

The Enchanting Verses Literary Review
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**The
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Literary
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The Enchanting Poet for Issue-XIV November 2011



Jayanta Mahapatra, born on 22 October 1928 in Cuttack (India), belongs to a lower middle-class family. He had his early education at Stewart school, Cuttack . After a first class Master's Degree in Physics, he joined as a teacher in 1949 and served in different Government colleges of Orissa.

All his working life, he taught physics at different colleges in Orissa. He retired in 1986. Mahapatra has authored 18 books of poems. He started writing poetry at the age of thirty-eight, quite late by normal standards. Mahapatra's tryst with the muse came rather late in life. He published his first poems in his early 40s. The publication of his first book of poems, *Svayamvara and Other Poems*, in 1971 was followed by the publication of *Close the Sky, Ten By Ten*.

His collections of poems include *A Rain of Rites*, *Life Signs* and *A Whiteness of Bone*. One of Mahapatra's better remembered works is the long poem *Relationship*, for which he won the Sahitya Akademi award in 1981. He is the first Indian English Poet to receive the honor. Besides being one of the most popular Indian poets of his generation, Mahapatra was also part of the trio of poets who laid the foundations of modern Indian English Poetry. He shared a special bond with A. K. Ramanujan, one the finest poets in the IEP tradition. Mahapatra is also different in not being a product of the Bombay school of poets. Over time, he has managed to carve a quiet, tranquil poetic voice of his own--distinctly different from those of his contemporaries. His wordy lyricism combined with authentic Indian themes puts him in a league of his own. He won the Allen Tate award in 2009.

Hunger

By Jayanta Mahapatra

It was hard to believe the flesh was heavy on
my back.

The fisherman said: Will you have her,
carelessly,
trailing his nets and his nerves, as though his
words
sanctified the purpose with which he faced
himself.

I saw his white bone thrash his eyes.

I followed him across the sprawling sands,
my mind thumping in the flesh's sling.

Hope lay perhaps in burning the house I lived
in.

Silence gripped my sleeves; his body clawed
at the froth

his old nets had only dragged up from the seas.

In the flickering dark his lean-to opened like a
wound.

The wind was I, and the days and nights
before.

Palm fronds scratched my skin. Inside the
shack
an oil lamp splayed the hours bunched to those
walls.

Over and over the sticky soot crossed the
space of my mind.

I heard him say: My daughter, she's just turned
fifteen...

Feel her. I'll be back soon, your bus leaves at
nine.

The sky fell on me, and a father's exhausted
wile.

Long and lean, her years were cold as rubber.

She opened her wormy legs wide. I felt the
hunger there,

the other one, the fish slithering, turning
inside.

Editor's Choice



Kishwar Naheed is one of the leading poets from Pakistan and she has been honoured with a number of significant awards. She has numerous books and is a much anthologized poet.

Poems by Kishwar Naheed from Pakistan

First published in Seven Leaves, One Autumn published by Rajkamal Prakashan

Tell the Gods

The day death comes for me

Let it rain

As if the downpour does not know how to stop

And people forget how to mark the difference

Between tears and rain.

The day death comes for me Let there be so
many flowers

That eyes may not stop and stare

At anything else,

Flames leave their wicker in the lamp

To go with me, Talking,

Smiling.

The day death comes for me Let all baby birds
in their nests

Grow wings

All whispers turn to music

And all sobs into a golden warbling.

The day death comes for me

Let it come accepting this one condition of
mine,

That it should first come to me alive

Play with me in the courtyard,

Learn what it means to be alive

And then do what it will.

The day death comes for me

Let the sun forget to set

And let not light be buried with me.

*Translated from the original Urdu by Asif
Farrukhi*

We Sinful Women

It is we sinful women

who are not awed by the grandeur of those
who wear

gowns

who don't sell our lives

who don't bow our heads

who don't fold our hands together

It is we sinful women

while those who sell the harvests of our bodies

become exalted

become distinguished

become the just princes of the material world.

It is we sinful women

who come out raising the banner of truth a

gainst barricades of lies on the highways

who find stories of persecution piled on each
threshold

who find the tongues which could speak have
been

severed.

It is we sinful women.

Now, even if the night gives chase

these eyes shall not be put out.

For the wall which has been razed

don't insist now on raising it again.

It is we sinful women

who are not awed by the grandeur of those
who wear

gowns

who don't sell our bodies

who don't bow our heads

who don't fold our hands together.

*Translated from the original Urdu by
Rukhsana Ahmad*

Featured Poet- Macedonian Nomination



Born on 10th November 1952 in Skopje, Republic of Macedonia Vesna Acevski writes poetry and prose, translates from Russian and southern Slavic languages into Macedonian.

She graduated from the Faculty of Philology at Sts. Cyril and Methodius University in Skopje. She worked in humanitarian organizations and in the State Humanitarian Fund, then at The Republic, the first newspaper formed in independent Macedonia, and now she is a proof-reader at the Institute for National History in Skopje.

She is a member of the *Writers' Association of Macedonia*, of the *Association of Literary Translators of Macedonia*, of the *Macedonian P.E.N. Centre* and of the *International Association Kalevalaseura* from Finland.

She was a member of the editorial board of *Stožer*, the literary review of the Writers' Association of Macedonia. She is a member of the editorial board of *Književno žitie*, the literary review of *Makavej* publishing house from Skopje.

She has participated in a number of anthologies of the contemporary macedonian poetry, compiled by home and foreign editors, among whom are: Michael Szporer, *Macedonian Poetry – fin de siecle* (1985); Venko Andonovski, *The Song beyond Songs* (1997) in Macedonian and English; Bogomil Gjuzel (for Belgium, 1995) and Vlada Urošević (*Sept voix femmes*, Skopje-Paris, 1999) for the French-speaking area; *Придавам форма на копнежа (Women's poetry of the transition period in Bulgaria, Macedonia and Serbia*; by Mirela Ivanova, Maya Boyadzievska, Mirjana Vukmirović, Sofia, 2003).

She has also compiled a selection of stories from spiritual heritage of the Macedonians, Albanians, Vlachs, Serbs, Turks and the Roma in Macedonia and has been honoured with several international awards

Peshawar, Pakistan 1984

Grey beard, pale blue Kameez, full stomach still robust,
face lit despite death, he is stretched out on the floor.

My youngest aunt reads the Quran over his head.

Her face a curl of pain.

In the midst of grief,

Who can bear to snap a photo?

Migration, the scatterings that war creates

Makes us tourists of death.

