

The Literary Parrot:

series four

Editors
Dustin Pickering
Mutiu Olawuyi



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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO EDITOR DUSTIN PICKERING!

I was born in Decatur, Georgia in 1981 making this year my 42nd birthday. We release this volume to celebrate life generally. Why is life worth celebrating? There is much storm and fury, beauty and eloquence, and each of us contributes to this large Pi in our own small way. As a kid I dreamed of being a writer and iconoclast, bucking the system that oppressed my desires, kicking the pricks, and leaving golden traces of my legacy for all to devour.

I have a long way to go in human time I'm sure. I suffered my life from absent parents, but recently my father told me I was with the best of writers in my struggles against the odds. It was a strange turn of discussion between us. Life has a lot to offer.

Following the covid era's relaxed restrictions and the impeding dangers to our livelihoods that are illness, war, famine, and suffering globally, literature still has the prophetic power of announcing that justice will be done and hope springs eternal. Don't throw me in a well for saying this— but I suspect our world will reign supreme with or without humans. I'm not doomsayer but I truly believe we are on the verge of universal collapse a la Tower of Babel style through the universalism of our order-making. Perhaps I am wrong, but I will probably not live to see if I am right.

Is it the end of the world, really? Let us celebrate life!

Dustin Pickering, series editor



Art by Sonjaye Maurya

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Binod Diwadi

Sonjaye Maurya

Bogdana Găgeanu



Art by Sonjaye Maurya

JOIN THE DOTS

Ekta Ahuja

You grow up with giggles of Innocence,
Move ahead holding hands of Karma,
Life drapes itself with serape of worldliness,
With baby steps you learn to join the dots...

You enjoy the spring of life,
And keep adding colors in your palette,
Life is love as well as strife,
You by heart these pointers and join the dots...

Past is teacher...
Present is Life..
Future is air..
With Lessons you move ahead in Life in the direction of air and join the dots...

You overcome through gloom, get absorbed with thoughtfulness,
The gleam of positivity permeates, as the life progresses,
You and everything around you sparkle, instilled with heartfulness,
The dots you joined twinkle like stars reflecting the glint of success.

THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Steve Anc

As the year is no longer young.
As she holds caps of thorns.
As she holds straps of joy.
Let us pause and celebrate.

As life comes with purses:
With pieces of pain,
And grim hard bitten-face;
Let us pause and celebrate.

As life comes with pockets:
With pieces of peace,
And gleams of glory;
Let us pause and celebrate.

Even if it comes with swung faces,
And crashing fray and fame—
Where a few lead the way;
Let us pause and celebrate.

THE DOWN TO EARTH PERSON VERSUS CAR PERSON

Aayush Badal

The Journalists keep showing
The stories of eiffel tower,
The leaders keep telling
The stories of maestros
Visiting abroad just
For the sake of curing their headache.

I keep trying to see the story of Harka Bahadurs
I do not see it.
I try to listen to the stories of mothers.

My anger heightens

I go to the lavatory
I flush with condolences
To those heard and seen things
It is because I am searching for the down to earth person
And they keep putting the car person on the plate.

Ah, Let them put anything!
I will go to worship the labor
As to the rats that are running in my stomach right now,
I have to offer group condolences later!

BEFORE THE MELTING OF SNOW

Renuka Bhatta

Wiping the hoarfrost
Trickling on the face
Near by the edge of a frozen river
There she is
Still,
Standing still

Onwards,
On this lane
Whether she will listen to the footsteps
Footsteps of her sweetheart
Who used to come with her
There to caper on snow
During childhood

He, exhaling the balmy air
Showing her the frozen doll of snow
Had said,
On this day
Yes, on this very day
Exactly after twelve years
Keeping your favorite Snow-Gown
Knitted by the needles of snow
I will be here
For forever
Before, the melting of snow
(Translated from the Nepali by Triveni)

OF YARROW AND TARRAGON

Melissa Chappell

Man of dust,
from where did you come?
From the troubled, umbrous
earth of Eden?
Or did you come forth through
woman's crimson canal, with the
wail of Faulkner's crying
riverboat?
Man of sorrows,
did you come
from the tide of battle,
the last red poppy broken,
possessing no honor to
give to you?
Then bend to me.
Let me catch
a fistful of your breath
as a hungry woman tears
the apple from a tree.
I will taste and see
what truth lingers on my tongue.
If there is both water and blood
streaming from the wound,
the warring past and the
newness of the present "now,"
let us lay down our befoiled
blades, making peace with
the earth.
Then let us go walking
in the fields from which
we both arose,
among differing,
bitter wars,
among the yarrow and
sweeter tarragon.

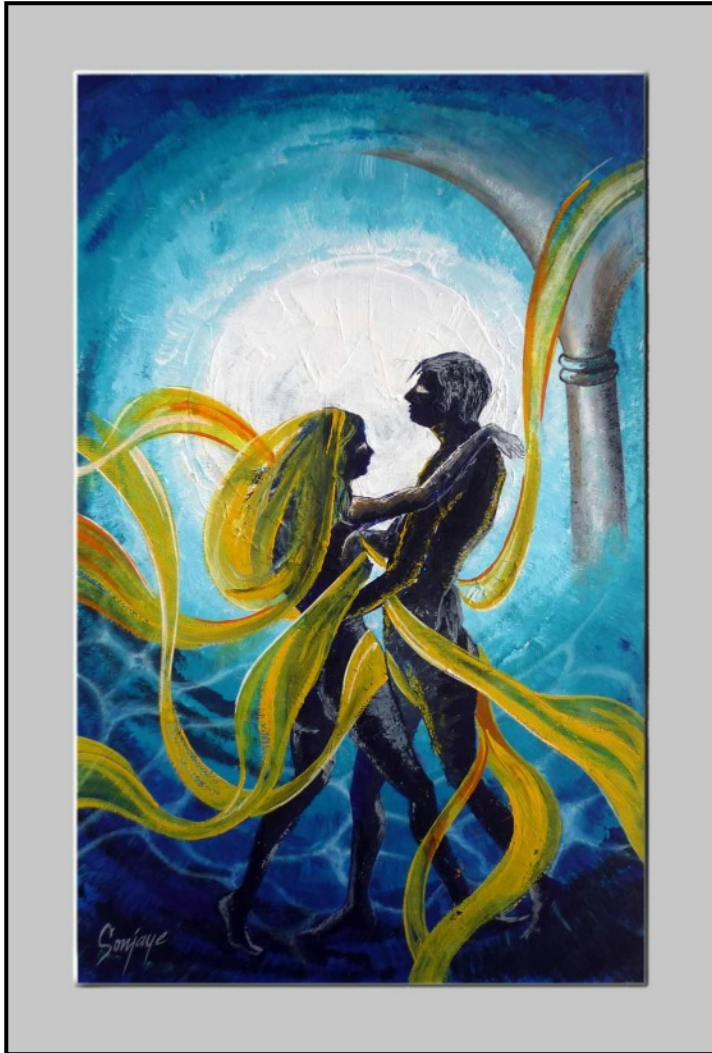
GOODBYE PLANET EARTH.

(Letter to Earth).

Emanuele Cilenti

I wanted to write this farewell letter, at least this one I owe you, and I begin in the classic way: Dear earth, my earth, how much I hate you only your Creator knows. Besides, if you are reduced to this miserable state, the fault can only be mine. Every day I invent a new weapon to kill you, a new devilry to destroy you. It is I who have destroyed you, I have polluted you. Climate change, the melting of glaciers, global warming, the hole in the ozone layer, all this is my work. My ancestor, Cain, is the one who, at the suggestion of the devil, imported death from hell, and experienced it with his younger brother Abel. Speaking of pollution, I am the one who produced it, I like cars, scooters, motorcycles, I like heating with the boiler at home, so much carbon monoxide. I like comfort, technology, I like cell phones, faster and faster internet. I like planes, ships, trains. I like electric light, that's why I pollute so much. Every day I produce millions of tons of garbage and it is always me who pours it daily into your sea, into your land, now only the free sky is left, about the sky: what do you think if I invented illegal dumps suspended in the air, in the sky in fact, so I would send tons of garbage there too. I would fill with garbage the clouds, the moon, the stars, the planets, all the galaxies, all the space, even the sun, about it, I almost invent a special shuttle that goes to burn all the garbage of this world directly on the sun. And so I would produce more, more, and more. On the other hand, we are already polluted human beings, we hate each other, we do experiments on animals or on plants, we have laboratories that look more and more like lagers. I enjoy clearing forests in the name of the god Progress. I enjoy killing others for those gods that I have built myself and that are: Oil, Mammon, Power. I like violence, that's what I am, a destroyer, not by nature, but by choice, yes because my Creator had created me just to procreate, fill and manage the earth, and what have I done, I destroyed everything, because I like to destroy, everything! I like hell, that's why it's more crowded than heaven. I hate you! And I've always done everything to prove it to you. But you rebel from time to time, and send some earthquake, or tsunami, or hurricane, to slap me, humiliate me, correct me, and to take revenge. And I, hypocrite, bad, selfish, liar and egocentric, what do I do, I choose the easiest way, to justify myself I blame God. Are there wars? It is God's fault, and it matters little if they are conceived, planned, built and fought by men. There are murders, rapes, genocides, hunger, diseases, plagues, injustices, suicides, despair, it's all God's fault,

I have nothing to do with it, believe me. But I'm not convinced by these excuses either, I say this because I never examine my conscience, and not because I'm bored, or out of fear, it's because I don't have a conscience. I have no love, no empathy, no good feelings. I'm watching you die, and I'm not doing anything to stop it, I'm not moving a finger, I'm going to die too, I know, but that's not what I am anyway: a zombie and nothing more! I like all this: the chaos, the death, the violence, I would even ask God and you for forgiveness, but why? On the other hand, I did all this on purpose, I created all this, and so goodbye my planet!



