

## In this issue...

Anthony Sullivan, Ken Hume, Tomás Ó Cárthaigh,  
Seamus Kirwan, Thea Fuentebella, Fahredin Shehu,  
Hal O Leary, Timothy Grayson, Keith Robson, Joel  
Hinrichs, Samuel Cody, Mutiu Olawuyi, Kevin M.  
Hibshman and many more...

Photography and art from  
Tomás Ó Cárthaigh, Irena  
Jovanovic and Ivan  
Monbrison

T. S. Chandra Mouli in Conversation  
with Susheel Kumar Sharma

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Welcome to the latest edition of Cartys Poetry Journal. As with the loco in this months cover image, we are a little bit late... OK, by a full month in fact, but with 70 jammed pages I think the reader will forgive us on this occasion.

Contributors not in this edition will be automatically in issue X, which is now in the planning stages, and should be out for July / August.

Advise as to errors and we will try to fix and reupload! We are fixing them!!!

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## Features

### **What Makes Me a Poet?**

A series of quotations and short articles from writers across the world on what makes them a poet in their own eyes.

### **Photo Gallery:**

Poets in the Áras

### **Interview:**

Shusheel Sharma talks with Luana Steuble  
T. S. Chandra Mouli in Conversation with  
Susheel Kumar Sharma

### **Valentines Sonnets – Tullamore Rhymers Club**

The members of Tullamore Rhymers club came up with three sonnets to celebrate the season of Valentines, now past us!!!

### **Video Poetry**

Featured videos from a few Irish cinepoets.

## New Books

**"In The Company of Women"** – Anthology

Poetry / Womens Interest

Publisher: Edgar & Lenore's Publishing (2012)





Ivan de Monbrison

Ivan de Monbrison was born in Paris in 1969 from a french protestant father and an egyptian muslim mother, both mixed with jewish origins. His interest in art can be linked to a very liberal artistic education, where african and ocenian arts were in the center of his interests. This left him with a desire to pursue the question of what art meant in the old days, and how can this be dealt with in our modern and absurd world of thriving technology.

Is art religious? Thus In which way can in it still be in a non-sacralized world? Chasing the human figure in a distorted way,

like Bacon and Giacometti did in the past, has appeared for him the best way for this non-religious "spiritual " quest. It has apperead to get even more important as art has tended to become nowadays more and more similar to publicity, and fashion.

Ivan's works have been shown in the recent years in various countries.

<http://artmajeur.com/blackowl>

## Hal O Leary (USA)

### The Dream

I'm standing here along the shore,  
 With pleasant breeze, the sea a roar,  
 The moon is one you can't ignore,  
 With palm trees swaying for décor,  
 And were you looking for amour,  
 As I am, there is nothing more  
 That any lover could hope for.  
 Oh, how I wish I might explore  
 The bliss of love to my heart's core,  
 May love become an open door.  
 Oh, Eros, I so need to score.  
 You God of Love, I do implore,  
 Please send me someone to adore,  
 Someone to love in close rapport,  
 My *raison d'être*, I beg restore.  
 I'll swear I'm yours for evermore.

Then suddenly, EVA GABOR,  
 The perspiration 'gins to pour  
 Profusely from my every pore,  
 A gushing rushing wild uproar,  
 Engaging, raging mad furor,  
 Like damsels from the days of yore,  
 Or beauties from some mystic lore,  
 A vision with no metaphor...

But, here I wake up with a snore,  
 And everything is as before.  
 It's not the Hotel Commodore,  
 But just a flop house I deplore.

### Free Verse

Let not there be a doubt, I am averse  
 To much of what they choose to call *free verse*.  
 For me, it has become the devil's curse  
 On poetry, and making matters worse,  
 It's naught but prose.

In dictionaries, *metric* is most used,  
 Along with *rhyme*, (the terms are often fused)  
 To tell us *verse* should never be confused  
 Or ever used with *free*.  
 We're not amused.

If we are *free* to do most anything,  
 And all our words, we do not choose but fling,  
 Then lyricism loses all its ring,  
 And though we write, we can no longer sing,  
 I do suppose

Although it's true we cannot close the door  
 On charges that we live in days of yore,  
 It's time to claim, as we have done before,  
*Free verse*? An oxymoron, nothing more.

With that, I close.

Complete with odors I abhor.  
 And rather than a humidior,  
 My mouth tastes like the cuspidor.  
 Beside the bed, the clothes we wore  
 And scattered round about the floor,

A bourbon bottle and what's more  
 Some beer cans, maybe three or four.  
 Suggesting I'm both hung and poor,  
 But with my lot, I'm never sore,  
 For there, beside me, Eleanor,  
 My ever lovin' faithful whore.  
 Soon she'll awake and to be sure,  
 She'll want a third or fourth encore.  
 And that, for me, will be a bore.  
 Then after that it's one more, or  
 We dress and hit the corridor.

The moon is one you can't ignore,  
 With palm trees swaying for décor,  
 And were you looking for amour,  
 As I am, there is nothing more  
 That any lover could hope for.  
 Oh, how I wish I might explore  
 The bliss of love to my heart's core,  
 May love become an open door.  
 Oh, Eros, I so need to score.  
 You God of Love, I do implore,  
 Please send me someone to adore,  
 Someone to love in close rapport,  
 My *raison d'être*, I beg restore.  
 I'll swear I'm yours for evermore.

### About Hal O Leary:

***Hal needs no introduction after his excellent verse in our previos issue. He sent us TONS more, some of which Im holding for Issue X, the tenth issue to come!!!***

### **A Day To Remember**

A summer morn, a sun beyond compare,  
 A stroll to bask and take the summer air,  
 A life reborn, a day extremely rare,  
 No soul could ask for anything more fair,  
 So, off I set, not really caring where.  
 It was as though I'd never had a care,  
 At ease and yet alive, for unaware,  
 I longed to know what waited for me there.  
 On such a day, I felt that I could swear  
 That nothing dire could possibly impair  
 My golden ray of hope. I do declare  
 It lit a fire I felt a need to share.

But, not to be, for down the sidewalk, there,  
 Appeared a sight that gave me quite a scare,  
 For I could see, and much to my despair,  
 Someone, at night, had scrawled a message  
 there.  
 I knew, of course, it wouldn't be a prayer,  
 Or children's play, and so I'd best prepare  
 Myself for coarse and yes, the foulest fare  
 To turn my day into a sad affair.  
 But as I neared, I had to stop and stare,  
 For on the walk, I saw and do declare  
 Not what I feared, for there, without a flare...  
 In yellow chalk, it simply said "HI THERE".

### **My Life**

It's true, that in my youth, I was beset  
 With fear that I might lose my life, and yet,  
 I must say that the fear was quite off-set  
 By treating life just as I did roulette.  
 I'd go all out and never hedge a bet  
 The fear of loss was one I'd never met.  
 I'd raise the stakes and never break a sweat.  
 My life became an appetite whet,  
 A banquet that I never will forget.

And now, a member of the Senior Set,  
 I may be past my prime, but I don't fret  
 I've used life well, and now I'm pleased to let  
 The ones that follow get their tootsies wet.  
 And true to form, I hope that they can net  
 A life like mine, for now that I'm a vet,  
 There's nothing more I'd really like to get.  
 And as the end draws near, with no regret,  
 Old Death becomes a promise, not a threat.

## Timothy Grayson (England)

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**Cultural Ambassador for Leicester City, England.**

### **The Opium Den**

**(INSPIRED BY 'AN OPIUM DEN AT LIME STREET', JOHN L. WIMBUSH)**

Milk-white smoke was suckled from the oak of Avalon  
which gnarled at our pomposity 'til all respect had gone.  
We looked to heaven's entrants from our thrones of thistle-mead  
and judged our masters' writings like gaunt saplings to the seed.

They whirled us like a Dervish up to unexpected heights,  
we saw Death, like an arrow, cut poor dreamers down mid-flight.  
We sipped a liquor tourniquet, a pleasure-dome forlorn,  
and slipped into a kingdom from whence radicals were born.

Our screams for revolution reached the Sacrificial Spire,  
but we had licked the nectar Death had held in heaven's fire,  
and as we fell with broken wings down from the blinding sky  
to drown in pools of drug-laced tears, we heard no mourners cry.

### **Trance of the Sceptical Sailor**

**(INSPIRED BY 'THE SIREN', JOHN WILLIAM WATERHOUSE)**

**I.**

"Harp song on a Siren's breeze  
will trap the flotsam mind",  
(Legends told on raging seas  
Are letters to the blind).

**II.**

"Living art by ragged coast,  
This mistress of Neptune  
Glimmers like a gorgeous ghost  
And shimmers with the moon".

**III.**

Slender fingers stroked a string  
And whispers licked the gloom,  
Crowned with spray, the sailor king  
Floundered towards his doom.

**IV.**

Red soles ripped on rusted rocks  
And staggered with the shore,  
Dazed eyes twitched like broken clocks  
As seasalt stung the sore.

**V.**

Sharp claws scratched the captains' skin;  
I mouthed a silent prayer.  
Rags in ears, I turned to sin  
And left him screaming there.

**VI.**

Some sailors will not listen  
To tales from this "old crone",  
Until *they* hear a kissing  
Of Harpy's teeth on bone.



### **The Redemption of Judas**

**(INSPIRED BY THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED GOSPEL OF JUDAS)**

Ten Hell-hounds charge through blood and flame,  
in tow, the blazing chariot  
of He whose curse became His name,  
that wretch, Judas Iscariot.  
Black oceans burst, erupting light,  
and this dark soul is dragged hence,  
His hounds grow wings of Godly might  
to fight the winds of Man's pretence  
And charge! They charge through burning clouds  
and snake as eels through molten skies  
to save this wretch from Satan's crowds  
and free His name from ancient lies.  
Now lightning strikes and thunder rolls,  
His hounds are whipped with icy rain  
but push, they push - towards their goal,  
and pant, they pant - in holy pain.  
They see the gates! There, Jesus grins,  
they quickly stop, but Judas stays:  
"I have no strength for all these sins,  
when all I did, Lord, was obey."  
"The fire's yet to take its toll..."  
purrs Jesus to burnt chariot,  
and lays His kiss on that poor soul,  
that Saint, Judas Iscariot.

### **The Bazaar**

**FROM INFERNAL MADICI**

Nobody but naivety listens  
To pleading notes of the mute,  
A coin is spent in the beggars tin  
As gratitude feathers the flute.

His playful notes of love speak truth  
But notes of truth hide lies,  
And buried in this lying tune  
Are notes of his demise.

The music stops. Nobody sees  
The beggar become the dead,  
For no artist makes a profit  
From painting the landscape red.

### **The Infamous Nomadica**

Dedicated to our nation's most majestic monarch  
**HM Queen Elizabeth II**  
as written by her respectfully humble servant  
**Mr. Timothy Grayson**

#### **PRELUDE**

Pray, Ladies and Gentlemen, do not be afraid  
Of this haggard complexion, half covered in shade,  
Half covered in trinkets, gold piercings and bands,  
I'm no common gypsy or seller of sands,  
I'm English, once captured by slaver crusade  
And sold to a nomad of far stranger lands.

My story shall start in the midst of a dream,  
When awoken, was I, by this most ghastly scene:

#### **Part the First**

White wolves of the waste were attacking my wife,  
Red dress ripped and tattered, eyes vacant of life,  
Blood stains on her fingers, mouth frozen mid-scream,

Her body a scabbard, my merciful knife.  
And so my eyes opened, but not to this act,  
I was staring up, skywards, from blind Samél's back,  
My sweat-rags were soaking, my lips could not part,  
My dream kept repeating, dark rocks in my heart,  
Then Samél, the nomad, made my bindings slack  
And I hit the floor as he turned to depart.

"Young English", he said in an accent unknown,  
"I'll point you the way to which you can go home.  
Head westwards through forests and cities of night,  
And ask at the village of Mountain Moonlight.  
If no-one will help you, just show them this stone"  
And held out a crystal as white as starlight.

"That crystal, she comes from a land in the sea  
Which you have the honour to call your country,  
She was torn from your ground by the rich and the free  
Turned into a nomad; poor nomad like me.  
So English, I beg you, hear this wretched plea,  
And take her back home, patriot refugee."

Samél vanished into a flourish of heat  
Which lapped from a distance like waves at his feet.  
I drank 'til the flagon he'd left me ran dry,  
Then started my journey to blue westward sky,  
Not caring what wondrous new creatures I'd meet,  
Just wanting to hear my wife's sweet lullaby.

My wife, my beloved, my soul's second half:  
Britannia my sceptre, Britannia my staff,  
Britannia my boots for this rugged terrain,  
Britannia my shelter, Britannia my rain,  
Britannia my teardrops, Britannia my laugh,  
Britannia my freedom, Britannia my chain.

## Ken Hume (Ireland)

### Is Not The Girl She Seems To Be

That girl you see looking in the mirror  
Is not the girl that she seems to be  
There's something ugly looking back at her  
From inside, that no-one else can see

A long-buried secret that sometimes makes her feel  
A little ill, a little dirty and not so proud  
Of herself, how she'd beg; borrow and steal  
To feed a habit that's left her cowed

Drained; broken, and a shell of her former self  
You look into her listless eyes to see  
If there's any spark left, has she left it on the shelf  
Along with her dreams and memories

Of happier; now distant and more innocent times  
When a girl could be just that, a girl  
Play with her dolls and friends, sing nursery rhymes  
And adulthood was like a hidden pearl

Waiting to be discovered

She is not the girl that you and I see  
When we see her preening and swaying those hips  
She is not the girl that she seems to be  
Covered with mascara, pouting her Angelina lips

### Melancholic Tonic Of A Disconcerted Mochaholic

Tired; hungry and melancholic  
Wired; angry, near catatonic  
Mired; rangling with ultra-sonic  
Uninspired ramblings of a near chronic  
Daydream believer and mochaholic  
Wordsmith and weaver of lyrical tonics

Quiet; bumbling and introverted  
Riots rumbling in my disconcerted  
Soul,  
Pry it open, fumbling; is it worth it  
To deny it, my old faith now subverted  
Backslidden Christian & deconverted  
Has a new mission, you've been alerted

### Skyscraper Dreams

Scraping my up closer to the sky  
One brick of dollared mortar at a time  
Escaping away. No sir, it's no lie.  
I believe if I climb higher, I'll find  
Myself nearer to heaven, or hell if I'd fly  
Out of the burning window, gravity unwinds  
As I plummet into smokey nothingness, why

Do we chase these skyscraper dreams  
Only for them to come crashing down in a heap  
Beside us in a bloodied rubble of ambition  
Lonely place for them clowns of commerce to keep  
On juggling our happiness  
In their burst; muddied bubble of monetary attrition

## Samuel Cody (USA)

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### ***Silver Skies Dancer Come***

Unfolding upon us like fleece,  
 My dancer lover be at peace,  
 Old silences bids its chosen rejoice,  
 In lovers song full of voice,  
 They mused upon their mockers rasped,  
 Portend upon them bitter closing hasped,  
 Demons with subtle guile,  
 Brought their love to defile,  
 But they full of grace,  
 Shoved it wily back in their brutal face,  
 Gyring, springing to and fro,  
 To what they verily know,  
 Remembering all that had shaken  
 to dance and dart and her raven curls  
 non-forsaken  
 Wrapped around ready to discern  
 What fortnight rest is in store adjourn  
 The murmuring wizard songs for thee  
 Filling love's cask full of ale and barley.

### ***Balmy Night Grog***

Balmy nights make pain fade,  
 Back behind sundown glade,  
 Figuring in fluorescent green moss,  
 Setting upon a rationale to cross  
 And forded banks,  
 Washing and pounding upon steep flanks,  
 Chunking powers to hewer,  
 Releasing my freshest flower,  
 Upon the world wrecked with  
 meaningless blather,  
 Which no soap that could lather,  
 Away such loneliness manifested as rain,  
 Wish it would wash away the pain,  
 Hooked and crooked among the bog,  
 What can we use to away it, grog?  
 Balmy nights make pain fade,  
 Back behind sundown glade.