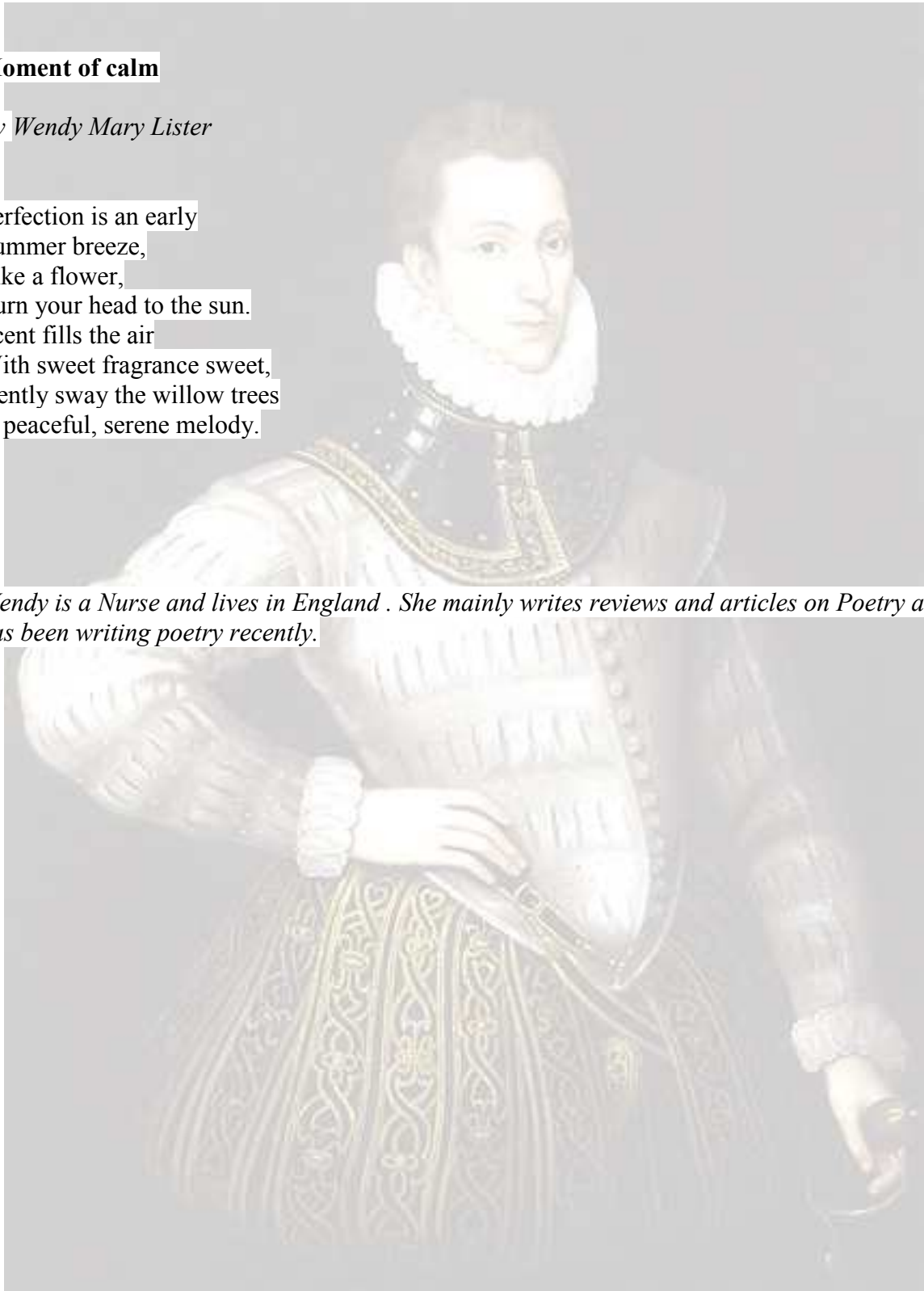
Zohra Saed was born in Jalalabad (Afghanistan) and at present she lives in New York. She has many publications to her credit

Moment of calm

By *Wendy Mary Lister*

Perfection is an early
Summer breeze,
Like a flower,
Turn your head to the sun.
Scent fills the air
With sweet fragrance sweet,
Gently sway the willow trees
A peaceful, serene melody.

Wendy is a Nurse and lives in England . She mainly writes reviews and articles on Poetry and has been writing poetry recently.



in altissimo

by Nicolette M. van der Walt

perhaps to love is to learn
to inhabit the earth lightly.
to bloom it all out
like the cherry trees of early spring.
to learn to yield.
your touch invents a blush.
it makes blossoms
of all things.
I keep falling
because you harvest
my scattered flowers

days before spring

by Nicolette M van der Walt

to sit in the stillness beyond words:
mid-winter. on the front porch
a white quartet of hands,
the *adagio cantabile*
of dry oak leaves among grass
and the rain, the silver rain
of wind in chimes
stop me
in the middle of this line –

Nicolette's first poetry book, "fire lily: flower of the flame" (with foreword by Zayra Yves), was published in 2007. Her creative writing is also published in numerous anthologies: as die son kom oogknip (Afrikaans poems); Eyes of the Poet; Feeling is First; On Viewless Wings I; On Viewless Wings II; On Viewless Wings III; OVW IV: A Sweet Unrest; Brother, My Cup; Aquillrelle Anthology 100; Kreativ; Float like a Butterfly, Sing like a Tree. Her poem "in altissimo" was judged the best short poem in the On Viewless Wings I Anthology. Her poems "from my first to my last body" and "like flowering vines do" were respectively chosen as champion poem and highly commended from 600+ poems in the On Viewless Wings II Anthology. Several of her poems have also been published in issues of Aquillrelle Magazine. Nicolette wrote the review for Zayra Yves' poetry book "Colour me Pomegranate".

Nicolette lives in Cape Town, South Africa. She is a qualified social worker and is currently the National Manager: Children & Families at one of South Africa's leading child protection organisations. She is the author of more than 30 professional manuals & programs relating to social work and development issues. She also wrote the scripts for two education films about child abuse and community input, and was actively involved in the filming, directing and editing of these films. As an accredited facilitator of training, she has facilitated numerous training sessions – and combines professional training with poetry.

A Letter to you

By Vijaya Kandpal

No, not onomatopoeia of the metal
or ruffles of the papers
to die for.

Neither to get awestruck
by carved, sculpted looks.

No, not the company of highlights of the nation,
Or be with the fame-powdered faces.
Don't write a verse on my skin
Don't say in scriptures about my deepest twin ponds.

But yes, I would be loved to get pierced till the inner most room
Of my heart by your eyes
Would like a day with the child
Who still lives within your diplomat face
By your small letters on my palm
I would live thousand lives
Smiling

Vijaya works as a maritime journalist with a shipping magazine. She has translated a book of poems from English to Hindi which would be published soon. She has also translated few English poets into Hindi.

Galapagos Tortoise

By Michael Estabrook

Out the back window I see, resting there
next to the mulch bin, topped
with light green watermelon rinds
and pale yellow corn husks
and shrunken orange pumpkins, a giant
Galapagos Tortoise, not moving or eating,
but simply resting, steady and sure
as the harvest moon, its two front legs
stretching out straight before it,
wizened, hoary head peeking at up me
from beneath its dark carapace.

