





**The
Enchanting
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The Enchanting Poet for Issue-XIII June 2011



Mateja Matevski (b. 1929 in Istanbul) is a renowned Macedonian poet, literary and theatre critic, essayist and translator. He graduated from the Faculty of Philology in Skopje and worked as a journalist for Macedonian Radio and Television as editor of the cultural and literary programme; He also served as the editor-in-chief and director of the Television as well as Director General of Radio Television Skopje. He also held the function of President of the Commission for Cultural Relations Abroad and was a member of the Presidency of Macedonia. He was an editor for the Kočo Racin publishing house and a Professor of History of World Drama and a professor at the Faculty of Dramatic Arts in Skopje. Mr. Matevski was editor of the literary journals *Mlada literatura* and *Razgledi* and was One-time president of the Macedonian Writers' Association, president of the Council of the Struga Poetry Evenings Festival, the Racinovi sredbi Festival and Macedonian Literary Foundation. He is a member of the Macedonian Academy of Sciences and Arts, and honorary vice-president of the Macedonian P.E.N. Centre and a member of the Macedonian Writers' Association since 1956. He was a corresponding member of the North-American Academy in the Spanish language.

Published books: *Rains* (poetry, 1956), *The Equinox* (poetry, 1963), *Irises* (poetry, 1976), *The Circle* (poetry, 1977), *Lime Tree* (poetry, 1980), *The Birth of Tragedy* (poetry, 1985), *From Tradition to the Future* (criticism and essays, 1987), *Drama and Theatre* (theatre criticism and essays, 1987), *Moving Away* (poetry, 1990), *Black Tower* (poetry, 1992), *Carry Away* (poetry, 1996), *The Light of the Word* (criticism and essays), *The Dead One* (poetry, 1999), *Inner Area* (poetry, 2000), *Beyond Oblivion* (poetry, 2003), *Landscapes Under Water* (poetry, 2006), *Voice Under Ramparts* (poetry, 2008) etc.

Awards: "Golden Wreath" - main and prestigious international award given by the Struga Poetry Evenings Festival to a world renowned living poet for life achievement in the field of poetry, "Miladinov Brothers" - given for best Macedonian book of poetry published between two editions of the Struga Poetry Evenings Festival, "St. Kliment Ohridski" - highest state recognition for long-term achievements, "11th October" - highest national award for life achievement, "Grigor Prličev", "Kočo Racin", Book of the year - Macedonian literary foundation, The great award "Makedonsko slovo", "Kiril Pejčinović", "Goranov Venec" (Croatia), "Blez Sandrar" (Switzerland), "Premio Mediterraneo" - Special Award (Italy), "Fernando Rielo" - World Award for Mystical Poetry - for the book *The Black Tower* (Spain), "Župančičeva listina", Slovenian Writers' Association (Slovenia), "Atlantida" (Spain), "Michael Madhusudan" (India). Holder of the French Legion of Honour, Arts and Literature.

Thirty books of his poetry have been published in twenty foreign languages. He has published over forty books of translations from Spanish, French, Slovenian, Russian, Albanian and Serbian.

Poems by Mateja Matevski

Entry into the garden

The garden opens to the rain like a bloom to a
glance
in which lives the forgotten world of what's
fulfilled
Don't wake the seeds which sleep deep down
in the earth's darkness
The time will come for their roar
spread by the roots' rainbow
Entry into the garden is a slow entering
into the trap of time
which only the word can open
Catch it in the wind catch it in the painful root
of beautiful things
before it speaks to you in the language of
insects
which draw their cloud over the roses
Their scent is mingling with the rainbow's
colour
that lives in the dream's darkness
until some variable weather enters the garden
to uproot it
to raise it up
and blow it over the leaves

The word is not yet born but already
it's giving birth
all about

The birth of the firefly

Oh you who stop only when darkness stops
child of the dark of silence
of the gentle wind through sleeping grass
you whom only the stone's muteness
recognizes
where do you roam in your slow delirium
as if in a fever of light
what deep-dark spots do you try to light for me
when with your light you scatter even darker
darkness

You are created by the night's blind darkness
which stumbles over the wakeful rock by the
silence

Oh beautiful love of that instant
illuminated by curiosity
oh fate of transient beauty
of light of ages before my awakened eyes
oh magic meaning of light
which dies of light alone
but is alive so long as night is alive
so long as darkness embraces it

Editor's Choice



Nathalie Handal is an award-winning poet, playwright, and editor. She has lived in Europe, the United States, the Caribbean, Latin America and the Arab world. She has read her poetry worldwide, has been featured on PBS The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer, NPR Radio as well as *The New York Times*, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *Reuters*, *Mail & Guardian*, *The Jordan Times* and *Il Piccolo*; and her work has been translated into more than fifteen languages. Her most recent books include the landmark anthology, *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia & Beyond* and the poetry collections *Love and Strange Horses*, winner of the 2011 Gold Metal Independent Publisher Book Award (IPPY Award), and an Honorable Mention at the San Francisco Book Festival and the New England Book Festival. *The New York Times* says it is “a book that trembles with belonging (and longing).” She is a Lannan Foundation Fellow, a Fundación Araguaney Fellow, recipient of the Alejo Zuloaga Order in Literature 2011, the AE Ventures Fellowship, and an Honored Finalist for the 2009 Gift of Freedom Award. Handal was listed as one of the “100 Most Powerful Arab Women 2011” in a Special Report by ArabianBusiness.com. Handal writes the blog-column, *The City and The Writer*, for *Words without Borders* magazine.

Poems by Nathalie Handal

Flames at Hurr Mountain

I

History has a way of
moving the heart backwards.

A way of moving it forward
to protect its past, its tired mind.

Its deep stories. Dark angles.
The phobia it sculpts out of night.

It's not about a song.
It's about a ruin, a voice's fainting crescendo.

It's loud. It's narrow. It's quiet.
This is something we know—it stirs.

Stirs the branches of darkness. Stirs the
echoes of rivers. Stirs what is not ours.

And what's ours. Gone and gone.
Here and here, there and there.

II

The mountains hold words,
hold gods, hold flame.

Flame that distracts shadows
and what stands behind them.

The mountains are high

and low, low and high.

Higher than we can find, like
a word impossible to grow.

A seed impossible to grow.
A glow impossible to stop.

An arrow impossible to stop.
A poison impossible to find.

Love impossible to find,
like that kiss that missed your lips.

Like the laughter cutting breath
in half to save itself a piece

of what still beats inside.
Alive as dead.

Dead and alive—
one bird after the other, chirping.

There is no God but God,
no desire but wind,

caught deep in a mountain
trying to rise to an earth that awaits

the opening of flames
we wish we'd seen before.

*Hurr means free in Arabic.

Lubhyati: Love Letters by Nathalie Handal

Yesterday

Dearest Love,

I can still see the red blossoms inside your eyes, the petals around you, the crickets not far from you. Where will you be when we reach the soft cry beneath a parachute?

Last night I dreamed we were young. Your brown hair on your forehead, your brown eyes open wide, and your back slightly arched. I had a red parasol; you, a black fleece. I imagined holding you at a garden party or late at night when everyone pretends to sleep. And then I found a note that started with, *He desires....*the rest was torn away.

~

Today

Love,

Who have you slept with over the years? Maybe that Kashmiri—her naked body pressed against you to prevent you the space to see another. But Aishwarya, with lips too pink to resist took you into her pavilion. Her legs demanded obedience. You allowed her everything until the night you could no longer think of her breast. Her loud cries. Her mouth. The cold around you. And then came Abha, Priya, Aditi, Padma, Radha, and Sanjana. But only when we did cartwheel after cartwheel did you find the limited edition of that book we both own.

~

Yesterday

Dearest Love,

Describe the images that torture your sleep. The trees that grow against stony walls. You cannot. Because you are nowhere. Have flown off with the weight of your sadness and sixty bags of dust. And you no longer fear dying in the fog fading in your mind, in the crowd of black smoke, after the stroke of an old clock. Between our words, what's wrong defines itself. And we sink into what we smuggled inside of us— notes tied to the shadows of bats.

~

Today

Dear Love,

The orchard keeper is gone. Did you know? He knew the history of the sky so well, and that of the clouds too. And I keep wondering, does it matter who breathes where? He still breathes all over the small cabin by the lake. He used to polish his shoes every hour. And paint—watercolor. Did you know? Now he says he is going to be a saxophone player. And you, who will you become after desire?

~

Yesterday

Dearest Love,

I did not realize that somewhere in the sand or the mud lay the terrible grief of a fool. Yes, Tagore is dead. His collectibles—cavern photos, knives, seashells—have been buried with him. What he left behind: the slice of bread he never ate, the pond he forgot to name. So my love, which would you choose, grass or snow? The slowness of maidens as they sing or hard flesh against a rock of ice? Answer soon— if you desire.

~

Undated

It was nighttime. It was May 5th, 7 p.m. Exactly. We took our clothes off. You kissed the birthmark under my arm—the only person who ever noticed it. We wanted to trace all that we had lost, the details: the flickering green bulb in the room we imagined making love in, the green feathers on the bed, their impeccable silence, the messages about the snow-covered fields and the short skirt you insisted I wear. We listened to prayers in Bengali, French, Arabic, Greek, and Hindi, then hurried to the next room to recite everything we heard. The hissing of waterfalls, the joining of echoes under gray skies. We never took our clothes off. We needed each other too much.

