

# A Posy of Poesy

(a collection of poems)

Editors

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Dept of English, J.K.C. College, Guntur-6;

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(a collection of poems)

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*Dedicated*  
*to*  
*All the Poets in the world*  
*who write*  
*in*  
*English*

# Foreword

After holding National Poetry Fest:2008 successfully, we thought of holding another National Poetry Fest in 2009 and dedicating it to all the Poets in the world who write in English. We sent e-mails to many poets, requesting them to contribute their poems to our Fest Anthology "A Posy of Poesy". We are glad that our request evoked a tremendous response. We received precious poems and good wishes not only from Indian poets but also from foreign poets. We feel sure that their poems will add to the body of World Poetry in English. We sincerely thank all the poets for sending us their best poems and also their best wishes for the success of our Poetry Fest, and we also wish each and everyone of them success and fame in the splendid realms of Poetry.

We are very grateful to Mr Mor X. Chang, Editor, [www.Asianamericanpoetry.com](http://www.Asianamericanpoetry.com), and also to Mr David Rheins, Editor, [www.Freepamphletpublishing.com](http://www.Freepamphletpublishing.com) for hosting our Invitation /Call for Poems in their e-journals.

***P. Gopichand & P.Nagasuseela***

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**1. Ms Mani Rao** has lived in various parts of India, and in New Zealand and Hong Kong. She has reincarnated herself in the world of media and is the author of six books of poetry. She has read and performed poetry at cafes, universities and literary festivals, created poetry-based installations in public space, co-edited a poetry anthology and taught creative writing. She is one of the founders of OutLoud, a gathering of poets regularly in Hong Kong. She worked for 20 years in the fields of advertising and television media, specialising in creative, marketing and communications. Wishing to change the commercial realities of poetry and to make poetry thrive in a world of louder media, she has tried what she calls ‘re-packaging’ of her own poetry with her Poetry on Postcards (1996) and with poetry as graffiti in ‘The Writing on the Wall’ (1997). She now writes full-time and is based in Hong Kong. She has authored six collections of poetry: Echolocation, Chameleon Press, 2003; Salt, Asia, 2000 ;The Last Beach; Asia, 2000, Hong Kong, 1999; Living Shadows, HK Arts Development Council, Hong Kong, 1997; Catapult Season, Writers Workshop, Calcutta, 1993; Wingspan, 1987.

## 1. When?

When?  
Soon!

When?  
Soon....

When?

Soon –

When?

Soon.

WHEN?  
Soon.

Soon.

## 2. Yes We Did...

Yes we did did we  
Would you could you  
Oh go to bed  
Sleep off  
Be ok in the morning  
How was it my skin  
Had no buttons  
Was heavy  
By the fountain  
Over bridge  
The radio taken by the song  
When you knew  
What if I don't come back for a life time  
When I'll be making tea  
You'll look in from the window  
Over the porcelain bird  
Hungry kid  
Disturbed the bread and now it's flat  
Next time check with me first  
Drop in any time even if you are not around  
You too phone when you have nothing to say

**2. Dr Hemang Desai** is a bilingual poet, short fiction writer and translator, working in Gujarati and English. Many of his translations appeared in literary journals like Indian Literature, New Quest, Muse India, V. Tapathi, Sandhi, and in others. His English poems appeared in journals like New Quest, Crimson Feet, Muse India, Reflections, Kayita, Tapathi and Sandhi. He has rendered thirty English poems of Common Wealth Poetry of Prize Winner-Poet Kolatkar into Gujarati. His Gujarati translations of Contemporary Marathi poets like Hemant Divate, Sachin Ketkar, Mohan Borse, Amita Kokate, Nitin Arun Kulkarni and Santosh Padmakar , appeared in journals and magazines. Apart from these, he has had formal training in Indian Classical Vocal Music and given performances at many concerts. At present he is the Head of the Dept. of English, N.V.Patel College of Pure and Applied Sciences, Vallabh, Vidhyanagar, Gujarat.

### 3. Drinking Time

Tired of the stale within you  
When you eventually decide to get rid of you  
Be sure its drinking time  
Though they say  
Treat it as a hobby  
or a way to amnesia  
a panacea

it's  
a way of screwing up the cork crushing your outbound spirit  
flowing over in furious froth frenzy  
a way of washing rinsing cleansing  
your labeled fabled stabled exterior  
with your steaming, gleaming, teeming interior

a way of immediate self-catharsis  
an interim relief  
attending heliographic call of eternity  
lead's red and daisy's yellow  
eventide sky in the decanter  
soaring above like bubble-birds  
until they blast into cosmic vacuum  
and you piss off with a quiver on your bum

an alcoholic way of purging your teetotaler self  
don't forget to push the cork once you are done

## 4. Dreams

Walled in on all sides by mirrors  
of our convex desires and concave whims  
We with our pigmy hands and feet  
Roll the spitball of our innermost dreams  
On the stardusted uneven sand of time  
To make it assume the symmetry of love  
Gather the mosaic texture of life  
Till it grows too big for our bugholes  
Till it tumbles down a steep slope  
Running us over again and again  
And bangs headlong into the female of its species  
Zooming in from pensive mirror depths  
And shatters into the multiples of our missed breaths  
Little realizing that outside our magic circle stand  
Hefty hedges and flat walls,  
With unheard of names and gory symbols  
That it's just the beginning of a bloody game  
in which bare-bodied pin-balls roll over  
Wide-jawed splinters spread over maze route  
to our hoary rain-scared bugholes  
shuddering at the back of the beyond  
and steadily wear away in shape and size  
right enough to fall into open manholes  
and rot there till the arrival of the Second  
who couldn't make it at First.

**3. Mr K.V.Dominic**, a poet, critic, editor and short-story writer, is a member of the PG Department of English, Newman College, Idukki District, Kerala. He is the author of the books *Postcolonial Readings in Indo-Anglian Literature*, *Selected Short Stories in Contemporary Indo-Anglian Literature* and *Pathos in the Short Stories of Rabindranath Tagore*. He has written a number of poems, critical essays and short stories published in reputed journals and books. As the Editor of *Indian Journal of Postcolonial Literatures (IJPCL)*, an international refereed biannual published by the Centre for English Studies, Newman College, Thodupuzha, Kerala, he is a well-known figure at many universities, colleges and other academic circles throughout India. He is on the Advisory and Editorial Boards of several leading journals in India.

## **5. A Blissful Voyage**

Had I the wings of a mallard  
I could fly to the States,  
shake the hand of Obama,  
and thank my American sisters and brothers.

I wish I had the claws of a vulture  
to fetch the skeletons from Iraq  
and build a bone-palace  
to imprison Bush in it.

If I could fly like an angel,  
would plead Christ, Muhammad and Krishna  
to exterminate the high priests  
who inject communal venom  
to millions' innocent minds.  
I would meet Gandhi too  
who is weeping at his shattered dreams.

I wish I were a bullet  
and shoot into the chest of that terrorist  
who compels that teen age boy  
to explode and kill that innocent mob.

## 6. Gods Will Be Pleased

Sacred ornaments  
of Krishna  
are stolen.

Elsewhere,  
the golden rosary  
of Our Lady  
was missing.

Sleeplessness for the police.  
No trace  
was found.

The devotees say  
the gods are  
angry hence.  
The gods must be  
gold crazy!

The priests in golden robes  
dressing gods  
in golden clothes  
exploit  
people's weaknesses.

Take all ornaments  
from temples and churches,  
turn them food  
and serve  
to hungry mouths;  
AND GODS  
WILL BE PLEASED.

**4. Ms B.Y.Apurva Iyengar:** “Young Achiever; Rising Star; Prodigious Poet; Gifted Child; Young Talent; Child Prodigy” are the words used by the Indian Print media while introducing Apurva and her poems to the world! INDIA’S Youngest Poetess (Limca Book of Records, 2003), B.Y.Apurva Iyengar, is a versatile and creative writer. Apurva has been acknowledged as a child prodigy for her poetic talent. She was featured in The Limca Book of Records of 2003 as the Youngest Poet in India. She is one of the ‘youngest members’ of The Poetry Society of India, New Delhi. For her prodigious talent, she has been featured in several newspapers such as The Hindu, The Times of India, The New Indian Express, The Deccan Chronicle, and regional newspapers, and in several television channels like NDTV, Doordarshan and regional television channels.

## 7. Nursery Rhyme

One and two,  
bombs ripped through.

Three and four,  
my little eyes pour.

Five and six,  
terror’s new tricks.

Seven and eight,  
I shudder in fright

Nine and Ten,  
my school is a dark den

Before I end my rhyme!  
another blast, stops my time  
my better world dreams fly  
as the bitter world bids me bye

## 8. The Young Terrorist

Then:

Man nurtured innocence  
Inspired values in young mind  
Handed him a pen  
Advised: “ emulate or get creative”

Now:

Man experiments innocence  
Brutally assaults the young mind  
Hands him a gun  
Commands : “Shoot or get Shot”

Why name terrorists?  
Two sides of a coin  
Then and now  
We chose one.

**5. Dr R.K.Singh** is a Professor in the Dept of Humanities & Social Sciences, Indian School of Mines University, Dhanbad, Jharkhand, India.

## **9. Don't Condemn Me**

It's all linked but I don't understand  
or don't want to understand because

I am too much with me and worry  
about her dying libido and my

own shrinking sex amidst salsa chill  
Bihu fever, Vishu rituals

ringing emptiness day and night shake  
the age-wrapped youth for single-edge play

in forked flame carve image of heave  
to challenge the jealous God undo

sins of races flowing in my blood:  
I love Him through the bodies He made

but they don't understand redemption  
in churning and parting of the sea

they don't rejoice the flames of henna  
on her palms nor let the lily bloom

in the valleys use the clefts and cliffs  
to deface beauty and spike voices  
don't condemn me if I am not white  
the water still flows in my river

## 10. Barbed Wire Fence

My window opens  
to the back of a garage  
where guards make water  
at times show their dick  
to the maid in my kitchen:  
they care for none  
how can I complain  
if boys and girls make love  
in the bush between  
the children's park and my backyard?  
They are distanced by  
a barbed wire fence

**6. Dr Unni Krishnan Atiyodi** belongs to Kandangali, Payyanur, Kerala. 'Belching' is his first published collection of poems. About twenty of his poems are published in 'Museindia' e-journal. He is the winner of a poetry competition on environ, an essay competition conducted by 'India Coffee House' and also 'All Kerala Pensioners' Association. He wrote another book entitled 'Brush up on Your English', a booklet on English. At present he is a teacher at St Joseph's College, Pilathara, Kannur, Kerala.

## 11. Pain of Love

The virgin rain soaked the dry sand,  
A fragrance fumed towards the soul,  
Not impure, lascivious sort of smell,  
Wet eyes, water drops, glued life!  
Decorated the naked memories,  
Aromatic memories eloquent love,  
Songs stuck in the mind recorder,  
One word, one look of concise love,  
And time to bid farewell.  
Sweet heart, audieu,  
The spring of life squandered,  
Afloat to the unknown shore,  
Birds chirped, men twittered,  
Waves gibbered, a strange shore  
The shore of ever lasting desire!  
*Aham Brahmasmi*  
Loitering eyes reciprocated,  
*Thathuamasi*  
Echoes of feminine voice  
Now away, away. Echoes  
of fresh thunder, lightning,  
Fragrance of the newly soaked earth,  
Nostalgia. Breeds pain,  
Pangs of love see the sun set,  
Fathomless sea and Brahman.  
In my heart boils desire  
Of unfulfilled desire.

## 12. Old Age Travails

The wrinkles of eighty balded his memory,  
Flashes at times enlivened the vacuum,  
That plonk screened the memory!

Such a stick in the mud sobbed in vain,  
The faded flower of yester years stink.  
Ambition burns to stifle further thought,  
Incessant reminders are the subconscious.  
Every flower hides something,  
The comely ones cheat, but why?  
Irregular thoughts have no frame,  
Putz around to ruminate the past!  
Old wine not age is fine, bald head!  
Aimless journey to the horizon.  
A politician grabs everything,  
Ninety? Hundred? no problem,  
He embarrasses every thinking ones,  
Morose journey with bribes, nepotism,  
Vicious circle is oldman's politics.  
Stinks the faded flower, bald head,  
Nauseating moral stench is politics,  
Do away with it old buddy,  
Or Inferno waits for you, beware!  
Why, old age is faithless and  
A vacuum and a bubble. Travails  
Old age is pain with greed,  
Let us stop ageing and be good.

**7. Ms Heera Nawaz** is both a corporate trainer and a writer. She has contributed many articles, short stories and poems to various newspapers and magazines for the past 25 years. Her favourite form of writing is poetry, because she believes that through poetry, one can reach out to people and make them introspective and sensitive.

### **13. My Mother**

Mother of mine, you are the epitome of beautiful emotions,  
the peak of perfection, divine devotion and cautious care,  
By disciplining us kids, with your sweet and awesome nature,  
Which, just like daddy's, is a gift, lovely and rare.

When I fell down as a small child, you wiped my tears,  
bandaged my wound, and showered me with your love,  
Which I remember years later, as your concern for me  
Is as pure and spotless as a peaceful, white dove.

When I was a teenager, you told me of life's changes,  
You told me it is important to do the cooking,  
And those young men prefer girls, who can run the show,  
Though they flirt with those who are good-looking!

Mummy, your inbuilt strength is like the Eiffel Tower,  
You are strong, resilient, tenacious, with awesome power,  
Making me aware of what wonderful qualities are in a mother,  
Like the all-knowing acceptance of a beautiful flower

## 14. My Father

A father is a person who is always there for us,  
Although many a time we take him almost for granted,  
But his wisdom and knowledge stand us in good stead,  
For a child's view of life is almost always slanted!

A father guides us through the kaleidoscopic passage of life,  
And helps us by advising us when we are going wrong,  
For he is verily a fountain of sprays of weathered wisdom,  
As well as being a father figure, proud and strong!

While mummy is always sugar, spice and always nice,  
A father is strict but underneath that always kind,  
For while a mother deals with our physical needs,  
A father almost always trains and guides our inquisitive mind!

A father's place cannot be fulfilled by anyone else,  
Yes, he is a rock, and one feels he is always there,  
But no, one day, one will realise that he too has to go,  
And that you will realise only when you see his empty chair.....

**8. Dr Nikhil Parekh** of Ahmedabad, India is a Love Poet and Five-Time World Record Holder with the Limca Book of Records India (Only 2nd in Official World rankings to the Guinness Book of World Records) for his Poetry. He is the author of several Poetry Books which include “ God” , “Love Versus Terrorism”, “You Die; I Die- Love Poems”, and he has composed numerous poems. Dr Parekh’s Poetry has received the patronization and support of several World Leaders including U.S. President Barack Obama, and the Queen of England.

## **15. My Faith in God – When I Felt I was Dying...**

With every majestic sunset making way for the Immaculate moon; that astoundingly depicted the multifarious shades of this Universe—which was a gift from the Omnipotent Creator,

With every draught of exuberant wind; that evolved into a whole new mist of rhapsodic excitement; out of sheer and insipid nothingness,

With every dainty petal of the poignant rose; that permeated a scent of oneness in the otherwise monotonously subjugated atmosphere,

With every vivacious stroke of the mesmerizing rainbow; that charmed the entire Universe; fraught with its own inexplicably unsolicited misery,  
With every infinitesimal speck of the atmosphere; that invincibly clung to the bodies of us living beings; befriending an entire Universe of solidarity-from its own realms of isolation and despair,

With every step that marched forward to maintain the royal equilibrium of life; ensure that life went on despite anything and everything; but only by the grace of God,

With every flight of unbridled fantasy; that made even the most inconspicuously ordinary of living being; catapult beyond the definitions of desire,

With every squeak that escaped the throat; triumphantly piercing the bizarre sullenness and silence of the atmosphere with a desire to be embraced by one and all,

With every sensuously tantalizing night; that unfurled into the morning of a bountifully optimistic and brilliant dawn,  
With every solemn pledge of goodwill in the graveyard; that bedazzled the ghastly silence of remorseful death; with a new found longing to

disseminate love and life,

With every rumble of inscrutable thunder in the sky; that brought along with it the optimistic promise of rain; an infallible reason to cheer in the aisles of ecstasy,

With every inimitably righteous footprint left on soil; that carved an entire pathway of unflinching goodness; love and peace; as the quintessential elements to lead life with,

With every idea that uninhibitedly germinated from the brain; blossoming into boundless sparks of freshness; to unite the entire planet into the religion of love,

With every affable outgrowth that joyously leapt out of soil; instantaneously engulfed with the blessed rays of the Sun; after an equally compassionate cuddling by mother soil,

With every handshake executed between people of all race; religion and color; paving way for the most immortal and unassailable religion of humanity,

With every lump of frigidly asphyxiating snow; that perseveringly labored its way to becoming the most adorable stream of love; as its eventual outcome,

With every step traversing on the road not taken; permeating robotic chunks of the atmosphere with tantalizing splashes of adventure,

With every anecdote of failure that strengthened one's resolve to succeed all the more; metamorphosing every bit of morbid ash into an opportunity to holistically survive,

My faith in God grew; as irrespective of whatever has happened or would happen from now on; I know it would be for the good—

As God is my faith; God is my life-- God gives me the power to symbiotically survive with one and all till the time he commanded----

And whenever he decides to take me away from this earth of his; I sincerely pray from my heart and soul to him; to be able to utter his name in poetry and song; when I felt I was dying....

## 16. Will You be My Valentine?

Will you be the luckiest charm of my existence; a wish of supreme fulfillment that only led to humanitarian goodness; philanthropy and selflessness- as I nimbly tread by the grace of the Creator Divine?

Will you be the vivaciously dancing butterfly of love in my garden; illuminating every dreary nerve of mine- with the charm of your poignantly exuberant flight?

Will you be the scent of immortal companionship that drifted close to my nostrils; so that I forever floated in a paradise of goodness; unfettered and bonded in a mist of friendship sublime?

Will you be the rainbow of unflinching camaraderie that I sighted in tufts of blue; that ignited my spirit of symbiotic survival on divine earth; to the very fullest?

Will you be the droplet of tantalizing rain that cascaded down my roof; triggering a perennial yearning in my heart to be kissed in a domain; beyond the definitions of clockwork time?

Will you be the uninhibited stream that sparkled down the virgin slopes; embracing every element of my impoverished existence; with a wand of bountiful endowment?

Will you be those invisible tendrils of excitement that caressed my spine; awakening me from a stupor of inane practicality; towards the effulgently whistling winds of existence?

Will you be the fairy that casts a gorge of happiness wherever you went; a perpetual mist of bliss that I embraced; as I continued my truncated odyssey on soil?

Will you be that line of destiny on my palms that solely leads to truth; a flame that keeps the true passion of my life ignited with unparalleled caring?

Will you be the song that I cherished to sing the most in this Universe; a melody whose tunes drifted from the innermost arenas of my innocuous soul?

Will you be that undaunted living form by my side; in my times of ebullience and inexplicable misfortune alike; even as abuses were intransigently hurled from the planet outside?

Will you be the tinkling laughter that engulfed my ears with new-found hope; everytime I felt the ship of my scraggily penurious existence sink to the rock bottom of hopelessness?

Will you be the nightingale that unabashedly perched upon my shoulder; drowning me into ecstatic spasms of all the sweetness- that ever formed my imperfectly humane atmosphere?

Will you be every Lilly that blossomed on the path not dared taken; but the very path I chose to celebrate every moment of my synergistically intrepid existence?

Will you be the everlasting source of my child-like bewilderment; as the magic of your spontaneity continued to enthuse the informally bohemian footsteps of my life?

Will you be the ultimate seductress that drifted me away from the worst of crisis; far away from the world of greed; manipulation and satanic barbarism—like a prince near your amiably compassionate bosom?

Will you be the reason that I found new-found optimism to survive; not only reaching the zenith myself—but reaching out the balm of unhindered love and humanity to every single of my fellow beings?

Will you be the voice that I could easily differentiate from amongst every other on the planet; as it was my own heart's cry to forever unite with my soul-mate in this life and every life hence-forth-destined?

I guess its time to propose to you now—and that's exactly what I am doing from deep within my heart O! Beloved– Will You Be My Valentine?

**9. Dr Laksmisree Banerjee**, Head of the Department of English, WC of The Ranchi University, India, is a UGC Postdoctoral Research Awardee. She is a Fulbright Scholar and Visiting Professor, USA and Europe. She is an active Rotarian, Paul Harris Fellow, and Member, Board of Governors, Central Institute of English & Foreign Languages (Govt. of India), Hyderabad, India. She is a regular performing artiste (Vocal Music & Poetry) of the All India Radio (Akashvani), the Indian Television (Doordarshan) and of the Stage in the major cities of India, USA, UK, Scandinavia & other countries. She is a regular Speaker on the All India Radio (Akashvani) and on Indian Television (Doordarshan) for English programmes on Global Studies, Gender Studies, Postcolonial Studies, Commonwealth Literature, Indian English Literature, World Women's Poetry and Creative Writing in English. She conducted Seminars and Workshops in Creative Writing and Stage Recitals of Self-Composed Indian-English Poetry & Vocal Indian Music.

## **17. I Am The Woman : I Am The World**

She did not want to dress  
her fears anymore  
after two thousand years .....  
she wished to see into these microbes,  
viral-deep oysters of glimmering haze  
pin them down to truth  
right on her dissecting table,  
break the soft, woolly cocoon  
here and now.

The comfort-ridden illusions  
had lost their lustre,  
the love-bondages and bandages  
had been ripped off,  
the fancy clouds dispersed,  
the shell of shibboleths  
built safely around her womanhood  
had fallen apart.

Here she was a Kunti or a Miranda  
in kaleidoscopic unfurling  
on these wrecked sand castles  
whistling away with real grip

outside the fence, the arms, the folds  
beyond the barbed wire,  
riding a bus to the University  
driven by a black woman driver.  
She sat beside an Islamic girl  
with scarf on head  
and books in hand,  
walked across the street with her  
against zipping cars  
boldly, strongly  
into the heart of learning  
with other browns, blacks, whites,  
men and women across borders.

The fragile teacups are still there,  
perhaps lonely, neglected,  
waylaid on the periphery .....  
the shark-tail-lashes still gleam  
intermittently,  
the distinct colours have not been  
banished yet  
but the entrenched lines are blurring out;  
the clouds have given way to  
a new rainbow-sun,  
she is on her way, with the rest of them  
saying 'I am the World – I am the Woman'.

## 18. Lakshman-Rekha

Why did Sita cross the Lakshman-Rekha  
(or did she trip over it ?)  
between life and death,  
that shrouded secrecy  
between light and darkness -----

that ultra-thin divide  
between faith and longing -----  
that muslin-veil between  
appearance and reality ?

Why did she pierce through  
that cryptic, crystalline wall  
stretching endlessly between good and evil  
to meet her abductor half way ?  
to pursue a golden deer  
through an endless mesh of verdure,  
through tunnels of silenced shrieks ?

Why did Sita throw herself away  
to the winds and the deserts ?  
to the skies and the rivers ?  
rend apart her heart in glassy schisms -----  
trample upon her own jewels, her own creations,  
her own crown of flowers ?

leave behind her own garden,  
her own home, her own aangan -----  
wrench in distressed pieces her own dreams, desires,  
drapings, sarees, ghunghat in wreathed agonies,  
show the fearful fissures engulfing her own self  
in the grand finale of fire and tears -----

Was it to punish Ravana  
or Rama ?

**10. Prof. Puttu Kulkarni** authored twelve books out of which five are poetry books, one drama book, and seven others in his mother tongue. Some of his illustrious books are : Saundarya Lahari (San –Kan), Bhaa yaan (Kannada), Prajana paata (Kannada), Shivananda Lahari (San- Kannada), and Halli Puttana Hadugalu (Kannada). He attended many National and International Conferences and Seminars and presented papers on various topics.

## 19.Reality

In the Voter –List, in front of my name  
an attractive symbol of “M”  
O! now it is confirmed  
I am a Male.!!!

Wandering and wandering  
loosing my hands and legs  
before enlisted my name  
in the “Death List”  
If I received a Ration-Card,  
gratification with the eternal glad

Units fixed in the record  
number mentioned by the Lord,  
cleared and cleared my confusion  
I have just reached the major stage  
by passing the minor age  
(before twenty years only )

While purchasing the Policies  
Of Life (to whom?)  
Xeroxing my birth certificate  
proved with a grace of God , to me  
till I am not dead

Hi,  
recently yes recently,  
a chameleon is coming with illusions  
year by year , year by year

I am loosing myself  
by putting a Swastika stamp on my Atman  
and filling in the ballot -box  
Yes it is sealed  
Yes it is sealed.

## 20. Karma-Yoga

This is our Karma-Yoga !  
Yes, this is our Karma-Yoga  
with closed eyes  
with sealed mouths  
with seized ears  
A doll without any Atman  
But ready to give the contribution  
To increase the Demo-  
Graph of the land

White-washing to the muddy-idol  
worshiping in the blind –procession  
torn shirts , shrunken shoulders  
diminishing the light of the eye-sight  
surrendering to their holy-feet  
to collect the sacred –dust  
to float in the day-dreams  
being as stand for their great caps

Allowing to rule – one who will  
show the hand  
planning for the non-planning fund  
to enjoy in the Hi-tech land  
banging his own tune in his band

Development in the grave  
Flowers are bloomed  
to worship in day and night  
In the name of Father  
In the name of Mother  
India Gate is fixed  
( Is the God relaxed )

Count the beads and tell the hymn  
That was our Karma Yoga  
This is our Karma Yoga  
It will be our Karma Yoga

**11. Prof. P.Sawahney** is a researcher and sculptor. He has to his credit six books of general writings. His book “Communication Skills for Technical Students” is highly commendable.

## **21. I am a Man....**

...I am a Man.

You tried to kill me many times

but as you can see: I am still alive.

I did not die yet in spite of your best efforts

by raising the calumny of forgery against me,

Every time you tried your luck to gain by filing forged documents.

And one day I purposely kept quiet to open my mouth another day,

You thought: “So, he is dead,”

because at that very moment I was alone

And since I am a non-believer the God did not come to my help

But the fact of this planet earth is every living organism must perish.

Due to your covert efforts I have been immortalized

In the Law reports of our great country: The mother India

May the mother live long with millions to read the story of false accusation

For all the times to come...

Because I am a Man...Immortalized by you

‘PAUL CHD.’

**12. Ms Y.Latha**, a teacher by profession writes poems and she presented her poems at “India Poetry Festivals” 2005, 2006 and 2009. She has contributed her poems (free verses and Zen poetry) to Poets International for the last four years. Besides writing and reading poetry, experimenting with different forms and styles of poetry is her hobby. She got inspiration and knowledge to write Zen poetry and Haiku from Dr Mohammed Fakhruddin. She is at present working as Senior Librarian of the Post-graduate Medical Library at Chinmaya Mission Hospital, Bangalore.

## **22. In Harmony With Nature**

Be in harmony with the golden rays of the morn  
That glitters through your eyes  
Which reflects the glory of your soul  
Be in harmony with the soft music of the little bird’s song  
That echoes through the green woods  
And touches your inner spirit with hope and joy  
Be in harmony with the evening breeze  
That rolls over the blue mountains  
And takes you to the world of wisdom  
Be in harmony with the night sky full of shining stars  
Which makes you unite with the fabulous art of the sky  
And become one among themselves  
And be in harmony with the beauty of nature  
That smiles across the petals of wild flowers  
And unite yourself with the amazing nature’s charms

## **23. Leisure on the River side**

Capture the moment of joy  
At the grace of the dancing peacock  
That spreads its wings of wisdom  
Immerse your sense of wonder  
On the smiling golden rays of sun shine  
That dances on the calm waters of the serene river  
Feel the fragrance of fresh mountain air  
That blows from the far pines and wild lilies  
Drench under the drizzle of cool shower  
That the gust of summer breeze brings  
Listen to the murmur of the river  
That reveals the hidden pleasure of the waves  
Enjoy the silent smile of nature  
That reflects through the green forests and the blue sky...

**13. Prof. K. S. Subramanian** is an Asst. Editor of one of the leading newspapers of the country. He has been writing poems for nearly 30 years now. Poetry, as a creative expression, has been his forte and favourite occupation. He published a volume of verse through the Writers Workshop, Kolkata ; it was entitled “Ragpickers”. It had some admiring reviews and appreciative response. His poems have appeared in a number of websites and anthologies published in India and abroad ,including poetry magazine.com, museindia.com, Asian Age, www.synapse.net, www.unesco.it, etc.

## 24. Scaling the Pyramid

“The world is a small village;  
every firm can source its needs  
anywhere; At the tip of the pyramid  
all are equal

The thunder spoke, its hollow ring  
deafening to the ears; living is now a  
race, elbowing out the racers;  
The sweat on your back glistens  
no more; workers of the world  
have no fetters, eyeing the pyramid’s  
tip, slipping in the awkward climb.

“Vanilla fetches the highest price,  
needs water but no rain,” moans  
the farmers, wistfully watching  
the bare paddy, breathing in  
staccato rhythm, buried to the  
neck in debt; Arecanut farms  
are bone dry, wind wistling the dirge.  
The thunder’s voice ripped the sky  
open, the flash of lightning almost  
like the burst of a bulb.

“Sowing is not reaping, the card  
you hold could be the ace of fortune  
or misery; dying in penury means  
less than death.”

The pyramid’s wide base was still  
as a catacomb; slit, furtive eyes  
pinned on the tip, gasps drowned  
in the stampede; keep still, to be  
in the race.

## 25. Where does it Begin?

I watch my daughter  
loading her way up,  
a heavy bag on her shoulder,  
not to reach the stars,  
but strike a toehold  
in the teeming valley.

In three years reserve  
a slot in computer applications,  
engineering, or medicine; with a wad  
of merit (if fortune favours the brave)  
or notes (if you make a fortune)

Where does fortune begin  
(I dont know); but where does it end (I do)  
“Your time starts now”  
the quiz master’s voice  
is worth mimicking,  
more than the countdown!  
I brace for a fresh start,  
so do many, many.  
The sweat on your brow  
settling on a pot of gold;  
What if the gold rusts before  
birth? Can you answer?  
Are you suffocated by the  
stampeding shrieks?

**14. Dr Nuggehalli Pankaja** received ‘Excellence in World Poetry Award’ from International Poets Academy , the prestigious ‘Anupama Award’ given to outstanding women writers of Kannada(the Regional language of Karnataka) and many more prestigious awards in Kannada Literature. Her English poems have been published in many anthologies like ‘Poet’ of Madras( of Padma Bhushan Krishna Srinivas), International Poetry Collections, etc. Her articles and works were published in Deccan Herald. Her works appeared in other English journals as well (Harijans of Karnataka in Illustrated Weekly , etc.) . She is a versatile Kannada writer with many popular novels, collections of humour, dramas, children’s literature, short stories, reviews interviews, column-writing, translations(Bhavani Bhattacharya,Oscar Wilde, etc), and award-winner films based on her novels, to her credit.

## 26. Voices

Voices unknown assail my being,  
While I chatter  
In my mind-- alone. . . . .

Faceless voices!They tear to shreds  
My soul as I look around  
And greet, unseeing,  
Voices suffering. . . . .

Voices of hapless girls  
Raped-hence shunned,  
By society,with its veneer of hypocrisy.

Voices of women abandoned  
By husbands drunkards-heartless,  
Voices stifled in slaughterhouse  
Of IN-LAWS ruthless!

And voices drowned by grisly-dance

## 27. Of 'Dowry-Minds' She

Pain had mellowed her,  
Experiences varied given wisdom  
To her eyes once innocent, now rich  
With life's teachings. . . . .

Where once nought reigned  
In the days of fresh summer  
Of her first flush of youth,  
Now a grace hard to define  
And charm all her own. . . . .

Charm with humility blended,  
Compassion woven, radiating  
Rays-like,,drawing all  
Near or far, humble or grand,  
To her abode cosy always-regardless,  
Of winter or spring  
Rapping at her window-pane.

**15. Prof. Mukesh Williams'** poetry has been published in Indian, Canadian, Caribbean, and American journals such as *Indian Verse*, *The Journal of Indian Writing in English*, *Muse India*, *Centrifugal Eye*, *The Blue Fog Journal of Poetry*, *Foliage Oak*, *Plankton*, and *Best Poem*. His poetry possesses a startling mixture of Japanese minimalism and Foucauldian coups, and carries with it an uncanny postmodernist signature. His works have been quoted in reputed journals of the world from *The Journal of Commonwealth Literature* to *The Other Voices International Project*, and listed in the *World Poetry Directory of UNESCO 2008*. Prof. Prof. Williams has published two books of poems, *Nakasendo and Other Poems* (2006), and *Moving Spaces, Changing Places* (2007); and he is now busy preparing his third book *The Figural Moment*. His latest co-authored book, *Representing India: Literatures, Politics, and Identities*, has been favorably reviewed in many journals and newspapers. His name figures in 'Marquis Who's Who in the World'. He teaches at Keio University-SFC and Soka University, Japan.

## 28. Entering Doors

Close your eyes and imagine  
Entering a batwing or a butterfly door,  
Go past a sweet labyrinthine arbor,  
Into cavernous passages, painted emotions,  
Buttressed with Weberian efforts,  
Complicated with Moorish cunning.

Close your eyes and find yourself  
Swinging open entrances to opportunities,  
Religious epiphanies, déjà vus,  
Looking for right keys, special significances,  
Allegorical situations, potent change,  
Following the wings of the unknown.

But along the way as you become familiar  
With inner spaces, upside down maneuvers,  
You turn doors into thoroughfares,  
Passing shows, historical baubles,  
Where you warn yourself of its dangers  
And worry about hinges, handles, and doorstops.

## 29. Beyond Categories

Questions of birth and death,  
Love and hate, duty and diligence,  
Have always foxed us, belied our intelligence,

We have gone to religion and logic,  
To understand the philosophy of being  
And the categorical imperative,

We have tried to resolve distinctions  
Through intuition, dogma and metaphor  
Calling it universal reason,

We have taken recourse  
To Aristotle, Kant and Husserl  
To understand the Cartesian dualism,

We have worked hard to find a fitting answer  
To these ultimate questions, but  
Returned dissatisfied with a Ryleian category mistake,  
Now we wonder if there is no either or,  
Now or never, but  
An ever-present hesitation of our predicament!