Art by Sonjaye Maurya

I AM ALIVE

Antonis Fillippeos

I am alive, when I can see the color of the blue sky.
When I look high at the clouds
and travel with them at unknown, utopian places.
I am alive, when I see you bestrewing your smile
like the petals of a white rose
at a sudden gust of wind;
when I feel the smell of the sea
and touch with my hands the tempestuous waves
that persistently graze
the steep rocks of silence.
I am alive, when I nimbly follow the signs of truth
that did not set behind the stony vizards;
when I see the chariot of the sun
filling with warmth our blending hearts.
I am alive, when I can be standing at the highest peak
touching with my wet eyes
the greatest dream;
when I taste the nectar of time
and hear paeans of triumph sound
from the debris of stone temples.
I am alive, when I feel sad for the death of a wight
and burst into joyful tears before the miracle of life;
when I bend from pain and sorrow
losing the path of dawn
and as I am moving high I am still human.
I am alive, when I can pray under the waves of your hair
for something precious,
for a love
full of gleaming light...

NINE HAIKUS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Damon Freed

One salty milkfish
Two house lizards
Seven thousand islands

I don't speak the language
I understand the people
Warm and affectionate

More calcium and nutrition than breast milk
More vitamin c and protein than orange juice or soy
What is this moringa plant anyways?

The moringa tree—
No taste
They call this a super-plant?

What can I say?
I love the Philippines,
But I'm ready for a hamburger

Advice to a traveler:
Eat what is given you
Bring plenty diarrhea medicine

They smile—I smile—
They smile
Kind people

These damn Philippinos
Nicest people
No toilet paper!

National Highway—
Water buffalo, chickens, cows and goats
Rice, tobacco, corn and mango

A TRIBUTE TO LEARNING (VILLANELLE)

Spondon Ganguli

Every day we meet together to learn
I am ignorant of the lessons
So to learn, I let the candle burn.

My success is your concern
You pour your heart into the lessons
Every day we meet together to learn

Your approach and discipline are quite stern
That pushes me to come prepared
So to learn, I let the candle burn.

Your love and affection we yearn
You are our guardian and mentor, so
Every day we meet together to learn

It's all about preparing myself to earn
The fame and name through your guidance
So to learn, I let the candle burn.

Little by little, you shape me like an urn,
Like a skilful potter you shape my future,
Every day we meet together to learn
So to learn, I let the candle burn.

Papia Ghosh

Where death overrules life,
Germinating a new life, a new me.



WHAT SHAKESPEARE LOVED

John Guzlowski

He loved carrots
and fresh bread

loved to watch
the grayness of winter
descend in December

loved to feel the snow
on his face and beneath
his feet

loved April
with its sweet showers
too

It all reminded him
of when he was a kid,
waking in his mother's arms

THE STORY OF CLOUDS

John Guzlowski

Once the sky was blue
from one horizon to the other,
blue as the ocean on the sunniest day
you can imagine,

pure blue
and then it wasn't.

From somewhere there came
a soft bruise of whiteness
and it was going somewhere
fast across the sky,
and then there was another bruise
and another,

and my granddaughter Lulu watched
and waited for the blue
to be pure blue again
and it wasn't, and she went in
and told her mother
she wanted the sky to be blue again,

and her mother smiled and said,
maybe tomorrow.

A NEW DAY

Dusty Jagers

Rise!

Woke up this morning and the sun was shining.

I took my first breath with a smile, a yawn, and a stretch as I rose
and it was soul defining!

I got out of bed dancing!

and embraced the heroic hour with the power and the free will of passion.

This is the choice to heal daily.

So, I jumped into my desires of the moment with movement.

I know the deal, It's a new day!

My faith long since tested in the fire.

God's been refining my grace, it's time to go spiritually higher.

My body's ready to get to work at my day job grinding.

I got a heart full of hope and that's life changing

when you're bringing in that kind of positivity.

It's time to face your demons and slay!

It's a new day!

Now, we're on our way moving forward.

I've got a belly filled with a full English breakfast and Earl Grey.

Some might say I'm wealthy, good health is everything and love and
gratitude

will bring you many things to make your soul sing! If you trust in them
with

honesty, truth, purity, and authenticity. You have to know that you can
be anything you want to be!

It's a new day!

Just learn how to get out of your head and your own way.

Pray for the help you need and wait on Heaven to move as you feed the
belief you will receive.

There is no need to grieve, you've got nothing to lose.

It's a new day!

I made my way through the city streets, It's a concrete jungle out there!

But, know that you can traverse it all without fear.

The bullets you hear just out of earshot don't have your name on them.
No, not today!
Never stray too far from your intuition for it will always guide you back home.
Know that you are never alone for your guardian angel walks beside you and you belong to an
empire of light! It's a new day!

As you lay your weary head down to rest on your pillow in your warm bed at night.
Thank the Lord for this gift that lifts your spirit to soar to new heights.
As you fight to take yourself from surviving to thriving in this experience.

Don't let the sighing that escapes your lips come at truths expense.
For the next breath that you take could be just another beginning or the end of you.
As all of the hairs on our heads are numbered, just like our days
forever revolving in a circle, a celebration of life, we often forget to praise
or even acknowledge
in our living of it.

BLESSED LIFE

Zaneta Varnado Johns

I live. I breathe. I celebrate.
Freely. Gloriously. Gratefully.
I feel compassionately
I love unconditionally
I move intentionally
I forgive graciously
I rejoice constantly
I listen attentively
I see delightfully
I share willingly
Unapologetically, I am
the person that God
called me to be

When I stand with my sisters
I am whole
I am authentic
My confidence soars
In their presence I am safe
We balance each other
We support each other
We crave the chance
to celebrate each other
Together with my sisters
We live and flourish

From earth to sky
I savor all that I see
I am but a mustard seed
in this vast universe—
significantly insignificant
I look up and ponder
What is beyond the trees
I peer through the light
Infinity is what I see
That is but a small portion
of what God has for me

DOORWAYS

Joe Kidd

I'm thinking about doorways. It's crazy, how many doorways we walk through in a day, in a lifetime. We walk through large elaborate doorways often to places of worship or places of commerce. We walk through small inconspicuous doorways, perhaps to a child's playhouse or an animal shelter, hospital rooms, prison cells, offices, studios, bathrooms, all have unique doorways. Sometimes, doorways are in our heads. Doorways to artistic inspiration, doorways to dreams, doorways to life and death. When we walk through doorways, we leave an established existence to enter into the unforeseen. For no matter how we may imagine the other side, we can never be completely certain of where a doorway leads until we open it and walk through. There is one particular doorway that I walk through several times each month in Detroit. To get to it, I must park my jeep in a structure and walk down the street, often past homeless people who are constantly begging for money.

Last week, it happened that I was doing my usual routine when, just as I was about to enter a doorway to a building that housed a small restaurant and the office where I had an appointment, I was approached by a beggar. A nice looking man about my age, maybe younger, asked me if I could spare enough money for him to go into the restaurant to buy lunch. I told him I could not, and proceeded past. As I got to the doorway, I decided to go back and give him some money. I quickly pulled out all the money in my pocket, pushed it into his hand and turned to go. He stopped me, saying, "mister, all I asked you for, was enough for a sandwich." Overcome by the remark, all I could say was "sorry man, you want me to take some back?" He said "no, but do you have time to have lunch with me?" I couldn't believe what was happening. I thought, this must be a trap of some kind. In defense against trouble, although I did have time, I said "no, I must keep moving, someone is waiting for me inside." I turned again, and as I got to the doorway, he said "hey mister, would you have lunch with me some other time?" I turned and said "well, if I ever get the opportunity, I would." He said "ok, thanks." As I got to the doorway again, I decided that it might be interesting to see what this guy is really like, so I turned saying "wait a minute ..." He was gone, vanished in an instant, disappeared into thin air! I had a chance to walk through a doorway, and I blew it. I'm thinking about doorways.

From The Invisible Waterhole

A QUESTION OF FORGIVENESS

Jill Sharon Kimmelman

My friend
we have exhumed your memories
dissected your choices
still an elephant in pink stands between us

A reliance exists on bottles, needles
women, pills, gambling, and food
of this, there is no doubt

The question needs a voice

Will you continue
choosing to dance
this crazy dance eyes wide open, dipping, spinning, twirling headlong into
a
tar-black maze of certain instability

Remember always
it is you who holds ownership
of your choices

So now,
my friend, tell me please
is today the day when we shall finally
speak of self forgiveness?

HUMAN LIFE IS THE GREATEST GIFT

Asha Kumari

Human life is very rare,
Sacred, pure and precious,
Opens the doors of tremendous,
Opportunities for growth and wisdom.

Humans get freedom to live,
The way they want and desire,
Can take intelligent decisions,
To cherish their life with love and light.

Human life is an opportunity,
To get the highest version of true self,
By growing physically, mentally, rationally,
As well as spiritually and emotionally.

Humans have great imagination power,
And capacity to visualize outcomes,
By amplifying their feelings and emotions,
And manifesting the goals of life magically.

Human life is a precious gift,
To empower true self ethereally,
Under the sprinkles of divine shower,
By regaining the highest consciousness.

PURPOSE OF BEING HUMAN

Asha Kumari

Being human,
Is the highest possibility,
Of increasing one's consciousness,
Shedding of impurities.

Being human,
Opens the door of prosperity,
By developing love, faith, compassion,
To become saviour of Mother Earth.

Being human,
Opens the door of humanity,
By serving society with full potentiality,
Staying in peace, unaffected by wicked.

Being human,
Is possibility to fulfil,
Desire of a soul to unite
With Supreme Consciousness.

Being human,
Opens the door of liberation,
By merging with Cosmos,
To become Supreme Cosmos.

