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# VerbalART

A Global Journal Devoted to  
**POETS AND POETRY**

# GJPP

A Peer-Reviewed Print Journal

**Vol.-4, Issue-1 | Apr-June - 2020**

Chief Editor:

**Dr VIVEKANAND JHA**

Associate Editor:

**Dr RAJNISH MISHRA**

Review Editor:

**Dr CHANDRA SHEKHAR DUBEY**

Assistant Editor:

**Prof. SHASHANK NADKARNI**



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**VERBALART**

*A Global Journal Devoted to Poets and Poetry*

A Peer-Reviewed Print Journal

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## POETRY

ANJANA NAIR

### Madwoman

I untangle my wayward locks  
Lustily courting its many lovers  
Entwined in meshes of filth and earth  
Filtering the smoke and dirt of the city  
Flies squat around me in awe  
I part with them my food and time  
They come in droves  
They lick my body  
They warm me

People swarm my courtyard  
Blocking my view  
They hustle and bustle  
They hop and horn  
They abuse my space and peace  
I rant in vain

I look through them  
Far and Beyond  
I see the sun, the moon and the stars  
I see the open skies  
I hear the music  
I dance in circles  
In harmony with earth,  
We move round and round the sun



I party with dogs at night  
We howl and whistle  
We rummage the bins  
That overflow with food, and what not  
We drink from water holes  
Strewn across the streets  
I adorn my bare skin  
With layers of plastics and papers

I sleep on the earth  
Under the dim lit skies  
The City's child  
That is what I am  
Born here  
To be dead here

I am invisible  
To the government  
I don't vote  
I drench in the rain  
of anonymity  
But I am still here  
Looking at you  
With eyes that glow in the dark.

## **ANJANA NAIR**

### **Bitter old Man**

Brown was his sheet  
Not with dirt, not by choice  
But by chance  
Brown, the colour of the outcast  
The colour of the misfit

He sat on it  
Holding his equine frame upright  
A solitary soldier  
Wounded and still fighting

Pills went into his mouth  
Red, green and yellow  
No teeth to guard  
Words from him knew no hurdles  
They flew criss-cross  
Killing a few  
Maiming the rest  
Striking new combats

Old stories became repetitive  
Specifics were never constant  
Change was his normal  
Life was always in rewind  
Played in loops

Fading memories were his trusted comrades  
As friends fell out, family outgrew him.  
He held onto his past tight  
Future was not that far away  
His vision was clear  
A distant land that beckons, and frightens him  
Time, time is all that he has left

**AVDHESH JHA****The Endless *And*...**

The unending *and* seems to end somewhere  
And thus the endless *and* ends with an *and*.  
Although the *and* seems to end but  
As a matter of fact, there is hardly any end to the *and*.

With the life, enters the *and*, and the *and* joins to previous *and*,  
Each *and* adds to the life, each *and* adds to the strife of life,  
Each *and* adds, Each *and* multiplies; it nurtures and nourishes  
the *and*  
And thus, each *and* adds to the *and* to turn it an endless *and*.

The simple and the humble *and*, the said conjunction,  
With the *and* turns the simple sentence compound  
Like the sentences, How if the *and* between the two hearts  
Simply served to convert the two hearts one.

Adding to the *and*, Life, with the death seems to come to an end  
It seems, as if, the *and* comes to an end, But life is a cycle,  
Life and death, with an *and* follow each other, The cycle  
thus obsoletes the end and turns the *and* an endless *and*...

**AVDHESH JHA**

## **The Blank Page**

What to describe? How to describe this page?  
I wonder, if I know even about my age?  
Whether from top or towards bottom, Left or right,  
I am lucky, I am merely a blank page.

Deep relations and gender were imprinted on birth page,  
Whereas lessons of limitations were given on the family page.  
Caste and customs were added by neighbourhood page,  
How pity, distinction and discrimination was added in school  
page.

Gender sensitivity was added on adolescence page,  
Selfishness with so called maturity was added on youth page,  
Jealousy in the name of competition was added on education  
page,  
How pity, it added to enmity on the innocence page.

With many imprints, each page added to turn to a book,  
How pity! With astray addition, each page was just a rage.  
Without any light, without any depth, with lot of ambiguity...  
It's pity! The imprinted book until the end remained a blank  
page.

## **AVDHESH JHA**

### **Fascination**

I know not what happened to me  
But certainly, something happened to me  
The nature remains the same unchanged  
However, I could feel, how it has changed?

All the time, I disliked the droplets the most  
But today I like the monsoon and the bough  
The roads which were untrodden for me before  
Turned popular and least hidden with me now.

The talks I disliked, attract me the most now  
The flowers I ever cared, attract my attention now  
What more I love to see myself more in mirror  
And I await the phone call that has yet not come.

Lost am I, although always in group  
Thoughtful am I, although for no reason  
Whether in solitude or joy, if it is about you,  
Today I like to think a little more.

With this more, I am fascinated and shy  
What more, I started counting million stars in sky  
I am fascinated, exotic and erotic with your thought  
To be true, your presence makes me feel my beats.

Although away, I feel the company, I enjoy the company  
I guess, I found someone, someone to stay in my heart  
Someone to feel and someone to rule my heart  
Rather I think, I found a heart to rule the heart.

Till now I ruled the world, my illusive world  
It was an illusion and now I know the rule  
Now my world has changed and now I know  
If only you are in love, you love to be ruled than to rule.

**BARBARA BRIGGS**

**My Life but an Echo**

my life  
but an echo  
echoing out of stillness  
shimmering in a sky  
dotted with innumerable stars  
my life  
a small light  
on a horizon washed with gold  
I come from amidst the waves  
washed ashore  
unremembered  
naked  
to begin again to be born  
and you find me  
covering my nakedness  
with a veil of dreams  
silken iridescent is thy veil  
and through its wafting fibres  
I behold the sun



## **BARBARA BRIGGS**

### **A Hundred Violins**

when last I saw you  
I heard the music of a hundred violins  
ascending in the evening air  
amidst the endless splashing of the rain  
that filled the night with a gentle light  
that seemed to bid us  
weep no more  
and as the years have come and gone  
since that fatal day  
with the onward march of time  
has grown the vision of eternity  
and when amidst the star-filled nights  
I seek the brightness of your eyes  
the tender touch of God reveals  
Thy hidden light is everywhere

## **BISHNUPADA RAY**

### **Writing**

the sky falls into halves  
days pass into nights  
nights pass into days  
the waxing and the waning  
of my brain  
write ebb and flow  
on the shoreline sheet  
and pin it to time  
for the time being  
it appears harmless  
but from a later perspective  
it looks so callow  
that the fire wants to burn it  
the air wants to blow the ashes  
into the ocean  
so that no memorial is held  
and no pilgrimage is made  
only the earth hides the pain  
in some buried vault of guilt.

## **BISHNUPADA RAY**

### **Mutant**

a moment of dangerous living  
has altered the gene and taste  
my head is full of caffeine  
sleep-deprivation has led me  
to a world of toxins  
gathered at the spine of sins  
my craving for soft flesh  
rounded and rhythmic tunnel  
is my discovery of a worm hole  
I use the thrust of soft clay  
to reach to some outer space  
of pitch black darkness  
where the alien inside me  
wiggles out like my progeny.