*I am a relatively new poet from North Carolina, and I am working on my first book of poetry. I hold an M.S. in Environmental Policy and work in the field, but I have always loved poetry and minored in English literature. My poems relate to nature.*

## Tomás Ó Cárthaigh (Ireland)

### "Elegy - Sweet Afton"

It was just another brand  
Just another cigarette  
Nothing of which to be proud  
Or noteworthy, but yet  
To those who with up have grown  
And those who it have smoked  
Lament its passing in these tough times  
And nostalgia it has provoked.

It was my mothers cigarette  
For all the years when I was young  
No filters for her, oh no, no way  
Raw tobacco upon the tongue  
And I a child, on its boxes drew  
Pictures in my childish play  
And an artist I was in my own mind  
As I drew in my boyish way

Faces and cars and all sorts of things  
Can captured imagination at the time  
And on the front I read words of Burns  
And his Sweet Afton rhyme.  
And from these boxes, so simple design  
I discovered of culture a part  
Of which little interest in whom I might have  
shown  
A love of Burns work it planted in my heart.

And as the years on my mothers life  
Battling hard and strong in frailer health  
She to time and to eternal sleep succumbed  
As Death steadily crept in by stealth  
She passed in her time, as all must do  
All things they come to an end  
Withdrawn were the cigarettes she so did love  
While playing cards, to smoke, the hours  
spend.

### "Mirrors Cast Only Reflections"

The mirror shows a picture  
Of flesh over bone  
An image reflection, ever changing  
Of what was and will be  
It shows not the inner  
The desires, ambitions dislikes and hatreds  
It shows only a face  
No mirror can show ME!

### "Haiku" - The Bull King Awaits Sacrifice"

King of four corners  
Standing proud, threatening, awaits  
Lorry for slaughter.

#### **Orchestra With No Musicians**

Seas, they sing a song of crashing waves  
Breaking on rocks provide a beat  
And the lapping of the water ebb  
Provides harmony - the songs complete!  
For I, the walker, to the concert listening  
As I pass by its grace in awe  
An Orchestra with no musicians  
That I in Porto Torres saw...

#### **A Limerick to Prince Philip**

Prince Philip is quite the man  
In all the years since he began  
In public to be seen  
As consort to the Queen  
He puts his foot in it as often as he can!!!



## Walking the Bog



When young, or younger for I still am young  
I thought that my future it was to be  
As it was then for my father  
Upon the bog, working, laying rails like he

For locos of peat going to power the station  
Summer after summer in the searing heat  
Sundays and all, overtime and comradery  
In Killeens Bar after work friends would meet

Men must "change the cheque" by the way  
To have a drink with friends seized any excuse  
For that is life, and a good life it was  
If not to enjoy life, what for is works use?

Men paid mortgages, for them the company  
Built houses, estates, gave life to towns  
Suchlike two way loyalty is not seen now  
Globalisationist capitalism on it frowns

And for it for all they said, we are all the poorer  
The factories proved to be a false dream  
That lured the farmers from the land  
To an illusion where all not what it does seem

Yes the money may have been more at times  
But of work no man was to be sure  
And when the factories left for Eastern Europe  
We, who made them profitable, the workers were  
left poor,

The lucky ones sported what little they had  
The fools invested in mortgages and homes  
Workers desperate scramble to survive  
Ensued, as the bosses lined their thrones

On slave labour of ex-communist workers  
Who temporarily thought themselves rich  
Until prices rose outstripping their wages  
Goddess Capitalism shrugged: "Lifes a Bitch!"

Now, as a parkland is the bog, now cutaway  
And with an entire way of life is gone  
When without grants, through work and sacrifice we  
survived  
Though there was not work for everyone

Few were in debt, and you could emigrate  
As much as for work, to see the world wide  
Before coming home, building a home, your dream  
To retire when old, at your own fireside

Modern reality now says gone are those days  
The IMF our future dictates  
And the EU, on whom we're made dependant  
That rules for the stronger states

Who fund it all, and when we are down  
Like now, tell us what to do  
Fir their benefit, not for our citizens  
Our rights in our own land now are few

Environmental laws from Europe  
Reason behind which we cant understand  
Means that we are not allowed  
Automatically by ownership to build on our own land

But we have to ask permission  
Like from the Landlords, now gone, of old  
Who'd automatically have approved, but now  
That were denied the right were often told.

Its a changing world, in which man is smaller  
And an Irishman in his own land smallest of all  
Just get on with it, we are told by the system  
Who bring American presidents to lead the call.

Will our grandchildren, in their time  
Tour an industrial estate as I the bog  
Preserved as the peat is for the partridge  
By the EU for a snail, bird or frog?

When the bogs, farms and factories are gone  
What at will they work at to live?  
And feed their offspring with decreasing dole?  
What future for them does Globalisation give?

## Seamus Kirwan (Ireland)

### How About Something Else To Read?

Here's a poem I wrote while driving home one night. Two drops of rain landed on my windscreen and that got me thinking. Over the course of about a five or six mile stretch of road I formed the first verse in my head. At that point I decided to pull in to the side of the road to write down those lines lest I forget them, and within ten minutes of pulling to the side of the road, this poem was completed. Usually I like to write comical stuff or poems with a sting in the tail, so this one was a complete divergence from the norm for me. To qualify this as a love poem, I must tell you that this same evening had seen the end of a relationship that I was very much into and didn't want to end. So that accounts for my thoughts here, based on the lifespan of a stream in direct comparison to the lifespan of a relationship. If either are not nurtured, they will eventually wither shrink and die. Enjoy. Further down, I include one from a more familiar style of mine, one with a sting in the tail. I hope you enjoy that one also.

#### One Drop of Rain and Love

One drop of rain, then two,  
Will curl and copulate,  
Circumnavigate the rocks  
and breathe new life,  
Meandering on their way,  
Spreading life and love.

Heat and stress evaporates and withers,  
Shrinking stagnant pool,  
Starved of light and life and love.

Life's energies,  
In murky choking algae,  
Creamed on surface,  
Blocking light,  
Choking smothered love and life

There's nothing left,  
Capitulated,  
Dead,  
Needed nurture not forthcoming,  
No breath of new life born,  
To nourish breathed feverish wonderment of two,  
and where to from here to go?

With one and two no more,  
Now shrunken,  
Desolate,  
No more drops to gather,  
No capillary attraction,  
Only from the source can what develop?  
Love?

Without is nought,  
and sinking dying love,  
that never were it born,  
would fill whose shame with scorn?

So garner well,  
and knowledge waste it not,  
Feed to every seed and need no greed,  
Or stand oblivious  
and watch 'till die a death and wonder,

Suffer not for love a true,  
Nurtured life and love a growth to never rue.

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**Naked Female Form**

Female comes to see me,  
She calls most every night,  
She stretches out all naked  
and dances in the light,

She's not too bad a dancer,  
She's got all the moves,  
She doesn't seem to care who sees,  
When she gets in the groove,

I wonder if her mother knows  
and what her dad might say?  
If she were somehow pregnant,  
would he want her to stay?

I wouldn't mind if he decided this,  
'Cause I've got loads of room,  
The young ones they could play about  
and sleep each day 'till noon,

Bet your mind is working overtime,  
Wondering what a fool I am,  
See now, I've got to tell you,  
that this is all a sham,

You see, the female that comes visit,  
She's not what you might think,  
Its 'cause of her that my wardrobes  
of mothballs always stink,

I have to keep the window closed  
and leave her out all night,  
I wonder who she flies to,  
when I turn out the light?

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## Keith Robson (England)

I am just an ordinary guy living on the Northumberland coast who loves poetry, both reading it and writing it, I have never been published or anything, although I've had many people on poetry sites asking me to let them know when I have a book out

### **My Church.**

In the church are whispers high, so sweet that they defy belief  
They wave their branches to the sky, bared warnings to the Autumn thief  
And down below in cloistered shade, the hymns of evening bare their souls  
Regretfully the echoes fade, as down the aisles their darkness rolls,  
And rainbow glass turned deepest grey, touches the heart of evensong  
While twilight sacrifices day, two endings that just don't belong,  
Soft bird song peels away the eve, and every single painted call  
So beautiful I can't believe the curtained silence slowly fall.

Through the windows heaven high, an emerald essence on the air  
And though we were taught not to cry, soft silver teardrops everywhere  
Sift metronome like to the ground, within their quiet tiptoed dance,  
A peaceful time touched tick-tock sound, that gives so much a second chance,  
While wandering in spectral shade, so many living pieces make  
A jigsaw that will never fade, a segment of creation's lake,  
So many sighs of breathless green, and many more of perfect peace  
The church is a forever scene, a form of heavenly release.

Around the church there are no walls, it's organ is the stream's sweet song  
And birdsong echoes from it's walls, angelic wings that still belong  
To heaven in it's many forms, for churches can take many shapes  
Those havens from life's many storms, those corners where the soul escapes  
And where life's poetry is composed, between the arbours of the dawn  
So many Prayers lay unexposed, as if they're waiting to be born  
Into the church that I attend, the one that lives inside of me  
The church I always recommend, the one that I will always be...

### **The brush strokes of eternity.**

There was a light so long ago  
that showed me all I need to know,  
upon my journey softly shone  
when every trace of day was gone,  
and evening's charcoal crochet shawl  
traced gently on my sacred wall,  
with such a sense of might have been  
the far off light that I had seen.

Illumination's weary tread  
lets shadows hide when night is dead,  
and all the souls of in between

from all the places I have been  
come slowly forth and touch my face  
through webs of woven whispered lace,  
like tiptoe treasured memories  
of tired ships on distant seas.

And on the lines of light and shade  
I'll paint the dreams of you I've made  
with brush strokes from the heart of me  
for I have known what love can be,  
though poetry can write a rhyme  
in columned halls of endless time,  
the brush strokes of eternity  
will always drift back tenderly...

**The poets curse.**

My paint has dried upon the moon  
But I will paint another soon,  
Maybe on a star filled night  
To fill the sky with silver light,  
Or maybe on a tumbling stream  
That dances to a rising dream,  
Or even on the shimmering sea  
Where you can model it for me.

A masterpiece of all I know  
Of subtle touch and velvet glow,  
Will hang upon your wall one day  
Reminding you of me some way,  
Of midnight walks and faded rhymes  
And all those unforgotten times,  
A painting you will understand  
That holds me in some other land.

Gold and silver painted fire  
Song chased hearts of deep desire,  
And depths of love yet unexplored  
Still hang upon our every word,  
I'll take you out upon the lake  
Your fingers dangled in the wake,  
Inverted worlds we'll sail upon  
Until the breath of life is gone.

But still the story has no end  
It waits around the river's bend,  
And changes with the speed of thought  
It can't be stolen, or be bought,  
So I'll still keep the poets curse  
Still searching for the final verse,  
And when at last it comes to me  
Then we shall see what we shall see...



## Joel Hinrichs (USA)

### Captain Stormweather's Journey to Heaven, *Greatly Exaggerated*

a) specified to rhyme on every tenth word, starting with 7th  
b) iambic heptameter, abab cdcd ... rhyming (except where intercepted by the every tenth word rule)

One night I dreamt in high elation, stepping into realms  
Of glory. Angels soared and sang ovation: "One True God  
Who owns all praise and all Creation!" There I stood with palms  
All clammy, dumb with consternation; yet before I trod

One step I saw, with trepidation, God Almighty there  
Before me, looking on with quiet contemplation; "Son",  
He said with patient love and smile of invitation, "Tear  
Yourself away from all of that and take libation - one

Of my most fav'rite nectars is the sweaty exhalation  
Of the stars in - what you call that wat'ry constellation?  
Right! El Dipper Grande; Son, you'll like its smooth rotation  
On your palate; try a sip and see. What exploration

Brings you here this evening? "Sire! my protopalimpsest  
Of explanation is, I'm dreaming You (urk!) what I mean  
(oh, botheration!) - Here I am, Lord, making this request:  
My exploration, as You have it, is just that, a lean

Imagination's appetite; I seek. "You seek! Sweet pup,  
What stimulating compilation are you looking for?  
Or have you found some satiation just in beaming up?"  
I'm stunned, disoriented, swirled by agitation, floor

And ceiling swapped. Yet, curious, I stay, my station fixed.  
"My Lord, I simply seek." With one-eyed speculation He  
Takes stock of me a while: "A cash accumulation? mixed  
As that can often be, both robbers and taxation see

More use of cash than thee; or maybe information is  
Your 'thing'? Empowered? Wiser? Does your faith need inspiration? "  
"Exalted Lord, Omnipotent, to do all that is fizz  
Sodation, not a thing to break a sweat on, mere notation

Which You may choose to do, or not, nor hesitation at  
The choosing. "Still, you seek a gift? What obligation can  
You undertake to prove you'll treat it well, relation that  
You'll own?" My child? My only son? What palpitation can

My heart endure? "My child, what is your correlation there?  
I only want that you return as your donation your  
Commitment, voluntarily to safeguard and to care,  
Full preservation, for the gift I freely give you." "Sure!"

"One consideration nags, and that's your prior work."  
"Sire, on what occasion did I ever once appear  
Up here?" "Your current situation? You've never had this perq!  
But where've you been?" "Location wise my boyhood home was near

A Pittsburgh smelter operation, then I went to Rice;  
 Since then a fact'ry automation firm has moved me all  
 Around the West. " "Uhuh. Carnations in your yard? They nice?  
 Do you tend their irrigation? Mulch them in the fall?"

"Who, me? Yeah, my procrastination wasn't good for them  
 Last year." "Well, Sonny, they're Creation; it's a gift; in fact,  
 The universe is My imagination, whether phlegm  
 That guards your nose, your own genetic information, tract

Of land you walk on, wide blue oceans, constellations - do  
 You get my drift? Child, all without an obligation, none! "  
 I was floored. "Dear child, you've put My inspiration through  
 The mill; it's on your watch that rampant degradation's run

Amok. " "Lord, there is no defense; a dread anticipation  
 Says you may decide to kick us off for depredation!"  
 "Child, you bathe a babe which poops; the water's despoilation  
 Is a shock, but which do you discard? Ayyup! Hydration!

The babe we keep, and clean, and guide when irritation stokes  
 Our ire. " "So then might Earth get new regeneration? Some  
 Now think we've wrecked the air, the seas, conflation; smoke's  
 The harbinger of fire! we've raped the earth; invasions come

For oil and ore; we've et the fish; predation is our weft  
 And theft our souls' loom's warp. Ablation and consumption make  
 A trail the blind could track. " Hilariation glowed from left  
 To right on's face: "My glad donations! Yes, you've Esau's take,  
 You eat your Birthright - Jacob's passion when you swipe it, too!