GREENHEART BEATING

Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

oh branchy, majestic, old tree
I will sit in your shadow
and put my head for rest on your rough trunk
with closed eyes for a moment
I will listen in to your green heartbeat
I will feel like the juices flow
in your green arteries
I will listen to the story, which
your leaves whisper to the wind



Photo by Bogdana Găgeanu

THE JOY OF THE HEART

Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

I close my eyes
my childhood returns

I wallow in the carpet of the grass
sticky dandelion juice stains my dress
I am basking in the flowers' wonderful smell

in a blink of an eye, everything is back
and so simple and naive again
pictures in my head,
swirl like in a kaleidoscope

I braided two braids again
I have a wreath with flowers on my head
the joy of the heart the flowers wonderful smell
crickets are playing on their violin

the lark sings in the sky above my head
I am basking in the flowers wonderful small
grandma is waiting for us on the threshold
with a cup of cool milk
the cat is fawning at her feet
the dog is cooling itself down
in the puddle left after dawn's downpour

and this joy in the heart
the pure joy
child's carefree joy

A TINY PART OF ME WILL STAY

Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

I have trampled the hundredth pair of shoes
And have outgrown another coat.
Albeit, there are still so many roads ahead of me,
And new people at bus stops to meet.

My star, high up, in the night sky
Winks at me significantly from the above.
A new rainbow will rise for me after the rain.
The sun will smile through the clouds again.

There are still so many peaks to climb
I move forward with more heavy legs each day.
I do not want to regret even a tiny moment,
Another date fell down from the calendar.

I try to not to sleep through life, not waste it,
Still hope to see those, I'm waiting for so long,
Forgive those, who have failed me many times,
Then, say goodbye to everyone I love and go away.

I will leave a part of myself in my poems,
And will slowly walk through a rainbow bridge
To the Father's house up in the heavenly sky,
And will merge with all those, who wait for me.

DEVOTION

Purbasha Mondal

After taking bath
In Kamanasagar
We offer pious flowers
To Shantimata Devi
Peace resides
In the globe of mind

Remembering Aswini Gosain
We spread smell of love
We spread dust of bhakti

We dance
With the grass
We dance
With the white wind

We spread smell of love
We spread dust of bhakti
In the heart of Thakurnagar

IN THE TEARS OF KAMANASAGAR

Purbasha Mondal

When Sunset dies
Your red Nishan floats
on the bosom of sky.

In the pious days of Matsab
They are in love with you.
They chant:
“Joy Harichand Thakur
Joy Guruchand Thakur”.

In the pond
The flower whose eyes were closed
Opens her eyes.
Now she chants:
“Joy Shantimata Devi
Joy Satyabhama Devi”.

For them
Family is everything
Their great virtue!
They reject Veda
They are believers of Karma.

Amidst the stars
They are looking for you!

In the tears of Kamanasagar
They are looking for you!

Notes:

Kamanasagar	a holy pond in Thakurnagar
Matsab	religious festival
Nishan	red flag of Matuas

RAQS SHARQI*

Jagari Mukherjee

1

I posses immortal longings:
an unseen soul in silk haunts me.
Impregnated by rebellion,
I get up to dance
before jewelled mirrors.

2

Abandoned by a husband once,
I claim a cracked glass heart back...

I begin.

On the floor my feet explode,
limbs vibrating in grapevine,
arms turning rivers.
My fragrant arabesques vanquish decades
as men slide off my undulating camels.

3

I don't smile at first.
My belly, a tender woman,
aflutter with the coin belt,
gold on scarlet, unhinges storms
on my belly-button; a rosebud
comes loose.
Below, secrets hide in sequins.
Above, my turquoise-shaded eyes
disown glass hearts,
dark souls, fugitive men,
desire's chaff:
I relinquish you all as
Shakira nears the end of her song.
I finally smile, my relevé high.
You wonder at my apotheosis.
Whenever, wherever. Forever.

**The Arabic word for traditional belly dance*

WHITE SHADOWS.

Sayani Mukherjee.

Keeping a score is a nuanced way
One two three for every chores
Morning tea sugars milk
One liquid one pound one gallons
Prefixes and suffixes for everyday
Coming and going
Homeberries holiday retreats winters
For the bride of bridges
Worlds collide upon the lightness
In darkness there's an ocean fold clothes
Embers Ashes evening namesake
A beatitude of quietly elegant muskrose
Her twopence basket holds nutshell
Little animals of simplicity
Like water like wind takes up spaces around
A knife edged barred silhouette
Mudslides of diamonds and rusty patches
Winters and evenings
Delights keeping the purse open for queue
Questions drop open
Little girl's snowflakes snowmanship
Crafty simple art
An orange peel melting pot cooking jar
National anthems parades paraded paths
The evening lights take shape
Oval shaped nights northern ferry
Cards cares locations inroads insides
Out of suffixes out of prefixes
Keeps borders out
Beyond the white washed agedead
Sprung open the Bluebird wind
The white lake fire
Awakening of the evening light
My fingers into white shadows.

MEA CULPA UNDER A CRIMSON SKY
Mark Murphy

Mouthing ‘excuse me,’
in the fast flowing current –
a crocodile counts wildebeest
as they cross the Nile.

Conscious of both anti-climax
and the critical success of an uncertain kill,

the crocodilian (not contrite
by nature)

tiptoes timidly out of the Cataracts
towards contrition.

At last, would-be killer, and would-be kill,
have cause
for celebration.

A tenuous truce. Where codex
and cryptographer

might coexist
without call for any further carnage.

From the manuscript “Going Home...”

ONE OF THE GODS

John Chinaka Onyeché

And one day
We shall all be gods
Worshipped in different ways
Some in the pantheons
And others in the heart of men
As saints, heroes and failures too
Because at the end of this life
We either motivated people
In a positive way or negative way
Perhaps good gods or the bad ones
These are the stories you not told
I am now becoming one of the gods

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM

Francis Otolé

How quick the drying of the dews
How soon the dying of the hues
How quick the flowers' smiles fade
How soon the rainbow goodbye bade
How quick from flesh to clay
How foul man smell in decay
How soon the coming of May
How quick the turning of day
How quick from the sparkling of bubbles
How soon from cities to rubbles
How lonely the dead lies
How fast time flies
How quick from cradle to grave
How empty the promises life gave
Many things are not as they seem
And life is but a dream.

Carlo Parcelli

DEAR HERR KRAUS,

I send you my regards
As I have sent the Emperor my left leg
And that charming Miss Schalek
My severed arm and service medal.
Because Kraus, Deep down I believe
You are a good egg.

As the Neue Freie Presse
Has of late stressed
War, like hard candy,
Has been my caste's chief confection.
And so charmed are us Viennese
Of its delection,
I have left as token on the battlefield
A leg, an arm and an eye
To plump the Prussian worms.
I dragged what was left of me
Behind our lines with great exertion
Fearing if I crawled too far
I'd be court martialed for desertion.
And now at the picnic on the hospital grounds,
At the feast of St. Leopold's,
I pop out my glass eye
To amuse the small fry.
Did you catch my head shots
Taken by Miss Schalek?
And the one with me foot cutoff,
Not Miss Schalek's fault, of course,
Not entirely,
But nipped by a cross-eyed Bosch
For ain't she and the Kaiser flawless
In their praise of the war;
Sans eye, sans leg, sans arm.
Such was our esprit
When Miss Schalek came for inspection,
My Sergeant beat me with his baton
Before I could get my bloody
Dress pants on.

He howled if Miss Schalek
Had been a limey bombing raid
I'd a lost another limb or two,
And be on me last leg,
Or worse, my cripple's tardiness
May have left me for dead.
Sound advice, as sound as his thrashing.
And, Mr. Kraus, didn't Miss Schalek
In her pearls and Golden Cross look dashing,
I'm touched that my loss proved her gain,
Not that you's askin'.

Our statesmen and generals are all business,
While the public is unaware
That they meet with Krupp and Bayer
More often than with their mistresses.
Don' you agree, such self-sacrifice
Is to be commended
Lest our great nation be upended;
(Excuse me, I must insert this tube to pee)
More so if how masculine and heroic
They pay for a lavish meal at the Korso
With funds from the public weal.
Or dine on the Veal Ragout with Dumplings
At Supraka while they take in
The new Asta Nielsen film
Amid the rousing newsreels,
Or pose in tux and ball gowns
For Miss Shalek's bloodless amalgams.
I understand the emperor himself has invested
In my catheter's manufactory
Though an Austrian synthetic rubber stream
Remains as much a dream
As my taking a piss through
Me own old phantom hose
What I dazzled many a Catherine,
Julia and Rose;
But now shun fucking much less
Marriage and a family propose;
Or drunk, piss in the gardens and on the walls
Of all them rich Semitic so and so's.
Excuse me. As you can see

Sobriety haunts me to this day
Though, thanks to the Frogs,
A bit of me jaw too is shot away.

A sniper peered
Through his opera glass
Over the Neue Freie Presse's
Poetic pastels of noble slaughter,
Reminiscent of the pattern
Upon my dead sister's summer dress.
He shot me in my Austrian jaw and ass
And by virtue of the extra holes
From a moldy cot far behind the lines
The glories of war
I was well-versed to extoll
To a trim reporter
From the Austrian press
For a piece of chocolate,
A pocket knife and
A few lumps of coal.
For be I not the animal
Conquered by humanity;
The hero of life.

So noble is the fight
And it's such an honor to take part that
Any bloody cunt accused of murder or rape is
Immediately sent to the front
So virtuous is our cause.
The bloke next to me
Cut up his whole family,
And his rise in the ranks is astronomical;
He boiled the brains of his children
In their skulls and guzzled their blood.
But when its war such be immaterial
Quite! The high command considers
The bloody fiend officer materiel.
And for this, he was given
The honor of leading charges,
Taking point upon patrol, disarming
Mines before they discharge,
And supervising exhumations and digging

Every latrine and foxhole.
In short, war taught him responsibility
As well as love of country;
Our most decorated and celebrated
Legless and faceless wonder
Now lying next to me.

After the war for a few months,
I'll take it all in
Then begin my career begging
On the streets of Berlin.
An occupation I am now suited for
By the tutelage of bombs
And the carnage of war.
And far fewer mouths need be fed
Now that half the nation and
My entire family lay dead.
Besides, the emperor himself too is gone
But not astride his war horse,
But bundled in bed.
And the daring pianist, Wittgenstein,
Can no longer launch arpeggios
From his right side.
The War Press Office keeps up the lies
Until the last breath of men and mount
The last conscript and pardoned convict dies
On that you can count
As a clown made President or Prime Minister
Who before a crowd begs, struts and rants
Does not change his baggy pants.
And among the numerous types of mediocrity
The most redemptive is a wartime military
For such service is a barrier against insignificance
And living or dying on the battlefield
Does not leave anonymity to chance.
So beget everyman's mechanized lottery.
And an enemy they see as no more
Than a column of smoke;
A probability of Cardano's or Pascal's
Disquieted to a cosmic joke.

