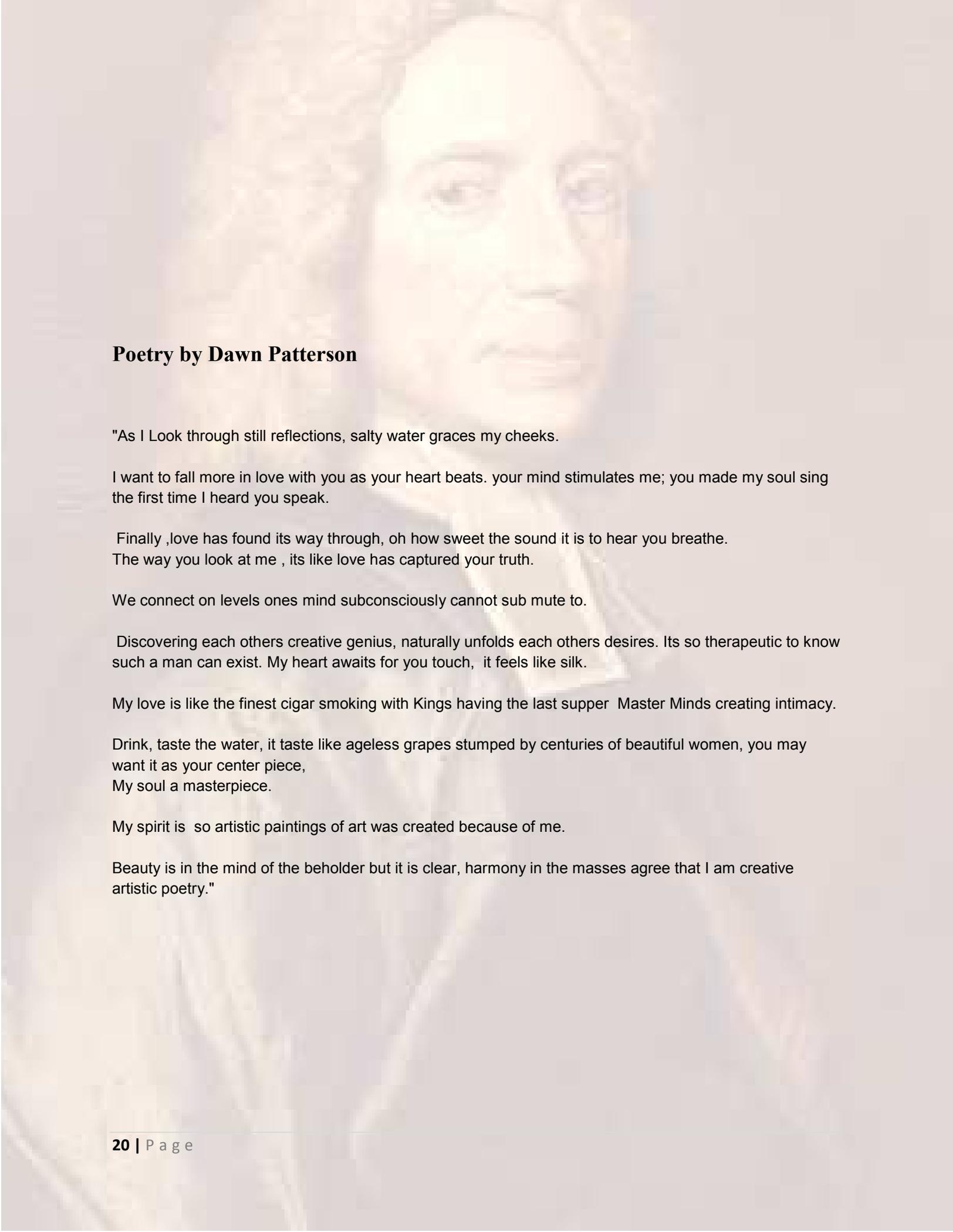
By Trishgun Miglani

Pain is what keeps me alive
You will die and so will I
Coffin bearers will be those holy men
Who never did a sin but always
Scared of Holy Christ were they
And you will rest in thorns and surely not in peace

Exorcism is what will bring me back
From Christ You'll come; crying and crying
With a dazzling light striking the Holy water
Burning the holy water like your funeral pyre

You will swim in the ocean of fire all alone
Like a restless spirit after death
Blood pours from not my eyes but theirs; like you
who forced innocents to die and die

Innocents will be back to get a hand on revenge
Innocents will have the last supper with Christ
But this time innocents will smile and guilty will cry
Because the Almighty is the one who himself crucifies you...