## DESPY BOUTRIS

### On Overcoming Gamophobia

Since your silence scares me, be road kill,  
be oil spill, be the elevator that stalled

on its way down. Let me learn to love  
the quiet; let's learn to speak without noise.

And since I despise tight spaces, locked  
doors, uncertainty: lock us in a room in the dark,

or in a storm shelter – love, take me  
subterranean and then *take me*, let me

take you. You know odd numbers make me  
nervous, so how about I ghost the five fingers

of my left hand over all seven bones of your neck?  
If I'm bonnet, be breeze and blow me

away. But take me with you. If I'm blind,  
be shuddering breath, be the sound you make

when I touch your chest. If I'm oak, be Spanish  
moss so we can grow together, so I can grow

rings to give you, so you can wrap yourself  
around me. If I'm weed, be gardener

and uproot me. If I'm week, be-*end*  
so we can spend Sunday morning in bed,

so we can bake bread. If I'm night,  
be nightlight so I can find you in the dark.

If I'm crocus, be rainfall, be honeybee  
and, honey, come be with me.

(first published in *Byzantium*)

**DESPY BOUTRIS****April Morning with Cicadasong**

And still I'm traipsing through the fields  
of wildflowers and grass and foxtails. Beyond  
these fields are more fields and then more  
and then the cloudless sky. Bees hovering  
around coral-colored blooms, I make my way  
to the river, crowned in clovers and briars,  
hair more nest than hair, knees stained red  
with scars. Pluck a peach from the tree rimming  
someone's property and pulse it in my hand,  
inhale the scent of its skin. I'm no good  
at girlhood – worse yet at being good.  
Above, the moon swells in blue skies  
and the cicadas keep screaming.

(first published in *The Berkeley Times*)

## **DJ TYRER**

### **The Herd**

Heavy horned heads  
Face outwards  
The petals of a flower  
Built of flesh and bone  
Alone even such great beasts  
Make for easy prey  
Outmanoeuvred, wearied, worn down  
Yet together they stand resolute  
The strong embolden the weak  
And the strong are strengthened  
While the young, the sick, the old  
Shelter at the flower's heart  
Safe and secure  
A precious treasure  
Sheltered from the vicious storm

## **DJ TYRER**

### **Without You**

Without you, I feel so alone  
Your presence is my life's warp and weft  
How can I ever reconcile this  
Without you I am utterly bereft  
Your love is something I've never known  
Something I must do without  
Your presence I so sorely miss  
My love for you I long to shout  
But my heart demands I stay silent  
Our love is clearly just not meant



## **DS MAOLALAI**

### **Rainstorms in Autumn**

leaves on the window  
colour our light  
as if life lived inside  
of old teapots. rainstorms in autumn  
burn brown like cold toast  
forgotten while you mixed up  
your coffee. on the pavement  
drops prickle, landing with sharpness  
and the violence of broken  
umbrellas. people rush home  
and the sky, foxy red,  
rumbles with caution,  
the incipient betrayal  
of a leg  
pressed against  
the horizon.

**DS MAOLALAI****The City Turns Over**

like dropping a bowl  
stew. life spills, stains everything  
and mobs with ragging  
seagulls.  
hands in my pockets,

I walk past bars  
and clusters of cigarettes  
glowing like roses.  
someone lights a cigarette  
cupped in his hand –  
he looks so stylish  
that I wish I hadn't  
stopped. the mind falls apart  
like bricks in a collapsing building

and now I'm the city, and buildings  
in collapse. I am the lights  
crawled out of open  
windows. the river  
rolling forward, steady as the growth

of grass. I am plastic bags  
being torn apart by foxes.  
old chip wrappers.  
bits of bottles  
and the ends  
of cigarettes.  
I am crumbs  
of drunken vomit  
being snuffed at by pigeons.

## **EDWARD AHERN**

### **End of Season, Provincetown**

The mingled clumps of gays and straights  
bustling after experiences and vistas  
surged back to winter harbors.  
Artists and merchants tallied the season  
and retreated with the ebb of tourists.  
Provincetown drained to standing water.

With the transient flood receded,  
winter life was again visible,  
streets thinly populated by dowdier locals  
nourished by the summer leavings,  
but content that for half a year  
they would know everyone they met.

## **EDWARD AHERN**

### **Visit to an Unmarked Grave**

A while ago this friend died alone.  
Maybe drunk, maybe deliberately.  
No one visited him for three weeks,  
so he rotted on a sofa.

We shared a secretive calling,  
close friends and interests  
and a serious dependency,  
but not his dying.

His lived distantly enough  
from my life that I doled out  
help and companionship  
as the occasions arose.

At the end, he'd run out of  
money, health and work.  
Unable to remake his life,  
he brought it to a close.

His sister said good riddance  
and his debtors complained,  
but we few knew the man  
inside the flaws and mourned.

## **FABIYAS M V**

### **The Old Steps leading to my Ancestral Home**

After the wedding ceremony,  
she walked up the steps,  
hand in hand,  
with specks of shyness.

My grandma,  
even her home too,  
disappeared in the time bin.  
Only those concrete steps  
remain.  
Shrubs have sealed the footprints.  
A kingfisher feather  
and a broken snake eggshell  
lie among the dried leaves.

Has her soul been recycled  
and reinstalled in some infant  
somewhere?  
Or does she wake up  
and climb these steps  
in the dream-light?  
These questions bear fanciful beauty.  
But what kept her serene,  
even when the death rattle echoed,  
is her belief  
that all will be gathered again.

## FABIYAS M V

### Brown Dog

He's a brown dog conditioned  
in chains.  
He lives with a castrated desire.

His urges are groomed. To be  
gentle, he  
must be docile. His fangs sink

into the flesh in a red China  
plate. He  
sucks on a daydream. Fetters

are unfastened in the dark.  
Yet he  
can't chase that street bitch.

There's an ID tag attached to  
his neck.  
Sincerity is a strain. Even a

Norway rat scratches his sleep.  
He can  
lunge, snarl, yap, and is proud

of his vigour. But all are transient  
illusions. His  
hind legs swell horribly. A vet

diagnoses an incurable fate.  
Heart-worms of  
despair spread in rapidly.

Master shuts gate on his face,  
not paying  
any gratuity. Wisdom eyes

open in his sultry brain.  
Whining is  
in vain before iron bars.

He deciphers nonsensical  
side of  
barking. Dropping past litter

in the doghouse, he limps  
away through  
experience like an ascetic.

**FRANCIS H POWELL****Latent**

Clear a passage in the sand  
Cast away all those latent cries  
That lie embedded in your unconscious  
Then swim away, far from the jaws that tighten  
For these are terrible times we live in  
Such an ugly era for a child to be born into  
And hope lies strewn on the sea shore  
And toxic winds batter innocent flesh  
And those who are not cursed or afflicted  
Wrestle with a life so desperate  
As the wheels of industry grind on  
A vulgar song is chanted in the distance  
A ripe cheery is fresh to be picked  
But nothing is ripe nor edible  
In this garden of corrosion and decline.