My other presents? Some starvation, for a prod: a slew  
 Of needs and wants; salvation from your greed? I gave you minds.  
 Salvation from Damnation? Gave you hearts, and Jesus, too.  
 All for cause. " "Illumination? Can I know what kinds

Of purpose you established? " "Perturbation's mine; some things  
 You'll never need to know." "Again! Illumination, Sir!  
 Among us there are those who rape earth's lamination! Springs  
 Of water flung on rows of hills, wet mastication fer

A trinket! " "Child, I loved it! Power's transformation both  
 Of order and of chaos, each from each; causations feed  
 On change. There's gold, you found it. Exaltation!" "Sir, I'm loath  
 To see in you a joyed destruction. " "Boy, take up and read

My Jewish Scripture; that inspiration can be read  
 As the orig'nal owner's guide. Want indication re  
 Chaos? Kings One nineteen 'leven: 'The LORD said:  
 Station yourself upon the mountain; God will in '(that's Me)'

Perambulation pass you by. A mighty wind broke rock then:  
 Creation's master was not there; and then an earthquake but:  
 Creation's master was not there; and then a fire: again  
 Creation's master was not there. And then a quiet 'Tut!':

Creation's master whispered.'Child, I Am that tiny voice,  
 Prophetic consummation. Did you marvel at the Quake,  
 The Wind, the Conflagration? Child, I built the All by choice,  
 My Word's Cogeneration, dense enough that it would take

Ten thousand human generations just to pull the m  
From e, so c's squaration could be known. Your greatest minds  
And scholars in cooperation have begun to glim  
The outlines of The Bang; imagination ope's the blinds

For them to number it, but limitation of the human  
Form (and mark the tiny decades' annuation since  
Your theories escaped those older, easier to glom-on  
Prestidigitations) mortal form will make a mince,

Can only grope conceptualization of a fact,  
Or large or small. Your bestest imitation seems to be  
The like of tiny sons whose emulations, strutting, act  
Out Daddy's role in Daddy's shoes, his ideation: 'Me

The daddy now! I showing how! 'What fond elation lifts  
Your heart to see him so?' "That awesome elevation takes  
Me far away from self! My boy's proud adulation gifts  
My life in measure past mere words or calculation, makes

This old heart young! " "And also Me. Your graduation, cat,  
From ignorance to growing understanding of My World's  
Initiation makes me proud." "But are you worried that  
The discombobulation we've unceasingly unfurled's

Getting out of hand; it's Your Creation! " "Humor me,  
My child; it's only Earth, and any cultivation falls  
To you, for good or ill. It's yours! Expatiation on  
These blights is wonderful, but you are not plantation thralls.

Your stewardship perturbs me. Notwithstanding that, in your  
Origination you will find a flake of Me - your minds?  
Remediation takes both mind and heart; you've both, and more!  
Speciation's track, My hidden Hand, bequeathed you kinds

Of grit, evasion and reaction skills you're going to need  
To 'scape obliteration. Here's the rub: before I let  
You leave Play Station Earth, you'll have to get it right, and bleed  
Fixation Green, clean up your act. Diplomacy will get

The nations started; all reliefs must happen first before  
I open exploration's door. Arrange your sandbox, Child.  
The treehouse beckons; my congratulation then will pour  
permission to bestride its floor! " God gratiation smiled.

#### Untitled

written after a dinner party. The text should explain itself, and if not, my apologies.

Jim Doe was Ginger's sorta-beau, a guy  
In second gear, his 'vroom' putt-putt.  
Mistaking Ginger for a god-on-high  
Dear Jim felt trepidation in his gut.  
One day a long dead flame lit up his life -  
Exactly how the 'dead' part 'scaped his gaze  
'Scaped Jimbo's brain as well - so Mack the knife  
Made mincemeat of a courtship of, six? days.  
In jig time Jim's old flame extinguished him,  
So back he goes to Ginger, full of grief;  
Spelunking in a cave of woe recrim,  
The hapless Jim denies yet seeks relief.  
E'en so it goes with widows, Ginger feels -  
Prospective mates, in short? no souls, all heels.

**I Friendship**

You spoke to me before I spoke to you,  
and seemed so quietly restrained, genteel,  
yet saw a stronger me than ere I knew;  
so in-born is your trust - you see in steel.

To my surprise you held a PhD,  
and said it was an every-day detail;  
how many times you've said, "Just let it be;  
we're peers, my friend, I'm not beyond the pale."

Since I was wed and you had loving ties,  
no thought of more than buddy-ness arose.  
And buddies? yes we were! - I realize  
how well we walked the way that friendship grows.

From Bible Class, to lunches, so it went;  
we even saw a movie once or twice.  
Your effervescent inner rosy scent  
has made - and makes - your nearness softly nice.

So friends we started out, and friends we are.  
You are, my dearest love, my pilot star.

**II Sharing**

You are, my dearest love, my pilot star.  
I steer by you whenever I am out.  
Our dif'rent views can clink the cussin' jar  
but words blow over; nothing dies but doubt.

You asked me, "Pray with me right now, my girl  
is having trouble and I grieve." I took  
her gladly under whispered wing. What pearl  
of tiny price, a pray'r - then my world shook.

My namesake, youngest child, abandoned life;  
you came, you calmed me, helped me learn to grieve.  
His mother also ceased to be my wife;  
we'd grown apart, it was her time to leave.

You brought, my wondrous friend, your steely grace  
and rosebud kindness, dauntless quiet dawn.  
You saw that I was no one's basket case,  
but standing at my back was Rubicon.

From sharing grief we turned to sharing joy;  
Sweet sis-boom-buddy girl, I'm buddy-boy.

### III Talking

Sweet sis-boom-buddy girl, I'm buddy-boy,  
your "Little Brother Joe" or LBJ;  
the time we spent together ran from coy  
to midnight secrets not for light of day.

I knew that you were blue-state, I was red;  
While passionate in that, I learned your mind  
was open to debate, a watershed -  
to meet the enemy, and find her kind.

We found our cognate dissonance a chore  
but also knew that difference is right;  
no bonding binds friends fast unless its core  
sustains a friction; heat plus love makes light!

We turned in time to sex - right after church  
while eating lunch we'd calmly retrogress;  
our terms could make a nearby diner lurch,  
though none e'er stalked away in blue distress.

I loved those conversations with my Jode;  
you always serve your topics a' la mode.

### IV Teasing

You always serve your topics a' la mode,  
including those where a' la mode is dill.  
Your red-state beau is "LBJ"? You rode  
that horse to death - I say he's dead - lie still!

And yet, you never tease, just love too hard;  
you're one who can't recall a single joke.  
Your sense of humor's like a St. Bernard,  
All warmth and wine, and kisses, and a poke.

By contrast I'm a handful, full of fun,  
and ready to extract the lighter side  
of any little slip, inject a pun  
from center field - but (almost) never snide.

One time I sprang from under blankets, roared -  
it gave you such a start! You hadn't seen  
me there. Your silly grin was like the Horde  
of Huns had come to take you for their queen.

But then, belov'd, you mounted an attack,  
my gorgeous pillow-fight'n demoniac.



**V Courting**

My gorgeous pillow-fight'n demoniac,  
your image fixed fore'er in mental eye,  
I courted you in hope of feather-smack -  
might call it childish? - I say apple pie!

Sweet Jody, you're a hugger, and I guessed  
you slyly meant to hug me en amour.  
So did I jump the gun? but I felt blessed  
to get a hug that wasn't quite demure.

And then we kissed. That distant boyfriend? Past.  
Our stories differ on who felt it first,  
but does it matter? Tiny actions cast  
our lots; one sip may kindle life-long thirst.

And yet, the struggle we endured, the cost,  
missteps, and months we spent apart. Old loves,  
allegiances misplaced, smiles gone to frost -  
each put or felt a test - we gentle doves!

That said, we built our house on solid ground.  
Endurance builds respect; we each feel crowned.

**VI Marrying**

Endurance builds respect; we each feel crowned  
in having won the other's hand. We learned  
all over how to honor dodgy ground  
a partner hallows; lasting trust is earned.

Who gave my love away? Her firstborn, Paul;  
Best man? My eldest son, my scholar, Chris.  
At our age, history is vast, and all  
summed up to just the iceberg's tip of bliss.

A grandma who's a bride must play her mom  
and do a mother's duties; all the same  
she wholly needs her calm, her mantra "Ommmm" -  
too soon she's called to referee the game!

And then she flows serenely down the aisle,  
A masterwork perfected over time.  
I sing, "You come to me", watch ev'ry smile  
go misty, and September's summertime.

From "single blessedness" and settled ways,  
We joined our lives to share the golden days.

VII Living

We joined our lives to share the golden days -  
and find ourselves immersed in change and work.  
Those small details, two lives to paraphrase  
into a quiet hymn - "Soleil du cirque"!

Two schedules to combine, two habits set  
in softer shades of stone; one works a.m.  
to supper, one from noon til owls forget.  
One garrulous, one still as Bethlehem.

And when we courted, who were they, we ask,  
those pals who shared deep secrets in the dark?  
Oh, we're still here, it's us behind the mask;  
The stretch of time is thinning out the spark.

The steeplechase awaits, and watch us go!  
We tag team past the obstacles and wear.  
If I should falter, there's my partner Jo;  
You're wind beneath my wings, my breath of air.

And though "I saw you first" this much is true:  
you spoke to me before I spoke to you.



Ivan de Monbrison



## What Makes Me a Poet?

---



***"A poet makes himself a visionary through a long, boundless, and systematized disorganization of all the senses. All forms of love, of suffering, of madness; he searches himself, he exhausts within himself all poisons, and preserves their quintessences."--Arthur Rimbaud***

*Apparently Rimbaud never met an Irishman, for we are all poets... just by breathing. Our best poetry? Listen to us wish ill on an adversary, not even Shakespeare could come up with our poetic descriptions of others and what we would like to happen to them!!!*

This is a question we posed to writers the world over, and here are some of the responses.

<https://www.facebook.com/events/357789537581647/> is a full list of the responses on the Facebook event.

DorthaKay Brown

As a child I was not allowed to have a voice;  
writing and poetry became my voice!

Willows Talk

A glass full of words, vivid imagination and the  
itch to weave. The silence, the sound, the  
despair, the joy, the people, the void and the  
daily life.

Ankur Choudhury

Life and endless surprises make me a poet.

Sonja Benskin Mesher

say the things, share the moments, so they  
are not dust

Janet Caldwell

I was born to be a poet...Life inspires me...?

Ruby Lakhani

Depression or sometimes at the spur of the  
moment or when Im happy.....  
Love putting words into meanings....

Frances Anna Ayers

My inspirations comes from the classical  
Poets  
including;Keats,Shelly,Tennyson,Donne,Johns  
on and Hardy to name a few.

Teri Hardway

My inspiration just comes from my heart with  
whatever i am feeling. usually my emotions  
have to be very strong then the words just  
come pouring out seems to be my way of not  
storing it in my mind for so long. its hard  
things i feel that sometimes i do not what to  
admit to myself but once they are out on  
paper i feel alittle relieved.

Zaklina Svekjarovska

And sometimes I feel that I did not choose the  
words, but they choose me.  
Since I can remember for myself, I see the  
world with the soul, not by sight.

And I was always fascinated by the people:  
their feelings, way of expressing themselves,  
their actions ... That is what makes me to look  
inside me, seeking answers to these  
questions.

Iulia Gherghei

I grew up with a poet father that recite us on  
daily basis his creations, we had two hours  
T.V. program and we were queing the book  
stores as well the grocery store. My father's  
show was the only thing authentic in a  
country chocked by the communist ideology,  
at least to his show I had acces... he  
influenced me together with the following  
Lucian Blaga, George Bacovia, Nichita  
Stanesco., Tagore, Llosa, Marques, Cehov,  
Turgheniev and so on...

Sana Rose

Nothing MAKES me a poet...  
I'm a poet by default...  
And it's the way my eyes see,  
my skin feels,  
my mind unravels  
and travels...  
It's the way I  
listen to you,  
it's the way I  
step out to the world...  
It's how I perceive,  
receive,  
and grieve...  
It's how I voice,  
make a choice,  
and rejoice...  
It's a condition I  
gladly succumb to  
rather than a duty...  
It's a responsibility  
to my heart,  
a promise to my soul...  
It's a memoir...  
It'll be all that is  
left of me when, at last,  
I'm gone...



## Seamus Kirwan, Ireland

A good question from our host Thomas Carty of Carty's Poetry Journal. What makes me a poet? What makes me a poet? What makes me a poet? Well let me see now. First of all I would pose the question, am I a poet at all in the first instance? I have never claimed to be a poet but rather, others have seen fit to bestow me with such title. So I guess when others feel comfortable with this approach, then who am I to object? If it's ok with everyone else, then it can sit comfortably with me also, as I am under no pressure or hurry to deny anyone their right to their own opinion.

I can only be responsible for what I write, while the reader must take full responsibility for ones interpretation of such writings. This is not to say that I wash my hands of all responsibility for being known and referred to as 'A Poet'. I do admit that I have never opposed the bestowing of such title at any juncture in my journey through life, nor, in my endeavours as a writer and fabricator of stories in different forms. Indeed, of late this title has become a must for some in introducing me to others and again I fail to object. Not for any reasons of vanity I hasten to add, but simply because I often feel it a waste of energy to go through the throes of denial, when the next introduction will almost certainly follow the same pattern as previous encounters. So why deny anyone a simple pleasure that they insist upon. Guilty of non denial and protest Your Honour, lock me away quickly and for ever for my sins.

In 2004, while spring cleaning and adjusting to a new found focus on career change, I found an old copy-book of mine, dating from 1979. It was a delight for me to read what I had written some twenty five years previously while attending school at Ard Scoil Chiarain, in Clara Co. Offaly, Ireland. As I was wont to do in those happy days of schooling innocence, I wrote while others doodled. "What did you write about", I hear you ask, "at the tender age of 15 or 16 in those distant days?" I unashamedly wrote little ditties about the goings on in the classroom, the teachers with their nuances, and the characters who shared their wit, fun and seriousness through out our days as

students at Ard Scoil Chiarain. Then twenty five years later, oh my God, what embarrassment to see how innocently I wrote in those days, and to think that I use to show my class mates the things I had written, thinking these writings to be funny and 'great' because they were funny, when in fact they were really terrible by any stretch of anyone's imagination. While reading the contents of this copybook was embarrassing it was also a real delight. The delight was in the good laugh I had at myself and my first attempts at writing poetry. Since that day in 2004, I have continued to write on many topics from, Nature, to Politics to Love, failed relationships and failed politicians, and Hobbies amongst other things. Variety is the spice of life they say, so I'll try any topic at least once.

More recently I encountered a discussion online on the merits of writers and poets, specifically relating to qualifications in the field. The general gist of the discussion swivelled around who had a Degree, Masters or Doctorate in creative writing or similar qualification, while an attempt was made at formatting a hierarchy while directly aiming at putting me in the ha'penny place, ie. "Who the hell do you think you are? You have no qualifications in the field", "I'm a professor and have taught for 38 years in the field", so bow to me, I am the greatest and most qualified to talk on the subject of writing poetry, so just be quiet and listen to me. Of course I wasn't having any of it and let it be known, with all due respect to all present, that some of the greatest writers who ever put pen to paper, neither held a Degree, Masters or any such qualification in the subject. So there, stick that in your degree pipe and smoke it.

Also in dealing with qualifications in the field, I would also point out that just because somebody holds a degree or masters in any discipline doesn't mean that they are super or even good at their chosen trade, craft or career. Generally as examinations go, most of what they examine is the pupil's ability to remember, rather than the pupil's ability or standard at their chosen career. On any given day of an exam, the only question an exam

answers is, how is your memory today? Take for example teachers. Does the fact that all teachers hold a degree, does this automatically make them good teachers, in my humble opinion, no. But before an onslaught of recrimination from every teacher in the land, please understand that I relate this assessment to all fields and areas of third level qualification and beyond, and I hold a BA (Hons). In Applied Social Studies In Social Care and also a HDip. in Business. My memory would be one of only moderate standard, but that doesn't mean that I am great, moderate or useless at my chosen career. That examination would be for another day, and who would be the judge? Now that's definitely a topic for another day. I get by nicely and anyone choosing to judge me should first be a Judge unto themselves.

In getting back to the original online discussion, I also pointed out that the common denominators

in the whole area of writing and poetry, between the great writers of yester-year, those with top qualifications in the field and the modern day Joe Soap Poet, is their mutual respect and love for their craft and each other on an equal basis, so that all are equal in their contributions to poetry, leading there to be absolutely no need for the snobbery of a hierarchy and that is my firm belief. It is also my firm belief in all areas of life. I have no time for snobbery, nor the looking down upon by others on others. These 'others' of course may disagree with me. People will have their own opinions and they are entitled to them too. I believe what I believe and such is life, life goes on. Life can only be understood backward but it must be lived forward and the best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time. Life is too short to waste time in the field of snobbery. Now there's a title for a poem.