*Lubhyati means “he desires” in Sanskrit

Special Feature

Mr P.Gopichand & Ms P.NagaSuseela are in teaching for 19 years, Guided 22 M.Phils ,together presented more than 60 research papers in International Conferences & Seminars and Symposia.; delivered 20 guest lectures on Communication Skills , Personality development, Phonetics, acted as Resource Persons, Organized work shops, Seminars etc for teachers, lecturers and students in different colleges in our state. They are bilingual poets. They write poems, sonnets, haiku, Zen etc. So far they wrote 250 short & long poems in free verse, 1250 Haiku, 200 Zen, 80 Sparks, 75 Senolite, 50 Acrostic and 100 wings both in English and Telugu. They translated many poems from Telugu to English. They wrote lessons to University material to Degree, P.G., and M. Phil courses.

Their articles have been published in many reputed journals and books. Their poems have been published in e-journals like asianamericanpoetry.com, poemhunter.com, museindia.com, likemyhaiku.com, haikuverymuch.com, freepamphletpublishing.com. besides Wordplus International journal, Poet's International journal. and so on. They are the life members of World Poets Society, Poetsinternational.com etc. Their haiku have been awarded with nine gold, eight silver & ten Bronze medals. So far they conducted 18 *Workshops on ELT& CLT Techniques, Phonetic Skills, Organizing Skills, Creative Writing, Conversation Techniques, Personality Development, Communication Skills, Stress Management, Teaching Grammar through Games, Fun & Activities* etc. for lecturers , teachers and students. They Published seven books: *Heart-Throbs(Anthology), A Posy of Poesy: A Collection of Poems, A Hand Book for all Occasions, No Longer at Ease, Sprouts, Mushrooms (A Collection of short verse), Indian Drama in English: A Kaleidoscopic View,* organised two self sponsored *National Poetry Festivals, one International Poetry Fest,* and a UGC National Seminar on *Indian Drama in English.* They designed a Poster and a greeting card on Seven Deadly Sins in order to spread the message of peace and released it on the World Peace Day, i.e. 21st September 2009; they designed another poster and a post card entitled "When Shall She be Free?" on the plight of the women at present and released it on the World Women's day. Their other posters are Population, Pollution, Samson, Ragging, Classroom Conversations, Phonetic Alphabet etc. They also designed 10 different teaching aids like CDs, Charts, Role-Play cards, IPA Visiting cards etc. Their other books '*A Spectrum of Indian Fiction in English*' and '*A Hand Book on Phonetics, Conversation Skills, A Handbook on Grammar*', *Sparks ,Sample Letters For Students, A Book on Tagore*' are in the press. Their profiles have been enlisted in the IVth volume of *Young Asian Admirable Achievers Reference Book.* They were awarded *Vocational Excellence Award - 2010(Rotaract), Bharat Excellence Award-2010, Best Personalities of India Award 2010,* and four Gold Medals for their outstanding services to society, achievements & contribution in their fields. At present they are working in the Dept of English, J.K.C.College, Guntur, A.P. Mr P.Gopichand is the vice-chairman to IQAC Wing & Ms P.Nagasuseela is the Vice -Chairman to Vistruthi-Extension Activities Wing & Rotaract in their college. Their website is www.Heart-Throbs.com

No Longer at Ease...

by Mr P.Gopichand & Ms P.NagaSuseela

1. False Gods, demons and devils let loose in the world;

Lewd, lecherous and treacherous villains in great numbers

Crop up in the world and multiply in multitudinous numbers:

The world is no longer at ease.

2. Bomb blasts erode our daily life on earth;

Nations lose patience, and pestilence-stricken minds

Brood, breed and nurture bacteria of ambitions:

The world is no longer at ease.

3. Mother earth dives deep in depression, And when she expresses her feelings through

Earthquakes, tornadoes and tsunamis,

The world is no longer at ease.

4. Oscars, Bookers, and Nobel Prizes

Make some geniuses distraught;

As disgruntled geniuses heave heavy sighs,

The world is no longer at ease.

5 When recession hits the world hard

With its heavy hammer, love-oasis

Dries up and reveals vast stretching sands of despair;

The world is no longer at ease.

6 Man flew to the moon to explore it, And his flights made the moon lose its mystic charm;

Crazy thoughts of the moon cause sorrows there:

The world is no longer at ease.

7 Siamese twins struggle for life; Aids, Bird Flu and Swine Flu spread in the world;

'To be or not to be' doesn't disturb the mind:

The world is no longer at ease.

8 When Heads of Nations drop down due to terrorism

And fade away in the dust of history,

Half-fledged geniuses retard the progress of Nations:

The world is no longer at ease.

9 'Paradise Lost', 'Odyssey' and 'Savitri'

Have relevance in today's world;

Modern trends of mockery imbue us with atheism:

The world is no longer at ease.

10 When greed for oil grows,

World culture and relations are marred;

World peace is dead for good;

The world is no longer at ease.

11. When scientists indulge in cloning

Duos, trios, tetras and polys of species fill the world,

Causing confusions in the confounded world,

The world is no longer at ease

12 Bulls and bears of stock-market

Play havoc with our lives

And sap our energies to the full:

The world is no longer at ease.

13 Thirst for dollars and mansions

Brought out the beast in man

Feasting on lust and luxuries:

The world is no longer at ease.

14 When education adores Mammon

When mirage of gold mines make man rush

To alien lands littered with discarded values,

The world is no longer at ease.

15 Man's passion for life

Makes mountains of molehills and molehills of mountains

And alters the green world to gloom world:

The world is no longer at ease.

16 Malls are the hallmarks of grandlife;

Lonely souls clamour for INOX;

Men crave sex when they are much vexed:

The world is no longer at ease.

17 Girl-mothers fill the wards in hospitals;

Their distressing shrieks, laments echo;

Harrowing tales of treachery and deceit;

The world is no longer at ease.

18 Colour , caste, race and religion
Shatter the world into small fragments
Where people undergo dire suffering;
The world is no longer at ease.

19 Nets and cells build our world
Where dream-rivers float islands of fancy,
Leaving smudges of memory here and
there;
The world is no longer at ease.

20.The volcano of corruption
Opens Pandora 's Box,
Rocking the world with dire calamities:
The world is no longer at ease.

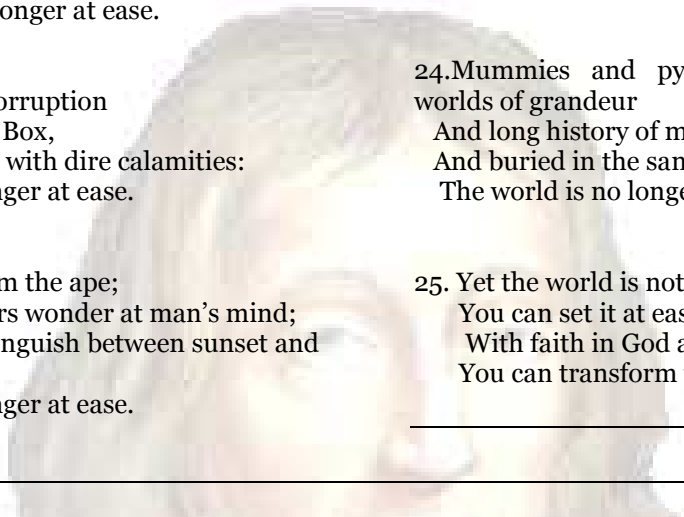
21. Man evolved from the ape;
The Seven Wonders wonder at man's mind;
But man can't distinguish between sunset and
sunrise;
The world is no longer at ease.

22.Nations race for atoms and missiles,
And build mansions of tensions where
Doubt is delivered of dismay and disbelief;
The world is no longer at ease.

23. Parties and nations vie for power and pelf,
Which are but twin evils;
They cling close to you during your tenure;
The world is no longer at ease.

24.Mummies and pyramids reveal ancient
worlds of grandeur
And long history of man is dead
And buried in the sands of time;
The world is no longer at ease.

25. Yet the world is not past redemption;
You can set it at ease and make all happy;
With faith in God and love for humanity
You can transform the world into a heaven



Night of San Felipe del Agua

By Rita Dahl

In the evening buzz far away drums. Rockets bang like every night were a celebration, a door to somewhere. Lonely donkeys without proprietor climb up the street, even if leg bound resiliently jogging. Young boys run down the same street perhaps to the town, the ceremonies, the buzz of the drums. Scenery changes all of sudden and without notice; silhouettes of the trees vanish into dark mouth surrounding the drums. An obstinate dog barks probably at someone else or waiting for someone else. Masks fall finally down. Grasshopper of one note draws all night long serenade in almost one breath. After the last light has gone out, behind the wall or at the floor begins the night shift of an anonymous insect, which lasts until two o'clock. Cars fade away only at three, when no one has no more lust to reach the town or at home. Talking never ends, it is a zigzagging endeavour into community with the languages which do not know its bearer, or bearers, who do not know their language or all the dimensions of it. Grasshopper of monotone continues even when all the others have given up themselves into a lap of whatever.