## **FRANCIS H POWELL**

### **Slabs of Bread**

Mixed in with poverty  
The wisdom of ages, with the mind of fools  
Torment alongside ecstatic joy  
Thunder compared to the silence of deep contemplation  
A rugged terrain against undulating hillside  
An outsider compared to an admired member of society  
A complex character compared  
opposed to someone simple and straight forward  
Discordant harsh sounds juxtaposed  
against the voice of an angel.  
Heavy feet pounding the pavement  
or just tip toeing as gently  
as a thief in the night

**FRANCIS H POWELL**

**The Blind Leading the Blind**

If you scrape at the truth  
What do you find?  
The blind leading the blind  
You didn't say your name  
Or where you come from  
But there's thunder in this tranquility  
What is your testimony  
What can you say in your defense?  
Speak now and all will be told

## GARY LANGFORD

### A Poet I Know

I find a page on your son's death,  
left for me in coffee clouds,  
a single pen draft, no punctuation.

I encourage you to be his voice,  
his presence as a rising star  
in your night sky, to never age.

He appears in your next book,  
burial on a 21<sup>st</sup> is in the last verse.  
A tape plays him singing his own song.

You film this as a short movie,  
*My Son's Story*, edited for an even frame,  
a figure running down a ghostly driveway.

To be gathered in the 13<sup>th</sup> line.  
Sales are low; you stay in bed.  
Judges glow in a small shed.

I engineer you as an abandoned idea.  
Don't despair, poets float in air.  
Your other children hold you in care.

*Ephemeron* is my painting in the lounge.  
You don't recognize the peach, yet smile.  
A giant bird's droppings fall on the shed.

## GARY LANGFORD

### Old Red

*Skin opens as a soft symphony.  
You wake up to talk tenderly.  
Drink the year away calls Old Red.*

The ship sails out of apartments into rough seas.  
We wait for the script we want, yet seldom receive.  
My aunt is as testy as a thought; owl on the scowl.

I am writing her novel on recycled paper-plastic.  
She smiles on page 2, as if the character isn't her,  
too much optimism; comedy as light chocolates.

She sails inner city streets in unbalanced currents.  
For a time she is our favourite, and bows.  
Audiences shout and applaud as words rain down.

We are tuned in every breath we take.  
Haven't we heard this before?  
Memory-scape has its own exams; its own degrees.

Aunty Red glows; nose as bright as a button.  
She's called a hero. I ask what for?  
A red light, it's not your bees-wax, boy.

I don't say, witty alliteration, as that is a bullet,  
and she has a cock gun in her purse.  
She believes men seldom leave the trenches.

I'm the ships writer; the physicist; the philosopher.  
She enjoys being partly deaf. You're fall of it all right.  
Sadly, my language isn't even toilet paper.

*Drink the year away, calls Old Red.*  
*Remembered in the pub by Finch and Sparrow.*  
*My voice is an empty glass that doesn't last.*

**GARY LANGFORD****Singer**

I am told to sing softly in case the world awakens.  
Sanity worries my family more than poverty.  
Madness runs along the ancestral river,  
bikes without wheels; and second hand cars.

My lyrics grow before me in the body factory.  
Owners give me out, doubt before wicket.  
They step on my songs without a foot wrong.  
Horror is discovering I still sing, wordless!

I come in from the cold to talk to you.  
To say dreams are absurdist in ghostly residue.  
Don't worry if you can't read the shopping list.  
Walk through the swamp on a narrow line.

I sing to you in my musicals, *o sweetheart,*  
*we open each other's heart without string,*  
*calling this the birth and feel of spring.*  
I cast you in the part that calls out to you.

Only I see childhood along the throat line.  
Only a small doll haunts you, even at school.  
It's just a doll, I say, to be disembodied.  
This is your period of the God.

My musical is purged in the wilderness.  
Religion replaces drugs to be a drug.  
I wait out on the boundary. Books gather.  
I walk along the hardboard as my shot.

## GARY LANGFORD

### Comedian

We have our own country and customs call-ups.  
They are delivered when we least expect them.  
Education is accidental, laced in its own storage box,  
like hopeful children, like foreign forgetfulness.  
Where you live, what you say, worry clouds grow.

Does it help to have a leading role in the play?  
Careers take off from seeds of accidental promises.  
You are the model of fanciful clothing.  
Those around you offer cups of acquiescent succulence.  
Drink each one as a favourite wine. And do not whine.

I direct you in epiphany; beyond rites of passage.  
You need to sail around the world without accident,  
dead fish on a rising sea; along with a psychiatric report  
that portrays you as a level-headed sailor in the tests.  
We're in the harbour on your return, waves of victory.

Heads, I call. Your one headlessly rolls away.  
Changing heads I write you up in a storm.  
Bones are displayed, breaking in tiny effigies.  
Doctor Wistful says, we'll put you together.  
A morning bird calls you to never be old.

My daughter and granddaughters are daffodils.  
They humour me as my brain ware ages.  
I can still drag words out of my dictionary.  
I call them into line. They chuckle. They wheeze.  
I am their comedian with buckled knees.

## HOLLY DAY

### My Cat

In my cat's dreams  
the world is safer, softer, quieter.  
no garbage trucks rumble by at 5 am.,  
no mailman rattles the front door at noon.  
I know this because

when I sleep with my cat  
his paw pressed up against my cheek  
I dream only of quiet things:  
small birds by the feeder, their footprints leaving  
jagged hieroglyphics in the snow  
tiny rabbits chirping in the undergrowth

warm sunshine  
filtered through green summer leaves.



## **HOLLY DAY**

### **Saturday Walk**

The loons have landed at the far end  
of the lake, clumsy and noisy in the shallows.  
The dog pulls at the leash, curious to see  
the giant birds up close.

The water has warmed just enough  
that bubbles flow beneath the ice, great patches  
of dark blue can be seen through the surface. My dog

whines at my insistence that we stick close  
to the shore and off the ice, unaware  
of the onset of spring.

## **ILHEM ISSAOUI**

### **I am an Idiot that Writes**

Yet people read me  
And the more they do  
The more I feel less me  
The more I am exposed to the mundane of their lives  
And made known  
Here to point at  
It is only when I write that I admire me  
Once what I write is written  
I no longer function in the me mode  
I go hide  
Because I hate me

## **JAHNAVI GUPTA**

### **Illusion**

The whole world is an illusion  
Even the time we've spent together  
Sometimes I think,  
About the lost nights we've both loved  
When you and me shared the same cigarette  
With hand in hand  
And slowly let our dark sides be revealed.

You,  
You were the only one who never judged me  
You were the only one who never feared my dark side  
You were the only one in whose arms I showered my tears  
You were the one in whose eyes I saw the galaxies  
And you, o my love  
Were the ones whom I lost.

I had nothing else to lose  
'Cause I didn't have anything.  
You were my only possession  
You were mine.

It's been years since I lost you  
But have I really lost you?  
You said that you will never leave me  
Why did you lie?  
No, that can't be it  
Because you were the only God I ever believed in.

Thousand nights have passed since the last rain  
When you held me so tight that I thought that we will be one  
When I thought that we will never be apart  
When at last I found a meaning to live.

You were the only glooming light on this gloomy soul.  
But again,  
All I have left of you now is an illusion  
Where you hold me when I try to sleep every night  
And long for death.

**JAHNAVI GUPTA**

**Flowers in my Backyard**

I had a garden  
Blessed with the colors  
Of the wondrous rainbow.

I spent hours with them  
Looking and wondering –  
Are they happy?  
The sun shone on them  
But maybe,  
It did not share its happiness.

I walked one day  
Past the silent river  
Which reminded me of lost love.

I never came to the backyard  
Because it was not decorated  
And never had visitors.

