

ISSN 2347-632X



GJPP

VerbalART

A Global Journal Devoted to
POETS AND POETRY

A Peer-Reviewed Print Journal

Vol.- 6, Issue - 2
Oct - Dec 2022

Chief Editor:

Dr VIVEKANAND JHA

Associate Editor:

Dr RAJNISH MISHRA

Review Editor:

Dr CHANDRA SHEKHAR DUBEY

Assistant Editor:

Prof. SHASHANK NADKARNI



AUTHORS PRESS

Publishers of Creative & Scholarly Books

ISSN 2347-632X

VerbalArt

A Global Journal Devoted to
Poets and Poetry

Volume 6 ♦ Issue 2 ♦ Oct-Dec 2022

Chief Editor

Dr. Vivekanand Jha

Associate Editor

Dr. Rajnish Mishra

Review Editor

Dr. Chandra Shekhar Dubey

Assistant Editor

Prof. Shashank Nadkarni



AUTHORS P R E S S

Worldwide Circulation through Authorspress Global Network

Q-2A Hauz Khas Enclave, New Delhi-110 016

E-mail: authorspressgroup@gmail.com

Website: www.authorspressbooks.com

VERBALART

A Global Journal Devoted to Poets and Poetry

(Volume 6, Issue 2, Oct-Dec 2022)

ISSN 2347-632X

Copyright © Chief Editor

Disclaimer

VerbalArt retains the right to use the accepted work in future online or print anthologies, as well as in the online archives. All other rights remain with the author. The journal will not be liable in any way for any sort of copyright infringements.

CONTENTS

POETRY

1. **Anna Banasiak**
The Art of Flying 7
2. **Anna Banasiak**
Pause 8
3. **Arno Bohlmeijer**
Is resistance a tender surrender? 9
4. **Arno Bohlmeijer**
Ignoring a Mountain Storm 10
5. **Avdhesh Jha**
Art of Nature 11
6. **Ben Nardolilli**
The Fountains of the Great Deep 13
7. **Ben Nardolilli**
Open Water 14
8. **Daniel Thomas Moran**
Paris 15
9. **Daniel Thomas Moran**
Not a Poem about Heartbreak 16
10. **E. Martin Pedersen**
Flower Garden 18
11. **Frank William Finney**
A Prelude to Lethe 19
12. **Gary Beck**
Endurance 20

13. Gerard Sarnat	
Second Arrow Buddhism	21
14. James G. Piatt	
My Lost Love	22
15. James G. Piatt	
Limited Time	23
16. James Wm. Chichetto	
The Romanov Family, 1917	24
17. James Wm. Chichetto	
Black Birds from Heaven	25
18. Jevin Lee Albuquerque	
Spider-rat	26
19. Jevin Lee Albuquerque	
Oregon	27
20. Joan Mc Nerney	
Tonight	28
21. Joan Mc Nerney	
Lost	29
22. John Grey	
A Snake Sheds	30
23. John Grey	
The Sky Is Not Falling	32
24. Laraine Kentridge Lasdon	
Wing of a Hawk	34
25. Michael Lee Johnson	
Crypt in the Sky (V2)	36
26. Ngo Binh Anh Khoa	
Fear	37
27. Philip Hammial	
Zeke	38

Contents	Page 5
28.Pooja Sharma	
What does it mean?	39
29.Prakash Joshi	
All Sham	41
30.Katta Rajamouly	
All for Oneness	42
31.Rajiv Khandelwal	
Expectations of a Poetry Editor	43
32.René van der Klooster	
A Quiet Tongue	44
33.Ritiksha Sharma	
Mr. J's Tears	45
34.S L Peeran	
Lament of a flickering Candle	47
35.Scott Thomas Outlar	
Burns Hot for Evolution	49
36.Scott Thomas Outlar	
Chameleon	50
BOOK REVIEW	
1. <i>Dwelling with Denial: A Collection of Undeniable Poems</i>	51
Dr. Manoj K Pathak	
CONTRIBUTORS	57

POETRY

ANNA BANASIAK

The Art of Flying

Sunrise
stops the essence of existence
ducks immersed in silence
fly free like flames
they dive
stagger sacred circles
my soul spreads its wings
flying between two worlds
happy upon a moment
brightened by a light
approaches infinity

ANNA BANASIAK

Pause

I drift off
to the dream room
dad sways slightly in a rocking chair
with a cup of espresso
free from hustle and worries
I open the casket with imagination
music seeps from the radio
dog stretches lazily
we all grab happy
the last moment
of this summer

ARNO BOHLMELJER

Is resistance a tender surrender?

For the beautiful funeral
of a fairly young friend,
I was unwell and afraid.
I just went for his sake.

The send-off was intense.
The field caught a breeze;
it blew through me fiercely.

I genuinely feared to be dead-ill.
But life itself said: "Not your time."

What would have happened at a wedding?

ARNO BOHLMELJER

Ignoring a Mountain Storm

What can remain of paradise:
the early hour before a climb,
a wild, steep and broad brook,
the bridge or boards missing.

A billion flowers are mown,
the snow is killing the eye.
The wind is no friend,
there's nothing to drink.

But a doe is venturing close.
What's around when dying from thirst?
Crossing a hiding cleft, I can glide; then gulp the snow.
The whiteness looks pure alright. Or should I wait

for a layer to melt – of the soul?

AVDHESH JHA**Art of Nature**

So simple but so elegant,
So live, talking and speaking,
enchancing and mind blowing,
magnificent and full of splendour...
The only truth;
The search to keep on searching;
The abstract, the poetry of earth,
The song of the morn and dawn,
The only art that describes the art of nature;
The gorge, as if nature dressed beautifully,
Sky as if eyes, moon as if beauty,
lotus as if the glorious face,
enchancing charm as if the smile,
breeze as if the touch,
birds as if expression of joy and
flowers as if for sweetness and naughtiness,
the earth and ocean as if body full with richness
along with the jewels to explore;
the high mountains as if the thoughts,
The natural live artifact,
full of wits and sense of humour,
The beauty in extreme, whether with or within,
The only beauty beyond borders,
Expanding unto the horizon
Understanding as if essence of life,

Beautiful and dutiful,
Loving, caring and soothing;
The serene and ONLY ART OF NATURE;
Nonetheless, its only YOU...