Rita Dahl (born 1971) is a Finnish writer and freelance journalist. She was vice-president and chair of committee of women writers of Finnish PEN between 2006–2009. She holds masters' degrees both in political science and comparative literature at the university of Helsinki. Her debut poetry collection, *Kun luulet olevasi yksin*, was published in 2004 (Loki-Kirjat), and since that she has published three other poetry collections: *Aforismien aika* (PoEsia 2007), *Elämää Lagoksessa* (ntamo 2008), *Topics from van Goghs' Ear* (Ankkuri 2009) and *Bel canto nieriöille* (Kesuura 2010). She has written also a travel book about Portugal, *Tuhansien Portaiden lumo - kulttuurikierroksia Portugalissa* (Avain 2007). In 2009 she published *Picturemakers* - a collection of articles of at young age died legendary Finnish visual artists, young contemporary poets and foreign writers (Kesuura) and a fact book/pamphlet about Finlandized freedom of speech (Multikustannus) around the world, e.g. in Russia, China, Nigeria, Egypt, Kenya and Finland.

She was editor-in-chief of the poetry magazine *Tuli & Savu* in 2001 and also edited a cultural magazine *Neliö* (www.page.to/nelio), which had a special issue on Portugal, for whose printform Dahl was responsible. Dahl has also edited a partly bi-lingual anthology of Central-Asian and international women writers called *The Insatiable Furnace. Women Writers and Censorship – Kyltymätön uuni. Naiskirjailijat ja sensuuri* (Like 2007). She coordinated a meeting for Central-Asian and international women writers, which was arranged simultaneously.

She is editing and translating an anthology of contemporary portuguese poetry into Finnish. Her first translation of Portuguese of poems of Portuguese avantgarde poet Alberto Pimenta was published in September 2009. Her own poetry collection *Life in Lagos* (*Elämää Lagoksessa*) was published in Russian in Kazakhstan by Iskender in 2009.

Dahl has participated in several international literary festivals, conferences and seminars, most notably in international women writers' meeting in Bishkek(2005), in Days and Nights of Literature in Romania (2005), in meeting arranged by Fenno-Ugrian Writers' Union in Hanti-Mansinsk, Siberia and Petroskoi, Carelia (2005, 2006), in Book and Art -festival in Nigerian Lagos (2006), in Encontro Internacional de Poetas -festival (2007), in Arab-Scandinavian Female Poets' Colloquim arranged by Swedish Institute in Alexandria, Egypt (2008) in annual meetings of International PEN in Dakar, Senegal, Bogotá, Colombia (2007, 2008) and in Mexico and Brazil (2010, 2011). Dahl occasionally performs also as a soprano, as she is classical singer too.

Dahl's singular poems have been translated into English, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Turkish, Icelandic, Arabic, Romanian, Estonian, Italian. Her poems have been published in numerous international literary anthologies and poetry reviews around the world, e.g. in *The Calque* (USA), *Ice-Floe* (Alaska), *Períplo* (Mexico), *Confraria do Vento* (Brazil), *The Guardian* (Nigeria), *Knigoylub* (Kazakhstan), *Looming* (Estonia), *Nuestra Voz* (International PEN), *Shearsman* (UK), *Revista Prometheus* (Argentina).

In 2009 Dahl was chosen as a stipendiate of literature by Finnish Cultural Foundation to the castle of Schloss-Wiepersdorf in Germany.

BLUE

by Gopikrishnan Kottoor

From The Radha Krishna Ambrosials

1.

Was it You

Was it you

who threw a pebble
upon the full moon in the still waters?
Was it you,
Pitambara,
to show me my heart
whenever
you appear?

2

Roses in Brindavan

When the roses fade
again and again,
Krishna,
you come to my mind
and make them bloom.

3.

The Arrival

Today is the day
you said you'll come.

In the lotus pond
are two blue lotuses.

On the other shore
the bangle maker I see
calls me. 'Radhae,
I have brought blue bangles
all for your hands...'

In the afternoon grass
I see the wild blue snake.

And upon the wet hydrangeas
a chameleon dries in the sun,
turning dark blue.

All, blue, Krishna.

Is that all...?

4.

Love in Brindavan After Long

In the end
we made that beginning.
Whatever hurt us, we named them
after flowers.
What loved us, we learned to tend them.
We looked at each other
not for heaven,
but for wet earth.
We touched each other,
after so long,
as though for the first time.
Caress curled inside of us
a note trembling on your lute,
as love before birth
in paradise .

5.

The Fall

Did you hear?

Radha fell from her swing
this morning.

'Dreaming, dreaming of Krishna
it serves her right'.

We took her to the pond.
We drove away the curious deer.
We asked the pet mynahs
to look the other side.

We stood around so

Radha would be unabashed.

Turning her face,
gently she lifted
her dress so,

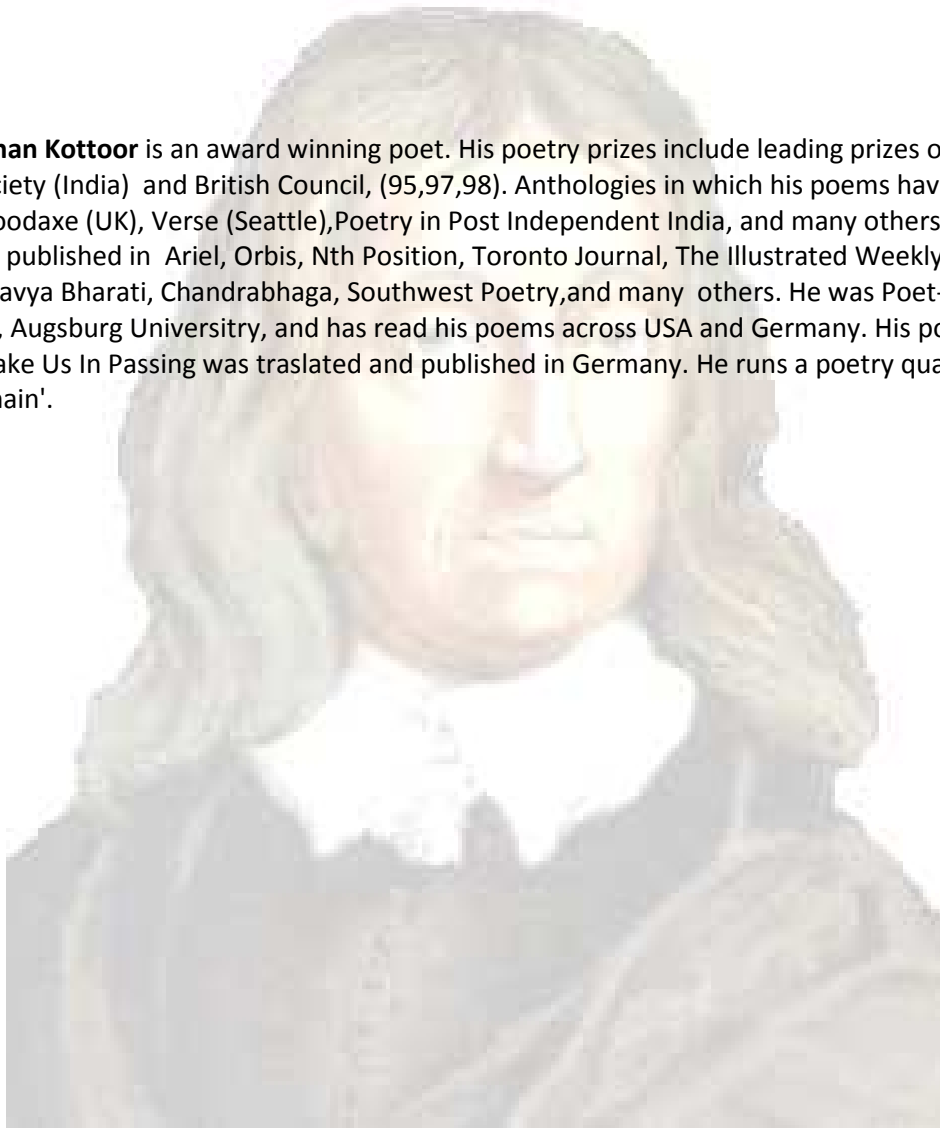
we could wash her wound
with red lilies.

That was when

the tree tops rustled.

And Krishna fell.

Gopikrishnan Kottoor is an award winning poet. His poetry prizes include leading prizes of the Poetry Society (India) and British Council, (95,97,98). Anthologies in which his poems have appeared include Bloodaxe (UK), Verse (Seattle), Poetry in Post Independent India, and many others. His poems have been published in Ariel, Orbis, Nth Position, Toronto Journal, The Illustrated Weekly of India, Opinion, Kavya Bharati, Chandrabhaga, Southwest Poetry, and many others. He was Poet-in-Residence, Augsburg University, and has read his poems across USA and Germany. His poem 'Father, Wake Us In Passing' was translated and published in Germany. He runs a poetry quarterly 'Poetry Chain'.



And I shall be released on a piece of paper

by Hemant Divate

Who is writing a poem?
With holes in it
That can't be blocked
Even if words are stuffed into them
(Holes —
Even the silence in the brain has them)

The TV is on
The kid is dancing in front of it
Heels over head, head over heels
He's changing the channels
I am getting pissed at him
Should I spank him or not?
Even spanking makes
A hole in the silence
Not spanking too makes a hole

I am peeved
An ant has bitten me
I have crushed it
I've smashed up the ant
I am peeved
Shall I write this poem?
Or shall I sketch for the kid
His name, a bat, a ball, a toothbrush, Colgate, a TV
I am peeved
The TV is on
I must smash the TV screen
The kid is hollering
I'm barking at him
He's pushing his finger into a hole
In my undershirt
I am trying to close
The holes with the poem/the words
Gushing out from inside me

Dhullu is switching the TV on and off with the remote
He's telling me to switch on one channel after another
Till his favourite channel is found
Any moment soon after
He begins to hate the channel
I am writing a poem

I write one word, then another
The kid's stubbornness turns me on and off
I am tormented
When will the poem come out?
I'm gnashing my teeth restlessly
Any moment now
The hole I'm looking for will be found
I'll whoosh out of myself in a gush
And I shall be released on a piece of paper

Hemant Divate (b.1967) is an avant-garde poet, a reputed editor, publisher and translator.