But I know it cannot be a Galapagos Tortoise
because this is winter in New England,
a light layer of snow beginning to cover
everything, the yard and trees
and the mulch bin, too.

I rub my eyes, look out again see it's only
the large rock at the end of the path
resting there sure and steady as Mars
shining fiery red in the winter sky,
and not a Galapagos Tortoise after all,
watching
me steadily as a Roman centurion from there
alongside the mulch bin in the snow.

Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began getting his poetry published in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled "When the Muse Speaks." Other interests include art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

Drought

By Mihir Vatsa

It never used to rain here,
Till today when the first drops
Showered, sliding through airy
Elevators down the sky, upon

The hungry faces of dead gravels-
Intermingled with crisp, loose soil,
Groaning and panting heavily in the
Tortures of endless cruel furnaces.

And today when the water poured
Upon the dry shore of a dead lake,
Making the ground swell in a swamp,
Not a pair of human eyes admired.

Such eyes lay buried deep within
The rotting crust of a thirsty earth,
Betrothing the obnoxious smell of
A decaying face, limb and a dog;

Creating an elegantly crafted memoir,
Of a merciless reality that once shook
This waterless land in a quick apocalypse,
Murdered some thirty years ago,

In a drought.

Rola

By Mihir Vatsa

An arrangement,
of some unfortunate stones-
Researches would fairly
Celebrate as 'Megaliths',
Now dies silently,
Under a demonic bulldozer's claws.

Fifty miles ahead,
A trivial stone stands jewelled,
Protected, and clothed,
In the name of some Goddess,
For the sheer hypocrisy of religion-
Feasting upon gold, in faith.

- *The poem is titled on the name of that place where this unfortunate megalithic complex stands.*

Mihir Vatsa is a young poet and Fiction Writer. His short story 'When the Tears Flowed' was published by Muse India in its July-August 2011 issue, and his poem 'Transgender' was featured in the annual gender sensitizing magazine, Ignitium. His paper 'Hazaribagh: A tale of death of survival' has won prizes as well as appreciation in various seminars and conference. He is pursuing his graduation in English Literature from Delhi University.

Entitled

By Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah

I am the dynamism of poetry
I use no sarcasm in my artistry
I preach Africanism
Play with our values of truism
Heroism, and shared thoughts,
of peace on placards
to solve dire mysteries.

My poetry wears no make-up
Neither does it cause a tear of heartbreak
It has a hair-do of the natural braids
And,
the sacrifice of revealing tear
in the lost, poor, and orphaned bore.

Michael has been published in the World Poetry Anthology 2011, Larissa Greece, Collage- The best of poetry space 2010 Anthology (UK), The Enchanting Verses Poetry Journal Issue IX (India), forthcoming Gold Coast Anthology (Ghana/UK), Malawian Journals, The New Crusading Guide Volumes 3 and 8 (Ghana), Poems of the World Quarterly Magazine (USA), Poetry Space (UK), and have been the featured poet for May/June 2010 on an online poetry magazine Bristol UK.

Michael has most of his poetry translated into other languages and has been honored with the Kostis Palamas Poetry Prize award of Peace and Honorary Diploma in Poetry for appreciation, and exceptional excellence in Poetry, Greece.

Rook Sacrifice

By Peter Branson

Strange now the birds have gone. They came
to look
as usual, a day or two, first time
in memory moved on. Last season's nests,
threadbare, holes you can peer straight
through, break up
beneath grey skies, abandoned, unredeemed.
The trees are not at risk, from rot, disease,
old age; sound for another century
at least. Place hasn't changed at all and yet ...

These church bells have no competition now.
Just one fresh grave, that murder first house
down
the lane; in all the newspapers for days.
South aisle, tall tales are broadcast via stained
glass
of superheroes, like in comic books.
Some swear rooks sense a place is tainted,
leave.

This Hollywood

By Peter Branson

They call this Holly Wood, these deep dark
banks,
almost impossible to penetrate.
A buzzard throws his voice, to ricochet,
like rifle blanks, where men in fancy dress,
high-heel tan boots and twenty gallon hats,
swap lead, tinsel of course, pretend to sock
each other on the jaw, stunt double bluff,
so everything turns out right in the end.

Vulture or bushwhacker or whisky soak
Stateside, the comic interest, salt beard
with gabby mouth and scrambled wits, this
bird,
this sailing craft, this gravity machine,
now, effortlessly, screws himself into
the sky, infinity within his grasp.

Peter Branson's poetry has been published or accepted for publication by journals in Britain, USA, Canada, EIRE, Australia and New Zealand, including Acumen, Ambit, Envoi, Magma, The London Magazine, Iota, Frogmore Papers, The Interpreter's House, Poetry Nottingham, Pulsar, Red Ink, The Recusant, South, The New Writer, Crannog, Raintown Review, The Huston Poetry Review, Barnwood, The Able Muse and Other Poetry. His first collection, "The Accidental Tourist", was published in May 2008. A second collection was published at the beginning of last year by Caparison Press for 'The Recusant'. More recently a pamphlet has been issued by 'Silkworms Ink'. A third collection has been accepted for publication by Salmon Press, EIRE. He has won prizes and been placed in a number of poetry competitions over recent years, including firsts in the Grace Dieu and the Envoi International.

Leaves in December

By Michael Lee Johnson

Leaves, a few stragglers in
December, just before Christmas,
some nailed down crabby
to ground frost,
some crackled by the bite
of nasty wind tones.

Some saved from the matchstick
that failed to light.
Some saved from the rake
by a forgetful gardener.

For these few freedom dancers
left to struggle with the bitterness:
wind dancers
wind dancers
move your frigid
bodies shaking like icicles
hovering but a jiffy in sky,
kind of sympathetic to the seasons,
reluctant to permanently go,
rustic, not much time more to play.

Hookers on Archer Avenue

By Michael Lee Johnson

Late evening, early morning,
I search the night for whores,
young, bloody with desire.
Night streets are silent streets
except for hookers and their Johns.
One wants the dart of groins
the other green eyes in dollar
sacred treasures
snatch the wallet, a consecrated craft.
Both hit the streets quickly
satisfy needs quickly.

I'm an old buck now rich with memories
more than movement, still talk, take porn
shots,
with a peeking eye, snoop around
department store corners,
and dumpy old alleyways.
My hair is gray, my teeth eroding,
thoughts toward prayer
A.M. Catholic Mass,
then off in early morning
to the mailbox, a lethargic walk,
I pick up my social security check
comforts my needs.

Evening settles into bed time
with a western romance novel,
ambushes, excitement,
old transgressions stretch
and relax.

No desires, homage
to the day, to the night.

Michael Lee Johnson is a poet, freelance writer and small business owner of custom imprinted promotional products and apparel: www.promoman.us, from Itasca, Illinois. He is heavily influenced by: Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, Irving Layton, Leonard Cohen, and Allen Ginsberg.