Poetry by Dawn Patterson

"As I Look through still reflections, salty water graces my cheeks.

I want to fall more in love with you as your heart beats. your mind stimulates me; you made my soul sing the first time I heard you speak.

Finally ,love has found its way through, oh how sweet the sound it is to hear you breathe.
The way you look at me , its like love has captured your truth.

We connect on levels ones mind subconsciously cannot sub mute to.

Discovering each others creative genius, naturally unfolds each others desires. Its so therapeutic to know such a man can exist. My heart awaits for you touch, it feels like silk.

My love is like the finest cigar smoking with Kings having the last supper Master Minds creating intimacy.

Drink, taste the water, it taste like ageless grapes stumped by centuries of beautiful women, you may want it as your center piece,
My soul a masterpiece.

My spirit is so artistic paintings of art was created because of me.

Beauty is in the mind of the beholder but it is clear, harmony in the masses agree that I am creative artistic poetry."

Peace of the world

By Chrissa Mastorodimou

Peace of the world is a piece of my dream
walking down the central street of town
so many people without a thought
about the last bomb who fell down
to the door of an innocent child
they have so much to their minds
war is far away, for now
or maybe not
a cloud is standing on the air
but they have so much in their minds
You are walking down the street too
we are living so far away

we will never meet each other
you believe at different things
but we have the same dream
We are dreaming
the smile of every children
the bloom of every flower
the flight of every bird
the peacefull afternoon of the sun
We are different but we are the same
waliking down to the central street
your voice will met mine
and our dream will be stronger with mine
because peace of the world is a piece of our
dream.

Nature's Delight- (A poetic imagery of Peace)

By Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah

Imagine this good life;
The bursting sunset,
As a window on the world
Setting at the edge of the desert,
The roaring oceans with tales of mermaids,
As warmth to our coldish strife
Uplifting, washing the shore.
The cushioning clouds,
shelter us, condense showering drops of dew
To dampen our nightmares.
The angelic array of stars;

zodiacs and light in the night sky,
Ease our blindfold scare
and ride over our hopeless ambitions
The unseen magnitude of planets,
Allows mysteries to be unraveled
To house the fate and character of man
So we understand seasonal trends of ice and
harvest
The jungles deep but serene and green,
Barks of trees as herbs, and dancing
monkeys
Humming bees flying, peaceful doves,
Trumpeting elephants and chirping birds,
Create nature's delight,
How wonderful Earth would have been
Without conflicts that wound.

When God Died...

By Aditi

When I was little they taught me to believe
My innocent mind didn't raise a question
They tied my identity to my belief
Named it a holy relation
They taught me to bow in prayer
And submit myself to the spiritual way
I never thought twice to look for a choice
A proud believer I became
But nobody told me when god died
And now I stand cheated and deprived
Of answers that I seek to find
They promised peace but why all i got
Was silence screaming through my mind?
They taught me to love thy god and thy
neighbour
But all i see now are cold corpses
Being washed away by tears of their mothers
The message of love was what they vowed to
spread
But all I hear now are the voices boiling in
hatred
And now when I question my mentors of belief

They are too busy running for their lives
Because when god died nobody told them
That the storm that killed Him
Will never die...

Childhood Lost

By Srishti Shrivastava

Looking from the window pane,
I noticed a girl down the lane,
I approximated her age to be 7 or 10,
Picking up the rags from bins and
roadsides,
wearing torn clothes, bare feet she strides,
Amused in herself,
bewildered in the city,
the morning chaos, frenzy-fracas of traffic,
And school buses she sees,
for her these things reflected anonymity,
what does childhood means,
she has never heard of it, in her life pitchy.
Frisking at the bins and roadsides,
picking up the rags,
gaping at the roads and riches she fags.
She slogs slowly,
And was lost in the crowd,
Crowd of penury
Where no childhood is found,
no childhood is found.