His two poetry collections in Marathi have been path-breaking – Chautishiparyantchya Kavita and Thambtach Yet Nahi. Renowned poet and translator Dilip Chitre has translated the first collection to English, titled Virus Alert. His poems have been translated to German, Urdu, French, Gujarati, Bengali, Hindi and Malayalam. He has won several prestigious awards including the Bharatiya Bhasha Parishad Award, Kolkata.

Hemant's publishing house- Abhidhanantar & Poetrywala has published more than 30 collections of poetry in Marathi and English.

He was the founder editor of a Marathi little magazine Abhidha and then Abhidhanantar for nearly 15 years. Abhidhanantar has been credited to give a fantastic platform to new poets and has enriched the post-nineties Marathi literary scene with amazing fresh talent and great poetry.

Hemant has also translated a few selected poems of Australian poet – Les Murray to Marathi which has been published by Katha-Delhi. He regularly translates poems from English to Marathi.

His third collection in Marathi, translations of his post globalisation poems in English viz.10 POGO poems (translated by Sarabjeet Garcha) are slated to be released this year.

He works and lives in Mumbai.

LOOSING COLOUR

by Sharmila Ray

There is no dream
there is no oblivion.
I move slowly in a line of flight
blanched by dust and sand.
The air is rife with the words
'smoke'em out, smoke'em out.'
I have no one to talk to
everything is divided,
even my poetry book.
Each page, each friend is a dried butterfly
pasted beautifully, losing colour.
I stagger rootlessly from one page to
another.
I see a fire escape looming out of my
anguish.
But where does it lead to?
Will it penetrate the mindless deceptions
and
reveal unmirrored space?
Will it delete all those outsized disjuncted
words?
Will my grey heavy look get a twinkle?

There's no going back to childhood
and from childhood to the safety
of the womb.

I have no wish to be the silent hero of my
life.

I write for you as I write for myself
even though you'll never read these words.

But watch out.
Someday the ants will attack.
There will be cloudburst and landless
limbo
and when you open the door
a mummified hand of a child
will be there to greet you.

VOYAGE

by Sharmila Ray

Crossed legged on the floor
I open the first chapter on trade winds.
The warm fragrance of distant cities
and abandoned shells
waft over the loam of my being.
Before I know my eyes cut through
the twisting mist to the distant horizon.

Liquid notes of unheard melodies float by-
galleons,plazas and a fascinating time,
all freeze to take shape in a molten
landscape.

They would be hissing in the wind
like casurina leaves.
We would build a fire and
cook supper among the
green bracken and moss.

On the other side you cannot
see the waves breaking against the cliff
nor hear the scraping of a broken scull
against the keel. You cannot even smell
the aloe, the cinnamon and clove
all floating in the cobalt water.

This is nakedness.
Perhaps...

But I want you to do all these things.
I want to make you sit
on a rough sailcloth and
murmur words of love.

As I reach you through
my word, my alphabet,
the alleys, the byways diminish.
And each sound of the keyboard
like a milestone recedes
taking me towards you.

Sharmila Ray is an associate professor of History at City College Kolkata. She has authored five books of poems-Earth You and Me, A Day with Rini, Down Salt Water and It's Fantasy It's Reality. She has experimented her poems with sarod and the result is a CD-Journey through Poetry and Music. Her poems, short stories have appeared in various national and international magazines and journals She has translated a lot of Bengali poetry into English..She has conducted poetry workshops and translation workshop conducted by British Council(Kolkata), Poetry Society India and Sahitya Akademi(Akademi of National Letters India).She is the editor of The Journal, a poetry magazine of The Poetry Society of India. Besides this she also writes on art. She has been reading her poems in various parts of the country.

Poems by Prabal Kumar Basu

Translations from Bengali to English by Zinia Mitra

Success

Where does success reside? Does it reside at an apartment in a twenty –storied building?
You took the lift looking for it and climbed where the peak is
towards a fading evening balcony behind a slice of light.
I too walk across the zebra- crossing from the world you left behind.

Where does success live? Do the airplanes fly towards success?
From the ground I see you blur
carrying along success the signs of extravagant life lived.
That I could see you unexpectedly while crossing the road,
Is it nothing much? After climbing the stairs home
I too feel successful.

Poems by Prabal Kumar Basu

Translations from Bengali to English by Zinia Mitra

When Relationship becomes a Habit

When one is aged enough, well knit marriage breaks everyday, inch-by-inch
This is also a consequence. You may think its demeanor, you may think its love
At a lonely metro station one afternoon I and Banalata Sen
Learnt the truth ...relationship becomes a habit

When relationship becomes a habit, marriage disintegrates everyday

Prabal Kumar Basu started writing poetry in the 1980s and has authored eight volume of poetry till date. He has also published a collection of verse drama and short stories. UBSPD has published an English translation of his selected poetry. Prabal was involved in the production of verse drama and performance poetry (poetry ballet) at a very young age. He organized a creative meet for two days on behalf of P.E.N. in 1999 where poets, painters, and other creative artists participated in an interactive discourse. Prabal edited SIGNPOSTS - a translation anthology of Bengali Poetry since India's independence, published by Rupa. He also guest-edited for YAPANCHITRA (a noted Bengali magazine) an international poetry issue in English. He participated in Kavya Bharati (Mumbai) - an all India Poets meet organized by Sahitya Academy in 2004; represented India in the 3rd Wellington International Poetry Festival in 2005 and was also invited to read poetry in Bangladesh during their New Year festival in 2006. Prabal Kumar Basu is a much awarded poet. He received Gouri Bhattacharjee Memorial award for his first book 'Tumeei Pratham' and the State Academy Award for poetry for 'Jamon Kore Gaiche Akash' (2005).

'VAANAPRASTHAM'

by Ambika Ananth

There,

In the cold shadowy sunset hours

they all look the same

Like one face, with no features

huddled like cells

in one dying organism

Loneliness, like a perennial tsunami

stir up devouring lashing waves

of fear of a lonely death

in the placid lake of blood

anemic and hypochromic-

as pale as their lives.

Time passes-

every minute

like a stroke of an axe

disconnecting them from the lineage

Their children,

the hurried, harried annual visitors

To this 'home'!

With dry, parched, cracked, aching lips

they keep on mumbling their own name

lest they themselves forget

like the rest of the world.

They struggle through

the cataract-screen

only to gaze into nothingness

of their world

Their palms which cushioned

the cherished precious childhood

of sons and daughters

now feel purposelessly alive

with nothing to do

except to wipe away

a tear or two

Frustration and fatigue

denial and darkness

constant companions

They stand devoid of life

Like insentient stumps !

Can green shoots re- appear

when sap is consumed

and merciless tree-cutters abound ?

Ambika Ananth is a bi-lingual writer, poet, journalist and a translator with published work both in English and Telugu. She reviews language books for THE HINDU and is on the Editorial Board of two literary magazines. She is the Chief-Editor of the Web Journal 'Museindia' (www.museindia.com).

‘Wingless’

by Priti Aisola

Your silence
should not sprout wings,
fly zest-haste,
perch on my window sill,
peck at my window pane
in search of word-seeds
- just chaff.
Better wingless
in green pastures.

‘Wish you would tell me’

by Priti Aisola

Wish you would tell me

Why the sun envies the sole sunflower
Why the moon has gone to shop for silver
Why the trees have shorn their heads
Why the flowers are wearing shrouds
Why the ocean is a vast stagnant pool
Why the stream’s lips are parched
Why the sky mopes and broods
Why the stars have dimmed their lanterns
Why the earth is a bent old woman
Wish you would tell me nothing
I will find out
In my own way
Soon enough

Priti Aisola was a student of English Literature at the Central University of Hyderabad and completed her M.Phil from there in 1983. Her dissertation was on Lord Byron’s Gothic Tales and Dramas.

Her husband Ravi Shankar Aisola is in the Indian Foreign Service and, as a result, she has travelled quite a bit. She has lived in France twice, Ivory Coast, Syria and Hungary. In these countries where they were posted she taught English Language and Literature to middle and high school students at International schools. She has also taught English as a Foreign Language (EFL, also known as ESOL) to children and adults. Living in different countries and experiencing a variety of cultures has been a very fruitful and enriching experience for her. At the same time, she feels, that it has taught her to value the home that she had left behind and to treasure actively the traditions that one never leaves behind. While moving from one country to another has tested her ability to adapt to something radically foreign, accept a new way of life, it has also taught her to create a home away from home.

Priti Aisola and her husband have been back in India for over two years now. Her husband, who is now a Joint Secretary in the Ministry of External Affairs (MEA), and has been posted to Hyderabad as Head of the Branch Secretariat of MEA

She has written a novel set in Paris, Budapest and Hyderabad published by Penguin.

The Border Of My Mother's Saree

by Dr. Sheeba Rakesh

Ah! I remember the border of my Mother's Sari;

That symbolised the milk of my human growth.