**16. Ms Syllivia N.S.Pawade** is doing her XI at Brijlal Biyani Science College, Amaravathi, Maharashtra. She won a number of prizes in Fancy Dress, Quiz, Elocution and Essay- Writing competitions.

### **30. Jai Ho.....**

Finally we got Oscar  
We brought pride for our country  
But have you ever thought that the poorness in our country  
Has been the source of money.  
The condition is telecasted worldwide  
Winning us golden globe award.all are happy with it.  
But what about the poor?  
Have there been any change in their living?  
We are honoured by our own humiliating conditions.  
We are blindly appreciating the success  
Without noticing the black side behind it  
So, People its time to wake up,  
Take broom in our hands and  
Sweep all dirt away.

### **31. Freedom**

Finally the day broke up which a sunny luster  
When all women's uprooted all bondages  
And marched like a shining ray of freedom  
They were free from all servility  
Now, their journey from bathroom to kitchen came to an end  
So, like birds they spread their wings and flew to sky  
So that others will look like tiny ants  
Happy women's day

**17. Mr Durlabh Singh** is a poet based in London and has been widely renowned for his poems that appeared in over 300 publications. ‘Chrome Red’ and ‘Spaces of Heart’ are his chief publications.

### **32. I Will Present**

I will present you with  
A heart cut in diamonds  
To reflect vertiginous  
Cored conflagrations  
Smothered by roses  
Of the crimson hues.

Your arms will be  
Slender trap  
To keep me forever  
Engulfed into  
Confines of torture  
Where the shadows  
Will enrich waters  
Muddy sun shines  
Of the lodged towers.

I will present you with  
Some whispering nights  
And the allurements  
Of the ivory arms  
Will imprison us both  
In some static indifference.

### 33. Splinters

Splinter by splinter , measure by measure  
Instruments of torture are laid  
Ingredient in pain and the boredom  
Are woven around structures of brain.

Her hair are long her tongue is red  
Her teeth sink in marrow of soul  
In her embrace a withered paradise  
Numbing extremities with utter cold.

Beauty will have you in her thrall  
Never will be an escape from clutches  
It will dwell under your skin  
To tear up traces of bodily existence

With a grin on your face  
With stupid happiness in your mind  
You will be ever dying  
Tortured by satisfaction of goal  
Sans the sensitivity, sans the soul.

Her skull is made of copper  
Her hands of wrought iron core  
Her body in everlasting sameness  
Her voice structured of sired lures.

**18. Dr Madhu Kamra** is the Head of the Department of English, Durga Mahavidyalaya, Raipur. She guides students for their M.Phil and Ph.D. degrees. She presented research papers at National and International Seminars and Conferences, and she also writes poetry. She is the Editor-in-Chief of Litindia.org, an electronic literary journal.

### **34. Maimed Love**

Lo! the world is toppled  
The cry is raucous to the soul  
Anguish is paralyzed down to limbs  
Speech stands alien with dismay  
The mesh and the blood is at battle  
The jointing power stares disjointed  
Look at the carnival of grief

Each heart look remote & forlorn  
The dew has gained eternal living  
Immortality is the reward to misery  
Lowliness is grown monstrous and  
Loom & looms and loom to infinity

### **35. Crippled Childhood**

My ladder of childhood is askew  
The lullaby of cajoling hands are chapped  
The breath of obligation now throttles  
The umbilical cord changes into a noose  
Will this mean “no life”  
A tree stands on its own  
The lateral root torn apart  
I wonder at new technology  
Technique becoming fast an emotional havoc  
The proximal is no nearer  
The distal is forlorn  
No viaduct can abridge  
No atonement can repay  
The loss is ocean-deep  
The sorrow now seeps  
Seeps, seeps and further seeps  
To depth that make all weep

**19. Dr T.Ashok Chakravarthy** is a poet and review -writer. His 600 poems were published in various magazines, e-magazines and journals in 40 countries. The degree of D.Litt. was conferred on him. He is at present the Vice-Chairman of Global Harmony Association, Russia.

### **36. A Right Scope**

Peace is where we experience love-delights  
Harmony is where the glitter of love reflects,  
Dousing the volatile and vengeful thoughts  
Unite, let us unite to tune ever-new delights.

In the beautiful horizon of human thoughts  
If the pigeons of peace fly without fright,  
Love irresistible, blossoms in every heart  
While every dawn unfurl ever-new delights.

The clouds of hatred should totally diffuse  
Assaulting co-humans, should at once cease,  
With care, souls wounded should we nurse  
Freeing humankind from the conflicts' curse,

Peace is where we experience love-delights  
Harmony is where the glitter of love reflects,  
The spirit of love should we decisively inculcate  
Offering a helping-hand for the mankind to unite.

## 37. Caught Betwixt

The blowing breeze  
Never questions my presence,  
The flowing stream  
Never inquire my themes,  
The flying birds  
Never protest my singing,  
The grazing animals  
Never mind my playful acts,  
The drifting clouds  
Never deny my naughty dance,  
In the lap of lovely nature  
Yes, I love to lead a serene life.

It is but the humans  
Who ask my race  
Who ask my religion  
Who ask my language  
Who ask my caste  
Who ask my nativity  
Who ask my nationality  
Who ask my status  
Who ask my creed.  
In betwixt the life's dualities  
I fail to draw a parallel  
To choose a crazy modern-life  
Or prefer a cozy nature-loving life.

**20. Ms Gargi Talapatra :** As Assistant Editor (31 August, 2007 – 1 September, 2008), Gargi Talapatra worked with the Sahitya Akademi, Kolkata, for the revised edition of the ‘Encyclopaedia of Indian Literature’, under the chief editorship of Prof Indranath Choudhary. She copy-edited texts in translation, from Bengali to English, for Sahitya Akademi, texts such as Girishchandra Ghosh’s play Jyaisa-ka-Tyaisa translated by Sri Sayantan Dasgupta and entitled Tit for Tat (pub 2008, Sahitya Akademi), the monograph of Swarnakumari Devi in the Makers of Indian Literature series, and Narendranath Mitra’s novel Teen Din Teen Ratri, apart from the preparation of the monthly newsletters and translation of a few essays of Manik Bandyopadhyay, for the National Seminar organized by the Sahitya Akademi in 2008. She prepared the folder for the Sahitya Akademi’s Meet the Author programme with Syed Mustafa Siraj, held on 23 October, 2008. She was the recipient of ‘Smriti Ranjan Guha & Sadhana Guha Memorial Prize’ for topping at the M.A. level from the English Language Lovers’ Association, 2007, and ‘Chattagram Parishad Prize’ for academic excellence at the M.A. level. She was honoured with the ‘Pratap Chunder Chandra’ award by the Sindhu Smriti Trust, 2007.

### **38. The Beads**

Patches of light illumine  
The darkness of being  
Like trees of betelnut  
With flowery leaves and thin barks  
Swaying to the tune of the breeze,  
Delving deep within the surface  
To keep-in-touch with the roots.  
She sits in a corner  
Playing Grihalakshmi

The beads purr  
Around the wrinkled fingers  
Updating the mantra of life

## 39. A Mirror

A mirror did I look into yesterday  
Someone sang a lullaby afar  
Floating fragments of multiple words  
A tune urging to open the eyes and look  
..limit, unspecified...  
A rocking chair with a stick beside  
Swinging between boundaries and beyond...  
Spectacles spotted, hazy, unclean  
Bewildered at the irony of existence...  
A bangle, its roundness assured, wondering at  
Its difference with the globe...  
A cradle lay beyond the threshold  
The lullaby filling the air around  
Infant eyes gleaming with joy  
Snuggled in the heat of cannon-rattle

The mirror I peeped into curiously  
The infant lulled the cannon to sleep  
The rocking chair... the lullaby...  
The threshold faded...the sky seemed near...

**21. Prof. Soubhagyabanta Maharana**, a bilingual poet and translator, has been writing poetry since 1975, and most of his poems have been published in leading papers and magazines of Orissa. He has to his credit nine Oriya poetry collections and one Hindi poetry collection. Some of his poems have been translated into Hindi, English, Assamese, Bengali and Kannada. Prof. Maharana has won several literary awards and has been honoured by many literary and cultural organizations of Orissa. He has translated into English some poems of the eminent poets of Orissa. He is associated with Indian Literature and he translates Oriya poems into English.

## **40. Tears and Blood**

Fire of anger at times  
Puts out in the tears  
Of pity and mercy  
Being grateful at once  
To the body with the shadow.

While searching the gist of tears  
Meaning hides itself in word  
Word hides itself in emotion  
Like mingling of silence  
In the pervading reverberation  
Coming from remote ravines.

Tears become a time bomb  
A glittering sharp knife  
To play with the bloody souls  
Turning joyful life  
To a mere doll of wood.

Between the choice of blood and tears  
Tears of victimized widows play wonder  
To conquer a cruel heart of emperor Ashok  
Writing the epitaph of Kalinga war.

## 41. Shadow of History

History is not a pretence  
But a piece of untouched paper  
Soaked with blood and love  
To recount episodes of virtue and vice.

From the fossils of history  
Emerge unforeseen matters  
To see the light of culture  
Waiting in the cosy corner of museum.

History is never shadowed  
But it creates shadow  
Wherever it goes  
Noticed or unnoticed  
To generate furore or turmoil.

Fate of history with a brave heart  
Reveals true love , false pride  
Encircling the dilapidated harem  
To unravel the mystery of Maharaja.  
Hiroshima and Nagasaki resound with heavy shy  
In the whispering nuclear sky  
To recollect life in death's paradise.

**22. Dr G.R.Krishnamurthy** , a Professor teaching Management and Social Sciences at a Postgraduate College, in Mangalore, and also guiding Research Scholars, is a Poet, Novelist, story-writer, essayist and journalist. He is a prolific writer, and he writes in English and Telugu. He has published nearly 35 books, 5 volumes of poetry, 5 volumes of novels, 10 Social Science books, and he also edited 10 volumes of poetry, including the International Anthology entitled 'Eat-West Winds'. He is a much- travelled man and he has received many awards, honours and fellowships: Director, World Poetry Research Institute, Seoul; Fellow of IBI, Cambridge; Director, Advisory Board, ABI, Raleigh, U.S.A.; Consultant, & Charge de Affaires, IDES, Brussels; Reviewer, 'World Literature Today' U.S.A.; Asian Editor, 'Poet Monthly'; Editor- in- Chief, Hyma Publications, etc.

## **42. This Alone is True**

Yes, my beloved;  
This alone is true,  
The fact that we did not understand the meaning of life.  
The truth that we are trying to possess each other under the name of "love"!

The reality that we live a purposeless existence,  
This alone is true!

We are living in masks and living like islands,  
And that we pretend love, rather than loving,  
That we express love, rather than we feel,  
That we are acting love,  
Under the name of GOD and Religion!  
This alone is true!  
Yes, my beloved,  
This alone is true, this is the only truth,  
All else is pretension, and falsity,  
And deception and hypocrisy

### **43. A Journey Beyond Destination!**

Yes, my life is a different journey!  
It is a journey beyond destination!  
The journey so awesome, so majestic  
so tremendous, so enormous,  
Bewildered, confused, nonplussed,  
so past forward so fast-pacing,  
I, forgot where and when to get off the journey!  
the so called very destination;  
the journey so marvelous so thrilling,  
so ecstatic so beautiful and so complex;  
so many ups and downs,  
many heart-burns and achievements  
many turns and tides  
many blames and recognitions;  
Still the journey, the flow, the wave continues!  
Is there a destination, nay a destiny for this?  
Are we destined, nay condemned for this journey/flow?  
If so with what message and what purpose?  
Perhaps living joyfully, non-violently  
and contendedly is itself the message!  
No other message, no purpose, no design  
Living naturally is itself.....  
A Journey Beyond Destination!

**23. Dr Shanta Acharya** was born in India, educated at Oxford and Harvard, and currently lives in London . Her four books of poetry published are Shringara', Looking In, Looking Out, Numbering Our Days, Illusions and Not This, Not That. Her doctoral study, The Influence of Indian Thought on Ralph Waldo Emerson, was published by The Edwin Mellen Press, USA , in 2001.

#### **44. The Sundarbans**

A strange, wild place fed by the Ganges  
sweeping across the plains of Bengal  
to the Indian Ocean; here are no boundaries

Keeping fresh water from salt, river from sea,  
land from water, island from island.

The pure of heart venture into its labyrinth,  
only the true believer can fathom  
its secret waterways, decipher its currents;

Their travel through awkward lands  
are brief ruminations written on their hands.

Men dispossessed foray into its forests  
for food, fish, honey, fresh berries,  
wood, even tiger-parts, rich relics.

The strong and fearless enter this  
immense archipelago of islands;  
some treacherous, vast as cities,  
others shifting sandbars of dreams.

## 45. The Monk's Tale

From Darfur to Rwanda, Lhasa to Harare  
a message went out loud and clear –

Human rights are far from universal,  
injustice can reign a long time, if not for ever ...

In their jungle retreat the Generals rejoiced  
fattening themselves with diamonds, rubies, gas, timber.

Aung San Suu Kyi, our nation's soul and saviour,  
languishes under house arrest; sanctions have no effect.

Thousands of monks in maroon robes marched the streets  
chanting peacefully for change, the Democratic Voice of Burma said.

“We see everything in our society, see how ordinary people live  
as we go from house to house, our poverty bowl in hand...”  
one of the young monks said, carrying his bowl of soul and shivers.

When monks set upon destroying property daring the authorities,  
many knew troops dressed as monks acted as agent provocateurs.

There followed reprisals, arrests, torture and death –  
every body heard the screams as neighbours were dragged off.

A young woman who offered a thirsty monk a drink of water  
was arrested, another tortured for cheering the peaceful protesters;

A mother knelt and prayed during the procession for her son.  
Neither mother nor son have been seen or heard of since –  
like Win Shwe who perhaps died in detention, then cremated.

Pools of blood now decorate the doorways of monasteries  
blanketed in coils of barbed wire, sealed off from worship.

Gone the sanctity of incense, the rising chants of prayer;  
only the smell of stale cigarette butts linger –

When there were protests and soldiers marched the streets,  
the world watched in horror; now the soldiers come at night.

**24. Prof. Mukesh Modi** is the Co-ordinator of NAAC IQAC of the College, Co-ordinator of SCOPE and Digital Language Laboratory , D.M.Patel Arts and S.S.Patel Commerce College, Ode, Dist: Anand, Gujarat. He presented more than 14 Research Papers on English Literature, and Language, Quality in Higher Education, and Cultural Issues at the National Level Seminars/Conferences. He currently works on the U.G.C. sanctioned Minor Research Project “Lack of Efficiency in the Use of the English Language, Hampering the Professional Development of College Teachers”. He published more than 5 Research Papers/Articles in State/National Level Journals/magazines. He worked as a Resource Person at NAAC- Sponsored National Level Seminar at Midnapore College, Midnapore, West Bengal.

## 46. Hospitality

I don't require a bed to sleep on  
Shall sleep on my grand history,  
Don't provide me a quilt  
I shall cover myself under a religion,  
Have you some religions to eat and drink?  
Give me some sanskaras to read  
I have limitless restrictions to inhale...  
No need for warm and fresh mantras,  
I will take bath with cold ones.

Can you do a favor?  
I don't have night wares...  
If you can provide me  
Because I am terribly afraid of nakedness.

## 47. The Way He is Looking

A son of a laborer is looking at us  
Like an alien looking from another planet...  
Don't bother about his sister though  
There is no possibility of attack from her side right now  
She is busy in helping her mother in chores...  
She is even ignorant of looking anywhere.  
But you can't be sure of this boy  
It's o.k. if he also joins his father  
Otherwise the way he is looking....

**25. Jayanthi Manoj** is the pen-name of Prof. Mary Jayanthi. She is a lecturer in English, Holy Cross College, Trichy. She is a poetess and short story writer. She is also a trainer/resource person for Interview-facing Skills, Group Dynamics and Communicative Skills -cum- Soft Skills. Her anthology of poems entitled Sketches: From the Pages of My Diary , 2008, was published by the Reliance Publishing House, New Delhi. A number of her poems and short stories were published in National and International Literary Journals. The Poems Stagnation and Voices of Broken Bones were selected as two of the 20 best poems entered for the Secret Attic Poetry Competition held in United Kingdom in July, 2005, and in August, 2006. The poem Take Her Home was given a Second Honorary Mention at the Literary Magic Poetry Contest, New York, 2006 .She was the Staff poet of the Literary Magic Magazine, New York. Her story, My Story, won the III prize in the International Short Story contest conducted by Katholak Academy of Creativity, Bangalore, in Dec., 2007. She released and reviewed two books entitled ‘Fathers from Hell’ and ‘Women Bared and Dared’ at the Literary Festival conducted by Katha Kshetre Journal on 6th Dec ., ’08 ,at Gandhi Bhawan, Bangalore.

## 48. The Sinner’s Prayer

Caught in a never-ending maze  
The conundrum worms the carcass  
The esoteric world of fleshy scents  
Douse the soul in drowsiness.

Idols invade my percipient prayers  
Chanting evaporating mantras  
With materialistic bribes  
And ephemeral promises.

Implacable I shove the bedraggled tresses  
To cradle unknown pleasures  
First for food, next for a roof above  
Then to clothe, I began to unclothe.

Lord, now my day begins with Sherry  
Redolent, artistic walls veil my shame  
Plates of gold host tastes of continents  
Dollars, pounds, make the bed spreads.

I can no longer tout my corpse  
Senseless and deceased  
Make me a cadaver donor  
That’ll atleast cleanse thy altar  
O Lord hear my prayer.

## 49. Fearful Night

The restful night restlessly rolled over the bed  
Locking and unlocking in sleep.

Night punctuated with fighter planes and jets  
A bomb or two on the neighbouring state.

“oh! How will I sleep mama?  
The howling cries of death haunt the window pane.

.....

I hear a stab on my friend’s stomach  
Mama, it’s paining, he’s dying.

.....

Cruel is it to sleep tonight mama!  
When my playmates are dying...

.....

Mama, ‘answer me! answer me!  
Why do you lie so dumb?  
mmm!.....

It’s so dark; I don’t know where you are  
Mmmmmm mama Oh! Where are you?  
..... mmm .....

Oh! Answer my frightened call  
Oh! Please answer me with a kiss.  
..... mmm! .....MMMM!...

Oh Me! I hear you gasping for breath  
But I can’t feel you around.  
..... mmm! .....

Where is the candle light?  
I cannot reach for the stand.  
I can’t grope for the matchsticks  
Oh! Mama please understand.  
..... mmm! .....

Is that the smell of death I sniff?  
I’ll die out of fear, mama dear!  
Oh! Please answer my scared soul  
Don’t tell me you are dead.  
..... mmm!.....

**26. Dr Sunil Kumar Naveen** is a Reader in the Department of English, Nabira Mahavidhyalay, Katol, Nagpur. He presented papers at several National and International Seminars. He organized an Interview with Prof. Shiv. K.Kumar. He is a research supervisor of Nagpur University. He wrote many poems and short stories in English.

### **50. Winked She a Tear Away**

‘A crone, a withered hag  
Never above the country manners’  
Stuck her ears  
And she her hands withdrew  
Held out to her grandson  
With an old wooden toy,  
Long back she had brought  
From a fair  
For her own son.

Shocked at her daughter-in-law’s words  
Helpless she felt like a caged bird.

Her long wish to see  
And pour her love pure  
On him  
Forced her come  
Taking miles.  
Could she dream  
Her wish to see  
Would come cold like this?

Without a word  
Holding one corner  
Of her sari soiled,  
Moved she away  
And winked a tear away.

## 51. Giving

Giving  
Is but  
A way of life  
The way divine and blessed.  
The earth, the air  
The waters and mothers  
All give  
And never receive.

It's digging deep  
Seeking opportunity  
And sharing concerns  
Enriching humanity  
Helping to rise above  
The greed and self  
And power and pelf.

It's the shine of the sun  
That glitters the crown grave  
Or the silvery shine  
Of the moon  
That lends one a kinder face  
And brings grace.

Isn't it spontaneous  
Though sporadic  
That leads humanity  
From yester years dead  
A few steps ahead?

**27. Dr Sobha Diwakar** retired as the Head of the Dept. of English, C.P.Mahila Mahavidyalaya, Jabalpur and she now works as Hon. Prof. of English, at St. Aloysius' College. She is appointed by the V.C. in the Guest Faculty of the Dept. of P.G.Studies & Research in English, Rani Durgavati Vishvavidyalaya, Jabalpur. Dr Diwakar has published more than 16 research papers in books and journals and has attended a number of National and International seminars and Workshops. She is also a creative writer and has published numerous articles and poems in Hindi and English in books and newspapers.

## **52. On The Wings of Poesy**

The haunting moon struck me  
As I gazed intently at the  
Twinkling stars  
On the Milky Way  
Dancing merrily in a sway,  
That churned my fluttering thoughts.  
Till adroitly I rose  
On the wings of poesy  
Light hearted, soared I  
Into the realms of the dark night  
Higher and higher like  
Shelley's Skylark  
Keats Nightingale.  
Ah! What beauty lies above!  
The vast expanse un-shrouded  
By earthy darkness; maladies  
Rise Supreme.  
Ah! The glory of God that made it  
Beauty! Un-bounteous  
Fulfilling man's destiny  
Un-spoilt, in its Virgin Grandeur.

## 53. Chameleon

Sleek, shiny, slippery  
It ducked into the leaves-  
Turning green;  
Hiding beneath....  
A moment here,  
Then gone  
Out, into the open  
Its color changed  
Into a reddish hue  
Wide-eyed, it slid  
Behind the pot  
And darted once again  
Upon the wall  
Clinging  
Its head erect.  
Once again  
Changing colors!  
Are friends the same?  
Chameleon like?  
Changing colors?

**28. Dr Varanasi Ramabrahmam** has a post-graduate degree in Physics and also a doctorate in Life Sciences; he is proficient in Telugu (his mother tongue), English, Hindi, Sanskrit, German and French. He has been writing poetry and short-fiction in Telugu, English and Sanskrit. Some of his poetry and short stories are published. He has done many translations of short stories into Telugu from many other Indian languages through the medium of Sanskrit and they are all published in Vipula, a Telugu monthly. He teaches Physics at the Government Post-Graduate Center at Pondicherry . He has literary, scientific and philosophic interests. He is currently engaged in research in the modern scientific interpretation of the Upanishadic insight, and he has published many interesting papers in International journals and presented his works at many National and International conferences.

## 54. Conquering the Death

Some formulate equations to electromagnetism;  
Some others equate mass and energy;  
Some compose poetry and some others music;  
Some paint, some sculpt, some play, some reach peaks;  
Some discover new lands, probe icy atmospheres and cosmic spheres;  
All this is to conquer death and defeat the inevitable inertness  
Attained by this mortal coil When the breathing ceases;  
And thus breathe life permanently  
Into life and become eternal,  
Timeless and deathless  
And make life fulfilling and worthy.

## 55. Verb and Adverb

I am the verb and she my adverb;  
Qualifies and quantifies my moves, movements, stirrings and doings;  
I am the action and she is its description and style;  
Endearingly she showers love and affection  
Inspiring me to compose and create;  
Daringly I enjoy her every bit, moment and thing,  
In our intimate moments to the hilt blissfully;  
She is the cheque and I am her encasher;  
She is the check on my emotions, actions, reactions and interactions;  
Lovingly she obliges and cooperates  
In the exhilarating union of our hearts and bodies;  
Also I am noun and she is my adjective;  
Qualifies and quantifies me and my existence;  
We are parts of speech, grammar, vocabulary and sense  
In the our language of love and intimacy;  
We are eternal and one as the word and its meaning  
Are related as verb and adverb;  
And I am the flow she is the speed  
I am the glow and she is the light.

**29. Dr Naina Dey** is a Senior Lecturer in the Department of English at Maharaja Manindra Chandra College under the University of Calcutta. She is a critic, translator, reviewer and creative writer, and her works have been published in esteemed newspapers, books and academic journals such as *The Statesman*, the literary e-journal *Muse India*, *Samyukta* the literary journal on women's studies, the journal of the Dept. of English (Calcutta University) *Journal of Literature and Aesthetics*, *The Indian Family in Transition* (Sage Publications), and *Happily Ever After* (Grassroots). Her recent publication is a book of critical essays on *Macbeth*. She regularly contributes to *Families: A Journal of Representations*.

## **56. The Death of a Dog**

The dismal darkness lies in wait  
Amid rustling of decaying leaves  
The gnarled trees heave in the eerie silence  
A mother croons her boy to sleep  
Drunken footsteps before her shredded tarpaulin.

One hears from afar  
The gyrating music reeking with sweat and perfume  
A clock ticks in a silent room lined with books and a few marble busts  
A night-bird calls, a sudden flapping of thick wings  
Nocturnal transactions in dingy shacks  
All so unusually usual  
Leaving no trace behind as dawn arrives  
But for the furry carcass  
Of a dog run over the previous night.

## 57. Morning Raaga

A grey mist rises  
Over a grey sea  
Revealing the white speck  
Of a fishing boat  
A tiny water lily on tiny ripples  
A gull walks about aimlessly  
Leaving webbed footprints on wet sand

A touch of burnt sienna  
A barely visible blush on the pale sky  
That spreads like a blot further and further  
When lo! Appears the crimson orb  
The tip of a babe's smooth head  
Slowly emerging  
Filling the rushing billows with colour  
Rust, blue, orange and red  
Fringed with creamy spray  
Advancing one after the other  
Rolling endlessly like the vibrating tanpura strings  
And raag bhairav floats in the cool morning breeze.

**30. Dr Pooja Bhuyar** is an Assistant Doctor at Acute Medical and Heart Care Center, Bijapur. She writes scholastic poems in English on diverse topics. She took part in various events organized at School-level and College-level, and also participated in Debates, Group Discussions, Extempore Speeches, Quiz, Music competitions, Cultural shows, etc. She was the recipient of the AICTE Scholarship.

## 58. Emancipation

I have very little to say,  
as I am wrapped in this small eyrie.  
I can only see a wee bit around me  
as I am not emancipated.

Am I caged here?  
Can I not speak to others?  
Is there no room for me  
in this universe?  
Please show me, where I stand  
in this ultimate world.

This eyrie is my great house  
hallowed with my tears.  
I have been waiting  
for him to come.  
But he has many an eyrie  
in the outside world

I have told him, even by chance,  
I shall never come there.  
But will you emancipate  
me from this cage?

## 59. The Door of Heaven

In the first octave of my life,  
with only me and my brother in the family,  
It's three days past,  
his bones in the grave.

His body must be stinking,  
he hasn't bathed for  
the last three days.

I am crying alone,  
Everybody says that you have taken  
him to your heavenly kingdom.  
Shall I dig the grave  
and check if you have  
taken him with you?

Oh Lord, Are you there?  
Can you hear my cry?

I want to meet my brother,  
just once as I need to  
ask him something.  
Will you please open  
the door of Heaven?

**31. Mr Anees Ahmed**, an engineer by profession, now works as an Associate Manager in Kirloskar Brothers Ltd, Hirabaugh, Pune. He writes poetry, stories and novels.

## 60. The Prayer

One night, when I was going to sleep,  
The time was moving fast with a leap;  
I turned the lamp off and everywhere it was dark,  
But some light was coming from my son's room with a spark;

In his room, I saw my five year son on the praying carpet,  
Last week which I bought from the market;  
He was joining his hands and praying to God,  
And asking something from the almighty Lord;

“Oh! God please make me like my father,  
Strong, powerful and caring for ever;  
He who made my wishes come true,  
Holding my hands in his hue”;

I saw his cheeks full of watery drops,  
In the yellow light and pearly tops;  
I thought a little and closed the door,  
I walked back on the wetted floor;

I went to my room and sat on the praying carpet,  
I joined my hands with my prayer favorite;  
“Oh! God please make me like my son,  
Innocent, caring and lovely than anyone”.

## 61. Kiss

Oh! Dear gimme a kiss,  
Far away from a place with bliss;  
It will fly in sky and come,  
All hurdles it would overcome;

It will land and touch my lips,  
Like a honey with sweet sips;  
It would have fragrance of Lilly,  
But some time it would make me silly;

I will ask why you are here,  
Don't you have a little bit fear;  
Have you come with special purpose,  
Or brought something for me just tremendous;

In the end it will answer one word,  
Oh! My dear in this whole world;  
I have brought a message of dove,  
I am nothing but a symbol of love.

**32. Ms Leslie Tripathy**, an Hons Topper from B.J.B College, is the managing editor of Poesie India International, a journal devoted to peace through poetry, and she is also the Assistant Editor of Eternity Magazine. She is pursuing her Ph.d. on American Poetry.

## **62. Tears: Guests Unwelcome**

They come  
Unwelcome  
Uninvited  
Unannounced  
Sometimes they are like  
Psychos  
Who come from nowhere  
Stalking Your Soul

## **63. Eyes**

The World goes ga ga  
Over the eyes  
Films are made  
Poems written  
Promises cooked  
Worlds made  
Heavens explode  
But eyes are windows  
To soul  
Rainbows on hell  
When you are alone  
Eyes are skies  
Of a dreamless world

**33. Dr Satendra Kumar**, Head of the Department of English, Govt. P.G.College, Pauri Garhwal, Uttarakhand, is a prolific writer. Two Editorials, eighteen papers, eleven poems and ten Book Reviews are published in National Journals. He attended a number of Seminars, Conferences and Workshops, and presented papers on various topics. He organized a One- Day National Seminar on Solid Waste Management. He published a book entitled ‘A Handbook for English Teachers’.

## 64. Ganga

O’ cosmic mother Ganga!  
Thy children had strayed,  
And broken into fragments  
Know not the prize thou laid.

Thou hath grown us with tender hands  
And washed our dirt since ages,  
Thy holy milk gave birth  
To immortal warrior and wise sages.

Thou hath yielded prosperity  
Animal life and food chain,  
Our progress lies in thy divine hand  
Thou can shower knowledge rain.

But thy children are ignorant still  
Don’t know thy bliss and boon,  
Dirty they make thy bosom  
And are upto making poison.

Still there is time to wake  
We must know future fright,  
Nectar yielding Ganga-Goddess  
Hath destruction power might.

My humble urge to sovereign mother  
Enlighten our hearts dark,  
We may know how to clean  
Thy lap stained with scars and mark.

## 65. Faith

Once I saw a pebble dozing  
At the solitary rivulet shore,  
Amid the dirt and coarse sand  
Wrestling din of water lore.

Sun sears and chill shiver  
Debris, dust, dung trodden,  
Shepherd's forlic, stone rattle  
Shrivelled, throbbing, hoof cloven.

Then it vanished from the sight  
I thought mingled in the river,  
Either prey of decay process  
Or oppressed by ill weather.

With my wed I went a shrine  
To pray for the conjugal life,  
Pebble ibid I saw at alter  
Oranate, mute, bare strife.

Peal of bells and bed of blooms  
Incense rise and holy ablution,  
Melodious psalm and rich rites  
Sacred chest of sweet oblation.

Eternal truth of earthly beings  
Rivalry race of faith, wisdom,  
Pebble of dirt well acknowledged  
Celestial symbol at sanctum.

Trust makes it deity divine  
Scruple makes it path pebble,  
Faith is life, Doubt is death  
Recognize theist, elite, rabble.

**34. Dr A. Arunachalam** is a Professor of English, Hadramout Univ. of Sc. & Tech., Yemen. He taught English for 30 years in India and also served as the Principal of a college in Coimbatore. He has published 3 volumes of poetry entitled Vibrant Moments... I, II, and III, and has authored a novel in English. Many of his poems have been translated into Chinese and published bilingually by Taiwan Literary Foundation in the prestigious anthology Golden Treasury of Ten Contemporary Indian English Poets. He delivered a special address on “Poetry: Practice and Appreciation” at the inaugural of the World Poetry Festival-2005 in Taiwan. The Kerala Sahitya Akademi has brought out a volume of his English poems in Malayalam translation. His poems appear regularly in the annual anthology World Poetry published from Chennai. He regularly contributes to poetry journals in India and abroad. He is the recipient of the Best Poet 2003 award.

### **66. A World New and Naked...**

It all began on the wrong foot  
Loss of innocence  
First disobedience, sibling murder  
Hate campaign, intolerance --  
The cauldron breached  
The boiling point at the start.

Son fathered mothers’ three children  
Father begot daughters’ seven  
Husbands five wifed a woman  
Brothers and sisters, gays and lesbians  
Gay and wild man distorted god’s intent  
Relationships all got overheated.  
Crusades, Wars, Holocaust,  
Bosnia, Darfur, Lanka  
Rajus and Madoffs, Lehmans and AIGs,  
The overdriven avarice melted the globe.  
God! Blow it up and create anew  
For man and animal to crawl in innocence.

No religion, science, sophistication  
Let the new world live in full nakedness.

## 67. Planet Sans Preachers and Leaders

The festering wound is beyond cure  
Heaps of bones and ashes  
The planet anon sure will be  
Sit by the river of blood to brood  
The destruction wrought by man  
Of the gifts you showered.

Rue your imbecility over him  
Let a phoenix emerge from the ashes  
Sans creeds, canons and colours  
Hungers, thirsts, wants and needs  
Vigilant ought you perforce be  
Lest the new man outwits, too.

All for each, none for few  
A planet sans bondage or frontiers  
No preachers, leaders, bosses  
No knowledge as it sprouts evils  
No evolution as it's humbug, cuts throats  
Just let us amble and idle away.  
Let's swim in the rivers, eat fruits and roots  
Slumber in the shade sans dreams.