Among the wild grass  
Growing like a proud fighter,  
Fighting with the sharp leaf blades  
Grew two adjoined flowers.

I thought  
That I saw marvelous lovers  
Blessed by the Fairy Amoreuse.

They touched the rich walls  
Of my heartless mansion  
But they did not wear  
The painful golden robe.

The sun shone a little on them  
But, look how courageously  
They fought with the darkness.

Unlike the flowers in my garden,  
They were happy  
Blessed by what was eternal.

That day I understood  
That the big, expensive cage  
Does not give the freedom  
Of the unending sky.

**JAMES G. PIATT**

**Winter Has Gone**

A sudden stillness rests upon my mind, as the frailty of  
the newborn season settles into the damp soil and  
green mountains, re-defining time. I feel the soft touch  
of the spring sun as it curves around the edge of  
eternity then circles around my body;  
the warmth calms my mind as winter departs.

**JAMES G. PIATT**

**The Crystal Bell**

I found a crystal bell in a musty drawer, I rang it, no sound emerged, but I was lead to a place in my mind where only memories of the past existed. I gave the bell to a ghost, and when it left, silence curled around the tattered edges of my long lost memories. The noiseless vibrations floated up a flight of steps to an ancient grandfather clock that was soundlessly pealing thirteen hours into the crumbling atmosphere. I saw the ghost sitting in an old rocking chair by the clock. It smiled at me as it rang the inaudible bell again, and I understood.



## **JAMES G. PIATT**

### **Rain & Tears**

I woke up on a rainy morning and saw tears running down a windowsill causing sad memories to mist up the windowpanes. A lone hawk soared high in the air searching for her long lost mate. A mother was silently weeping for her son lost in the war. An old man sat in the midst of his vanishing memories, faded by time. The world spun backwards trying to escape the tarnished moments of a troubled time, and I felt the sorrow of the tears as I wiped away the mist.

**JAMES G. PIATT**

**Summer Day**

The heat of the noonday sun  
Warms the earth while  
Hollyhocks in full bloom  
Shed their colors into the air.  
An old man sits in the  
Shade of a Mimosa tree  
Pondering his vanishing years  
As he watches the flower's  
Colors pulsate in his mind.

## JOSEPH HART

### Empty

To write about the people  
I like to say I knew –  
Who did I know? Any?  
Except their hearts were true.

The singular fidelity  
Discovered in a cat –  
Or write about myself –  
Do I know even that?

Or conjure up a mindless  
Phrase about a tree –  
Or compare a night of slumber  
To a peaceful sea –

## **JOSEPH HART**

### **Madness**

You discover books and think  
Reality is yours  
And paradise, and then you learn  
The writer you liked most  
Went insane or shot himself.  
Paradise collapses.  
It was only words and feelings.  
Words somehow made big  
By genius or by madness.  
And words go silent.

## **JOSEPH HART**

### **While Looking At Bernini**

Maybe art's exhausted.  
Like the dinosaurs, it's gone –  
Sculptors and composers,  
Painters, poets – gone.  
Perhaps as things continue,  
Someday further on  
There'll be another Renaissance,  
New Gods, another dawn.

## **JOSEPH HART**

### **The Future**

Hopefully to see  
A resurrection of old times  
When editors don't vomit  
When they notice something rhymes.

And rhythm's not anathema  
To poetasters hence.  
And poems to be beautiful  
Must at least make sense.

## **KEITH MOUL**

### **Big Leaves**

As principal, this tree stands staunch at the center of my land, with me resisting wind, rot; my native anchor around which I pivot on its symbolic tether, typically confident of a safe return. Seeds flutter down to expand our influence. Each year leaves cascade, always left to gather on receptive ground, imbibing its mold nourishment like grateful miners emerging into a welcoming rush of air to breathe.

Nothing lascivious works here. Thrill of power stands exposed, like a Thomas Jefferson statue, enduring however cold for a yeoman on his land, freely engaged and spreading continental dreams.

## **KEITH MOUL**

### **Enticing the Blind Mind**

Hard wind weakens a resistant mind  
to expect trees' rings laved by tears,  
to compel complete emotional bias  
or collapse dwarfed in their shrieks.

Every day on our land we know truth  
including baneful effects on our lives.  
So we planted a wide ring of saplings,  
then surveyed to build the house 100  
feet to the center, awaiting patiently  
a sturdy congregation of oaken trunks.

But carnage can befall, pile its victims,  
to expose natural predation darkly, as  
if suckered to bad bargains by the Devil.

The trail enticed us, dropped promises,  
“the west,” however undefined, drew us  
far beyond reason, into terrible denial.

Our creed does not admit to greed, nor  
what our discipline calls serendipity,  
what is labeled by some a blind mind.

Lord, my children too stoop to kiss  
this ground; they rely on your mercy  
to thrive, as must the standing trees.  
I know your need, so I beg for them.



## **KEITH MOUL**

### **Prairie Winter**

Winter storms sometimes pass in benign breezes,  
forced east toward the big lakes. Left behind, the  
night accepts a redolent moon and salient snow light.

Will ample snow always fall in maximum moonlight?  
No, such events happen only coincidentally, not cosmic  
returns calculated for millions of years to entertain us.

I watched first for snow light when as a boy my older  
family members counseled to be alert for spirits to pass.

**O.P. SINGH****The Last Remorse**

O my life, what a great eternal sweet spree,  
You always seemed to be,  
But alas, deep below the grassy dust's pile-up,  
Forever interned to be,  
Whence you surged up,  
To be ever-sprung.  
In joyous frolics,  
I passed each moment,  
Never thought for what,  
You were meant,  
Ah, the mock maxims to master your mazy art,  
To which so tenaciously I clung.  
When I breathed my last,  
None of those who loved me always,  
Drenched me with their torrential tributes and tears to mourn,  
Alas, I set forth bone-dry on a solitary voyage,  
Into the distant inane, unknown,  
Without a single dirge sung.  
I take away nothing with me,  
Save a huge dead dreams' cumulus,  
And on my deserted grave,  
I leave behind nothing but a tearless tumulus,  
Ah, ceased the fling that forever I wanted to save,  
And to the absolute naught was my life finally flung.  
Like wood leaves,  
Unknown, unseen, I wither,  
Ah, for a pearly tear,  
On my sepulcher,  
How I ache for an evocative epitaph and a redolent nosegay on  
it here,  
With a parting "miss you" message to it sweetly strung.

**O.P. SINGH**

**The Pet Pup and not so Pet Husband**

My darling, what a hard luck for me and all my ilk,  
Every night a mere pup sleeps on your body, beauteous and  
warm,  
He, wrapped in warm wool and showy silk,  
Happily enjoys all your bodily charm,  
After a sound sleep with you,  
Like a cocooned larvae little,  
In the morning he opens up his eyes and looks at me,  
With a teasing twinkle.  
As soon as he is up,  
He laps all the full-fat milk,  
In a large sterling silver cup,  
And thus energised runs all over my body,  
Even before I am up.  
And I, the so-called boss of our household,  
who got you pup, milk,  
Sterling silver cup,  
And his wear of wool and silk,  
Have to lie lovelorn in the bed,  
Cold without you and sleep all alone,  
And every morning cry,  
At the top of my tone,  
For a mere one china cup of black tea,  
Ah, not your husband but if your pet pup I could be!