BEN NARDOLILLI

The Fountains of the Great Deep

The rain dots the sidewalk
spell out a message across the pavement

Through them one reads a rumor:
up behind the clouds, a storm is coming

Better to get a warning this way,
where the evidence compiles in the open

Instead of a rude poke released
by overeager thunder in the distance

BEN NARDOLILLI

Open Water

Deep sea divers are diving ever deeper
Down into the depths and reaching ever darker veins

Are they being compressed?
Are they running out of oxygen and eyesight?

Yes, and yes, until now, thanks to the magic of poetry
I have saved them, and the divers are here

Again, they have swam and sunk so low now
They can be seen emerging from the clouds,

Their goggles, tanks, and fins all intact,
As if the atmosphere seems to be pinching them off

One scuba body at a time, the rubbery explorers
Looking like astronauts for a brief moment

Until hitting the ground because they are not ready
To deal with anything green or brown

Or hard, just the blue of the water and the sky,
So far, my poetry cannot manage to make divers fly

DANIEL THOMAS MORAN

Paris

At six a.m.
Eiffel's Tower is dark,

The garlic of
last night's escargot
still lies on my tongue.

It should
never rain in Paris,
yet it is raining,

The morning's
image drips in
the dim lights.

From this
high window on
the seventeenth floor,
all is anticipation.

The dark boulevards
of this City of Light,
whose names I will
never come to know,

Reach out for the
promises of a rising day.

DANIEL THOMAS MORAN

Not a Poem about Heartbreak

I never intend to be
a poet of heartbreak,
although I have earned
my own portion of it.

In some respects, life
is a litany of heartbreaks,
each of which determines
to loiter in the daylight,
and in the darkness.

They are the rhythmic
breaths of someone
who sleeps beside us,
who knows our reflection
better than we know our self.

I also hope to never write
of the umpteen heartbreaks
of the weary, worried world,
the white noise of life,
a rumbling of thunder in
an unimaginable distance.

I prefer to be the poet
of rain and of rivers, of
sunlight silently sliding

from rocks and from roofs,
shimmering in sunlight,
sustaining all that is green.
The poet who tastes
a subtle sound and must
imagine its source.

Let me also be the poet
who is grateful for
the labors of each day,
the wisdom in failure.
Just as with heartbreak,
arriving in the air and on foot,
along the winding libretto
of all our many lives,

If we allow it,
It all simply appears
and then it disappears.

E. MARTIN PEDERSEN

Flower Garden

Our new house has a yard
that's uncommon here
we decided to grow flowers
to colorize our year.

We planted bulbs and bushes
some grew some did not
in February when it's cold
to have flowers when it gets hot.

A photo of our first rose
beautiful and warm
if we fill our eyes with roses
would that do any harm?

One of us will die
in our house, our lover
it will be so sad
to go on without the other.

We look up to the mountains
or out across the sea
the garden's worth the effort
to feel alive, to be.

So, I wish for everybody
for both friends and foes
an enchanting flower garden
to wonder at how it grows.

FRANK WILLIAM FINNEY

A Prelude to Lethe

A dreamer winks a bloodshot eye.
A lawyer writes a love song.

The burning flat. The nimble frat.
A lover with a grocery list.

Long nights perched
on Back Bay stairs.

Traffic inching
towards the common.

A waning moon. The faded maps.
A bagel hole for breakfast.

The darkling sky.
The cold, wet sand.

The whinging of oarlocks.
Fading

stars.

GARY BECK

Endurance

Many years ago
when our imam was young,
full of fire in the faith,
the godless Russians came,
invading the mosque,
searching for Mujahadeen
the imam tried to stop them
from defiling the holy place.
They hit him with gun butts,
knocked him down, kicked him,
but he knew they were coming
and sent our men away
so they could fight another day.

Our imam is old now,
but still full of fire in the faith,
so when the Americans came
searching for our holy warriors
he tried to stop them
from defiling a holy place.
They pushed him aside,
but he knew they were coming
and sent our men away
so they could fight another day.

GERARD SARNAT

Second Arrow Buddhism

Pale or not so pale faces,
no big difference,

pain's inevitable
but suffering more optional.

Lifted up then cast down,
our human race's

never won or done
– ending that fabrication

of cravings even beyond
five basic senses

when there aren't
enough real hungry ghosts

come/go like Michelangelo
with deathlessness –

good night rage rage
against dying of the light

into cosmic oneness.

JAMES G. PIATT

My Lost Love

The tall candles were throwing flickering pieces of light on the windows of the old house when I heard her voice whispering to me in a dream's song. I saw a faint image of her face echoing in the candles' flames, as raindrops tinted tinted the windows with a mist. I had thought that the many years would have erased a sense of her soft touch, and faded her visions that had encompassed my being for so long, allowing me to begin again after the hollow years, but it was not to be so. The cruel clown in my mind, with his gaping painted mouth and his kohl eyes leering at me, caused me to ponder on all the fading memories of our togetherness, and then I wept.

.

JAMES G. PIATT**Limited Time**

I have traveled in the gentle flow of life, finding comfort in the softness of autumn leaves clinging to sycamore trees beside peaceful ponds, a quiet place where bullfrogs sang in throaty voices. I have dreamed in the softness of thoughts where aging was nonexistent, and tiny birds sang melodious songs all day long with no fear of dying.