Morning

By Carl Scharwath

Life mirrors a morning dewdrop, glistening, a small universe perilously cloaked on a forgotten branch evaporating into nothingness.

Hotel City Window

By Carl Scharwath

Early morning awakening,
when the day has a fresh grayness,
drifting across the sky.

A woman drinks from a fountain,
head sideways intersecting the flow,
sunlight washes her cheek.

Sitting at the window,
alert vengeance against the treachery
of memories, false hopes and yearnings.

A stark café, devoid in silence, awaits my gaze.
Breeding a humanity of familiarity,
alive in knowing observation of my window.

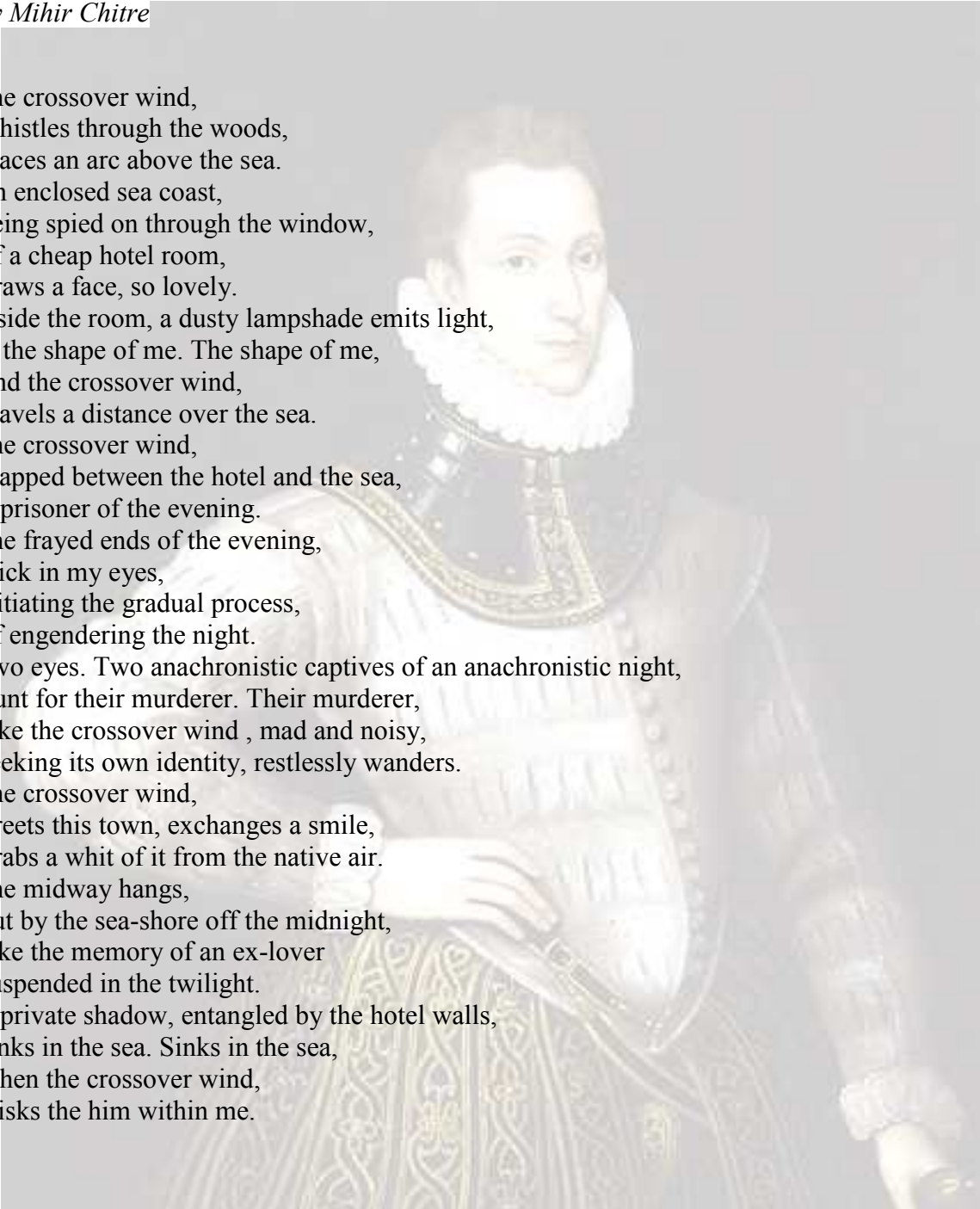
Perceiving eyes melt and set ablaze
a gauzed protective curtain.
encasing a catacomb of alienation.

The Orlando Sentinel , Lake Healthy Living Magazine have both described Carl Scharwath as the "running poet." His interests include competitive running, sprint triathlons and taekwondo (he's a 2nd degree black belt). He is proud to be a future grandfather.

His work appears all over the world in publications such as Paper Wasp (Australia), Structo (UK), Taj Mahal Review (India) and Diogen Pro Kultura (Bosnia) He was also recently awarded "Best in Issue" in Haiku Reality Magazine. His first short story was published last July in the Birmingham Arts Journal. His favorite authors are Hermann Hesse and Edith Wharton.

The CrossoverWind

By Mihir Chitre



The crossover wind,
Whistles through the woods,
Traces an arc above the sea.
An enclosed sea coast,
Being spied on through the window,
Of a cheap hotel room,
Draws a face, so lovely.
Inside the room, a dusty lampshade emits light,
In the shape of me. The shape of me,
And the crossover wind,
Travels a distance over the sea.
The crossover wind,
Trapped between the hotel and the sea,
A prisoner of the evening.
The frayed ends of the evening,
Prick in my eyes,
Initiating the gradual process,
Of engendering the night.
Two eyes. Two anachronistic captives of an anachronistic night,
Hunt for their murderer. Their murderer,
Like the crossover wind, mad and noisy,
Seeking its own identity, restlessly wanders.
The crossover wind,
Greets this town, exchanges a smile,
Grabs a whit of it from the native air.
The midway hangs,
Cut by the sea-shore off the midnight,
Like the memory of an ex-lover
Suspended in the twilight.
A private shadow, entangled by the hotel walls,
Sinks in the sea. Sinks in the sea,
When the crossover wind,
Frisks the him within me.

Mihir Chitre is a Software Engineer by profession, a writer at night and an occasional poet. He started writing at the age of 18. He has freelanced for a newspaper called Yuva, has been the English editor of his college magazine, and has run a fortnightly blogazine for half a year.

Rain Monologues

By Sudeep Singh Rawat

It is raining where she lives,
I can smell the earth's crust
and the evolution of love.

The darkness of the moon
I felt it inside me,
when I saw her touch the rain.

It was a blue rose she picked
I can feel her blushes,
in the redness of the rain.