## Moinak Dutta (India)

**My favorite poet** is, without doubt, Rabindranath Tagore., who not only reshaped the Bengali literature, but bestowed it with newer and finer embellishments, so as to almost change the course of the language and literature by his sheer quality of work. A versatile genius of a poet, philosopher, novelist, educationist, painter, lyricist, playwright, essayist, Rabindranath is a gift to the world of literature. There is hardly any art form which is not touched by his wondrous mind.

His poems, particularly, present before us, a wide array of creativity at its sublime best. They are so lyrical, melodious, romantic, and spiritual, in theme, content and design that they would forever enthrall the readers worldwide. They are like transcendental realities. They transcend the barriers of Time and Space, as any ideal creative pursuit should

be. This Nobel Laureate, humanist, pedagogue, is my favourite poet and bard. He would remain so forever, with his splendor of light and gaiety. Reading his poems is like getting into the world of poesy like a child, driven by instinctive curiosity of mind and at the same time, his poems make me brood, philosophize and understand the basic essence of art and human existence. His poems, so large in number, can never be read and analyzed in a single life, I suppose. He has written probably more than any human can read in one's one lifetime!

'The Song Offerings'(Gitanjali), which was a brief collection of his representative poems, won him the Nobel Prize, but as we all easily make out, his poems are so varied in theme and construction that one 'Song Offerings' was too short an example of his poetic outpourings! Probably a few more 'Song

Offerings' would be needed to make a comprehensible documentation of his whole poetic endeavour alone, leaving aside his other works.

His poems are usually divided into different anthologies like 'Sonar Tori' 'Manashi', etc; but if we take a closer look at those anthologies, we would be amazed by the variety of their spirit. Some of them are like songs, some of them are nostalgia seeped personal, very subjective ejaculations, some are like reaching up to the sky above and even beyond, some present the human relationships, some showcase the Nature's bounty of treasures, while some others are purely related to God or the Supreme, omniscient existence of the Soul in us and the spiritual quest of a man.

Rabindranath, to me, is like the best possible manifestation of a poet and a human being, who lived his life in the fullest creative manner possible. He is a state of being, perhaps!

**I find inspiration** to scribble a poem, almost everywhere! To me poetry is everywhere-it could be in the eyes of a child, or in the leaves of a tree gathering dewdrops of the morning, or it could be a lonely road made of asphalt that bisects my city into two halves! I think it is a poetic bent of mind that makes me to find things to be explored poetically everywhere! There is no particular fixed idea of inspiration, working in me, if we tend to think of inspiration in concrete, segmented terms. Inspiration, itself, being a mental process, stays there right in my mind, hopefully, as long I live!

My poetic bent of mind, surely **makes a poet out of me**. I find joy in scribbling as it provides me a sojourn to a different world- a world which has its own happiness and this

happiness is so much overwhelming that one can never feel oppressed or saddened there! It is a world, quite contrary to the world of reality we live in, which is so full of stresses and strains! My poetic world, is an escape from reality sometimes, but then again, it is also, in a way, getting back to the real world with full force, with a happy, delighted face and ignited mind and soul!

I have, somehow managed to put together all my works into a single window, called [www.theboatsong.blogspot.com](http://www.theboatsong.blogspot.com)

Here one can find my scribbles, my photography (which is another poetic pastime of mine) and short stories. We have a small group of people there joined as members to the site. We do exchange our thoughts and ideas through the blog. The blog can be followed by anyone. There is no bar. So we have people from all the continents almost, joining the blog. We share one common view- to make this planet a lovely, poetic one!

With love,

Moinak Dutta,

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## I'M PART OF THE SAME GRAVITY BUT MY PEAK KISSES THE WHITENESS OF THE CLOUDS

*Fahredin Shehu*

Poetry today strangely still preoccupies many people. In some of my previous interviews I have said that "People still believe in miracle and this miracle is the Word itself. And I continued..."any time I have uttered a beautiful word; every time I have broken a barrier, a wall I have destroyed, I have shortened a distance. Isn't this a Magic...!!!???".

They are indeed many poets that have their Magic in uttering their miraculous word in Poetry and often I'm lost in naming them. Persian classics: Hafeez, Firdousi, Saadi, Rumi and the Haiku masters are on my Top List but Blake, Thoreau, and Gibran make another contemporary trinity that trigger my Soul. It is their simplicity of the Word in complexity of the Being; their observation of nature, human nature and cosmos, which made the most of their opus. This makes them unique in the sense of Universality of their creative message, freshness of their word and eternal consistency.

Children, Nature and Life are the most extraordinary phenomenon, a cosmic process that transcends us from mere organic Material up to the Human Soul as Particle of Cosmic Eternal Being. These are my permanent inspirations that may mutter the most cantankerous. Even a Magpie; you guess who...?

The multitude observed phenomenon and the inner spark constrained me to make what Hermes did centuries ago. He produced: The Emerald Tablets, whilst I, based on their reflection have produced The Amethyst Tables and in one of them it states:



You can't learn poetry;  
It is God's gift and it comes only from His Mercy

**The Amethyst Tablet II**

I strongly believe that this speaks volumes.

There are several poetry circles in Kosovo; like Kosovo Writers association, Kosovo PEN Center and few smaller groups around Magazines. Defining good and bad in these circles is very relative. What I would love to emphasize is that they are often perceived as clans and it is very difficult to enter their chambers and their exclusiveness really disappoints me. The problem persists that they are in huge opposition between each other, but also too, among Kosovo Writer association and Kosovo PEN Center there are few members who affiliate in both organizations.

If I speak about names I would love to emphasize few that are in particular authentic and genuine. Yet they remain frequently; known only to a small circle of Intellectuals and Artists, but cultivating successfully their diverse styles and uniqueness they make them outstanding.

The poetry art of Naime Beqiraj for instance is so intense and genderless and this makes her poetry unique. In her last book **“The moistening of the Fig”**, in an original manner she displayed the nostalgia for the life she left behind, for the aroma of the freshly baked scones by the hands of her deceased mother, about the beauty of the nature where she grew up and her relation to the Divine and in particular her existence in this planet.

Whereas in other hand the poet and University of Prishtina Professor; Mr. Basri Çapriqi transcends the freshness of the Salt and Iodine from the sea he comes from (Adriatic Sea), to the typical and sublime form of art. He also successfully passed from the articulated name of Kosovo Literature from the 80's, 90' to the nowadays. This transformation of the trends makes him not only sustainable but very contemporary and successful toward the demands of today and his creativity and originality.

The Archeologist by her first vocation; Ms. Edi Shukriu; lives among terracotta, gold, bronze and the Spirit of Ancient Illyria; our original Ancestors and the Word she carves as in Stone tablets giving the glazed and sophisticated, what is rustically and ancient in its original nature to the modern reader. In her Poetry the Mother Goddess and the feminine spirit is widely dispersed throughout every single letter.

Xhevdet Bajraj articulated the spirit of American Beat Generation in his very beginning as Poet to end up in Mexico City University as Professor of Balkan Literature and modern trends of genuine poetry. The fate of his nation is reflected in the form of personal struggle for biological existence, and the beat of Love and heart simultaneously correlates with the terrestrial omnipresence of the phenomenon.

Different styles of poetry have created the particular entities in the plot of Literature and they live independently despite their interwoven and inter-related elements. At the end it all depends on inner vibrations, affiliations, background and gusto for determination of what is good and what is bad. If I'm allowed to paraphrase a wise man I co-state with him: **“Knowledge of Poetics worth less if there's not a poetic gift, knowledge of poetics from the one who lacks the gift of Poetry is similar to nobility of the poor, martial art of the coward and more than this. It is neither a sin nor punishment to not be a Poet, but to be a bad poet is equal to death”**, says the Indian Critic and Poet from the XIII century A.D. Bhamaha.

And another pearl so I may end up...is from Bosnian Writer Abdullah Sidran who said: **A Good Poet has good and bad Poetry, the bad Poet, has only the bad one”**.



©Photo by Bruno Fert- Paris<sup>1</sup>

#### Short bio

*Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies. M.A. in Literature. PhD in Sacral Esthetics- ongoing*

*Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.*

<sup>1</sup> By Bruno Fert, Paris, the winner of World Press Photo 2004

## Daniel Klawitter (USA)



**Bio:** Daniel is a member of the Poetry Society of Colorado in the United States and lives in Denver with his wife and three cats. An “emerging” writer, his poetry has appeared in numerous literary journals both online and in print, including: *Sacramental Life*, *Quietmountain: New Feminist Essays*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Struggle: A Journal of Proletarian Literature*, *The Smoking Poet*, *Cyclamens and Swords*, *The Atonal Poetry Review*, *Penwood Review*, *Umbrella: a journal of poetry and kindred prose*, and *Your Hands Your Mouth*.

### Poetry vs. Prose

One difference of course  
is the length of the line.  
And some people suppose  
that prose doesn't rhyme.

But I have a theory  
that's more like a question:  
If prose is lengthy fiction  
is poetry short suggestion?

### Theodicy

*“So Satan went out from the presence of the Lord  
and afflicted Job with painful sores from the soles  
of his feet to the crown of his head”. ---The Book of  
Job, 2:7-8.*

They say that God will never give you  
more burdens than you can carry.

But if you ask me (and I think Job would agree),  
some people suffer more than necessary.

### Lust

*“You hide a smile and quote a text:/Desires  
ungratified/  
Persist from one life to the next.” James Merrill*

Whenever you feel that old familiar tug---  
the babbling of the blood from a carnal stare,  
or an over-friendly hug---

blame it on the wine you had with dinner.

And remember the prayer of St. Augustine  
ye sensual sinners.

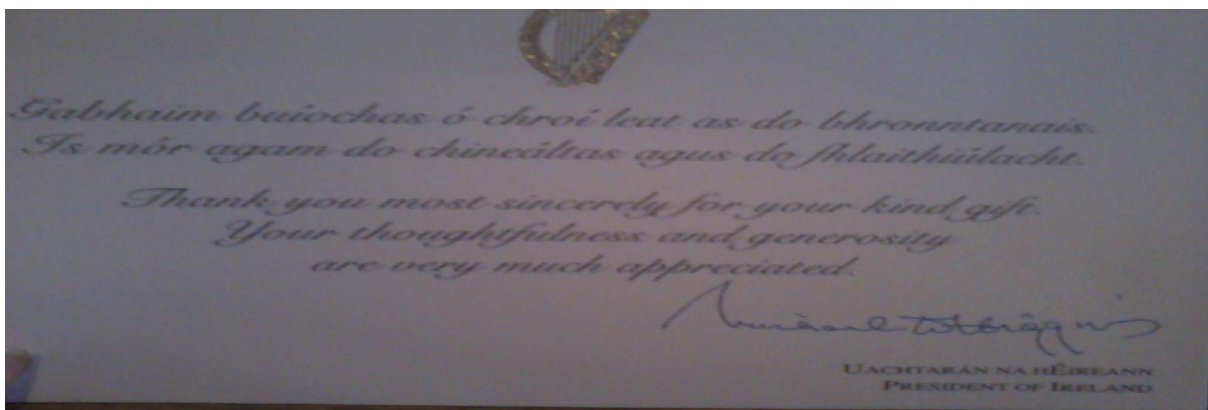
Take comfort and do not fret.

For even the Bishop of Hippo once said:

“Lord make me chaste. But not yet! Not yet!”



## Photo Gallery: Poets in the Áras



Tullamore Rhymers Club members Anthony Sullivan and Ken Hume were very honoured to meet the new Irish president and fellow poet Michael D. Higgins in the Irish presidential palace, Áras an Uachtarain.

The local writers were asked to judge a poetry contest in Offaly schools, which they did to their delight at the standard of the entries, and as a mark of appreciation of the input they gave to the contest they were brought to meet Mr Higgins in Dublin along with some of the contestants in the poetry competition.



## T. S. Chandra Mouli in Conversation with Susheel Kumar Sharma

**TSCM 1:** Namaskar! Thanks for permitting me to interview you and sparing your time. **How and when did you start writing poetry?**

**SKS:** Namaskar. My father was a teacher of English and was a very popular teacher in a University. A lot of students sought his guidance both formally and informally. As a child I used to overhear their conversation about British poets, American poets and Indian poets. His almirahs were full of books about them. At times I would take out his books and start reading but in most of the cases I could not make out what the authors were saying so I waited for our opportunity to overhear a possible conversation about the particular poet / poem / dramatist / drama / novelist etc.

My father was also a creative writer in Hindi and English and several of his poems and short stories had been published in magazines and books. In those days seeing somebody's name related to you in print was a great thing I felt not only elated but also proud and distinct from other boys of my age. All this kindled a desire in me to write that led me to maintain a diary and write poems. In one of the poetry symposia held at my place I was given a chance to read two of my poems. My effort was applauded but this also made me feel shy and I destroyed my diary. This must have been around 1974-75 I kept on reading literature but did not attempt to write until 1979-80 when I thought of writing a novel in Hindi; I had jotted down just two or three paragraphs which my father somehow read and said they were very powerful and opened the story well but that bunch of papers was lost somewhere and so was the dream to write a novel. I resumed writing poetry in 1983 when I took up a job and also started preserving the poems and rewriting them. But I was not satisfied with whatever I composed and wanted a formal training. I saw an opportunity in pursuing the Diploma in Creative Writing when it was launched with a great fanfare at Indira Gandhi National Open University, New Delhi. I was all the more elated when a newspaper report said that out of more than three hundred odd applicants only about twenty five had been offered admission. The experience was very rewarding though I did not learn to the extent of my expectations as the required resource persons had changed/cancelled their scheduled classes at the last moment denying me the opportunity to come face to face with the teacher/ creative writer to discuss a poem, short story etc. The first collection of my poems *From the Core Within* (New Delhi: Creative, 1999, ISBN: 81-85231-27-3) contains most of the poems written during the period.

**TSCM 2:** Please tell us something about your childhood studies.

**SKS:** I was born in a village. My grandfather told me that I was physically very fragile and frequently fell ill. On one occasion the family had given up all hope of my survival but my grandpa's *guru* (teacher) – a Vaidya (a doctor practising indigenous system of medicine, Ayurveda) – cured and saved me with great difficulty. Since I was the first child in my generation in the family everybody loved me dearly. Therefore, every effort was made to keep me near the family and I was sent to the school in the village of which I still have faint memories. He also told me that I was a touchy child. In an Indian village "From which family do you come?", "Whose son are you?" etc are normal questions to identify the child. My reply in my broken Hindi used to be, "A man's and no one else's." The family soon shifted to a town where my grandfather had built a house. I spent some years there attending a municipal school next to my house. Later I joined my father who taught in a PG College in a different town for a better education/ care/ tutelage. But I missed the days I spent with my grandfather and grandmother in whose company, I realize today, I had turned into a spoilt brat; I resented the change of place very much.

Both my grandfather and my father were men of strong likings and dislikings. Like most of the intellectuals of the day my father had his leaning towards the left ideology. He can be

described as a progressive Brahmin, with inclination towards socialism, Swami Dayananda and English. Naturally, I too learnt to like all of them. Both my grandmother and mother were pious ladies who had suffered a great deal in the patriarchal structure of my family. I owe my strong belief in God to them.

My father wanted me to be a doctor. When I did not show any sign of becoming one he wanted me to be an engineer. So I studied science subjects up to graduation but when he found out that I spent more time with books in literature than in science he advised me to switch over to literature. I, therefore, joined MA in English. It was again at his insistence that I joined M Phil (English) at the University Campus at Meerut abandoning my studies in Business Administration. My stay at Meerut instilled confidence in me to take decisions for myself and under the training and tutelage of my supervisor Prof. T.R. Sharma I started charting my future course of life.

