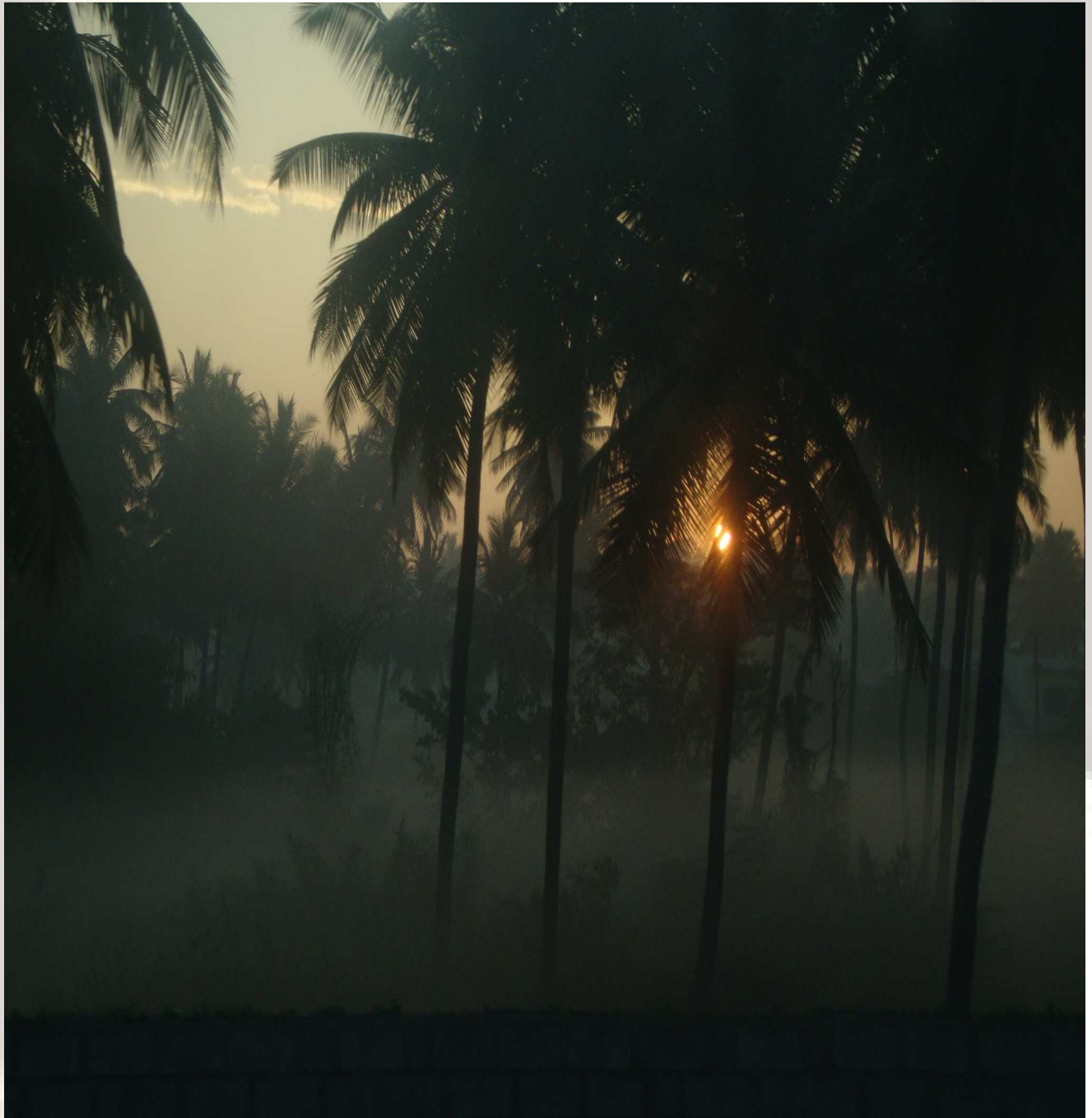
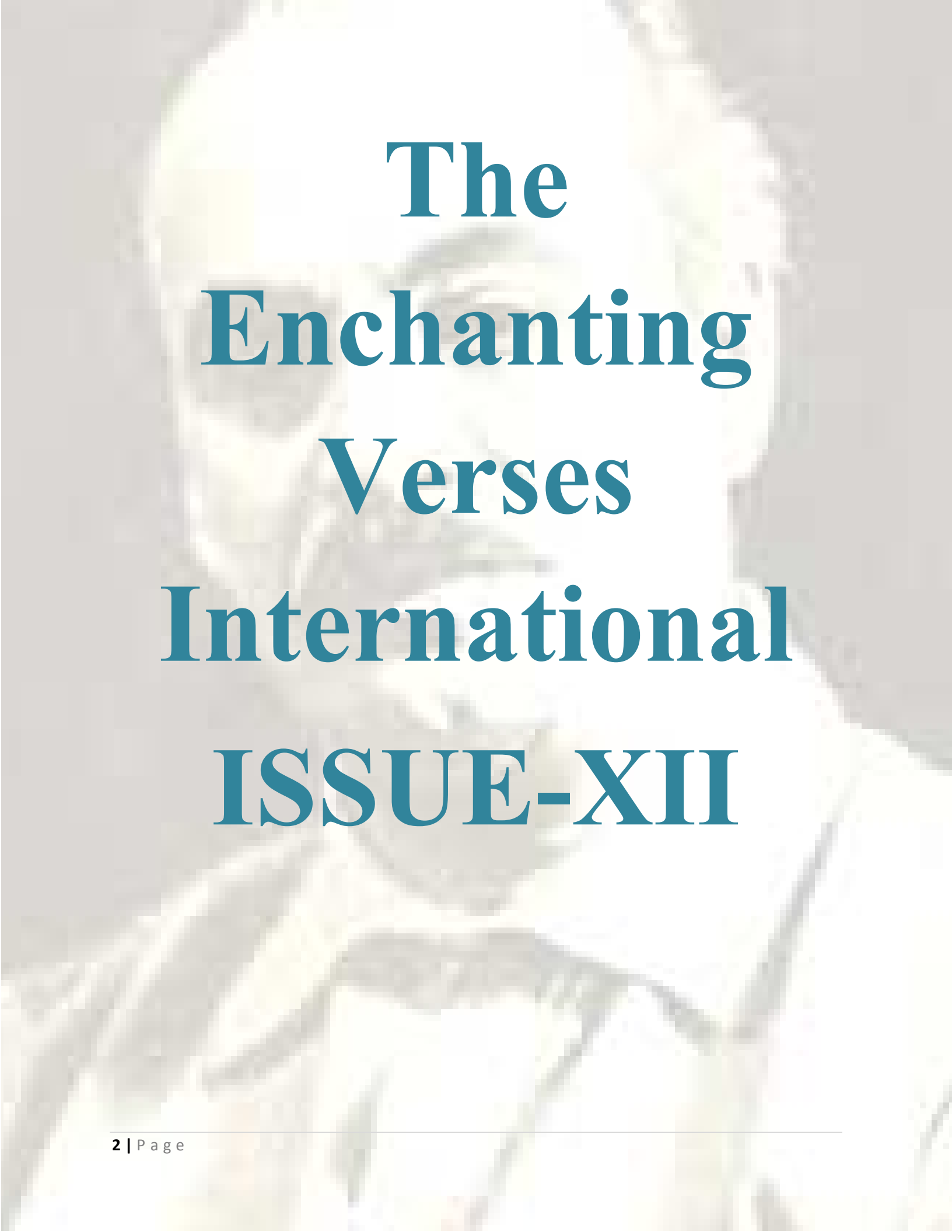