I'd never thought to kill a man before

The prospect was packaged as a war.
 The poets and the press
 With voluminous modifiers for esprits de corps
 Whet my appetite for righteous gore.
 They nowadays have found
 If they move to higher ground,
 And stay well behind the lines
 They can continue to do it on two legs.
 But, yes, the papers, of necessity;
 Sugar coat the war.
 When the arms industry is their john
 What role be afforded them
 But the whore.
 And every war report, a feuilleton,
 An itinerant hagiography of rotting remains
 To sway the orphans back home
 That none, not one father, died in vain.
 So I'll raise a glass while I can
 And quaff a draft for every corpse,
 Child, woman and man.
 What such an ocean of grief
 There awaits an ocean of drink
 To bring relief.
 And I'll pray for Franz Joseph
 Though only muddled in great dollops
 Of humanity dare I say
 Did he pray for me
 And even that is subject
 To a Higher Scrutiny.
 And who am I to deride,
 Half a man as I am,
 Wilhelm who claims he has
 God on his side.
 And our newspapers agree, Herr Kraus,
 That when it comes to this war.
 The empire has won a great victory
 Even if the outcome for
 The homeland is contradictory.
 So I have my doubts
 As regards the missing half of me
 As to where and how I stand.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

Monalisa Parida

We are the guests for an unknown period on this earth.

Life is not always kind for us.

It's like a potholed road.

In the days of harrowing storm,

When the wind won't calm down,

Plant the seed of faith within your heart,

Profoundly into your life,

Assiduously into your belief.

A day will come, you will reign in the sky

And will sparkle like diamonds.

Every night your wishes come true,

And you will become a real stand and a jewel forever.

LIFE

Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou

To caressed me and i come to life
the creation smell sweet
the feast begins

I dress up in morning in colours in light
i worship the trees , the earth , the water.

I kissed the noon and my heart grew wings
it fluttered it serche for the embrace.

I befriended the down
it fell in my two hands
I married life and had three children

I named them love, justice, humanity
and i have happiness as my constant companion
and i am not afraid death nor of pitfalls.....

LIFE IS LIFE?

Xavier Panades I Blas

Life is never ending.
a being dies in a thought.
as a being is born in a cuddle,
in the perpetual “again...”

Life is the whispering,
of flowers kissing the light,
of invisible greens and brown
in the skin of the trees.

Life is now,
now is knowing,
knowing is observing,
observing is being...

Life is the buzzing,
of hidden insects,
to escape from death,
to discover unexpected treasures.

Life is a noun,
a noun is a thought,
as we think it,
we are dead.

Life is a moment,
of peculiar accidents
of emotional rollercoasters
of endless gymkhanas.

Life is life
as loving is right,
unless is a fantasy,
of the ignorant mind.

Life is the beginning
as death is the end
of a sphere with a clear form

and filled with invisible dark...
where nothing is everything...



Photo by Binod Dawadi

LA VIDA ÉS VIDA?

Xavier Panades I Blas

La vida no s'acaba mai.
Un ésser mor en un pensament,
com un ésser neix en una abraçada,
en el perpetu "una altra vegada".

La vida és el xiuxiueig,
de flors besant la llum,
de verds i marrons invisibles
en la pell dels arbres.

La vida és ara,
ara és saber,
saber és observar,
observar és ser...

La vida és el bronzit,
d'insectes amagats,
per escapar de la mort,
per descobrir tresors inesperats.

La vida és un substantiu,
un substantiu és un pensament,
tal comensem,
estem morts.

La vida és un moment,
d'accidents peculiars
de muntanyes russes emocionals
de gimcanes inacabables.

La vida és la vida
com estimar és correcte,
tret que sigui una fantasia
de la ment ignorant.

La vida és el principi
com la mort és el final,
d'una esfera amb una forma clara
i plena d'invisible fosc...
on res ho és tot...

Eva Lianoy Petropolou

We have asked not to be forgotten....
But we forget to live
We forget to love
We forget to say hello and thank you to people they were there for us!!

We asked to be patient
We have asked to be kind
But they never teach us about the selfish person
The evil people
They snakes they are among us
That are waiting for our moments
The small moments
To come
And destroy

We have asked to believe in ourselves
We have asked to be positive
But they never explained that
We will be the only that we must do that
As people are occupied with make war
Make money
Have power

I do what they asked
but i walk forgotten....
In the battle field

AN ECSTATIC LIFE IS...

Teri Petz

Sipping Alberta honey wines
made with dandelions.
Beautiful golden yellow
like the rising summer sun.

Listening to Rumi's words,
soaking in his wisdom and humour.
With every poem there is more
and more timeless eloquence.

Lying in the blazing sun,
immersed in the warm rays,
then walking to the shore
in glistening white sand.

Riding the ocean waves,
up and down,
up and down
swimming in the nude.

Picking fresh cherries-
ripe, juicy and sweet
while the summer breeze is flowing
through tall brown grass.

Writing poetry...just for fun,
just because it flows from the heart.
Writing just because "you have to"
not caring if anyone ever reads it.

An ecstatic life is to see
the beauty of a lone tree
in the wide open prairies
with nothing else for miles.

To hear the love song
of a meadowlark,
serenading it's mate
raising from a sleep.

An ecstatic life is
living fully,
whole heartedly,
with honesty and with love.

LOVE GROWS EVERYWHERE

Roula Pollard

I plant love seeds, sunflowers' wholeness
orange trees of hope, seeds of compassion,
peace I plant in my heart.
I plant happiness
in countless fields in my mind.
I plant seeds of togetherness
between people, seeds of friendship
on continents, among nations
seeds of human understanding.
I plant seeds of strong will
to grow mornings of new humanity and unity
to hold the brilliance of days, happy years
times of fruitful centuries.
I plant true love seeds
in the desert years of the past.

II.

We plant brotherhood
and sisterhood in our heart.
We plant in the Mediterranean Sea
miracle seeds to nurture
friendship on all continents.
We plant good will in nuclear power stations
to transform their poisonous pollution
into alternative energy for humanity

We plant prayers high on the mountains
in lakes and rivers, in oceans, we plant seeds of goodness.
Night and day, flowers I plant from my heart
to your heart.
Days with blessings and goodness
we plant, light to grow in our hearts
with Love.

ILLUMINATION

Tapeshwar Prasad

What illumination possessed
thinking myself, sitting
by your side
making
pleasant assertions
that
being closer to you and my loved ones is
a part
more real than any reality
prescribed
in the annals
of my deepest thoughts whatsoever
as and when; abstraction
speaks
mystically
from the innermost of my being

THE FIERY MAPLE WILL GLIDE

Moitreyee Raju

Engrossed in a sonder
the fiery maple glide,
knowing full well
that the veneer has lost its pride!
While in the continuum of thoughts,
the sparrow lingers a little longer
and in the cornice of that footloose slumber,
it creates a revelry of sorts.
Sunset hues with nostalgic blues
now chase,
all those fallen leaves of September.

O' fallen scarlet leaves...
what do you sing while flying?
Your pulsating falsetto
a redolent soprano in eyes Irish blue
awakens the cemetery,
often like the wrath of the hiraeth,
and dictates with might
to stitch and unstitch brocades of light,
to exhume the mystery of the history
buried in the garb of September leaves.

The curtains fly in gossamer thin thoughts
and a palaver of shades grapple to be sought.
But the eye Irish blue, turns blackish blue,
'cause a home once that was, is a home no more!

O' fallen leaves of September
listen to me once and forever...
the veneer has lost its gloss
yet the hieraeth remains
and till the eye retains hues of skiey blue
the fiery maple will glide
never to fade away in clouds malafide.

CHARACTER IS DESTINY

Moitreyee Raju

Why I am; The way I am.
That ceaseless refrain
when intermittently knocks the door
of my infantile reasoning,
I find myself
cradled in the lap of your elysian presence.
As you rock the cradle
with the pristine strokes of a mother,
little by little
the Rubik's cube falls into place.

Thy presence unseen, ineffable,
yet married are you
to my fallible and infallible being.
A boat anchored
in the backwaters of my abode,
intended to carry me
to that state of oblivion!

Character is destiny,
a conviction preordained
with a lambent content
meant to shine with a sparkle sidereal!

But as life gets dramatized
in this worldly milieu,
dwarfed I feel..

in the grandeur of such a thought.
'Cause while being moulded
into a pot by the potter
invisible becomes the victims of episodes
that find resurrection
when the fields fecundate.

Tragedies kaleidoscopic
play out in the patio of life
day in and day out
solemnized by a solitary trait,
that germinate in solitude
in the soil reddish of the deep dark woods.
What are we...?
When Shakespeare couldn't ignore
the corridors of destiny
in each of his tragedies!!

CELEBRATE LIFE

Harood Rashid

Among many, very few
touch you in your soul
And other's only see your
skeletons, skin and flesh
and among them are those fewest
who move you away, to your land
through your land
where you meet yourself,
feeling your own soul
and then you don't long for
you get to know where you belong for
now you know meeting people is love
perhaps meeting oneself a blessing from above
for this feeling you always have waited for
to you this is even more precious
than diamond or gold
now all your life you will be happy and young
even you become frown and old.
so don't you ever feel shy
just keep the spirits high
happiness waiting
feelings stimulating
vibes reciprocating
see yourself in the eyes
now no more cries
reach to all your
mountains, seas and endless skies
this is your life, keep celebrating .