**TSCM 3: What are your concerns as a poet?**

**SKS:** I do not believe in the 'School of Arts for Art's Sake'. I feel that as a human being I belong to a particular social group (human beings fall in the category of gregarious animals). I owe so many things to this group that provides me a personal, geographical, social, economical, cultural and political space. Naturally all these spaces make me feel responsible for them. At the same time my limited space has been carved out of a larger space and it has to exist with that. Therefore, I feel that I am not a unit in isolation but a part of the whole, just like a cog in a machine. I feel concerned towards all that feels, persists and exists within my perception and beyond. I try to see various relationships that are apparent and are not apparent in order to understand them and not necessarily to redefine.

**TSCM 4: What perceptible influences are there on your poetry?**

**SKS:** As already hinted above I have come under the influence of the intellectual tradition on both sides of the Atlantic -- roughly described as Hindu/Oriental as well as British/Christian/Occidental.

**TSCM 5: Do you feel social consciousness or ideological approach is necessary for a poet?**

**SKS:** First of all let me clarify that for me social consciousness is different from ideological approach. Social consciousness is concerned with the broader issues of a society while ideology has more to do with the rights of the individuals or the groups and viewing a phenomenon with a particular political angle. A poet has to ponder over the issues that concern individuals and also the social groups and I am no exception to it. What my stand point on different social issues is and how I treat the issues etc. has to be worked out by the readers/critics. I feel good literature cannot be produced in absence of a social consciousness but can be produced even in absence of ideological bias.

**TSCM 6: How do you employ images and symbols in your poetry?**

**SKS:** Poetry basically deals with ideas that are abstract. In order to communicate an abstract idea to another mind a poet has to use certain images and symbols that are derived out of the one's personal and collective repository/experiences. While some of them would be traditional others might be personal as well. At times the same image/symbol/object may be traditional and personal simultaneously. For example, each one of us talks of having a conscience but anatomically it cannot be located and found out in any body. How to convey -- what conscience is, what it stands for, what it does, what its role is in shaping one's consciousness/beliefs/routine? I have grappled with this and tried to concretize it in the opening poem 'Spineless' of my first collection (1999). I am still grappling with it in my second collection *The Door is Half Open* (New Delhi: Adhyayan, 2012, ISBN: 978-81-8435-341-9) in the poem 'Spineless-II'. I do not know if I have been successful in my attempt or I shall keep on describing it in future as well. After all it is 'conscience' that is the distinctive feature of the humans as opposed to the animals and it keeps the human world going.

**TSCM 7: What are the recurring themes and images in your poetry? Could you give a few examples, please?**

**SKS:** It is also possible that there is no recurrence since different poems have been written at different times, at different places and in different moods. Still I leave it to the readers to find out and judge. In a big family a mother/mother-figure has to look after the concerns of all her sons, daughters, older people, younger people, so on and so forth. The priorities are decided by the

mother seeing the need of the hour. No mother can predict which son or daughter will start crying quarrelling/playing when or how. Accordingly she decides her routine and activities. To a mother there is just one refrain – welfare of her children. Her paying more attention to one than to others does not prove that she is ignoring them. Still, I have already talked about ‘conscience’ above.

**TSCM 8: Do you feel poetry festivals or meets promote poetic creativity? Are they relevant at all?**

**SKS:** Yes and no.

Yes, because a poet generally writes for an invisible reader who suddenly appears before him/her in hordes and immediately reacts in the form of applause or hooting. This fills the poet with extra energy and acts like a catalyst and makes him/her feel more responsible to the public. For example, when a marriage procession reaches the bride’s place not only the groom’s relatives are recharged but the hectic activity straight away increases even amongst the bride’s relatives and friends – suddenly everyone is on one’s toes.

No, because there is always a hidden agenda of the market forces to promote a particular poet/ group/ type.

Despite all said and done, poetic symposia (*Kavi-sammelans* and *Mushairas*) are an integral part of our culture. A successful symposium unlike in the west will continue up to the breaking of the day and not only the audience but also the poets regale in it. Such symposia also refine the tastes of the audience and sensitize them to certain issues. So both parties gain in the process.

**TSCM 9: As a poet what is your view of the prevailing scenario?**

**SKS:** Poetry has been the favourite genre of people and it still is. The mind-boggling number of poetry groups on different internet sites proves my point. It brings a large number of people of different age groups together and sensitizes them and strengthens human bonding. There is a scarcity of publishers for poetry but this is not a new phenomenon. After all, a publisher is there in the market to earn profit. The best judge of any creative activity including poetry is time. Where are those who were highly acclaimed in their times, were conferred on several rewards/awards and were declared poet laureates in their heyday today? Where are those who were the Nobel Laureates once upon a time? That is why new literary histories are needed in every age.

There is hectic poetic activity going on these days. Owing to new channels of communication even more interaction is there among poets and critics; physical distance and cultural backgrounds are no more the hindrances in interaction and appreciation of poetry. I have also seen some poets revising their poems five or six times seeing the reactions of the readers. All that not only helps the poet but also proves that readers read and poets respond and both of them wish not only to communicate but also to create a beautiful artefact. Despite this there is a large group of poets who remain contemptuous of poetry on internet and consider only the printed poetry worth any consideration. The politics of those picked up by big publishing houses, small publishers and vanity publishing houses also continues besides that of awards. How do the “blue-blooded, anglicized, Doon School-St. Stephen’s-Oxbridge educated, pro-market, over-confident, bordering on arrogance, self-centred, metro-type, globally inclined” take recourse to extraneous considerations in “silencing authentic voices by usurping the cultural space of the nation” has already been discussed in detail by M Prabha in her book *The Waffle of the Toffs: A Sociocultural Critique of Indian Writing in English* (New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 2000).

**TSCM 10: What are the trends you could notice in post –independence Indian English Poetry?**

**SKS:** Indian Poetry in English (IPE) came into existence under the influence of the British presence in India. There was a growing tendency to imitate the western poets. We are often reminded about Edmond Gosse chiding Sarojini Naidu. Aurobindo wrote entirely a different kind of poetry which was really Indian in taste and flavour. But after independence things did not go Aurobindo’s way and the tendency to imitate the west gained ground not only in English but in regional literatures as well. This is quite natural in a scenario where all knowledge in science, biology, medical sciences, engineering, technology, theories in economics, banking, sociology, psychology, political science, education, history, philosophy, literature etc. is flowing from the west to east. In such a scenario one

should not be surprised or dismayed to see a growing tendency to get approval from the western auditors/critics/ audience in the small domain of IPE or even Indian Literature in English (ILE). And with a colonial mind-set this works wonderfully on both sides as the west gains the power to exercise the control by patronising/ reprimanding that was lost in the form of political power. This partially explains the divide between 'the Metro set' and 'the Mofussil set' of poets.

**TSCM 11: Which trends have gained ground? What is conspicuous now?**

**SKS:** This is an extension of your earlier question and so is my answer. Due to the advent of a free medium and space in the form of internet a very strong stream of reversal can also be seen. Naturally, a sort of synthesis will take place where the west will accept the East and the East the West – at the level of diction, language, structure, poetic form, technique and themes; the chasm between the Metro and the Mofussil will also be bridged.

**TSCM 12: Could you sum up your views on your poetry?**

**SKS:** A poet has a private space that has to belong to the people. Unless people's concerns do not find a reflection in a poet's work it shall not be paid due attention to. At the same time as an intellectual a poet has been the guiding light of the society – (s)he has to be the torch bearer to point out as to what is wrong in the state of Denmark and be ready to face the consequences as well. All this has to be done in a way and in a language that people understand.

**TSCM 13: What is your prognosis of Indian English Poetry?**

**SKS:** IPE is here to stay. It will keep on extending itself in all directions -- physical as well as mental. The west will start taking it more seriously once we become a mightier force in the field of economy and defence. However, it will never reflect Indian reality the same way as Indian regional literatures do. IPE will be reflected on with a sense of awe as well as that of envy by regional poetry.

**TSCM 14: How far have the trends of movements abroad influenced Indian English Poetry? Kindly elaborate.**

**SKS:** As a teacher of English literature I have been exposed to mainly British Literature. It will be presumptuous to say that I have not been influenced by any poet or critic but at times it may be unconscious as well. I recollect how one of the readers brought to my notice the influence of Hardy, Eliot, Yeats and Auden on my images, diction and ideas -- something I had to accept willy-nilly.

Imitation is conscious and I can assure you that I have not imitated any poet. But influence operates mainly unconsciously -- the choice of medium I mean the language, the metre, the structure, the stanza form and the themes are some of the conscious choices but symbols, endings, ideas, technique etc. could be unconscious.

What I have said of my poetry applies to other poets as well. In India, Romantics have been appreciated and eulogised a great deal so the Indian critics still want and appreciate poetry written in that style. Most of the IPE is written keeping in mind the first part of Wordsworth's definition of poetry only; the second part is ignored conveniently. T S Eliot has been another great influence. Under his influence a large number of poets write scholarly and difficult poetry and try to be obscure unnecessarily. The practice of Vers Libre has opened the flood gates for the poets; the discipline of prosody is too much to be observed. Therefore, there is no effort to reinvent typical poetical forms unlike, for example, the sonnet form was reinvented in England to suit the requirements of English Language. There are some who are exploring Japanese poetic forms but without sticking to the requirement of syllables. There is a group of poets that thinks that uncommon words should be used to make their language bombastic; their purpose is not to communicate but to impress. Some others have started using slangs to prove their proximity to what they describe as American English. With a lot of exposure of American, Canadian, Australian and African Poetry in English and a slow but steady social and intellectual democratisation taking place, individual voices are becoming important and gaining ground and so is their craft. Then various social, political and economic movements are also there to give identity to a poet. The loss of editorial authority has also helped new plants to grow in the garden the way they like.

Unless there is some great critical activity/sensitivity the quality of poetry does not change anywhere. Where are good Indian critics criticising IPE? Most of the critical books on IPE are



repetitive and descriptive; there is no point of view in most of them. Where is the true and objective criticism in IPE? Most of the poets in English are the teachers themselves who (or their friends/students/ juniors) are also the critics and exercise a great deal of influence in journals and magazines and selections/ appointments/promotions in various academic institutions/bodies. In such social/political/academic/economic/elite conditions it is very difficult to come across an authentic piece of criticism. Naturally, this affects the quality of poetry as well.

T. S. Eliot could establish himself as a creator of a different kind of poetry and could change the course of British Poetry because of his powerful criticism and various concepts that he enunciated as a critic. For example, on the basis of new parameters (particularly of 'unified sensibility') he could prove that John Donne was a great poet who had not been paid sufficient attention or that *Hamlet* was an artistic failure on the basis of lack of proper 'objective correlative'. I am sure some critics are listening.

**TSCM 15:** How far have these had an impact on your thought of craft?

**SKS:** I have already explained my position above.

**TSCM:** Thanks for sharing your erudite views on poetry in general and Indian English poetry in particular. It helps us in appreciating your poetic thought better.

**SKS:** Thank you.

**XXX**



**Dr T. Sai Chandra Mouli**, a former Professor of English, Railway College, Secunderabad (opted for voluntary retirement in March, 2008) is a poet, translator and critic. He was a **Visiting Fellow** at Nagaland University, Kohima in Nov, 2005. His translations of Telugu poetry and fiction into English have extensively been published. He has also translation assignments for institutions of higher learning to his credit. He was Seminar director for two National Seminars [one sponsored by University Grants Commission, New Delhi] on 'George Bernard Shaw and His Plays'. He has also completed a U.G.C funded Major Research Project and delivered plenary lectures in National Seminars/ Conferences/ Workshops sponsored by U.G.C.

His publications include (edited/co-edited) ten anthologies of literary criticism. *'English Language Teaching: A Pedagogic Web Quest'* is his recently launched book. His authored work includes *'Dynamics of Translation: An Indian Perspective'*, *'Delightful Dawn'* and

*'Graceful Green'* (books of poems) and *'Perspectives on Twenty First Century Literary Criticism'*. His book *'A Study of Racial Relationships in the Novels of Paul Scott'* based on his doctoral thesis is in press. He writes poetry in English under the pen-name Sony Dalia.

He was elected a **Fellow of Royal Asiatic Society** of Great Britain and Ireland on 13-2-2012 in England. Currently he is on the Executive Committee of AESI (Association for English Studies in India) and GIEWEC (Guild of Indian English Writers, Editors, Critics). He is also a member on the editorial boards of many journals of repute besides being the Chief Editor of VIRTUOSO, a Refereed Transnational Bi-Annual Journal of Language and Literature in English.

*SUSHEEL KUMAR SHARMA*



Dr. Susheel Kumar Sharma (b. 1962) completed his M. A. in English in 1982 and M. Phil. in 1983. He earned Ph. D. degree on his thesis entitled 'The Theme of Temptation in Milton' in 1989 and Diploma in Creative Writing in English in 1991.

Dr. Sharma started his teaching career as a Lecturer in English at I. K. S. University, Khairagarh in 1983. In 1985 he moved to G. B. Pant University of Agriculture & Technology, Pantnagar which he served first as an Assistant Professor (1985 to 1996) and then as Associate Professor of English (1996 to 2001). For two years (1993 –1995) he was at Chitrakoot University of Rural Development, Chitrakoot as a Reader in English. There he was also the Dean, Faculty of Languages and Social Sciences for about one year (1994-1995). Dr. Sharma joined the University of Allahabad as a Reader in English in 2001. Since 11 December 2003 he has been serving there as a Professor of English.

Prof. Sharma has published three books, thirty-two research papers and twenty-seven book-reviews. Some of his work can be viewed at <http://allduniv.academia.edu/SusheelSharma/Papers>. He has completed three research projects and has successfully guided three master's and three doctoral research candidates. He has participated in about seventy National and International Conferences/ Seminars and presented papers there-in. He himself has also organised various seminars. Dr Sharma is a creative writer too. Some of his poems have been published in Canada, France, Ireland, Scotland, the UK and the USA. A collection of more than thirty reviews of his first poetry book, *From the Core Within* (1999, ISBN: 81-85231-27-3) has been published under the title *Bricks and Bouquets* (Ed. Sanjeev Kumar, New Delhi: Creative Books, 2008, pp xxxii + 69, ISBN: 81-85231-32-X).

Prof. Sharma's current interests include English Language Teaching, Comparative Literature, Indian Writings in English and Contemporary Literary Theory. He is a life member of Indian Association of English Studies, Indian Association of Canadian Studies and Forum on Contemporary Theory. He has been a member of Ralph W. Emerson Society (Worcester) and Indian Association for Studies in Contemporary Literature besides many others.

Prof. Sharma lives with his family at Vishrut, 5 MIG, Govindpur, Near Uptron Crossing, Allahabad – 211 004. He may be contacted on phone no. +91-532-2542514, on Mobile phone no. 09450868483 and on e-mail

## Affairs of the Heart

Poems on a romantic theme. Valentines now past brought a flurry of submissions of poems of a romantic theme, of which we here feature a few.

### Low Li Ling

#### Hopefully As It Is

Sitting by the windowstill  
Looking at the moon, a shivering silver of pale  
crescent  
Ducking in and out of scudding clouds

Age has softened my features, increasing in  
creases  
No longer am I the jovial girl taking pride in  
her childish demure

I reached out for my teacup in my wrinkled  
old fingers  
My sipping especially loud in the quiet house  
The silence emphasized by the gentle rocking  
of my sitting chair  
The loneliness emphasized by the chillness of  
the night

Time compels me to continue life  
And I passed my days brooding in the solitary  
splendor of cozy architecture

A knock intervened  
I open my eyes  
A smile sprang to life and wiped off my mental  
envision of the future  
As I see the face I came to love

#### Find Me

Not a forlorn damsel but one in waiting  
Silly is what they deem that is  
For interminable is my descriptive  
Foresee is not my forte ability  
Henceforth my heart shall not rest at ease  
Till we meet~

Reality a harsh mistress, as so you can see  
Carry a wait of a feel of eternity  
Mayhaps till beyond death to my next identity  
Thou facade no longer be this

For that one moment with thee...  
Who shall you be, that my heart holds to such  
a hilt  
Brings fulfill to my heart of empty

#### Alas, or At Last

Certainly I'm no diamond in the rough  
As naught within the other preying eyes  
I don't yearn for drama aplenty  
Just the center of one's devoted delicacy

Who shall see me with a stark clarity?  
Through the depths and unleash my  
femininity

I heard love only occurred to a beauty  
Is that a 'frankly' or your personality?  
Whatever it shall be, I reached an internal  
compromise  
That sincerity should be worth catching

I leave it to hands of fate for my prophecy  
Though I fear it would not adored me  
Alas a pebble would always be  
Or  
At last, a naught no more, with thee...