**35. Mr Pramod Mathew:** In 2007 his poetry appeared in ‘ The Silken Web’, an anthology published by Unisun, Bangalore, and in ‘Kritya’ published by the Kritya Cultural Society. Kritya and ,Muse India , two popular e-journals, published his poems. He has been profiled in Muse India. He read his poetry at the Kritya International Festival of Poetry , held in Thiruvananthapuram in July, 2007.

## **68. The Dance of the Peacock**

Soaked in rain  
A peacock  
danced and danced.  
And danced and danced  
to seduce  
an ugly peahen,  
in hopeless vain.

Little did it know,  
that the  
king of its feathers,  
the spindle of its sex appeal;  
Was rotting,  
between the pages  
of my life science  
notebook.

## 69. The Curse of the Mocking Bird

Childhood:

A full moon night,  
I heard a foolish bird  
reign in song,  
thinking it to be dawn.  
I mocked its folly,  
“Not all light, silly bird,  
is from the sun.”

Adolescence:

A star rich night,  
I heard her orgiastic love song.  
From the pinnacles  
of naivety,  
I traced the pheromones  
of my misconceived love.

Youth:

A moonless, starless night.  
Alone in bed and in tears,  
I sob.  
And the foolish bird  
mocked,  
“Not all sonnets, sir,  
are seasoned by love.”

Moral:

Never mock a mocking bird.

**36. Mr M.V.Sathyanaarayana** is now in the Government service. In the past he worked as a lawyer in Nellore. He regularly contributes poems to many e-journals. He published a book of his poems entitled 'Golden Lotus'.

## 70. New Thought

How much hope is brought, by a brand new thought!  
Making crap all that was thought right, in the past  
A day comes soon, when the so called new thought  
Starts looking like conservative-poppycok

Stagnant waters rot! Clean up or restock  
Think once of stumbled Soviet apple cart  
Now rocking wild are capitalists' hammocks  
Let there be no mistake! No tenet's perfect!

Today's steel castles, one day do fall flat  
Like houses of cards! Yet you don't admit  
Till debarks, centuries after, one stalwart  
To spot misprints in your trusted hallmarks

Let thoughts trot, strut; through barren minds in drought  
From him, her, them and et al; tall or short  
Little or vast, bulldozing all bulwarks  
Of mental clogs; like trenchant juggernauts!!

## 71. Alms

A donkey with unwieldy load  
Takes what joy in his traipse on roads bumpy  
Be they sand bags or sandal boards  
Earns the same hayrick, as ultimate fees

For a menial, crushing clods  
What Sunshine in life, his moil can dawn  
In paddy fields or for precious lodes  
Rakes the same rewards of few steel coins

Mind you! The meaning of these alms  
Spilled by mean masters at their thralls' grovel  
"Alive they come for one more Diem  
To fill rosters at the chime of the bell"

With ample breath to toil and shrivel  
But not enough to question and rebel

**37. Ms Nayanathara** has been working as a content writer for the past 5 years. As part of her creative pursuits, she has contributed articles, features and poetry to several leading web portals such as [www.ndtv.com](http://www.ndtv.com), [www.museindia.com](http://www.museindia.com), [www.kritya.in](http://www.kritya.in) and [www.keralaonline.com](http://www.keralaonline.com). She has also contributed articles for the supplements, ‘Yes Vibes’ and ‘Youth Express’ of India’s leading newspaper, The New Indian Express. Quite recently she completed a 106- page e-book on Indian Art and Mural Paintings. She also participated in and presented poetry at the International Poetry Festival 2008 organized by Kritya.

## **72. A To-Be Mother’s Angst, Hopes and Apologies**

Does the radiant sun ever become a burden for the skies?  
Does the tranquil moon ever become a hapless burden for the stars?  
How can you, the lovely crescent in my womb, be a burden for me?

Tired of life’s vagaries; its fearful twists, frustrations and insecurities,  
Its unending parade of ups and downs – the downs being more often,  
I end up cursing you bitterly, showering the venom of my anger on your helpless soul.  
I’m terribly sorry, my baby, for hurting you with my unintentional words and deeds  
I had failed to realize that you are the only flicker of hope left in my life;  
The unborn harbinger of my dreams.  
You are, indeed, Nature epitomized -  
The rustle of leaves that wake me up from my afternoon siesta,  
The infantile scent of fresh milk that lingers in my mouth after I drink it,  
The delicate, supine light of the heavens that illuminate my afflicted mind.  
You truly surprise me; you indeed take me by awe...  
You are not of this world, I believe. You cannot be.  
Tell me, my baby, which secret world do you belong to?  
Being a mere mortal, I know not.

### 73. Vestiges from the Land of Lord Krishna

Is this the Mathura I saw in my dreams?  
Is this the Gokulam where Lord Krishna, the divine reincarnate, was born?  
Before I met you, my town...  
I had mistakenly conceived a rosy picture of you in my mind's eye -  
The wild, over-flowing tresses of the mystical Yamuna,  
The fragrance of Kadamba blooms and jasmine caressing your golden face.  
Dark kohl-eyed cows grazing on your green, luscious pastures,  
Giving frothy, sweet milk enough to feed a million mouths and hearts.

But my Lord... what am I seeing now?  
Vast acres of barren lands fringed by shrubs and cacti,  
Stray monkeys screaming from the rooftops of small, congested houses,  
Narrow, dingy lanes smelling stale cow dung,  
A leper sitting by the gates of a small Krishna temple begging for a day's meal,  
Cracked, bumpy roads where cows and goats co-exist with the residents of the town.  
Even the serene waters of the Yamuna appear dirty and polluted...  
I wonder which Yuga I'm living in.  
Myths crumble, perceptions change, stories deceive,  
As I once more devotedly chant the sacred name of the Eternal One.

**38. Mr M.S.Venkata Ramaiah**, Editor of 'BIZZ BUZZ', did his D.E.E at S.J. Polytechnic, Bangalore. He joined National Dairy Research Institute as an Engineer and served the organization in several capacities till he took voluntary retirement in the year 1987. For a few years he was a consultant to several industries and institutions which include Kannada University, Hampi. Mr. Venkata Ramaiah started BIZZ BUZZ in 1998, which has become a complete literary journal over the years. He has brought out his first collection of poems in English 'Flash Point' and also in Kannada 'Bisilu Kolu', both in 2002, and his second collection of poems in Kannada 'Hochha Hosathu Have' along with 'Antaryami' on temple history; both came out in 2005. As Editor of BIZZ BUZZ, he brought out six collections of poems in English 'The Pride of Asia' on the poetic excellence of Prof Dr Kazuyosi Ikeda, Japan, in the year 2002. His second collection of poems in English is underway. He started creative works in Kannada under the banner 'Sirigannada Vedike' in the year 2003. The Vedike has conducted several programs. He is the recipient of several awards given by the Kannada Sanghas of Yelandur, Mysore and Bangalore. He was one of the poets invited to read poems in the prestigious 'Mysore Dasara Kavigoshti' in 2006. Edizioni Universum, Italy, honoured him with 'A Poem for Life Award' for one of his poems in 2003. Mr Venkata Ramaiah has been a consulting Editor of A.B.I., U.S.A., since 2004, and an Editorial Adviser to Chetana Literary Group, Mangalore. He is also on the Research Board of Advisers of A.B.I., U.S.A.

## 74. Torch Bearer

The inevitable conflicts  
Distress of the mundane life  
Shelved the mind in darkness  
No hopes of seeing the light.

Desires unfulfilled leaving  
Many more in the queue  
Though none of the them too big  
Yet far from one's goal.

The thirst for knowledge  
Unquenched for long  
Pushed to faraway corner  
Adding sufferings to the torn life.

Praying for a thin ray of hope  
The salvation  
Then came the torch bearer  
The knowledge, unfolding  
The eternal truth of  
Life and beyond.

## 75. Painful Memory

Oh! What a chain of hillocks  
Stretched range over hundred miles  
Outlined in the drawing book  
Colored by my grandson.

Suddenly my eyes  
Moved away from the book  
Flashed a memory of our  
Lands appearing green.

Its far-off edge touching  
The foot- hill of a hillock  
The climbing of which was  
Our pastime then, as boys.

The land got us wealth  
As a highway was made through  
Crushing the hillock to rubbles  
For use in the road making, for our cars.

Of course, we are heritage- conscious,  
Eco- friendly since we possess CD's for  
The computer to show us the hillock,  
Lands, stream, though lost them forever.

**39. Mr Aju Mukhopadhyay** is a poet and critic, and bilingual writer of fiction and essays. He has also done some important translations. He has written 12 books in Bangla and English. His works have won awards, and appreciation from such bodies as The Writers Bureau, Manchester, American Biographical Institute, Poets International (Bangalore) and International Library of Poetry, USA. He regularly contributes to magazines, e-zines and occasionally to newspapers.

## 76. The Being

Without a shape, formless  
without fragrance, odourless  
without a colour, not even whiteness  
beyond all sound  
pure and profound  
light or darkness, nothing around  
whatever and whomever most I adore  
is that absolute, the essence of all  
beyond any question of rise or fall.  
Vast and limitless without a shore  
with all sense It I adore  
up to the last drop of my blood  
overlapping all sense of regard  
up to the last puff of breath  
beyond all human strength;  
with the last raft of mind to sail  
I try to reach It and hail  
though I know not  
if to my call It will respond.

Such a Being  
overwhelming  
beyond all cognition  
will fulfil me beyond all definition  
if by chance I reach it  
completing a full circuit.

## 77. What Peace is Like

Peace is like the early rays of the Sun,  
slightly auburn, spreading on the eastern sky.  
Peace is like the mild setting Sun, sure of its return,  
splashing colours on the western sky.  
Peace is like the rising full moon, bright in its orb,  
from above the rows of giant palm trees.  
Peace is like the resting of the elephants  
in a sward before the promised sunrise.  
Peace is like the birth of an arc-rainbow  
after the gale and copious rain.  
Peace is like a sleeping pregnant cat  
on top of the hay stacked in a burn.  
Peace is like the child's sucking sound  
from the round breast of its mother.  
Peace is like the deep silence of the wood  
pregnant with promises near.  
Peace is like the concurrent rain  
spreading across the vale and dale.  
Peace is like the trustful pacing of the child  
holding his father's finger top with nail.  
Peace is love, Peace is smile  
Peace is fragrance of the flower.  
Peace is faithful surrender to the Divine  
Peace is enchanting shower.  
Peace has its last resort away from the earthly bower  
in the Nirvanic void;  
beyond the domain of science, history or logic  
even as it baffles the ideas of Freud.  
Peace is love, Peace is smile  
Let the true Peace spread  
Let this not be fragile.

**40. Mr Zainab Kakal** is a student of Social Entrepreneurship at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Mumbai. Her short story “The Perfect Injuries” won a prize and appreciation at the Parables-Stories that Change Life, a competition held by the Indian Institute of Planning & Management. It was published in Urban Voice, a literary journal. Her other interests are reading, writing, doodling and designing.

## **78. Heart - Break**

I enter the party  
in my first black short dress.  
Walking three inches higher than myself  
I have left my spectacles at home.  
I smile broadly at alien faces  
until I notice you and her.  
I tremble and heave  
as you look at me.  
You let go of her arm  
and walk towards me.  
I almost smile  
Before you say  
“Don’t try so hard,  
You are just not as beautiful.”

## 79. Come Hither

Tell me stories of you and I will listen.  
Your entire geography and my eyes will travel through it.  
The maidens and the villains,  
the significant other who gave up on you,  
a colorful imagination and a brave mother.  
What are your stories,  
your folk lore,  
the makes and breaks of you.  
The lines in your hands, where do they say you have been,  
what have you seen,  
let me see with my hand.  
Tracing your jungle, moving ferociously,  
my passion is vulgar,  
and my indulgence perverted.  
This loyalty is a sickness,  
my love an addict.  
Tell me your stories and I will listen,  
and hopefully be free.

**41. Ms Gargi Bhattacharya** was a student of English Literature in St Xavier's College, Calcutta, and she is now at JNU, New Delhi, where she is pursuing her M.Phil. degree. She is an avid reader and versoholic. Her poetry has lately been published by Muse India. Her interests include music and painting, and all that lies in between the two. Her tryst with Indian English writing has flourished into love during her M.A. days, and she hopes to be a part of the Indian Academia specializing in Existential literatures. Her present aspiration is to be an author in the near future, an author of a book-length work of fiction. Her poetry thematises the use of myths, legends, and histories, both human and superhuman, along with minute observations, often satirical, on life and living in the many post-urban dystopias that people inhabit.

## 80. Delhi

First-world capital of  
Third-world nation-state—  
(We hope we are not too late!)  
Aspiring, provisional, post-colonial clean slate.

Buildings high, spirits low  
Gothic, rickety rivers flow.

Prescribed by Preamble—  
'We, the Peephole'  
Achieve the (im)possible, intractable.

We have rendered comic vision into a survival tool  
That would make the theoretical Rabelais look a fool.

The walls, the railway lines  
are lined  
With scatologically empowered fa(e)ces  
Singing odes to carnivalesque spaces.

In the dead-Red university—polemical prism—  
intellectuals sit counting the half-lives of exponential decay  
on their radioactive academicism.

## 81. Binaries

Life waits  
condemned

between

evidence	and	emotion
doubt	and	devotion
moment	and	motion

kill it.  
Let it live  
Out of its suspension

Why,  
Why must I lose?  
Why must I chose

between

God the Devil and Satan the Saint?  
Why look for borrowed colours to paint  
My sky  
Roof-high  
Where sunflowers are moon-ward bent.  
Where the weak recover from loss,  
And the strong recover from strength.

**42. Ms Chitra G. Lele** is a management consultant, author and poet. She has regularly contributed articles and poems (inspirational, technical, spiritual and social in nature) to reputed magazines, newspapers and literary journals. Her poetry has been published in coveted journals such as ‘Poets International’, ‘Enchanting Verses’, ‘Kafga Intercontinental’, ‘Poets Federation’ (Canada), and ‘Literary Spot’ (UK). She has won prizes in several competitions and also awards. Her work has appeared in several anthologies. She has also authored books on personal transformation and team management, which are due to be released in 2009. She received the Editor’s Choice Award from the international journal of Enchanting Verses, Paris, for her poem ‘My Mind Begins to Wander....’ She has received the Top Poem awards for several poems from the Asian American Poetry Journal. She is one of the Recipients of the Creative Giant Awards 2009

## **82. The Three Pillars of Life**

Standing by the serene lake  
I admire its calmness  
And crave to harness  
Its undisturbed fabric in my heart.  
Standing by the gushing brook  
I adore its swiftness  
And wish to imbibe  
Its enthusiasm in the stillness of my life.  
Lying down on the grains of sand  
I praise their persistence  
And wish to instill their grit  
Into my pale mortal frame.  
...And standing under the blue cascade  
I can only hope to  
Have its strength, to keep going forward  
In Calmness, Swiftness and Persistence, lifelong.

## 83. Renewed Visions

Through blood stained windows,  
I see vistas of hope  
And peace being shown by the dove;  
Peace idols have carved the peace for scope,  
For us to enliven it with the message of love.  
I chant the words "World is one",  
'No' to war I say, 'Yes' for peace I pray;  
With the olive leaf I nurse every wound,  
Urge all to sign the peace pact of universal language  
Then our world will be no more etched with fear;  
Peace will soar in our hearts forever.  
Earth loves us,  
I crave to establish on earth love and peace  
For then barbaric acts of destruction will cease.

**43. Ms Nalini Hebbbar** lived most of her life in the concrete jungles of Delhi and Calcutta. The complexities of human nature and the mystery of life have interested her since her childhood, and these have found expression in her poetry. She started writing in May 2006, and she has written 200 poems. Her Panchatantra in a prose- 'n' - verse format is near completion.

## **84. Yes We Can**

The end of an era  
Of denial  
Of omnipotence  
Of dictation  
Of negation  
A brown star rises in the west  
With blood still the reddest of red  
Mixed though with black, white and yellow.

Shadows of history flicker  
Behind every eye that watches,  
Tears flow in abandon  
Of joy  
Of deep wounds  
Of anger  
Of hope  
A brown star rises in the west  
And the world waits with breath abate.

## **85. Everyday Blessings**

Love the feel of fine sand  
As it seeps through your toes,  
Enjoy the feel of freedom  
That fuels a springy calf,  
Grasp the feel of calmness  
When the mind thoughtless rests,  
Relax in the cool moonlight  
With bubbles of memories,  
Life in eyefuls of stimulus  
Rise to thrill and excite,  
Tiny blessings of everyday  
There, if you're there to see.

**44. Ms Ashwini Dhongde**, a retired Lecturer in English and Principal, S.N.D.T College, Pune, published many novels, short stories and travelogues. She is the recipient of ‘Maharashtra State Award for Best Poetry’ – ‘Kavi Keshavsut Paritoshik’ – ‘Streesukta, Maharashtra Sahitya Parishad Paritoshik’ – ‘Kavi Kusumagraj Puraskar’ – ‘Streesukta, Maharashtra Kamgar Parishad GADIMA Puraskar’ – ‘Apourusheya, Mahabank Puraskar’ – ‘Best Criticism of the year – Marathi Bhasha and Sheili, Bandhuta Pratishthan’ – ‘Perna Puraskr, Bhagini Nivedita Pratishthan’ – ‘Sharada Puraskar’ – ‘Deshantar, Marathi Balkumar Sahitya Sammelan’ – ‘Yashchya Kalpak Katha, and Maharashtra Sahitya Parishad’ – and ‘Lokhitvadi Puraskar’ – ‘Sandarbha Stree Purush’. She gave more than 200 lectures, and participated more than 100 times in poetry recitations. She is included in ‘WHO’S Who’ of Indian writers.

## **86. Bonsai**

She dyed her hair  
And held back her youth  
She coloured her lips  
To freshen up stale roses  
She arched her eyebrows  
To install cupid’s arrows  
She got a facial done  
To pretend to be young  
She draped herself in silk  
To keep her warm blood flowing  
Continuously she went on cutting down her age  
And her life came to a Bonsai stage.

## 87. Women's Liberation

There are fashion-shows here  
And models dazzle ahead  
The crown of beauty  
Embellishes the most beautiful maid

The television commercials  
Sell their products with beauty  
Along with apparels and cosmetics  
They sell femininity

The heroines in the films here  
Accept their husband's keep as a friend  
And do not even hesitate  
To take full responsibility of her kid

Some driver in a play  
Beats his wife with a hunter  
The popular houseful comedy  
Gets every burst of laughter

The adolescent heroine in the novel  
Fetches water from the river, in sweet naked oblivion  
The book becomes the most-wanted in the library  
The reader being taken on a pleasure-ride mission.

Every year the magazines sell  
Depending on the vital statistics of the models on cover  
The illustrations determine whether a story is to be read  
Or just passed over

Some day a woman activist  
Writes and roots for women's liberation  
She is ridiculed as.. 'that poor lady'  
And laughed at without a thought or botheration.

**45. Mr Raj V. Ponnaluri** did his B.Tech in Civil Engineering, MS in Transportation at Duke University, and his MBA in Central Florida. He is a registered Professional Engineer in USA and has 14 years of industry and academic experience. He has presented papers at many international conferences including those supported by the World Bank and also by the World Health Organization. Mr Raj published his works. His book of poetry is entitled 'Grilled Window.' He now serves as a Professor of Operations Management Area at the Administrative Staff College of India. At present he is also an Associate Vice-President of SREI Infrastructure Advisory Services, Hyderabad.

### **88. Every Sunset Promises a New Dawn**

Every sunset promises a new dawn,  
Every dark cloud a clean silver lining;  
Every sorrow rids more from being born,  
Every death releases from confining.

Why then are we people sad all the time,  
As if we lost something we always had;  
Querying Mother Nature and her clime,  
At death we grieve with kin who say they're sad.

### **89. Why this Fear of Facing Death?**

Why this fear of facing death,  
Why the concern to depart life?  
When mortality's all but strife,  
Why smiles last not to last breath?

Seek do streams the blue ocean's might,  
Seek do high tides the pull of Moon;  
Seek we food from mom's silver spoon,  
Seek why not the home free from fright?

Snow peaks bereft of water ice,  
Snow teeth ages down earthen soul;  
Snow showers on dead bones turned coal,  
Snow then drapes life amid the cries.

**46. Mr O. Sankar** is doing his M.A. English at the University of Hyderabad, Andhra Pradesh.

## **90. Sleeping Beauty..**

The stars are twinkling.  
Some fall, down to earth  
to kiss you.

The moon showered its love,  
Leaving me- alone.

In this heap of silence  
When my sleeping beauty  
Smiles in her dream.  
I envy the mosquito  
which bites her cheek.

The lights are put off.  
But still my eyes are longing for you.

Can't you hear  
my song, which  
is dying to be poetic on you.

## 91. Lusty Kiss!!

Lusty kiss  
Is that you gave?  
Filled with bliss  
I took it very safe.

Death in my arms  
For which you longed.  
Will it harm?  
My rest lifelong.

Shed your tears.  
Molded with fear.  
You my dear  
What is unclear?

Nothing we did wrong.  
To repent very strong.  
Is that devil with horn?  
Hurting like a thorn.

The moon, coming from the west.  
Will ask to build our nest.  
From there we start our quest.  
And make our soul to rest.

**47. Mr Mbizo Chirasha** is the Executive Producer\ Creative Director of African Drums Book and Poetry Tour Initiative , a program for African poets collaboration through skills workshops, poetry festivals and poetry conferences. He was profiled by the print and electronic media from 1998 to 2007, including Financial Gazette Zimbabwe, The Daily News Zimbabwe, The Herald Zimbabwe, The Daily and Sunday Mirror, The Zimbabwean, Kwayedza, Spot FM, Radio Zimbabwe, Radio Africa, itsbho.com, Zimbabwe Writers, The Writers' Scroll, Ovi Magazine, One Ghana One Voice, Studio 7, Zimbabwe TV, Zambian Monitor, Saih website, Mambongani website, munyori.com, Steve Gill webpages, Kubatana.net. His poems were published in many International Journals.

## 92. Anthem of A Black Poet

I am the black poet  
I sing of kings and their people  
I sing of black kings and their people  
I sing of the dead souls of black history  
I sing of the rising spirits of black renaissance  
I sing of the rising souls of black consciousness  
I sing for the rising spirits of pan-africanness

I am the stone you left for the dead  
I am the tree bark oozing with the blood of age  
I am the riverbed flowing with the mucus of age

I am the affidavit of black empowerment that requires your stamp  
I am the title deed of black emancipation that needs your signature  
I am the memorandum of black reparations that needs your fingerprint  
I am the certificate of black repatriation that needs your identity card

I am the stone you left for the dead  
I am the tree bark oozing with the blood of age  
I am the river bed flowing with the mucus of age

My mind is a drainage pipe pumping out acids of mental suppression  
My mind is a drainage pipe pumping out cyanides of racial discrimination  
My mind is a drainage pipe pumping out nitrates of economic dispossession

I am the stone you left for the dead  
I am the tree bark oozing with the blood of age  
I am the riverbed flowing with the mucus of age

My gun is the rose of our freedom  
My bullet is the nectar of our reconciliation  
My bomb is the petal of our democracy  
My gun is our 1980 celebrations  
My bullet is our 1987 political revision

I am the stone you left for the dead  
I am the tree bark oozing with the blood of age  
I am the river bed flowing with the mucus of age

Is abortion a solution to overpopulation  
Is demolition a solution to pollution  
Is corruption a shortcut to poverty reduction  
Is balkanization a shortcut to colonization  
Is condomization a shortcut to hiv mitigation

HIV/AIDS has become a business  
an import and export product like coca cola in America and Nokia in Berlin

I am the stone you left for the dead  
I am the tree bark oozing with the blood of age  
I am the river bed flowing with the mucus of age

### **93. Decade of Bullets**

Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou  
See a procession of young mothers chattering their way  
From water fountains in grenade torn sandals  
And blood laced bras

Somalia, Somalia, Somalia  
See the moon disappearing in a mass of gunsmoke  
Guns splitting the stars from the skin of night

Rwanda, Rwanda, Rwanda  
This is a wound from which the pus of grief flows freely  
Meandering through rockmasses into the valley that lost its freedom

Timbuktu, Timbuktu, Timbuktu  
I hear a rush of footsteps of sorrow  
Rugged peasants carrying their compounds to far away valleys of flowers.

**48. Dr Pon Lakshmanan** retired as Joint Commisisioner of Labour /Director of Tamil Nadu Institute of Labour Studies, and he is at present Consultant to Hyundai Motor India Ltd., Chennai Port Trust, Tamil Nadu Co-operative Milk Producers Federation, etc. He published an anthology of poems entitled “The Waves” . His articles were published in Labour Law Notes, Labour and Industrial Cases, Madras Law Journal, The Hindu, Ulaippavar Ulagam, etc. In 1994 he represented the Govt. of India at the ILO Conference on Plantation Workers held at Geneva, and in 1986 under the ILO Fellowship he visited Japan , Philippines and Thailand.

## 94. Up the Hills

Up the Hills!  
Greenery evenly capped Hill!  
Divine Hills! Proven Abode in Gods will!  
Step by Step walked embracing breeze is brill<sup>1</sup>  
Like ants to hive, cars too vie uphill!

Que in still! Hours, days, wither!  
Rue is nil! Hover the mind over him thither!  
Due time! Overview Glow transcends hither  
View in a spur! Shower of grace slither<sup>2</sup>!

Oh! Lord! Gracious God!  
Come! Dwell in me! Give nod!  
Bow before thee! In self guard!  
Vow to cling to thy feet in accord!

Out of sanctum sanctorum!  
Got sanctioned Prasadham<sup>3</sup> !  
Thought of good hotel for food!  
Not in mind, the prophesied foot!

Minds find old flickerings that  
Winds up the divine thought!  
Finds wandering after sensual knot!  
Kinds of problems drive out!

1. Brill =Excelent 2. Slither= Move like a snake twisting the body  
3. Prasadham=The pure food offered to God and then distributed to devotees.

## 95. My Motherland!

My Motherland! A saintlyland!  
High! Higher than others' land!  
Weigh with minerals, Oil and w'll with stand  
Heinous sanctions! They understand!

Strong, we are! Rich our heritage!  
Throng from Kumari to Kashmir, an Image!  
Among multi languages, cultures - emerge  
Song of our anthem and merge!

Our fraudulent and bribe centered  
Power mongering politicians rendered  
Sour public life! Bureaucrats there under  
Pour slur! More fragmentation! No Wonder!

Chinese atheist toured England!  
Returned, not influenced by Christianity!  
Toured Arabic Countries, yet no religious affinity!  
Came to India and returned as staunch theist!

Cause for conversion to theism!  
Politicians, Officers, Traders, in enthusiasm  
Exploit the people, the resources! Guise isms!  
Yet not in poverty! Thrives by God in truism!

**49. Mr M. Srinivasarao** is the HOD of Commerce, TJPS Colege, Guntur, A.P. His articles were published in the Indian Express and in the Deccan Chronicle. He delivered talks on management issues broadcast by the AIR, Vijayawada.

## **96. Rainbow Garland**

Comes rain with Compassion at times  
From the sky of home to shower happily  
With the voices of rainy air on trees in nature  
To Welcome as Companion to cherish human life.

Rain God Pours Pearls of Water drops  
On the soils to solace with dust silently  
And the weather of rainy consoles on service  
Why not mankind opens the hands with heart.

Suddenly the sky smiles with rainbow  
As a garland on the neck of nature nicely  
Appears astonishingly opposite to the sunrays  
So mingles the human race to race for creations.

All the throng at the scenery colours  
Felt happy with the hopes of peaceful mind  
How wonders the wreath of colour flowers arch  
To create inspiration in the actions of one and all.

Fade away the petals of beautiful colours  
Slowly at the boundaries of hill margins  
Too the hopes of human lives are not eternal  
Looks the sublime nature on all to bless always.

## 97. Song Bird

Days Come and go on the Globe  
But the people heard with heart  
On the vibrant seasonal spring songs  
How wonders the cuckoo on a mango tree

Echos the morning breeze with peace  
So the emotional centres of brain solaced  
The songbird cools the mind melodiously  
Are not felt the mankind free to think on?

Hides on the gloomy green branches  
To nurture the throat on the dark pinky leaves  
The black bird opens the melody tunes  
In the seasonal days to spin the human thoughts

The Cuckoo bird sits on a tree of liking  
With a long tail in a humble way unseen  
Calls pleasantly to wake up the mankind  
On the marvellous melody of melodious music.

The leaves of new growth on the mango tree  
Spreads Pinky tint round and around  
Looks like a natural dolls in the surroundings  
Man too gives colours of help to the needy class.

The spirit of life smiles on silently  
In the voices of pleasant and agreeable  
It pacifies to make the hope of man ideal  
On the alarming sweet waves of a song.

Vanishes the views of angry and anxiety  
No doubt the stress and strain on the brain  
Relaxed in a remarkable way for sound heart  
Cuddles the Cuckoo with tunes to win the world.

The feathery creature sits lively at the dwan  
Surprisingly starts with the whistle of music voice  
On the pretty food of new growth of leaves  
So people with joy of looks move on to the duty.

**50. Ms Gopa Nayak** was born and brought up in Orissa. After finishing her graduation at Ravenshaw College she went to do her Master's degree at Delhi School of Economics. She is currently pursuing her D.Phil degree at the University of Oxford. Gopa loves to devote her free time to creative writing.

## **98. Seasons**

Spring enticed flirting and coaxing  
Love sent messengers in fragile petals  
Dreamy touches and blurred visions  
And yet divine were the feelings

Summer brought warmth and repose  
Love took shape nestled in balmy shade  
Deepening the blends of hues and clues  
And yet unique were the creations

Fall ushered burial engraving the mortal  
Love struggling in promises and devotion  
Inevitable destiny and eventful fruition  
And yet mystique was the destination

Seasons fragmented and contiguous  
Proclaim the untold truth and the eternal lie  
Glorifying unbridled beauty and emancipating love  
And yet neither nature nor heart is bereft of chains!!!!!!

## 99. Life and Love

When life is sculptured in moments of love  
kisses remove stubborn stains  
scented sheets, pink letters, sand castles  
memorabilia that drive passion into action  
breathes courage to enjoy the fleeting time  
and beckons the heart to forget the reckonings.

It is then and there that  
life gets defined in borrowed times  
death crowded out by live events  
mergings, meanderings, resurgings  
sketches that echo the trials and tribulations  
synergizes courage to dance in faltering steps  
and renders the heart to compose the tunings.

And when finally life  
and with it love gets epitomized  
last supper forebears the rootless rituals  
Incensed, flowered and epitaphic  
weavings that pattern the saga of hearts and souls  
propels courage to enact the seven-cycled births  
and rejuvenates creation to accept the offerings.

**51. Dr R. Madhavi** is a recipient of the Best Teacher Award given by the State Govt. of A.P, 2008. Dr Madhavi is a Reader in English, St. Theresa's College, Eluru. She has also been awarded Paul Harris Fellowship by the Rotary International and G.S.E. Member to USA and Canada. She has published articles in National journals and is currently a guide to M.Phil. and Ph.D students. She takes a great interest in writing poetry and articles.

### **100. A Very Indian Woman...**

How much longer do I play second fiddle?  
Burying my thoughts and will in the depths  
Of a mind that is used rejection and giving in.  
To you I am but a woman, weak in will

I plait my sorrows into the every day of my life,  
I throw tantrums at the pots and pans, my audience,  
I ease my heavy heart in slaving for my children,  
I doll up to see the sparkle of pride in your eyes

When will I be allowed to be an "I" and not a "she"?  
Did you not hear of a woman's intuition?  
With that and rationality, I seek to be your equal  
But you my lord and master think I'm a very Indian woman.

## 101. Indian Summers

The sun dances in fury and in vengeance,  
Darting lances of heat pitilessly on all it touches,  
Glaring fiercely, knocking senseless the mind and the will  
Wrecking man into a pathetic lump of matter.

Burning eyes, burning lungs, as hot air spreads,  
Its awesome tentacles, squeezing out the last vestiges  
Of hope and life, filling the vessel with desperation  
Benumbed the mind dries up in taciturn silence.

Listless bodies, dried up cattle, skeletal trees  
Greet the eye, filling one with mindless emptiness  
The whole world's on fire, so it seems  
Is this the end of life? -people look askance.

The first drop of moisture sizzles on the parched earth  
A gleam of joy brightens a bleak – eyed peasant,  
Children rush out screaming in delirious ecstasy  
Summers are deadly, but they do make the rains more precious.

**52. Dr Chandra Mohan Gupta**, Medical Officer, Community Care Centre(for HIV / AIDS), Bhandara Dist., Delhi, is a physician, poet and translator. He has written poems and essays in English, Hindi and Marathi, and his poems and essays have been published in various souvenirs, newspapers and reputed journals since 1960. He has translated a Marathi book on Heart Attack into Hindi. He has received several awards and commendations from several literary organizations.

## 102. The Mystery

Mysterious is our Earth  
Mysterious is how she exists,  
And the Event of her birth!

The pious man in the Temple  
Finds the world in shamble!  
His lord is his treasure  
His solace: his pleasure.  
Everything new, for him, is fashion  
Earth dwellers are insects of passion!

The lonely philosopher  
Is nervous and in tears;  
This world is doomed to vanish  
He genuinely fears!

Young love birds are in smile  
They find this world worth-while;  
Love is eternal, nothing is wrong  
Everyday is a tune of Music  
Every Night a melodious song!  
Unconcerned about these thoughts  
Unattached with bouquets and blots  
In the deep darkness of space  
The Earth is moving fearlessly  
Revolving around the Sun tirelessly.

## 103. Valentine Day

Best Luck to you,  
My dear Son,  
On valentine Day!  
Enjoy this festival  
In a Romantic Way

But listen,  
Oh, My dear!  
I have something  
To say

Be a caring Lover  
And a daring guy  
Jump in the life's sea  
Float on the Ripples  
Swim on the waves  
Dip in the tides  
But maintain the balance  
And don't get swept away!

Remember!  
When you cross the limits  
Pleasure is lost  
And you only get  
Pain and Dismay!  
Don't Mix up  
Romance and passion;  
Love and Obscenity;  
And to the Vulgar Sex  
Don't fall a prey!