CELEBRATE A LIFE

Ranjit Sahu

Creation has bestowed on you a gift,
Each moment of which is a unique prize,
“Life”, it is called and its flow has been swift,
Every joy being a “pleasant surprise”.
Believe in stars that twinkle in the sky,
Relish the fragrance of flowers in spring,
And stop questions of if, how and why,
Try to live instead of over thinking.
Each moment is an opportunity,
And celebration of being alive,
Life weaves in though some ambiguity,
In its tapestry where you need to strive.
Forget the dark clouds when you have sun shine,
Every breath is different and divine.

A STONE BENCH: CHANDRAKANT DEVTALE

Trans. Rupali Saini

A stone bench
on which a crying child
is falling silent while nibbling a biscuit.

on which a tired young man
is caressing his crushed dreams.

on which covering his eyes with the hands
a retired old man is sleeping all noon.

on which they both
are weaving the dreams of their life.

a stone bench
on which rest imprinted tears, tiredness,
and the memories of love.

For this stone bench too
it may begin someday
the continuation of murders.

it could be ripped up
or can even be broken.

Don't know who would have sit at first
on this stone bench!

THE GREAT CAPTAIN

Merixtell Sales

It's ninety today
Life is many small moments
and has sailed everywhere
with all possible moods.
Generous, loving and shouty
(because he has a strong voice)
Chess, card and domino player,
has always put the well-being of the family
in first place. - Well, well, well.
Creator, doer and innovator
in the creation of floors and towers.
Happy to see those who worked for him,
his house was always open to everyone.
- Well, well, well.
It is from the land of Segrià, hard working people.
First he climbed the scaffolding, in time he walked with a cane
and for some years on a wheelchair.
I saw him yesterday, just out of the hospital.
He had overcome sepsis.
Lying on the bed he looked at me with those eyes
who still show a lot of will to live.
I asked him, how are you, Papa?
And he said to me: - Well, Well, Well!

EL GRAN CAPITÀ

Merixtell Sales

Avui en fa noranta
La vida són molts petits instants
i ha navegat per tot arreu
amb tots els estats d'ànim possibles.
Generós, amorós i cridaner
(perquè de veu en té i força)
Jugador d'escacs, de cartes i de dòmino,
ha posat sempre el benestar de la família
en primer lloc. -Bé, bé, bé.
Creador, faedor i innovador
en la creació de pisos i torres.
Feliç de veure-hi els que treballaven per a ell,
la seva casa sempre era oberta per a tothom.
-Bé, bé, bé.
És de la terra del Segrià, sempre de gent treballadora.
Primer s'enfilava als andamis, amb el temps anava amb bastó
i des de feia uns anys en cadira de rodes.
Ahir el vaig veure, acabat de sortir de l'hospital.
Havia superat una sèpsia.
Ajagut al llit em mirà amb aquells ulls
que encara mostren moltes ganes de viure.
Li vaig preguntar, com et trobes, papa?
I em va dir: -Bé, Bé, Bé!

QUANTUM QUOTIENT

Sankha Sen

It was month of July, I love sitting in my terrace and watching the clouds, and the blue sky.

It really makes me feel how small are we. There are so many bigger things to worry about. We are still engaged in Wars, debates, and misunderstandings. The biggest problem lies in the differences in perspectives.

The emotional factor of our brain is such that there is a thin line between love and hate. So, our mental conditions are very much unpredictable. But feelings which positively guides us are trust, faith, and beliefs. Although this sound similar but yes, they do keep us together and help us maintain families and keep the human species alive.

There are the feel better hormones which can control our emotional state. Change in life habits can regulate them. Going for walks, doing sports can boost our mental happiness.

I thought of making me a coffee. After I took the first sip of my coffee I looked of my terrace. Many people were passing by. Out of them I just happened to notice a family with twin sisters. And they were craving to get hold of ice cream. There were couple of ice cream vendors. I saw they separated and went to two different ice cream vendors. They must have chosen two different flavors

Instead of twins if they were the same person appearing in two different Ice cream vendors, what would have happened?

My mind went on to the thought of Quantum Entanglement.

Quantum entanglement allow particles to share the spatial connection in such a way the quantum state of each particle is related with each other and cannot be independent of each other.

The kids returned with their ice creams. Two happy faces returned home with their parents.

In our brains as we know so many complex thoughts and ideas come and go.

We have seen that mechanics cannot eventually explain consciousness, we need to refer to a group of hypotheses namely quantum consciousness.

I was always an average student in my school, for which my mother used to nag a lot on me. Sometimes in my space, used to wonder what if we could develop a Software which could alter our intelligence quotient.

I mean, if we were getting poor understanding due to poor intelligence, then this software could enhance the brain power.

After returning to my apartment, I received a phone call from a worried mother. Who would like to have his son's intelligence checked and would like to enhance the IQ.

Yes, my childhood dream was fulfilled when I managed to complete this Software, called "Quantum Quotient."

The calculation capability of our brain is just like a computer and as computer could enormously enhance its power by working on Qbits (Quantum bits) and this has added extra computing power.

So, in my human model, which is supposed to contain a very high IQ, I have extracted the DNA. I have various samples of DNA ranging from high to medium intelligence.

To a worried mother, we kind of provide her which category of intelligence she needs for her kid, and I could modify the DNA sequence accordingly and inject that in her kid. The kid needs to be kept under watch for months together.

In many cases I have seen drastic improvement of intelligence.

If we see the philosophy of life, intelligence is not everything. Sometimes we see that intelligent people are sadder because they understand the risks of life faster than the rest of the world and worry too much about them and hence some do not prefer to increase their level of intelligence. For them happiness is everything. Sometimes I used to kind of compare what is more important in life, happiness, intelligence, good health, wealth. I think as we had no control over intelligence in earlier days, good health

is something which we try but health is also quite unpredictable, and wealth is also a matter of chance and possibilities. We do not have any control or cannot guarantee that we would be wealthy in our life unless we are born in a rich family. Happiness is something which has lot to do with our mind and if we train our mind, we would be able to reach happiness.

Life's all achievements and efforts gets converted into bundle of memories. Everything else neither belong to one nor will remain forever. So, enhancing the intelligence can increase the perception of the world but ultimately no intelligence can conquer destiny.

The human model which I had made was purely based on my deep anatomy studies which I carried out since childhood. The cells are like human cells. They are preserved in a liquid so that the tissues remain alive for years. It was a challenge to program the brain and flash it in my software, the software of hope, the software of facts and idea – the Quantum Quotient. Its an effort to join the hands of destiny and human objective!!

A question past my mind, will the Software “Quantum Quotient” make a global revolution?

The month of July brings lots of warm breeze which once again blew me past of my scientific aptitude and pushed me into the magnificence and beauty of Nature!!

WHEN WORDS DECEIVE

Sushant Thapa

No wonder
How the earth makes music.
The pitter-patter of rain.
The chirping of jolly birds.
On the other side,
The mechanical clock
Turned off every morning
Before waking up.
The walks of
So called forbidden path,
No trespassing mistakes.
Poetry, a tool for expression
No impressive ghettos
Where only rich elites live.
A rich ghetto is uninhabitable.
The world wants life
Emerging out of adversity.
The tough life,
Is a worthy journey to be noted.
Shake hands with the task doer.
A deed never lie
Even when spoken words deceive.

THE HOLLOWS

Amrita Valan

In the end
'Till the end of time
We must keep trying
For tomorrow my friend
Is a new day
A cup of coffee brewed
By you
Just the very way
You never thought you'd
Ever need
Never mind
That you think you know
Just what you need
Sometimes above the
Watershed lines
Of need and greed,
Fine urge to succeed,
Melts the forlorn icicle
A fierce determination
Breeds the deed.

The deed alone
Counts
Your lonely hours
Your yearning
Powers.

It feeds on ability,
The deed matters
The deed takes you apart
Rakes out dead leaves
Sodden mulch compost
Of sad make belief
The needless much ado over
Failed seeds.

Fresh choices

A strength
Starts as a small voice
Confused, terrified
Hurts and hollows
In your chest
Transform to hope.

Morningside
Ride away night
the shadow echoes
screaming inside
"No use."
Brash, unabashed,
Deafen doubt
Make a loud brand new noise.

THE MIRROR

Amrita Valan

The Mirror murky
States at me
In dark silhouette
It speaks
The language silence
The visual landscape
Of my enforced nudity.
The naked honesty
Such brutal exposure
Tears coursing down
Plateaus and valleys
Notched with scars of war.
each pale white agony
A searing star.

If pain didn't hurt
How could we not recall
Each stumble and fall
To get back up
By our bootstraps.
scarcely knowing where knowledge ends
And courage
Begins.
The origin forever lost
in time loops
of experiential paradigms,
repeating,
Tick-Tock-Tick.

The paradox exists
The paradise exists
It originates
In ourselves
Mirror and reality unite
Wherever they intersect
To meet.

If pain didn't hurt

We wouldn't understand
The collateral cost
Seeking Wonderland
Never mind finding it.

The search shines
Searchlights our soul.

The whole of it
Is you.
It is
In you.
The origin
Born to be
Perfect
For yourself.
Believe
in it, it is
only you.

GIVE ME A BEAT

Amrita Valan

Morning
Escalates in the east
The solar flares from
A distant star
Rage against death
Life loves lust
and love
Keeps time.

Warmth is forsaken
The night's salving blanket
Discarded duvet of bliss.

I sit up in a flimsy dress
Cold and strong
Eager to learn more
Just a little more
About this rigmarole
Of my crypto currency
Of life bits lived
bit by bit dripping from
taps at...
At the back of my mind,
memories rise like
sunshine...
Plays morning wake up song
over and over the horizon

And
I wish you well
All who daily traverse hell
In endeavour and endurance
And get in sync with their souls
Being brave
In the face of dusted crevices
Of certain death.

Morning joy a light filled song

A sinful joy
A brutally singular note
Only birds know how
To play, freestyle masons
of intriguing signs.
From veranda cornices, coded ciphers
Merry, thoughtless, gay
Trilling, exhorts us
Rise
Rise higher than yesterday.