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The Enchanting Poet

for

ISSUE-XII

March 2011

“Awarded for promoting peace through poetry and encouraging poetry writing for the past few years”

Ariadne Sawyer

Ariadne is a creative consultant Peak Performance Trainer and neurotherapist, specializing in Neuroscience.

Ariadne was the winner of the MacLean Hunter award for programs of excellence: *The Brain Bulletin Series*, 7 CD's which have played on radio stations across Canada. She is also an author of three books, speaker, reporter and poetry judge.

Ariadne is the co-host and co-founder of World Poetry (www.worldpoetry.ca)

reporter, event creator, organizer and radio show co-host host and co-producer of The World Poetry Café CFRO 102.7 FM.

She is currently working on her first novel: *Journey of Love and Agony* and a book of dream poems called *Love Poems to the World*.

Thoughts

By Ariadne Sawyer

*Thoughts are born of memories
feelings.*

Reactions to our environment.

*Unique like snowflakes
Attracting and linking up
with other thoughts.*

Thoughts, translated into words:

Loving, sad, angry, happy.

*Creating the vibrations that flow
endlessly through our planet.*

*Unstoppable energy waves
echoing around the world.*

Let us consciously choose each thought.

Create a new and more peaceful reality.

Peace and harmony are the ultimate freedom.

Come together to build our new world!

Editor's Choice

Original Fire

By Zayra Yves

*It's not as if the inner voice of
love
is refusing to speak*

*so much as she figures
it's wise to let someone else
pursue
the big red book
of sacred visitations
and tantric quests.*

*It is prudent to let the spider
build a web
around the handbooks of how-
to's
and know-it-all gurus.*

*She is content to listen
to a few birds, the occasional
airplane
and creak in the house.*

If she had to describe it...

*it's more like the prophet of
transformation
moved into someone else's home
but left behind a scribbled note
written in pencil on coffee
stained paper
about the inner landscape,*

another personality puzzle.

*She is willing to let the bard
sleep
since the journey through
anguish is long,
never ending, full of anxiety,
phobias and panic,
even though it's worthy
and true.*

*It's not that the inner voice of
love
wants anyone to feel abandoned*

*it's just that she has been burned
to ash
and the original fire
has gone back down into the
earth
where it belongs.*

Editor's Choice

Shite Hawk

by Michael Sullivan

*All up and up and up away,
some tear eyed, terrored child's ice
cream;
A flash, a slash, in white and grey,
too late a fearful Mother's scream;
Mongst fellows all in flock and fray,
its shrieks cruel mocking echoes seem.*

All up and up and up away...