Returning Wilderness

By Sudeep Singh Rawat

“I have seen love whispering away in your eyes
returning to the woods where it belonged
before I sought you from the wilderness.

Edge of the mountains, depths of the trees
I have seen it all shrinking away in your smile
while flowers withered, trying to reclaim life in insanity.

I was wrong to believe we can exist in concrete
take me along in that whisper love
take me to the wilderness, where you belong.”

Sudeep Singh Rawat is a poet by passion, and a risk consultant by profession. He is presently working with Ernst & Young India telecom practice.

Veiled muse

By Shreya Chatterjee

She stood there. Quietly,
With the slumbering
Sun, speaking to her skin.

She stood there,
Lost, just a smile,
Acknowledge
The world about her.

Eyes hidden
Under that ethereal
Veil, waiting in anticipation,
With a nervous fingers
Twisting the ends,
The veil battling to hide
Her face.

Ethereal, yet unseen,
She waits
A bride,
A woman,
Breathing
In anticipation...

Shreya Chatterjee is a senior content writer, a poet, a blogger and a reviewer. She is the author of "Musings of a wanderer"- published in January 2011. She has been writing for various little magazines and fellow bloggers.

Cosmic thoughts

By Mandira Ghosh

I, cosmic dust
Miniscule life
In a gigantic universe....

My watch measures time
In a circular frame
In a thoughtful cosmos
Refusing to surrender
Its breath
Along with the eternal sun
Rays rotate in the dial
On the lawns of Qutab
In a winter afternoon.

Travellers, thirsty and tired
Quench thirst inside the inns
Among the thorny branches
When camels once survived.

A group of mules knocks at my door
I am busy teaching of environment
Gasp for breath near my verandah
My youngest student holds a tumbler of water
For mules thirsty and forgotten
In an insensitive world
Arriving at a brink of destruction.

A graduate in Mathematics and a postgraduate in English literature, Mandira Ghosh juxtaposes science and poetry. She has authored and published seven books including three volumes of verses, Aroma, New Sun and Cosmic Tour. She is the present treasurer of the Poetry Society(India) and has been awarded with a Senior Fellowship of the Ministry of Culture, Government of India. Received Editor's Choice Award twice by the International Society of Poets, Maryland, USA. Also a B.Ed and diploma holder in Journalism.

Grass stands tall

By Mamta Agarwal

How do raindrops balance on grass blades?
It seemed like stars had descended on glade.
Startled, I watched standing by a lamppost.
Undeterred by clouds, as earth played host.

Overnight the grass had gained inches in height.
I sat and looked despite mosquito bites.
You would have said if you were by my side,
They have tears of joy glistening in eyes.

Does grass have feelings, eyes and ears?
Could it be... music of rain it can hear?
Raindrops, tears or stars... whatever you name,
All I know is we have talked and shared.

For on that moonless, still, cloudy night,
I simply forgot whatever was on my mind.
I bent down, and am sure heard it whisper,
Oh yes, I have no doubt grass can speak and hear.

When I woke up after a fitful, disturbed night,
And wandered out, I was aghast at the sight.
Grass was quiet yet dignified; it had been run over.
By a merciless, noisy and rusty lawn mower.

The stubble reminded of an unshaven face.
No trace of grief or need for solace.
A couple of days later gardener stood exasperated.
Grass laughed and stood tall and animated.

Mamata Agarwal was an editor of a publishing house. After a few years she took up free lance writing and has written books on many different subjects. She has compiled a book on quotations and regularly contribute articles and poems to magazines for the last 25 years. She released her first anthology of poems titled 'Rhythms of Life' in 2008. Second titled 'Voices of autumn and other short poems' came out in August 2010. 10 of her poems have been selected for the anthology of Contemporary women poets from India. She has been invited to recite and share poems at poetry forums and International poetry festivals held in Delhi. She is a member of FOSWAL- FOUNDATION OF SAARC WRITERS AND LITERATURE and an Executive Member – Indian society of Authors.

Faces of Hunger

By Walter Keyombe Muzembi

After the flashlights sparkle on sweaty faces,
After the sudden tremor in the rugged hills;
Even gales wipe their faces dry-
The moos, wails...a bray, hiss...ssss, whine...
They scabble for space in this wasteland.
A thunder of spring over distant mountains,
But here dry and sterile thunder without rains
Here there's no water but dark boulders,
Strata of rocks piled over dark vista of cunning history.
But sodden, sullen faces sneer and snarl
From the flip of a window in a mud cracked walls.
What is that high voice in the winds?
Whines and wails of maternal lamentation
There is no food. Water?
If there were a smell of water only
That turn our minds, push it to the gray alleys:
Littered with past follies-atrocities
Meted upon the flora carpet of the ecosystem,
And is fallen blood too by the javelins of lead.

Songs I Wish

By Walter Keyombe Muzembi

Songs to be sang from time to time beyond shrines for dines
From generation to generations,
Congregations without opposition.
Songs of Freedom,Peace,Love and Unity in this human fraternity
Songs that will prevail, even when singers stop singing
songs I wish we could sing together.....

Walter Keyombe Muzembi is a primary school class eight dropout due to poverty in their family, but now he is an international poet, whose work has been published in various global online magazines in Canada, the United States, India, Germany, Amsterdam, and the United Kingdom. These include Enchanting Verses, the Stephen Gill Gazette and other journals. Also, he is a peace and human rights activist who hosted the successful 1st World Peace Poetry Festival Kenya, which was held in 2009 at the World Hope Center here in Nairobi to celebrate the UN International Day of Peace. He is an Essex County Peace Poetry Honoree from the Essex Community College in Massachusetts, USA.

A painful memory

(Dedicated to my friend Ram Prasad Marasini)

By Haris Chand Adhikari

She is a painful memory
Collaged in my mental picture,
Deep somewhere she comes to caress me
And feeds me from her life
And I have no fear, no affected desire
I, a small boy, lay down in her lap
Or follow her wherever she goes
To work,
To the grooves
To the neighborhoods
Or to the markets
Holding her hand so stubbornly
As with me
She often does now,

When she ran away
Crossing the forbidden river
And leaving me behind on a small lane,
My heart wept bitterly
And since then

I sought solace in the seas,
Affectionate glances
And tender fingers which I pine for
Are all at the rear
Deep in my mind's control,

You know, friend,
I am fighting a battle
Of heart and mind,
I try to erase the bitter reminders
Scribbled in my memory lane
And try to move forward
But time and again
They come as shadows of my past
And make me stand forcibly there
From where I saw her go down,

To placate my weeping heart
And to cleanse my coaled interior
I have read the stories of floods and gale
I have plunged myself in my mind's
glaciers
But as I am a feeling being
I cannot force myself to forget her,
I cannot choose to become thorns
To pinch her, as I'm her child.