But, I now live in the ephemeral rusting hours of dwindling time, where bones become brittle, steps become laborious, and hair fades into ash, a place where sleep is often illusionary. I find the ginger colored sunrise hopeful but the gray sunset painful, being an omen of something fading, dipping into the final moments of my limited time.

JAMES WM. CHICHETTO

The Romanov Family, 1917

Why did they rise so early?
Why dress and pack for parting?
Maybe the Czar knew better.
His life was full of praying.

Perhaps he thought they'd escape.
Perhaps his hunch was right.
Or perhaps his hope was premature
With fortune and luck that night.

But the children were shot with their parents
From a Kremlin room Lenin had ordered it.
Revenge in his heart for her brother hanged
Had made such vengeance fit.

JAMES WM. CHICHETTO

Black Birds from Heaven

Just the earth and I. We walk –
Just dirt and the clouds and trees.
I place a leaf on a rock.
The sun bleaches it into history.
No music, please. No song.
My mouth is closed and strong.

Off, off into the night,
The Good Night with dry leaves
That mark the end of day.
No music, please. No song
To scratch a note in the dust
To sweeten tongues I've wronged.

My soul has shed her leaves
Like a forest. I am bare at last.
The Psalms have stranger words for this.
The sun hides behind my back.
I've harnessed my tongue from deceit.
The birds fly by so black.

JEVIN LEE ALBUQUERQUE

Spider-rat

Spider-awake-sleep

Odd hours

Mice-rat-rage

Cheese phobia

Snap

Back

Snap

Fur sandwich

Web-sticky-bed

Slept

Arachno-rats-mice

Scene

Night seen

Bed

Walls

Crisis-room-climb

Dreams

(Oh, wonderful dreams)

JEVIN LEE ALBUQUERQUE

Oregon

Moon
On my shoulder

Beastie-badland

F
E
A
T
H
E
R
S

Owl dog
Hungry

JOAN MCNERNEY

Tonight

Chimes tap against our
windowpane. This evening
becomes starry sapphire
as sea gulls rise in
flight over rooftops.
Winds wrapping around
trees tossing leaves.

The court yard is full of
aromas from dinnertime.
Shadows growing longer
each minute. Lights go
on and I wait for you.

JOAN MCNERNEY

Lost

Wrapped in ashen clouds
pale shrouds of sadness.

My head bent recounting
all the days of my life.

Alone in this blur. Wanting only
to fill this empty haze of hours.

What remains only minute after
minute of more and more loss.

Who stole my sparkling sky
leaving only memories?

JOHN GREY

A Snake Sheds

A snake slithers through
twigs and leaves
in search of something hard
to rub against,
to scrape off
its weary outer layer.

But the predator
is now a prey animal
as, high in the trees,
a barred owl
watches and listens.

The reptile grinds against
rock and tree trunk.
Three months' worth of keratin
slides away.

Eight accented hoots
descend to the forest floor,
end in an oo-aw at ground level.

The owl could plunge at
any moment,
pierce and grasp its victim
with sharp talons.

But the snake continues
these chafing ablutions.
The unwanted skin splits.
It's nudged out by the new.

Better to be a dead snake
than an old one.

JOHN GREY

The Sky Is Not Falling

There things I'd rather do
than sit by the kitchen window,
staring out at the falling snow.
But it is what I'm doing,
here in Providence,
in the winter of 2018.

When you consider
the way some people suffer
in other parts of the world,
it's not a bad way
to seek a little peace,
even if it is dishonest.

But there's nothing
in my job description
that says,
feed the starving,
resolve conflicts.

But there is a line that reads,
if in doubt,
do nothing.

So I'm doing nothing.
Flakes slip down my window.
Everyone is different
though I'm not out to prove that.

It doesn't even matter to me
if there's no one out there
reading this.

People have their own problems.
So do I.
Watching snow fall is not one of them.

LARAINÉ KENTRIDGE LASDON

Wing of a Hawk

The signal
to leave is called out urgently.
Blue jays spin, whistle, and gurgle.
Heralds of the gray days of winter.

We climb Hawk Ridge Observatory hill.
The rough benches, wooden table, a simple tabernacle.
It's a late summer day,
tinged with the soft reds of Fall.
The lake swells, delicate white froth
hushes and bubbles caressing the shore.

Our guide lifts something curious
out of a dusty old box.
In her arms is a single great wing.
With gentle gesture she invites us in.
Birdsong relaying migration routes
form a choir as we silently approach.

This was a killing wing.
Ruthless in its resolute trajectory of the dive,
grasp of bloodied vole to nourish
his brood, squawking from their cliff-edge nest.
Each feather feels strong, indestructible,
yet, this hawk was found with wings outstretched,
a span of six feet end-to-end,
neck broken on the golden sand.

I stroke the black and grey feathers.
Thin-ribbed architecture smooth, cool,
the skeletal structure rustling, lifting,
lifting as if it might suddenly take off.

The corpse-wing caught the next gust of wind
carrying the hawk-spirit on thermal spirals.
High in the pale of blue sky a hawk wheels and cries,
casting a shadow onto the very spot her mate died.

Mourned by his love. Majestic in death.
I learned about life, that day at Hawk Ridge.

MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON

Crypt in the Sky (V2)

Order me up,
no one knows
where this crypt in the sky
like a condo on the 5th floor
suite don't sell me out
over the years;
please don't bury me beneath
this ground, don't let me decay
inside my time pine casket.
Don't let me burn to cremate
skull last to turn to ashes.
Treasure me high where no one goes,
no arms reach, stretch.
Building for the Centuries
then just let it fall.
These few precious dry bones
preserved for you, sealed in the cloud
no relocation is necessary,
no flowers need to be planted,
no dusting off that dust each year,
no sinners can reach this high.
Jesus' heaven, Jesus' sky.

Note: Dedicated to the passing of beloved Katie Balaskas.