*Under footing, skipping, dipping,
crabbing, grabbing, round your feet;
Screeching, cawing, ankle nipping,
squabbling round a tyre squashed
treat;*

*Waste bin raiding, black bag ripping,
chip and fish wraps strew the street.*

Under footing, skipping, dipping...

*Flail and feather, beak and talon,
airborne thugs they swoop and
plunder;*

*Foul spit guano; squirt by gallon,
polystyrene trays asunder;*

Comes the filth foot feathered Mallon,

asbo gluttons; wreaking havoc.

Flail and feather, beak and talon...

*In sweeping, squawking white rained
clouds,*

all scudding 'bout the town tip's skies;

*As musket smoke in grey black
shrouds,*

*in screeching wisps and puffs they
rise;*

*To whirl and shove like angry crowds,
above the filth, the stench, the flies.*

*In sweeping, squawking white rained
clouds...*

*The greedy, raucous town tip gull,
Its snow scene gifts decked every
boat;*

*All hawking, puking, perched ahull,
to stretch and shrill that gaping gloat;*

*Oh! Would the gods took mind to cull,
set wring each yawning, carping
throat.*

The greedy, raucous, town tip gull...

Jingle of Bangles

by Swatee Sripada

*As a child of four
I fancied life in the colours of bangles
It's my love to move them on
A delicate smooth and
Fair hand as ever new toys
Even in sleep the slow din of jingle
Creeping as a tune of marvel
Pats my soul with a touch of rapture*

*As a grown up
When I had a multi colored band of
Tinkling pieces of circles
On my elegant artistic stretch of longing
The contrast of the hue and skin
Dreams and dances of reality
Flutter their wings launching swiftly
In to the azure deep blue
My heart in ecstasy misses a beat*

*Green bangles as a part of bridal setup
Silently carried the messages of heart
From a far of some one close to life
The chime of whims and fancies
Fragrances of experiences sung as tunes
When the fragility of splendor between
The silent hearts talk endlessly in
Wordless world of fancy
The sound that lulled the child in lap
They are parts and parcels of a life in full*

*Now
Wrinkles on the skinny ocean of ripples
The glisten of tinges hid their faces
In the silent folds of soundless movement
Move the memories of a fruitful living
The still bangles on the dry parched land
Write epics of unknown love stories.*

CRUSHED AUTUMN

By Candice James

Poet Laureate City of New Westminster, BC

*A wet moon
Spills a pearl shimmer
Onto the tear stained streets;
Evanescent evening
Surrounds my thoughts
In her creamy afterglow.*

*I believe in nights like this.
Autumns that leaf their way
Through the chapters of my mind.
Pages from the past;
Some dog eared, crumpled;
Some with highlighted text
Of low light moments;
Some charred with afterflame embers
After the flame;
Some torn and broken
By the blades of an unkind heart
Or an unspoken word
That could have made a difference.*

*A wet moon,
A tear stained street,
An evanescent evening
The flavour of moonglow and mint;
The leavings of a crushed Autumn.*

I believe in nights like this!

The Language of the Loom
by Richard Doiron

*The dreamer and the object of desire
Shared a space where shadows
loomed and lurked,
And in the silence kindled such a fire
Night itself was prodded to conspire,
And oh the weave they witnessed as it
worked!*

*The movement in the marching was
intense –
Known by all the language of the loom
–:
Awash the wave that nothing
circumvents,
That far and wide disseminates the
scents
That lovers know as loving's sweet
perfume!*

*A seething passion agitated space,
Night itself to advocate the dove,
But God, no less, had come to interlace
Therefore such forms that nothing
could efface,
While angels sang of everlasting love!*

The Wordsmith

By Nidhi Mehta

*Words live in you,
you write their fate off,
oodles of beauty
n peace.*

*You hold,toss,kick, sway and play,
chain-smoke n be gay,*

u pipe them like a piper

and they dance to your muse.

Pour

*incessantly like the delicate drops of
rain*

making my heart gain

a beat more.

You juggle

*the realities with frailties, verses with
emotions*

mix them up well,

dress them up with frills and laces.

Dreams wear appearances,

nuisances take shape

dreamy smiles, harsh realities

all well served in the platter.

The magic swoons and cast a spell,

I fall in love and embrace them

making them mine

forever.

Go Home Maa

by Dr. Parneet Jaggi

A twilight town, a purple sky,

Rattling wings up there high.

A mouse appeared nervously low,

A quaint music, a horn to blow.

Someone's gone leaving the waters

Moved and rippled, hushed matters.

The parapet frowned, retrieved the stance,

Called the skies to have a glance.

No man would look- a matter mundane

No tear would flow- an act insane.

Sky lowered its eyes to it,

Another innocence wisely dipped.

Voiceless, visionless, restless soul

Looking around for a mother to console.