**RAJIV KHANDELWAL**

**In Rain Forests**

Smelling of lavender  
She sat close  
Mint tea on her breath, caressing my cheeks  
She sat close to me  
Her hot thigh  
    Pressing into mine

With tilted head  
A hard-core fan's emotional attachment  
She was totally engrossed  
In what I was saying  
    Her expressions communicating  
    I was her "life-world"

With tightened throat  
I was revealing  
That I missed her  
    Like fish missing water

A smile decorating her face  
She softly started speaking:  
That  
I should try missing her  
Like parched earth missing  
    Rain drops  
        In rain forests

It was her first visit  
After her death

And before she could continue

The alarm went off

## **ROGER G. SINGER**

### **Life in 15 Lines**

Discovery of voice  
A print of oneself  
Black and white photos  
The shape of us  
Multiple shades and shadows  
Memory reflections  
Voices in the wall  
Reappearing seasons  
Reality to fiction  
Mirrors mark time  
Searching for the edge  
Discovering the unexpected  
One more length to go  
Prayers answered  
The other side

## **S. RUPSHA MITRA**

### **Ode to the mirror**

Reflecting the world in a  
Glass – a sheen, inside-out  
Rising like a beautiful glimpse,  
A four-corned beauty,  
Charting mysteries written within, inscribed down  
You show what I own.  
My eyes evasive, you take me to the core,  
Mirror mirroring marvels of the soul.

**S. RUPSHA MITRA**

**Moonlit Night**

Moon melts in velour  
Of purple-blue firmament  
Mangata ripples in the lake



## **SANDIP SAHA**

### **A Mermaid Loved me**

I lived in a lonely island  
with animals and birds  
sitting at the sea shore  
listening to waves' roar.

Once a mermaid appeared  
wading through the waves  
she was agile and anxious  
stopped looking at me.

Her face was so beautiful  
a spring of affection  
innocent giggling  
dragged my eyes towards her.

She gradually came nearer  
climbed up to my lap  
caressed my face  
with her petal soft fingers.

Bountiful love from her heart  
pierced through my chest  
I could not talk to her  
nor she could talk to me.

A big wave drenched us  
I enjoyed her honey touch  
she embraced me tight  
tears rolling down her cheeks.

## **SANDIP SAHA**

### **You in me**

If I forget you  
it is my fault  
you cannot forget me  
it is my thought.

If I fail in my duty  
that is my inefficiency  
I can never think of  
any of your deficiency.

If I wander in rain hit road  
without remembering where to go  
you can hardly hate me  
I surely think it so.

If I remain amazed in thinking  
looking at the sky  
do not care for anything  
still you do not cry.

If I look for something  
this world has never got  
you will never rebuke me  
because you want me to get that.

If I do such stupidity  
which causes you pain  
yet I look you smiling  
can you never complain?

Who are you my dear  
always keeping me to your heart  
maybe you are in me  
so you never get hurt.

## **SNEHASISH GHOSH**

### **A Ray of Light**

When you see your future in eclipse,  
When you feel very lonely,  
When there is no light for you to move forward,  
When you begin to wear down,  
When it feels like everything is lost,  
Just believe in yourself,  
And you will see a bright ray of light.

When you are in deep pain,  
When you have no one by your side,  
When you just feel like screaming in the open,  
When you know everything is your fault,  
When you feel like you are done,  
Just have faith in yourself,  
And you will find a bright ray of light.

When you feel completely blank from inside,  
When you know no one is going to support you,  
When you are left with nothing but only tears,  
When you start remaining gloomy,  
When you have no idea of where you are going,  
Just keep only hope in life,  
And you will receive a bright ray of light.

## **SNEHASISH GHOSH**

### **I Wish we Had Never Met**

I wish we had never met,  
For the pain that you gave me  
Is burning my soul,  
Drowning me in doubts,  
Making me struggle,  
Each and every moment of my survival.

I wish we had never met,  
For the sound of your voice  
Is making my eyes wet,  
Pushing me into loneliness,  
Making it hard for me to thrive,  
Each and every moment of my survival.

I wish we had never met,  
For the smile of your face  
Keeps on flashing in front of my eyes,  
Taking my smile with it,  
Making me think of you,  
Each and every day of my survival.

I wish we had never met,  
For the time spent with you,  
Is constantly reminding me of you,  
Frightening me from love,  
Making me feel alone,  
Each and every moment of my survival.

I wish we had never met,  
For You took my heart  
Breaking it into pieces,  
Turning me into a stone,  
Making me heartless,  
Each and every moment of my survival.

I wish we had never met,  
For I can love no one more than you  
Taking all my love,  
Making me a loveless person,  
Making me beg for love,  
Each and every moment of my survival.

## SUMAN SINGH

### A Face

A face lives there upon the wall smudged deep into  
the shadows. It bears no shape, nor any likeness to

anyone I know. Yet night by night it does appear with  
quite a friendly smile. What does it want from

me I ask, some substance or some talk? Or does  
it want to feel the warmth of human touch when cold

the winter blows? It shivers when the wind shifts  
and features spatter walls. The smile turns

over. On moonless nights it disappears to walk the  
night about? Or, does it visit someplace else, where lonely

hands reach out to draw it back onto the wall, a friendly  
smile, to watch and hold and take into their dreams.

## **SUMAN SINGH**

### **Dance Steps**

Time and time and time again  
I've watched the autumn shed its leaves  
to cover all the ground,  
then like the leaves  
I've twirled and swirled  
spun round and round and round:

as I have danced and waltzed away  
the leaves have grown back at my feet.  
and time and time and time again  
I've watched the colours green  
climb back into trees.



## **WILLIAM C. BLOME**

### **The East Wind III**

Why is your smell atop the slight east wind  
that seeps through porch screens in very early  
morning, and why is the touch of your open  
and outfaced palm pushing up from under the air  
mattress I keep trying to pop and explode  
by sinking my teeth into its silvery edges?

How many times do you want me to pretend  
I'm just another stinky, unwashed ventriloquist  
who now and again gives the east wind voice  
to proclaim its sweet, non sequitur mandates?

Oh I certainly don't expect you to sympathize  
with the blinding need for outright cannibalism  
once you have the ovaries to face the hot east  
wind during tomorrow's only noonday hour,  
but I'd be lying like a bastard if I told you any –  
thing other than this: I'm dedicated to making  
you super-tender – and ultra-tasty as hell.

## ARTICLE

FRANCIS H POWELL

### **An Evening Walk during confinement**

Confinement meant many of us lived a lot in our minds. For a period where I live we were restricted to short walks not far from our house. On one such walk I began to create a poem, which reflected my thoughts at the time. Poems can be observations of what we see around us, or what we are feeling at the time, and the confinement period was a strange time.

(Exert from “an Evening Walk”)

A landscape opens out  
Different shades of green  
all to absorb  
as branches fill out  
with shouts of spring  
There is almost deafening  
sound of silence  
just the repetitive strains  
of my dog panting  
as he pulls one way then another  
tracking some indecipherable scent  
as birds make distant calls  
chattering in far off trees  
messages both confusing and bold

An evening walk is a mundane every day event for me, but under lockdown it had a different significance, a connection with normality but at the same time there was the thought I might encounter another person, and in this case would have to be wary. Equally the walk was somewhat eerie, due to the lack of people. The setting is a beautiful landscape, but all seems empty and without signs of life. The poem talks of the sounds I could hear, mostly the panting of my dog and the distant sound of birds. It is a poem about a walk in which I felt lonely.