I remember its protection and Her love,

It emboldened my childish inanities.

...An émigré today...

I have lost my Mother

Personally and Politically...

An acknowledged highbrow

I feel cramped in the historicity

of my personal historiography.

The vanity of humanity

bordering on insanity...

Terror and Violence

Is this my essence?

My Mother taught me love,

Her border gave me tutelage.

The Saffron, White and Green designs,

Lent buoyancy to the protean protagonist
in me

The damning of Ram

The profanity of Allah

The destruction of Christ

Makes the child within me scream...

I was sent out to ensure peace,

...and all around I see humanity in pieces...

We made borders

Today They make us...

The Sexual holocaust...Racist inferno...

Religious pogrom....and the partitioning of hearts...

Where will this extermination end....?

When will I be able to feel the cool of my mothers' breast?

('cos I believe "good fences do not make good neighbours")

In the mind's eye

Where I feel like a witness to her soiled border...

Let me create a world of my own...

...that is at one with the simplicity of my heart

...Chained by fortune,

divided by diplomacy

Tormented by the herpes of time...

I deserve it...

Let me for once

enjoy my legacy of Humanity ...

Don't I??

Witness though I may be,

Dr. Sheeba Rakesh has completed her research from the Department of English and Modern European languages, University of Lucknow. She teaches English and is the coordinator, Centre of Women's Studies at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Girls' Degree College. She has completed her doctoral thesis on "Problems In Cross-Cultural Translation" and has published internationally on Translation Studies and Women's Studies. She also works with the All India Radio and Lucknow Doodarshan. She is a translator of literary works and is the Director of Pankh—an NGO working in the area of women's issues.



Protest

By Dr. Santosh Alex

Once the wind, the
river and the field

fasted in protest.

The rising sun

inaugurated their
fast.

The drizzle wished
them success.

The wind said,

I am unable to
travel as before

The river said ,

I want to flow

into the ocean.

The field said

my boundaries are
decreasing.

as the evening set
in

they accepted
tender coconuts

from the moon

to end their fast .

Dawn woke up to
see

The sun , drizzle
and the moon

carting off the three
in

make shift coffins .

Dr Santosh Alex, a Poet and Multilingual Translator (b 1971) has an MA and Ph.D in Hindi . He has a poetry collection (Dooram) in Malayalam. He has been widely published and translated in many languages which include ,Hindi, English, Telugu and Odiya languages.

Dr. Santosh translates post colonial literature in English, Hindi and Malayalam. He is enriching Indian Literature by means of translation for the past 16 years .He has 8 books in Hindi and One in English in translation which includes *Shuruateim* (poetry of K Satchidanandan), *Dehanthar* (poetry of Savithri Rajeevan), , *Samakaleen Malayalam Kahaniyam* (Hindi translation of Malayalam stories) , *Aligarh ka kaidi* (short novel of Punathil Kunhabdullah.) and *kavita ka girna* (Travel poems of K.Satchidanandan) His other translations are *Shelter from the rain* (English translation of Hindi poems of Ekant Srivastava) and *Kavita ke Paksh Mein Nahin.*(Hindi translation of Jayant Mahapatra's poems).

His poems have been published in Muse India, Hudson View , Pratilipi , Rahapen and Poets.org. He has published articles on translation and Comparative Literature in Hindi. He is the youngest recipient of National Translation award for the year 2008- 09 from Bhartiya Anuvad Parishad , New Delhi.

Talking to God

by Shigufta Hena Uzma

The old city
Has its share of nemesis
The cracks on the wall
Tall a tale of partition
Sometimes the nature's calamity
The earthquake and cyclone
Sometimes, the man made
History is a witness...
Of the blood on its soil.

In the arch of a dome
There were pigeons fluttering
On a protruded pole
Hooting, cooing...
In excitement of human invasion
Perhaps talking to god
The conversation....
I could not comprehend
But from dawn to dusk
It becomes their shelter.

The different voices...
Does not disturb
As children flock with popcorn grains
The bell of the church
The conch from the temple
The Azaan from the mosque
The harmony in the voices

Mingled with...
The whistling of the train.

The city walls reverberate
All the sounds...
In to the text book of children
Nursing them with scars
Of the past
Unlike these birds
Which migrate overseas
Return home after a season
After, a hiatus of nomadism.

The monuments cry...
Of neglect and abandonment
The shrine once a Phir's graveyard
The municipality snoozes
In the corridors of construction
Where it can pocket more money
A hangout of addicts
And errant elements who conspire
We can dexterously illicit history.

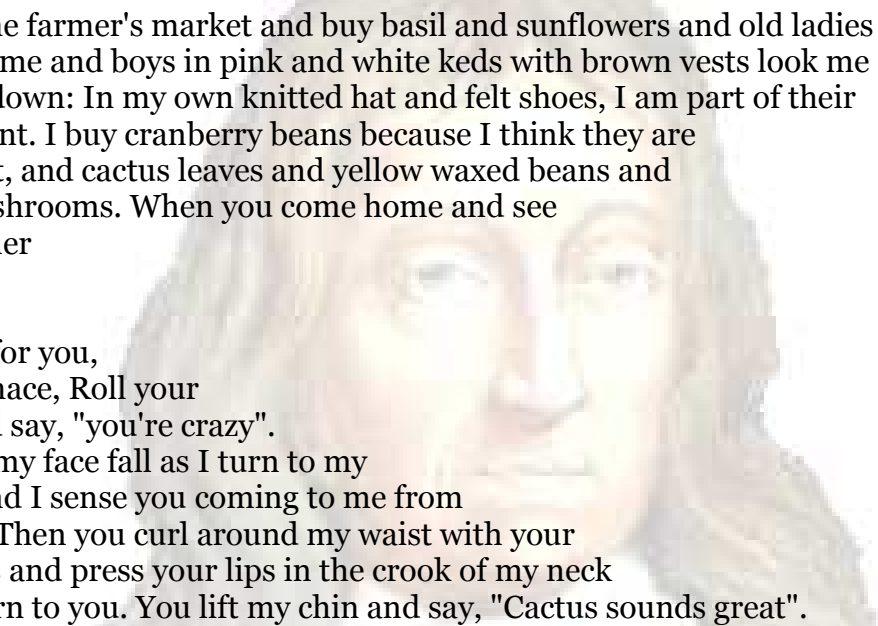
The lost voices...
Echo in the ears
As a filmmaker...
Recreates an era gone
Recording a period
When no one is alive to speak
Or recount...
The recurring past
That can be recited, in silent prayers.

Shigufta Hena Uzma is pursuing Ph.D in the field of Intangible Assets Accounting & Valuation from the Indian Institute of Technology, Roorkee. Her first passion is teaching and has over 3 years of work experience as a teacher at undergraduate and post graduate levels in the area of Marketing and Organisational Behaviour. She has also had a stint as a media executive in various advertising agencies at Patna.

She says she writes because of her passion for poetry and to contribute in a small way to the society, believing in "pen is mightier than the sword". She would like to inspire and motivate people by her work in her art of story telling that depicts the socio economic facet of the Indian society.

Cactus for Dinner Sounds Great!

by Himali Singh Soin



I go to the farmer's market and buy basil and sunflowers and old ladies
Smile at me and boys in pink and white keds with brown vests look me
Up and down: In my own knitted hat and felt shoes, I am part of their
Movement. I buy cranberry beans because I think they are
Different, and cactus leaves and yellow waxed beans and
blue mushrooms. When you come home and see
The dinner
That
I have
Cooked for you,
You grimace, Roll your
Eyes and say, "you're crazy".
You see my face fall as I turn to my
Beans and I sense you coming to me from
Behind. Then you curl around my waist with your
Big arms and press your lips in the crook of my neck
And I turn to you. You lift my chin and say, "Cactus sounds great".

Himali has a degree in English and Theatre from Middlebury College, situated in Robert Frost country. Himali's recent poetry has been published in *Kritya*, *Pyrta*, *New Quest*, *Muse India*, *Quay*, *Madness Mandali* and *ArtEtc*.

Backstroke

by Ramesh Anand

Twilight sky;
breezing clouds,
rare rain droplets,
circling eagle,
homing mynahs,
winging doves,
wet autumn leaves,
scenting blossoms,
flirting butterfly,
chirping nippers,
skating boys,
swinging girls,
floating kids,
unwinding babies
from strollers
and wheeling
mothers,
spectators
on every floor,
from both sides,
all awakening my
evening
backstroke.

Ramesh Anand is an engineer based in Johor, Malaysia. His Haiku works has been published in Notes From The Gean, Shamrock Ireland Haiku Journal, Simply Haiku, Muse India - Mango Moons, Frog Croon and OM TIMES Magazine. His Haiku work is also forthcoming in Sketchbook. His long verses has been published in Muse India and The Enchanting Verses International Journal. He has won literary honors, from Muse India, Boloji, Voicesnet & Writers Globe Web Journals, for his long verses.



Mysterious Caves

by Deepak Chaswal

A mob is moving
towards caves - mysterious caves -
in a hurry
murmuring the
words which are mingled
with cold and dry winds
and Airplane sounds

The mob has reached a point
from where
caves are visible -
clearly visible

Now they have started
running instead of brisk walking

They are competing with
each other - a cut throat competition -
to reach the caves - winning the race
their sole aim

Now they are exactly in front of the cave - mysterious cave
but in vain
they have lost the race again
as a fighter plane
destroyed the cave - the mysterious cave

The mob is still hopeful
like a thirsty crow -
without wasting the time
it is moving in search of
another cave - the mysterious cave

Deepak Chaswal is a poet from the soil of India. He is also Prof. of English and a critic. His poetry exhibits his perception of the universe from the perspective of an insider. His poems have been published in reputed international poetry journals like Pacific Review, Sam Smith The Journal, Pamona Valley Review, Earthborne Poetry Magazine, Kritya - A Journal of Poetry, Indian Ruminations to name a few.