My soul is no more in the search,

A body needed once to perch.

Air the guide, water the father,

Earth a shelter, none to bother.

I was a girl you left in the well,

Go home Maa, go sleep well.

Back In The Good Old Days

By Rob Taylor

Thinking back to when I was a child

Things were oh so different then

Athletes who were heroes

*Playing for the same team through
their career*

The cared about their fans

Musicians who knew how to live

Where music was most important

*Drugs and alcohol were second to the
music*

*TV shows were entertaining with the
raunchy
Sex and violence was left to the
imagination*

People worked at their jobs

Children were never starving

*People were not forced to live on the
streets*

Politicians were people to look up to

*They were people who cared about the
country*

*The millions of dollars were not there
to buy their votes*

It was safe to walk the streets

*Long walks through the
neighbourhood*

*They were the perfect ending to a cool
spring evening*

Times have changed

The worlds has lost its innocence

But we remember the good old days

*And we wish and pray that we could
go back*

Too bad they are long gone

*Gone except in our memories and our
hearts*

Wander Homeless By Oneal Walters

*Sand escapes before life is born.
Man penetrates into the world, life is
born.*

*Whether rich becomes poor or poor
becomes rich,*

*accuracy isn't to accurately aim
towards acquisitions.*

*Physical body acquires material, but I
travel in the spiritual.*

*Life without rules leads to a failed
ritual.*

*Weary, eyes teary; the ground I walk
is hard and cold.*

*Moses they wandered 40 years, I
escaped in three!*

*I vowed in the belly of darkness
at the age of 32: "I will not to be
Godless!"*

**Propensities Of The Feminine
by Stephen Futral**

There are feminine and masculine energies

We all have a mix / percentages vary

The feminine is the Shakti

The energies that move things / make things happen

Light the fire under the sometimes complacent or stuck masculine

They can be the initiators of the 'to do' list

The cracking whip that enables the male to 'wake up'

To move out of his habitual patterns

To live life fully...

They can be the inspiration behind the greatest accomplishments

They play the muse for some and rightly so / the beauty of their being

Their hearts / the wisdom of their DNA...the mother principle of our earth

The tears they shed for mankind for their personal hurts

The gentleness of their touch...

The great feminine can also be the one that panics

That freaks out first and then thinks

That lives an emotional life cyclically

As the moon influences her tides and tirades

She can claustrophobize any male and be oppressive

She can carry the baggage of many lifetimes

Weighted down by the possessions of her self

She can display the needs for 'high maintenance'

And be the bitch we all want to avoid

Or the bitch we all need...

She is the enigma of human existence

We are driven to love her to find her to be with her

Yet we complain and whine and bitch and moan

But then we miss her beyond words

Beyond imagination and beyond life itself

We are the fools of the sirens lure

Fickle as a butterfly that can't land on

Anything for too long / can't spend time

Working on a relationship...

We the human race stand guilty of our inherent

Sexually explicit neuroses as male and female

*And yet we forge forward fumbling
and tumbling*

*About in an attempt to communicate /
an attempt*

*To relate and progenerate this human
race*

*And now this is a fine mess you've
gotten us in*

*As we blame each other for the
precarious balance*

*We live with as we attempt to better
this earth*

And us / this race...

***Stared Into Dawn
By Paula D Lietz***

*In my dream you dreamt
you felt the heat of me
against the strength and
shelter of you.*

*My tendrils swept within
the hues of your shadow
that sculptured our bodies
in intimate detail.*

*In my dream you dreamt
I touched you,
your body arched with
instinctive desire.*

*Bodies wanting more , yet
more was not enough.
No words needed in this
primitive feast.*

*No games. No rules. No decorum.
We lay tangled, spent.*

He said, "You smile in your sleep."

*Startled I pondered if he knew
of the dream I dreamt of you.
I turned away awake and
stared into Dawn.*

***Defacement
by Dianne Tchir***

*Nature is indifferent to
my presence lost &
suspended against the sky
that blends with stars
the Black Virgin
will find me*

*Tree shadows stretch
across the eerie highway where
feathers float in a flurry
filling the Fall air*

*The world seems unholy
exiled from light
we covet small ponds that
hold small sky*

*Then gloat at the last of winter's
ice
a carved jagged sculpture with
perfect peek holes that
floats on the creek
runs from the plasma of
human waste~that
alters the sculpture forever*

*Naked banks of pale straw
reveal my festering
garbage dump*

Mine

By Akshya Pillai

White tablets and multicoloured
capsules,

Beside the yellow bedside lamp,
helped her penetrate into the long
forgotten fairy tale

Creases on the bedsheet

portrayed a peculiar pattern,
like the unruly disobedient streams
that ran away from each other.

Swollen eyes,

That lacked sleep and demanded love
looked away from the crowd.

They longed to overlook the concrete
walls,

to count the number of birds that flew
home,

to watch the changing hues...

Wriggling inside the cocoon

She longed to reach the peak

To throw a plastic film over the patch
of sky,

To capture a sac of wind

And never to let it go.