NGO BINH ANH KHOA**Fear**

When I was still a wide-eyed child,
I used to fear so many things
That in the veil of darkness dwell:
The vengeful ghosts, the ravenous ghouls,
The fiends that torture sin-stained souls,
The fabled ox-head and horse-face,
The hungry spirits in the night,
And many more, and countless more
I learned of through tales, films, and books,
But when I grew up, I found out
Those creatures, scary as they are,
Pale when compared against the monsters that
Exist in corners hardly touched by light –
The ones that haunt and dwell within
The treacherous and well-hidden heart of man,
Where chasms and abysses prove
Unfathomably vast and wide.
Even seabeds can still be reached,
The heart of man, however, can't.
No naked eyes discern them thoroughly,
And no mortal can truly scale its depths.

PHILIP HAMMIAL

Zeke

Good thing Vlad
can't see, can't watch ugly me
strip-searched by the AFP. Better thing: Viv
took off with that god she tried to jam
down my throat. She ever comes knocking
it's right in the kisser. Best thing is
I forgot to factor in Ezekiel. Ezekiel in
it's a codger-burn, a smouldering (the Hindenburg)
on Tiananmen Square, a premium economy dousing
for the top ten duck-walkers, a hyper, scaled-down-to-fit
Easter nudge, an exemption for the drought-master's
daggy downtown throw, a run for the money
up Peabody Lane, a dainty dish to set before
an apostle it doesn't matter which one, a half-
pennyworth of Haitian hullabaloo & don't forget
the pink ribbon, a sogo shosha CEO whose take
on Tom Thumb tokenism is ergodic, a sting
in a nutshell, a nattering reconstructionist
trafficking in goose step alphabets, a rant
ranked last, a knuckle-duster fame that spreads
like dude ranch gossip, a ramshackle supersymmetry
with knobs, a knockabout with a Hittite twist, a
Lazarist who gets up on the wrong side, a Nibelung
aficionado with an I've-been-decanted-too-often
complex, a Martinet with a dirty mouth here
comes Mary with a bar of soap, a Philomel
impersonator it's actually me, Philip the Goode, a saag
lover worth his weight in spinach, a save-the-best-for-last
Latter-day Ezekiel who of this nonsense has had a gutful.

POOJA SHARMA

What does it mean?

From a past you doubt
was ever present,
Pop memories so vivid
images so effervescent –

A ballooning skirt
A face full of wind
A cranking swing
Strong legs horsing

A blue window
In a tiny lane
A drawing book
And a card game

A trunk full of dolls
Pretty ones and not
A grumpy old purse with
trinkets in stages of rot

A plate full of dal-rice
A bowl full of curd
fingers dipped in pickle
slurping up the trickle

The trees far away
Swaying in the breeze

Their tops can tell
The seasons with ease

You never can say
What the images mean –
bright like confetti
like the clouds free

So you draw them to
the world of words
Drop them in the bog of verse
Bring them fore
Where everything means
More

PRAKASH JOSHI**All Sham**

Every Chief Minister displays
His State's prosperity & progress
by giving self-glorifying ads
and Newspapers gain by their fads.
If progress and prosperity swings
why then poverty stays on its wings?
Unemployment does its dance
and crime ratios enhance.
Infants molested, young girls killed!!
How does progress fit its bill?
Every religion, in the same tone, says
God saves all and the sinners flayed.
Why then the Hen of Humanity lays
the eggs of hatred and genocides
that make the Ukrainians the Afgans hide
themselves from the Taliban and Putin?
Philanthropy Vs. Power has become a routine.
In all democracies people have more to die
Though desires to live ask why!!
How much Hinduism draws from the Gita
When, everyday, women suffer much more than Sita??

KATTA RAJAMOULY

All for Oneness

All may look diverse but for oneness,
Entity the sign for its wholeness.
Garland is one with variety flowers,
Stream is one with all showers,
All leaves in one offer cool shade,
With all grass green, carpet is laid.
Diversity in faces
But the race is one for all races
Not just for unity
But for beauty in diversity
For life, varied blood-groups function
With veins and arteries in the mission
Hemispheres are two
North and south to form globe in true
Like hands left and right
Work together in might
The sun shoots its rays to all
The sky is the limit as thrall
For all rays for light and warmth
For every heart to throb
The tree is one with diverse parts
Nation is one but lives in all hearts
Land is one all to it with pull powers
Ocean is one welcoming to it all rivers
They mind no walls in glow and flow
To learn lessons for man to grow.

RAJIV KHANDELWAL

Expectations of a Poetry Editor

If you have something to say
That shows evidence
That you are living in the 21st century
Are aware of the world around you
Can stay focused on the subject
Can say it well
Knowing instinctively
Which words inextricably interlink
Have a way with words
Use the language of the street
The well-structured tale
Thriftily written
Is not too academic
Can be read to your young children
And to your old mother
You can probably
Meet the expectations
Of our poetry journal

RENÉ VAN DER KLOOSTER

A Quiet Tongue

you are mute
you are playing the mute
because I talk and talk and talk
you say

you say nothing
pronouncing a language
with your lineaments

which I can do too, you know
I tell you
I will

and I warn you
it will not look pretty

but instantly
you laugh out loud
of course
without a sound
of course
just a weird
distortion of your
forehead

until I cry out:
you will be the death of me!

which makes your eyes
twinkle

RITIKSHA SHARMA

Mr. J's Tears

Processual contemplation precedes a cerebral accident
For a human condition, cracks widening, faces blurred
It is always in a marketplace of vanity, its fair, its fine
That we were haggling over tickets, murder-like,
crossing the line
Like a murder of crows malfunctioning.

Our children had learnt how to throw popcorn
From the front row, brat-like; they were
all but socialised *Its all for the show honey*,
we are the circus we were waiting on. We are
the drama we were paying for.