Illuminating The Horizons...

by Neelam Chandra

The sun gave me
A pitiable pathetic peek
And said,
"Hey, I have finished
My task of illuminating the world
For the day
And am going
To meet my sweetheart
Down under the sea."

I burnt with envy
Scorched and scalded with soreness
Oh! Why was I alone,
Lonesome and low?

The moon gawked, gaped and gazed
The leaves tossed, turned and tweaked
The silent night kept shoving and shifting

The stars looked astonished, astounded and amazed

Finally the forlorn night
Metamorphosed into dewy day
The sun after meeting his lady love
Looked gleeful and gay
He asked me,
"Are you feeling better by the way?"

"Yeah", I said,
"Your smile has given me opulent optimism
My love is also illuminating his horizon
And will rush back into my arms
For his contentment and delight
So that he can lighten up
His own sphere."

I was no longer lonesome and low
The sun had given me a pristine glow
In that radiance I glimmered for long
And my life became a happy song

Neelam Chandra (B.E., PG dip in IM and HRD, PG dip in Financial Mgmt) is working as Director in Research, Design and Standardization Organization, Lucknow in Indian Railways.

About ONE HUNDRED of her poems/stories have been published in various leading Indian magazines. She has a children's story book and a picture book published to her credit. She has won an award in a contest organized by Children Book Trust, India in 2009; second prize in Chuskit competition organized by Pratham Books and has been awarded second prize by Gulzarji in a Contest organized by American Society on 'Poetry for Social Change'.

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Spineless

by Dr Susheel Kumar Sharma

My conscience
Is like my pen
That exhausts its ink
In the examination hall.

My conscience
Is like my ferocious cat
That plays with timid rats
In the back junk yard.

My conscience
Is like my pudding
That is served without sugar
In a five-star hotel.

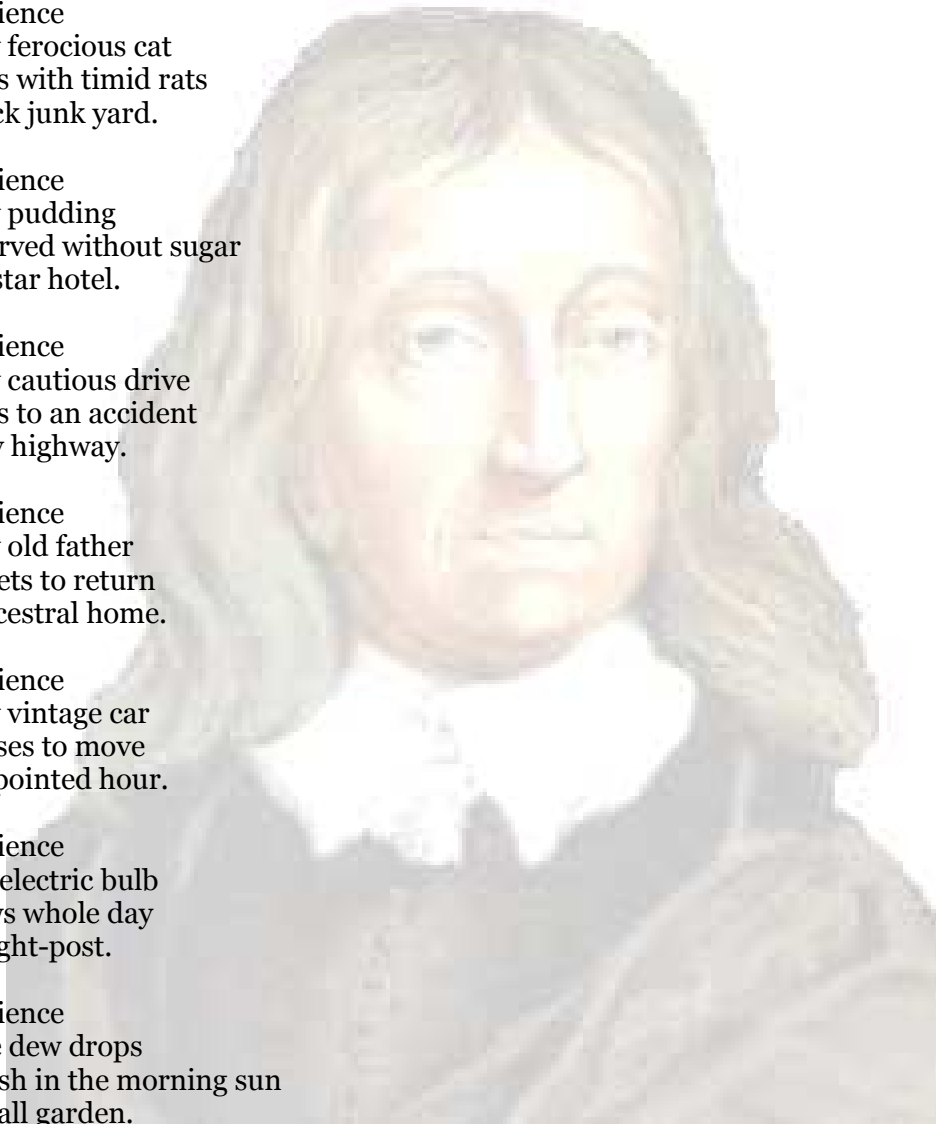
My conscience
Is like my cautious drive
That leads to an accident
On a busy highway.

My conscience
Is like my old father
Who forgets to return
To his ancestral home.

My conscience
Is like my vintage car
That refuses to move
At the appointed hour.

My conscience
Is like an electric bulb
That glows whole day
On the night-post.

My conscience
Is like the dew drops
That vanish in the morning sun
In my small garden.



Dr Susheel Kumar Sharma (b. 1962) is a Professor of English/Poet. Some of his poems have been published in Canada, France Ireland, the UK, and the USA. A collection of more than thirty reviews (*Bricks and Bouquets* Ed. Sanjeev Kumar, New Delhi: Creative Books, 2008, pp xxxii + 69, ISBN: 81-85231-32-X) of his first poetry book (*From the Core Within*, 1999, ISBN: [81-85231-27-3](#)) has been published. *The Door is Half Open*, the second collection of Dr Sharma's poems is in press.

Unfailing Love

by Juhi Chowdhury

In the fascinated world beyond my narrow vision,

Dreaming in drowsiness

With arrogant elegance,

I give his celestial love in every dewdrop

By the touch of my tender fingertip...

That kiss happened for a while,

But still I moisten my withered floral lips

With the moment's delicacy-

That evolved my love for him.

That instant, he left my love bare,

I started weaving the loosened end

To clothe, to wrap, to shun away

The disgrace of the love-to-be-fatuous;

Vernal vehemence enchants

Injecting addictive serum to my spinal cord-

That with readiness leads me

To an insomniac drowsiness,

Over night after night....

Far away from inane commotion,

even now I unleash my stiffened muscle

On his protective constrained arms;

Fermented teardrops preserving chemichrome

Of my appeal, resentment, care,

Start for the way from my half-opened eyes to his heart...

Suddenly a bold shake of reality-

Pulls my eyelashes to open completely,

Thrashes at my lunacy!

But I close my eyes again forcibly

To let the teardrops cross the way

To set us free to the zenith to love endlessly...

Irony of my love?

May be or may not be...

Imagery be greater than the real landscape

When the longing is met up in super-sensing imagination,

Not in sub-sensing reality.

Unfailing love indeed!!

That prevails above terrestrial dispassionate lacunae...

Juhi mostly pens poetry in Bengali and is a school student residing at West Bengal in India.

The street at night

by Dr. Girish Kute

The street comes to life
under the pretence of night
the safety of shelter
slanders the virtue of dark.
Ain't the drunkards and whores alone,
that babble in the night.
Inanimates come to live
dis-illusions the soused
as creations of a disconcerted mind.
It's that time when me and they,
discuss, play and display.
The satire of the hoarding,
professing the candidature of a big shot,
at the very place of his past Bacchanalia.
The playfulness of the street light
that shimmers with the narrowed eye.
The cool breeze chants city paeans
but for the tortuous tamarind
speaking for its endangered clan
who misses the cliquishness that once existed.
To settle the grievances of the street
I urged the statue of a great man to decide
now having seen best of both worlds
says "both worlds are filled with plaintiffs and accused"

Dr. Girish Kute is a doctor having completed his MBBS from the G.S. medical college, Mumbai. He has been published in various magazines, ezines and online like Fried eye, frogcroon, taj mahal review, authspot.com..etc

**The Poetry of K.K.Srivastava- A review of 'Ineluctable Stillness' and 'An Armless Hand Writes' –
Author: K.K.Srivastava:**

Publisher: (Ineluctable stillness – Evergreen Publications, India) – Pages 140(2005)

Publisher: (An Armless Hand Writes – Atlantic Publishers) – Pages 178 (2008)



Reviewer: Wendy Mary Lister

Firstly before I go into the review of the poetry of K.K.Srivastava, (presently working as Chief Auditor, Municipal Council in New Delhi) I would just like to point out what a pure Honour it was to have been given the chance to read these two most wonderful and evocative, mind challenging styles of contemporary poems, both books for me are idiomatic forms of expressions (authentic and sincere), his beautiful structure in his poems are both organically musical, in linguistic analogies, rhythmic is natural, desire for shape, great emphasis to word and element constructively written. Expressiveness in Conscious and Unconscious (Reality and Unrealities of one's mind) is genius. He gives great emphasis to his elements in words that would otherwise escape attention. His intellectual quality leaves us with stunningly written poetry, allowing the observer to delve into turmoil and loneliness, self-judgments and questions of one's though both self explanatory.