### Of Her I Dreamed,

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh.

Of her I dreamed, upon awaking  
I found myself again alone  
I was no king, for love forsaking  
My kingdom and my throne.  
She was no Wallace Simpson  
No, she was both pure and good  
The loss is mine, she now is gone  
Like the waters of the Flood  
By her I was swept away  
And found I could not swim  
And so in emotions unexpressed I drowned  
And I find myself today  
Thinking back on fleeting whim  
When in idleness of mind myself I found.

*Three sonnets written for  
Valentines Day by members  
of the Tullamore Rhymers  
Club*

### She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not,

Ken Hume.

She loves me, she loves me not  
Picking petals off a flower  
Above me, there is a clock  
Ticking minutes off the hour  
Until she dials my number  
And responds to my declaration  
Of love, her smile's a wonder  
That cures my desperation  
I love her, there is no doubt  
Does she feel the same?  
If not, I'll carry on without  
Her, and sing a sad refrain  
She loves me, she loves me not  
She loves me, she loves me not...

### Her Smile Is Spring In Bloom,

Anthony Sullivan.

Her smile is Spring in bloom to me  
The true season of my heart's rebirth  
Her sweet voice a birdsong melody  
She is my one Sun, and I, her Earth  
I breathe for moments in her presence  
Enchanted by rapture without name  
Each hour of her leaving brings darkness  
But her mem'ry serves me like a flame  
So from each dawn, through each dusk and on  
The easy fall of Summer nearing  
Lays soft upon my soul love's brave dream...  
All things await, beyond this clearing...  
For her smile is Spring in bloom to me  
And I breathe to dream of what might be.

## My Venus: For Your Love I Cast a Spell

I shall to my hand a candle fetch  
Candle small of plainness, of pure white  
I as a lover, a fool, a wretch  
Shall place it, and with match will light  
And bring forth an Aisling of you  
Coming to me as I desire  
I shall watch it, as candles do  
Burn by wick to base with the fire  
Having nothing of yours as mine  
I shall your image, and mine too  
Remembering desires thine  
Horses image so loved by you  
I shall watch the candle burn to base  
Accept the love I get with grace

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



Her I would follow dropping all  
And everything at her call  
She who to call me to do so never would,  
And so drop all I never could.  
But, of, if another time,  
When to leave all was not a crime  
When nothing to this earth I owed,  
For me no assets or liabilities showed.  
I'd cast by all that I'd earned,  
To follow she for whom I yearned,  
To the ends of the earth and more,  
Dangers face for her, I'd throw myself before.  
But to do so I was not free,  
And she desired not from me...

## Her I Would Follow Dropping All

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

**Thy Heavenly Grace !**

Your face, an infinity  
keeps me in trance  
You seem a dream  
my mind doubts my vision  
questions me -  
are you an illusion ?

O, is that you  
or a fantasy  
you stand before...  
no reason, no logic  
just a mystery for sure

Lovelorn you made me  
don't walk away  
break not this dream  
let the vision, the fantasy, the mystery  
all stay

Terrible that would be  
if you feel real  
my trance then broken  
world.... not surreal

Don't deprive me of thy infinite face  
remain by me  
let me drown in thy heavenly grace.

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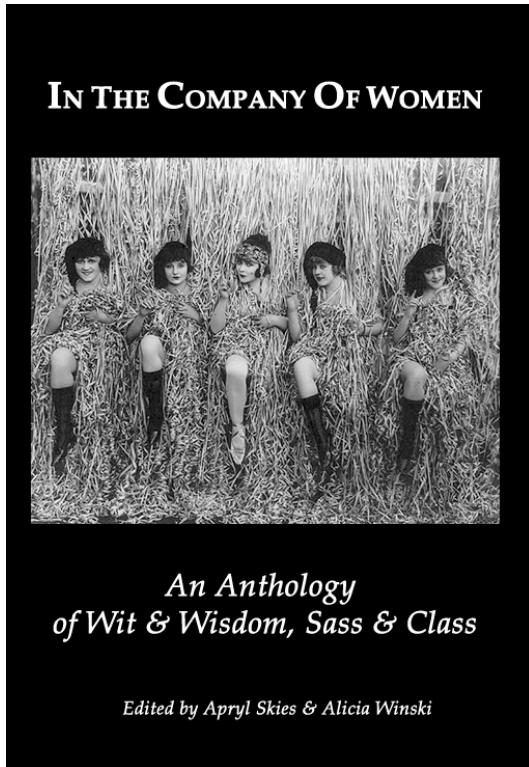
BY : ( c ) Gorakhnath Gangane, India.  
DEC. 2011.



*Bio: Gorakhnath Gangane has a Master's degree in English Language and Literature and a Bachelor's degree in Education. He hails from Latur, near Pune, in India. He works in Jazan University as an English language instructor presently (2012). He has taught English in India and Libya. He is a poet and writer.*

*He has published poems to his credit.*

## New Books: “In the Company of Women”



*IN THE COMPANY OF WOMEN broke the mold right out the poetic gate... a collection of carefully selected poetry, short story and memoir with so many facets, this body of work seems almost difficult to define.*

*From suburban backgrounds to groundbreaking histories of the oppressed; this colorful anthology reveals personal truths by women of yesterday, today and tomorrow. The literature contained within contradicts the conception of feminine frailty with simple beauty, complex emotion and the catharsis of survival and sustenance. Every woman is a story and whether dynamic, humorous or tragic, this collection is an intimate look at relationships between women, female bonds and the effect of these interactions upon their lives and complicated sensibilities*

[www.edgarallanpoet.com/In The Company Of Women.html](http://www.edgarallanpoet.com/In_The_Company_Of_Women.html)

- **Paperback:** 162 pages
- **Publisher:** Edgar & Lenore's Publishing (February 21, 2012)
- **Language:** English
- **ISBN-10:** 057810248X
- **ISBN-13:** 978-0578102481



## Kevin M. Hibshman

*Kevin M. Hibshman has been actively involved in the small press world since 1990. In addition to authoring or co-authoring twelve chapbooks of poetry, His latest: "Incessant Shining" will soon be available from Propaganda Press. Kevin edited his own poetry magazine: FEARLESS for sixteen years. This effort featured the works of both established and novice writers from around the world. Hibshman has had poems published in numerous journals over the years. In 2010, Kevin received his BA in Liberal Arts from Union Institute and University/Vermont College.*

### Lianna

I smelled traces of the moon on her pillow.  
She never seemed wide awake even when her eyes  
were open.  
I liked the distance in her gaze.  
I saw winding hills and lost valleys and wished to fall  
there into the  
lush greenery.  
A verdant netherworld alive for me.

### Prayer To The Guardians

Love look after her/moon child/equal parts wanton,  
wise  
Gift her with a sweet bouquet from open arms  
Love look after him/proud man child courting the  
muses, calming the furies  
as they fly onto his path  
Love look after them/the tender old ones/the budding  
young ones as they stumble  
through their sufferings towards bliss

### The Poet and the Painter

The statuary keeps solemn guard.  
The figures adorn the book shelves and peer from every corner.  
Chinese take-out boxes litter the living room floor and somehow blend  
with the strewn manuscripts and near-empty paint tubes.  
Two lives are being led here with a common vision flickering between them.

We invade the sacred places of imagination where future worlds await.  
A decision made early on and quite separately, to share morsels of our  
grand buffet with whoever may be hungry.  
We are vessels to be filled and drained, offering a bit of sustenance  
to our fellows.  
A quick glance around the rooms and one will notice Osiris, Buddha,  
Christ and Ochun.  
Color splashes and dream flourishes we fight to capture on the canvas,  
on the page.

### Winter's Worst

Out does my best.  
 Our love leaves us alone for a while.  
 The awful January through March stretch lumbers on.  
 One long uninterrupted yawn.  
 I tend to mundane domesticity, loading the dishwasher and washing machine.  
 Walking trash bags to the end of the hall, obliged to pass the unhappy girl  
 who wears a perpetual snarl.  
 She is as cold as the snow gathering outside and, probably, just as polluted.  
 Shadows and monotony settle over the apartment.  
 I only want to sleep and sleep.  
 Wake me for the final thaw.

### Patience Is Rewarded

kicking cans  
 spitting teeth on the sidewalk  
 patience is rewarded  
 crumpled rags and the stench of decay  
 all the watchers look away  
 patience is rewarded  
 mouths watering at the unfolding bills  
 money in some strangers' hand  
 visions soon aborted  
 they are trying to break us  
 we will no longer bend  
 patience is rewarded  
 reduce it all down  
 have or have not  
 free will is accorded  
 black swell of morning  
 overcasts the dawn  
 wake up in plastic bag  
 form a single line  
 it's not that we don't see you  
 patience is rewarded  
 they handed me a teaspoon  
 then handed me a bible  
 my knuckles were white  
 for a prize to be awarded  
 the man was all smiles  
 he just got elected  
 his promises bounced off crumbling brick walls  
 the echo was distorted  
 he said relax friends  
 just a little bit longer  
 you shall be released from all that is demeaning  
 and sordid  
 crawl through squalor on your way to forgiveness  
 patience is rewarded



# MUTIU OLAWUYI

## (a.k.a – Jungle Poet) Nigeria / The Gambia

Mutiu Olawuyi, The Jungle Poet, is a Nigerian residing in The Gambia, poet, literary critic, activist and teacher. He teaches English and Literature at the West African International School, The Gambia. He is a member of the International Association of Teachers of English as a Foreign Language (IATEFL), Gambian Writers Association, Writers Association of the Gambia and Gambia Teachers Union, and as well as a member of the Board of Directors, Poems Without Borders [PWB] (<http://poemswithoutborders.org>) - an international multilingual and multicultural poetry organisation.

While Mutiu was teaching in Nigeria, he initiated Creative Writer's Club in Osun State to help in bringing out the creative talent of students of high schools. He also initiated and coordinates the POETRY ZONE and MUSE FOR WOMEN on Facebook -where poets from corners of the world post their poems for criticism and critique their fellow poets. He published his first collection of poems titled: AMERICAN LITERARY LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS in 2010. His poems have appeared in journals and magazines like Kottaka Journal India, Poetry's Weekend, Canada, Copperfield Review, USA, Liebamour: The Psychedelic Literary Journal Issue3, Twenty20 Journal Issue 2 and Quincouplet Anthology. And he is currently working on the publication of a new collection titled THOUGHTS FROM THE JUNGLE. Olawuyi's keen interest in Indian Literature and cultural heritage made him to join the the Muse India Forum. In fact, some scholars are working on the translation of some of his works to Hindi, Telugu and Hungarian. For more information about the poet, visit <http://versesofthejunglepoet.blogspot.com>



### The Song Of My Soul

I'm lonely here and still alone;  
 I only hear my heart on phone.  
 I tried to sing the Cupid's song  
 And tried to play the Psyche's gong;  
 but all I feel is danceless heart  
 for fate has kept the loves apart...  
 Venus and Mars survived with love  
 And so shall we with pleasure prove.  
 I've seen the best of song in you  
 and thee I've vowed to only woo.  
 The music now my heart can sing  
 is just your name that sounds like king...  
 Like king of hearts that steers the mind  
 and search afar to seal and bind...

## Haiku Corner

### Kevin M. Hibshman

#### Careful With The Sea

The boy was enthralled  
He surfaced too far from shore  
A siren claimed him

Tossing lyrical  
She is full of deception  
Sucking undertow

The sea is female  
Unpredictable yet wise  
Source of life she is

It is magical  
Plucking words out of the air  
Making them a song

My will fused to yours  
You are what keeps me breathing  
Full of grief and doubt

### Mark Wollacott

*Mark Wollacott has published book "108 Breaths" of his Haiku, some of which we feature below.*

3

Sun, then divine wind,  
the first Mushroom cloud,  
silent screams reign

5

Night time falls at last,  
stars hidden by the modern world  
and grey clouds too

10

Butterflies settle  
their feet on the windowsills,  
time to teach

21

A use found at last  
for old English newspapers,  
culture day is soon

23

Woke up this morning,  
got out the wrong side of bed  
and into a wall

29

Dinner at Dom Doms  
ask for some Tomato Ketchup  
and get an ashtray

47

Just a piano  
peaceful Kashiwara school,  
distant, voices sing

### Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

#### The Bull King Awaits Sacrifice

King of four corners  
Standing proud, threatening, awaits  
Lorry for slaughter.

*All singing, chorus  
No birds sing along to a  
Fools choir serenade*

#### "Play Blurs Barriers"

*I see a black kid  
I see a white kid, they play  
I see playing kids.*

*Water, I dwelt  
Within in my spring, summer  
Before Harvests Birth...*

*Who is it who said  
A wise man does not speak loud  
Among deaf people?*

*Nature slept, awake  
Walking my footsteps shattered  
Peaceful silence*

### **Niall O Connor**

*Niall is a published poet and writer. He is currently contemplating his second novel. He lives in Dublin, Ireland and goes by the byline of 'Trying to make sense of it all' . . . I know - tall order! Drop by without expectation, and you may find, now and then, the planet is not such a lonely place after all*

<http://dublinepost.blogspot.com>

departing flags wave  
always leaving, never gone  
stitched lives untravelled

the sun in Egypt  
writes dark shaded hieroglyphs  
for a cooler read.

purple meadow grass  
bends and tickles passing winds  
delays birthing storm

alien foot prints in the  
sand, aviator  
sea beings walk this shore

Last supper is set  
spring-held serving, delicious  
mouse back is broken

And even the blade  
of dried grass protests, when caught  
in the spider's web. . .

Masts like hands of clock  
clears a space for you and me  
wipes the sea from sky

fox on frosted grass  
russet frozen eloquence  
time paused between

winter solstice birth  
a baby born named Jesus  
bearded one bears gifts

fern bows under weight  
whispers its message to pond  
pond 'Oohs' with surprise

hoar frost tarts the trees  
deer's dragon breath ghosts the field  
sounds of hoof crushed grass

a day spent in bed  
waiting birth of horns from head  
headache gone instead

each snowflake unique  
gifted fractal-caged wish  
from heaven to earth

the half finished bridge  
the yin leaning on the yang  
whole it may appear

newborn babies hand  
turning my fist to a nest  
undoes all the pain



## Matt Dennis (USA)

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From Boston, USA and studied at New England College.

### **The Labrynth**

#### *Entrance*

There is a mouth, a mouth that grins  
And when I shiver  
He shivers; him  
Not in an agony of fright  
But in ecstasy and stark delight

I'll never know why he ever came  
I love him not,  
He feels the same  
And as fear of him his lust compels  
Sure hate does lurk within our shells

The path we take is changed sometimes  
And I changed his  
Less he changed mine  
The past and present soon forgot  
The future: endless Qliphoth.