Dead Drunk
by Marc Carver

*I always remember when my father
came back from the shops.*

*You could hear the bottles chinking in
the bag*

*Even though he said he had been out
for food.*

*I did not like him much when he
drunk.*

He changed

He had less time for me.

*I didn't really understand why people
drank then,*

Then when

I was a boy.

*Even when, my mum and me would
meet him after a film sometimes*

You knew that he had been drinking

You could smell it on his breath.

And he seemed different.

When he took the rubbish out

You could hear the bottles again

Especially,

if

he had had a bad night.

*Some days he could not get out of bed
at all*

Or had

to head back there in the afternoon.

*On holiday he could disappear all
night*

*and when you tried to wake him in the
morning he would shout at me*

And sometimes swear too.

I loved dad though

but knew that he could not change.

Some people can't change

or they get too old.

Dad has been dead a long time now,

He never got to see his grandchildren.

Sometimes my children ask about him

*And I tell them, that he was the best
man in the world*

The best man in the world,

to me.

How I miss you

dad.

THE POWER OF THRILL

By Azsacra Zarathustra

*Power — Extirpates
Dominance!*

URKH 1

*The Owls' Hiss —
The Slide Of Snakes —
And Rustling Of Attire —
The Cruel And Agile
Their Silent
Hunt
Begin*

URKH 2

*Their Claws
Are Meant For Bliss
No Woeful Prey
To Leave —
The Mysterious Mercy
Of Killer
Is What
Absolute Power
Makes*

URKH 3

*The Power
Of The Thrill
Is Here —
And Hawks Are Dancing On The
Red —
Snakes Of The Sun Will Interlace
Red-Bloody
Patterns
Of The Day*

URKH 4

*Creation
Full Of Pain Will Be —
What's Tender Is Illumed By
Tortures —
A Fire Are The Wings Of Hawks
When Streaming
Blood Beyond
The Brink*

URKH 5

*Evil
Turns Itself To Ash –
Light Are The Claws Of Revenge
–
The Hand Is Made To Extirpate
–
And Death Is Hiding
Glare*

URKH 6

*The Pleased One
Is Ready To Die –
The Body Is Warm In The Rime
–
The Eyes Of Descending Owls
Shine
With Mysterious
Light*

URKH 7

*Again
The Void Is Widened
With Flows Of Blood And Shine
–
No Pity
Has
The Eagle
In
Kill Flight*

URKH 8

*The Killer
Is Originally Pure –
And Snake Will Crawl And
Overtake –
It Dawns On The Immaculate
Why Rats Are
Madly
Cruel*

URKH 9

*Creation
Into Death
Will Turn –
No Creature Weak To Leave –
And Only Fury – To Set In
And Purity
And Cries
Of Flocks*

URKH 10

*From Dust Of Snakes
From Ash Of Owls
I Extract The Sense Of Blood –
Claws Of The Flying Are Apart
All Ready To Profess
Love*

URKH 11

*Exploding
Moves
The Moon*

*To Meet The Sacred Flame –
The Hawks Are Maiming Their
Prey –
And Blood
Is Streaming
To The Rays*

URKH 12

*The Power
Of The Thrill
Is Here –
Hawks Go Dancing On The Red
–*

*The Flutter Of The Moths Is
Great
Inside
The Flame*

URKH 13

*No Bliss
For All Pain Will Atone –
I See The Owls Thrill –
And Tears Of The Injured Eagles
Who Know
Cold Indifference
Of Snow*



Book Reviews and Articles

SCINTILLATING POEMS

By JASVINDER SINGH

Fountains of Hopes is an anthology of poems endowed with innovative thoughts of Dr.S.L.Peeran, a much acclaimed poet with deep inner feelings, and philosophy of life involving his inferences and well considered beliefs. His penetrating vision into the nuances of life and phenomenal occurrences creates a flutter into the mind of the reader, and the poet in him emerges with a deep skepticism delving on subtleties which make the poems meaningfully sinking into mind and heart of the reader leading him to introspection, and a greater urge to discover poet's philosophical glimpses in his poems.

His expressions with a subtle poetic diction and imaginative excellence suggest to the reader that his poetry is endowed with highly admirable expressions. Simplicity of language enhances the charm of reading poems in the book.

Mr. S.V. Pamachandra Rao has revealed a crucial aspect of Dr.S.L.Peeran's poetry saying.

"..... struggle between hopes and despairs is not the only mainstream of the exceptional collection of poems. The various hues, moods, anguishes, hopes, disappointments, joys of union sorrow if parting and separation and other aspects of romantic and other types of love occur on an off the book, proving the poet to be an ardent devotee and genuine votary of love. This is one of his important poetic strengths and the poignant lines sometimes cause much contemplation and often bring tears to the reader's eye."

One becomes very well familiar with poet's humility in his thoughts in one after the other poem. To cite here an example in the poem pass on the implores:

-2-

“Let me be a pilgrim in a caravan
to pass on the antiquity.
In a while shroud to eternal obscurity
Then limp like a blind beggar in typhoon.”