Oh' God Almighty !  
Give my Son  
The youthful vigour,  
Heart full of Emotions  
And Sweet Temperament  
But, do bless him  
With a sense of Judgement!  
This is what  
I humbly pray!  
Enjoy this festival  
In a Romantic Way!

\* The poem is written on 14th Feb, 2001 & it is addressed to his son Advocate Sourabh Gupta.

**53. Prof. C.N.Ramesh** is a bilingual poet: he writes poetry in English & Kannada. He won more than 1000 prizes for his literary accomplishments both on National and International fronts. He is the recipient of many awards. An Accounts & Finance Professional in terms of his career , he presently works as Assistant General Manager, Accounts Solar Thermal Major, M/s.Emmvee Solar Systems Pvt Ltd, Bangalore. He has a passion for the literary world and he has been identified as a well-accomplished Kannadiga of international fame for his various literary activities. He has been functioning as the Chief Executive Officer of M/s Young Attractions, an international cultural promotion centre at Bangalore. He also heads Social Services & Corporate Communications Wing of Bangalore-based multi-faceted premium organization M/s Pragathi Syndicate. The English Poems of Prof C N Ramesh are published in many international anthologies, and his writings have been published in many books and periodicals. Prof C N Ramesh was nominated for 2001 Amateur World Poetry Meet held at Washington DC and also offered membership of International Poets' Council. He has been a member of Poets International Organisation, Garden City Poetry Circle and is an office - bearer of many literary organizations based in Bangalore

### **104. You Are My Love**

Our love started at the first sight  
Blossomed wonderful relationship at height  
We had our romantic schedules very tight  
The spirit of our deeper understanding  
Made our love-feast always outstanding  
Emotional balance is nicely withstanding  
You are the spirit of my life  
Uplifted my joy and energies to new scales  
I learnt basics of my own art of living  
Simply articulating my personality in newer dimensions  
You are "MY LOVE"  
Always filled in my mind day and night  
I enjoy cool and soft feelings at my heart  
Simply rejoicing with my mind in new dreams  
You are "MY QUEEN"  
I am blessed to get you as gift of this lifetime  
I am aware that ours is knot of almighty  
Simply connected to exchange soul-to-soul interactions  
Be "MY LOVE" forever  
As there is no equivalent moreover

## 105. Oh! My Supreme

Oh! My supreme- you gave me all to live  
But my mind turns empty for no reasons  
I don't know to what to express in toto  
Why I do not know myself? my own self  
But I feel I am always right to myself  
I feel proud and happy for what I am  
I am grateful to you for keeping me soft  
I take oath to maintain truth at any cost  
Likings and dislikings are within me  
But I cherish for both most unlikely  
My liking is that I need to be loved a lot by all  
My disliking is that if somebody hates me for what I am  
I contemplate for something real in future  
Enlightenment just flourishes simplicity out of all  
I am very happy to possess whatever you had gifted me  
But I am not prepared for the pains from possessiveness  
I am now unable to assess my own self  
But I strive hard to understand all unknown  
Oh My Supreme- you gave me this life to live  
But, you should also instruct me how to live...long live

**54. Ms Lincy Ann Mathew** is a copyediting trainer from Kerala, and she presently works in Newgen Imaging Systems (P) Ltd, Chennai. Her articles and poems have been published in academic magazines and newsletters. She has also won several awards in poetry-writing and essay-writing competitions. Her poems ‘Musings’ and ‘Saplings’ were published in Heart-Throbs (2008).

## 106. For You to Know

I find in you  
A world so wide  
I find in you  
A home

You are my peace  
You are my ‘yes’  
Unknown friend, you’re my cheer  
Everything that means so dear

Ask me how much I love you  
I point out to the universe  
Ask me how much I need you  
You can see, I breathe.

## 107. Those Eyes

I shouldn’t have met those eyes ...  
That speak and smile,  
That hide in them  
Hundreds of words to be told—  
Like the velvet blue  
Where stars reside.  
Those eyes happen to be precious  
As an acquaintance of ages,  
Like a prosperous pasture  
Wherein mine graze to the fill.  
Those eyes that hold my soul,  
That mean what they say.  
Eyes that twinkle in love  
And fire in anger—  
A little cosmos of feelings.  
Yet I feel  
I shouldn’t have met those eyes ...  
Hereafter to be shattered  
Craving for their gaze.

**55. Dr Bina Singh** is an Associate Professor in the Department of English, Vasant Kanya Mahavidyalaya, Varanasi. She has put in 22 years of teaching experience. She published a collection of poems entitled “In Search”, and “Spoken English: A Book on Situational Conversation” and “Social Satire in the Novels of Kingsley Amis”. She attended many National and International Conferences and Seminars and presented research papers. Many of her articles have been published in books and journals, and she has been pursuing a UGC research project on the “Acquisition of English in Primary Schools of U.P.” She recited poetry in English for the AIR , Varanasi.

### **108. It is Inside Me**

It is inside, hidden, safely locked.  
Nobody can see it.  
But I can feel it.  
The moment I touch it, it hurts.  
Like a baby in the mother’s womb  
It is sleeping inside me.  
But the moment you com near  
It awakens.  
Moving, crawling inside me.  
I fear its movement, because it hurts.  
So, I try my best,  
To protect it from the world outside.  
Even the slightest sound disturbs it.  
Silently it is growing.  
Every day getting bigger.  
I am afraid,  
Because how long, shall I be able to keep inside me.  
Now it needs a larger space.  
My womb cannot hold it anymore.  
Its smaller and my baby has grown bigger.  
The moment you come near  
My convulsions begin.  
Every muscle expanding, striving for its delivery.  
But I was still not prepared.  
It was not the right time.  
For its arrival.  
Although, the pain had become greater, violent, unbearable.  
Yet, I was holding it inside me.  
Suddenly, it disappeared.

There was no sign of its visibility.  
It was beyond the reach of my consciousness.  
Perhaps, it had vanished behind the thick wall.  
Once again, I was deprived from deliverance.  
The burden was still inside me.  
The pain was still sleeping inside me.

## 109. My Little Dare Devil

Eliot's Prufrock embodied failure,  
But he lived in 1917.  
Hamlet's digression is a history.  
I know they represent finite disappointment  
We must never lose infinite hope.  
Was her unfailing conviction.  
The courage, I aspired for,  
Always twinkled in the starry eyes of my little dare devil.  
Yes, she embodies the dauntless faith that I always pined for  
The flawless contours of her fascinating physiognomy,  
Reflects courage and indomitable determination  
A victory towards every impossible venture.  
When she speaks its like the trumpet of spring,  
Blowing cantations of a new dawn..  
The moment she opens her mouth,  
It's a clarion call, a call for resilience.  
My little angel ready to fly high,  
Determined to reach the zenith.  
It was hard to resist her.  
My broken wings failed to fly,  
But she would not let me fail.  
On her soft wings she carried me,  
Beyond the darkness of my despair.  
Giving life and spirit to my dying lyrics.  
When I was struggling with my crumbled self,  
And trying hard to assemble the scattered pieces,  
She whispered, "Bellona never gets knocked down.  
Get up and fight for what you believe in."

**56. Dr B. Varalakshmi** is a Reader in English, Government College for Women, Guntur. She is one of the Andhra Pradesh State Resource Persons for imparting training in CLT techniques to lecturers. She received the State Best Teacher Award in 2007. She considers teaching an excellent avocation and vocation to realize her ambition of knowledge-sharing as a means of bettering the world. She delivered talks and lectures on the radio and television.

## **110. Leviathan on the Global Seas**

This Leviathan- A dot on the Globe? A Blot on Progress?  
Holiest of the Holy? An aged yet young unfathomable miracle?  
Many blind men -The big and small from far and near,  
The fat and lean, the proud and humble, the shabby and smart,  
Felt, patted, touched, digged, dragged and smelt to assess -  
This 'Incredible' breathing, heaving, growing, groaning many splendored thing!  
Each to his own truth glued, his own experience convinced.

Who is right and who is wrong? What is fair and what is foul?  
Tons of data, heaps of pictures, reels of 'real' shows  
Powerful graphs, proving points! Whose 'TRUTH' is the REAL TRUTH?  
Withering kids, screaming brides, pyres of ploughmen, massacre of brethren,  
Rotten, Ruthless Rancid Reality-Bleeding wounds and Slimy Slums  
Is this Whole? Is this ALL? Or is this 'The ALL' that 'global viewers' call for?

Nay... Nay... toss to the Reverse Truth- wisdom and vision to run and win  
Nerves of steel and Pumping Blood, Vigour and Youth of the aging world!  
Superpower with IPRs and masterminds, Flying to the Moon and the final frontiers.  
Calm, Composed, Resilient and Courageous –packages of Peace and Plenty aplenty!  
Oh! On this vast Leviathan, Some feel only the dark spots, some the bright mane!  
How strange, how fateful! Who is right-- The dark or the light?  
Pause before you point –the Micro as the Macro, or the Mountain as the Molehill.  
Ponder pals, for this 'Self- Contradicting Splendor'  
Is far too vast to be labeled, branded and sold!

## 111. Glasses

For leaders, readers, riders, ladies,  
For sight, status, style or safety,  
Dark and light, thick and thin  
Blinds to the soul's windows.  
Teasing, tantalizing, effective, selective masks.

Dark Hide and Seeks for the veterans!  
Charismatic one way shields-- come sun, come rain,  
Veil the puffed-up, Greedy, Deceitful Draculean schemes-----  
Elastic lips, affected smiles, impenetrably dark 'Spectacles'  
Amidst blinding flashlights!  
Let none glimpse the truth and survive!

Selective and Protective Sunscreens  
Slim and trim to match the ageless!!  
Global warming, droughts and dehydration-  
Daren't cross their double filters.  
How green and cool's the Indian Summer for the branded glasses behind her wheel!

Thick, round, myopic 'Show-alls' of the 'less-dowried' bride,  
Hiding the tear streaks behind concentric circles,  
Revealing the unwanted scoffs and rebuffs-  
Highlighting the snarls protests and detests from 'Hungry' Wedded Bliss!  
Oh! Oh! For a 'Glass -free' world! OH! For a 'glasses-free' world!

**57. Dr J.B. Moraes** retired as Regional Manager, Parke Davis International Pharma Co., in 1993. He published three collections of poems, one Epic Poem, two Biographies, one Novel, one collection of short stories, one full-length Play and a number of translations. He is the recipient of 'Goa Konkani Bhasha Mandal Prize' for his book of short stories (1980), 'Central Sahitya Akademi Award' for his Poetry Book (1985), 'Maharashtra Gaurav Puraskar' given by the Mah. Govt. (1990), 'Dr T.M.A. Pai, Manipal Foundation Award' for his biography of George Fernandes (2001), 'Sandesha' Award for general literature from 'Sandesha Rathishtan' of Mangalore, Karnataka (2001), 'Daiji Dubai' Literary Award from Dubai (2005), and 'Mithila Ratna Puraskar' from the International Mithila Parishad, Mumbai (2006). He contributed two articles in English on two Konkani poets to the book 'Masterpieces of Indian Literature' published by National Book Trust.

## 112. Yearning

To grab a star I leapt the sky  
Fistful dust was all I got  
Yearning for Kubera's treasure  
Countless debts I quite forgot!

Longing for the life immortal  
It slipped me by - how I knew not!  
Shuddering sky with bolt and thunder  
Signs of mighty power of God!

A tiny spark of the terrible blinder  
Will leave my body a burning bolt!  
Yet I yearn to roam the sky -  
Reinless run my foolish thoughts!

Victims of my greed - so many!  
Burnt like flies - innocent lot!  
'Stretch thy feet to fit thy mat'  
Says the sage - so wise and old!

Countless castles built on air  
Fell like cards - how I knew not!  
How you know the joys of yearning  
If deep despair existed not?

## 113. The Famine

Precariously perched  
On the edge of the precipice  
The tiny hut – a dot on the hill!  
The scorching sun peeps in -  
What does it see?  
Two earthen bowls, a broken jug  
A pinch of chilli powder in a saucer  
Firewood in the chula  
Has become cold as mutton  
So also his zest for life  
A week's stubble on the cheek  
Fortnight's fever on the body  
Stabbing eyes at the unfeeling sky  
The once beautiful mother earth  
Now thirsting for a drop  
Has drunk more of her tears!  
Weep! Oh, heartless sky!  
And let mother earth  
Be a smiling bride again  
Bathed in your joyous tears.

**58. Mr Ashish Dimri** is a practising poem-smith. He contributes poems to Sulekha.com, MuseIndia.com and writershideout.com.

## 114. B or S

(Some times, anagram does play a subtle role. Take for example, Obama and Osama!)

Two letters  
change global destiny  
One usher in fear  
But, other harmony

Both feel  
for race  
One accepts  
But ,other defaces

Alas, one is  
a terrorist  
and other  
a humanist

## 115. Father and His Daughter

(Dedicated to daughters, who face incestuous fathers)

The way,  
he assaulted her  
made her say  
a silent prayer  
Is she really  
his daughter!  
Or a mere lamb  
for carnal slaughter!

He once rejoiced  
When she was born  
Alas, he brought  
her scorn

She once grew up  
in his lap  
Alas, he  
gives her slap

He was to  
be his social guardian  
Alas, his sin  
Is above pardon!

**59. Dr Snehsudha A. Kulkarni** is a well-known Marathi Writer & Publisher, novelist, story -writer and poetess. Many of her poems , novels and short stories books for children were published. She was elected member of the Maharashtra Sahitya Parishad, Pune. She is the Chief , Examination Dept., and she is also the Founder of Sahitya Sangha, Pune (South) . She participated many times in All India Marathi Sahitya Sammelan for story telling and poetry-reading, and she got many prizes for editing and also for writing books; she recently received a prize (‘Kusumagraj Paritoshik’) from Maharashtra Sahitya Parishad ,Pune, for a collection of poems named ‘Shetkala’ written by Vilas Vare and published by Neehara Prakashan.

## 116. A Circle

Said to Myself, be Patient !  
Let us wait for a while  
Instead of increasing the circumference  
Better come out of the circle  
In this attempt countless circles started  
Frightening and whirling around  
Thousands of those, small and large  
Within themselves bound  
Spontaneously were some of these circles formed  
My leap in some others had those stormed  
Coming out of this catacomb was a problem before my eyes  
For, it decided to be chopped off, those would undergo agonies  
Someone uttered, “These circles are themselves willing to abandon  
But you have fastened those in your false illusion  
Take care, don’t entangle in a new circle again  
Your well deserved gentle exit, be it not in vain”

## 117. The Wings

In that age when one feels that feet have wings,  
They held her back  
Under the scarecrow of the heritage  
Of an Arya women's track  
They shackled her feet for  
Continued bondage even while walking  
Now their thoughts have modified  
Shackles have given way by falling  
But under the false theory that  
Shackles strengthen the feet on tying  
She does not have the stamina even to walk,  
Leave alone flying  
The truth that broken wings cannot be  
Rejoined is to be accepted  
And the fact that stuck wings  
Cannot fly, has to be adopted  
The strength in the feet is not regainable  
Now her wings adorn her and her entire house base  
Like statues of Yaksha and Gandharvas do in a showcase

**60. Mr Chandrashekar, D.N.,** did his postgraduation in Commerce and Management in Bangalore. He has been working for almost a decade for a television network based in Hyderabad. Right from his childhood he has been fascinated by the theatre. During his college days he attended theatre, magic and music classes.

### **118. Abandon me Not!**

At last I must confess  
and beg your pardon  
that I wore many masks  
One for friends  
One for relatives  
One for society  
One for colleagues  
One for boss  
One for you  
and one for  
every pretty girl  
I have met so far.  
Managed to cheat on you  
for a while  
but terribly failed to do so  
over my conscience  
I am unfaithful my love  
have just dared to  
let the devil out  
and sigh!  
Forgive me if you can  
punish me if you wish  
for god sake  
Abandon me not!

## 119. If I Can

A journey in the darkness  
and I am all alone,

the path is neither known,  
nor the destiny,  
And passing through  
the monotonous journey

at times, I get to hear  
a loud screaming...  
I have no clue about,  
yet it makes me feel insecure

I have no idea about,  
Where I started?  
Where I am?  
Where I will be?  
And I wish to know if I can.

**61. Dr Ram Sharma** is an accomplished poet and writer both in English and in Hindi in the field of literature. He has got many feathers in his cap. As a student, he was an exceptionally brilliant student from class one to M.Phil . He did his doctorate on Post-Modernist Trends in Indian Novels in English: A Study of Anita Desai ,Arun Joshi, Amitav Ghosh and Vikram Seth. He is a renowned poet, critic, reviewer and translator. His poetry is indeed of very high order, which is read and appreciated throughout the world. He has several research papers , articles, poems and reviews published in esteemed journals , magazines and newspapers of India and other countries . He has to his credit two poetry volumes, ‘Muse’[2002] and ‘Serene Moments’[2008]. At present he works as a Senior Lecturer in English, J.V.P.G. College, Baraut, Baghpat.

## 120. Childhood Memories

I still remember my childhood,  
Love, affection and chide of my mother,  
Weeping in a false manner,  
Playing in the moonlight,  
Struggles with cousins and companions,  
Psuedo-chide of my father,  
I still have everything with me,  
But I miss,  
Those childhood memories

## 121. Octopus

Man has become octopus,  
entangled in his own clutches,  
fallen from sky to earth,  
new foundation was made,  
of rituals, customs and manners,  
tried to come out of the clutches,  
but not  
waiting for doom`s day

**62. Ms Prasanna Kumari,T.G.,** writes poems in English and Malayalam. Her poems were broadcast by the All India Radio, Thiruvananthpuram, and were published in many journals and magazines. Her English poems were published in many reputed magazines in India and abroad. She attended the World Poetry Festival in Taiwan in 2005.

## **122. For More and More**

Glistering is the love from above  
Showered on the soft gentle earth  
The earth bows to the sky in supplication  
For more and more and more.....

Soothing is the scented breeze  
Dancing on the flowery spring  
And me, with the buds and blossoms  
Years for more and more and more.....

Thrilled in the melody of footsteps  
The earth is illuminated  
Blossoming in the warmth of embrace  
Longing more and more and more.....

The stars fluttering with dazzling love  
Wrapped in sparkling smile and laugh  
Scattering dreams to fill the earth  
To glow more and more and more.....

## 123. No Longer

Grass is no longer grass  
For the agitated mass  
Word is no longer word  
If not burn your heart  
River is not anywhere  
If not make you pure  
Light is no longer light  
When crumbling under feet  
Love is no longer love  
If not tickled to move  
Eyes are no longer eyes  
If not make you wise  
Ears are no longer ears  
If piercing sound bring tears  
Oath is no longer oath  
If broken by both  
Food is no longer sweet  
If embittered with hate  
Earth is no longer earth  
If not keep our youth  
War is not at all peace  
Why don't we love and cease

**63. Prof. Nikhil Joshi** is a Lecturer in ‘Language & Communication Skills’ in the Department of Information Technology ,G H Patel College of Engineering & Technology, Vallabh, Vidyanagar, Anand District, Gujarat. He received a State-level ‘YOUNG POET AWARD’ for the year 2003. He presented papers at National and International seminars. He wrote plays and acted in many Gujarati plays and serials and also directed them. He wrote lyrics for many Gujarati and Hindi music albums. He wrote dialogues for many T.V.episodes. He has been working as the Chief Editor of the online magazine ‘e-patra’ and also as the editor of ‘Brahmnaad’ magazine

## 124. Footprints

Once upon a time dreams shattered  
Buried beneath untrodden path of heart  
Sigh of shattering till today  
Murmuring in the mind  
Blowing baffled  
Music of memories in muteness  
Recalls the cute conversations  
Unspoken, undelivered, unexplored  
And here goes  
Days and nights altogether unnoticed  
Leaving remarkable footprints.

## 125. Disposable Desires

Getting developed..!!!  
Rushing to catch early morning train  
To encash our targeted goals in a day  
Always running in short of time  
To have meals...to have a sound sleep  
Eyes can see only the time moving round on wrist  
Ears can hear only blowing horns in the noisy city  
Never dare...never care to give a look  
On the life being lived near by the footpath  
Desires being disposed every moment  
Beneath the dust of sideways  
These poor human creatures  
Hiding hunger below torn clothes  
Not letting the ocean of desires come out of their eyes  
Draught is the only language  
Their tears have been taught  
But very silently we move ahead to grab the goals  
Getting developed...?

**64. Ms Vinita Agrawal** has been a freelance writer and researcher for the past 15 years. Her articles, stories, poems and features have been published in academic journals, MBA casebooks, newspapers, magazines and websites. Some of the prominent publications featuring her work are Femina, The Free Press Journal, Savvy, Marwar, Hobson's Review, IRMA and ICPI journals. Her work is also featured on websites such as Sulekha, Babel, Kritya, Muse India, and indianwildlife.com, and indianwriters.org .She has worked as a Copy Writer with Suvik Communications, Ahmedabad. She believes that writing is the best form of creative expression.

## **126. Love Affair with the Rain**

worries slither away with the rivulets  
disappear into puddles at my feet  
somewhere buds dance a gurgle

moisture trickling  
down a leaf's veins  
announces eternity

in a moment  
larger than time  
a universe renews itself

the heart crisps to perfection  
even as toes pucker  
from venerating the downpour

I am a shining summer solstice  
a hemisphere in celebration  
a rejoicing cosmos

I am a brand of rapture  
in this crazy  
love affair with the rain

## 127. A Well

they say I run deep like a well  
but do they know how old the walls really are  
those missing bricks of caper  
the loose stones of sanguinity  
gingerly cupping murky waters  
the hollow feel all around

dry straws of poise hold this well together  
and a clumpy moss of emotional neglect wads its base  
tingeing the water a sad olive  
so that when sunlight dapples on the surface in stubborn intent  
floating smidgens of a fully-bled severing  
surface like a liquid fossil  
exhibiting a tale of an evolution gone wrong

so easy to slip down the steps of a well  
into the watery grave of a forsaken childhood  
and to stumble upon the rigor mortis of a happy girl  
paper boats that sink are as agonizing as the sunken titanic

in the night sky one icy star dances by my rim  
and mocks – some things are unforgivable  
like being born a girl.

**65. Dr Bhaskar Roy Barman** is an internationally renowned poet, short story writer, novelist, editor, translator, book-reviewer and folklorist. His poems, short stories and critical articles are published in India and abroad. He translated into English the short stories of such Bengali litterateurs as Manik Bandyopadhyay, Tarashankar Bandyopadhyay, Sunil Gangopadhyay and Ashapura Devi. His translations appeared in such journals as Indian Literature, an English Language journal of the Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, India, Pratibha India, Delhi, Mirror (now defunct), Mumbai. His awards and honours include, among others, ‘Man of the Year 1997’ from the American Biographical Institute, USA (ABI); ‘20th Century Award for Achievement’ from the International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, England (IBC); UWA Life-Time Achievement Award from the United Writers Association, Chennai, India; ‘Creative Giant 2000’, ‘Ivory Eagle 2001’ and ‘Effulgent Star 2003’ from the Home of Letters, Bhubaneswar, India; ‘Bharat Excellence Award 2001’ from Friendship Forum of India, New Delhi (FFI); ‘Rambriksh Janma Shatabdi Samman’ and ‘Tripura Ratna’ from Jemini Academy, Panipat, India; ‘Rising Personalities of India’ from International Penguin Publishing House, New Delhi; ‘Great India Achievers Award 2004’ from FFI; ‘Subhadra Kumari Chauhan Janma Shatabdi Samman 2004’ and ‘Bhasha Ratna’ 2006 from Jemini Academy, Panipat, India. ‘Indian Golden Achievers Award 2007’ from Friendship Forum of India, New Delhi; ‘Gem of India Award’ and ‘International Sword of Honour Award 2008’ from Friendship Forum of India, New Delhi Dr Barman is listed in as many as forty-five national and international ‘Who’s Who’, including ‘Who’s Who of Indian Writers’ published by the Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, and Asian Admirable Achievers (Vol. I) published by Rifacimento International, New Delhi. Dr Barman has fathered an international organization called ‘World Literature Society’.

## 128. Happens to Like

We are ordained , born  
 into this world of mortality  
 to die and to be born afresh in new garb  
 to happen to like the things  
 We happen to not like this life, for..  
 life appears to us as a thing of happens to like.  
 I can't tell you, as I know not myself,  
 why I happen to like flowers born wild  
 and a picture painted red and blue.  
 There remain other things I happen to not like:  
 flowers growing in profusion in well-tended gardens,  
 pictures painted different colours  
 We like what we happen to like,  
 Liking is not forced upon us from outside  
 or by the extraneous beauty or embellishment  
 but by the thing we happen to like, for  
 happens to like is a momentary effect or a flitting impression,  
 one of numerous subterfuges to shatter apiece  
 the citadel of love and faith,  
 leaving us groping around for what we should like...

## 129. Flesh and Soul

No one, young or old, can tell for certain  
when they will die. Nor do I,  
Though I need to live many years out to get doddering old  
and still feel in my bosom the flame of life.  
My body not yet winnowed of strength.  
I know not how many years I shall live on.  
Just a few days ago a man just ten years younger than me,  
who had just one day before  
advised me to not work deep into night, died of a sudden heart attack  
Hearing of his unexpected death I have started  
considering my life in a new light and eking out my existence,  
feasting my eyes on the nature manifested around me  
in ever-changing phantasmagorias landscapes  
and on the river flowing murmuring by.  
But my existence is shortening day by day  
with days gone by imperceptibly.  
I feel my flesh loosening its grip on the soul  
to prepare the soul for soaring higher and higher  
when the time arrives for me to sever all ties  
with the earth I so love..

**66. Ms Mutyalu Maheswari** is a Lecturer in English, SriY.N.College, Narsapur, West Godavari District, Andhra Pradesh.

### **130. A Dead Man's Whisper**

When I did live  
Nothing you did give  
You didn't even care I WAS ALIVE  
Hardly did I get a piece of bread  
When I died  
Delicious food you served  
Which, you thought, I DIDN'T DESERVE when I was alive  
When my corpse was there  
You cried for me I was no more  
After my cremation  
It's just COMMOTION WITHOUT ANY EMOTION!

Days pass by  
Your eyes become dry  
You shed no tears  
Cry with loud noise!  
When people do formal visit  
You just cough and sneeze  
To appease and squeeze their hearts!  
When they're gone  
You stop to mourn!  
You bury me in your IRON CHESTS  
Enjoy the whole RITUAL  
As if it were a grand FESTIVAL  
I don't say you HATE me!  
Nor can I say you LOVE me!  
You just care for the INHERITENCE  
For me you have no DEFERENCE  
It's only INDIFFERENCE  
That's my INFERENCE!

## 131. Tea Boy

My eyes do search everyday  
He visits us twice a day!  
A boy so..small  
Who is everybody's pal  
Moves here and there  
Can be seen everywhere!  
He looks so..dutiful  
Hot tea he carries can full  
A vendor totally successful  
Before it gets cool!  
We want no tea though  
Difficult it is to say NO  
His beautiful eyes so..wide  
Reveal the feelings he can't hide  
Though he looks cheerful  
Something reveals he's woeful  
Innocent though he looks  
He looks as if he hooks  
The boy is so cute  
Though not mute  
A tender shoot  
Skillful to loot  
The hearts to the ro..ot!  
Though young in years, old in age  
Sometimes looks like a sage  
Who works on a wage!

**67. Ms Shernaz Wadia** , a retired teacher, is a peace-loving homemaker living in Pune, India. 'Live and let live' is her motto. She believes that life is beautiful and that it should be lived every minute with an attitude of gratitude. Her poems have been published in e-journals such as boloji.com, Poets International (electronic and print), Pondering Moments, Poets India, MuseIndia and Autumn Leaves. Her poem 'Stolen Moments 2' has been selected for an anthology, to be brought out in May by the website Inspirational Moments, Australia. She writes poetry as a means of exploration and expression of the inner self.

## **132. Woman**

Fed the rotting carrion of lies  
drugged on the bitter dregs of inferiority  
from the day of banishment  
the edges of her desires burn  
with the turbulence  
of a thousand hell fires  
raring to melt down glass ceilings...  
from every senseless suppression  
she springs up a blazing goddess  
this mortified child of Mother Earth  
this sacred womb from whose ardor  
have issued forth her oppressors

### 133. Beloved

Entwined in your sensuous embrace  
Your perfumed breath on my lips  
I explode with the intensity of your love  
like one possessed, a captive dove  
I flutter my wings but will not be freed  
Oh beloved, don't ever let me loose  
bind me to your throbbing heart  
hold me close so we are never apart  
for you are the breath of my breath  
life of my life, soul of my soul  
oh enchanter divine you inebriate me  
with your nectar, sweet and heady  
lost to the world, submerged in your music  
like a leaf carried by a storm, I  
twirl and spin in the mad rush of passion  
I revere you with sublime devotion  
even as you have looted my heart  
and emptied me of my self  
every sinew and cell breathes you  
Nothing remains of me, there's only you  
for we have become one from two

**68. Dr T. Saichandramouli** is a retired Reader in English, Railway Degree College, Secunderabad. He is a poet, critic and translator. Many papers of his have been published in reputed journals. He edited and published six books in collaboration with Dr Jaydeep Sarangi and Dr Ghanshyam. He reviews literature regularly in various Indian journals. His pen-name is 'Sony Dalia'.

## 134. Dreams

So alluring  
so soothing  
dazzling diamonds  
in heavenly descent--  
consecrate man  
embracing mother earth.

Sun crown need not gloat over  
lightning too  
lends sheen—  
descending diamonds.

Dreams delight  
dreams comfort  
dreams bemuse—  
dreams lull ruffled spirit.

Rains and dreams  
visit to depart, actors in a play!

**69. Dr Ashok K. Khanna** is a trilingual (English, Hindi and Urdu) poet, editor, critic and translator. His works have been translated into German, Japanese, Russian, Nepali and 10 Indian Languages. His works have been published in many reputed journals in India and abroad. He is a much-travelled man: he travelled in many parts of India (including universities) and in a few Asian countries. His recent publication in English is “The Duet”, and his book “The Friendship” (with Dr Wazir Agha of Pakistan) is in the offing. He received awards and honours for his writings in English: ‘Theme Writer Award’ from Canada, ‘Honorary Fellowship of A.I.A.I.L’, etc. He retired as Addl. Town Planner. He is the chief Mg. Director Co-ordinator, Publications, Asian Countries, and Academy of Indo-Asian Literature, Delhi; he is the Editor of Indo-Asian Literature / Bharat-Asia Sahitya.

### **135. I Love All That**

Air, take me also along with you  
Where there is fragrance  
Stream, take me also along with you  
Where there is thirst  
Cloud, take me also along with you  
Where there is field  
Postman, take me also along with you  
Where there is wait  
Woman, take me also along with you  
Where there is beauty  
Child, take me also along with you  
Where there is curiosity  
Mentor, take me also along with you  
Where there is wisdom.....  
I love all that  
From where is born  
My poem!

## 136. At a Time and at Another

At a time and at another  
At a time I wished to be individual  
And at another also universal  
At a time I wished to be in the past  
And at another also in the future

Similarly (vice versa as well)  
Flexible and also rigid  
At the market and also at the hermitage  
Like a stream and also like an ocean  
Like the fountain stone and also like the mile stone  
At the mountain peak and also in the valley  
At the beginning and also at the end ....

At a time I wished to be at the centre  
And at another also at the circumference  
At a time I wished it to be a simple poem  
And at another also the philosophy of life!

**70. Ms Mamta Agarwal** studied English Literature for her Master's degree at Punjab University, Chandigarh. Subsequently she taught in a women's college for a few years. Later she joined a publishing house as an editor. After a few years she took up freelance writing; she has written a few books and compiled a book of quotations; and she regularly contributes articles and poems to magazines. She recently released her first anthology of poems entitled 'Rhythms of Life'. Her other interests are travelling, meeting people, and gardening. She is a co-ordinating member of the Haiku Society of India.

### **137. Scent of Democracy**

A homeless woman squatted on the pavement  
Empty bottle of mineral water by her side.  
It was a hot summer noon ...the stench  
Of poverty makes me ashamed as I ride.

The swanky metro. Brooding... get off at my station,  
Impatiently walk as the street urchins extend hand to beg,  
For money, for food; wonder should I buy rations  
With dismay, saw he was hopping, had only one leg.

Anger welled up against the mafia that maims these kids,  
And trains them in art of begging, recognise the victims.  
The so called slum dogs, with resignation and grit  
Grow into petty thieves or whores, at the mercy of pimps.

The dance of Democracy reaches a crescendo.  
Candidates come with promises and folded hands.  
Smouldering eyes, one asked with bravado,  
How come in the name of growth we see a helipad?  
Young nation, been six decades, since independent,  
Learnt, after Kosi floods, kids sold for pennies by parents.  
Common man's plight worse than pigs and the insects.  
Live on hope and prayers, a great leader will resurrect...

## 138. Living in Awareness

### Perception

A bird perched on bare tree top, surveys urban scene.  
Wind sneaks in through crevices, in winter unseen.  
Autumn leaf aboard the breeze, how with ease it falls.  
Sights and quiet help to unwind, on instant recall.

### Serenity

Now sombre, now it seems playful; nature mimics life.  
My colourful dreams at night help me overcome strife.  
On a trip to Uttaranchal, on banks of Ganges,  
I felt tranquil as we drove up mountain ranges.

### Joy

Night was out of fairy tale, watching starlit sky.  
Eased myself out of the bed, feeling on a high.  
Symphony of colours, forms waits with much fanfare.  
Tying my white boot laces, brace for the chill in air.

### Bliss

A vacation here uplifts and fills me with cheer.  
Take off my boots feel the dew, a bench beckons near.  
Nourished, feel calm and blissful, here, in abode of god.  
Live your life abundantly, subtle cues here, Lord.