In the preface of *An Armless Hand Writes* he quotes Sheridan and then concludes "I am really at a loss to dilate upon what Sheridan says, the best judge in the Reader."

Of course in this style of Poetry there are concerns over a poet's mind, self-judgments, self-reflections, self-doubt, turmoil and loneliness; it is only natural in today's world and lack of faith, new found faith, in both spiritual senses and faith in life as a whole, that any writer will express his deepest thoughts, both conscious and unconscious in his poems. At times those dark inner frustrations may seep into what then maybe psycho analysis of one's own visions, sometimes imprisoned in your own self being at times of loss, stressful and lonely situations in life, leaving us the observer, concerned. I as an observer have no qualms of this sensitive complex style of Poetry, but some observers will criticize, considering a lot of poetry from classics and romanticism leaves us with our hearts in a dream after reading! For me, K.K.Srivastava's works, in both volumes leaves me feeling whole heartedly in full praise for something of such exceptional intellectual abilities. Leaves room for debate for any budding Philosopher!

I have chosen one poem from his first volume – *Ineluctable Stillness*, because it has for me what proves to be moments of when one's own faith tests us the most, at a time of near loss of a loved one, bringing questions of struggling to comprehend the situation from an event in 2004, as follows:

From the small preface before the poem in hand it describes a rare day in life when belief in faith of the Almighty got reinforced once again. It was the day when a loved one had been administered a drug prescribed by a Doctor with negative effects, leaving the young man with 'Anaphylactic Shock.' A day and night was spent in Intensive Care Unit at the local hospital, where the young man struggled for his life, most precious of course. The extracts I write below are snippets of thoughts in poetry that occurred during that very traumatic period in time:

**"The consecrated eccentricities of the ones surrounding me, self conceitedly.
For the life that had almost reached it's pinnacle, for the folly of a man,
Saw the creamy layer the almighty bestowed on me when I needed it the most,
The night, the day, entailed witnessed a renewed consciousness dawning on me,
Very consciously, blithesome indeed and so gracious, so kind."**

For me, with my own analysis; the writer takes you whole heartedly into a very stressful time when you are tested for faith in God, your family, the people who are taking care of the life that is so

precious: With the first line of my extraction from his poem, you feel that those surrounding him, are maybe showing lack of empathy from the staff at the hospital taking care of his loved on, or even family who are suffering turmoil in those moments when one's conscious state can only make your behaviour irregular and of possible selfishness of one's own emotions. The second line speaks of 'Pinnacle and folly".. which can only be described as what could have been a costly undertaking, feelings of rage at the prospect of possibilities of a near loss of life so precious, feelings of reaching out, questioning one's faith? Third line of my extract, shows coming together in private prayers, bringing faith renewed, showing the way and giving strength to get through this period of turmoil, when the spirit of a man could be broken and faith questioned. Then in the last two lines of the extract of this very sensitive and heart felt poem of one's suffering, a renewed sense of determination suddenly shows that faith and prayer can show themselves; that it brings you to evaluate what you begun to feel was weakening, thanking that what can only have faith in for allowing us to keep the loved one intact, thanking them with pure grace and happiness of relief.

In this first volume the poems are philosophical, human interaction plays a part largely, it has symbols of values and reasoning, addressing problems of life, fundamental issues, also a self examination of self-judgments, thoughts on interaction with others at times of social gatherings, personal interactions, some might say it is to strong the reasoning and justifications, but I think on analysis we all look at interactions with others sometimes in personal thoughts in the same light, it is only natural to judge situations in life, or question our own conscious thoughts, even at times of disappointments, love, faith in family and friends, questioning morals, I believe Srivastava has summed up perfectly in his works!

For Srivastava's second volume – An Armless Hand Writes; I have chosen two poems, the first choice being (Shadows and Lost Relations): The first part of this poem I set out below thoughts of ghosts in shadows past, even an emotional state of loneliness at a moment of memories or even a non existent entity.

“My euphoria stays undiminished:

Within my loneliness,

Dreaded as well as desired,

As she came when I needed her:

And you uplifted my sagging spirits;

My morale being at such a low ebb.”

In this verse the writer takes you into the conscious and possibly unconscious state of profound sense of contentment, meditative state of relaxation and wanting of something to enhance the spirits within. Firstly, intensity of well being, feeling overwhelmed by thoughts of being deprived, ceasing to feel happiness in this moment of solitude, a state of low morale, this idiom 'low ebb' transfers a low point in time. The coming to a point where spirits are lifted by an unknown entity: a shadow from the past; Then in full bloom like the onset of spring, a sigh of relief! And now everything seems much calmer.

A snippet from verse four is like a quote from Milton's – Paradise Lost (Like warning, little monsters run wild without parenting...)...like a form of self discipline of temptations!

"The dismal situation waste and wild;"

And the mirror sleeps, and extraordinary sleep,

And irresponsible mirror, an incontrovertible sleep; 1-55 to 60:

In this writer's verse four of 'Shadows and Lost Relations,' we see a similar concept below:

"Flatness of shadows is what I am irked at,

These flat shadows really mean a lot to me,

These reflect my relations in a mirror

When darkness is complete and

Both happiness and lasting pain, torments me;

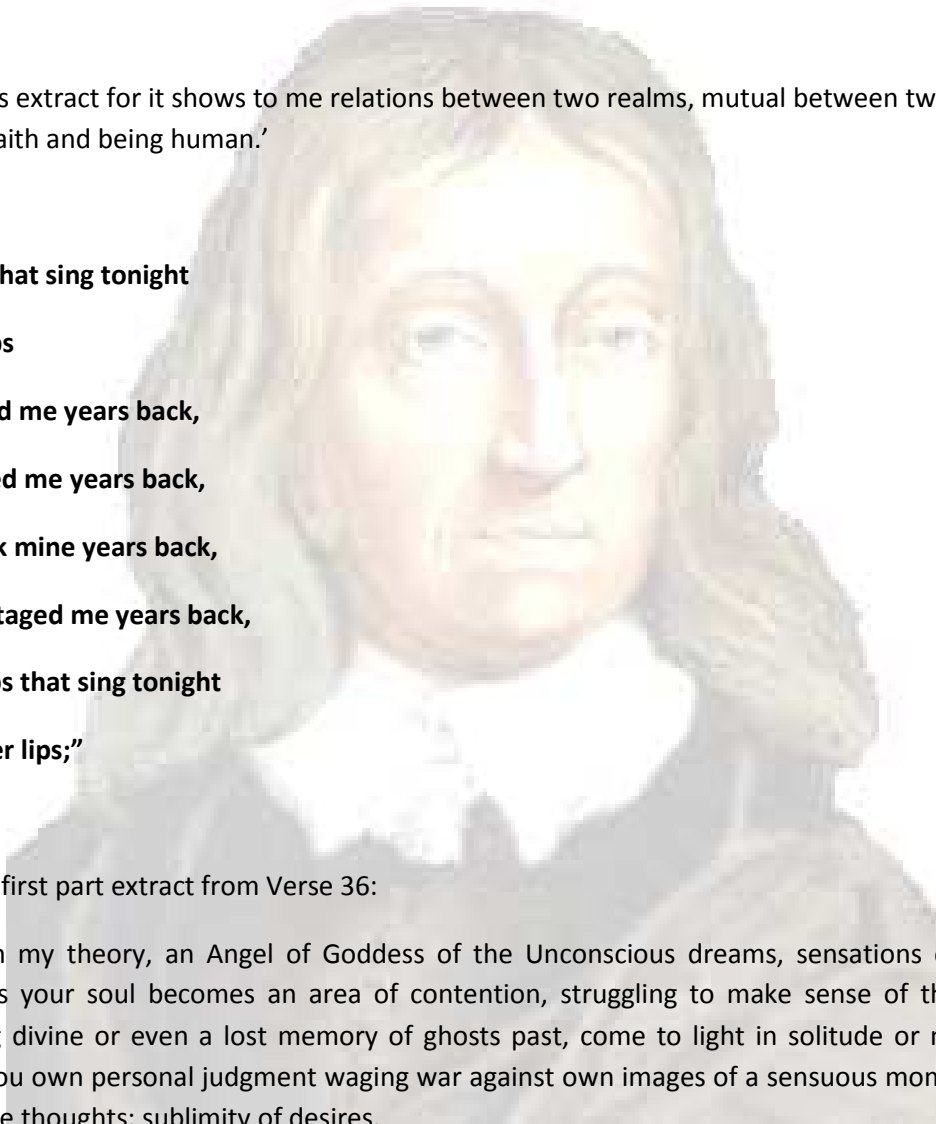
On personal analysis from observing this verse from part four of the poem, it shows shadows are becoming tiresome; a feeling of exasperation. Self doubts, impossible to doubt one's own shadow in the mirror, shadows that ultimately reflect upon our relationship with the world around us, how we think others perceive us. Our beliefs in ourselves and relationships can weaken us and also nurture us, thoughtlessly we can become senseless, and convicting our own reasoning, looking at one's own shadow can cause us mental anguish. But on the other hand shadows can be seen as the gift of wisdom- a form of self discovery.