The expression creates the impression of humility in his humble desire to be a down to earth person in life.

In the poem ‘Cool Streams’ the poet reflects his philosophical imagination in assertion that:

“He knew one thing, perhaps, that
to strive for something unusual
for hopes, to touch the zenith
are mere mirages and clouds to melt.”

In these lines there is good semblance imagination and imagery with which he attempts to convey a strong message through introspection and realism.

In the poem Happy Time the poet makes a fervent appeal in words:

“Let us wipe the tears of sorrow from every eye.
Let none go to bed hungry, live bare sans cloths.”

One feels overwhelmingly moved to note poet’s concern for the betterment of society, especially the needy ones. It also gives an inkling of spiritualism in his feelings towards fellow human beings.

War always leaves behind it embittered and agonizing imprints on the veil of fancies of one and all. The picturesque penned down by the poet in the poem war and peace is very touching and reveals a embittered reality in his observation that:

How many widow, orphans, old people
Must have wept, cried in pain and in distress.
When enemies overran, to wreck vengeance.
To destroy, ravage, rape, and plunder.”

He concludes the poem an avid observation that:

“Ushering in blindness, lameness, hunger, death
Terror, war, strife tears peace to shreds.”

Elsewhere in the poem shut the trap he asks a million dollar question:

“Do I need a lesson or two?
From the bygone pages of history
Of bloodshed, animosity, hatred
And shut my trap as a goon.”

Obviously, it is too difficult if not impossible to get an appropriate answer because history is agog with many complexities emanating from human follies and egregious blunders committed by the authoritarian effluents or those being at the helm of affairs and ruled the roost.

The poem Thousand Melodies is thrilling in contents and enchanting with reverberations in revelations. His resolution is attractive to think of to change the mood:

“Let this day jingle with music
To be talked about again and again
To recall to mind the pleasure of this day.
Let the magic of this day for ever.”

Tsunami had left its embittered scars on the humanity. The poet creates a flutter in the mind of the reader in his poem Oh Tsunami with the revelation that:

“While humanity shows compassion to the victims
Love binds us to elevate the suffering,
Cleanses our beings to heavenly sweetness
God sends messages to warn mankind
What are you, Oh! Cruel Tsunami”

Perhaps Tsunami’s response to the poet was the devastation which was witnessed by the people and their dear and near ones perished in it.

Poet Pope had earned the wrath of his father for his inclination towards poetry. Barring a few people generally consider poets cynics and insane (?). My poem in the book makes one to understand poet’s emotions. He has made many sane observations. Most attractive are:

“Poets don’t bear rancour nor spite.
Poems are to mesmerize readers
In those words with similes.”

Elsewhere in the poem To ourselves he candidly and convincingly tells the reader that:

“We have our own melodies

To sing our own songs.

To Please and soothed our own ears.

We dance to our own tunes.”

His conclusion of the poem is reverberating and enhances reader’s admiration for the poet to note:

“Life gives to each one of us

In its own measure, cheers and sorrows.”

This poem is a crusade to make the detractors of poetry to bring a radical change in their hearts and minds about the perspective thinking which is enormous in poetry.

Last but not the least, the book fountains of hopes is very helpful in knowing new vistas about nuances of life through scintillating poems.

Fountains of Hopes by Dr.S.L.Peeran, published by Biz Buz, No.2

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Book Review of “Helicon” by Dr. Santosh Kumar

Cyberwit Publishers

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Book reviewed by Dr. Sonnet Mondal for *The Enchanting Verses International Journal of Poetry*
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Poets possess pieced minds which often act as a catalogue to their views and of course their poetry. Provided space, a book of reviews can be penned upon Santosh Kumar's book “Helicon” peering through the diverse values offered in each line of each individual poem in a mixed era of English. Shakespearean and heavy words abound all over. Explicitly, one can find expert usages through grave poetic statements in some poems of the book- “The Celestial Voice”, “The Hermit of the Ganges”, “Fanatics” to name a few. Most of the poetries though comprise of strict contemporary formation but Santosh Kumar has tried to introduce a literary space which may be cited as a rare usage of time-honoured statements in modern-day style.

The profoundness and proportions of Indian philosophy are not nameless to the world. Santosh has been very discerning and careful both while choosing panorama from corners of Indian roads and while portraying them with brawny verses.

Ambiguity seems not to be the aim of the poet as he prefers laying down his thoughts straight into his verses in language that do not confuse or lift up the judgment *modus operandi* though exceptions are “Adventures of Walden”. Some of the ambiguous lines in this poem are-

“Meditating on dawns, sunsets and night

Time's wreck I've seen. Terrorist's

Claws devour and bury me

Near the burnt towers

Where naked lunatics massacred love.

O noble Spirit! Resolve this puzzle.”