I WILL BE A WONDERFUL MEADOW IN A GARDEN OF DELPHINIUMS

Rana Zaman

A walk in the garden is very relaxing in the setting afternoon
The fragrance of flowers enchants the heart
The flowers blooming on the top of the tree are the joy of the eyes
How many kinds of flowers are in the world of the garden
I touch and see some flowers every once in a while

The dew on the tip of the green grass is a clear mirror
I look beyond myself and see the world through a small mirror
Sometimes I throw away the body of the dew with a tap
Instantaneously the dew-moon disappear with the soil
So fleeting life dew! So much!

The blush that the setting sun spreads on the body of the grass
it creates the thought of writing thousands of poems in neurons
Extending both hands two sides I enjoy the immense beauty
Closing eyes I turned into a wonderful meadow in a garden of delphiniums
When the gentle breeze comes, the head sways like quitch

I am amused by leaning my body on the nearby grass
When the wind blows a little harder, I dance with everyone

The weaves of diversity of human characters annoys me
Staying in the garden of delphiniums I feels a lot of comfort
Touching the quitch I want to feel quitch-like feeling forever.

AUTHOR BIOS

Ekta Ahuja is author of two poetry e-books, "It's You" and "Cardinal Emotions". She is a bilingual poet(Hindi and English) and she loves to weave words as well as colors and design templates, video trailers and teasers. She has designed 200 plus templates for poetry, events, quotes etc. She has received accolades from many poetry platforms and she is administrator of two renowned poetry groups as well. She has contributed poems in several Anthologies like Jane Austen, an anthology of thoughts & opinions, Pyari Maa, Inked with Passion etc and literary magazines like Blossoms, Triveni etc. She loves to host her Virtual Poetic Talk show "Splendid Seven" where she has already welcomed many revered poets from all over the world. She has a Facebook page, name "Ekta Ahuja : World of words". YouTube channel : Ekta Ahuja.

Steve Anc is the son of Ajuzie Nwaorisa, a Nigerian poet. He is a poet with searching knowledge and deep meditation on universal themes, he is quite a modern poet in his adherence to language and his use of metaphor is soul-searching.

Aayush Badal (b.2002) is a young poet based in Kavrepalanchowk district of Nepal. He is currently pursuing Bachelor degree in Law and Management. He writes poems, stories and articles in Nepali language. He has written more than dozen of poems in Nepali language and published in different national medias and online sites. The English translation of his poems has also been published in International Medias and online sites.

Renuka Bhatta was born on July 25 in Nepal. She holds a Masters in Rural Development from Tribhuvan University, Nepal. She co-authored Suryodako canvas (co-author, Poetry Anthology), 2005-Dozens of articles, poems, short stories, essays and Gajals are published in national and international magazines and other papers.

Melissa Chappell lives in South Carolina where she enjoys rural lifestyle, walking in the woods and observing nature. Besides reading and writing, she plays the guitar, the piano and sings. She has been published in BlazeVox, Adelaide Literary Journal, Amethyst Literary Review and has five publications to her credit, among them being *For the Next Earth* (Wipf and Stock, 2021). She was a Pushcart nominee in 2019.

Emanuele Cilenti, born in Messina, Italy, in 1981, is: poet, writer, actor, songwriter, screenwriter and film maker. He has published thirteen books: "A blade of grass that tickles the sky", "Dream journeys of my soul", "I'm just a nightmare", "Violent percussions", "Celestial whispers", "Petals of infinity", "Immortal Echoes ", "Ink tears on the face of the heart ", a theatrical comedy in two acts entitled: " Help! I have two mummies in the house ", " That trail of light and beauty ", the collection in three languages: English - Italian - Spanish entitled: " The street where dreams live ", the poetic notebook entitled:

"Sospeso", the collection of short stories entitled: "My scars". As a poet and writer he has won several poetry prizes in Italy and has also received several awards and prizes also at an international level. His poems have been translated into: Spanish, English, Romanian, Chinese, Bengali, Hindi and are part of numerous anthologies, cultural magazines, blogs and international websites where poets from all over the world are present. As a songwriter he has written the lyrics of two albums by as many emerging artists of the Italian music scene and several singles, he also collaborates with a record company in the province of Messina as a songwriter. As a theater actor he has been acting since 2007 with various theater companies in Messina. At the cinema he has participated in several films of independent productions, playing various comic and dramatic roles. As a film maker, he made six short films entitled: "Beyond the journey", "The death of the puppets", "The molds", "A sea of meshes", "Mortal hypnosis", "7LIVES ... destroyed" and are located in own Youtube channel, this is the link: <https://www.youtube.com/user/Elemento408>. He collaborated as a TV actor with Mediaset (Italian national TV) in a famous television broadcast.

Antonis Filipeos was born in Athens in 1980. He had been to Italy for two years for studies in the university of Rome. Returning to Greece, he completed his studies in International and European Relations in Athens and he obtained his degree in Italian Literature at university of Athens in 2012. With his inexhaustible creativity, he managed to set in the field of poetry. His first book, "Animus Nudus" (Cactus publications), was well reviewed and he won a lot of international awards. Some of his poems were set to music and translated in English, Italian and Russian. Lots of his poems have been included in various poetic anthologies and famous magazines. His promising second brand-new book "Silentium" (Cactus publications) has been recently published.

Damon Freed has been published by The Writer's Place online and by The Rye Whiskey Review, and is featured in the New York Parrot's most recent books. You may find his collections of poetry in the Sedalia Public Library. Freed may be reached at damonfreed@gmail.com or by going to his website online at www.damon-freed.com.

Spondon Ganguli teaches Computer Science in a reputed English medium school in Kolkata, India, for the last 17 years, but apart from his profession, he loves to read and write poetry. He is a life-long learner with a zest for experimenting and learning new things. Some of his stories and poems have been published in online magazines. His other areas of interest, besides teaching computer science and programming, are painting and photography. Apart from this, he is the author of four books – Forgotten Love Unforgotten Love, Let Me Hold Your Hand, Do Not Leave Me, and Phira Asha.

Papia Ghosh, a postgraduate in Economics has always been driven by a relentless desire to remain abreast of her times. A High School teacher for about 23 years, she has always been an avid reader with a penchant for penning down

her thoughts and experiences through poems and short stories. Many of her poems and short stories have been published in prestigious anthologies in India and abroad. Her poem "Collage" had been published by Sampad, a South Asian organisation based in Manchester, in their anthology "Inspired by Gandhi". Her poem "Snapshots around the Lake" was published by "Indian Poetry Review-2021". The poem "Delhi Book Fair Goes Virtual" won the 1st prize at the Delhi Book Fair of 2020. Very recently her poem "Tit bits of Hunger" has been included in an international anthology. Besides, her poems have been published in 'Sharing Stories,' the best digital magazine today and several digital platforms. Her anthology of poems "The Road to Somewhere" has been published recently. Some of her poems has been published in 'Weaving the Unwoven', an anthology of short stories and poems which she has put together with her son. She believes that writing is a journey and is a reflection of her inner world coupled with the pearls of experiences strewn around us in our daily lives. Writing has helped her to find a voice for those voiceless moments rearing their eager heads for a pertinent expression. At Word Munchers, she is actively involved in nurturing children and adults to pen down their imagination for future readers and thereby living the life of her dreams.

John Guzowski's poems appear in Rattle, Ontario Review, North American Review, and other journals here and abroad. His poems and personal essays about his parents' experiences as slave laborers in Nazi Germany appear in his award-winning memoir *Echoes of Tattered Tongues*. He is also the author of the Hank and Marvin mystery novels and a columnist for the *Dziennik Zwiazkowy*, the oldest Polish newspaper in America. His most recent books of poems are *Mad Monk Ikkyu*, *True Confessions*, and *Small Talk: God and Writing and Me*.

Dusty Jagers is a punk rock musician, poet, writer, & diarist, born and raised in Louisville, KY. Her work often focuses on such esoteric topics as.- spirituality, religion, & mysticism. It is Dusty's deepest desire to inspire and empower all people but, especially the youth, to achieve their own dreams, goals, and their soul's unique divine purpose. For the highest greatest good of not only themselves and their own consciousness but, the consciousness of the collective at large. "Black Tourmaline Dreams." is her first poetry book for Cajun Mutt Press.

Zaneta Varnado Johns is a three-time bestselling author of *Poetic Forecast*, *After the Rainbow*, and *Voices of the 21st Century* (2021 and 2022). She's also the co-editor of the *Social Justice Inks* anthology and an editor of the *Fine Lines Literary Journal*. Her creative expressions appear in numerous international publications. ZanExpressions.com Westminster, CO, United States

Joe Kidd is an award-winning international songwriter and recording artist. He is author of *The Invisible Waterhole*, a poetry collection.

Jill Sharon Kimmelman is a Pushcart Prize nominee in poetry. She has been nominated for Best Of The Net 2018. Her publication credits include, Vita Brevis Press, Spillwords Press, Fine Lines, Love of Food magazine, Poetic Musings Ezine, Yasoul A Celebration Of Life Ezine, The Poet Magazine, ILA, The New York Parrot , Passion of Poetry , multiple anthologies since 2018, several back cover blurbs, & a delightful dozen, Sparrow Productions, poetry videos based on her poems. "Let Peace In" & "The Stars I'm Wishing On" have been the basis for two original songs. "Let Peace In" was the framework for an extraordinary poetry video. A portion of the proceeds, from the sales of the iBook & the coffee-table poetry art book versions is guaranteed to an organization, in the USA, which rescues & trains dogs to become PTSD service dogs, a cause very dear to the poet's heart. Jill's passions include reading aloud, "cooking from the heart," theatre, lively book discussions, & photography of food & flowers. Her culinary arts background is evident throughout her poetry & in conversations. She lives in Delaware, USA with her husband Tim, & is a proud mother of her son Jordan.