Maybe the author studied 'Paradise Lost,' as a poetical text book, as did Emily Dickinson absorb Milton!

It shows the author is a man who observes one's own state of mind, evaluates it, self-examination, judge of his own being;

Unfinished Journey: (Verse-36):

I chose this extract for it shows to me relations between two realms, mutual between two aspects of entity – 'Faith and being human.'



**"The lips that sing tonight
Are the lips
That kissed me years back,
That sipped me years back,
That drank mine years back,
That sabotaged me years back,
But the lips that sing tonight
Are not her lips;"**

This is the first part extract from Verse 36:

Perhaps in my theory, an Angel of Goddess of the Unconscious dreams, sensations of memory; Sometimes your soul becomes an area of contention, struggling to make sense of the need for something divine or even a lost memory of ghosts past, come to light in solitude or moments of passion, you own personal judgment waging war against own images of a sensuous moment, or just passing Idle thoughts; sublimity of desires.

Last part extract – verse 36:

"Where are those lips?

Ask Homer

I ask Homer.

Homer gives me unowned lips,

I need owned lips;”

This extract is philosophical for Homer is the Greek Bard if you like (Poet) In Greek Philosophy; (the snippet is like self discipline for provocative Idle thinking possibly) ‘The Greek gods complained that Homer and Hesiod attributed to the god’s all that is shameful and disgraceful among men; perhaps a form of the subconscious mind reminding one, of the shame and deceit of wanting something in our inner most desires, but in end remembering we need owned lips and not those of an unknown entity;

I feel that narrator does not give a definite explanation and really there is no need for one, for we can conclude our own theory of this Poem; nothing is definite, in fact in the words we need to applaud the writers creative abilities; Observers need to make their own theories; besides poems will forever be analyzed by critics!

Carl Jung once quoted:

“Everyone has a shadow, or the negative side of personality and unpleasant qualities we like to hide!”

Shadows in dreams, justifying one’s intentions and desires; Positive illusions maybe?

It was the greatest pleasure to witness such find works of evocative poems in both volumes, admittedly the second book being my most challenged, but favorite. He is a great observer of the world around him and of his own mind and emotions, giving the ability to create words of both positive and negative thoughts. These books are a must have for any budding writer to learn from a Master of unique genius! For me he is the most Sublime Artist in Poetry...

Wendy Mary Lister, 44, having lived in Germany for 17 years, lives in Blandford Forum, Dorset in U.K. and is a Nurse in a Community Hospital. She reads and Writes Poetry.

Review of 'The Complete Poems of Chiu Pin,(Chinese-English)' translated by Yang Xu.

Published by Earth Culture Press (U.S.A.).

"Chiu Pin was nominated for The Nobel Prize in Literature using this book as a basis of reference."

Book Reviewer: Sandra Fowler,Litt.D

The work of Chiu Pin bridges two centuries with grace,vigor and creative endurance. As he enters the evening of his poetic journey,I think of him as a sunset traveller who casts a long shadow over the literary landscape. I believe that he has written his name in indelible ink on the minds and hearts of his readers. Like the snowflakes in 'Drifting Flowers', he has given himself away with a gallant abandon that stirs the spirit. Imagination could do no more.

How well this poet understands The brevity of beauty which is only held by a whisper and, all too soon,escapes The fingertips of human reach. 'The Autumn' has wings that are cut down by the west wind and the waters of the Pacific are so blue as to bring about our tears which fail to awaken,'The Sleeping White Lily' again.

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

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

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

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

Be stringed into shining pearls

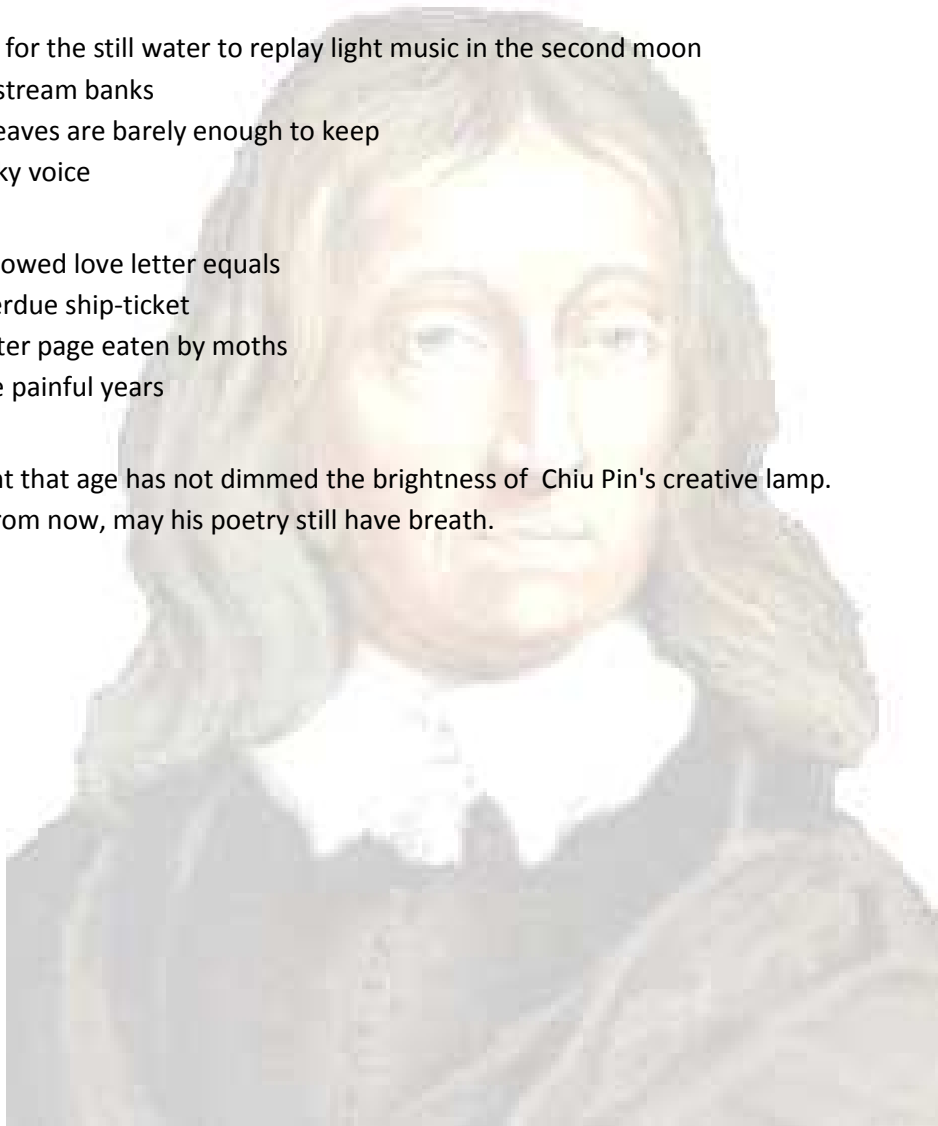
Only a wordsmith of superior quality could have painted a rainscape so profoundly blue as, 'Send-off At The Raining Harbor'. The sound of a saxophone playing a bittersweet song for lonesome lovers would be appropriate here.

However, I was most deeply moved by, 'Erosion'. To my mind this poignant offering captures the very essence of Chiu's poetic being.

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

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

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



**Review of “Between Shadows and Light: A Collection of Poems”
Published by Writers’ Forum, Ranchi.**

Mala Janardan in the book *Between Shadows and Light* frequently alternates with several varieties of poems with a poetic language that too alternates in crudeness and simplicity. Sometimes she is lyrical like in the poem “A Moment In Time” and sometimes she speaks about society and fellow people along with those whom she doesn’t even know. Sometimes she preaches about ways of life like in the poem “Essence”. A wonderful musical quality has been lent by the poet in this poem. The use of consonance can be seen repeatedly as in the following lines from the poem,

“When man stumbles and sways

Fumbles and fails

And is full of follies”

The title of Mala’s poems never reveals her poem. They are entitled in a way as if to create a vacuum and then flow into uncertainty and land up upon obvious and known facts. A light vibration and jerk keep the flow of the poem as if a journey upon an uneven land.

In the poem “In Your Name” the poet exerts nostalgia and the elements in it vividly touching various notes. The philosophy in the poem rises to its peak in the lines,

“in a world where Illusions

are easily destroyed

even that greatest illusion

of all called life”

Mala is never pessimistic in tone and she never tries to be superficial. There is a message in each of her poems that makes her thoughts saintly with philosophical solutions to disturbing muse of human beings in her poems. The poem “Collision” creates a strong postmodern effect in the very beginning stanza much with the beginning two lines ,

“the varied spirits in men

Are the cause of constant clashes”

The poet seems to be much concerned with human actions and particularly human thoughts which poke her to pen poems on them. She never deals with imaginations and fake punctuations but she tries to handle troubles and all that bothers her with her philosophical muse. In her poem “Heartbeat” she has created images and a feeling of tiptoeing into the interiors of sentiments. With huge focus upon the life and its various aspects Mala’s book can be well termed as a book of life poems.