Haris is from Jhapa, currently staying in Kathmandu, Nepal. He has an MA in English and American literature from Tribhuvan University. A member of The Society of Nepali Writers in English, he is a teacher of English by profession. His Nepali poems and songs have appeared in *Gorkhapatra*, *Bimarsha* and *Kantipur Kopila*. His English poems are coming up in *Locust Magazine*, *Mad Swirl* and *Mirror Dance* in the autumn issues. At present, he is working on his first English poetic anthology which he hopes will be out by November. He primarily loves to write meditative and conversational poetry, sometimes relying on the conversations he does with people.

Haris has translated a number of articles from English and Hindi into Nepali. In 2008, he co-translated '*Releasing the Powers of Junior Youth*', a wonderful book on life and philosophy, for the Baha'i Community of Nepal. He worked for *Nepal Monitor*, a semi-scholarly online journal, for half a decade until 2008 as a research assistant and contributor.

The Call of the Deep

By Dory Pamatmat Maganito

Once, I heard a call to climb
the mountaintop of my youthful
dreams and longings from a voice
coming from I know not where.

Armed with ardent desires,
the journey began from a point
of no return - a journey full of
surprising twists and turns.

But lo and behold! The mountaintop
I was told was not for me and
lost, I found myself diving into
the deep, deep sea.

Beneath the sea, I encountered
hidden creatures frightful to behold;
buffeted and swept away by the raging
torments of the merciless undercurrents,
I shuddered under their fury!

Full of gaping wounds, I cried out

like a child from the depths of
my soul and was carried away
unto the dark womb of the cave.

Inside, stripped of all I've got -
I stood naked, bruised and alone
Lost in the darkness created
by my terrible wounds.

In the cave, Time stood still...
the Silence of the Night
enveloped and bandaged my wounds.

There, I awakened to the gentle
touch and kiss of a familiar voice -
the voice that speaks the
language of love to my soul.

In silence, within silence, the voice
Is there! The voice of my Beloved
Is there! The River of Life is
already flowing from inside.

Joyfully renewed, I allowed myself
to surrender once more in
Silence to the call of the Deep -
Deep is calling unto deep.

Dory Pamatmat Maganito is an award-winning poet. She was one of the Top Ten Winners/ Top Ten Finalists competing for the honor of Poet of the Year at the 2000 International Society of Poets Convention held in Washington, DC, USA.

Born and raised in the Philippines, Dory obtained her Bachelor of Science in Nursing degree at Saint Paul College, Manila and a PHN Certification from San Jose State University, California.

The ISP has awarded her a publishing contract and on 2001, her first book of poetry, " The Awakening of A Soul" was published.

On March 2002 , she was acknowledged as one of the Most Outstanding Students of PGMNHS on its 100th Foundation Day Celebration. A plaque of Recognition was awarded to her for bringing honors to the School in the field of Literature.

On 2009, she was given recognition as well at the 21st World Congress of Poets in Managua, Nicaragua as one of the poets honored for Excellence in Poetry and this year, at the United Poets Laureate International's poetry competition participated by distinguished poets from around the world, her poem entries won back to back- second place, free verse category and first place, free form category; at the recently concluded 22nd World Congress of Poets held in Larissa, Greece. She also received a citation from the United Poets Laureate International for Excellence in Poetry, given in Larissa, Greece last July 3, 2011 .

Untitled

By Chaandreyi Mukherjee

The broken shadows
Are kept hidden in
Tall frosty chandelier glasses.
They are arranged in size,
From the tallest to the almost dwarfish,
The deformed and the hare lipped in the middle.
Some have winged hands, webbed feet,
Slimy noses and rolling eyes.
The eyes roll like multicoloured marbles
On clear mosaic floors,
Cat eyes, kitten pupils.
Sometimes, the shadows dance,
Jerking vulgar grimaces,
Unsynchronised and obscure.
When they are in the mood to revel,
They part their way to let you enter,
They close you in,
Into their guarded symphonies.
Shadows, the whole ones,
Are penumbral.
Pregnant with superfluous meanings,
The whole ones sing,
Of lilac dreams and thirsty crows.
Shadows crawl in and out
From beneath your skin, between your toes.
They call you to join them,
In their art of darkness.

Chaandreyi Mukherjee is currently pursuing Masters in English from University of Delhi.

A Doodle's World

By Hans Albert Lewis

"You missed a Spot of me as you erased me out,"
Said the once doodle to his creator
"You scribbled me onto this sheet,
Which, is now my world,
Without my consent."
"You rubbed me away from this sheet,
Which, was till now my world
Against my Will."

The creator, an artist in tedium
Explained to the once doodle,
"You were my own you always will,
A spot of you I left,
Always to remember you by,
This moment and awaiting the class bell"

Hans Albert Lewis age 29, has Recieved his Bachelor in Mass Media, specialiszing in "Advertising" from Wilson College, Mumbai University.

Hans Albert Lewis is Creator (Artist/Author) of a Web Comic called 'Doodle Talk'. www.doodletalk.com. The Site carries a few of his paintings, poems and short stories.

Currently involved as the Promoter and Director of an Online Business Startup in Healthcare Communications and Technology and working on a novel.