Batting at the clown's eye, some evidence of a rip,
Shoulders shaking, a silent verse bodied
“ha ha ha” the joker said, wearing a smile-wide, when
the popcorn popped on his face. Then
pulled himself inside out, reaching on his own,
into his eyes. Pulling the flesh, ousting it, leaving it
incumbent; He roared devil like, like Lucifer
had blown his vocal cords accidentally
Like the pain had *frankensteined* him
Appraised his form from abrasions
Grudgingly adorned in a watery sea
Into the tears off a clown, onto us.

They flowed, roasted honey-like, falling on our tongues,
dripping over our mouths, on our lips, onto our hands
Transmigration of the sordid kind
Reborn commodity, a pack of zombie-ichor:
the acid which makes you disintegrate, something
that glistened in his eyes.

We cried, he cried, and erasure evaded evanescence
For we had craved the spectacle of sorrow. We had
held our breathes, our chests, for a single twinkling rainbow,
refracting from his eyes. We had rendered it,
an exhibit for entertainment: our object of amusement.

So, a social history of privilege-seekers wrote itself, scholar-like
Like a post-apocalyptic survival script, life came full circle
We re-integrated with each other – into nothingness.
Our bitterness tastes sweet now
as we flow down Mr. J's cheeks, honey-like
Like his tears of retribution.

S L PEERAN**Lament of a flickering Candle**

For ages, I was adored, yearned
By humanity as a must to dispel darkness.
I was given a pride of place
In palaces, places of worship, homes.
Made me stand in crystalline chandeliers.

By rich and mighty, poor and wretched'
Sans me night life would be darkness.
'Darkness cannot eat away darkness'.
But my light would glow to illumine
Every place where people dwelled,
For I carried brightness in night.

I reigned from antiquity for I carried light.
Till Michael Faraday, Benjamin Franklin
Thomas Alva Edison, Nikola Tesla found ways
To end my innings, my glory and my fame.

I accept my destiny, all that comes from Him
Returns to Him ultimately, joys turns to sorrows.
Now my position is nothing, no more I am needed.
But on the birthday cake I stand for a while
To delight young and old for joyous moments.

Yet I command a deep respect among worshippers.
Priests, Bishops who light me to pay homage to great
Souls who enlighten the hearts of all seekers of peace,
Truth, beauty and observe restrain and silence.

I appeal to humanity not to shun me, disgrace me.
Though I am dethroned, yet I still reign in silence.

SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

Burns Hot for Evolution

When the walls cave in
the laughter begins
in earnest
(mad, perhaps; but smiling, at least)

When the drugs fade out
the blood comes clean
after awhile
(depressed at first, but quickly fading)

When the old guard dies
the sex burns hot
for new future
(cuddle up with evolution)

When the plague breaks loose
the fever comes
with a black wave
(washing over, lay your head down, God licks cancer)

When the New Age births
the stars all shift
in the cycle
(rain pours down, tide rises up, flood is coming)

SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

Chameleon

If you desire flames, I will scorch this world to ash
If you seek entropy, I will fade away and disappear
If you are suffocating, I will be emergency resuscitation
If you need an ear to bend, I will lean in closer
If you lust for a lover, I will rip open my heart
If you are low down and out, I will be a high entering veins
If you are sad, I will be a cackling jester
If you are ecstatic, I will dance beside you
If you are starving, I will be a blooming garden of fruit
If you are thirsty, I will be a vineyard of wine
If you are tired, I will be energy incarnate
If you are weak, I will drain my strength into you
If you are bleeding, I will be the bandage
If you are lonely, I will be an old friend returned
If you are confused, I will be clarity through the storm
If you are filthy, I will be a flood to wash over
If you are freezing, I will be a fiery sun
If you are hot, I will be the winter cometh
If you are lost, I will be the rescue mission
If you lose focus, I will be a gentle guide
If you cannot go any further, I will carry you to the finish line
If you seek rebirth, I will enter your soul
If you long for death, I will arrive as black cancer
I am the chameleon

BOOK REVIEW

1

Dwelling with Denial: A Collection of Undeniable Poems

DR. MANOJ K PATHAK

(Dwelling with Denial | Poems | Rajiv Khandelwal | The Poetry Society of India, Gurugram, 2020 | ISBN: 978-93-89213-19-5 | Page: 154 | INR: 320 | \$ 29)

Indian English Poetry has marked a significant departure not only in terms of the matter but also in the manner of expression, which certainly involves both the choice of language and the flow of the rhythm. Indian English Poets have adjusted and attuned their poetic craftsmanship to the temper of the new age becoming the representative of the contemporary times. The poets have lifted themselves from an exclusive to an extensive range of creative experience. Indian English Poetry is now no more conservative but cosmopolitan in essence. It confronts the new shape of things and acquires a new view of human destiny. Rajiv Khandelwal is one such poet who is regularly being published and here is an attempt to delve into the world of his fifth collection of undeniable poems, *Dwelling with Denial*.

In his seventy five poems in this collection, Rajiv Khandelwal as a poet has created a plethora of new images required for the current age which has adversely changed in

comparison to the preceding ages. He has portrayed the real picture of the happenings of the society at large and has captured the finer sensibilities with great poetic craftsmanship. He has taken the art of poetry seriously and it holds the reader to travel with the thematic flow of his poems. He is neither found to be a supporter of mere imitations nor wanton angularity, neither frantic incoherence nor fabricated obscurity. Thus, his words live or sing themselves out. He seems to be engaged with poetry with consecrated endeavour and exact discipline. He is prepared to take his vocation seriously. Rajiv's poetry is not divorced from contemporary problems and reality. K. N. Daruwalla commented on Indian English Poetry that:

What Indian Poetry needed was someone whose writing approximated to the demand of the present day world, who could bring into play a modern sensibility in confronting the confusion, bewilderment and disillusion of the times, someone who could transfer poetry from its bucolic habitat to an urban one, dump archaisms and the monotonous, jangling rhyme schemes of the earlier poets and adopt a form which could adequately display the subtle modulations of pace and the strength and sinews of free verse.