A Swan Who Wallows In Lotus Laden Ponds

By Sunil P. Narayan

She walks into the banquet room of the Château de Versailles feeling out of place

Such a refined lady with skin as soft as a doe's coat

Pearls that dangle above her swan-like neck

Eyes so tranquil, flutter like butterflies in a garden

A woman who floats from room to room unaware of everyone's presence

They look into those lotus petal shaped eyes to see a secret world

Gardens stretching for miles fill the air with the scent of roses

Uṣās-Devī cannot help but inhale this sweet perfume

Radiant marigolds bask in the Sun's warmth

Jasmine trees stand tall to give shade for all of Pṛthivī's critters

They lay at the base sighing for amour had consumed them

A gazelle who once nestled at the feet of Pṛthivī-Devī is now an elegant lady

Yes! Suraiyā is the child of Pṛthivī-Devī

Her hands decorated in emerald rings have fingers that flow like the Gangā

So pure and gentle men have followed her around the world just to be caressed by those fingers

They are savages who have succumbed to the feminine power of an untainted goddess

Yet, why does she not look at these men?

At the far end of the room gourmet Indian dishes line up a long glass table

An aroma of mixed spices travels through the air

Men who smell it divert their eyes to Suraiyā

She stands before the table delighted by such a sumptuous feast

Her hands move towards the glass spoon dipped in the dāl bowl

Ashamed by bad manners Suraiyā pulls her hand back

The host who has been seduced by Suraiyā's beauty tells her

it is quite alright

A smile transforms Suraiyā's face like Uṣās-Devī bathing the world in light

Those eyes of her enchants the host, bringing him to his knees

His heart grew ten times with each pulse sighing in joy

A goddess has locked eyes with a humble king

An elegant lady created in the nest of the Pṛthivī-Devī looks into the eyes of many

The pain, the happiness, the frustration, the excitement, the joy!

These emotions are the colors in her gardens

And all men, women and children have their own inner gardens

Suraiyā's lotus-petal eyes see the world's inner beauty permeating all things

Even the Sky, an ocean for the Devás, is a jewel created by Pṛthivī-Devī!

Suraiyā's śāṭī is fashioned from the Devás' water

A long train from her shoulders floats above the floor as she walks around the room



All guests spend hours watching Suraiyā create a stream with her śāṭī

The scent of lilacs flows from the fabric into their noses

[Śakra](#)-Devá's heaven cannot compare to the moment they are lost in!

A rarity in this world is locked away for centuries but comes out when humanity
has submerged in harmonious bliss

THE UNENDING JOURNEY OF MAN

By Rajbala. R

Marching along went the son's of eve.
to a land that lay unseen and unknown,
with treasures in its bosom hidden,
for they were son's begotten by greed.

They all marched and marched on and on,
with a hungry tireless companion – the hope
,
in the lands with feelings large and inborn ,
to gather and enjoy the lurking gold.

Many a number did dwindle down,
even before the fiery burning sand,
yet they slithered along and on and on,
leaving the path filled with blood and
mourns.

Fallen bodies and fires that bemourn,
lighted the dark silent lands afar,

while songs and laughter adorned,
the deserted hearts of the human's born.

They passed the cold with a frown,
the hot days with a sneer so cold,
that it would have melted the gold,
that they went on and on to gather .

Oh! And yet they walk on and on ,
in search of their greed so strong,
their journey is an insatiable joy,
for they are men and not Gods....

ANY TIME SOON...

by Ghazala S. Hossain.

Any time soon

Rain is going to fall in love with me

Peeling my loneliness

Reveal my core

Rouse my secret desire and

Smoldering passion

Taking me for a ride

Once more....

Drops of honey

Showering ecstasy

Caressing carelessly

Cleanse memories

Repair reluctantly

A love

That will never be mine

Entirely.

With my striped soul

I never know

To respond in gaps

Or utterly....!

When my shades yield

Fair parts stay inexplicably unresolved.

Clouds hover

Shifting contours

Pregnant with impatience

Fostering " l'amour "

For a sole moment...