(excerpt the end of the poem)

The sky is melancholic  
with a sad message to tell  
I pass through the carpet of green  
and arrive back amongst houses  
that look as dead as sleeping giants  
Oh look up there, I spot a light on  
perhaps a parent reading a child  
a bed time story, a precious moment  
drawing a line under the day  
A parent's duties complete  
I am nearly home, more signs of life  
But as we all know we are all know  
we are shut in, and my walk was a brief  
moment of freedom

Where I live it was spring time, a period when our garden begins to thrive, indeed for many it is exciting time of year, but this year it felt different, because we were being restricted. I am lucky enough to have a garden and live not far from some wonderful walks and lockdown this proved essential, to my mental well-being.

In recent years I have mainly focussed on writing short stories and have turned to poetry from time to time. However

during the lockdown poetry seemed to offer up a wonderful outlet for expressing how I was feeling. If I read the poems I wrote during lockdown, sometime in the future they will serve like a diary, offering many memories about the time. So with poetry we can document our lives. Poetry also can be spontaneous whereas with story writing, unless the story is short, it might be written over a period of time and involve creating characters, describing settings, working out how the story will evolve and writing a strong ending. The essence of a poem can be written quickly.

With poetry, (with my work at least) each line has to be crisp and meaningful, the language and tone has to fit and a theme has to run through the poems. Sometimes the poem can have different tones within, some dark parts as well as lighter more frivolous parts. The Evening Walk. is definitely a somewhat sombre poem, but during lockdown I did write more frivolous poetry, I love the work of Dr Seuss, I have read many poems to my son. Poems can reflect the mood we are in and what is going on around us.

Particularly with poetry and sometimes with short stories I sometimes hand write them. If you wake up and have an idea for a poem, circulating in your mind, you feel obliged to write it down otherwise you might forget it or you will lose that special moment. When I finish a poem I read it out loud to see how it flows, to check if any parts make the poem falter or sound clumsy.

Confinement was a strange time but poetry offered a chance for many to express themselves. I would say to anybody, if you have any emotions you need to express, pick up a pen and write a poem.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### 1

#### **Review of Asha Viswas' Poetry Collection, *The Emerald Shores***

**CHANDRA SHEKHAR DUBEY**

Asha Viswas is an eminent academician, a poet gifted with a versatile genius, with diversity of expressions touching upon as many themes as life itself could delineate in variety of thoughts and emotions. Her book "The Emerald Shores" under review, consists of forty poems ranging from themes of love, life, mundane chores to spirituality and cosmic vision. To her poetry is living a dream, a living reality within and beyond. She writes in Preface to this intimate collection of her poems "These poems also present a voyage-both literal and metaphoric, both within and without" (Preface, p9). On the one hand, these poems emerge from intimate lived experiences, spreading different shades of life and locales.

On the other, they reflect a persistent spiritual urge to bind individual with the universal, mundane with the cosmic reality. All these poems evoke emotional and intellectual responses from the readers. Her words create feelings among readers, and there's a rhythm in the words that punctuate pictures, snapshots into the deepest part of a person. All poems in this collection take the readers to a voyage set on a canvas with multiple colours of life, its vignettes with a wealth details recollected in tranquillity and painted with a brush of wisdom and craft.

The first poem in “The Emerald Shores” titled “So Many Regrets” presents a series of pictures with scintillating images celebrating the beauty and splendour of nature and then connecting these to her lonely heart. To her the greatest regret is to get “dislodged from the ventricles of my heart” (p11). The longing of the bird in the lonely sky and its “metamorphosed song in the noisy wind” remind her of human limitations. The little brown boys slipping in different directions symbolize her lost opportunities and joys of childhood. Here poet’s imagination takes the readers to a *deja vu* with romantic landscape. The same imagination is intensely at work in “Another Vignette” creating a world of dream fusing the ethereal with earthly objects with subtle touch of artistic collage. There is symbiotic semblance of all agents of nature; ‘moon glowing on the veins of nature’, ‘trees hovering between day and night’ ‘air full of the moaning of bees’ and spider web holding ‘a heart on a string’ (p12).

These vignettes drawn on her poetic canvas by use of colours show the heightened imagination of a painter who knows his brush and shades of colours. “The Shipwreck at

Night” analogically reveals the mystery of life with river

“The river reveals the true identity  
only at night, the mystery of life  
is revealed at the moment of death”(p 13)

“Silent Communication” is a touching poem celebrating the relationship between a mother and daughter swinging the mood from the romantic landscapes of earlier poems to the deep societal bond where a daughter is nursing her dying old mother. The last lines lucidly and epigrammatically achieve poetic marvel: ‘She seemed like an answer/ To the unuttered cry of my soul’. (p 15)

Asha Viswas' social concerns become more glaring in "My Curses on You". She defies, denounces and condemns the brutal act of violence and rape committed against a woman or a minor girl as monstrous. Her voice grows bolder and tone gets harsher, as she explores the anatomy of this gruesome crime perpetuated into killing. By using literary allusions of Philomela, Perseus and Medusa, the poet makes this poem more effective feministic deliberation in content and tone. She questions such men's identity in the strongest terms:

"Were you really born of a woman?  
Did you really suck your mother's milk?  
If you kill a woman to make her passive,  
If you kill a five or fifty-five-year old woman,  
Do not disrespect the womb from whence you came" (p16).

One is amazed by the biological constructs of these lines to counter the cultural hegemony of patriarchy in terms of oppressive and repressive hypothesis of gender. Undoubtedly, Asha echoes a radical feminist in this very powerful poem. I would love to comment on the language of this poem, in these words of a feminist critic, Monique Witting, "Language casts sheaves of reality upon the social body". The rebellion and reprimand expressed so vociferously seemed to have expressed in a language that unravels the diabolic drives of such persons.

Asha Viswas is not only a perceptive observer of objects in nature but she is equally aware of larger reality of life, situations and circumstances in her surroundings. "A Street Dog" is a telling account of a stray dog and cruelty inflicted on him encapsulating the message for animal love. "A Riot-torn City", "Such a Long Waiting", "That Tuesday" depict a society ridden with violence, terror and sense of insecurity threatening the very institution of society. Riots, crimes and kidnappings, terrorist activities make her painfully aware of meaninglessness of human existence. Here she sounds closer to existential philosophy's theory of absurdity. "That Tuesday" is graphic description of

terrorist attacks on schools resulting in massacre of innocent children in their class rooms. This poem evokes pathos and terror. “A Longing, Sharp As Knife” touches upon existential paradigms of alienation and barrenness. The underlying tone of this poem is gloomy:

“Slowly the house turns into an allegory of words  
Without a future, without a past  
Syllables, and not a trace of you  
I wish the ghosts could sleep forever in peace”(p 24)

The same existential note could be discerned in “An Apparition” where city is a prison, self ‘left alone, in distant, desolate crag’ where the protagonist “carries own bleak inner space” (p25). The sense of loneliness looms large in “A Lonely Tree”

“The shadows of the tree  
Rests in the backyard –  
Loneliness – bleak and nameless,  
Fear howls in the silent house” (p 29).

All these poems have images culled from different locations of India but their thematic patterns weave an ideological and philosophical thought at the centre of which lies the basic philosophy of humanism.