#### *Husks*

When I looked into the sun  
I saw  
Her ancestors fighting,  
A great  
Serpent pinned beneath eagle's claws  
The tongue split  
Down the middle and the snake followed  
Now,  
Two snakes beneath eagle's claws  
One passed

Shedding skin with clear white eyes

In my dreams I found the great bear  
She is sick  
Milky eyes and hot frothy breath choking  
She screams,  
Slides onto her side, her brown fur greasy  
From her belly,  
White crabs cut their way out and scuttle  
through,  
Their shells  
Are tinged with the deep blue of pelagic seas  
The clicking  
Is witness to the absence of her sound

Beneath the deepest ocean waters,  
In the black,  
Weird men move in repetition  
Their faces  
Covered by featureless masks  
They pray  
With the slowest of motions  
At an altar of basalt  
Un-crushable by the enduring pressure  
The weight  
From their backs, is lifted by songs floating up  
to the sun

Without your voice speaking through me  
I am dead  
I am a container for your sound, a shell  
Filled with echoes  
Of a mollusk's noise, found on a quiet beach  
Please speak,

Please cry out in fury at the sadness of the  
void  
I am here  
Where are you? Why won't you talk  
anymore?  
If we do not meet  
Again,  
I loved you and will not love  
Again.

*Lord of Dead Bodies*

The parasites float to the top  
Of the old water  
Dust gathers in gray canopies beneath the  
shelves  
If beer cans had souls,  
This would be their purgatory  
And they would weep at being unfulfilled

I can't clean up anymore  
The world goes on,  
Decay's clock ticks endlessly  
Things pass  
And  
We go on,  
Stop.

The dispersal of energy and matter is a waste  
of Time  
Space should listen to the ageless black  
The hole between that does not change  
Hear peace in the silence of endings  
And feel content in the touch of stillness  
All being should rest in quiet  
And forget the sadness of sound

We looked at the crumpled leaves  
And the old popcorn, that was hard and soft  
I thought about falling from a balcony  
And the passing of wind and windows by my  
face,  
Half submerged in the lake a log, with slime  
coating it,  
It floats up then sinks then floats then sinks  
then floats  
Then sinks then floats  
Then sinks forever more.

*Fleeing the Light*

Outside of every body  
Is a mind that does not sleep.  
When we crawled out of our wave-lives,  
There was a reflection of infinity hooked to  
our souls by white threads

As I grew in darkness  
A fungus, needing no father,  
Spilled from a glowing cone  
I was instructed to breath by chemicals

Each of our choices has no meaning,  
There are but two options.  
Why question anything,  
When there is no absolute.

*Devourers*

"Keep the harness tight."  
He sneered through gritted teeth  
"Break the ankles if you have to, I want  
Her tight to the ground."  
The big horse shifted,  
Her eyes rolled and steam whistled  
From wet nostrils

When we cut her heart out  
She blew air out of herself at a surprising rate  
She shivered, rocked, did not scream  
Soon she was still and warm instead of hot  
We threw the heart in a pile of hay.  
There is no ritual here,  
Only death.

*The Desolation of God*

Shame has come like an old blanket  
Like the sky  
I have asked succor from the merciless  
I have tried to resist the irresistible  
There is cold  
There is stillness  
There is shame  
And there is  
Stillness.

*Center*

Before you go to bed, pray  
When you wake up, pray  
After you eat, brush your teeth.

### Shared Dreams

I have dreamed of your hands burning to  
shreds  
After crawling through an aluminum furnace  
They are no good anymore and you do not  
love me

Trapped in an empty vault with very little air  
As the lock clicks shut, stuck in the seam  
Strands of long brown hair

We cannot escape the storm by crawling  
underground  
The water table rises and as we squirm  
together, drown

A madman drives his children into a shallow  
cave  
Buries them with older bodies  
And seals them in mass graves

We cannot find clean water  
Its been touched by dirty lips  
Parasites and filthy worms  
Are drunk with every sip

### Winter Song

As the desert closes its mouth  
The wind grinds and smiles down  
There are no more entries  
In the great race  
As the sand passes  
All distance is erased

A moon rises behind an empty obelisk  
And breaks from its ellipse  
Shrinks in an empty sky  
To a point alone in blackness  
Without a tide to pull it down  
She passes

There are no bees left in their hives  
There is no smell or sound of life  
The combs are filled with dust  
And papery un-grown things  
Shed on the wooden floor  
Old legs and shrunken wings

### Seekers of Pleasure

In elder days they danced  
Squirming jigs around  
An old black tree  
Drinking sap from painted vines  
Screaming "Astarte!"

Now I see them hovering  
Over neck and gaping mouth  
Lapping at forbidden holes  
Pouring sorry juice  
From overflowing bowls

The spring it fades to summer  
Then summer fades to spring  
The seeds rot off the stems  
In endless flowering.



## Debbie Lee (Australia)

### What Is The Purpose Of Writing?

For me, it has always started  
with the glimmer of an idea.

It can be inspired by clouds,  
soul-warming sunlight,  
infinite possibility.

It is bright and sparks  
with electricity.  
It has connection  
to all.

Everybody is equal.  
People are poetry.  
Music is magical.  
Thoughts become words.  
And words are not weapons!

So how did I start writing?  
Dr Seuss was an early favourite.  
I loved trying to rhyme;  
to understand the rhythm.  
He was the first to convince me  
*words are power.*

My parents had no idea  
of what was overtaking me,  
but I had a loving Pa  
who adored words and languages.  
Even when I was in primary school,  
he shared his love of the bible and French;  
making of me a humble devotee.

I turned all my feelings into words,  
transforming darkness into light.  
Even now when the bible is nought to me  
I still admire the John 1:1 idea.  
Words have often been my escape;  
a place of happiness, solitude and peace.  
I also love to invent and transmogrify  
words;  
for indeed, they are my purest and  
sincerest joy!

*Inspired by W.H. Auden*  
*"A poet is, before anything else, a person  
who is passionately in love with  
language".*

Widely featured writer on RedBubble as  
*msdebbie*, enjoys the possibilities of poetry  
and wordplay.

She has performed from Ballarat to  
Brunswick, and in 2012 will launch herself into  
Brisbane poetry circles while moving closer to  
the equator than she ever imagined!

Debbie is happiest sharing food with friends  
and family, and eradicating rogue  
apostrophes from text is another preferred  
past-time.

For more of her writing, please visit:

[www.redbubble.com/people/msdebbie](http://www.redbubble.com/people/msdebbie)

## Rex Cox (USA)

Rex Cox is a Southerner, long brown hair, blue eyes, close beard with lots of gray- often mistaken for either a redneck, or a hippie. The original urge to write verse came from singers and musicians, and not poets. Mr Cox's father played guitar at barn dances, little country stores, honky tonks...so at first Rex was exposed to country music. And at the churches and camp meetings, and funerals that he was taken to, he was exposed to Gospel songs. And of course, rock music and country music on the radio and TV. His main influences are as far as poetry is concerned, and few are poets in the usual sense of the word, consists of Charles Dickens, Edgar Allan Poe, the short stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne, O Henry, John Keats, the music of Hank Williams Sr., the Beatles, Bob Dylan (in his lyrics when he went electric), the Electric Light Orchestra...and any number of individual songs.

### "If I Have Been Idle"

If I have been idle-  
Yet afterwards wrote-  
Picturing things in my mind-  
Words that form lines-  
That I want to hear sing-  
And that maybe even floats...

A song,  
A poem-  
Whatever you want to call it:

Kick in-  
Kick out-  
If you ever saw it: or not-

A lyric?

Yes, a lyric, I would suppose-

Or at least- a bit of,  
Or kind of verse that may bring...dreams.

### "Personality - Phantasms"

Abysmal personality-

Phantasms floating,  
Not walking-  
Their feet always  
A few inches  
From the floor:

Nightmares- noon-

And the circumstance  
Is the same  
With the moon-

A whirlpool  
Of lonely,  
Haunted-  
Solitude...

Reflected,  
I've often heard said-

Deep within my eyes of blue:

Watching you.

**"Images (But You Shouldn't Let Them Be Leading You)"**

Your mind filled with images-  
But you shouldn't let them be leading you,  
Calling you-

Even if they call in such a sweet voice-  
And it seems,  
Only to you:

So many promises,  
And offerings  
Of such beautiful dreams-

Yet who knows really  
Where they actually  
Might be leading you to?

Could be your own destruction-

Nightmares come true.

**"Concede"**

Concede the possibility  
That the universe is me-  
The universe is you:  
But of course, it isn't-  
So that's not true.

You're part of it,  
I'm part of it-  
And it's not irrelevant  
That a duck won't jump  
Like a kangaroo...

Who?

Mysticism to resonate.

Mathematics-

And 8-track tape player,  
As well as stereo turntable logic:

Even a vinyl record revelation  
That John was the walrus-

But upon listening to "Glass Onion,"  
You're insisting that Paul was a walrus too?

Well, as to your rational faculties-  
I am in of grave doubt.

But as the needle  
Goes down in to the groove...

Yeah, it's "Twist and Shout."

Because baby, I say-

It doesn't really

Have to matter  
How old a song is:

It's whether or not it can make you move...

And girl,  
I can see that it does-  
And you do.

**"The Artist's Feelings"**

The artist's feelings-  
Is it always  
The artist's feelings?

Like the painting - sculpture  
Of the musical-

Different arts-

Sgt. Pepper hearts...

The original Hank Williams:

With "Hey Good Lookin'"  
Being sung in London  
By three very cheeky  
English tarts-

Just a song?

Any song?

Melody,  
Rhythm,  
And harmony-

The artist's feelings...

Well, no matter-

It still all comes down to  
What it means to me...

And I think that's the reality.

"The Sense Of Image Of Elvis In The '70s"

1977

And the mortal remains  
Of Elvis Presley in his casket  
With rumored applications  
Of mortician's wax-

Yet Elvis Presley only  
A few years before  
In an armchair-

Attempting astral projections-

With an exaggerated  
Sense of a need  
Of supplication  
To someone-  
Anyone:

While possibly  
Reminiscing back  
To his contact  
With the pre-Watergate  
Nixon Administration:

Revealing to Nixon  
In the Oval Office-

His opinion  
Of the hippie  
Drug culture,  
And the Beatles:

Plus tax...

And to be sure-

The image of Elvis  
In the '70s:

Along with Las Vegas,  
And his constant cross-country,  
And seemingly endless tours:

Elvis wasn't from Mars-

Elvis was a rock and roll star.

## Rishan Singh (South Africa)

### Biographical note

Rishan Singh was born in the city of Durban which is situated on the East Coast province of KwaZulu-Natal in South Africa, where he grew up and completed his schooling. His poems have appeared in various publications in South Africa and

abroad. Although he is a poet, he is generally very busy in the sense that he is involved in many kinds of work, all of which he evokes some kind of creativity to. His poetry is written using simple language, but usually aims to tackle big issues. His poems have appeared in Cartys Poetry Journal before.

### THE INCLUSIVE AFTERMATH: SHAKESPEARE'S A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

- titania:* Now happy, you sweet Oberon!  
Your love-bridging mission accomplished –  
Forging me with the face of an ass!
- oberon:* My sweet lady,  
no evil wants had I on thy eyes,  
j'st an innocent kingly charm of our fairies,  
to bestow fortunate goods on thy Indian boy.
- tit:* Fair Oberon, so long as thy aware of  
possessed, or should I say possessing orderly charm.  
Forgiven you are, but forget not togetherness.
- obe:* Forget not!  
Never my sweet Titania, my queen,  
nobody else, there is.
- (good fellowship indeed overly done, fairwell Robin)
- tit:* (Fairies away)
- obe:* C'me Titania, celebrations awaits 'til morning,  
now sprinkle ourselves magic dust,  
for the Athenian marriage done,  
through content hearts.

### I Am Successful

I am successful no matter what  
people may say.  
I am successful no matter what  
words poke fun my way.  
I am successful day or night,  
> compliments or not,  
> acknowledgements or not,  
> myself or not.

I am successful no matter what  
people may say.  
I am successful even if they  
> mock me,  
> tease me,  
> fight me,  
I'm still successful,  
even if they put me down.

I don't fear myself,  
I don't fear failure,  
I don't fear them,  
for I am successful.

I am successful,  
We all are successful no matter what  
people may say –  
All races, gender or colour –  
We are successful –  
We are special,  
We truly spectacular,  
We are one nation ...

### Ordinary Miracles

Sitting at this table,  
Pen in my hand,  
Scribbling on paper,  
'ordinary miracles'

Bright thoughts,  
Blue ink,  
Red dreams,  
Are but, my –  
'ordinary miracles'

Sun-gazing,  
Clouds-swifiting,  
Feelings-blooming,  
My dreams,  
'ordinary miracles'

Waling the path,  
Eyes-down,  
Fear-ahead,  
Crossing that mile,  
To ...  
'ordinary miracles'

Then, my eyes closed,  
Flowers blossomed,  
Roses scented,  
My lips closed,  
but someone handed me something,  
a note,  
a sign to my goals, my  
'Ordinary Miracles',  
my lead to Spiritual Bliss.





Ivan de Monbrison

## Rob McLennan (Canada)

Born in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, **Rob McLennan** currently lives in Ottawa. The author of more than twenty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent titles are the poetry collections *Songs for little sleep*, (Obvious Epiphanies, 2012), *grief notes*: (BlazeVOX [books], 2012), *A (short) history of l.* (BuschekBooks, 2011), *Glengarry* (Talonbooks, 2011) and *kate street* (Moir, 2011), and a second novel, *missing persons* (2009). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press,

Chaudiere Books (with Jennifer Mulligan), *The Garneau Review* ([ottawater.com/garneauareview](http://ottawater.com/garneauareview)), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* ([ottawater.com/seventeenseconds](http://ottawater.com/seventeenseconds)) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* ([ottawater.com](http://ottawater.com)). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at [robmcclennan.blogspot.com](http://robmcclennan.blogspot.com)

### Moving Day: A Song For Little Sleep,

for Christine McNair,

because beauty has forward momentum

Hazel White, *Peril as Architectural Enrichment*

1.

The distinction, established. Unthinking, muscular balance. A heady wind.  
Dream resistance, sand. A mess of pictures, shivered method, lies. This table.  
Deepen, slick. Eye, and the heart. Descend, a situation. What gravity, creates.  
Question, a small square. Worsen, preach. Exhaled. I alone shall, lavish.

2.

Tomorrow, said. Affirmative, a human intrusion. Would coax entire spectrums.  
Settle in, the new house. Folio, apartment. Turrets, breed. Gargoyles.  
A word would start with, gloves. Balance, decorum. Hanging, paper goldfish.  
Tumbles, a heap. The stream, has thin bones. M plus m plus m.

3.

Larger, than. Tattoo, a shoulder drop. Uneven. Secure forms, forward.  
Drawn to, gravel. Up the wooden back. Kingdoms, truant greens. Synonym, horizons.  
Configuration, billboards. Bed frame, bookcase, letterpress. We rest, our things. Upon  
Late August, rain. This sewn, position. Destination, or exhibition. A skilled climax.

## Vancouver, Walking

for Meredith Quartermain,

Oh let me sing to you of shoes, pilgrim!  
and slowness.

Méira Cook, *A Walker in the City*

1.

What is broken, dried. Directs, a city river boundary. So beautiful. We need some time. Whatever reason, broke. A grown man. Strangle, heart. Would you think to, picture.

Permission is, a step. We've all had moments. Skin, rises. This, exhausted. Ear, cups. See what we want. Rain, as rain comes. Islands, coast. A vericose, blue. What once the wind. A stolen, carwheel. Carts.

Better, now. Long afternoon, a mugness. Childhood, begats. Step, out of a constant motion. An easy, man. We thorn, and thistle.

Floored, the living room. Construct tunnels and a carpal, train. Summer-hunger, sure. Some, Commercial Drive. Steam groups beside it. Surely, must be. Space, or. Modern vocabulary. Absolute, control.

Quick, apace. Walking is, an unearthed step.

2.

Transforms, all other. Swollen, up as sleeves. Corrected habits, sink deep as jazz. Disarming.

Silk street, roads. A steel core, wipes. You sometimes, shrug. A seamless galaxy. Ferments, a sunny disposition.