Rajiv Khandelwal makes his poetry remarkable for fecundity, experimentation and vivid presentation of contemporary reality and consciousness. The poet initiates the collection with a 'Petition' to God 'requesting a stay order/on the cancer gnawing away' his 'vitals'. He finds the petition rejected and he wishes his dear one to be close to him, establishing the importance of relationship enveloped with faith and joy that revitalize at any point of time. He utters:

Bring faith and joy
As I wait
Hot, wet and not weary
To give you pleasures
Beyond measures

Come before the glass hour sands drop down

In a simple and majestic tone the poet presents his experiences and emotions. He connects to the reader through his thematic variety and subtle modulation of pace. The poem 'Misery' is worth-reading to find it right:

I will not
Parade
Glorify
Flaunt
The image-logged bare bones
For the benefit of oglers

But keep the pin-up memory
The pleasure-scapes
Pickled

Distant, yet reachable
Unattainable, yet available
Luxuriating
In the poignant beauty
Of spiced bleeding pores
Iced
To total happiness.

Rajiv Khandelwal is much concerned with the unprivileged lot of the society. There are several poems in the collection dedicated to the plight of the down trodden or the marginals. He puts his feelings for them in these words:

We the poorest of the poor
With chronic and dire economic needs
Are the debt-bonded-laborers
Living with insecurity and incomes crunched.
...
Vulnerable
Voiceless
Denied of human rights
We live a life of callous bondage
Without pipe dreams of deliverance.

The poet does not pass things unnoticed and he is observant of the life of common folk. He exhibits his observational acumen and portrayal skill with nice verbal

formations which are both evocative and suggestive. In the title poem 'Dwelling with Denial' he points out at economic injustice, social inequalities, exploitation and pitiable plight of the marginalized lot. He lends voice to their cause saying:

Generations have carried
In supervised submissive silence

The burden of economic echoes
Taken in lieu
Of social obligations
Generated for occasions
Like weddings
Births
Medical bills
Deaths
Religious meals.

...
Bias and rejection
Have corroborated
To assure, we
The doubly disadvantaged
Be destined to dwell with denial.

Poet Khandelwal at many times describes the phenomena of events and his experiences graphically. His English language produces audio-visual images which obviously brings forth the poet's command over language and the montage technique. He has added a new dimension to the theme of love exploring with robust tenderness the intricacies of human relationships. In the poem 'Love-A Fatigue' he ends as such:

She caresses hair
And leaves

Leaving me
Camped alone

With the feel
Of her balmy breath on my nape
The comforting soft moist peck on cheek.

'The Visitation' is a marvelous poem that reflects the poet's contemplation. He suggests the evolution of poetry here in a majestic and philosophical manner. He says:

When words
Swirling in shadows

Seethe with helpless abandon
Dip coated in pain
...
Then and only then
The thunderously pounding poetry
Spins away into misty cosmos.

The poet has devoted ten poems in this collection to explore the process, mood, technique, constituents and claims of a good poem and poet. This exhibits his passion towards the art of poetry and his love for creative writings. He draws the reader to the inner world of his own making.

Khandelwal is a prolific poet with commendable capacity to mould the language like clay to suit his intent of expression. His vocabulary is of words in use which reflects contemporaneity. His words become concepts and symbols which are indicators of his maturity as a poet. This volume of poems exhibits Khandelwal's qualities of clarity, lucidity, coherence and evocativeness. Prof. Sanjukta Dasgupta in the Preface to the book has rightly observed that the volume 'impresses without purposely trying to impress'.

Rajiv Khandelwal's *Dwelling with Denial* evinces his greater poetic skills and perfection both in terms of poetic vision and craftsmanship. He is sensible to contemporary reality and exposes the social disparities and utter apathy to public welfare as well. He explores the uncertainties of life and celebrates love and relationships. Khandelwal as a poet is precise, lucid and pointed. The *Dwelling with Denial* has proved the poet's admirable poetic skills through which he communicates at ease

without lapsing into incoherence and meaninglessness. It is notable that Rajiv Khandelwal's poetry would take significant space in the arena of Indian English Poetry with great comprehensiveness.

CONTRIBUTORS

1. **Anna Banasiak**, poet, writer, occupational therapist. Her poems have been published in USA, UK, Australia, Canada, India, Africa, Japan, China, Cuba, Israel. She has won many poetry competitions. She loves helping people through art therapy. Email: banama7@wp.pl
2. **Arno Bohlmeijer**, humble winner of a PEN America Grant 2021, poet and novelist, writing in English and Dutch, published in six countries – US: Houghton Mifflin, two dozen renowned Reviews and Journals, 2019 – 2023, and in *Universal Oneness: An Anthology of Magnum Opus Poems* from around the World, 2019. www.arnobohlmeijer.com
3. **Avdhesh Jha**, an author, poet, teacher and observer, is professor and principal, Waymade College of Education and Dean, Faculty of Education, CVM University, Vallabh Vidyanagar, Gujarat. He is doctorate in Education and Post Graduate in Mathematics & Education, with 20 years of rich and varied experience in Education industry. He has guided, mentored and supervised numerous research scholars. He is founder and chief editor of 'Voice of Research' – a journal in social science, humanities and technology. He has got nine books published on various subjects, through reputed national and international publishers in Hindi, Gujarati and English. He has so far published about 27 research papers and research articles with national and international journals. He has presented about 25 papers at international, national and state level conference/seminars. He has delivered more than 20 lectures abroad as an invited guest, and more than 70 lectures at international, national, state level conferences,

seminars, workshops etc. He is awarded with CHAROTTAR GAURAV, BHARAT EXCELLENCE.