There is another set of poems in this collection which have been structured on pivotal themes of love, longing, faith and myths displaying richness of emotions and human sensibility. Drawn from deeper layers of lived experiences these poems are remarkably picturesque and moving. “A Dream Scape”, “My Karmas Write My Destiny”, “No Emotions Please”, “The Dark Gulfs” and “The Cursed River” fall into this category. These poems are distinct by their choice of words, images and well chiselled verse with underlying personal tone but impersonal overtone. There is an artistic blending of masterful versification with deep layers of thoughts embedded into Indian system of



believers and faiths. These poems strikingly forge reality with myth and vice-versa.

However, the questions of environmental hazards and morality and ethics can't be ignored as moral and spiritual quests run side by side with above discussed themes. "The Enlarged Self" beautifully captures the pangs of parting of two lovers with rhyming reasons: "We were rather two isolated island/ Floating in a sea without a ground... There never was a bridge, just the void." (p 36). There is no crying, no bereavement but rather a cool admittance and acceptance of the self-diagnosed reality. "Two Hemispheres" underlines Rudyard Kipling's racial dichotomy of East and West, which is more attitudinal than physical. As the poet sums up:

"We are the two hemispheres  
So opposed to each other  
...  
As hail and snow, both of us we know  
We will not meet again" (p 37)

One can see here, the post-colonial *résistance* and rejection of Colonial motifs. "Resurrection" is ironical jibe at breaking marital bonds, and the poem makes an intrinsic emotional appeal to such couples to save the marriage institution. This collection is replete with such social, moral questions which cripple individuals and the society. As mentioned earlier "Emerald Shores" is poet's progression of a voyage from mundane reality to her cosmic vision. "Beyond Your Thoughts", the last poem in this collection serves as an epilogue by connecting the transience with intransience, matter with spirit and worldly reality with the cosmic ultimate reality. The journey, to which the poet takes the readers, culminates in a sense of arriving at, with a sense of beginning a new journey into sublimity of being and beyond.

"Beyond all physical boundaries  
there lies the cosmic vastness

...  
All reality is a fiction-temporary  
aggregation of atoms in constant motion

...  
The restless waves of creation  
rise and fall on the ocean of infinity” (p52).

The book under review provides broad ranging information about social, cultural, spiritual and contextual backgrounds of the contemporary Indian realities and ethos. It offers the reader an insight into social, cultural and political contexts in which major Indian English poetry was written and read. The beauty of these poems lies in their contents of diverse nature, deftness of craft, which open up these poems for a variety of contemporary discourses. The poet is not silent but questions the law for trampling pressures and conflicts in the city life. She gets disturbed when she sees that cities, civic societies have become preying grounds for devils. Perhaps, this drives her to spiritual yearnings for peace, seeking refuge in cosmic reality. I recommend this collection of poems as a must read for all poetry loving gentry.

(The Emerald Shores, Asha Viswas, Writers Workshop, Kolkata, 2017, pp. 52, Price: RS 150/-)

## 2

### **Review of Oisín Breen's Poetry Collection, *Flowers, All Sorts in Blossom, Figs, Berries, and Fruits Forgotten***

**TONY HILL**

Oisín Breen's debut collection of poetry, *Flowers, All Sorts in Blossom, Figs, Berries, and Fruits Forgotten*, groups together three sequences of long-form poetry that ought certainly be heard and not merely read.

Breen is a Dublin born writer, and the spirit of his forebears, and of the literary traditions of his native city infuse his first book-length work.

Indeed, the incantatory rhythms of these poems and the propulsive alliteration hark back to an oral tradition, the poet as shaman, perhaps, as these lines illustrate:

'I cowed – Christ – for I was all too aware of you and your judgement.  
Here the morning brings about only melody  
Itic, etic,  
A stretched heart, and the sour-face of being,  
ruptures, and wholesomeness, cracked wood pining.'

Structurally, Breen's writing is modernist in terms of its rejection of traditional forms, with Joyce and Pound very much in evidence. There is certainly a Joycean awareness of words having some existence and heft quite separate their meaning, more Finnegans Wake than Ulysses:

'Adad, Anu, Adad, the father flung for whom I'd give a pretty penny,  
Divine for me then in the livers of my men of plenty,  
in the bubbling oil I keep in the basin beneath my leaking pores,  
or in the balletic pathos of the unanswering stars.'

The poet has done well not allow this delight in the sound of words and wordplay to tip over into wilful opaqueness. It's a fine creative line but one skilfully drawn and maintained throughout the three pieces.

Consider the following:

The flowers they are fallen,  
The fruit it is rotten,  
But your grave is as pretty as ever.

Each year I sing this better.  
Three lines. One song.

And how it slowly develops through multiple refrains, through:

The flowers they are fallen,  
The fruit it is rotten,  
And while the nested, fattened pigeon king, in daubs, paints  
imagist calls roccoco,  
Your grave it is as pretty as ever.

Each year I sing this better.  
Many lines. One song.

Which then culminates in:

The flowers though they have fallen,  
And your fruits though they are rotten,  
Tending, *ardently*, *wolfishly*, those notional tokens of affection,  
tokens of death's renewal and integration,  
those things which are most bitter to me,  
I find your grave is as pretty as ever.

Each year I sing this better.  
Many lines. Your song.

That said, at times some of the strongest passages do, perhaps, lose some of their vitality when contrasted with some of the most emotionally expressive. Indeed, Breen's writing is arguably best at its calmest moments.

Take, for instance, these lines from the third poem, *Her Cross Carried, Burnt*, which is itself somewhat reminiscent of those discursive sections in *The Four Quartets*:

And so, since there is no returning home,  
Of the other then, consider all relations shifted.  
All of that which was, is necessarily ended.  
And we, through creation, break the cycle,  
And throw ourselves to the mercy of the sea.

Breen's collection is a challenging work, but it is nonetheless rewarding, especially on a second and third reading.

The book comes with a CD and I would encourage any reader new to this poet's work to listen to the poetry first before turning to the text.

("Flowers, all sorts in blossom, figs, berries, and fruits forgotten", Oisín Breen, Edinburgh: Hybrid Press, 202, ISBN: 978-1-873412-04-6, Pp. 96, Price £10 + postage)

## CONTRIBUTORS

1. **Anjana Nair**, post graduate in agriculture, a regular contributor of articles in the topics concerning agriculture, has quite recently ventured into the field of poetry and fiction. Writing in the initial years was mostly restricted to nonfiction and essays, The poet in her has only recently bloomed!! Stripped' is her first collection of poems published in 2020. Contemporary issues and social causes have always swayed her poetry in that direction.
2. **Avdhesh Jha**, an author, poet, teacher and observer is a strong critic with an inclination towards societal development. Presently he works with EDI of India. With ten doctoral scholars, being awarded the doctorate degree, the guide and mentor to Ph.D. aspirants, has presented several papers on different topics at national and international seminars. With multi-language understanding ability, interest in teacher training, psychology, research methodology, creativity and human values, he accredits himself to prepare, design and introduce several new subjects in the curriculum of Gujarat University in addition to be a member of curriculum framework committee of various universities and institutes of national repute. He has written about more than 200 poetries in English and Hindi. Associated with institutes of national repute, he has organised seminars and workshops and delivered talks and lectures at various seminars, workshops etc. He is awarded with CHAROTTAR GAURAV and BHARAT EXCELLENCE.