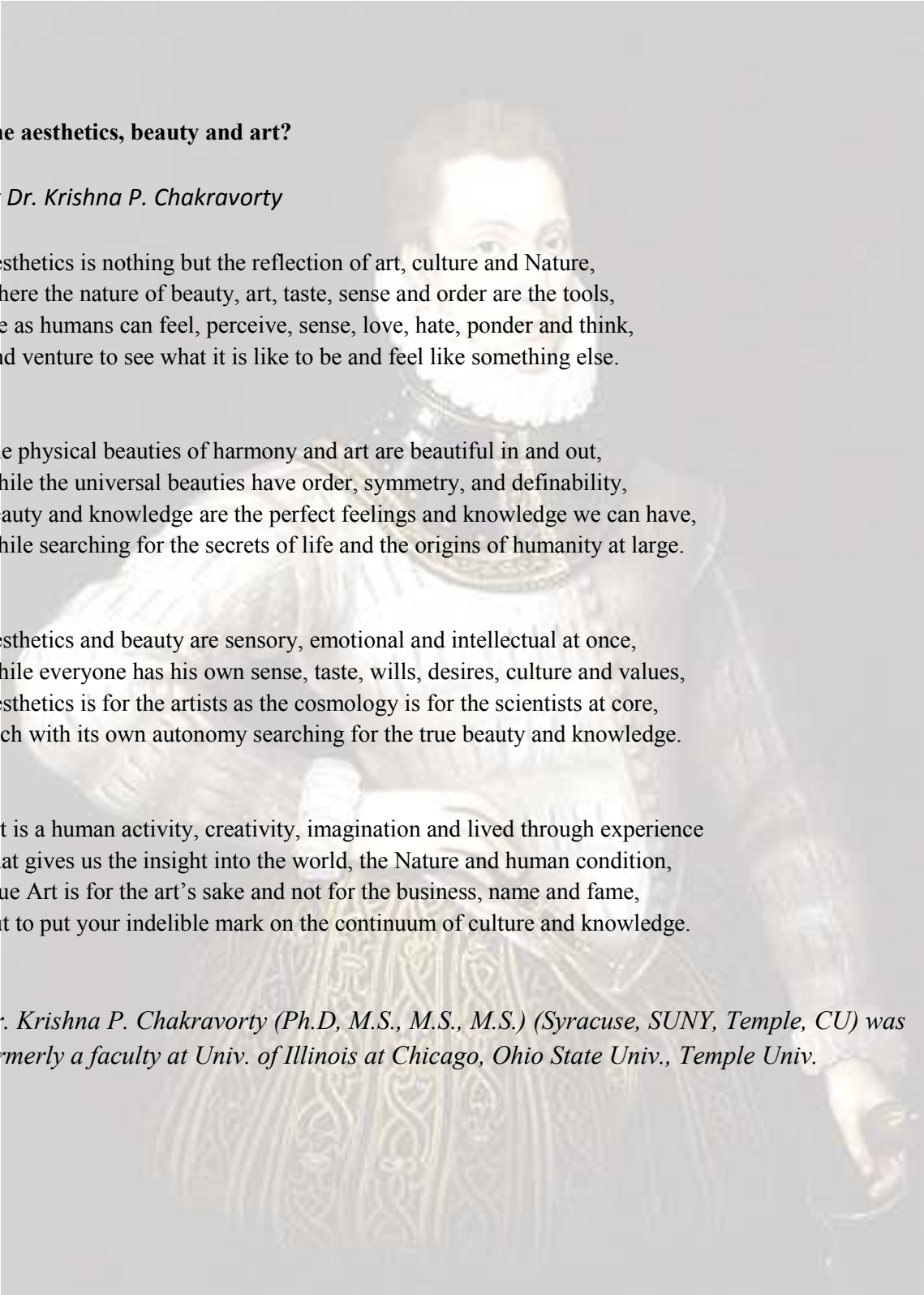


Behind the Glass

By Benjameno Ćarlo Krauš

Strawberry ocean flows from her
face with sandy island eyes.
Want to carry her home in a pitcher.
Want to challenge the shark-faced man
tucking her under his engine-room arm
to a diving contest for her sunken treasures.
Nervously gobble the hors d'oeuvres
and glance again. Might as well be
the skiff blotched on the horizon.
This postcard will have to do,
a picture of the sun setting over her
in shades of purple, her coronation.

Benjamin C. Krause is the Publisher of Diamond Point Press and Editor of twenty20 Journal, Muscle & Blood, and Liebamour. His poetry has most recently appeared in Gargoyle, Pemmican, and WTF PWM, and his essay on the new poetic form "quincouplet" was the Featured Article in Galatea Resurrects #16.



The aesthetics, beauty and art?

By Dr. Krishna P. Chakravorty

Aesthetics is nothing but the reflection of art, culture and Nature,
Where the nature of beauty, art, taste, sense and order are the tools,
We as humans can feel, perceive, sense, love, hate, ponder and think,
And venture to see what it is like to be and feel like something else.

The physical beauties of harmony and art are beautiful in and out,
While the universal beauties have order, symmetry, and definability,
Beauty and knowledge are the perfect feelings and knowledge we can have,
While searching for the secrets of life and the origins of humanity at large.

Aesthetics and beauty are sensory, emotional and intellectual at once,
While everyone has his own sense, taste, wills, desires, culture and values,
Aesthetics is for the artists as the cosmology is for the scientists at core,
Each with its own autonomy searching for the true beauty and knowledge.

Art is a human activity, creativity, imagination and lived through experience
That gives us the insight into the world, the Nature and human condition,
True Art is for the art's sake and not for the business, name and fame,
But to put your indelible mark on the continuum of culture and knowledge.

Dr. Krishna P. Chakravorty (Ph.D, M.S., M.S., M.S.) (Syracuse, SUNY, Temple, CU) was formerly a faculty at Univ. of Illinois at Chicago, Ohio State Univ., Temple Univ.

AN OLD POET'S LAMENT

By Terry Sanville

Dear Ethan,

What more should I say that hasn't been said already? I've worked with words, lines and stanzas all my life. The world's language flowed through these spotted fingers that tapped computer keyboards, typewriters, or clenched leaky fountain pens to engrave white pages with verse that few will ever read.

Just what more is there to say? I really want to know. Should I sing the praise of daffodils, stain your mind with analogy, simile, metaphor? Should I rail against the politics of the day, as if Caesar never lived and men never before killed on the Ides of March? Should I paint a picture of personal tragedy – a child lost in a chemical undertow; mutated cells destroying healthy tissue; the suppression of desire? What more should I expect of myself?

I know one thing: I am too old for new crusades, even though the young poetry Turks shy from the lance, from the righteousness of the truth, from the heart of the matter. Where are those who will speak out loud and bold? Are they silent upon a peak in Darien? Christ, is that all I can conjure, fragments of Keats from my youth?

I remember my life on a two-masted schooner anchored in Sausalito harbor, long before Ferlinghetti came on the scene. My father worked as a Navy welder, my mother waitressed at a greasy spoon in the Tenderloin. On calm summer mornings I'd dress in a sleeveless blouse and shorts – my legs were worth looking at back then – and stare across San Francisco Bay. The oily-sheened water looked like a varnished painting. I thought about Jack London on his adventurous fish patrol, about syphilitic Al Capone crouched in his cell on Alcatraz, and dreamt of sailing under the Golden Gate, out past Land's End, into the deep blue thick of things.

Now, after a lifetime plying literary seas, I need directions on how to find the horizon. My compass swings wildly and I search for friendly shores to beach my craft. Notice my clever use of the word craft, its double meaning. Pay attention; your son might find it on a future examination:

“Explain what the poet intended by her use of the word craft and its relevance to the poem's overall theme.”

God, nothing destroys the spirit of poetry more than being forced to study it. Yet one of the ironies of my time was that poets became teachers, or got jobs working the docks unloading freighters inbound from the Orient. They wouldn't let girls work the ships, so for more than half a century I taught creative writing. I admit that being immersed in youth gave me fortitude...and the University helped publish my work. But all that is past. I now step carefully onto ice floes, watch the progress of cobalt blue cracks, or of lumbering Ursa as she approaches, grinning. But mostly I long for adult conversation, something to spark these aging synapses.

I've been blocked before. But this time it feels different, feels more final. Don't get me wrong; I'm grateful that you introduced yourself, an admirer of my old songs. We should speak of the world, of your wife and children and the bustle of life in this fair city. Maybe I should look to those aged scientists and find solace in their proclamation that matter cannot be created nor destroyed. Or best yet, I should remember the English bard's exquisite counsel:

“So long as men can breathe and eyes can see,
so long lives this and this gives life to thee.”