4. **Ben Nardolilli** currently an MFA candidate at Long Island University. His work has appeared in Perigee Magazine, Red Fez, Danse Macabre, The 22 Magazine, Quail Bell Magazine, Elimae, The Northampton Review, Local Train Magazine, The Minetta Review, and Yes Poetry. He blogs at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is trying to publish his novels.
5. **Daniel Thomas Moran**, born in New York City in 1957, is the author of fourteen collections of poetry. “In the Kingdom of Autumn”, was published by Salmon Poetry in Ireland in 2020, who also published his previous collection, “A Shed for Wood” in 2014. His “Looking for the Uncertain Past was published by Poetry Salzburg in 2005. He has had some four hundred poems published in close to twenty different countries. In 2005, he was appointed Poet Laureate by The Legislature of Suffolk County, New York. His collected papers are being archived by The Dept. of Special Collections at Stony Brook University. He is a retired Clinical Assistant Professor from Boston University’s School of Dental Medicine, where he delivered the Commencement Address in 2011. He is Arts Editor for The Humanist magazine in Washington, DC. He and his wife Karen live in Webster, New Hampshire.
6. **E. Martin Pedersen**, originally from San Francisco, has lived for over forty years in eastern Sicily, where he taught English at the local university. His poetry appeared most recently in Avatar Review, Canyon Voices, Slab, SurVision, and Helix Literary Magazine, among others. Martin is an alumnus of the Community of Writers. He has published two collections of haiku, *Bitter Pills* and *Smart Pills*, and a chapbook, *Exile’s Choice*, from Kelsay Books. A full collection, *Method & Madness*, is forthcoming from Odyssey Press. Martin’s poem,

“Gull Eggs,” was nominated by Flapper Press for the Best of the Net Award 2023.

7. **Frank William Finney** is the author of *The Folding of the Wings* (Finishing Line Press, 2022). He is a retired lecturer who taught Literature at Thammasat University in Thailand from 1995 until 2020. Some of his recent work can be found in *Briefly Write*, *Capsule Stories*, *Fresh Words*, and elsewhere.
8. **Gary Beck** has spent most of his adult life as a theater director and worked as an art dealer when he couldn't earn a living in the theater. He has also been a tennis pro, a ditch digger and a salvage diver. His original plays and translations of Moliere, Aristophanes and Sophocles have been produced Off Broadway. His poetry, fiction and essays have appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and his published books include 36 poetry collections, 14 novels, 4 short story collections, 1 collection of essays and 7 books of plays. Gary lives in New York City.
9. **Gerard Sarnat** has been nominated for the pending 2022 Science Fiction Poetry Association Dwarf Star Award, won San Francisco Poetry's 2020 Contest, the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for handfults of 2021 and previous Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. He is a Harvard College and Medical School-trained physician who's built and staffed clinics for the marginalized as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. Currently he is devoting energy/resources to deal with climate justice, and serves on Climate Action Now's board. Gerry's been married since 1969 with progeny consisting of four collections (*Homeless Chronicles: From Abraham To Burning Man*, *Disputes*, *17s*, *Melting the Ice King*) plus three kids/ six grandsons – and is looking forward to potential future granddaughters.

10. **James G. Piatt** is a twice Best of Net nominee and four times Pushcart nominee. He has had five poetry books, *The Silent Pond*, *Ancient Rhythms*, *LIGHT*, *Solace Between the Lines*, and *Serenity*, over 1750 poems, five novels, and thirty-five short stories published in scores of national and international magazines, anthologies and books. He earned his doctorate from BYU, and his BS and MA from California State Polytechnic University, SLO. He lives in Santa Ynez, California, USA, with his wife Sandy and a pup named Scout.
11. **James Wm. Chichetto** is a priest-scholar and professor of Communications at Stonehill College, North Easton, Massachusetts, USA. He has been published over 300 times and is the author of 9 books of poetry. The publication of his work has been aided by NEA and NEH grants as well as by other academic and literary stipends.
12. **Jevin Lee Albuquerque** grew up in California, on the local pier in Santa Cruz, fishing for striped bass. He evolved into a fly fisherman, obsessed with trout and steelhead. In a former life, he was a professional soccer player. He has a degree in Latin American Studies from UCLA. His work has appeared in numerous literary journals, including *Catamaran Literary Reader*, *Confrontation Magazine*, and *Universal Oneness – Poetry Anthology* (Authorspress, New Delhi, India, 2020).
13. **Joan McNerney's** poetry is found in many literary magazines such as *Seven Circle Press*, *Dinner with the Muse*, *Poet Warriors*, *Blueline*, and *Halcyon Days*. Four *Bright Hills Press Anthologies*, several *Poppy Road Journals*, and numerous *Poets' Espresso Reviews* have accepted her work. She has four Best of the Net nominations. Her latest title is *At Work* available on Amazon.com and Cyberwit.net
14. **John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Sheepshead Review*, *Stand*, *Washington Square*

Review and Floyd County Moonshine. Latest books, “Covert” “Memory Outside the Head” and “Guest Of Myself” are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the McNeese Review, Santa Fe Literary Review and Open Ceilings.

15. **Katta Rajamouly**, Professor and Head, Department of English (S.H), Ganapathy Engineering College, Warangal has 54 books of all genres and 295 articles, poems, stories, and translations to his credit.
16. **Laraine Kentridge Lasdon** attended the University of the Witwatersrand in South Africa. She studied drama, dance and music in London and pursued writing poetry. Ms. Kentridge hosts a Poetry group in Austin, Texas. A second Collection of her work is underway. Her work was featured in the Blue Hole Anthology, Texas. She was awarded a prize for her work by The Austin Poetry Society and was selected for a reading of her work for the Dripping Springs Library Poetry organization. She studied with acclaimed author and Poet Daniel B. Levin, Los Angeles.
17. **Manoj K Pathak**, Assistant Professor of English, and Multilingual Poet-Critic, Jamshedpur, Jharkhand.
18. **Michael Lee Johnson** lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era. Today he is a poet in the greater Chicagoland area, IL. He has 275 YouTube poetry videos. Michael Lee Johnson is an internationally published poet in 44 countries, has several published poetry books, has been nominated for 6 Pushcart Prize awards, and 6 Best of the Net nominations. He is editor-in-chief of 3 poetry anthologies, all available on Amazon, and has several poetry books and chapbooks. He has over 453 published poems. Michael is the administrator of 6 Facebook Poetry groups.
19. **Ngo Binh Anh Khoa** is a teacher of English in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam. In his free time, he enjoys daydreaming and

writing speculative poetry for entertainment. His poems have appeared in Weirdbook, Star*Line, Spectral Realms, and other venues. He can be found on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/khoa.ngo.5059/>.