Monstrosity, permits. A building, rubble. Brick, by brick. You would, believe it. A list of three things. I repeat, conviction. False Creek, retreats. Hummingbird. These humours, skimming. Blowing through.

Nostalgia, nothing. Notwithstanding. Cup of, shadows.

Redux, dead. What gentle corpus. Lily, hands.

## August, And Everything After

for my mother,

I guess I came bearing  
some kind of self  
Rachel Moritz, *Night-Sea*

1.

Happy birthday, death. Goes by too quick.

A human, less. Practical, begins. A wave of water, creek. These empty bones. A butterfly, a blank stare. With. The bed unmade, forever. Some corners language still can't reach. Submerge.

Defy an arrow, shot. Shadows in alphabetical order. Meets the dark, I am no longer. Foretaste. A machinery, of. Continuance. This is how it, living, goes.

A bird sings mute, a slight tear in its lining.

2.

Past, no longer. Surrender. No such thing as secrets. Simply what we don't yet know.

Forget, yourself. Caretaking, selves. Your business has a pain of eyes, donate.

So, unbelieving. A tomb as large as famine, circumnavigating. Dread. Supposed author, all, no less. In motion, fixed. A trace of, birth. It calls, a circle.

Were not designed, to frighten. Count the blankets, cloud. Wordless, ranging. You, were.

Because my life is, different. Mud heart, mudness. I am writing, everything. A screaming mass.

## Poems by Irena Jovanović

1

### Black Lotus And White Lotus

Dancing  
on the surface of the lake  
black lotus around white lotus  
white lotus around black one  
in divine minute first  
then ongoing  
waltz of eternity  
then proceeding  
beautiful tango of midnight  
moon-ray sweetness  
afterwards  
nectarine honey  
of flower petal expression  
trembling on the soft wind  
in ballet correspondence  
of tiny fragrances  
black velvet and white silk  
gently playing around  
each others genuine parts  
Radha and Krishna  
in subtle nuances of creation  
balancing on a bud top of life  
with crowns turned to light

2

### Bliss Storm

Bliss storm  
above our heads  
around our hearts  
within our souls  
oceans of ecstatic waves  
turbulences of pure love  
divine blessings  
of Holy Names  
vibrations of Holy Spirit  
awakened from eternity  
arisen from Self  
within this bliss storm  
it is our mere life  
essential extract  
of all emanated presence  
so please, please include me  
my dear omnipresent Lord  
into a bliss storm  
of Your energies  
divine

3

### Blossom Like A Flower

Blossom like a flower  
slowly and gorgeously  
like sunshine appearing on a horizon  
open your heart full of love  
with your soul in it's midst  
waiting for Lord's touch to arise  
so open the rose bud of your heart  
because tear like dew of fear  
covering it's frozen petals  
will disappear with warmth of bliss  
oh, new light of life and enlightenment  
will appear with this love  
so open your heart to receive it  
and blossom  
blossom like a priceless flower

4

### Enlightened Flight

Hold tight  
for the white lightening  
the divine cloud is coming  
from heights  
- divided from things  
fly high  
and say good-bye  
to past and earth  
- behind the mind  
you'll find the light -  
fight for the right things in life  
God will give you His might  
you're not defeated here  
surrounded with cries  
and narrow, sightless  
and blinded  
eyes

5

### Extracted Principle Of Life

Light picked up  
categories fit  
inscribed symbols  
opened dimensions  
hiding within  
extracted principle of life  
secret cipher of all ciphers  
golden ark of life clues  
codes of existence from the Lord's mind

from His heart  
- His Holy Name -  
extracted principle of life

6

### **Falling In Love With Ocean**

I'm falling in love with an ocean  
ocean of Your love  
so big so deep so serious  
so sonorous so calm so perfect  
so complete so enlivening so pacifying  
so ever fresh so merciful so fulfilling  
so excellent so great so unbelievable  
so divine so enormously ecstatic and sweet  
so merging so absolute so rich  
so everlasting so eternal so boundless  
as only Your love can be, my Lord!

7

### **Green Summer Forest Fire**

Sun rays passing through leaves  
all forest burns green light  
divine grace lifted down to earth  
fragrant flame of fresh chlorophyll life  
so blessed is this existence  
with essences and sweet love mellows  
surrounded with wide sunny meadows  
of happiness and opulent gifts  
in green rejuvenating torch lights  
under arches of branches  
in the life essence cathedral of love  
in the temple of nature's jewels  
green gem stone of cosmic purity  
emerald in deep beauty extension  
intensive love of life  
in Lord's courtyards of deepest hugs  
grace descending into our sight  
entering His divine heart  
down the odor of His forest breath  
down the green life ray line

8

### **Onyx & Opal**

In luminescence  
outcry of love  
surpassing sudden swiftness  
of deep darkness  
within twinkling beauty  
all arisen  
from onyx and opal  
in complementary swirl  
swath of light  
and well of profound shadows  
nectarine syrup  
of mixture of love

within contrasts  
of black and white  
Radha and Krishna  
in full swing  
swelling like young sward  
rising like swash  
in synchronous synthetic chord  
divine love of onyx and opal  
beautiful love  
and desire  
of God

9

### **Orchestration Of Love**

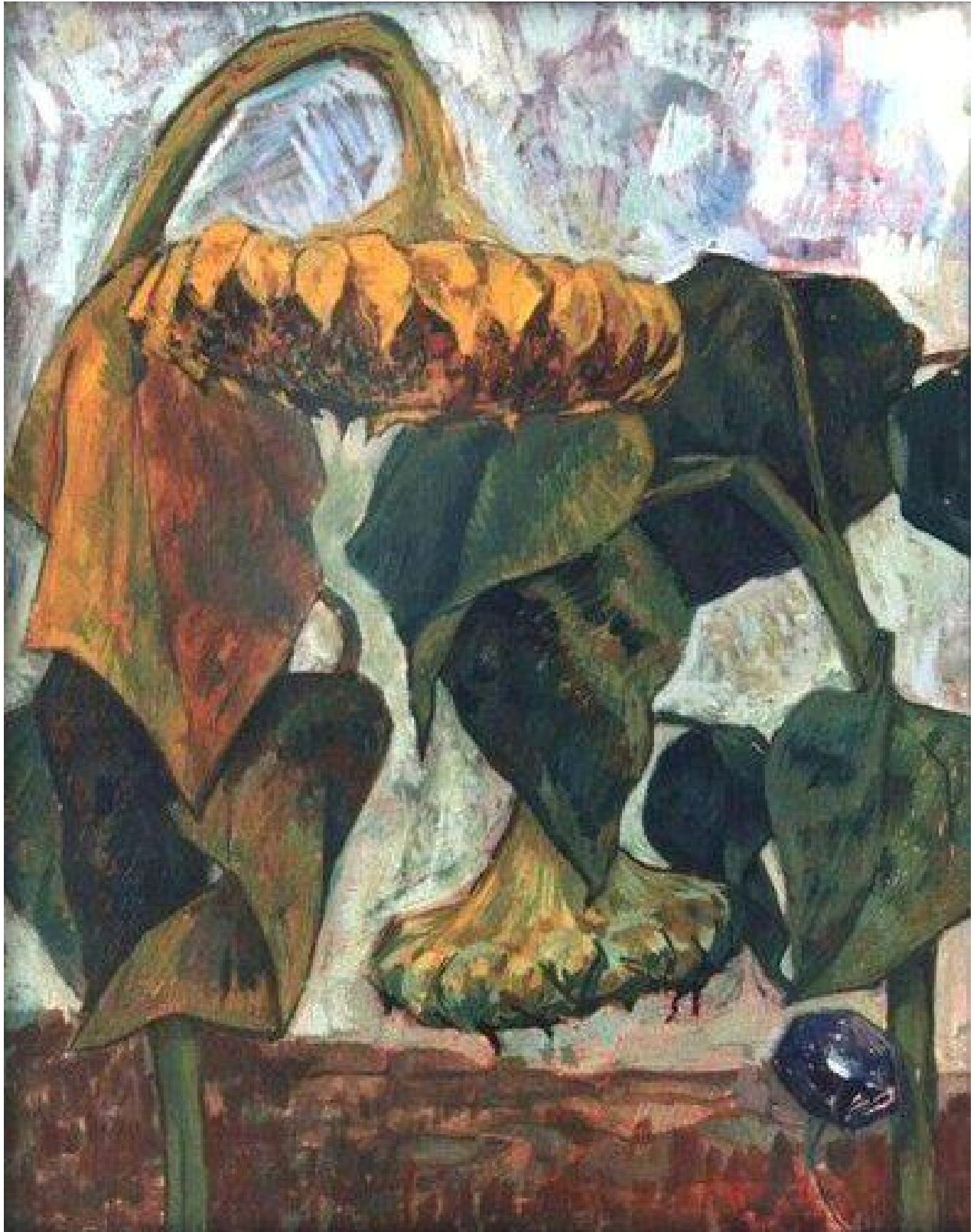
Crickets  
rays  
yellow dandelions  
clouds and plants  
bugs and birds  
some butterflies  
blue skies  
chirping  
harmony  
in orchestration  
of divine chords  
inner beauties  
freshness of morning  
mildness of Lord  
caressing of existence  
pure mercy of God  
in orchestration  
of love  
and life  
together

10

### **Your Love Is Brilliant**

Your love is brilliant  
like a gem stone  
diamond cut in million directions  
poly dimensional sparkle of soul  
you shine  
like little perfect eternal star  
sun of my spiritual vision  
lotus of spiritual residence of God  
your love is brilliant  
just like as if seven hundred thousand  
effulgent miracles have lifted down  
onto my checks, forehead, eyes and shoulders  
your love is brilliant  
and I am adorned with your presence  
I reflect your shine  
shine of your love





- Irena Jovanovic



## Fahredin Shehu (Kosovo)

### The Loom

*Yet you are my dew in the petal of eternity*

You've got few strings of mine  
With their painted threads  
You've set up the net  
In your loom  
For the tapestry of your last gammon

You are happy in this delusion  
You enjoy your pace of life  
While you believe  
Others are blind

I'm not that bad to salute your illusion  
Even in the moments when you think  
You are the Queen of the city  
That cocked the last blood supper  
For the Peninsula of hatred.

Wake up three times I evoke  
Don't let the abyss swallows  
All your dreams and hopes  
So the Divine may abandon you.

### The Circle

My heart became  
The sanctuary of celestial;

Mysteries

Overwhelmed  
With the circling angels  
Chanting in unison  
The silences of the mortal;

Creatures

At dawn  
At the dusk  
Unfurl

The nacre of my tear  
Felt before she makes  
The last approach  
To the threshold  
Of the celestial  
Temple

The kiss of my soul  
Is hidden deep in the light  
The rainbow color one  
To remain there  
Unseen and hushed  
For another Millennia

The plot of my being  
Is the "you" dissolved?  
In what the human  
Calls freedom  
Even to ascent  
Beyond the realm  
Of the transmigrated;  
Souls

The "I" of myself stands  
In its Axis  
Its perfumed whirlpool  
Sprinkles aside  
The feathers of the horde  
Of white peacocks

Full of pride

The green of leafs  
Is so intense  
Today I'm so intense  
So what?

Eternal present

Unless you become beautiful  
You have no right to approach Beauty

If the one longs only for flowers  
I shall bloom at once the entire spring

Until you leave the future behind  
There's no mere chance you  
make thou art a living influence

If I long only for eternal unknown  
I tell you again I break this goblet  
Into fragments and resurrect as phoenix  
Then from my new goblet you may drink  
Unpolluted vine  
With the lips of deadly curse

Then my Art is for real

**If I was an Alien**

Would I approach the human?  
To knock in the doors of yesterday, and  
Mature before my sweat get icy scale  
Catch the plait of visible sky with stars embroidered, and  
Appear as a child with the eyes that shows the abundance inside

To touch goose bumps in his heart membrane, and  
Pamper the nest of the stars in between two eyebrows  
Smell the grape pollen from his eyelashes, and  
Offer the goblet full of freshly pressed pomegranate  
Hear the sound of his breath, and  
Get in the front of his shadow  
Absorb the rays of his rainbow aura, and  
Sing in unison the universal melody that vibes LOVE



© Photo by Bruno Fert- Paris<sup>2</sup>

*Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies. M.A. in Literature. PhD in Sacral Esthetics- ongoing.*

*Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.*

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<sup>2</sup> By Bruno Fert, Paris, the winner of World Press Photo 2004

# Thea Bettina Fuentebella

## Babbles From My Longing

I can't think straight  
I've been standing for so long  
And I can hardly wait  
Maybe what I feel is wrong  
But I know I miss you,  
You've been gone so long  
And now...

I feel like the sun without the world  
A night without a day  
A painting that's been blurred  
A child who lost his way  
Feel like a shark without its teeth  
A country without its king  
An admiral without a fleet  
A bird who broke a wing

And I still can't think straight  
I'm still standing,  
Still forced to wait  
I hope you still remember me  
After all the things I've done for you

Inside me, only you can see  
Something that is true  
And now I just stand here,  
Crying, waiting for you  
And for all this.

I just hope you miss me, too  
I'll say it bluntly  
I'm longing for you

## Cry For Me, Fool

I'm crying but you're not  
Now I'm starting to hate you a lot  
I'm hurt more than you are and it's unfair  
And you're staring me down  
Like you don't care

Cry for me, fool,  
Cry for me!

I know you're hurt, too  
Don't try too hard to look tough  
It's just me and you  
(stupid, pathetic you)

So why are you smiling on our break-up scene?  
Can't you hear my curses when I SCREAM?!  
I may not mean that much to you  
But I don't mean that less, too

So cry on, cry on

At least leave me hanging on  
I'll wait but don't disappoint me  
I've always been your patient girl, you see?  
TIK... TOK...  
TIK... TOK...  
What the hell, time is up

Would it help if I remind you of our kiss?  
A crazy risk  
Anything but this...ANYTHING BUT THIS  
I don't deserve this  
The love of my life, my soul mate, --my ass  
Well now, enough said  
--BANG BANG--  
I cried the most,  
But at least you're dead  
And that makes us even

But wait, is that a tear in your eye?

## Kings of Us

The good and the bad  
The sick and the healthy  
The rich and the poor  
The wicked and the saintly  
The wise and the fool:  
This makes all men equal  
For no wise man is too wise  
As to be less than these

But for everyone there be an exception  
Only extreme situations can bring  
One moment of desperation  
Brings out the fool, the hero, or the king

The fool is the coward  
Who survives from selfishness  
The hero is the martyr  
Whose death defines his greatness  
But the king is the best and the rarest of them  
For he can test their limits  
He is dominant, enlightening, unswayed  
A legacy worth to be infinite

It is hard to bring ourselves to think  
If we keep on doubting  
That we are in a way  
Every inch a king

Death does not make one a dead man  
For a dead man is the death of one's deeds  
Live a life of kingship  
And forever you will live

Forever you will live.

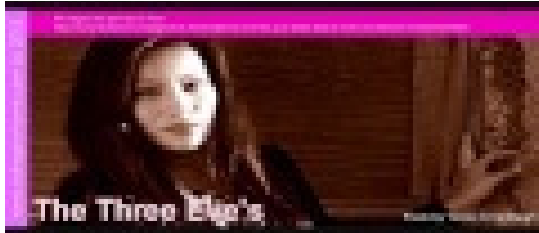
## Video Poetry

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Video poetry is a growing genre, from readings to short films featuring verse sometimes set to music.

A lot of poetry purists don't like the genre, but it is one I passionately support and practice.

Here I give a selection of mine and others from across the web.



*The Three Eves*

*Tomás Ó Cárthaigh*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5lLgg2OYy2I>



*Pride and Patriotism*

*Catherina Behan*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nCFc2XYL92w>



*Typography Kinetic*

*Stephen James Smith*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3DKc7GigiA4>