Satiny breeze

Murmurs sweet some things

Luring, enticing, capturing

The peacock in me

Perched on tenterhooks

In next to no time I will

Ballet to welcome my muse

Rain...

Any time soon rain will fall in love with me.

Book Review of
“The Song of my Dance and the Dance of my Dreams”

by Dr. John A. Theodore

Poetry has always been the most multipart and ambiguous genre of literature. Even after the advent of Modernism and free verse in the early 19th century there have been rare punctuations of simple yet profound poetry. The book “Song of My Dance and the Dance of My Dreams” by Dr. John A Theodore presents 265 nameless poetry flowing much through passion and love for poetry than any scholarly inclination. This is evident from the simplicity in language and reasoned expression explaining the beauty of the things and events surrounding his life. The book haphazardly touches upon various notes rather than flowing like a river in its course.

The three opening stanzas as an introduction to his poetic experiences later penned in the book.

He is forced to meet the light of dawn, here, which symbolizes the freshness he has inhaled while entering into the poetic world.

“I am on my way

Of finding myself

Like the darkness

Forced to give way

To the new born dawn.”

In the second stanza the poet says what poetry is to him –nothing more than a sublime language of his life which speaks all along the journey.

“Poetry is my language,

The language of heart and emotions.

It is the language

Of all that is inexpressible.

It is the language of love

And pain.”

The third stanza cries for the one who can calm down his turmoils.

“Who can still the pain of my heart,

*Who can quench the thirst of my soul
The lamp of desire burns eternally."*

Taking a look at some of his other poems, Poem number 127 presents a rare metaphor of honey to describe the sweetness in grief ultimately making him write poetry.

*"My grief fell like drops of honey
On the white sheets of my desk
And turned itself into a poem."*

Poem number 55 is a masterpiece drawing the dividing line between love and lust through the element of tears.

*"I wept and wept
She knew not
I longed for
A love beyond the body"*

In poem 98 he uses the common symbol of peace "Dove" in a much more moving way to describe the peace of soul.

*"She slept in the sanctuary
Of my inner self
In indefinable peace."*

The most special part of the book is its epilogue, a thing rarely used for communicating with readers in a poetry book in the post modern era. The epilogue by Theodore can be referred as random thoughts moulded in the genre of prose poetry.

Man realizes the beauty of life and nature, their relations and happiness in purity at strange moments in life and many devote themselves in introducing their realizations to others. John Theodore has just done this in this book.

Mountain Roads

By Mousumi Roy

long before sunset
where shadows lengthen,
wild and lonely
it's landscape.

magnified thoughts,
returned echoes
in the distant
cry of eagles...

on the hill
refuge only visible,
obscuring marks
of a trail,
loneliness settled...

seeking solace
quiet and silence,
the distress in tears
rested together.

listening to the faint
murmur of leaves
stirred by the breeze,
cries of nearby birds,
secret movement of rabbits
in the meadow grass...

it was a mild night
the virginal light,
faded landscape
into nothingness..

barely visible shack
in the soft darkness,
rising from the ground
of nature like an extension.....

Genericised way of life

By S K Iyer

Strings are attached and wound
around the brand names and spun
so the words remain yo-yoed
in one's brain!

As the Windows opens,
I open the window to my right,
no wind blows in,
eyes Google through the window,
cloudy sky, dawn is a little away,
HTTP error 403, access forbidden,
and in my mind it is 404 -
page not found.

In the in-box on the screen
I am welcomed: 'No new mail'.
I turn off the PC
when a sound comes out, somehow,
through the closed door of bathroom:

'Where is my head and shoulders?'

That paints an ugly picture
of a human sans head and shoulders -
a dandruff-plagued thought
that needs immediate shampooing.

Whenever we sit...

By Subhrasankar Das

A candle is kept between U n I.
Your younger-brother draws an orbit of
salt around the flame. The cluster of
Shade looks from beneath : A colour bow
And an arrow of curved beam are
peddling on the saline-street after the
Evening walk. Word-grass oscillate from
ceiling with dripping fog. A couple of
sensitive martins.... surmounting dwarf-planet.

liquefying the wax dolls in each bank,
Bohemian molecules are playing

A monochord