**71. Dr Dinesh Dadhichi** won several medals for standing First in various examinations. He was awarded Ph.D. for his thesis on “Treatment of Ideas in the Novels of Saul Bellow” in 1990. He authored a book on Saul Bellow (1993), edited an anthology of essays, ‘Ideas Aglow’ (2004), as a textbook for the students of the First B.A in the three universities of Haryana; it was published by Kurukshetra University, Kurukshetra. He translated a number of poems, novels and short stories and biographies from English to Hindi and also from Hindi to English. He published a number of essays under the title ‘Neembu- Pani’. He co-ordinated three UGC refresher courses for lecturers and guided M. Phil. and Ph. D scholars.

### **139. Erudition**

From Shakespeare to Wallace Stevens--  
They're all much beholden to him,  
Since he browses through their books, and draws from them  
The grease paint for the upkeep of his personality. He lashes erudition like a whip,  
With the mien of a ring master  
But he fails to understand  
Why this sound of guffaws and heehaws comes out of the cages,  
Pestering him day and night.  
The graver his assumed vein, the cruder the lughters  
and the wilder the antics.  
It perplexes him why erudition--  
and so much of it  
Fails to tame them.  
How should he sport it so as to strike'em all dumb.  
How should he don the mantle of erudition  
Without his legs tottering?  
He wonders and wonders--isn't this erudition  
A pesky thing, a queer creature?  
Where is its nest or hive?  
Have I caught it dead or alive?

## 140. Evil

To the best of our knowledge and belief  
It is present, pervading the pores of society.  
We hereby proclaim that we plan to annihilate it,  
Every part and every bit.  
We shout from podia, from housetops;  
It struts and strides and never stops.  
To slaughter it we set out with pomp and glitter;  
It simply smiles and has no jolt or jitter.  
Often we have seen it/Ensconced in the chair,  
Sitting cosily across the table,  
But before we can touch it,  
It is already flowing in our bloodstream.  
We have seen it snugly perched  
On the hand that brandishes the sword against it.  
The arrows aimed at it find their way  
Into the very core of our being.  
Tired and vanquished  
We solemnly reiterate--  
To the best of our knowledge and belief  
It is present, pervading the pores of --the UNIVERSE!

**72. Dr Ravi Bhushan** is a Senior Lecturer in the Department of English, Bhagat Phool Singh Women's University, Khanpur Kalan, Sonapat, Haryana. He is a recognized Oral Examiner of Cambridge University. He teaches at both Undergraduate and Post graduate level. He presented many Research papers at National and International Conferences, and guided many scholars pursuing their M.Phil. and Ph.D. degrees.

### **141. Without a Soul**

You are wrong ... completely wrong here  
Said my soul  
I listened... but didn't agree

You'll have to pay for it  
She warned  
I pondered over... but never diverted (or came back)

You'll face fatal consequences  
She stated clearly  
I didn't listen... I didn't respond

I'll die  
She threatened finally  
I faltered... but only for a while

And ... thus died my soul  
As for me ... I am alive ... in the world  
Living ... without a Soul.

## 142. My Diaspora

I am a man of thirty four  
Fit in body, sound mind & wealth secure.

I've been following all the society's norms  
I'm married and have a bright child who performs.

Considered a Role model... because I've never been criticized  
I have been eulogized... for being one of the most civilized.

I have been...really  
But ... now... No more,  
As for almost everybody  
I've fallen to a very 'low' score.

Yes! I've fallen... for a noble soul  
Believe me it's a God sent goal.

People talk loose I'm aware  
But... to lose the 'blessed soul' I wouldn't dare.

How can I?  
Tell me...  
To lose an emotion which is... 'His' very existence  
To lose a sensation which has made everything... 'new' & 'intense'.  
O! Life is heaven ...for 'real love' is holding my hand  
Oh! Life is hell...because for every other soul I'm damned.

They give this nameless relationship ... a 'Name'  
And... advise me to get back ... to the lost 'game' & 'fame'

See my dilemma ...  
I witness my rebirth, without my earlier being dead  
So... I can't retrieve myself and 'they' won't let me move forward.

Life has taken a 'U' turn  
Many a thing to discern.

Desolate... but... determined to fix  
I wish to evolve like a Phoenix.

Hanging onto a cliff hanger, I wait for ...a New Era  
Linging for a 'second coming', which will dissolve my Diaspora.

**73. Ms Daisy**, a Senior Lecturer in the Department of English, Bhagat Phool Singh Women's University, Khanpur Kalan, Sonapat, Haryana, presented many research papers at National Conferences. Her area of specialization is Indian writing in English & ELT. She has been awarded a Major Research Project by the UGC in 2009.

## **143. Fate**

Fate... It's fate!

When you start towards the East  
But end up in the West  
It's fate!

When you create something very beautiful in mind  
And.. miss expression... when it's time  
What's it... but fate!

When you need your sleep ... badly  
But end up lying awake ... for the whole night ... sadly  
I simply state ... it's fate!

When you wish to laugh and crack a joke  
But ... instead have to cry your heart out... completely broke  
What can it be but ... fate!

When you love all and do good to all  
And are not returned with favours ... even small  
It's nothing but... fate!

When the best swimmer drowns himself ... in a pond  
And the fireman fails to extinguish the little fire ... at home  
Believe me ... it's fate!

When a 'Sur- Samrat' forgets his 'sur'... at a performance  
And a psychiatrist ...while treating...looses his own balance  
You know... it's fate!

When you are proud perfect in everything  
But fails totally .... in the art of living  
Please don't debate ... it's FATE!

## 144. The Divine Clouds

Ah! The clouds...  
The beautiful clouds...  
They are a banquet to every eye

At times, they seem to cover the dear Earth collectively as a sheet  
At times, they seem to part... and become nuclear families

Once, I saw a bigger boss teaching some younger ones the art of floating  
On another occasion, I saw them as a shoal of fish perfect in the art of swimming

Ah! The clouds...  
The mesmerizing clouds...  
Countless images they have

I particularly like the celestial white ones  
Bright... yet soothing

Sometimes they look like a world of snow  
Reminding me all the fairy tales in a row

O! How the sight helps me when I am gloomy, desperate and full of misery

By looking up, I find myself amidst them in a while, detached from this world  
And surrender completely to the serene beauty and the peaceful bliss they have

Their eternal silence puts my 'teeming brain' at peace  
And, with a meditative feeling ... all my worries cease

Content inside, I'm ready for Life again  
And come back to where I belong  
But not without thanking my sentinels  
And ... a promise to meet again

Because in my heart of hearts...I know  
That... soon... I'll need them again

The clouds with a silver line  
And... powers divine.

**74. Mr Frank Jousen** is a German grammar school teacher. He published a book of poems focusing on India and international peace “Building Bridges” in Andhra Pradesh, edited by Avvari Showraiah, Director of I.D.E.A.S., a local NGO, in 2008. In India his poems and reviews have appeared in Muse India,( the latest issue), Poet, Canopy, Poetry Today, World Poetry 2005 and 2008, Poets International, Creative Saplings, Triveni, Stephen Gill’s The Gazette and Metverse Muse, of which he is an honorary life-member. In the U.S.A. his poems have been published in The Pedestal Magazine, Raving Dove, Kota Press, News Verse News, Poets Against War and three Poetworks Press anthologies. A number of his poems have also appeared in literary magazines and anthologies in Australia (New England Review, Ulitarra, Southern Review, Imago), Canada (Big Pond Rumours, Cerulean Rain, Raven Poetry Press), G.B. (Pulsar, Poetic Hours, The Poetry Kit, The Measure, Caught in the Net) , and in the Republic of Ireland and also in Germany. He won the third prize in a poetry competition held by Big Pond Rumours and has just received an honoray mention in the short poetry competition held by The Matta Family (both in Canada).

### **145. Before the Day Breaks**

Before the day breaks  
or the night falls  
on the broken  
scattered pieces,  
crushing them  
until they’re  
unrecognizable,  
we can still do something about it.  
Before the night falls  
or the day breaks  
splitting what has  
grown between us,  
extinguishing love  
already walking in  
the shadows,  
we can still make the best  
of the remaining light.

## 146. You Only Write the Fire When You Burn

Sing the wind  
When you're riding on a storm,  
praise the earth  
while it's trying to keep you warm.

Touch your self  
When you're lost and all alone,  
invent your fathers  
if you can't go home.

If you can't reach the sun  
don't try to shoot the moon –  
soon you'll drown the demon  
of midnight  
and I'll drown the demon  
of noon.

**75. Dr Raghavendra Rao**, an Associate Professor of English for over three decades, taught a variety of Literature and Language courses at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's New Science, Arts and Commerce P.G. Centre, Hyderabad, and at Asmara University, Ethiopia. He has extensively published over forty research papers in prestigious journals, Indian and American. Dr Rao is a popular bilingual poet in Telugu and English. His poems have been published in local and foreign journals. He received the 'Poet of the Year 2002 Award' of the ISP. He is the recipient of the 'Outstanding Achievement Award in Poetry' from the ISP, Philadelphia, in August, 2004. In January, 2008, a collection of his English poems, 'Viewless Wings - An Anthology of Love', was released. Dr Rao is a popular public speaker in the areas of Literature, Culture and Spirituality. Currently he is engaged in translating the dialogues of children's animation movies into English. He has also been a U.G.C. Visiting Fellow. In 2008 he participated in The National Poetry Festival organized at JKC College, Guntur, and his poems have been published in its anthology 'Heart-Throbs'.

### **147. An Enigma**

In the jasmine daily it is the same fragrant breeze,  
It is the same melody in the cuckoo's "full-throated ease"  
In each robust stream's current the same gurgling,  
In each infant's playfulness the same prattling.  
In each lofty summit the same sublime stature,  
In each sentinel's security the same valour.  
The diurnal Sun's beams are always warmly bright,  
In the only Moon the nights are of the self-same moonlight.  
Why then in Man one nature is not prevalent!  
Why in the entire mankind human gestures are not benevolent!  
Why is not the smile of all bosoms blissful,  
Like the blossoming rose's language so universal!

## 148. The Dawn

In smiles at her ever-blossoming daffodils,  
In not grieving over some withering away daily,  
Unfazed by the dotting mother's chiding,  
In the revived divine smiles of the child,  
In Nature's daily witness to our deeds,  
Crossing the turbulent deeps  
And the insurmountable peaks-  
Expounding to us the Karma Yoga,  
Unmindful of the curse of being often eclipsed,  
In the mother's metamorphosis of her travail  
Into the bliss of suckling her tender child-  
It dawned that brimful heart,  
Like the Alaknanda, is a bountiful river,  
That a crystal throb itself is  
The eternal heart's boundless measure

**76. Mr Walter Keyombe** is a leading International Kenyan poet and freelance photographer. He attended an elementary school near his home-town village from 1989-1996; he joined a high school in 1997, but unfortunately he dropped out due to poverty. Currently he's a cook at World Hope Academy and Awana ministry prayer partner at Hope Baptist church under the World Hope International Kenya situated in Kawangware slum in Nairobi, founded by the senior pastor Dr David Janney from USA. He has a passion for writing poems and songs, reading spiritual, motivational and inspirational literature, listening to gospel, blues and soul music, travelling, singing, photography and doing open mic poetry readings at Vincentian prayer house, club sound, new-metro junction and in churches around Nairobi. Mr Walter Keyombe, unknown to many other Kenyans, is also looking forward to teaming up together with poets, writers, evangelists and missionaries in preaching peace, reaching and helping the unsaved, poor and orphans in the world.

### 149. My Sweet Honey

My sweet honey I want your love evermore,  
In my heart and in my inner secret,  
You string a pose of flowers of gardening,  
O yes my sweet honey I need you evermore.

I'm looking back to see our love evermore,  
Flying as butterflies wings flap in air,  
To cool my soul from the burning flames,  
My sweet honey, you're mine I should tell you,  
O yes my sweet honey I need you evermore.

I dedicate to you the babes beats,  
Your passion to turn on I wish romance,  
Our affection to bloom around the universe,  
When we'll meet to shoot valentines day,  
O yes my sweet honey I need you evermore.

I need nothing but you only honey,  
Coz the way you star it's hard to forget you,  
My sweet honey I want your love evermore,  
And I hope you'll need mine with all roots,  
O yes my sweet honey I need you evermore.

## 150. My Sweet Valentine

You are my sweet valentine of my heart,  
A valentine to be sang by the violin,  
A valentine to fly beyond the tranquil,  
Till the valleys flowers catches the flow,  
Truly you are a sweet valentine from the moon!

I tried my strings to toss you,  
But I found its unworthy to let it varnish,  
Cos you are a signet bestowed within the statue,  
To resole my heart broken by a thrash,  
Truly you are a sweet valentine from the moon!

You are a sweet valentine of my heart,  
A valentine of a bird longs to twitter,  
A valentine of a starling waits to mimic with charm,  
Till the rain of romance quench my hair burned,  
Truly you are a sweet valentine from the moon!

I went to the gardens lawns to search,  
But I found none even on the leaf,  
Cos you are sublime and sealed unto my veins  
To subdue my loneliness into happiness,  
Truly you are a sweet valentine from the moon!

**77. Dr Madhavi Sen** is an Asst. Professor of English, Department of English, Mata Gujri Women's College, Jabalpur, MP. She published a number of articles, poems and short stories in English and Indian languages. She attended many Workshops and Seminars. She participated in many Poetry Festivals and Seminars and presented her poems and papers.

## 151. Longing for Infinity

Oh! love like the rush of vernal wind ;  
The endowment with the colors and fragrance of myriad flowers  
sway my being with the songs of innumerable birds ,  
enwrap my soul with the shimmering blue of the sky  
Then I would sing a rapturous song of eternal love  
as my blue saree waves with the billowing surges ,  
can you ravish my mind with the radiance of the morn ,  
with infinite bliss of the sky and earth ?

Then I would pour out the ecstasy of life profusely  
keeping rhythm with the twittering of birds and the blowing gale.  
Thus ever to remain in expectation  
When hopes are dwindled and dreams are tantalized  
A world of our own with expectation

## 152. The Open World

The lonely moments in the corner wield a crowd of faces ,  
I remain still, unable to keep pace with fast goings  
The dull times present past images ,  
forgotten facts ,the stagnant life comes to a pause  
I look out , join the crowd , flow with the speedy course,  
look upon the crowded street -absorbed in respective business,  
I am content to become part of the business life ;life flows  
without any knot ,I am lost amid duty and activities ;  
I enjoy company , people receive me well, extend help.  
My effort is to reciprocate ; life provides unexpected vividness .  
I flow with the rest , clasp the moments of intimacy .  
Viva friendship ! Human feelings flowing from one to another  
indicates life . To check the flow denotes death.

**78. Mr P. Rama Krishna** is an Asst. Commercial Taxes Officer, Nellore. Many of his Telugu and English poems, short stories were published in magazines and e-journals. He is the recipient of the ‘Outstanding Intellectual of 21st Century Award-2007’, ‘Ranjani-kundurthy National Award-2003’, ‘X-Ray Millennium National Award-2000’, ‘Mahatma Jyothirao Phule Award -2006’, ‘Best Literate Commendation-2004’, ‘Ugadi Puraskar from the Department of Culture-2007’, Nellore, ‘ATA Vedukala Puraskaram-2007’, ‘Editors Choice Award’ from poetry.com-2007, ‘Ugadi Visita Puraskar -2008’, and ‘Mahathma Jyothirao Phule Vishista Puraskar-2008’.

### **153. Transform...**

Love is only tool  
To carve and shape  
Love is only capital  
To invest and innovate  
Love is only Flower  
To spray real flavor  
Love is only Cover  
To guard the humanity  
Love is only light  
To take you in right path  
Love is only weight  
To gauge your prosperity  
And to transform  
From terror enemy to your neighbour  
To an unforgettable friend forever...

## 154. Line of Control ...

Let us conquer controls on that line  
And join heart beats to create a new breath  
Let us bridge a passage of peace  
Through blood rills and rancor lavas

All through that path; let us adorn  
With touching humane warmth; and fondness lost  
And garnish with fragments  
Of rainbow smiles and friendly hellos

Let us cull out inner dialect of speaking eyes  
Razing down lines between man made phonations  
Remember! Words only broke life singular  
And placed on two sides of one bitter line  
As two contentions souls in continuous grouse  
One race into two sparring enemies

Two plus two ; see we have four hands  
With twenty fingers; just enough to sow  
Seeds of roses; erasing between two nations  
Lines of hatred; whines of slaved innocents

**79. Dr Prava Kumar Padhy** received his Master's degree and Ph.D from Indian School of Mines, India. His literary articles and poems were published in several leading English news papers, journals and anthologies. He was awarded 'Certificate of Honour' by the Writer's Life Line, Canada. His "Abstract Poems" were adjudged the Second best entry in 'The Asian American Poetry e-Journal.' His name is included in the 'International Who's Who in Poetry and Poets, Authors and Writers', etc. He has to his credit the publication of a collection of poems entitled "Silence of the Seas".

### **155. A Great Evolution Link**

Spark of smiles beams up  
Heart pregnant with happiness  
Unfolding the abstract of life  
The dewy eyes touch  
The distant horizon of hope  
The long waiting old woman embraces  
Her grand daughter  
Like cloud with the rain  
Fire with the flame  
The warmth of remembrance  
Finally guided her  
To a silent crossing  
From one life to the other  
Over the precious tears.

### **156. A Lost Human**

The world evolved with time  
One line of division: Land from the sea  
You name it to be a cosmic choice  
Or miracle chance  
Time witnessed  
Transgression and regression  
In form of catastrophe and calmness  
Law of nature in accordance.

A long process in Geologic time  
Life mapped in different colour and style  
Morally less intelligent divides man  
Into blindfold cracks  
Lust imprisoned the tranquil stars  
Behind the dark hatred clouds  
Perhaps his mental calamity  
Awaits to swallow himself.

**80. Dr Mohammed Fakhruddin**, a journalist, poet, film scriptwriter and film director, lives in Bangalore, India. He has authored /edited / published so far over 27 books on poetry and poetics in English. A recipient of an Honorary Doctorate in English Literature (D.Litt.) from the World Congress of Poets in 1983, Dr Fakhruddin has been conducting monthly Poetry Workshops and All India Poetry Festivals every year in Bangalore since 1995. He started “Poets International”, an exclusively poetry journal, in 1983 and launched the “Haiku Poetry Movement” in India systematically through his monthly journal “Poets International”, in 1995 and has continued it ever since. He is the Founder-President of “The Haiku Society of India”, and he is also the recipient of “International Man Of The Year” Award from the International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, England. He received great awards like “The Kumamoto International Kusamakura Haiku Competition 2000” from Japan, “Merit Award of World Poetry Festival, Kaohsiung, Taiwan, “The World Medal of Freedom” from North Carolina, USA, “Rising Personalities of India Award” and a Gold Medal from IPPH , New Delhi. He has scripted and directed many feature films and video films in Kannada and Hindi. He is the Founder-Editor of ‘Indian News And Interviews’ (INI). He is one of the senior journalists in Bangalore. He edited and published many world poetry anthologies and individual works of individual poets in English. He was the Convener to 12 “India Poetry Festivals”, he conducted many “Poetry Workshops”, delivered lectures on poetry and poetics, and authored many books like “Rapture”, “Poems From The Heart” “Ketan Valand and His Poetry”, “Contemporary Poets”, 3 books on the great Japanese poet Dr Kazuyosi Ikeda, “The Insights in Kazuyosi Ikeda’s Poetry”, “Haiku Self-Exploration”( Translated into Chinese, Japanese, and Urdu), “The Star Of Formosa Lee Kuei-Shien, The Greatest Poet Of Taiwan”, and “The Sonnets & The Rubaiyat Of Mohammed Fakhruddin”.

## 157. Sonnet

Woman is the sweetest of all sweet fruits,  
 As seed of the fruit man spurts from the roots;  
 All women deserve respect, love and care,  
 Man and woman are equal, born to share!  
 Woman is moon, spreads milky light on earth,  
 Treasure trove of human race full of mirth;  
 Act as mother, sister, daughter, wife, friend,  
 Symbol of patience, the sky has no end.  
 What makes men ill-treat women? Make them cry?  
 Serve their men as slaves, in silence they die;  
 Woman gave birth to prophets, seers, great men,  
 Yet woman is looked down by ruthless men.  
 Illiteracy is root cause of all ills,  
 Let society get rid off these evils.

## 158. Villanelle

Mother earth, mother earth, what makes thee spin?  
On thy axis and revolve round the sun?  
Oceans, mountains, lakes, rivers stay within!

Treasure-trove of nature forms thy domain,  
Man has found diamonds in the classic urn,  
Mother earth, mother earth, what makes thee spin?

In search of wealth, ruthless man digs deep in,  
Digs out gold, oil, gas, petrol turn by turn;  
Oceans, mountains, lakes, rivers stay within.

Man builds skyscrapers rupturing thy skin,  
Linking river to river is no fun;  
Mother earth, mother earth, what makes thee spin?

Watertight compartments of land chum in,  
Man-made issues spurt as volcanoes burn  
Oceans, mountains, lakes, rivers stay within.

Earthquakes, Tsunamis, Hurricanes strike in.  
Civilizations rise and fall turn by turn;  
Mother earth, mother earth, what makes thee spin?  
Oceans, mountains, lakes, rivers stay within.

**81. Ms K. Saroja Devi** is the HOD of English, Narayana Engineering College, Nellore, A.P. She presented papers at International and National seminars and conducted one-day workshop on “Strategies of Communicative Approach in the English Language Learning” She is interested and skilled in designing courses on communication skills and soft skills

## **159. Perfection**

Perfection in  
Sincerity yields tension  
Duty fetches criticism  
Responsibility provides derision  
Equality elicits discrimination  
Morality reaps dissatisfaction  
Love gets depression  
Humanity brings humiliation  
Versatility results Ignorance

## **160. Why Only ?**

Why only  
The successful, famous and courageous  
Being rewarded laurels  
Aren't .....  
The laboured Mothers  
The Harassed Better Halves?  
The Humiliated Sisters?  
The ill-destined Daughters?  
For their Indomitable Tolerance  
And Unflagging Equanimity

**82. Dr N. Narasimha Ramayya**, Professor of English, is a poet, playwright, novelist, critic and short-story writer. His publications are 'Triumph of Love', 1969; 'Malfi Rani', 1970; 'My Offerings to Thee, My Lord', 1971; 'Love and Life' 1971; 'Faustus', 1972; 'Negligent Scholar', 1976; 'Legacy', 1977; 'The Hospital', 1981; 'The Vedanta and Ezra Pound'; 'The Bhagavad Gita' 1993; 'Linguistic Entropy in Othello of Shakespeare', 1994; 'Day-dreams', 'Asparagus', 1997; 'Asparagus', 1998; He received many honours and awards. He received the title of 'Vidya Visaarada' the founder's Award, 1970, and the 'Poet of the Year Award', 1995; he was nominated International Poet of Merit; he received 'Kintigoyal International Award', 1997; he is the recipient of '2000 Millennium Medal of Honour', ABI, USA.

## 161. Deft Fingers

Deft fingers for inept eyes,  
Make the cynosure great,  
Like a revolution gruesome,  
Sincerity lacks at times,  
Ephemerons sing forth ahead,  
But it is all negativism,

We gratify ourselves  
Like immigrant birds,  
And the cease fire lends up,  
Out of some innocent context.

## 162. Human Relations

The human relations of  
Backbiters and news mongers,  
Like the duffers in dilemma,  
Preach morals, of course,  
From the potboilers,  
And age old demonology  
Hates the doxology or so

They pity us all  
Nuxvomica or sarsaparilla  
Sink low as sinewy labels,  
Tagged on to death at the end,  
Like the flouted flowers.

**83. Dr Ashok Bhatia**, Senior Lecturer in Hindi, Govt. College for Women, Karnal, Haryana, published fourteen books in Hindi. Two of them are poetry books, one anthology of poems and the rest are books on criticism, children books and stories. In 1991 he was awarded ‘Haryana Sahitya Akademi Award’ for his children’s book entitled “Samudra Ka Samsar”. In 2008 he was awarded Laghu Katha Gaurav Puraskar by the Govt. of Chattisgarh at The International Short Story Seminar and the First All India Maala Sharbati Devi Honour by ‘Minni’ in 1992.

### 163. Where ?

Where  
does the warmth lie  
in sweater’s wool  
Monte Carlo label?

Which one  
Has durability-  
Denim  
Or  
‘ Adidas’ brand name?

Where  
Is taste  
To be found  
In Besan Bhujia  
Or  
Haldiram’s pack?

The sheep  
The weaver  
The farmer  
Cannot  
Find an answer.....

## 164. Freedom

Let me speak  
Let me voice my anger  
Let me adore  
Woman and nation  
Let me take in  
A lungful of oxygen

Let me have the right  
To read every book  
Let me come out of  
Centuries-old  
Dark tunnels

Let me meet  
Good and bad people  
Let me feel beauty

Let me live  
An unconditioned life  
Let me snatch  
Happiness from life

**84. Mr U. Atreya Sarma** is an occasional poet. A few of his poems were published on the [indiavarta.com](http://indiavarta.com), and in the Deccan Chronicle and the Hyderabad Circle News. Presently he contributes poems to the e-zine Muse India. He won a few prizes from the Deccan Chronicle, Himmat, Mother India for his poetry/viewpoints, and in other literary activities. He wrote editorials and articles as the editor of Hyderabad-based Bharatiya Pragna, Social Cause and Cyberhood magazines.

## 165. Eco Echo

You pluck us off our green homes  
And arrest us in your dark tresses -  
To enhance you beauty and fragrance.  
Won't you redress please our little grievance?  
Water our abodes just twice a week at least  
After you have thrice a day, your own feast.

You grow us vast for our blossoms and blooms  
Roots and fruits, cork and bark, latices and plumes.  
You squeeze us, you scorch us; you grind us, you grate us  
You mince us, you mash us; you burn us, you boil us -  
For your recipes and perfumes herbal.  
Don't we live and die for you without a grumble?  
Won't you then grant a request just humble?  
Don't cripple us with chemicals and pesticides  
Lest our health be endangered, yours besides.

They pull us out and offer at Your Divine feet -  
Devotees' tenderness hasn't yet turned effete.  
Won't You with a benign boon bless us the petite?  
That our tribe cum fauna is not hewn down by gangs  
Just for the greed of the human asphalt fangs.

## 166. It Begg the Question

Our vain faces twist into a frown, seeing a beggar  
We look the other way, or dismiss him with a swagger!

“It’s sheer laziness!”... “Why not labour and earn?”  
“Let NGOs or government blot out this stain!”...  
“Ban this, a disgrace before the foreign tourists!” -  
A plethora of gratuitous and self-righteous platitudes!

Friends, why an empty talk to an empty stomach?  
Let’s be a bit humane and honest  
It’s just a pittance of a rupee or two,  
A morsel of food, an old shirt or sheet  
That brings a grateful smile on their face.

Let’s glance into our glittering mirror:  
Luxury hotels, binges; hefty bills and tips – splurge!  
Mega markets and Imax fun – spill!  
Gifts galore to dear and not so dear – lavish!  
Temple visits, elite tickets, hundis –a grand spend!

Rank wretched are beggars, else who likes the odium?  
A few able bodied? They’re mental unfits.

If only they turn into a militant gang?! Don’t’ shudder –  
A dime keeps them away from thievery, robbery, and...

**85. Mr M.G.Narasimha Murthy** has written a number of poems in English on a variety of topics and has brought out an anthology, 'The Blissful Dawn and Other Poems' (Triveni Foundation, Hyderabad). His other works are 'A Garland of Gandhiji's Thoughts, and Stories, British and American' (Orient Longman), besides an unpublished 'Tales of Ramayana for Children'. Murthy is also an artist, who has to his credit about 80 pencil drawings of celebrities, Indian as well as foreign. He worked as Principal and Head of the Department of English, at The Adoni Arts and Science College, Adoni, and retired in 1984. He also held a two-term membership of the Senate of Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati.

### 167. 'Yes, We Can'

On the glowing American horizon,  
Dawns a new era of hope and communion.  
Obama, the leader America was waiting for,  
Emerges from the masses, a rising star.  
Breaking the barriers of religion and race,  
Obama smiles, beaming with confidence and grace.  
"Change has come to America" he declares!  
Recalls Lincoln, Kennedy and Dr King,  
As millions of Americans dance and sing.  
Elegant orator, par excellence,  
Promises equality, justice and strong defence,  
And measures to crush agents of violence.  
Facing challenging tasks at this crucial time,  
Violent conflicts, failing banks and economic trends,  
He seeks the goodwill and support of all nations,  
Treating them as partners and trusted friends.  
'OBAMA' now personifies 'YES, WE CAN' –  
Our youthful world's best slogan!  
Now is the time for all statesmen to join hands  
And say 'YES, WE WILL' and hail the brave new icon!

## 168. Tragedy of Terrors

After the dreadful terror attacks,\*  
Every anguished, helpless citizen asks –  
What are our rulers doing?  
Recurring blasts and gory scenes, heart-rending,  
Have not touched their stony hearts.  
“Usual business” they carry on, quite callous;  
Readily repeat the same remarks –  
“These dastardly crimes, we condemn;  
We honour the martyrs, our heroic men;”  
Offer ex-gratia payments from public funds;  
Government jobs to victims and condolence;  
Some more stringent laws and new commissions.  
Nothing better needs to be said or done!

Tears and tragedies are soon forgotten  
And they resume strategies for election.  
Our beloved leaders! Why blame them?  
Just remember who elected them.  
Another election and the hypocrites return.  
No preventive action and no protection;  
Suffering goes on; do we ever learn?

**86. Ms Nabina Das** won the Second Prize in Open Space-HarperCollins-India Poetry Contest. Her short story is featured in *Inner Voices*, a contest-winning collection of fiction. She has published poetry in national and international journals, and in e-magazines. She was Assistant Metro Editor of *The Ithaca Journal*, Ithaca, NY, and worked as a journalist and media person in India for about 10 years. She published several articles, commentaries and essays during her tenures. Her other interests are theatre and music. She has performed in radio and TV programs and acted in street theatre productions.

## 169. Finding Fore Mothers

This is a day the family sits down  
to a dinner for a festival remembering  
ancestors they say hover disguised as  
birds and animals – on the lawn, on garden boughs.

Is my grandma among the cows?  
I knew she was feisty. Maybe  
a crow then. And her own mother  
Was she there too with her broken  
Teeth and sad robes yellowed with  
age in a photograph some gora had  
clicked at her rich spouse's gracious permission?

The sweetened tomato chutney on  
my leaf plate seeping away like blood  
dark dark red, blood of aunts, wives  
who cooked and cleaned, sucked  
blood from cuts, bore kids and bled till  
they stopped; bled in their hearts when widowed and denied.  
A few grains of paddy, holy water, forefathers still  
Flocked outside, on the television a woman wails  
I flip through an old photo album, sepia, forgotten clutter.

## 170. When Langston Hughes Visited My Home

The name was strange and the book  
Was shiny dark  
Thin, freckled jacket, like my angry  
Pre-teen face  
On the table

The title kept calling in a  
Jingle-jangle Assamese refrain  
I kept saying it out loud:  
“Hey Xurjo Uthi Aha”!

Why it exhorted the sun to rise  
Accept the challenge of a new  
Dream that flamed  
Brighter and purer  
And why the smaller typeface said:  
Poems by dark-limbed poets, a collection,  
I had no idea then

Dark limbs were not seen  
On our book covers  
Only limbs were, but then  
Krishna is just not a word  
For a god, it dawned on me  
But skins and cheeks and  
Strong arms of poetic force  
On my table

Also the end of crowing nights  
When a poet came home  
Inside the covers of a book, smiling:  
That day is past!

**87. Ms M. Vijaya Lakshmi** is an Asst. Professor of English, Gudlavalleru Engineering College, Gudlavalleru, A.P. She presented papers at National Seminars and Conferences.

## **171. Terrorism**

The advent of thy birth,  
brought in the diabolical death.  
Thou marred all the mirth,  
Left humanity with happiness dearth.

Is cruelty thy only name?  
We solely fail to presume thy aim.  
To attain glory, honour and fame,  
Thou do claim the lives of innocent and tame.

To gloss over thy blunders,  
Thou pretend to have emerged for a noble cause.  
Perpetrating the perfidious conspiracies,  
Thou never seem to have any regrets.

Beware! thy destructive deeds are vigilantly noted,  
A fine day thou will not be spared.  
For every dastardly deed thou committed,  
A commensurate reward will be honoured.

## 172. Poetry

Thy very name makes 'some' jittery,  
For they presume thou dreary.  
Call thou nugatory,  
Pass remarks derogatory.  
They try to parry,  
For thou appear extremely eerie.  
Thy ways they reckon are weary,  
And turn them harry.

But thou art poets' snuggery,  
Feed on thou their savoury.  
In thy company are never solitary,  
Without thou they go awry.

They find thou a fairy,  
Take respite in thy domicile lovely.  
The one and only dearie,  
Who can mould their lives merry.

**88. Dr Binod Mishra**, an Assistant Professor of English in IIT, Roorkee, Uttarakhand, India, has been teaching English at various levels for the last fourteen years. He has to his credit more than three dozen poems, both in English and in Hindi. He has thrice been the Editor of “Musings”, an anthology of poems published by BITS, Pilani. He has delivered a good number of talks and invited lectures in various reputed institutes. In December, 2008, he was awarded ‘AIMS Distinguished Service Award’ in New Delhi. He published twelve books : he authored five books, and edited seven books published by different publishers. This year he has published an anthology Communication in a Globalized World: Let’s Speak Up. His latest book Communication Skills for Engineers and Scientists was released recently. Besides being a sincere teacher, Dr Mishra is an active researcher and presently works on a project entitled Enhancing Communication Skills of Students in Technical Institutes.

### 173. The Winter’s Sun

I long  
for the winter’s sun  
to pierce the clouds  
pervading my heart  
And bless with infinite warmth  
promising every time  
to come tomorrow.

I never long  
for the elusive cloud  
that could overshadow  
and absorb  
Its existence  
like a black sheet  
Spread out in the sun.

I long  
for the winter’s sun  
to pierce the clouds  
and appear as a breakthrough  
allowing  
the rays through  
the hole ignored by the tailor.