Maybe this letter is my new this. I have written it just for you. Will it pilot me through the Golden Gate once again? Will I be up to the task of sailing? I end with more questions. I hope you will help with answers, challenge me to write something new, avoid tired old phrases, clean my palette of crusted paint, and breathe out new songs. I must keep writing until the answers do not matter, until some younger voice, separate from the mumbling crowd, does not derail me utterly by asking, “How is your new work going?”

Hoping for patience,

Gertrude

Previously published online in the Boston Literary Magazine in March 2008.

Terry Sanville lives in San Luis Obispo, California with his artist-poet wife (his in-house editor) and one skinny cat (his in-house critic). He writes full time, producing short stories, essays, poems, an occasional play, and novels. Since 2005, his short stories have been accepted by more than 140 literary and commercial journals, magazines, and anthologies including the Fifth Wednesday Journal, Birmingham Arts Journal and Boston Literary Magazine. He was nominated for a Pushcart Prize for his story “The Sweeper.” Terry is a retired urban planner and an accomplished jazz and blues guitarist – who once played with a symphony orchestra backing up jazz legend George Shearing.

The Complete Poems of Chiu Pin,(Chinese-English)

Translator -Yang Xu. Publisher: Earth Culture Press (U.S.A.)

The work of Chiu Pin bridges two centuries with grace,vigor and creative endurance. As he enters the evening of his poetic journey,I think of him as a sunset traveler who casts a long shadow over the literary landscape. I believe that he has written his name in indelible ink on the minds and hearts of his readers. Like the snowflakes in 'Drifting Flowers', he has given himself away with a gallant abandon that stirs the spirit. Imagination could do no more. How well this poet understands The brevity of beauty which is only held by a whisper and, all too soon,escapes The fingertips of human reach. 'The Autumn' has wings that are cut down by the west wind and the waters of the Pacific are so blue as to bring about our tears which fail to awaken,'The Sleeping White Lily' again.

The lyricism of Chiu Pin's soul burns high in 'Chrysanthemum Indicum' as he meditates on the flowers that bloom in the nooks of the mountains. Savor with me these warm and glowing lines,

Ah! The children of the sun
They always use golden color to dye their dreams

Tears are a prominent feature of Pin's work. No self pity is involved. Instead one is impressed by the dignity of a proud man's sorrow as he contemplates the humanness that binds us all together. His 'Dark Colored Sheep' is a touching example.

Oh! Just a moment
When can the lost sheep
Return to the pen
When can the formation of crying crows
Make their nests to rest
How can the cast core
Be grown in the soil
The fallen tears! How can they
Be stringed into shining pearls

Only a wordsmith of superior quality could have painted a rainscape so profoundly blue as,'Send-off At The Raining Harbor'. The sound of a saxophone playing a bittersweet song for lonesome lovers would be appropriate here. However,I was most deeply moved by,'Erosion'. To my mind this poignant offering captures the very essence of Chiu's poetic being.

It's hard for the still water to replay light music in the second moon
For the stream banks
Falling leaves are barely enough to keep
The husky voice

The yellowed love letter equals
The overdue ship-ticket
Page after page eaten by moths
In those painful years

It is evident that age has not dimmed the brightness of Chiu Pin's creative lamp. Decades from now, may his poetry still have breath.

reviewed by Sandra Fowler,Litt.D.

'Sorting Things Out' by Charles Harper

In his preface to, 'Sorting Things Out', Harvey Cox, Professor at Harvard University wrote, 'This poet sees the ordinary in an extraordinary way.' Only our best writers have this rare gift.

Charles Harper is a fine North American poet. His collection stands like a lighted window against the dark forces of human suffering and armed conflicts that dominate the headlines of our world. His New England word paintings transport the reader to brightness and provide solace for war weary eyes.

In, 'Distraction', a delightful encounter with a gray squirrel is overshadowed by disturbing news from Palestine.

Like Sandburg, Harper knows how to ask beautiful, unanswerable questions.

Where in this stunning world I wonder
is a small furry animal
that might distract warriors
from their sad work?

Charles says it with flowers as well as any poet I have read. 'Dogwood', 'Daffodils', and 'Note To Friends' are visually inspiring and promote healing of the mind and spirit. I think he would agree with Thoreau that 'There is a flower for every mood of the mind.'

Weather changes are a distinct part of life in the northeast. But in this classic poet's world, old love is still gold in all of the four seasons. 'Moment In Time' gives us an endearing Harper quote. Readers will find many more to add to their list of favorites.

All day
I dance
in the arms
of this moment
with you

Death never wins in the pages of this book. 'Fairy Dust' and 'Photograph' affirm life with a flame-like clarity that is awesome and lovely. These words from an ancient Psalm comes to mind.

'Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning.'

Harper's winterscapes are haunting and mesmerizing. In, 'A Puritan At Schoodic Point', his pen exalts in snow and gulls, as he paints February in ghostly colors of white, gray, and black. The last two stanzas are exceptional.

Slant sun of winter afternoon
intrudes her splendor on this place
briefly---now tented in fog.

Silence whispers of Spartan grace.

I have no fuss with those who come
to gleaming altars of the sun.
But I am happy on this day
To glimpse the light in shades of gray.

'Sorting Things Out' is a stunning first book. When I turned the last page,I wanted to read more.

This is the ultimate compliment that can be paid to a work of poetry.

reviewed by Sandra Fowler,Litt.D.



Review of “Nature At My Door Step” by Latha Prem Sakhya (publisher: Roots & Wings)

The book “Nature At My Door Step” by Latha Prem Sakhya deciphers an inquisitive mind of a poetess through the conjunction of poems, reflections and paintings. The whole book is knotted all along by the story of a little girl named Kanaka growing up with all the beautiful elements of childhood and ultimately jumping into the world of maturity where questions and answers seem to bother a person equally. Her love for nature, her pets, her love life and her philosophy which can be well related with the philosophy of a little girl has been penned by the poet in a way where prose poetry and full prose seem to lose their existence yet gain from a typical reflective poetic attitude. Her beautiful paintings add to the aesthetic and nostalgia prevalent in her poems.

The book cannot be termed as a full book of verse but a book of reflections and visual poetry. The poetess sees to talk to herself through poetry and she divulges out her good and bad feelings about life through her pen, transform it into poetry and let it remain as a part of her life. The poem “Words from my Heart” makes us realise the love of the poetess to the voice of her heart taking them to a larger level of understanding.

Her poems also speak about her latent solitude that sometimes calms her wayward thoughts and sometimes haunts her through the element of loneliness. Latha's poems “Agony”, “Lord of the Night”, “Lonely Plight”, “Wild Woman” beautifully presents the shades of darkness and solitude. Though most of the writings in the book revolve around life, Latha shows her poetic prowess of penning a variety of themes at the same time through her poems “Lovebirds”, “Shall I let her go”, “Butterfly” etc.