3. **Barbara Briggs** is a poet, a teacher of Transcendental Meditation and the author of *Pilgrimage on the Path of Love*, a novel of visionary fiction available on Amazon. Her work has been published in a few anthologies and many of her articles have been featured in *New Age* magazines. Her web site is: <https://barbaraannbriggs.com>
4. **Bishnupada Ray** is an Associate Professor of English at the University of North Bengal. His poems have appeared in *Indian Literature*, *New Quest*, *Makata*, *A Hudson View Poetry Digest*, *Shabdaguchha*, *VerbalArt*, *Phenomenal Literature*, *Revival* and some anthologies.
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6. **DJ Tyrer** is the person behind *Atlantean Publishing*, was placed second in the 2015 *Data Dump Award* for Genre Poetry, and has been published in issues of *Amulet*, *California Quarterly*, *Carillon*, *The Dawntreader*, *Haiku Journal*, *The Pen*, and *Tigershark*, and online at *Atlas Poetica*, *Bindweed*, *Poetry Pacific*, and *Scarlet Leaf Review*, as well as releasing several chapbooks, including the critically acclaimed *Our Story*. DJ Tyrer's website is at <https://djtyrer.blogspot.co.uk/>
7. **DS Maolalai** has been nominated seven times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "*Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden*" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "*Sad Havoc Among the Birds*" (Turas Press, 2019).

8. **Edward Ahern** resumed writing after forty odd years in foreign intelligence and international sales. He's had over two hundred fifty stories and poems published so far, and six books. Ed works the other side of writing at Bewildering Stories, where he sits on the review board and manages a posse of six review editors.
9. **Fabiyas M V** is a writer from Orumanayur village in Kerala, India. He is the author of six books of poetry. His fiction and poetry have appeared in several anthologies, magazines and journals. He has won many international accolades including Merseyside at War Poetry Award from Liverpool University; Lest We Forget Poetry Prize from Auckland War Memorial Museum; and Animal Poetry Prize 2012 from RSPCA (Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelties against Animals, UK). He was the finalist for Global Poetry Prize 2015 by the United Poets Laureate International (UPLI) in Vienna. His poems have been broadcast on All India Radio. Poetry Nook, US, has nominated him for the 2019 Pushcart Prize. He has been working as a teacher in English at Gov. Higher Secondary School, Maranchery in Kerala.
10. **Francis H Powell** is amongst other things, a poet and writer of short stories. His anthology of short stories called "Flight of Destiny" was published April 7 2015 by Savant publishing. His second book Adventures of Death, Reincarnation and Annihilation was published by Beacon Publishing in December 2019. Born in 1961, in Reading, England. He was educated at various schools, before going on to Art Schools, to do a degree in painting and an MA in printmaking. At present Francis is putting together a book of short stories, poems and illustrations for the charity Marie Curie Nurses. The book will be published winter 2020.



11. **Gary Langford** is the author of 42 books, including 16 novels and stories, 4 textbooks and 18 books of poetry. His latest book is *100 Tiny Poems*, 2020. Gary is a writer and painter in Melbourne, Australia and Christchurch, New Zealand.
12. **Holly Day's** poetry has recently appeared in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, *Grain*, and *The Tampa Review*. Her newest poetry collections are *In This Place, She Is Her Own* (Vegetarian Alcoholic Press), *A Wall to Protect Your Eyes* (Pski's Porch Publishing), *Folios of Dried Flowers and Pressed Birds* (Cyberwit.net), *Where We Went Wrong* (Clare Songbirds Publishing), *Into the Cracks* (Golden Antelope Press), and *Cross Referencing a Book of Summer* (Silver Bow Publishing), while her newest nonfiction books are *Music Theory for Dummies* and *Tattoo FAQ*.
13. **Ilhem Issaoui** is a young Tunisian researcher, poet, and translator. She has been published in many countries including the US, the UK, Canada, and India in print and online. She authored a collection of poems entitled *Fragments of a wounded soul*. She is currently in the process of getting her second poetry collection published.
14. **Jahnavi Gupta** is a fifteen year old girl who has recently taken keen interest in writing poetry. Most of them are free verse while others are about reality and truths of the world.
15. **James G. Piatt** is a pushcart and best of web nominee, and many of his poems were selected for inclusion in *The 100 Best Poems of 2016, 2015 & 2014 Anthologies*. He has published 3 collections of poetry. His fourth collection of poetry will be released this year. He earned his BS and MA from California State Polytechnic University, and his doctorate from BYU.

16. **Joseph Hart** has a BA in psychology. He has had poems published in small magazines, and was twice nominated for a Pushcart. His favourite poets are Keats and Millay.
17. **Keith Moul** has written poems and taken photos for more than 50 years, his work appearing in magazines widely. His chapbook, *The Journal*, and a full-length volume, *New and Selected Poems: Bones Molder, Words Hold* were recently accepted by Duck Lake Books. These are his ninth and tenth chap or book published.
18. **P Singh** was born in Agra in 1942. Was awarded the membership of the Royal Society of Chemistry, London, U.K. in 1979. Worked as a Professor and Head of the Department of Clothing and Textiles in the Punjab Agricultural University, Ludhiana for about 32 years. Was National Coordinator of a research project on natural dyes, sponsored by the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, Government of India, involving 9 agricultural universities. Retired in 2002. He was published in various national and international journals and anthologies.
19. **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>

20. **Roger G. Singer** has been in private practice for 38 years in upstate New York. He has four children, Abigail, Caleb, Andrew and Philip and seven grandchildren. Dr. Singer has served on multiple committees for the American Chiropractic Association, lecturing at colleges in the United States, Canada and Australia, and has authored over fifty articles for his profession and served as a medical technician during the Vietnam era. Dr. Singer has over 950 poems published on the internet, magazines and in books and is a Pushcart Award Nominee.
21. **S. Rupsha Mitra** loves writing poetry and flash fiction. Her work has been published by literary journals and websites. She has a penchant for everything that's creative.
22. **Sandip Saha** is a chemical engineer and doctorate (PhD.) in metallurgical engineering from India. He has got three awards for his scientific work and 33 publications on his scientific research work including three patents. He is a winner of Poetry Matters Project Lit Prize-2018. He has published one collection of poems, "Quest for Freedom" available in amazon.com. He is published in the following 19 poetry journals: North Dakota Quarterly, Peregrine, Better Than Starbucks Poetry Magazine, Pif Magazine, The Cape Rock: Poetry, Las Positas Anthology-Havik, Pasadena City College Inscape Magazine, Shot Glass Journal, The Wayne Literary Review, Tiny Seed Literary Journal, felan, Oddball, Snapdragon, The Ghazal Page all USA, in VerbalArt, Phenomenal Literature, Tajmahal, The Criterion, India and in The Pangolin Review, Mauritius.
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26. **Chandra Shekhar Dubey** is a poet, translator, researcher and teacher. He is Associate Professor in the Department of English, Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (E), University of Delhi. He has published books, poems, reviews, short stories and research papers. He published three books of his poems. His poems have been widely anthologized nationally and internationally. He edited the translated version of Ramcharitmanas, Richa Publication, New Delhi, 1999.
27. **Tony Hill** is a Welsh poet and retired teacher of creative writing. He has been writing poetry on-and-off throughout his life, but since he has retired, his output has increased significantly. His debut collection is out in the autumn.

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