## 174. A Pair of Horses

A pair of horses  
staring at each other  
placed on the stack  
Ready to gallop, to pounce upon  
legs in action, eyes enkindles  
with a passion towards a goal  
aspiring for years.

I looked at them  
Morning & evening, day & night  
wished them gallop, jump with joy  
change their place, walk a pace  
suddenly see their broken hoof  
Cracks in their joints  
a note of regret enveloped in eyes.....

My love grew in compassion  
sure, the horses fought in isolation  
injured though never showed its wounds  
the tumultuous winds tumbled down  
making resine horses pay the price  
to earn a new dawn, a new where about  
Yearning for years...

**89. Mr P. Srinivasarao** is a Lion., poet, and Executive Member of Indian Society of Authors, Charter Member of Lions Club of Bheemaram, Vice-President of Telangana Writers' Forum. He compiled six books and published many books in Telugu, and he is the Editor of the prestigious "Kavitha Vaarshika". He is the recipient of "Best poet" Award from TNGO's Recreation Club, Warangal, 'Pranaya Mithra Mandali Award', 'A1 Talent Award', and so on.

## **175. Lamps of Clayey (s)oil**

Amidst corpses lighter than cotton  
Why there be verbal sops and exgratia payments  
Without burning the spurious pesticides and  
Kicking out at brokers of adulterated seeds?  
When the dead are valued in lakhs, living corpses,  
Sans ending their lives, should demand more price.  
When living becomes unbearable, should white-gold  
Producers bite the dust?  
Should the lamps of black clayey (s)oil be extinguished?  
When definitely determined to die,  
Why do you dread to stand as a warrior in life's struggle?  
If you fight and win the battle of life,  
Fruits of life worth more than lakhs will surely be yours.

## 176. Face, Not Mine

Oh by the way, is it me?  
Perhaps the mirror has changed thus for  
My facial features have changed so freely  
And I have grown more and more accommodative sans training  
Having refused the native food stuff, responsible  
For my muscle power and advancement till yesterday  
I have begun to chew computer chips on cyber cafe  
Standing amid fast foodstuffs and latest colour photos  
And changing kitchen's shape to the root  
Entangled in the net of commodities  
Mango pickle, flour cakes are outdated now-a-days  
Its speed.....speed all over now  
Speedy life, speedy grub  
Break neck for mere survival  
Haste.... haste every where  
Having pasted with chit-chats of warm ties  
And promises on the banks of farm fields,  
I now find myself hooked to dollar market,  
Flaming amidst dry smoky billows  
And lighting up the face that's not mine  
Like a mirror image.

**90. Ms Koyel Chakrabarty** is the Head of the Department of English, BRCM College of Engineering and Technology, Bahal, Bhiwani, Haryana. She teaches Essentials of Communication. She is keenly interested in research and creative writing. She has published articles on post-colonial perspectives in National journals.

## 177. Rocking Selves

It's raining from Tuesday,  
Today is Thursday,  
We both are in each other arms.  
Two days, two evenings, two nights,  
Two souls, two bodies, two eyes,  
Two loves, Two skies, Two worlds,

Now fine, settled in two-dom  
Not one.  
One is an old concept.  
Welcome Multiplexes!

I thought we were one, you too,  
But ideas, differ, minds change...  
We aren't really same-  
We are two selves-aspiring one,  
Worlds a busy place,  
Fragments are still young.

Pieces are Sleek,  
They are mobile,  
Handy to carry,  
Identity gets a divide.  
4000sq ft super apartment,  
Heavy decorative furniture,  
Your fingers on cell buttons,  
mine on computer.

Still we aspire to be one,  
Try to speak Latin in Indian,  
Cook continental in while oil,  
Stay together with sops,

Quarrel in bathtub,  
And SMS, "u r mine."

Rock Baby Rock!  
The worlds a Rocking place,  
Rock your souls, Rock hearts,  
Rock until you get a burst.

Nothing is same ,  
Nothing holds anymore,  
You and me sit together  
Our souls meet no more.

Eyes miss connection,  
Heart beats slow,  
We've lost warmth,  
We don't bunk work for matinee shows.

Wake up baby wake up!  
Its late, its morning four,  
Lets loose the post-coyotal hold,  
And love for tomorrow.

## 178. I'll Pass Through

Lonely like a bathroom window,  
My mind is holed out,  
Letting out all toxic and pungent gases.  
They'll pass through.

I'm used to let them through,  
The inside room is then freed,  
Only to make more room for the next excretion.

Light comes in,  
Bizarre and dreamy,  
My room becomes more dark.

What more can I do to give the man inside comfort?  
He exhales, urinates, shits, refreshes –  
Makes himself macho,  
I look at him in wonder;  
His physic, his freshness,  
He fills me.

It's strange he knows;  
I'll let them pass through.  
He never overwhelms.

Sometimes he helps me  
With fragrance like freshener,  
Costly may be----yet stale.

He embalms me as he sprays,  
All types of it;  
Kisses, jewelry, flowers,  
Unknowing if I can pass through.

Glass house?  
He can't bear all through,  
So I'm the bathroom window;  
Knowing, I can let everything  
Pass through.

**91. Mr N. Shama Rao** is now doing his M.A. English at the University of Hyderabad.

### **179. An Answer**

Grey matter does not matter  
Before the white collar jobs

Little Light heart  
Beaten by big heavy purse

She asked me  
“Why are you not in love?”

I cannot fold my heart  
Like a thousand rupee note.

### **180. Gloomy Times**

It was a gloomy day  
I was all alone  
Night, as an uninvited guest  
arrived in no time  
With it, the scaring darkness

Light left me  
to light some other's life  
Even the familiar neem tree  
looked like a giant monster  
Little sounds of beetles  
scared me to death  
My heart lost its rhythm  
and began to beat in my ears

In my own garden  
I became a stranger

**92. Mr B. Rama Satya Siva Kumar** is working in the Department of English, Dr C.S.N College, Bhimavaram. He did his MA Literature at Sri YN College, Narasapur, and is now doing his M.Phil. at Dravidian University, Kuppam.

### **181. An Innocent Being in Recession**

A way of sweetless sugarcane and zigzag patterned staircase.  
Every serpent step of ladder has broken and threaten.  
All Buds are plucked,  
And immature sprouting Leaves never return.  
Crawling and creeping but endless fight defeats my knees.  
Demon depression demands my blood,  
Devils of society never clear my fate,  
Digital world slaughtered the dignity of mind,  
Dreadful desires defeat me even in dream land.  
Now my mind are fond of eternal parallels.  
My heart wants to stop her functions,  
But scared heart and mind is captained by Achilles Heel.  
Oh my dear! Let me know what my destiny is!  
Moreover, how long can I chase my fate.

## 182. Repentance

Peace of mind is broken into pieces of mind,  
Instead of blood, venomous acid is streaming,  
    Burning sand grazes in my eyelids.  
And My heart echoes with devils laughing.  
    Her beliefs are wrecked and spilled,  
    Hither and thither and sharpened.  
    Those are cannoning my castle.  
My dry eyes never want to be closed  
    by the fear of nightmares hunting.  
Her innocent rays are playing upon my veins.  
    In her thought I am a camel of desert,  
But an act of filthy beast is sagging me as an ugly snail.  
    Always she said “ you’re a man of purity”  
    but I ran for a scarlet woman.  
Oh my cruel desires and my weak heart Whom can I blame!  
    How can I substantiate my beastly act?  
How can I confess my offence before her calm and spiky sparks?  
    Alas! I have been drying up my tears and  
How can I clean my heart of garbage? I know her kind heart surely allows me,  
But how can I enter the temple with sewage, and wipe off her tears.

**93. Ms Lina Mistry** started writing poetry while she was at High School, and has continued writing till her college years. Recently she picked up her writing, putting more stress on structure and style. During these few years she developed prolific writing style. She reads old poetry from all parts of the world. Mostly she likes the flare of India, though she lives in the States.

### **183. Love Knows No Distance or Time**

Love know no distance or time  
Shut your eyes she is near,  
Touch with thy finger tips  
Surround her hands  
Draw her near,  
As her hair sweeps pass your face,  
With a hint of laughter,  
You can feel her in your arms,  
Tightening her with each sigh.  
Fragrance of her skin  
Uncontrollable  
Desires as you take her breath.  
Embrace within her you,  
Longing  
Lips touch hers.....Sweet and moist,  
Pure and simple  
As you love her so,  
For love knows  
No distance or time.

## 184. The Desert Floors

The desert floors sand much ...  
like the shores of the sea...  
waves of barren world  
shimmer from the ultramarine oblique angle...

Somber deep underworld,  
assuage their hunger belief  
desert ray of one color,  
medley of grains muster in worth...

Beguiling hands tremble to hold,  
pauper state to the road,  
delirious fools frenzies on emotions  
through all in eyes view we seek...

A small sprout shoots up through,  
the unfruitful lands,  
sapphire skies to the mysterious below,  
a small miracle uproots, sensual lips unfolds;

Life within the foliage,  
transparent in each of the folds,  
a descry of indigo elapses....  
the desolate of the soul's life piece after death.....

**94. Ms Philomena Samfrancisco** is a Konkani writer and poet. Her book of 95 short stories, “Mhozo Dixttavo”, a book in Konkani, was published in 2005 by the Goa Konkani Akademi, and released by the renowned Konkani Writer late Rev. Fr. Moreno DeSouza, at Panjim, Goa. The same book has now been published in Roman script. Her second book of 50 short stories in Konkani ‘Ompta Tem Pikta’ was published on 7-2-2009. Her short stories, articles and poems in Konkani are featured in the Konkani weekly ‘Vavraddeancho Ixtt’, and also in Monthlies like ‘Dor Mhoineachi Rotti’, ‘Novem Goem’, ‘Gulab’, ‘The Goan Review’, etc. She won awards in the Story-writing competitions held by them. Ms Philomena was awarded the Best writer of the Year Trophy in the year 1998 in memory of Late Fr. Lactancio, Almeida Memorial Award by the ‘Vavraddeancho Ixtt’. She also took part in ‘Women Poets’ Meet’ organized by the Sahitya Akademi at the American Centre, Mumbai, in 1990.

### **185. Invader**

My heart was well-guarded  
Safely fortified all around,  
With not the slightest loop-hole  
Anywhere to be found;  
I had it bound with fetters  
Lest it should wander about,  
Kept a close watch over it  
To keep it well within bounds.

And then,

With no warning of any kind  
The walls came tumbling down,  
Letting wide open the flood-gates  
Of represented love to glide along;  
Undoing the tightly fastened shackles  
Of bondage love to fly high above,  
And the INVADER of my heart was  
None other than YOU.

## 186. Someday

Someday

I will visit the old-aged home  
To help them leave the past where it belongs  
And make them taste the joy of life,  
Someday.

Someday

I will be a messenger of peace  
To all those down-trodden humans  
And bring a smile on their faces,  
Someday.

Someday

I will be the bearer of good news  
To all those bounded labourers  
And free them from their chains,  
Someday.

Yes, I will do all this  
Someday;  
But why 'someday'?  
Why not Today?

**95 Mr Anand Bhatt** is proficient in three languages, Hindi, English and Gujarati, and he lives in Kolkata. He secured the First Position in the Bournavita Quiz Contest, Intra-School Quiz 2000. He was the Winner in the NIIT-Leda Smart Kid Contest-2001. He received 'Merit Certificate' in the 8th All India Painting Competition held by Vijay Informatics, Fine Arts Academy, Hyderabad. He was awarded 'A' certificate for participating in Painting Competition, 1996-97 held by the Gujarat State Art Teachers' Association. He participated in the District –level Contest for the School net Websites Contest 2000 and 2001, and also in the Summer Workshop-2000 held by The Times of India. He is also interested in games and sports and he has distinguished himself as a good player of Cricket, Hockey, Volley Ball, etc.

## 187. Sweet Nothings

I had eyes on the roads  
Roads had its path till the sun  
The sun had a job  
My job was still on the road  
Hey sweet nothings

Everything I wish is not every thing I wanted  
Everything I wanted is not everything I needed  
Everything I needed is not everything I got  
Everything I got is not everything I wished for  
Hey sweet nothings

Even unknown to my own self I had many dreams  
The dreams needed a reason  
The reason needed the demons  
The demons needed my dreams to live by ownself  
Hey sweets nothings

My once love wanted to own me  
I wanted to stone her  
That's the way it is  
The way for my once love to go  
Hey sweet nothings

I walked a million miles  
Miles towards the other side  
The other side was dark  
But when the darkness disappeared  
I was still standing at the same spot  
Hey sweet nothings.....

## 188. Sitting Over

Sitting over a cup of coffee  
Whiling away our time  
Got many things on my mind  
Got many things to say  
Got many things to hide

Grazing on, tearing through the wind  
Thinking over nothing  
Thinking over many things  
All at the same time, I have gone crazy

Walking towards tomorrows day  
Yesterday was pulling me behind  
Somewhere there a rhythm playing  
Somethings is making it easy  
Somethings is making it very hard

Trusting a few ignoring the rest thorns  
Everythings seems to go the right track  
Sometimes on the wrong track  
Confusing me, I have gone crazy

Sitting over a cup of coffee  
Still whiling away our time....

**96. Mr Mohammad Zahid**, a banker, writes poetry sporadically. He has been featured in an international collection of poetry, 'The Best Poems and Poets of 2002', with his poem 'The Panacea', published by the International Library of Poetry, Florida. He has also been selected as one of the Editor's Favourite Poets by the same organisation for his poem 'The Addicts Lament'. His collection of poems is in the press.

## **189. The Waves of Time**

Floating in an engulfing ether  
Drifting in a sea where  
Yesterdays mingle with an ever present today  
With waves helplessly dashing  
Against tomorrows cliffs; spraying a mist  
Of hopes that pervades long in the air  
Like aftereffects of all this conundrum  
Slowly the waves retreat, silently like past  
And today's waves throw them back  
Like recollections remembered.....  
A face, a moment of joy or pain  
The souls just being tossed now and then  
Here and there in this eternal confrontation  
Of yesterdays and tomorrows  
There on the shores of today.

## **190. The Stranger Out There**

Disguises are deceiving  
Concealing truths  
Beneath carapaces of contoured complexities  
The eye goes in search  
Of a familiar face and fails  
There in the crowd entities move  
Camouflaged and cloistered  
In spheres of secret some things  
And the eye still searches  
Still, till it gazes at a mirror....  
Alas! A still stranger stands there!!!

**97. Prof. Josh Sreedharan** is Professor and Head of the Department of Studies in English, Thalassery Campus, Kannur University. A noted academic and critic, Dr Josh is a member of various academic bodies in the country. He edited two research journals. He writes poems and articles in English and Malayalam. Dr Josh started his career as a journalist of a national daily and later moved to teaching English Language and Literature. He presented papers at many international conferences and visited many countries. SJ Ezhavar is the pen-name of Dr Josh Sreedharan

## 191. The Victims

They are never part of any ideology  
They are never after the media  
They are never stuffed with ambitions  
Stretched across power and glory  
They are never after the unknown  
In the name of mankind  
They are never offered a place when  
Everything is fought in their name.  
When abstract ideologies clash  
They become the targets  
When unknown wars are fought  
They pay the price  
When rulers take pride in many missions  
They tighten their belly  
When their leaders play the games  
They applause from the gallery  
When the newsmen have empty columns left  
They feature for nothing  
And when they ask for their sustenance  
They will be silenced forever.

## 192. Media War

Wars were fought by the kings  
To establish their glory  
To plunder their enemy  
To idle their time away  
To enhance their power  
To forget their subjects  
To feed their ego  
And to prey on the beautiful.

Wars are staged by the media  
To market their space  
To make or humble  
Stars and heroines  
Of bias or prejudice  
Sans morals or scruples  
Image attributing or  
Tarnishing  
To give hype by  
Crushing or saving  
To profit themselves  
And to prey on all mankind

**98. Ms Vidya P.S.,** a Software Developer at Centre for Postal Technology Excellence(Postal Training Centre),Mysore, likes travelling, trekking, music and writing poetry.

### **193. A Simple Portrait of Talk**

Talk, we all talk, we have to talk  
Talks are expressions of self  
Talk, talks about life's walk  
Talk brings out inner belief.

Talk blooms sunrise to sunset  
Talk, restless even at sleep  
Talk can share one with all at best  
Talk can break one from all into steep

Talk silk, cotton, ice, thorn, blood  
Talk takes shapes from one's heart  
Talk can bring all into one, a breed  
Talk can chase all from one, bankrupt

Talk, a noise can bring pollution  
Talk, in silence to bring out the best  
Talk never to prove a point of vision  
Talk forever to fill love to its crest

Flock, block and then check your prologue  
Sweep, creep and then leap your tongue  
Peek, seek and then leak your talk  
Mount, surmount and dismount your talk.

## 194. Journey from Offspring to Peter Out!

Fetus to offspring, forever vigorous  
Natal chart fills with flow of fortunes  
Glacier melts into life and flows.

Grown through infancy episode  
Reverberation heard from distance  
Making alleyway to flow on

Roaring and bashing with youth  
Distinctive diction empower  
Potential energy crafts cascade.

Maturity to mate on the pathway  
Sediments deposit, fertile land  
Slow slope forms a delta.

Flow routes around and stay  
Deposition takes long channel  
Distribution network lay down.

Life breaching natural levees join ocean  
Rest gets consumed and peters out  
Individual call, a choice to make.

**99. Ms S. Shylaja** teaches English at Maharani's Arts, Commerce and Management College, Bangalore. She has published two books: 1) Women in Transition, and 2) Shodhane, a collection of short stories in Kannada. She has written and directed plays for students and women's organizations. She has also scripted a teleserial for the national award-winning director T.S. Nagabharana.

## 195. Stone Women

O Stone women  
Chiseled out by the blows of hammer,  
Unable to pursue your art  
Nor even to quietly rest;  
And we, the tongue tied women  
Hammered into submission,  
Unable to step ahead,  
Nor even to retract;  
Fixed for eternity to our roles,  
Aren't you and we the same?

O Stone Women  
With your dancing posture  
And we with our everyday posture;  
Both fitting into others' ideas  
Forever dreaming of freedom  
Mere fixtures on the walls are we,  
Puppets in the unknown hands,  
Aren't you and we the same?

## 196. Fragmented

Looking into the mirror  
Fixing a few truant hair  
With a final touch of makeup  
I was ready to step out,  
A proud multitasker.

To admire what I saw  
I stepped closer;  
The mirror shattered  
The fragments scattered.

Each fragment a new mirror,  
My image, myriad ugly fragments.  
I carefully put together each fragment,  
Even now I am searching for  
What I am.

**100. Mr S.Umesh Chandra** teaches English at Govt. R.C. College, Bangalore. He is actively involved in theatre activities and adventure sports.

### **197. Slum Dog**

Squelching through dirty by lanes  
Covered in the blanket of guttery stink  
Rattling bundle of bones  
Unquenched hunger burning in the eyes,  
Nation building Neta screeching in  
The background,  
Starry eyed stars blinking  
From tin walls,  
Our slouching slum dog,  
Too weak to wag his tail;  
Is he dreaming million dreams  
Or  
Is he dreaming of millions?

## 198. Yesterday, Today And...

I said, "The other day the  
Sun shone brightly,  
Without being harsh.  
Each speck of dust a dancing  
Diamond bright.

The other day the  
Wind blew gently,  
Without being gusty.  
Each leaf bright green  
Rustling gently.

The other day the  
Rain descended softly,  
Without being furious.  
Each blade of grass nodding  
Approval softly."

My daughter smiling her smile  
Said, "Papa dear, even today  
The sun is bright without being harsh,  
The wind is gentle without being gusty,  
The rain is soft without being furious."

I quietly wished: May everything  
Remain so to you forever and ever.

**101. Mr Avinab B. Datta,** a student of English literature, works as a freelance writer in the city of Mumbai.

## **199. The Tower**

Soot bodies flex ceremoniously,  
spit their torsos above woven steel  
toward the writhing peak lying  
head blown,  
its entrails in convoluted bloom.  
I think of labour and my sight and this vision and their homes  
and lurking dizzy eagle discs and the sweat of this  
poem and labour again.  
Haloed scant figures probing  
the cosmos and its organs,  
heat's astral talons perched on their backs;  
skies looping constant  
over their erect eyes, and all  
periphery of captivating distance and chaste view  
subtracted by the veil of purpose  
into sun stroked farce.

## **200. Elegy of Another\***

Gentlemen,  
My limbs are grounded nails.  
I am older than poverty, I need  
A doctor. Help this pariah!  
You don't want to think about me  
Tonight.  
So give me your token spit.

Genetlemen,  
I know you remember my rhetoric,  
I am awfully tired.  
I won't repeat my poem.

**102. Dr Shweta Parikh** got her MBA and Ph.D in Finance from Gujarat University. She also did her diploma in Art and Fresco Painting. She got many prizes for Abstract painting. She conducted and also participated in many Solo and group shows, exhibitions and workshops in India and USA. She also organized Art camps at Alibag, Ujjain, Madhya Pradesh, and so on. She was elected as an artist whose works were represented in “Canvass on Cloth” for a fashion show sequence by the students of Wigan and Leigh College of Fashion for “Chimera” held at The Marriott, Mumbai, in 2003. She was one of the four artists selected by Purple Orange, Bangalore, for art work to be reproduced on specialized crockery for their range, “Art in Everyday Life”. At present she is working at Indian Institute of Management in the Finance Area.

## **201. I Have Lived on This Earth**

I have lived on this Earth-  
I soared in the air  
With the gust of wind  
That blew the little leaf away.  
And I glided majestically  
With the eagle.  
I covered the Earth  
With my shadow  
As a cloud.  
I sang with the brook  
And danced down joyfully  
On my way to oblivion.  
I grew with each growing blade of grass  
And bloomed with each flower.  
I blinded all creation with light as the sun  
And poured down recklessly as rain.  
Each cell of my body rejoiced  
With every other creature  
To say  
I have lived on this Earth.

## 202. Welcome

Can I lay down  
A red carpet of welcome  
For you to enter my heart?  
I promise-  
I shall herald your arrival  
With all the flowers of this Earth.  
The music of the heavens  
Shall guide you softly  
As you tread this path  
My soul shall sprinkle  
Golden stardust  
And you shall see magic  
In a wonderful heaven of love  
Can I lay down  
A red carpet of welcome????

**103. Mrs Rayla Noel Rajpillay:** Having completed her B.A. Psychology, she worked for Broadcast for six years in Bangalore, writing & producing plays, Real Life Interviews, and Human Interest Articles . A long illness led her to a deep appreciation of Life and Everyday People, and their Unseen Lives and triumphs. She was involved subsequently in street kid education through drama and story-telling, game and life skills. She and her husband Noel adopted two beautiful children one of whom was born blind and is eight years old and continues to inspire her to absorb life in all its colours. Rayla and her family in Bangalore live to inspire people to cherish their lives and themselves. She volunteers with Special needs of kids, working towards Personality development through the Arts and basic joy. While she lived in Mumbai, she freelanced short stories and poetry to Blitz and local dailies.

### **203. Waiting to Dance Unafraid**

Sometimes I am too shy to pray  
But not today,  
not after our Faces tore  
and Skies brewed black ;

and Stars were smoked  
& we stared like that.  
So many million Poets  
among carefree Corpses.

Sometimes I am too Still to dance  
again, but not Today  
not here like this :  
the Night is young,

Its Song is pure;  
Truant Words find their Cure,  
when Broken Feet cross their Street,  
unafraid. Unafraid.

## 204. A Poet's Invite

We must meet, Brother  
walk deep into each others Fields, eat  
each others' Meals  
dress up for one another,

Celebrate,  
appoint a Feast,  
announce our state of  
Repair ;

We' ve inherited different Houses  
but even these have Gates that open that  
let the other in, brother  
like we used to,

we must meet, eat together again  
our Children may never know  
we once had the same  
Name.

**104. Dr Madhavi Lata Agrawal** is an Assistant Professor, Government E.V.P.G. College, Korba, Chhattisgarh. Her poems are the essence of her very being . She has been teaching English literature for the past 15 years. She has published two anthologies, “Offerings to Kanha” and “Myriad Colours”.

### **205. When Woman...**

When woman  
Their pen did pick  
To write about the atrocities  
That men dared to mete-  
All the world agog  
Stood up – to cheer  
Or to decry her  
But woman did write  
And stories did relate  
So that the internal thoughts  
Of women were proclaimed-  
And internal stories  
Were told- when man imprisoned  
The very thought of women,  
Curbed down her every action  
And a doormat of her made  
And a voice arose to  
Break all their woes.  
And in rebellion they arose  
And with pen and paper  
Their future they secured.

## 206. One With Your Flow

Like the gushing river  
You sprang forth  
Sallying at every turn  
And embraced me  
In your flow.  
Don't know when and how  
One with your flow I became  
Following in your wake.  
So intermixed were you and I  
That what was yours  
And what mine  
All became vague-  
So one with your flow I became.  
Don't ask me  
To break this spell  
For I refuse to let go-  
Once I have joined the flow  
Till the end shall I go  
Just let me flow.

**105. Ms Tikuli Dogra** is a creative writer and avid blogger. She writes short stories, poems, articles on travel and nature, parenting and social issues, etc. She writes for various sites like Helium.com, AssociatedContent.com, Triod.com, caferati.com, livejournal.com, etc. One of her poems “Marijuana Dreams” was recently published in the online edition of ‘The Smoke Book’.

## 207. Drama in the Sky

A Gloomy day, definite nip in the air  
The wind, strong and chilly  
Golden yellow leaves of the poplar  
Cling desperately to thin haggard branches  
The silence is uncanny  
Murky mist seeps through  
The very core of my being  
My thoughts are frozen in time  
Memories close in like a blizzard of snow  
The drama in the sky unfolds  
A flash of lightning marks the brilliant opening  
With thunderous applause it begins to pour  
The trees, their heads bowed, cry ceaselessly  
The wet sun struggles to release itself  
From behind the heavy cloud cover  
The spell is strong, possessed, I drift into a trance  
The sounds of thunder & flashes of lightning cease  
The curtain falls  
Complete silence follows  
Nothing moves, not even a single leaf

## 208. Detritus

I watched her as she slept  
Dejected isolated and dying  
Her frail body barely covered by dirty rags  
Devoid of dark mascara, fiery red mouth  
Painted cheeks and kohl lined eyes  
Her face resembled the pale wintry moon  
The room was bare but for  
Old cigarette butts & broken beer bottles  
The air was laden with stilled hope  
And stagnant stories of human lust  
Pleasing hundreds of nocturnal panderers  
Her nights were aflame with  
Loud music, liquor, smoke & men  
As a ten year old it had seemed  
Like an unending circus  
Now Twenty summers later  
The circus has moved on  
Leaving stumps of memories  
& the ghost of my mother

**106. Mr Maaz Bilal** is a student of English Literature at the University of Delhi. Some of his writings have been published in Museindia the online literary journal, and The Hindu, and also in some university and college journals and magazines.

## 209. Knowledge

One day  
offended  
I did not speak to you Dad  
I knew, you, I pained

But what I did not know  
then, was  
that you'd revenge yourself  
in absence,  
never to be spoken to  
again.

## 210. If I Could Write This in Fire

If I could write this in fire  
so hot  
For it to be etched on the very sinews of your heart  
such that 'twould be frozen there for ever  
That it could scorch your eyes  
so no one else, evermore, would you read  
have eyes for no other; the ones that read me last  
That it could char your whole skin  
so none would look at you  
and I, only I, remained with your touch  
fragrant with the odour of your sweat  
gleaming in your infernal glow;  
rekindling each day in my own sanctuary  
those smouldering coals of lost memories  
reading, re-reading,  
such words-  
inflammable.

Then, only then, would I say  
Yes, indeed, I can write.

**107. Dr Vasuprada Kartic**, Counselor, Psychotherapist Spl Educator, President, Deeksha Foundation, wrote especially for this event. She just wanted to put forth her understanding of specific issues during the course of her counselling and psychotherapy career. She has also been a Special Educator for a decade. She was actively involved in developing the first Multi-media Aided Instruction for the differently-abled. She has been part of an Anthroposophic Holistic Treatment centre for four years. She has been actively involved in teacher –training ( trained close to 1000 Govt and other teachers ) apart from conducting workshops in the areas of Emotional Intelligence, Effectiveness, etc., at various colleges of Management and Education. For the last three years she has been a volunteer official psychologist for a Slum School, an Orphanage and a Home for the Aged. She is an active and appreciated Rotarian involving herself in major community works. Her writings such as papers presented at Conferences and articles intended to help the civil service aspirants are of technical nature. Her work is published by the University of Toronto, as a book chapter . She has always appreciated and enjoyed literature in all forms. Though penning a few lines has always been a pleasant activity of hers, her debut in the e-literary journal “Muse India” took place in November, 2007. Her poem was part of the Muse Meet, December 2008, as well.

## **211. Too Late!?**

Small groups, forced whispers to add to the atmosphere  
 which cannot but, be gloomy and sombre. Speculations ..  
 why? When? and how? Hover in the air.  
 People wondering how this happened.

Young innocent faces lost, in the sea  
 of known unknown faces and reactions.  
 Not really able to fit into the mode.  
 Their only truth “why is our mother not waking up?”

Mix of family, friends and some strangers  
 What can they do now? Where were they  
 When I “WAS” tortured in all ways  
 Were these not the same ones who didn’t  
 Have the inclination to know, courage to help?

As I watch over the scene...  
 How could I be selfish enough to leave behind  
 my children to these not so human people?

How can I rewind and play a different scene?

Me. Strong , assertive, fighting back and LIVING!  
 To be there to cherish and nourish these trusting , dependent souls

I lament.. “it’s too late for me but not for others to learn! ”

## 212. Reality Vs Pathology

“ The words constantly mocking and deeds insulting  
Fuel my burning rage from within.  
The need to retaliate grows... with each  
Encounter ...more painful and taxing than before”

She relates holding on to the last vestige of  
socially acceptable and expected demeanour.

“Do not take it to heart . As we know,  
He doesn't realise What is real  
from what isn't.”.. a (comforting ?) smile is added.

For years she has lived with this reality of hers  
And this reality-pathology of his.  
Her sweet fantasies, the only sense of stability for her.

The changing medication, the supportive therapy  
The seeming improvement and the meteoric impact  
Of a relapse ... her inability it appears ..to anticipate  
The changing moods and the growing suspicions.

Threatening clouds of doubts that gather  
around the wilted spirit , exhausted soul which refuses  
To believe that there is still hope  
That Time and effort can still heal both of them!

**108. Dr Dwarakanath H. Kabadi** is an Advocate and Auditor by profession. He is a bilingual poet ( Kannada and English). His published works in English are : Lamps of Hope, Amidst the Cosmic Wilderness, Rye on the Ravines, Symphony of Skeletons, Ruptured Senses, Tender Wings, Melting Moments, Kabadi's Glimmericks, A Tear on a Pancake, Golden Glimmers, Shimmering Waves, Snail- Pace Street, Chariot of Dreams, Pyramid Poems, and Mystic Mysteries, (15 in English and 11 in Kannada). He translated 'Flashes' by Dr Sanjeev Shetty(Poetry 1997)( in Kannada) into English. He received a number of awards and honours. He received Three Doctorates for his poetry, especially for his new three-line innovative poems 'Flickers'. He was elected the Chancellor of Congress of Poets when he attended the Third World Congress of Poets held in Baltimore. He won the fourth prize from the Regency Press, London, for his poem on environmental degradation. "Ode to My Windows", which has also been turned into song and music and has been copyrighted in the USA. He received a Diploma of Merit from the university Delle Arte, Italy, for his poetry. He has been honoured as " The International Eminent Poet" by the "International Poetry Academy". He was nominated to the " International Hall of Leadership" by the American Biographical Centre, USA. He was honoured as "The Academician of Worth" by the Pontenzen Academy of Napoli, in appreciation of his book "Symphony of Skeletons". He was honoured by the first International Intellectuals and Poets Conference organized by the University of Life, Metro Manila, Philippines, in appreciation of his 'soulful poetry'. " Tender Wings", a collection of his lyric poems for children, won a medallion of Honour from the Melbourne poetry Society in the Bicentennial International Poetry Competitions,1998. His poem 'Sing, O Rain, Sing' (from "Tender Wings") was presented on several occasions as a song and lyrical ballet in New York and Baltimore, USA. 'Rye on the Ravines', the three-line 'Flickers', won the Michael Madhusudan Poetry Award for him in 1995. He received 'Excellence in World Poetry Award' from the International Poets Academy in 2009. In various capacities he is associated with various national and international organizations of arts, culture and poetry. He is the Founder-President of the Poets International Organization, Bangalore, and of the Garden of World Poets, Madras. He is a member of the Executive Board of the Federation of International Poetry Associations, USA. The International Board of Examiners of " Edizioni Universum", a noted literary organization of Italy, has honoured him with the prestigious award " A Poem for Life Award" for his poem "My Laugh" in 2003. He is a Life Fellow of World Poetry Society, Madras, of World Literary Academy of Poets, Cambridge, and of World Academy of Arts , Culture, California, USA. His name is in many Biographical publications of the world. Many of his poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Arabic, Urdu, Chinese, Japanese Hindi and Kannada.

## 213. Smiling Skulls

Looking at the endless stretch  
I stand face to face with myself  
The scorching sand swells  
Lost in its own emptiness

Barren to the core there is nothing  
Not even the future to look back

The smell of the traces  
Of sweat blood and tears  
That I have always left behind  
Hangs in the air

There is something  
Buried everywhere  
Sun burnt skeletons  
Dot the landscape

Here and there  
To my vast relief  
I find skulls  
With their teeth intact  
Smiling

## 214. The Scale

Thoughts like an uneven balance  
Fluctuate and linger on in the mind

The weight of the thoughts  
Increase and decrease  
With no word of warning  
But most times the balance  
Rights itself with no effort

Sometimes confused and undecided  
With no hint which side to tilt  
The scale bobbles  
Tainting the mind

Memories come thronging  
Taking sides  
Thoughts like prisoners  
Stay put and wait

Trying to get the right balance  
For the final solution  
The scale goes nutty  
And the judgements  
Go wacky

**109. Ms T. Sreelatha** has been working as a Lecturer in the Department of Communication and Soft Skills, K.L.Universty, since 2006. Her poems were published in ‘Heart-Throbs’ in 2008. She presented a paper at a two-day National Seminar on “Drama as a Powerful Medium in Teaching English” at JKC College, Guntur.