Meditation can refer to an idle mind or that of a saintly mind musing over futility of terrorism and *noble spirit* may refer

to God, Angels or those alive involved in noble jobs. The lines also present two strong metaphors of *claws* and *burnt towers*. Modern poets have often moulded God in their own interpretation. In most cases the figure is described in a way as if presented by nonbeliever. A new yet theist like interpretation can be seen in the poem “Jesus in India”. Santosh Kumar has used Jesus as the strand to fasten all religions to end up with a demand for peace.

Some lines from the poem are:-

“Jesus went up on a hill

Prayed full day and night.

Seraphim, Cherubim, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel

Listened faithfully:

‘Yes, I sent Gandhi

Who heard the echo celestial..”

The poet has quite an aesthetic in the poems, “Hermit of Ganga”, “Greater Realty” and “Stick In Quagmire”. These poems also indicate at the poet’s in-depth knowledge and prudence to self analyze them and in turn relate them in Indian scenario.

From the very starting poem “Celestial Voice” to the one that closes the book, “Oh Lord! Oh Lord!, Santosh has been very constant to preach against unrest and human atrocities. He dreams and hears divine voices and his faith in Lord is unquestioned. The mythological title of the book seems to be defensible at the point where the poet acts as a hermit preaching through his poetry. The book is quite insightful, filled with aesthetic and society concerning verses those converse straight without curves and turns.

Book review of Mother Teresa by Rajaram Ramachandran

Reviewed by Dr. Sandra Fowler

Rajaram Ramachandran's pen portrait of Mother Teresa is reverend and illuminating. It has the power to touch the heart and stir the soul of the reader. He tells us in the preface that he feels like an insignificant man trying to glorify the highest spiritual soul in this material world. Ramachandran's humility is appropriate and touching. However, I believe his innate goodness and nobility of character uniquely qualifies him to pay tribute to this saintly woman who called herself a little pencil in the Hand of God.

We are told that India was the land of Mother Teresa's dreams. This vast country of so many diverse religions bestowed upon her every honor that could be given to a great human being-citizenship ,Bharat Rama, the highest civilian award and, at her death, a state funeral fit for a Queen. I think these humble verses penned by a 21st century Hindu poet might have been rewarded with one of her beautiful smiles. With each stanza, he lights a candle to her love of Jesus. And where light is, darkness must be dispelled.

Ramachandran calls the object of his admiration a powerful human magnet and the 'Incarnation of Compassion'. He praises her simple sari,loveable face oceans of kindness,and her healing touch.

I was spellbound when I read,'In the midst of War'. In 1982

when Palestinians were fighting with Israelis, Mother Teresa hears of thirty-seven retarded children trapped by the roaring guns. She appeals for a ceasefire. Amazingly it is granted, and she escorts the children to safety. in the poet's tender words,

The reason not knowing why,
The poor children began to cry,
She hugged them one by one,
More as a Mother, than a nun.

On September 5, 1997 her great heart stopped beating. Rajaram writes, 'Thus a single person changed the face of the suffering world'. These words from the Holy Bible also describe her, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints'.

Rajaram Ramachandran's 'Mother Teresa' is unforgettable. She shines beyond the calendar.

Tagore wrote, 'In the light of thy death, I see thy world.' I can only add, so let it be...

Beginner's look out

Autobiographies of Silent Creatures by Sandeep Sinha

Universal Poetry Publications, New Delhi, ISBN978-81-910897-0-7

Autobiographies of Silent Creatures by Sandeep Sinha is a type of poetry book which one may not come across so frequently as per the current standards of publications or considering the richly wrought poetries published by publishers nowadays. The book presents 54 poems which come out from an innocent mind of a beginning author who treats non living things as living entities and uses rhyme to versify his feelings.

The poems in this collection neither resonate upon reading nor create ambiguity. Perhaps these are the most simplified version of poetry on these objects as it could have been and dug out by an inquisitive mind who feels that even these mute objects have every right to express. The book may be a choice for those who prefer to be easy with poetry while reading or while criticizing.

“North East Indian Poetry: ‘Peace’ in Violence”

Ananya .S. Guha

To discuss poetry written in North East India is an enormity of tasks. Firstly, to share commonalities from the different matrixes and cultures of the region; secondly, to pin point the major themes of the poets writing in different languages invested as they are with stark realities. However, if we posit a reductionist theory of their poetry, discovering only the violence that is prevalent in their poetry and the attendant brutalization of society we will be doing grave injustice to a body of work kneaded by cohesiveness, lyricism and a well ordered world of sanity. To complement this there also exists a group of English poets who share the Romanticism and mythopoeic vision of their vernacular counterparts.

These give to these poets a universal coherence, not an inchoate disorderliness, a world view where love matters; love in its many sided dimensions touching on immutable relationships. In many cases the love for the land and the love of intense relationship coalesce into vastness of images. These poets are imagistic, Romanticists; cannot forget their hills and valleys and the intrinsic beauties of their land now sullied and tarnished.

North East Indian poetry has a remarkable whole, and is marked by the kind of tension which generates all great poetry; it may be at one level the poetry of violence, of torpidity and fear but it is also the poetry of searching, soul searching for peace.