Asha Kumari alias **Asha Roy** born in a village of Samastipur District, Bihar, India. She is post-graduate in Environment Science from Sikkim and Manipal University, India. She is hard working, self-sufficient, rebellious by nature for justice, and always stands for humanity. She has been working as a Copy Editor with an esteemed firm Aptara Corporation, New Delhi, India, since 2008. She has been acknowledged and praised by many clients for her editorial works. She is a passionate reader, writer, essayist, editor, and bilingual poet. She took poetry as her passion to better express her ideas, her thoughts, her visions, and her point of view according to her conscience. Her poems have been published in different newspapers, magazines, archives, websites, journals, and anthologies. She has published her first poetry anthology **Whisper of Divine Soul with ISBN 978-93-5578-301-1**. Some of her co-authored English anthologies are **Midnight Moments: OPA Anthology of Poetry 2021; Healing Through Verses I; Peace and Love Inks Around the World, Volume 1; Little Touch of Heaven; The Literary Parrot Series 3**. Some of her published co-authored Hindi anthologies are Mere Jajbaat, Bebak Parinda, Safar Shikhar Tak, Stree, Abhivyakti: A Bond of Navodians, Amodini Shyahi. She has been honoured and awarded by many organisations for her poetic verses. Recently, she has published her co-authored poetry anthology **Vision of Life with ISBN 978-93-5636-627-5**. She has been awarded jointly by **Motivational**

Strips and **Gujarat Sahitya Academy** as a mark of respect on occasions of India's 75th and 76th Independence Day (Literary Honours 2021 and 2022) in recognition of exhibiting Literary Brilliance Par Global Standards. She has also been honoured by **Genesis World Writers Community** on the occasions of 61st and 62nd Independence Day of Federal Republic of Nigeria for showing literary excellence with a renovating mindset in the world. She has been conferred **Honorary Doctorate in Humanities** by International Humanitarian Organisation on March 20, 2022; and **Honorary Doctorate in Latin American Literature (Doctor Honoris Causa En Literatura LatinoAmericana)** from esteemed organisation INSTITUCIÓN CULTURAL COLOMBIANA, CASA POÉTICA MAGIA Y PLUMAS of America on 25 May 2022. She is one of the recipients of **Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honours 2022** among 240 poets all over the world, commissioned by **Motivational Strips** with joint association with **Department of Culture, Government of Seychelles** and its journal **Sipay**. She is interested in human welfare and is passionate to reach people on globe through her writing and poems.

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak was born in 1958 and comes from Opole (Poland) . In search of work she migrated to the UK. Her work has been presented in Writing The Polish Diaspora (USA) . Bozena Helena Mazur - Nowak is a member of The Poetry Society of London, Academy of American Poets and many more.

Purbasha Mondal is a bilingual poet from Kolkata, India. She works as an Assistant Professor of English at Saltora Netaji Centenary College (affiliated to Bankura University). She has received *Wegrow Academic Excellence Award* (2020), *International Global Award 2021*, *International Women's Day Achiever Award 2021*, *Education Excellence Award 2021*, *Social Activist of the Year Award*, *HUMANITARIAN AND PEACE AWARD*, *Honorary Doctorate Degree*, *Honorary High Degree*, *Dr. B. R. AMBEDKAR 130th BIRTH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIES AWARD 2021* etc. She is a literary critic, writer and translator. She has contributed to various national and international anthologies. Her poems have been translated into English, Bengali and French by Prof. Robert Sinclair and Dr. Asit Biswas. She is one of the editorial board members of *Chaturtha Duniya*. She has read her poem, "Matua" in *Paper Fiber Fest* in 2022. She was invited to recite her poetry in various literary associations in India. She was felicitated by the world-famous critic, Prof. Bill Ashcroft in 2020. She can be reached at mondal.purbasha111@gmail.com.

Jagari Mukherjee is a poet, writer, and reviewer from Kolkata, India. She has an MA in English Literature from University of Pune, and was awarded a gold medal and several prizes by the university for excelling in her discipline. Her writings, both poetry and prose, have appeared in several newspapers,

magazines, journals, anthologies, and blogs. She is a DAAD scholar, Best of the Net 2018 nominee, a Bear River alumna, and the winner of the Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2018 for book review. She was shortlisted for the same prize for her book *The Elegant Nobody* in 2022.

Sayani Mukherjee is a poet hailing from Chandannagar, a former French colony in West Bengal. She received her post graduation degree in English literature from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. She likes to engage her leisure in photography, cinema and arts. Sayani was born in Chandannagar in a family of academic pursuit. As for her poetic inspiration she holds Emily Dickinson and German poet Rainer Maria Rilke in the highest esteem. Recently her debut poetry collection "ODE TO MERAKI" got published by Authorspress, New Delhi. A review of her debut poetry collection "'Ode to Meraki" was done by esteemed literary genius, Prof Shiv Sethi that appeared in Hans India Magazine. Sayani is a regular contributor to Medusa's Kitchen Poetry, a world poetry forum run by Kathy Keith. Her poems have appeared in various reputed international and national magazines and journals like Muse India, Piker press, The Poet Magazine, Indian Periodical, Aster Lit magazine, International Times Magazine, Medusa's kitchen poetry, Beatnik Cowboy magazine, Writers workshop, Synchronized chaos magazines, Fiction niche, The quiver review, The Chakkar, Literary cognizance, INNSAEI Journal, Culture Cult Magazine, Horrorscope press, The romantic breeze including the literary magazine of her alma mater (BHU) and several others. In the month of SEPTEMBER, 2021 She started her own creative blog LITCULT where she posts her chosen writings of various themes i.e grief, lost innocence, philosophy of mundane and the higher or musings on art and beauty. She is also part of various international anthologies of poems i. e "Paradise on earth" which is available on Amazon worldwide.

Mark A. Murphy has had work published in 18 countries. He is a 3 time Pushcart Nominee, and has published eight books of poetry to date.. German publisher 'Moloko Print' published his latest collection, 'The Ruin of Eleanor Marx' in the summer of 2022.

Chinaka Onyeché is an author, poet, and teacher of History and African History. He is the author of Echoes Across The Atlantic, A Night Tale At The Threshold Of Howl, We Returned To Kiss The Cross, The Broken Fort, A Good Day For Tomorrow's Coming, Stateless, 21 Atonements, and a chapbook Chapters Of Broken Tales. He is a Best of Net Nominee. A husband, father and poet from Nigeria. John composes his work from the city of Port Harcourt Rivers State, Nigeria. He is currently a student of History and Diplomatic Studies at Ignatius Ajuru University of Education Port Harcourt Rivers State. When John is not writing, he loves reading.

Francis Otolé is a Nigerian born poet and academician. A member of the Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA) and many other literary groups. He is

an award winning poet from the local and international scenes. Has been featured in magazines, journals and anthologies; locally and internationally. He is a graduate of the prestigious Benue State University and a student of life. His hobby is reading and writing. He is married with two children.

Mr. Parcelli writes for the ages/For the cynics, the heretics and sages/And not a false word/Or inarticulate surd/Is allowed its specter upon his pages.

Monalisa Parida is a post graduate student of English literature from India, Odisha and a prolific poetess. She is very active in social media platforms and her poems have also been translated into different languages and publish in various e-journals. She has got 80 international award for writing poetry. Her poems have been publishing international e-journals “New York parrot”, “The Writers Club” (USA), “Suriyadoya literary foundation”, “kabita Minar”, “Indian Periodical” (India) and “Offline Thinker “, “The Gorkha Times “ (Nepal), “The Light House”(Portugal), “Bharatvision”(Romania), “International cultural forum for humanity and creativity”(Aleppo, Syria), “Atunispoetry.com”(Singapore) etc. And also published in various newspapers like “The Punjabi Writer Weekly(USA)”, “News Kashmir (J&K, India)”, Republic of Sungurlu (Turkey)” etc. One of her poems was published in an American anthology named “The Literary Parrot Series-1 and series-2 respectively (New York, USA)”. Her poems have been translated in various languages like Hindi, Bengali, Turkish, Persian, Romanian etc. And she is the author of the book “Search For Serenity”, “My Favourite Grammar”, “Paradigm”.

Yioula Ioannou Patsalidou

Xavier Panades I Blas's writings totally absorb the readers. *The Ear of Eternity* (Francis Boutle: 2019) is an experience of self-discovery where the artist becomes insignificant, a mere channeller. He has been stunning audiences with his explosive performances for the last two decades: celebrations of emotions that reach the entrails of human existence. Xavier Panadès i Blas was born in Barcelona in 1970. He is a writer in Catalan, printmaker, musician and performer. He has produced numerous books of poetry and recordings of his music and has exhibited his artworks widely across the UK. He currently lives in Swansea. Eva Petropoulou-Lianou was born in Xylokastro, Greece. Initially she loved journalism and in 1994 she worked as a journalist for the French newspaper "Le Libre Journal" but her love for Greece won her over and she returned in 2002. He has published books and eBooks: "Me and my other self, my shadow" Saita publications, "Geraldine and the Lake elf" in English - French, as well as "The Daughter of the Moon", in the 4th edition, in Greek - English, Oselotos publications. Her work has been included in the Greek Encyclopedia Haris Patsis, p. 300. Her books have been approved by the Ministry of Education and Culture of Cyprus, for the Student and Teacher library. Her new books, "The Fairy of the Amazon Myrtia "dedicated to Myrto with a disability, and" Lefkadios Hearn, Myths and Stories of the Far East ", illustrated by Sumi-e

painter Dina Anastasiadou, are released in 2019. She recently published her book, "The Adventures of Samurai Nogas" in English by the publishing house OntimeBooks, based in England. Collaborates with the electronic literary magazine The poet magazine. She is his partner International Literary Union based in America. Collaborates for the promotion of literature and promotes the work of Greek poets. Eva is a member of the "Association Alia Mundi _ Serbia", the "International Society of Writers and Artists of Greece" and the "Piraeus Society of Letters and Arts" as well as the Corinthian Writers Society.

Teri Petz was fascinated by poetry since she was a little girl, before she could read and was happy when she recited poetry. In school she realized that writing was easy for her and had a natural flow when she wrote. Teri self published her poetry books, *A Piece Of Her Heart* in 2020 and *Moments Of Grief* in 2021. Teri organizes and is the MC of Owl Poetry, a monthly open mic event at the Owl Acoustic Lounge in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. When she is not writing she swims in the rivers and lakes or hikes and explores.