## 215. Thy Treasure Trove

My Mom’s unconditional love, pure and clear.  
The unfailing solace, always very near.  
The invincible courage wipes every tear.  
All these made me a Mother dearly dear.

My sweetest Dad the true crusader,  
His firm finger my first teacher,  
Taught me fight the stormy life with valour  
And rightly interpreted its glamour.

Together thou brought me up in a shrine beautiful  
Raised on rudiments of morality in full  
Thy parenting, to the core wonderful  
Blessed my life cheerful and fruitful.

Thy visionary souls bubbling with affection,  
Thy philosophy and rationale my conviction.  
Thy forbearance and philanthropy my mission.  
Thy resurrection from wretched luck my inspiration.

The ideal combination always in heights  
Lived my life, dreamt my dreams all nights,  
Laughed my laughter, cried my tears with all rights,  
And toiled my tasks to make me stand upright.  
Out of my mouth, a word today,  
The accomplished wish, no doubt, the next day.  
No matter what I do or where I go  
Never I can, their love, outgrow.  
But to thee “The Creators’ Creator”, I bow.  
Thy unblemished unique gift is a Treasure Trove.

## 216. My Sweet Home

My childhood home sweet and chic,  
Five fair souls in it in bonds so thick.  
Those reminiscences in my heart an everlasting pic.  
Alas! Such lovely days are gone very quick!

The angel of the house dutiful forever,  
Her delicious love spread on the plates in fine flavour.  
The lord of the house with his watchful eye fails never  
To comprehend and address the problem whatever.

The wide room for study, a cozy den.  
We three damozels meet to learn; and then  
The combined study with a homily very often  
Concludes before we call it a day – around ‘ten’.

The facade at the front always echoing under the Pine  
With floods of mischief and rumbling behind the Vine.  
Each Sunday my sisters and I on cloud nine  
Join the jubilant peers from far and near in line.

The fables and parables at every bedtime  
Our dad’s favourite passion for all time.  
Narrates many a myth and epic in rhyme  
Thus we are lulled to healthy sleep at perfect rhyme.

Those five souls in much bliss and light,  
Unscathed by any mind in malicious spite.  
The shadows of eternity that today I miss in a plight  
Ensure my coming days with immense delight.

**110. Dr Gopal Lahiri** has been writing poetry for more than twenty-five years. He writes both in English and Bengali (mother tongue). He also occasionally writes fiction, short stories, essays, and articles on current affairs and scientific interests, and he also does translation work. He is an earth scientist and currently lives in the coastal state of Gujarat, India. He has had five poetry collections in Bengali published in India and four collections in English published in USA. His literary works appeared in several periodicals like Indian Literature, Taj Mahal Review and Illuminations and also in electronic publications like Arts and Letters, Underground Window, Muse India , Poetry Stop, Debug) worldwide and his poems were published in anthologies such as (National Treasures, Concerto, The Silence Within) in India and abroad. He is a regular contributor of poems to several poetry web sites. His works are Flicker of Hope, Sandstone Corridor, Light and Shadow, Give You Back: a collection of selected poems in English, published by Lulu Publishers, USA, in 2004-2007. He published his poems in 'Taj Mahal Review' journal and 'Indian Literature', India, Holiday Treasures and Illuminations Anthologies, USA , 2004-2007. His poem 'Search' appeared in the anthology 'The Silence Within' published by poetry.com, USA in 2001. His translation of a collection of short stories of Israel (from English to Bengali) was published by National Book Trust, New Delhi, in 2004.

## 217. Testimony

Someone quipped  
Under the cloudless sky.

There is nothing to fear  
We have seen the life and death.  
Feel the pain and anguish.

Dust flickers through sunrays  
On the narrow winding lanes.  
The gateway looks forlorn.

Grenade explosions and gunfire died down  
Broken window panes, bullet ridden doors  
Sprinter marks, blood stains and wounds.

People wanted to have a closer look  
Pictures clicked next to the damaged wall  
As if on the killing fields.

Someone wrote on soot marred walls  
What was it like to be here all the while?

## 218. Closing Windows One by One

Closing windows one by one  
I want to be in my shell  
searching out the eternal good or evil  
grasping for breath, dismal fall  
sad, leaping, open  
convalescing within soul  
teardrops on the floor  
I won't need anymore  
life that had gone wrong  
obscuring the ring of thoughts  
away in any direction  
lighting up a candle  
waiting to happen  
at any moment  
blood stains on the wall  
invites the inevitable  
till the dust settles  
on the broken mirror  
sooner I will face  
the reality in darkness.

**111. Ms Amulya Kulkarni** is doing her B.Tech (Hons) in Electronics and Communication Engineering at Sri Devi Women's Engineering College, Hyderabad. She presented a paper on "Applications of Real Time Applications of Embedded Systems" at the National Fest. held by the Osmania University, Hyderabad. She bagged the First Prize at the National Technical Fest. held by Arkay College of Engineering for her paper on the topic "Haptic Technology for the Blind & Visually Impaired" in 2009. She won the Best Speaker Award at the National Technical Symposium conducted by the NMREC for presenting her paper on 'Applications of Virtual Reality' in 2009. She bagged the Second Prize at the National Level Technical Fest held by PRRM Engineering College for her paper on the topic 'Haptic Technology' in 2009. She co-authored an award-winning essay "Rampant Corruption in India – Who is Responsible?" in an All- India Essay Competition Organized by Nandini Voice for the Deprived supported by the Transparency International (2008). She received 'Bala Puraskar Award' for excellence in All-round achievements from the Govt. of A.P. and also another 'Bala Puraskar Award International' in 2008. She was felicitated by the Hindi Sabha for her outstanding performance in Rashtra Bhasha in 2005. She contributed articles to the Deccan Chronicle and also to The Hindu. She has written forty poems and five stories.

## **219. Now That I Know...**

A crowded market on Friday,  
 Suddenly turned to be a Black Day.  
 Amidst was taking shape a deadly sigh,  
 That left people burnt like items fry.  
 Rose up the soul of the explosion cause,  
 For a minute set his mind to a pause.  
 A mother weeping for her dead son,  
 Caught up in flames was one's bun.  
 Sprung up questions in his mind,  
 To none he could answers find.  
 What did I achieve as a suicide bomber?  
 Papers with headlines, none to bother.  
 How could I be so inhuman?  
 To the people I had never known.  
 Is this what I was taught to do?  
 Killing people and my religion bow.  
 My soul shall never rest in peace,  
 For I tore peoples' life to a piece.  
 If born again on this earth,  
 I promise no love and peace dearth.  
 Thinking deep solemnly, went the soul,  
 Never returning to play a game foul!

## 220. Open Enclosure

This world seems a smaller place before...  
You know the depth as you grow more!  
Shrewd and wise traits make a man,  
Clear conscience and pure heart are a ban.  
Being your own "Self" is the biggest mistake,  
If no, be ready to put yourself on stake!  
Impressing others by praising to the best,  
Importance and pride gained is mere waste.  
Treachery and back stabbing is order of the day,  
Speak the truth and you get into a fray!  
Your friends turn out to be wonderful foes,  
Power, position, and money are root cause of woes.  
The possibility of a single blemish is cherished.  
'Forgive & Repent'-long ago diminished!  
I pray God to give me strength and composure,  
As long as I reside in this "Open Enclosure!"

**112. Ms Meera, B.,** is pursuing her M.Phil. in English at the University of Hyderabad. She writes poems.

## **221. Moving On...**

Moving on is a path we all see before us,  
But do not want to enter though necessity presses.  
Even when our companions have reached the next bend,  
And the fire that fascinated us on the wayside  
Has burnt itself out, we pause and wait...

Wait for what, for another calamity to push us on  
Or for the evening to wear itself out.  
Yet we know waiting does not imply rest,  
Rather restlessness, doubt and not decision.

Perhaps because we cannot remain too long in doubt  
But want the security of certainty,  
We move on... with heavy steps  
To wherever the path takes us.

## **222. Au revoir (To a friend)**

I know this farewell might repeat tomorrow  
With little hope of meeting you again, friend.  
The walk to the gate may not seem as gay then  
As full of laughter and the warmth of togetherness.

Your happiness has been bubbling up for two days now  
Shaking up our stoppered bottles of everyday chores,  
Making us remember homecomings, celebrate freaky Thursdays,  
Bringing wistful smiles back on our faces.

The walk to the gate may be solemn then  
Full of promises made and memories shared.  
God knows what will happen tomorrow, friend  
Whether we were destined only to meet and part ways,  
Whether our promises, all of them, will be kept,  
Whether only memories will preserve you in the mind's eye.

But I know one thing, friend  
Without these little farewells, I wouldn't treasure you  
As much as I do, now that you are a few days away.

**113. Ms Meenu, B.,** is pursuing her M.Phil. in English at the University of Hyderabad. She writes poems.

### **223. When Does a Home Die?**

Does it die when you can no longer hear the laughter that made it home?  
Does it die when your memories challenge you with a better home?  
Does it die when you seek refuge in others' homes  
Leaving a home turning strange in adult arguments?  
Does it die when you realize it is no longer that fun?  
Does it die when you hear it being killed on legal papers?  
Does it die when you go to the prayer room  
Knowing the Gods too are to be transplanted?  
Does it die when you see it submerged in a flood of dried leaves?  
Does it die when you note the cracks  
And look through them into empty rooms?  
Or does it die when you ring the bell  
And have to wait ..... to be let in?

## 224. In Memorium\*

They<sup>1</sup> say your souls started their whisper  
Long before you were born.  
In the soothing darkness of the womb,  
You shared unspoken thoughts and fears.  
When the light dawned, you stepped out  
Gingerly, unsure of yourself,  
Seeking for anything familiar in your world gone strange.

When you touched your wombmate or felt the whisper of its breath,  
The one unbroken bond with the world you knew,  
In your young heart, a stranger to human emotions,  
The first feeling of security may have dawned  
Much before the mother's warmth held you dear.

Finally , when the river of your life turned suddenly  
To merge into an ocean far beyond,  
You sought each other's hands once more, for ever.  
May be your souls looked into each other one more time  
Finding land as the waters closed all around.

*\*In the Thattekkad boat tragedy in Kerala in 2007, many young school children drowned to death as their boat capsized in the middle of the river. They were on a school picnic when the tragedy occurred. The many dead that day included a pair of twin girls who were found with their hands clasped together. This poem is dedicated to their memory.*

*1. Scientists claim that twins start communicating with one another right from the womb.*

**114. Dr K.B.Rai** was born in West Pakistan before the Partition and retired as an Administrative Officer of an International Organization in New Delhi in 1995. He has written a good number of poems. His poems were published in seven anthologies bearing seven different titles: 1. 'Men and Gods and Other Poems', 1985; 2. 'Miscellany', 1994; 3. 'Emotions', 1998; 4. 'Soul 'N' Fire', 2001; 5. 'Soul Tears', 2005; 6. 'Pearls of Wisdom', 2005; 7. 'Soul Smiles', 2006. His three-act play entitled 'The Will' was published in 1998. His second three-act play entitled 'The Destiny' was published in 2002. His third play, a one-act play, entitled 'The Money Lender' was published in 2008. An Honorary Doctorate (D.Litt) was conferred upon him by the World Academy of Arts and Culture at the World Congress of Poets in Chennai in 2007. In 1997 he received 'Michael Madhusudan Award' for his book entitled 'Miscellany'. His poems are included in World Poetry from 1990 to 2008 published by Dr Krishna Srinivas of Chennai. In various capacities he is associated with various associations, forums and academies in the world: a Member of International Writers and Artists Association, U.S.A., 1998; A Fellow of United Writers Association of India, Chennai, 1998; a Member of Writers Forum, Ranchi; a Member Chetana Literary Group, Mangalore; a Member of World Academy of Arts and Culture, U.S.A., 2001. He is included in Sahitya Akademi's 'Who's Who', New Delhi.

## 225. The Almighty God

The Almighty God  
Does not favour  
Any particular religion  
In our world.  
He bestows His care  
Equally to all religions  
And the road to Him  
Is not sequestered or bumpy  
But a smoothened course of life  
As he lives in all.

## 226. Impressions

One who commits mistakes  
And knows that he has done so  
Is a super human being

The Almighty God has  
Bestowed on me a saintly psyche  
So I worship Him daily

A poet is not a secret spy  
Of the bubbling humanity  
Rather he is a sane man eulogising

Here in this park where I live  
Flowers are blooming  
Men and women are doing exercising  
I am busy ruminating over my past

Animals though dumb  
Don't wage war  
Against their fellow creatures

The clutches of mundane pleasures  
Are so strong that these pose great  
Hindrance in the realisation of God

Silence causes flutter  
In the psyche of men  
Who are on the wrong side of life

**115. Ms Amrutha, G.,** a B.A. graduate from Bangalore, travelled extensively all over the world. She is a polyglot and also an excellent cook. Her recipes are published in almost all the famous journals and periodicals in India and abroad. She won a number of awards and medals in cooking competitions conducted at National and State level. Some of them are: ‘Aadarsha Mahila’, ‘Wipro Queen’, ‘Paakasastra Praveena’, and so on. Her book entitled “Habba Halwaru Kosa Ruchi Nooraru” is in the press.

## **227. Flying from the Nest**

How fast you have grown my sweet heart  
It seems like yesterday, that I heard  
Your daddy – your Appa announcing  
Over the phone that “you” were arriving

I shouted from this end “What...?”  
“Yes amma a guest is coming in August”  
“So what? What is so great about it,  
Alright make all the necessary arrangements,  
How long the guest is staying?”  
No, amma, a permanent guest is coming a stay”  
“ you are going to be a ‘Ajji””

I did not believe my ears; what?!  
After a wait of eleven years  
did I turn so lucky to have a grand child?  
My joy knew no bounds,  
I was sailing on the clouds  
I was wading in the ocean of milk  
That day I still remember, when I came to see  
You were still a tiny babe snuggled in the arms  
You looked at me eye to eye contact  
You gave me a toothless smile  
Those nine months, I watched you  
Grow from a crawler to toddler,  
I took you to the park, put you on the swing  
looking up  
You enjoyed the clear sky, breathed the pure air,  
The birds flying, other children playing, shouting  
You smiled at them, calling them

In your baby language  
The twinkle in your eyes  
That meaningful prattle  
Gave me new lease of life  
I asked God to give me more years to live  
To see you grow and prosper  
I imagine the day you graduate  
Go out of the nest to live your life  
How much of heart – ache your parents suffer....  
And I If I am alive, I will shed tears of joy  
Or  
I will bless your from heaven

## **228. Monkeys' Bemoan**

Lo! Mahatma is back  
Standing mighty with a long stick  
Who showed us  
How evil it is to be evil,  
he is back,  
Have we..... have we walked awry from our pledge?

Mahatma. Oh! Mahatma tell us  
have we broken our promise?  
Since “that day” we have fixed  
both the hands on our eyes, ears and mouth

We are your principled disciples  
But we feel, it is a  
changed world  
has gone from bad to worse  
Saying so and saluting Mahatma,  
The three monkeys sat on a coconut tree  
Seeing the world around  
discussing things,  
said one to the others

There is a rumor around that can't be true  
that man descended from our  
'Noble race'  
the very idea is a great disgrace.

No monkey has ever deserted his wife  
No monkey has ever burnt his wife for dowry or starved her babies.  
Have you ever known or heard of a mother  
who had thrown her new born in the dust bin?  
or left the one-day old in an orphanage??

Here is another thing we monkeys will never ever do  
Use a gun or club.... Or knife  
To take out some other monkey's life  
Man descended..... this worldly man  
Surely not from us  
It is shame to our clan and class.  
Humans are a big curse..

**116. Ms Hiranya Aditi** is fifteen years old. She is interested in painting and also in writing poetry. She has won many prizes in painting competitions. She won gold and silver medals in National Cyber Olympiad and International Informatics Olympiad respectively in 2006. Her poetry was selected as Editor's Choice after it was published in Muse India in 2006. She wrote a play 'Teenage Suicider', directed it and acted in it. Her play won the Second Place for her school in the Inter-School Drama competition held in 2006. She sings songs and wins prizes in singing competitions. She was the Master of Ceremony for the Rotary Club, Hyderabad North's 45th Anniversary and Children's Day Programme in 2008.

## 229. 'Lessons', By the Fields

As we stood near the edge, staring at the fields,  
My father said "Look at them, they are also my children, and parents.  
In the Future, they shall be yours my son,  
To foster, and care for, as we do you, and they do us.

"Learn every pattern, learn every colour.  
Learn how to read each crop and tree.  
Learn how to foretell rain, or a perfect time to harvest.  
Learn all these vital things from me"

Ten years in age, I stood next to father there.  
As he told me of the knowledge I needed to bear,  
I wondered how I could learn all these things  
If I was capable of taking care of my 'family'.

What if I don't do things right?  
What if I don't have enough power or might?  
What if I don't take proper care of them?  
Or I am irresponsible? Father wouldn't be pleased.

Smiling Knowingly, Father said:  
"Son, you can do it, I know you can  
These are also the 'fields of life'  
And you will grow, if you want, into a capable MAN"

## 230. The Purest Being of All

She is gentle and kind, with an eternal smile.  
She never shows anger, hate or fear.  
She is patient. The most blessed one.  
With no greed, she uses only what she needs

From her, we should learn to share, to be selfless.  
She gives to all, but rarely takes.

She never shouts, whines or curses.  
But we can see her everlasting bruises.  
As she never fights, never angers,  
She is 'perfect', and thus bears all of mankind's lashes.

She never seeks revenge for all her pains.  
The purest one, she leads to only others gains.

She isn't a woman, a fish, a bird,  
A many-legged insect, a rat, a toad.  
What she is- we all ignore,  
But I salute you  
O Noble Tree!

**117. Ms Srividya Siva Kumar** is a prolific writer and poet. She has been in teaching for the last eleven years, and trains students in verbal ability for the CAT at TIME Coimbatore. She is an Examiner with the British Council for the Business English Certificate (BEC) -Speaking test section. Eight of her poems featured in the anthology of poetry entitled ‘The Peacock’s Cry’, published by Unisun, Bangalore.

## **231. My Self**

My left is conservative  
weighed down by a wedding  
superstition love  
it sparkles, nay glaringly glitters  
in its parochial puissance  
my right is passionate  
charged up  
positive  
it writes  
true verse  
verity in volumes  
keeps time of two continents  
with equal ease  
may the right not cease  
be seized  
or be deceased.

## 232. K

Who remained loyal in the end  
not you my poet friend  
with your purple prose  
and declarations of eternal  
of undying fervour  
nor you clichéd lover  
with your self destructive ways  
and your alcohol daze  
nor you devout wife  
with your prayers and perambulations  
visits with fakirs, sages and (un) godly men  
nor you old lover with your  
whining  
and dining  
and your smooth talk and  
false promises  
no, the one who started true  
and stayed true  
was you  
in your quiet  
and with your honest eyes  
you did away with words  
you never needed  
and showed me  
that loyalty  
is not a word  
a commitment  
an act  
a lifetime.

**118. Ms D. Sridevi** is an Asst. Professor of English, Vignan's Engineering College, Guntur, A.P. She teaches English Language and Communication Skills to UG students and Business Communication & Soft Skills, IELTS & TOEFL to PG students.

### 233. Oasis

You may feel  
My words are humorous  
My thoughts are ludicrous  
But it is true my friend,  
I without you am NIL.

Artificial smiles,  
Sweet –coated words,  
Poisonous tasks, many... many... more..  
Trembled me with fear, disturbed my joyous moods,  
But your cool hand like a wand  
Pacified my perturbed mind  
Saying not to bother about  
But fight against the ills of the society.

My wishes..... may be greedy?  
Melt and melt ....  
At last vanished  
Showing mirages .....the reality;  
Me ..... In your heart.  
Oh Dear Oasis! I am sure  
My life without you is a nightmare.

## 234. Utopia

What is this?  
Whatever you do is wrong.  
A cynical boss' egoistic remark;  
Alas! The other one is getting  
More than me  
An envious person's meaningless anxiety  
I am happy  
Why should I worry about you?  
Somebody's selfish thought;  
I must get more than this  
More and more...  
A greedy fellow's great desire;  
Finding all these  
My exhausted heart puzzled  
About getting a novel society  
Where everybody is happy and equal  
Selfless and service oriented!!

**119. Mr N.G.Thute**, a retired teacher, now works in social, cultural and literary fields. He has authored a good number of books, which have been published: 11 books of poetry, 1 travelogue, 4 books of fiction, 1 book of Literary Criticism and 14 other books. He received many awards and honours from various social, cultural and literary forums and institutions. He received the Best Teacher Award from the Govt. of Maharashtra in 1986, and also other awards such as ‘Samaj Bhushan Award’ for his social service. The Rotary Club and many other institutions honoured him with awards and titles. Besides, he received several awards for his writings, esp for his poetry, in 2004, 2005 and 2006.

### **235. Two Suns**

Continuous fighting of two suns has no end  
They have been fighting without any bed  
Closely connected the suns are again to fight in future  
To oppose each other is their original nature  
Sometimes one can catch its blackish bank  
Next time the other picks up its white rank  
Everyone of them is trying to get its goal  
Making many tricks they perform their role  
Many times the first comes up with its full gauge  
And quickly starts its rule over the present age  
After a while the second turns over from down line  
Then it also becomes the hero of running time.  
Both the suns cannot be old and they have no death  
Hence each one pushes its rival downward by force and faith  
Nobody feels any fighting fatigue or strain  
Every one is struggling for its own gain  
Non-stop battle of these suns seems to be fine  
This pair of suns means two opposite sides of a coin

## 236. Oh, Donor of Power!

Oh, our lovely supreme mighty Power  
How high and strong is your tower!

The whole universe is your own creation  
It is also your favourite recreation

You are nicely ruling over this world  
With full discipline of laws you mould

Your natural ruling is always fine  
Every one here has his own line

All sciences and values exist within you  
And their services are in favour of you

Planets move and stars shine through you  
All beings and objects want to join you

Our talents and abilities seem to be slow  
Make us energetic for their full fledged flow

Your novelty is visible in vast measure  
We want your every help for our pleasure

To go ahead we pray for blessings of special type  
Oh Donor of Power! Give everybody a joyful life.

**120. Colonel Kanchan Bhattacharya** has seen action in Bangladesh and insurgency infested areas, and has extensively travelled the length and breadth of the country. He is a practising engineer; and he was an Honorary Prof in the Dept of Electronics, Pt RS Shukla University, Raipur, and later, HOD of Electronics and Communications in a private Engineering College. He is now directing student projects in various fields, and is also a consultant to solar energy systems. He is a poet planning a book of his poems in English and Bengali.

### 237. Memory is Yellow

I know  
Memory is yellow  
A parchment of midnights  
Between dawns,  
Lessons from childhood  
And not so innocent age  
Marked with decadence  
A tragic burlesque  
Unfurling slowly  
Driven by winds twisting  
Along the lane of destiny  
Stripped of ceremony  
Seamless denials  
Of sanity,  
Like soulless bodies-  
Stalking the dark days  
In solitary,  
Neither imprisoned,  
Nor free...

I know-  
Memory is yellow  
With tall shifting dunes  
A lonely date palm tree,  
And it's sibling,  
A mirage  
An oasis amid a windswept dream  
Or sands that run a desert below  
The deep sea...  
Memory is yellow

I know,  
Memory is a yellow scroll  
After life takes its toll!

## 238. Star Shine, Clay

Star shine, clay  
A bridge between the moon-  
And the dark clouds  
In the limestone quarry called life  
Burning stones, after a long day  
A breather leaning hard  
On the ledge of relief

Feelings come back slowly  
Walking on the sands bare foot, tired  
Silent strangers looking for seashells  
In silent shores, feelings  
On a tarmac road  
Glistening like the sweat  
Of the turbid past  
In each other's endearments  
Whispered- the bridge  
Between the moon and the quarry  
White smoke  
Like a flag of truce  
Between turmoil  
And the dreams- quiescent waves  
Greedy wolves foraging hard  
For the prey- feelings again  
From eons ago roaring  
Limestone white charcoal smoke  
Sweltering eyes, the nose ring  
Pierced star shine on clay  
Buffeting thoughts  
At the end of the day  
Star shine, clay  
Songs from far away

**121. Ms A. Krishna Kumari** Lecturer in English, N.N.S. Vidya Degree College, Chirala, is also a Resource Person at A.P.B.C. Study Circle, Guntur. She organized English Carnival in 2008. Her Poems and Short Stories (Telugu) were Published in Telugu magazines. She participated in Environmental Awareness Campaigns and produced related literature.

### **239. Mother's Love**

In the Core of my heart,  
there echoes the cardinal emotions of mother's love!  
In my dead lead eyes,  
there scintillates the Sparkles of mother's love!  
In my Shivering hands,  
there remains the warm foam touch of mother's love!  
In my dull shrill voice,  
there resounds the pleasure of mother's love!  
In my useless womb,  
there grows the Zygote of mother's love!  
In my withered body,  
there whirls the spring of mother's love!  
In my every drop of blood,  
there lives the bond of mother's love!  
You have killed your emotions!  
You have Surpassed even Saints  
in keeping away the parental relations!  
Sorry Dear Child....  
I never fail to drench you with  
the showers of my blessings,  
But I could not control my oozing tears!

## 240. Spell of Death

Dark Clouds dare not to move,  
Moon queen denies to peep,  
Starry fairies afraid to stare,  
Busy beetles hesitate to sing,  
Green branches forget to nod  
Fellow beings restrain to inhale  
Cool breezes stop to blow  
Creeping reptiles desist to glide  
Owls on the trees arduous to look  
Hanging bats refuse to fly  
Night queen scents despicable to spray  
The mysterious spell of your arrival  
Caste a shadow on hill and meadow!  
Of Course I am not an exception.  
My each inch has become numb and cold.  
I know I must love you!  
I confess you are my companion by birth!  
Now you are eager to carry me on the wings of Death!

**122. Mr Manish Ganpatrao Gavane**, Lecturer, Department of English, Shri Shivaji College, Parbhani, has undertaken a Minor Research Project entitled 'The Burning Worshippers Of Fire: The Saga Of Agony and Loss- The Parsi Literature'. He is a member of a Forum on Contemporary Theory.

## **241. Memento**

What was it that sustained her through the ordeal?  
What was it-  
Delivering a Life?  
Or  
A close encounter with death?  
She survived!!!  
At the cost of all her  
Breath and Blood.  
Wrung, pale she sleeps  
Holding close- LIFE  
Wrapped  
Placed near her-  
A memento  
She earned  
For her victory over  
Death.

## **242. Examination**

Head bowed, hand bent,  
They scribble, making the white black,  
Paving a path for their future  
Bleak black!  
The pen jots down  
All that the brain instructs from its dark holes,  
The eyes scan all that is written,  
The black on the white.  
An invisible cord associates-  
the head, the hand and the eyes.  
All said and done, all thought and written,  
Is forwarded to an unknown to be assessed.  
The black on white is assessed,  
The black on white is graded,  
With the assessed and graded black  
They move for a future  
Bright!!!

**123. Mrs G. Sundari** has 15 years of teaching experience. She presently works for Vijaya Institute of Technology, Enikepadu, Vijayawada. (A Sister Concern of SRK IT). She secured the 5th Rank in Post Graduation, & Proficiency Medal in Graduation (B.A. Litt.); she writes poetry.

### **243. Appearances Are...**

On a tranquil night  
I saw the moon  
In handsome bloom ...  
He cracked some wits ,I suppose  
The Maiden ocean  
Lifted up her tidal neck  
And smiled in foam  
With wavy lips -  
She , in her ecstasy  
Left before my wet foot  
Countless shells of pearls  
I hastily bent ...  
To gather up in handfuls  
And sat on the deck of a boat  
To count the fill in my hands,  
And noticed ....  
Some pebbles glittered like pearls  
But only some were pearled shells !

## 244. Awaiting...

A woman with expressive eyes  
Looking for her man  
In her vehement wait  
Pensive feelings fabricate  
Candles severally burn  
Dreaming past the aroma of lovely incidents,  
Sometimes sobs, at times smiles,  
Time passed, assimilating  
Feelings, unforgetful!

She, waiting for a longtime  
Feels virtuous in her look out for him  
It's a moment, cherished  
In every woman's life,  
Her eyes peaceful,  
Everything beautiful!

Images come and go  
Aura of flowry fragrance  
Envelops her world with  
Memoirs unfathomable,  
Her heart, eyes, the whole of her being,  
With reminiscences mellowing,

Sensations lovely  
Never make her lonely!

**124.Prof. Ku Nirmala C.Neer Shabnam** has to her credit 6 novels, 14 collections of stories,3 poems,and 2 one-act plays. She writes in English, Hindi, Marathi and Urdu. She received awards:‘Hindi Sahitya Academy Award’,1991;‘Urdu Sahitya AcademyAward,2003; ‘Gyanbharai’ and many more awards for paintings. She participated in world conferences on community education at Kaulalampur, Malaysia , Thailand and Singapore. Her biodata are enlisted in the Dictionary of International Biography, Cambridge, England, ‘Who’s Who’ in Asia/America & in the Directory of Distinguished Leadership, USA.

## 245. Poesy

O Poesy!  
I hear you as voice of the soul,  
I see you as the peace of meditation.

O Poesy! Where are you hidden,  
In the hunger of a beggar,  
Or in the stammering of a child?

You play hide and seek in the enmity of foes,  
And in the intimacy of friends.  
You are there in the tears of a widow,  
And in the wild ecstasy of a bride.

In the lover’s sensuousness,  
And in the Rishi’s tap,  
In the birth of a babe,  
And in the crossing of the bar of life, I.e. death.  
In Krishna’s Geeta,  
And in Rama’s Maryada,  
In the liberation of a nation,  
And in the renunciation of worldly kingship  
like that of Siddhartha.

O Poesy!  
You are there in the forgiving of Christ,  
And in the justice of the Almighty,  
You are a real salvation for a poet!

## 246. Message for the World Peace

Let the message of unity and sublimity  
Enter our Hearts,  
Let us realize the truth of life and death.

Let the message of love and brotherhood  
Enter our souls,  
Let us make this wreath, the abode of love and sincerity,  
Better place for living  
Even better than heaven.

Because we have swayed the boat through the storms,  
Rescuing it from all evils,  
From the shore of destruction and death,  
To this shore of life.

Let us try to know one another,  
Let us try to understand each other,  
With helping hand and sympathetic tone,  
Let us extend the hand of friendship,  
Even towards the unknown and enemy,  
And bring on this earth the Divine Harmony.  
Let us in new millennium live and let live others,  
We have progressed, only to survive, like beloved brothers.  
This will bring the smile  
On the face of every child,  
A bright future to lethargic generation,  
A ray of hope to sleeping dynasty.

**125. Prof. Ramakanth D. Jadhav** is a trilingual (Hindi, English and Marathi) poet, author and freelance journalist. He did his B.Com., D.B.M. in Mumbai. He is a prolific writer. His articles on various topics have been published in Marathi Newspapers like 'Loksatta', 'Navshakti', 'Sakal', 'Saamna', and 'Maharashtra Times' and also in the popular 'Diwali Masik'. His poem entitled 'My Hundred & Two Years Old Grandmother' was translated into English by P.S. Nerurkur and published in Sydney, Australia. His published works are : 'Geet Gazal'(poems); 'Sonba', a novel; 'Mala Ekda Bapuji Bhetale'(poems) ; and 'Mauritius Ek Sanwad'. He received awards for his works: 1. 'Jagtik Sahitya Sammelan Award'(Samata Vichar Manch, Kalyan), in March,2002, for his novel 'Sonba'; 2. 'Ambedkar International Mission Award'(Canada), in Dec., 2004, for his novel 'Sonba'.He has a passion for writing.

### **247. The Sighs of Life**

The sighs of life are all extinguished  
Life itself reduced to ashes by sufferings

The day and night torment scorched my soul  
Have carved the scars of those sufferings in my heart

Roads only are my companions now  
The near and dear ones have all stayed away far behind

Enmeshed in my songs my own words  
They alone have opened the wounds of my sorrows

Those that stung me with the sting of selfishness  
Have turned into strangers and are lost in the crowd

Desolate roads all devoid of any belongings  
Tears have sucked off mine own yearnings eyes.

## 248. The Meaning of Year Existence

Leaving the Burkules (wooden toys)  
(at a very very tender age)  
You joined our house – and  
There began the phase of life – long harassment  
(by your mother-in-law) for you.  
You toiled and moiled – but  
Except your hands and the soil  
No one knows of your labour  
Lived for the rest all through your life  
Unsung of any praises and in oblivion  
Of your untold miseries  
Like the spate of the river  
Forgotten by the villagers by the next day  
You stand- a worn out tree  
Have to look closely  
For your arms and limbs  
The tree of your life itself  
Is absent forever – in our hovel  
Lived alone like a ghost  
Your loneliness remained unnoticed  
You will live till your hands and feet move  
I only pray God that like my father  
You do not die in isolation.

**126. Prof. V.G. Nand** is proficient in four languages, Marathi, Hindi, English and Urdu. He taught English Language and Literature to graduate and postgraduate students for forty years. He worked in the academic field in various capacities. He worked as Principal of two colleges. He was associated with the Rotaract Club of Dombivli for nearly 18 years and conducted Summer Institute of Public Speaking and Effective Communication for nearly 15 years for the Club, and the Rotary Club honoured him with the award 'Appa Datar Trophy of Best Social Worker of the Town for 2000-2001'. He translated Marathi poems into English, and Mr Ramakanth Jadhav's Marathi novel into English. He also translated Marathi writings into English. He writes poems in English, Marathi, and Hindi. His 'Trividha', a collection of poems in English, Marathi and Hindi, was published in Aug., 2007.