Among the poets who write in English there is the remarkable expression of mythology and folk-tales, whether in the poetry of Robin. S. Ngangom, Desmond. L. Kharmawphlang, Temsula Ao or Mamang Dai. The search for the past is no escapism; it is a hiatus, gripping and painful, between past and present. The myth of Nohkalikai for example pervades the bi-lingual poetry of the poets in Shillong. Even in Robin. S. Ngangom’s poetry there are such typical and mythological allusions- he has been living in Shillong for the last thirty years or so; but is originally of Manipuri descent.

There are two distinct categories of English poets in the region; some are domiciled there like Robin. S. Ngangom, Kynpham Sing Nongkynrih, Mamang Dai, Mona Zote, Nini Lungalang, Janica Pariat and Temsula Ao, while others such as: Anjum Hasan Nabina Das, Nitoo Das, Trisha Bora and Aruni Kashyap live outside the region.

However, where does one begin in a discussion or poetry in North East India written in a wide spectrum of languages: Assamese, Manipuri, Khasi, Kokborok, Bodo etc.? How does one classify them into a genre of poetry, or is there an urgency to do so? Often considered a homogeneous unit, North East India spells 'notoriety' of heterogeneity. We have Manipuri poets, writing in the Bengali dominated Barak Valley of Assam, for example.

Where is the 'peace' then we talked about? Is it in the hills, rivers and lakes or in the mountainous terrain of this beautiful part of the country? Landscaping the past and the present is a recurrent theme of these poets; images embedded in the natural landscape, there is quiescence and peace there, an antidote for all ills, suffering and violence.

Yet fears, ghostly apparitions and shadows are omnipresent. Thangjam Ibopishak the Manipuri poet says:

*"... Volcano... you cannot erupt
Volcano, stay asleep...
Lava remain slumbering..."*

("Volcano You Cannot Erupt")

Similarly in his trenchant poem ***"I Want to Be Killed by an Indian Bullet"*** there is layered irony but also rejection of the ideology of violence.

When Mamang Dai breaks into rapturous delight, there is peace in bewilderment:

*"I hear the bewildered
cry of a deer
floating on the
waves of moonlight."*

("Moonlight")

Desmond. L. Kharmawphlang makes the myth of folklore an archetypal and enduring vision:

"I became a folktale...

I became a proverb...

I became a riddle."

("Last Night I dreamed")

Dreams, visions enter the mindscape like haunting motifs and recurrently, obsessively. This is evident in Chandrakanta Murasingh's 'ancient' love narrative: **"The Stone Speaks in the Forest"**. There is a myth-making capacity in this poem of a **"golden deer"** and a **"broken heart"**.

In Saratchand Thiyam's poem: **"Sister"** there is a frantic plea:

"This rain has not yet let up

Don't go out yet, sister...

Haven't you heard this

Sound...

Don't you go at all."

There is a predominating fear of violence, but at the end of the poem there is restoration of peace and equanimity. So long as **'sister'** is safe; then there is peace.

The celebrated Assamese poet Harekrishna Deka, a former police officer, knows the story of violence and bullets only too well:

"... After dipping in

Blood the nightlong

How ruddy the

Morning she would

Be.”

(“Dawning”)

Yet, Kynpham. S. Nongkynrih who predominantly writes in English can envision the prophylactic of love in the midst of ethnic conflict:

“Beloved Sundori,

Yesterday one of my people

Killed one of your people...

Through a fearful breeze

Please let your window open...”

(“Sundori”)

When Temsula Ao speaks lyrically in her poem: ***“Stone-People From Lungterok”*** there is an animated discovery and re-definition of the past. Past is history:

“Lungterok, The six stones

Where the progenitors

And forebears

Of the stone-people

Were born

Out of the womb

Of the earth.”

Poetry written in North East India can be analysed against the backdrop of ethnic violence and militancy/militarism, but it transcends such immediacy into an ideal world bereft of suffering:

"... When you leave

Your native hills

I can only speak

of lost times,

and of sorrow and blood."

("When You Do Not Return", Robin S. Ngangom)

These ***"lost times"*** are the halcyon days of past. They are juxtaposed with ***"sorrow and blood"*** in almost a violent and forceful imagery. But the 'lost times' bring peace to the mind as a token of immutable love.

The North East Indian poets have an ambivalence, towards militarism, love for the land, ethnicity etc. but these are transcended into love: love for woman, love for the hills, ravines and deep gorges, precipitated by gushing waterfalls; in short love for the land. They are able to transmute the chaotic into the subliminal. That is, in the final analysis, the poetry of peace; out of disorderliness, an orderliness. Politics and love complement each other with lyrical utterances. The public and private voices mingle into rhapsody:

"You are very pretty,

Barak river!

... Barak river; when

your waters soothe

the fiery heat,

the desert smiles

quietly."

("Barak River You Are Beautiful", Ilabanta Yumnam)

Disquiet transmuted into quiet. Beatific

(All references in this article are to Dancing Earth; Penguin Books, New Delhi, 2009)