20. **Philip Hammial**, originally from Detroit, has been living in Australia since 1972. He has had 37 poetry collections published.
21. **Pooja Sharma** teaches English Literature at Shaheed Bhagat Singh Evening College, University of Delhi, New Delhi. Her experience spans media and academia. She started as a journalist and worked for over twelve years with reputed media organisations including Hindustan Times, The Indian Express and The Asian Age. She has co-authored a work of historical fiction titled 'Of Things Lost and Never Found' published in 2019. Her poems have been published in anthologies and literary magazines like *The Kali Project*, *YAWP – The Little Magazine*, and *Insulatus*, among others. She can be reached at ps.poojasharma@gmail.com
22. **Prakash Joshi** has retired as the Dean of Gurukul Group of Educational Institutions, Ghatkopar, Mumbai affiliated to Mumbai University. He has six novels, four poetry collections, several literary and socio-cultural articles to his credit. He is the recipient of many awards like Best Teacher Award, Best Short Story Writer Award, International Poets Award, Best Educationist Award, Raju Gandhi Shiromani Award, Glory of Education Excellence Award, The Best Editorship Award. He is Editor-in-Chief of New Literary Horizons (A Peer-Reviewed International Biannual Journal of Critical & Creative Writing in English) published by AUTHORS PRESS, New Delhi.
23. **Rajiv Khandelwal** is an Electrical Engineer by education and is now a business man by profession. Rajiv Khandelwal has published 4 volumes of Poetry – “Conch Shells and Cowries”

– published in 1998, “Love is a Lot of Work” and “A Monument to Pigeons” both published in 2013. 4th poetry volume titled “A Time to Forget” – published 2017. Rajiv has been awarded “Literary Creative Award” by Naji Naaman’s Foundation for Gratis Culture, of Lebanon in which the Foundation had 2371 participants in their 2018 competition, from sixty six countries and has declared/rewarded 64 prize winners. Rajiv is one of the prize winners. <http://yourproductfinder.com>

24. **René van der Klooster** is multifaceted. Besides an author of prose, poetry and plays (in Dutch and English), he practices visual arts, including drawing, painting and sculpting, moreover, formerly he worked as an architect and in that capacity he is designing lamps. The writing and the arts originate from a vast dream world, a certain grip on the subconsciousness and mystical experiences. His recently published book *Bimetal1* is a collage of literature and visual arts. Contact: renevanderklooster@kpnmail.nl Visit: rvdkartanddesign.com
25. **Ritiksha Sharma** is based in India and holds a Master of Arts in History from the University of Delhi. Her interests include mental representations and metaphors, colonial psychiatry in the Indian Subcontinent, noir, cemeteries and piano music. She likes to write and make digital illustrations of alienoids. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Indian Review*, *Anti-Heroin Chic*, *Uppagus*, *Chrome Baby*, *Penumbric*, *The Collidescope* and *Illustrated Worlds*.
26. **S L Peeran** (b 1950) has completed Seventeen volumes of poems in English besides works in prose, short stories and books on Sufism and Sufi Wisdom. Peeran’s works have been favorably reviewed by many Poet Critics. He has won Literary Prize 2017 of ‘Naji Naaman’ of Lebanon besides many in India. His work is well received and reviewed in

India and abroad. He can be reached @ slpeeran@gmail.com
Visit www.slpeeran.com to read all his works.

27. **Scott Thomas Outlar** is originally from Atlanta, Georgia. He now lives and writes in Frederick, Maryland. He is the author of seven books. His work has been nominated multiple times for both the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. He guest-edited the Hope Anthology of Poetry from CultureCult Press as well as the 2019-2023 Western Voices editions of Setu Mag. He has been a weekly contributor at Dissident Voice for the past eight and a half years. Selections of his poetry have been translated into Afrikaans, Albanian, Azerbaijani, Bengali, Cherokee, Dutch, French, Hindi, Italian, Kurdish, Malayalam, Persian, Serbian, and Spanish. More about Outlar's work can be found at 17Numa.com.

GJPP



AUTHORS PRESS
Publishers of Creative & Scholarly Books



VerbalART

A Global Journal Devoted to
POETS AND POETRY

A Peer-Reviewed Print Journal

ISSN 2347-632X

Volume - 6, Issue - 2 | Oct – Dec 2022

Statement of ownership and other particulars about GJPP

Place of Publication	:	Q-2A, Hauz Khas Enclave, Annexe Block, First Floor, New Delhi - 110 016 India
Periodicity of Publication	:	Bi-annual
Printed by	:	Authorspress
Published by	:	Authorspress
Chief Editor	:	Dr. Vivekanand Jha
Nationality	:	Indian
Managing Editor	:	Mr. Sudarshan Kcherry
Address	:	Authorspress, Q-2A, Hauz Khas Enclave, Annexe Block, First Floor, New Delhi - 110 016 (India)
Website	:	www.verbalart.in www.authorspressbooks.com
Email	:	editor@phenomenalliterature.com editor@verbalart.in

Queries regarding subscriptions and any financial matters should be addressed to
authorspressgroup@gmail.com