### **249. Point of No Return**

He wanted to come back  
Wanted so much  
Had been yearning for long  
Twice he decided, readied himself  
But feel victim to temptation for more  
They came to know his mind  
And trapped him in his own trick  
When third time he decided to go  
When he slipped in papers  
They invoked the clause of the bond  
And packed him off to distant land  
Crying in vain  
He boarded the plane  
The doors of return were closed for him now.

## 250. Beggars All

The world was never so full of beggars --- as now  
Name the field, you would find them aplenty  
The politicians begging for newer and newer tricks  
To appease the High-commands  
The candidates for voters  
Voters for candidates proper  
The leader for followers  
The rich for more money  
The poor for they have no money  
The learner for the source  
The books for readers  
Writers for publishers  
The producers for consumers to buy their wares  
The consumers for producers to sell them at prices suitable  
The artists for spectators as connoisseurs  
The spectators for artists genuine  
The devotees for Gods  
God for the true devotees  
Continue along these lines  
The supply is inexhaustible  
You will get tired of counting and analysing  
Only to realise all are beggars  
God might be wondering  
Is this my creation that I rated the best?

**127. Dr Rati Saxena** is an eminent Hindi poet, translator and Sanskrit scholar, and Chief Editor of 'Kriya', an online literary e-journal. She conducts National and International Poetry Festivals . She has authored four collections of poems in Hindi (Maya mahathagini, ajanmi kavita ki kokh se, Sapane Dekhata Samudra and Ek khirki and aath salaakhen) and two anthologies in English ('The Serpent Quailing Woman Body' and 'One Window and Eight Bars') and Malayalam ( translation). Besides, she has written several research articles on Vedic literature and Indology and published critical studies. Her poems are translated into different languages. Dr Rati Saxena's poetry appeared in various journals of other parts of the world like -Verasal (Amsterdam, Netherlands and printed in Prague), Edgar Literary Magazine (Texas) and gumball poetry, etc. Thus establishing a sound reputation as an academic critic, Dr Rati Saxena has translated 9 books from Malayalam into Hindi. Translations of some of the most well-known Malayalam poems and novels have earned her nation-wide honour and recognition. She has written a book on a famous poet of Malayalam, Balamaniyamma. Among the several awards she has received, the most coveted is the Kendra Sahitya Akademi Award for Translation in 2000. She is also the recipient of the prestigious Indira Gandhi National Culture and Arts Fellowship.

## **251. A Prayer Just After Vishu**

I am overwhelmed to see  
a kanikonna\* standing smiling  
near a hut, in a deserted village  
from the train window,  
even after Vishu has passed a day ago

These days, when all the trees in a city  
are standing bending their heads  
like featherless chickens under the cook's chopping knife  
and, their flowers have reached in to wastebaskets  
like nicely chewed bones  
it is pleasure to see a kanikonna  
free from any harm

I am again happy to see  
on the last page of my newspaper  
smiling faces of two children  
standing on the balcony of a house  
whose every inch of wall is pocked with holes

from guns or bombs. I am relieved  
that war has not stolen the smile of childhood.  
Suddenly I get worried, thinking  
if those children are enjoying war!  
Are they happy to see the blood?  
The smiling faces of children are changed  
into the yellow blossoms of kanikonna

I start my Vishu prayer

O! Save children and Kanikonnas  
from war and blind faith!

Amen!

*\*Amaltas or Cassia fistula, has yellow flowers, which blossom in summer and in Kerala they are considered holy. On Vishu day (a holy day in Kerala, which falls on 14 of April every year) people arrange fresh vegetables, mirrors and Amaltas flowers in front of Krishna's deity, and look on them as soon as they wake up early in the morning. This is a symbol of prosperity. These days business-minded people pluck the flowers and sell them for a high price. It is painful to see Amltas trees without any flowers, just after Vishu.*

## **252. Remembering the Camps of Exiled Kashmeeris**

These days I am forgetting  
a number of things  
like pen and spectacles  
some times I am unable to recall  
what I have forgotten  
But, today after two long years  
I, very well remember them  
like I remember my mother  
When I meet them that day, I recall mother  
who was always compared with them  
because of colour of skin and pinkness of lips  
when I meet them that day,  
I thought again of my mother  
she still looks like them with

pale and dull skin and dark lips  
Mother lost grip of legs first,  
then arms, and then of  
neck, now totally bedridden  
unable to talk, full of wound in waist  
They lost their feet in their land,  
then their arms were  
countdown by political system  
voice was taken away by hunger  
their heart is now filled with blood  
one can see their wounds in their eyes  
How strange that  
I recall them even after two long years  
So clearly as sky in sunny days

There are suffocating sounds coming  
from mother throat  
“ghon” ghon”  
I get restless  
And started thinking about them  
I think of that newly bride covered with red sari  
from head to toe. I remembered the room without a window  
or a ventilator, and filled with 15 members of the family  
my breath get choked thinking of a newly wed couple  
waiting to celebrate their marriage  
I can't remember mother when I recall  
the eyes of that angry youth  
a number of questions on his lips  
When I think of their exile  
I cry for mother, who forced to live at  
daughter home without her wish  
and forgetting to die  
why I mixed up them with mother ?  
when there is nothing similar  
I asked my self and started crying for  
their land, their chinar  
and my tears wash my mothers feet.

**128. Ms Romi Jain** is a poet, novelist, and writer. Her latest novel entitled *The Storm Within* (2008) and her poem entitled *A Trafficked Girl Sighs* were published in *International Zeitschrift*, June, 2008. She is currently pursuing her MBA from California.

### 253. The Sick Mind

The mind is immersed in trumpery thoughts,  
Preoccupied with trite concerns;  
Lie torpid senses of imagination,  
Emptied of divine afflatus.

That's why, O'mind!  
Fireworks of nature excite you not;  
Eerie thunder, curdy cloud, coral sky  
Thrill you not.

The ailing intellect can conceive not  
The imageries of mythical cosmos;  
Can versify not the escapades of nature,  
The mirth of the heart, the sorrows of the bosom:  
Canker of crappy ideas has made inroads—  
A pabulum is born, like a malnourished newborn.

Mind! You are the city face of a land, showcasing ugly  
Cables, poles, chimneys, boilers, wires, antennae,  
Stifling smoke, cramped air, irking noise and traffic.  
Revert to the countryside, O mind!  
Embrace the breeze, the sparrow, the grassland, the rainbow.

Mind! Just hear the rustling of leaves  
Intending to rouse you from sterile slumber.  
Just wet yourself in the rain that splutters  
On the roof to trickle down into neurons  
With drops of imagination.

Prevent a poet's death, O'mind!  
Poke your tentacles into  
Resuscitating sand of nature.

## 254. Her New Abode

Her fair face looms brightly on the  
Blue horizon--  
Beneath the rose petal-shaped mentum  
White boats sail in the purple water.  
Her almond eyes meet mine and shine;  
The supple lips—an inverted rainbow—  
Pulsate in elation as my kiss approaches  
Gliding along air-currents amorous  
To redden the orifice with love, to wet  
With steamy dews the sleek philtrum.

Not watered since her departure, seeds  
Have sprouted, formed into saplings,  
Borne fruits--evidently her miracle!  
The imprint of her puerility I find on the  
Wind that tickles me at night, tugs at  
The quilt, making me sneeze and shiver;  
At dawn, she walks along golden rays,  
Pierces my heart, infusing it with  
Morning calm.  
Her abode is in nature  
On whose swing, she mirthfully swings;  
Whose theatrical stage her whirling legs beat;  
In whose divinity she has mingled, drinking in  
Seraphic beauty, reveling in escapades....  
I foolishly wept at her grave.

**129. Dr K. Vijaya Kumar**, Head of the Department of English, Flaiz Adventist College, Narsapur, West Godavari Dt., is a poet, radio artist, and he has an equal hold on English and Hindi.

## **255. Remembering Shakespeare**

If music be the food of love,  
Play on, play on Ariel! On your tabor  
*As you Like It* –  
Until the World and all its  
*Love's Labour's Lost*  
Without *Much Ado About "Nothing"*

This World is full of struggle,  
Feud and strife, remorse and revenge  
Rules even now, nay, more.  
The rarer action of virtue is drowned,  
Vengeance is but spit out – Oh! *The Tempest*.

Whose skull digger? Falstaff trembling!  
Cassius stretches out his itching palm!  
But you have, Oh! Paragon!  
Fled on the wings of poesy  
To the greatest heights, an admirable role

Worthy poet! Man of the Millennium!  
What great works of eternity have you  
Given us to remember agelessly!  
What an immortal! What a piece of Work!

## 256. Shattered Dreams of The Mother

The deadly weapons injured her peace,  
And left on body and soul never healing wounds  
The Gateway to life punctured the dreams  
Of the mother long nourished.

Bits of flesh as stars in disturbed waters  
Are shattered in her crimson blood of love

The horizon echoed in myriad trumpets:

The Indian legends  
And blew to space the smoky breaths  
Whence the bloody rain –  
Shed tears in pitiful cherubim's eyes  
And flood washed the glory of human culture

Alas! the mother so blasted –  
She bowed her lotus head  
Her ruby lips shut  
And breasts wet with milky tears –  
How can we endure, we - her sons?

**130. Dr K. Krishna Prasad** is a famous paediatrician, vocalist, sportsman and philanthropist. He is interested and works in the cause of children's education. He has been functioning as the Secretary & Correspondent of Dr K.L.P. Public School, Guntur, A.P., for the last two decades. He is also the Secretary of Medical Association, Guntur. Though he is a physician by profession, he is interested in Literature and Fine Arts.

## **257. One Touch**

Networking is tact  
Connect without contact  
Cover many in one go  
Group SMS is a great foe

From dawn to dusk  
Putting on a mask  
Calling on someone near  
Wishing others welfare

Soulless words we parade  
To keep up the charade  
World, a global village indeed  
Human touch is what we need

## 258. Stealing

Day in and day out  
I work, fret and run about  
Never pausing for a moment  
To think, talk and jest

Awaiting the day  
I would enjoy  
Some dare say  
I'm wasting away

I looked to heaven  
Beseeching for direction  
And found all of a sudden  
Behind the clouds hidden

The sun shining brightly  
The birds chirping cheerfully  
The trees smiling gently  
The people running busily

How beautiful is the shy!  
How gaily do the birds fly!  
How coolly the clouds amble by!  
How green the trees jive and sway!

My hurry diminished  
My frown vanished  
My mind eased  
My heart soared

Day in and day out  
I now steal a minute  
In the car, on the street  
To look around and rid my fret.

**131. Prof. A.M.Deshmukh**, Head of the Dept. of English, Balbhim College, Beed, Maharashtra, is a critic and poet. He attended many National and International Seminars.

## **259. A Man and a Human**

In the winter sun my friend basks  
He to me a mysterious question asks.  
“What is a man?”  
Scratching the head with a flask  
Listen to me to him I ask  
He who cheats others is a man  
He who loots others is a man  
He who makes wars is a man  
He who runs after money is a man  
He who runs after women is a man  
He who tells lies is a man

Crying loudly in between He asks  
“What is a human then?”  
“One who loves all is a human” is my response.

## **260. A Farmer**

I am a farmer  
I was born in poverty  
I live in poverty  
I live in rags  
I toil hard to break the soil  
It is me that provides you oil

Starving myself I feed you all  
Aching swellings on my hands are the painful galls  
Bumpkin cruel leaders do not sense my pains at all.

I sink and sink in poverty  
Not finding a way out  
I put my spirit out

To be back home is the only salvation  
The ultimate solution as per my resolution.

**132. Mr K. Satish Kumar**, Lecturer in English, Sri Y.N. College ,Narsapur, writes poems in Telugu ,Hindi and English. He presented research papers at National and International Conferences.

## 261. Pen

Mightier than sword  
Once a warrior carried  
To wave, cutting heads of foes

Mightier than a machine gun  
Whose cartridges are but  
Images of fate men hate

Mightier than a cannon of fire  
On a tanker of war that emits  
The smoking breath of the dead.

Mightier than a nuclear bomb  
That combs out souls to heaven  
With a blast of its knell.

Mightier mightier mightier  
Missile a writer's pen is  
That flashes his lightening thoughts  
Fettering them into letters.

## 262. Critic

Descending  
Into the profound mind

And, rising  
Through his sound heart  
With the buried treasure  
of an author

Critic, the great  
To burnish his work  
By his whet pen impartially  
Judges with Solomon's spirit  
Or of Vikramaditya's  
Or, with Russel's  
Internal outlook

And separates  
Gold to gold,  
And gilt to gilt –  
As a swan that does it  
For milk and water –

And blows life to his work  
To live ever – all futurity.

**133. Mr D.John Methuselah** has been working as a member of the English Faculty, ICFAI National College, Rajahmundry, A.P. He presented papers at various State, National and International seminars. He writes poems and presents them at various Festival gatherings.

### **263. About Ben Adam's Latest Dream**

Late that night the Angel appeared but Adam wasn't clear.  
The angel said, "Voice your choice, but careful be.!"

"I want to be a cute li'll Hare", he hesitated.  
Think twice; at the fatal torch you'll be lured to stare.

Let me be an elephant tough.  
Well, you'll be killed by your own tusk.

Then would I, a tiger, be good.  
No, you'll be stuffed, hide duffed to deck.

A migratory Ave let me be.  
Oh Flu! thou' you brave the oil-spilled sea.

Let me be a fish in water.  
Phew, even tears are nowhere pure.

Bless me be an independent tree.  
Poor dear, you're publisher's salary.

I long to, like a nightingale, sing over the din.  
Think no more, lest you, be choked by every siren

With a last wish let me rest; a human....  
Atleast a meek human, grant me be,

He or a Woman? no hide and seek!  
Make the Right choice, but careful be!!!.

## 264. Inspiration

Like an Oyster,  
The night opened its eye  
Shadowing the fire-ball,  
Revealing its pearly eye ball.

Awakened by the cool rays of light  
The wave rose up to kiss the sky  
All day it bore its colour  
At dusk it wore its blush.

It frothed upto the shore  
And desperately held on to  
The hollow sands that betrayed  
The warmth of the ecstatic hug.

Now in the darkness  
In the moon-lit visible darkness,  
Like a naughty child who  
Dares in the darkness; it rose.

Arose to kiss the sky, but Th-l-a-s-h!  
It fell down like an unaided infant.  
Unlike the wise fox, it rose...  
Aroused with more passion, inspiring man!!!

**134. Mr K. Sushil Paul**, Assistant Professor and Head, P.G. Department of English, Sri.Y.N.College, Narsapur, West Godavari District, Andhra Pradesh, writes poems ,songs, short stories, playlets, and articles on Creativity. He presented his poems at several literary and public gatherings. He presented papers at National and International Conferences and Seminars. He has to his credit a collection of poems entitled ‘Saraswathina, Hladini and Juvenelia’. His second collection of poems ‘Symbiosis-Syncopation and Synaesthesia’ is now in the press.

## 265. Self-Enigma

I am ‘Rupa’. Waking up in the morning, I reach out for my mirror, to wish myself ‘Good morning’. “Where is my mirror?”

Daily chores done, I go for a loiter. Looking up, I find the sun bright, and by instinct look down. “Where is my shadow?”

Wondering what the Enigma of Life means, coming to a pond I stop, and by reflex look in to see. “Where is my reflection?”

Contemplative, returning home, finding myself before a life-size-long mirror, looking at my image, I look in and look out. “Where is my self?”

But, what is self? And is it one? A self? Some say, there’s an other: That reflector of this reflection, that object of my subjectivity: The missing thing, or that which is missed. “What is my ‘Swarupa’?”

While on it, where figure my ‘Vrutti’ and where my ‘Pravrutti’. Moreover, yet others say there’s yet another, a Self in another world: “What world is that, and where that co-eternal counterpart, my ‘Suswarupa’?”

If I’m not one self, but many, then, how many selves have I? Myself, My Self, My Self in another, My Self in another world? How many am I? Where are they? And where go search for them. Thinking, all them, my many selves, make my SELF, Total, Complete and Perfect, I ask “What is my ‘Su-swa-swa-rupa’”.

Well! What’s missing? Why’s missing? Will I ever find? I muse! But, Am I not All of me? What is Self? An Enigma? What is Enigma? I go questing: WELL! WHAT, WHERE IS MY ‘SUSWASWARUPA’? WHAT IS MY VISWARUPA:

## 266. Will-To-Life or A Fire Fighter

There was no smoulder, only a big-bang-burst, a flame, a blaze.  
Everyone did, and still do say, so did I, And still do say  
“It’s a new life, a rebirth”, after an escape of death by fire,  
From whose flames and jaws, I plucked my self, with nerve,  
The power of the will, not panicking, not giving up, but, with  
A fighting spirit kicking hard, and fighting, while burning.  
A fire fighting a fire. Afire, and all while kicking and fighting.  
‘Afighting’ the fire, with the burning self, ‘Fire fighting fire’,

It’s Firefighting Galore: one smothering the other. Only I, trying  
To smother the fire that’s scalding, smouldering and smothering me.  
It’s fiery, fiersome, fearsome, nerve-racking, scorching, scathing.  
A conscious self, afire, kicking, fighting fire, holding nerve,  
Trying to put off the raging fire, not in vain, and still in vain.

A while later, burning still, conscious still, to cry for help,  
Before its too late, I seek help: a pull’, before its too late,  
For the helping hand to do anything. Just in time the unconscious  
Helping hand comes around, and conscious becomes, ‘to pull’,  
For another helping hand to drive to safety, and nursing.

Everyone did, and still do say, so did I, And still do say  
“It’s a new life”, ‘Born again’, “For some purpose”, Out of ....  
Was it Hell? Or Purgatory? But, what was burnt, and what was dead?  
What is resurrected and what is learnt? Brought back to life?  
To what kind? Is there a Will-To-Order? What purpose?  
For what providence? What’s up? What’s changed? WILL-TO-LIFE –  
What sort? SORT? Sort what? WILL-TO-ORDER.

**135. Dr Anita Singh** is a Professor in the Department of English, Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. Her articles, translations, book reviews, and short stories were published in various journals, anthologies, and magazines. Her published works include ‘Arthur Miller: A Study of the Doomed Heroes in his Plays’ (1993); ‘Indian English Novel in the Nineties and After: A Study of the Text and its Context’ (2004), and ‘The Story Begins: My Ten Short Stories’, Varanasi. Her short story ‘The Wait’ was published in the online journal Muse India in May, 2008. It also won the ‘Special Commendation Award’ in ‘Muse India Fiction Contest’ for the year 2008.

## **267. Varanasi : An Aerial View**

Sacred city  
Varanasi  
Drenched in sunshine  
City pavements  
Pocked with  
Plethora of shops  
Displaying goods, food, and artifacts.  
Sundown  
Under the grey, pallid sky  
Insistent drizzle  
Omnipresent pits  
Turbid with rain water  
Converging crush of people  
Flocks of pilgrims  
Propelling, floating, flaming  
offering along the holy Ganges  
Holy waters washing the city shores  
Fresh, anew  
Everyday.

## **268. Insect Inspiration**

I learn a lot  
From a little ant.  
Like her,  
I too,  
Keep looking for another way  
And never quit  
And always like an ant  
I think winter all summer

**136. Ms Lalitha, P.**, an employee in Bharat Sanchar Nigam Ltd (BSNL), is a poet, and she is proficient in English, Kannada, Hindi, Sanskrit and Tamil. She translated short stories, from Kannada into English, of renowned Kannada writers like Mr Natraj Hulyar and Mr Mahabal Murthy Kodlikere. She regularly anchored programmes and events for the BSNL and at college. Her poems and articles have been published in poetry.com, The Deccan Herald and Asian Age, etc. She bagged many prizes in essays, debates, yoga and other competitions held at college and at the BSNL .

## **269. The Philosophical Tree**

Oh! It is not breezy  
cried the tree  
For I cannot dance  
without your melody  
Deep situations make me rigid  
And I cannot run hither and thither  
For only with the breeze  
can I sing and dance  
And only with the breeze  
do I glisten and glitter  
Reflecting the Sun's Rays  
Am I void without Thee?  
Unhappy, silent and drooping down.  
Breezeless times are meditative times.  
Times when the hearts soar  
But the leaves droop.

## 270. The Amphibian

A pathetic amphibian  
Worn out by the eternal calisthenics  
Of body, mind and soul  
Land and sand, its world within  
Sea and salt, its world without  
Amidst fish, fins and sins  
A portmanteau of pearls and perils  
That draws, churns and tosses you out  
Onto the land high and dry  
Into an isolated exile  
Just when, like a Crusoe, thro'  
The dispassionate eyes of a yogi  
You begin to look newly  
At the old world  
The salty tongues of the incessant waves  
Lick and lure, dragging you back  
Into its threadbare calisthenics.

**137 Dr Ambika Ananth** is a bi-lingual writer, poet, journalist, translator and editor of Muse India, an online e-journal. She has to her credit 8 published works, both in English and Telugu. She has translated along with Dr Adviteeya Dixit, Saint-Poet Annamacharya's Sankirtanas and Life-story titled "Nectar Ocean of Annamacharya" (Tirumala Tirupathi Devasthanam Publication) and Basaveshawara Vachanas titled "Basavanna Samagra Vachanalu" (from Kannada to Telugu - Basava Samithi Publication), apart from translating nearly twenty five titles of Read India Books Series - Children Literature, Pratham Books - Akshara Foundation, Bangalore. She is working on a translation project on "Sri Krishna Karnamrutham" - along with Dr T.V. Subbarao, Emeritus Professor, Bangalore University. She has translated pre-nineteenth century Telugu lyrics into English, in a translation workshop conducted by Sahitya Akademi's translation cell - 'Sabdana'. She had translated Feministic Poetry of Pakistan into Telugu. Her English poetry has appeared in many Anthologies and in Indian Literature of Sahitya Akademi. She regularly contributes to Deccan Herald and she reviews language books for The Hindu. She is on the Editorial Board of two Telugu literary journals- "Chaitanya Kavita" and "Basava Patham"-- being published from Bangalore. At present she is Translating i. "Shringara Sankirtanas" of Annamacharya into English; ii. "Artists of Inner Life" authored by Dr Basavaraj Puranik into Telugu. iii. translating from Telugu to English the work entitled "Annamayya Padaartha Prakashika" - Nada-sudha Tarangini, Vishakhapatnam. (A Compilation of 108 Sankirtanas of Annamayya set to music composition by Sangita Kalanidhi Nedunuri Krishnamurthi and scholarly explanation by Sangita Sahitya Kalanidhi Nallanchakravarthula Krishnamacharya). She is a Life-member of Poetry Society of India and 'Dhvanyaloka' of Mysore. Her other interests include painting and Astrology.

## 271. Break Free...

"Don't scream out your secrets,  
 preserve them in your soul  
 you are but a woman,  
 abandon your identity  
 before you could  
 find out its significance.  
 Be a willing prisoner,  
 forget about  
 growing wings of freedom.  
 Don't wait for a miracle,  
 you cannot build a road to it,

your footsteps are barred,  
your mind is chained:  
the door to happiness  
is shut on your face for the last time;  
when he entered your life  
learn to love the scars  
as the wounds are healed;  
you are but a woman,  
but his actions carry weight,  
his words are gospel truth  
his madness is veracity itself !  
Numb your passions,  
live for a quiet exit,  
the rattle of your broken bones  
is best muted,  
it's a deaf world anyway.  
The shell of your body  
is still around, be thankful..

Domestic Violence Act?  
what is it  
where is it...  
Do you care to know about it ?  
Do you wish to break free..???

Woman, know your dormant strength  
to stride ahead  
-law is on your side..  
even your life is...  
if you love it and cherish it...

## 272. Truth

Words – words, like shards  
of broken glass  
pierce the dark cloud  
of your pain,  
stabbing the fragile web  
of consolation and care.  
If your spouse is gone  
why get caught behind in the veil of dark  
of covert rituals of inhumanity ?  
crushed down by baseless accusations,  
stifling the living present  
in a death-like grip  
by ruthless and cruel beliefs;  
the courage in you is ready to pounce,  
waiting patiently  
for the day of reckoning  
of clarity and truth:  
widowhood is not a curse  
Should a river howl and halt,  
if the banks melt away in time ?  
Why should your life come to a standstill?  
Flow out of the numbing silence  
to know your new beginning.

**138. Ms P. Nagasuseela**, Lecturer in English, J.K.C.College, Guntur, A.P., presented papers at many National and International Conferences, Seminars and Workshops. Several of her articles have been published. She has contributed lessons in Research Methodology, Literature and Language to the distance education study material, ANU. In collaboration with Mr P.Gopichand, she organized two Workshops on CLT techniques for English Lecturers working in colleges in and around Guntur; three Workshops on Organizing Skills for Degree and B.Ed students, edited two books: Heart-Throbs & A Hand Book for All Occasions. In 2009 she organized a Summer Camp for 96 students on 'Basic English Grammar through Songs, Games and Fun.' She contributes poems & Haikus to Free Pamphlet Publication, Asian American Poetry.com, Haikuverymuch.com, Likemyhaiku.com, Poet's International, Muse India.com, Poemhunter.com, and so on. She designed Certificate courses in Spoken English, delivered guest lectures, organized Seminars and Workshops on Yoga & Personality Development for college students. She is the Vice-Chairman, Visthruthi, Extension Activities, J.K.C.C and she guides scholars for their M.Phil degrees.

## 273. Currents of Life

Life, an ever expanding  
 Isle of responses and responsibilities!  
 To unwrap Life, Literature fails;  
 Music, dance, art and poetry  
 Fail to portray life  
 Science incessantly tries to unravel life  
 With discoveries and inventions  
 All these-- increase the aura  
 Of the strangeness `bout life.

A lifetime is quite short--  
 To unravel the petals of mind,  
 To comprehend emotions' flow, or  
 To chisel the marvels of intelligence;  
 No one can ever transform Life  
 None can solve the puzzles beyond life  
 If one door opens we find another locked  
 When shall we reach the final door?  
 Life's history makes life a mystery!

## 274. Waiting For Dawn...

Singing incessantly  
Echoes of ragas,  
Before dawn everyday  
She sprinkled rainbow hues,  
In our serene abode.

Passersby in the lane,  
Pomeranian in the front house,  
Women at their daily chores,  
--- a minute motionless  
Anchored by her alapanas.

Her sonorous voice  
Touched our hearts gently,  
As lapping waves pat out feet,  
Spreading soothing comfort,  
Making our mind and body  
Fill with energy to push the day.

The growing sunlight,  
The echoes of gamakaas,  
Birds chirping on the tree tops,  
Cool gentle breeze-- rouse tender feelings  
Drives away 'idle numbness'.

At dusk we heave a sigh,  
And call it a day!  
And wait through the night,  
For another dawn to break.

**139. Mr P. Gopichand**, Lecturer in English, J.K.C.College, Guntur, A.P., presented papers at many National and International Conferences, Seminars and Workshops. Several of his articles have been published. He has contributed lessons to ANU distance education study material. In collaboration with Ms P.Nagasuseela, he conducted National Poetry Festival-2008, CLT Workshops for English Lecturers working in colleges in and around Guntur.; three Workshops on Organizing Skills for Degree and B.Ed students. In 2009 he organized a Summer Camp for 96 students on 'Basic English Grammar through Songs, Games and Fun.' He contributes poems & haikus to Free Pamphlet Publication, Asian American Poetry.com, Haikuverymuch.com, Likemyhaiku.com, Poet's International, Muse India.com, Poemhunter.com, and so on. He designed Certificate courses in Spoken English, delivered guest lectures on various topics. He edited two books: 1. Heart-Throbs(An Anthology of Poems) and 2. A Hand Book for All Occasions. He also organized three National Seminars during 2008-09. He is the Member Secretary, Academic Council, J.K.C.C., & Vice-Chairman to IQAC, J.K.C.C., Guntur. He guides scholars for their M.Phil degrees.

## 275. God on Wheels

God on wheels  
And His devotees on foot  
Glide through the streets;  
People rush to their street-doors  
And offer flowers, coconuts and camphor,  
Begging for His grace and blessing;  
With devout fervour  
They thrust their palms  
To get theertham and prasadam,  
Which make the rich and the poor happy.

God on chariot wheels  
Glide through the streets;  
The light of burning torches  
Brightens God's figure;  
The music of drums, cymbals and pipes  
Sways the frenzied devotees;  
The blissful sight of God  
Gliding through the streets  
And their beatific experience --  
These the devotees fondly cherish  
And await the same day next year  
With deep devotion to God  
And strong hopes of better fortune;  
Credulous people thus live on.

## 276. The Caged Man

Behold him, single in the field,  
Yon poor old labourer!  
The old man homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the field to the setting sun.

With his wrinkled brow, sunken eyes  
Hollow cheeks, and lean body,  
With shrunk shanks and unsteady gait  
Sadly does he tread his weary way homewards,  
Bearing a bundle of grass on his throbbing head.

In his empty stomach and heaving rib-cage,  
His hunger-tiger fidgets up and down  
And tries to break the bars of the cage.  
The poor man tries to conquer the pangs of hunger,  
And conceals his emotions in his hearts' depths;  
He moves on, with the bundle of grass on his old head.

Though feeling hungry, he carries grass  
As food for his master's hungry cattle.  
Is it selflessness or helplessness? What?  
Whatever it may be, it strikes us as strange!

Drama, poetry, painting and other arts  
Portray this poor old labourer as a moving figure,  
That brings them pleasure, money and fame;  
But no such things does the poor old man find in life.

Alas! He feels lonely in this crowded world,  
The poor old man bereaved,  
Bereaved of all his kith and kin!  
He toils and moils for his daily food  
And lives his miserable life from day to day.

He never complains of his poor lot;  
Despite his misery, resolute is he to live on.  
He's caged and tortured by poverty and hunger;  
And his life is a long painful struggle for survival;  
Now fondly does the old man hope to find rest in death.

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99. Ms S. Shylaja  
*195. Stone Women*      *196. Fragmented*
100. Mr S.Umesh Chandra, Bangalore  
*197. Slum Dog*      *198. Yesterday, Today And ---*
101. Mr Avinab B. Datta  
*199. The Tower*      *200. Elegy of Another\**
102. Dr Shweta Parikh  
*201. I Have Lived on This Earth*      *202. Welcome*
103. Mrs Rayla Noel Rajpillay  
*203. Waiting To Dance Unafraid.*      *204. A Poet's Invite*
104. Dr Madhavi Lata Agrawal  
*205. When Woman...*      *206. One With Your Flow*
105. Dr Tikuli Dogra  
*207. Drama in the Sky*      *208. Detritus*
106. Mr Maaz Bilal  
*209. Knowledge*      *210. If I Could Write This in Fire*
107. Dr Vasuprada Kartic  
*211. Too Late!?*      *212. Reality Vs Pathology*

108. Dr Dwarakanath H. Kabadi  
213. *Smiling Skulls* 214. *The Scale*
109. Ms T. Sreelatha  
215. *Thy Treasure Trove* 216. *My Sweet Home*
110. Dr Gopal Lahiri  
217. *Testimony* 218. *Closing Windows One By One*
111. Ms Amulya Kulkarni  
219. *Now That I Know...* 220. *Open Enclosure*
112. Ms Meera, B.  
221. *Moving On...* 222. *Au Revoir (To A Friend)*
113. Ms Meenu, B.  
223. *When Does a Home Die?* 224. *In Memoriam*
114. Dr K.B.Rai  
225. *The Almighty God* 226. *Impressions*
115. Ms Amruta, G.  
227. *Flying From the Nest* 228. *Monkeys' Bemoan*
116. Ms Hiranya Aditi  
229. *'Lessons', By The Fields* 230. *The Purest Being of All*
117. Ms Srividya Sivakumar  
231. *My Self* 232. *K.*
118. Ms D.Sridevi  
233. *Oasis* 234. *Utopia*
119. Mr Nago Govind Thute  
235. *Two Suns* 236. *Oh, Donor of Power!*
120. Colonel Kanchan Bhattacharya  
237. *Memory is Yellow* 238. *Star Shine, Clay*
121. Ms A. Krishna Kumari  
239. *Mother's Love* 240. *Spell of Death*
122. Mr Manish Ganpatrao Gavane  
241. *Memento* 242. *Examination*
123. Mrs G.Sundari  
243. *Appearances Are ...* 244. *Awaiting*

124. Prof. Ku Nirmala C.Neer Shabnam  
 245. *Poesy* 246. *Message for the World Peace*
125. Prof. Ramakanth D. Jadhav  
 247. *The Sighs of Life* 248. *The Meaning of Year Existence*
126. Prof. V.G. Nand  
 249. *Point of No Return* 250. *Beggars All*
127. Dr Rati Saxena  
 251. *A Prayer Just After Vishu* 252. *Remembering the Camps of Exiled Kashmeeries*
128. Ms Romi Jain  
 253. *The Sick Mind* 254. *Her New Abode*
129. Dr K. Vijaya Kumar  
 255. *Remembering Shakespeare* 256. *Shattered Dreams of The Mother*
130. Dr K. Krishna Prasad  
 257. *One Touch* 258. *Stealing*
131. Prof. A.M.Deshmukh  
 259. *A Man and a Human* 260. *A Farmer*
132. Mr K. Satish Kumar  
 261. *Pen* 262. *Critic*
133. Mr D.John Methuselah  
 263. *About Ben Adam's Latest Dream* 264. *Inspiration*
134. Mr K. Sushil Paul  
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135. Dr Anita Singh  
 267. *Varanasi: An Aerial View* 268. *Insect Inspiration*
136. Ms Lalitha, P.  
 269. *The Philosophical Tree* 270. *The Amphibian*
137. Dr Ambika Ananth  
 271. *Break Free...* 272. *Truth*
138. Ms P.Nagasuseela  
 273. *Currents of Life* 274. *Waiting for Dawn...*
139. Mr P.Gopichand  
 275. *God on Wheels* 276. *The Caged Man*

“The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

**-William Shakespeare**  
(A Midsummer Night’s Dream)  
Act v, Sc.i.