Roula Pollard is an Inspirational Greek poet of the Diaspora, has been translated into eleven languages, is included in more than 180 international Poetry anthologies, and has won international poetry and humanitarian awards, has written four poetry books, short stories, essays, and was awarded a Honorary PhD by the International Forum for Creativity and Humanity in Morocco.

Tapeshwar Prasad has authored blend of five surrealistic and realistic poetry books, and has been featured in Camel Saloon (U.K.), Cordite Poetry Review (Australia), The Aquillette Wall of Poetry, Crashing Waves (USA), Scaling Heights (an Anthology on Contemporary Indian English Poetry), inklinks, Anthesis, Episteme, Heavenly Hymns, I am A Poet, Just for you My Love, Kaafiyana, Resonance, The Significant Anthology, Rhyme with Reason, World Anthology of English Poetry, Acerbic Anthology, Mandela Tributes, Whispering Winds, Intercontinental Anthology of Poetry on Universal Peace, Hall of Poets and many more. He has been included five times as ICOP: Roll of Honour (U.K.) Moitreyee Raju was born in Kolkata, but the formative years of her life was spent in a small town called Telco Colony in Jamshedpur, India. Reading is her passion and she's been an avid reader from a very young age. She grew up reading old English classics and magazines like the Readers' Digest. What really attracts her in the books she reads and has read in the past, are the depth of characters, their nuanced emotions both subtle and loud. It's something that has stayed on with her, and has to a great deal enriched her artistic imagination. Literary fiction has always been her first love, yet, she started by writing creative non-fiction and had even hoped to continue with it. But life as they say is full of surprises and surprised she was with the way poetry came to her. It was in fact a wonderful epiphany that has now become an unforgettable memory. She was drawn by the captivating thoughts that poetry lent her and gradually she immersed herself in the semantics of poetic linguistics. She loves the idea of melding nature with emotions and one can find a fine blend of it in her poetry.

Haroon Rashid received worldwide recognition, love and fame and also has been called to famous Interview shows including Oprah Winfrey Show and still continuing. Author Haroon Rashid belongs to the beautiful Jammu and Kashmir, India (also known as Heaven on Earth). Every writer is different but he is one of those who can touch souls with even simplest expression of words. His writings spoke for him at global level making him a renowned writer par excellence. He is spreading his aura and glory with the magic of his words. His works has been translated into more than 148 languages, be it Spanish, French, German, Arabic, African, Indonesian, Chinese, Hindi, Urdu, Persian, Kannad, Tamil, Sanskrit, Mexican, Bolivian and so on. Almost every soul including celebrities shared it on their social platforms and fund raising events making him globally renowned with an unusual success story to be cherished. Many souls including celebrities from Hollywood, Bollywood, Art Fields, Music Fields, Sports Fields, Politics got in touch with him. Among his world famous writings are ; 'Suicide Poem', 'Come Back From The Heaven', 'Skin', 'Will Meet Again', 'We Fell Asleep In One World' aka 'The Earth Poem', 'Human Trafficking', 'Humanity Poem', 'Faith', 'Mother', 'Spiritual Love', 'The World', 'Media', 'Human In Uniform', 'Get Up', 'Kashmir', 'Meet A Person' so on along with Endless Quotes. In his early days, he was much into sketching and drawings along with mix of playful and fun loving nature and had a good brain in his studies and academics as well. Since the beginning, he was drawn towards fine arts. He took interest in painting, music and dancing in his school life. After the school he persuaded his higher education completing Bachelor in Commerce and Double Post Graduation in English Literature and Public Administration and apart from it he took interest in Science, Psychology, Anthropology, Sociology, Geography, History and so on. His graduation was a life turning experience for him. He started gaining interest in writing as his art got mixed with worldly affairs. His art is his heart and now that heart is in all of us.

Ranjit K Sahu is a resident of Charlottesville, VA and is a multilingual American poet and visual art artist. He writes mostly on nature and human emotions often combining the two elements. He composes either in free verse or in defined patterns. Apart from this he also does freelance articles on society and environment and writes short stories and columns. The above poems are an experimental style combining the acrostic format and features of a sonnet.

Dr. Rupali Saini is a bilingual poet, activist, author, critic, and an assistant professor of English. Her research concentrates on spirituality, its logic and role in the current milieu. With a strong background in performing arts, especially in dramatic dance, Rupali has choreographed many performances. She has a keen interest in intellectual discourses and humanitarian social services. Her work has been featured in various journals and anthologies; to name a few, Trouvaille Review, Harbinger Asylum, Otherwise Engaged Literature & Arts Journal, IJELLH, Research Expo, LangLit, The Indie's Nest, SETU, The Literary Parrot and Motifs. So far her two books- *Meera Bai and Sri Aurobindo: A Comparative Analysis* and *SHOTS: Tell It Slant* have been published. Her writing

stems out from her philosophical musings, and she pens down her thoughts as they flow. She has been an advocate of humanity and vocal towards prejudices.

Meritxell Sales Tomàs (Catalonia, Barcelona, 1960) Philologist, translator, poet and teacher of universal Catalan literature, as well as German, in Secondary (Education, Generalitat de Catalunya). Degree in Catalan Philology (UAB). He spent a few years living in Berlin, where he witnessed the fall of the wall and the aftermath. He has translated several books from English and German to Catalan. She is the author of the Handbook of Modern Private Correspondence in Catalan, and three poetry books: Trees Walk, Ice Petals and Stones Talk.

Since childhood, **Sankha Sen** has always been good at his studies. The prizes, which he won for standing 1st in his classes, has been well preserved by his parents in Kolkata. Later on he graduated from a renowned Engineering University and started working in many countries. He did his Masters from a very good University in Germany and settled down there. Apart from his academic excellence, he has always been a great musician from Childhood. He has won many prizes for Music from his school days. His father is a well-known guitarist. He has played too in Television, Radio and in Recording Studios. Later on he went on pursuing his music and have done many shows in India, Japan, Germany and also in Switzerland. His childhood hobby “writing” has been well encouraged by his mother and his wife and he has again started writing poems. Within such a short span, his first book *Sonkebomonjori* has been published in International Book Fair, Kolkata, India and his poems has been published in a journal called “Setu” in the United States of America. Also his poem has been published in a magazine called “Ichedana” in Germany. This multit talented person has been well acknowledged by the Calcutta Journalist Club at his book inauguration event in International Book Fair in Kolkata, India. As one can see, Sankha Sen has become globally well-known and is getting eventually greater responses from different countries. Hence Hawajan has decided to publish another extraordinary book of his, comprising his feelings with poetic compositions of different shades of human emotions in three different languages.

Sushant Thapa is a Nepalese poet from Biratnagar, Nepal who holds a Master’s degree in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, India. He has published three books of poetry namely: *The Poetic Burden and Other Poems* (Authorspress, New Delhi, 2020), *Abstraction and Other Poems* (Impspired, UK, 2021) and *Minutes of Merit* (Haoajan, Kolkata, 2021). Sushant has been published in places like *The Gorkha Times*, *The Kathmandu Post*, *The Poet Magazine*, *The Piker Press*, *Trouvaille Review*, *Lothlorien Poetry Journal*, *Impspired*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *New York Parrot*, *Pratik Magazine*, *The Beatnik Cowboy*, *The Dope Fiend Daily*, *Atunis Poetry*, *EKL Review*, *The Kolkata Arts*, *Dissident Voice*, *Journal of Expressive Writing*, *As It Ought To Be Magazine* and *International Times* among many. He has also been anthologized in national and International anthologies. His poem is also included in the Paragon English book for Grade 6 students in Nepal. He teaches Business English to Bachelor’s level students of BBA and

BIT at Nepal Business College, Biratnagar, Nepal. Recently Sushant recited his poem “The Poetic Burden” in Kalinga Literary Festival, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Amrita Valan is an Indian poet and creative writer.

Name MD. SHAMSUZZAMAN BHUIYAN; Pen name **RANA ZAMAN**. Home Country Bangladesh. Date of birth is 15-02-1960. Educational qualifications are M.Sc. (1st Class); LLB; DHMS and MBA. Profession was a civil servant and Retired as an Additional Secretary to the Bangladesh Government in 2019. Married and has two children. Hobby is writing, enjoying movie and reading book. Mobile Phone number and WhatsApp is +8801847190267. E-mail address rana2344@gmail.com. To date, 96 books have been published; these include stories, poems, novels, children's literature, travelogues, articles, etc. Among those two books are English poetry. The first book was published in 1997.

Binod Dawadi from Purano Naikap 13, Kathmandu, Nepal has completed his master's degree from Tribhuvan University in English. He likes to read and write many literary forms and is the author of many poems and stories. Binod is a creative man and does not waste his time. He sees the troubles and obstacles of the people and is always helping the poor and believes through writing and art it is possible to change the knowledge and perspectives of people toward many things. Binod loves his country, Nepal very much. He is familiar with many cultures in his country as well as foreign countries and is always thinking and solves his problems by using his mind. He dreams to be a great man in this life. He has published poetry books by Prodigy, The Power of Words, Love and Life's Difficulties, Nature, Animals and Human Beings. He writes in Nepali, and English magazines and Anthologies. He works day and night to become a successful writer. He is active in distributing his knowledge in literature as well as in teaching and is very dedicated to his work. Binod dreams of becoming wealthy to help the poor people in society and he never loses hope in life. His vision is to change society through knowledge, so he is always working to give enlightenment to the people.

Sonjaye Maurya is an eminent artist with international recognition and is also a team member of ‘Indian Art Promoters’ (Kalaa Spandan Art Fair). A master painter, a colourful persona, an artist with a difference, a painter who always has good in mind for the artists and works towards their development and promotion. Sonjaye Maurya is an inspiring story of a self-taught artist, a businessman who shut down all his business and decided to follow his passion for art and to dedicate his life to art and artists. A story of rise to success in a short span of five and half years with dedication, devotion, proper planning and understanding of business, marketing, branding etc. He is also a photographer, a traveler, a writer and a poet.