

Amaravati Poetic Prism

2020 | *International
Multilingual Poetry Anthology*

Editors : **Dr. PAPANENI SIVASANKAR** | **Dr. D. VIZAIBHASKAR**



Centre of Excellence for
Studies in Classical Telugu



Department of Language
& Culture, Government of
Telangana



Andhra Pradesh
Creativity and
Culture Commission



Amaravati Poetic Prism

2020 | *International
Multilingual Poetry Anthology*

Editors: **Dr. PAPINENI SIVASANKAR** | **Dr. D. VIZAIBHASKAR**

Associate Editor : **MAMIDI HARIKRISHNA**

CCVA

The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati

The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati (CCVA)

4th Floor, Madhu Malaxmi Chambers, Madhu Gardens, Mogalarajpuram,
Vijayawada – 520010

Ph.: +91 86666 23999 Fax: +91 86666 97575

Web: www.ccva.in | Email: ccva@malaxmi.in

Amaravati

Poetic Prism

2020 | *International
Multilingual Poetry Anthology*

Editors : **Dr. PAPINENI SIVASANKAR | Dr. D. VIZAIBHASKAR**

Associate Editor : **MAMIDI HARIKRISHNA**

Advisor : **Dr. E. Sivanagi Reddy**

CCVA Publications Series No.6

© The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati
December, 2020

Published by

CCVA
The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati

4th Floor, Madhu Malaxmi Chambers,
Madhu Gardens, Mogalarajpuram,
Vijayawada – 520010, Andhra Pradesh, India.



Foreword

I extend a warm welcome to all the national and international poets to our 6th International Multilingual Virtual Poets' Meet on 19th and 20th December 2020. On behalf of the Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati (CCVA), I express my deep sense of gratitude to all the poets from all over the world who have generously contributed their poems. CCVA, the CSR arm of the Malaxmi Group, was inaugurated on 25th January 2015 with the noble objective of galvanizing art, literary and cultural activities. The CCVA has been at the forefront, driving several initiatives ever since to fulfill this noble objective.

The CCVA, through extensive work on a plethora of cultural activities encompassing art, poetry, heritage, dance & music has been able to entertain and educate people about the importance of connecting and growing with cultural flavor. As part of this drive, we have been able to focus on 4 main pillars, namely, Art, Literature (Amaravati Poetic Prism), Music & Dance, and Heritage. We have showcased the works of veteran artists and new talents. We were fortunate to have hosted artists in residence from Korea, New Delhi, and other places, who gave wings to their artistic creativity in the peaceful and sylvan settings of the CCVA art gallery. We also continue to reach out to school children encouraging them to give forms and colours to their creativity.

Our Literary Wing regularly conducts various literary activities throughout the year, the signature event being the publication and launch of Amaravati Poetic Prism – the International Multilingual Poetry Anthology and organizing the International Multilingual Poets' Meet, curated and edited by Ms. Padmaja Iyengar- Paddy, the Honorary Literary Advisor of CCVA for the past 5 years - both initiatives are now into their sixth edition in a virtual platform. CCVA also regularly hosts book launches, poetry reading sessions, discussions on the latest trends in literature, at its well-provided premises that has a dedicated Lecture Hall for such activities.

Various dance programs, as part of our series, Natya Sravanti and music as part of Sangeetha Sravanti showcase Indian dance forms and all kinds of Indian Classical Music. The enticing heritage walks and treks through the ancient monuments while restoring some of the ancient heritage structures under its unique initiative 'Preserve Heritage for Posterity' are all among the various CCVA activities that have received much appreciation from all.

Our CEO Dr. E. Sivanagi Reddy, a Sthapati and a renowned Archaeologist, is regularly consulted by the various Governments given his vast and rich knowledge, experience, and expertise in the excavation and restoration of heritage structures, besides establishing the provenance of the various archaeological finds. He is also actively involved in these activities, besides efficiently managing the activities of CCVA.

During the Covid-19 pandemic which shook the world, The CCVA took it as a challenge to organize the 6th International Multilingual Poets Meet, Amaravati Poetic Prism 2020, on a virtual platform. During this time, all the poets were invited to send their poems based on the theme 'Environment and Ecology' introduced by the CCVA for the first time for which there was an overwhelming response. It is very interesting to note that 160 poets from 32 countries, including India representing 40 World Languages are participating in this year's meet.

My special thanks to Dr. C G Venkatesa Murthy, Director, Central Institute of Indian Languages, Ministry of HRD, GOI, Mysuru, Dr. D Muniratnam Naidu, Director, Centre of Excellence for Studies in Classical Telugu, (CIIL), Sri Potti Sreeramulu Nellore District, AP, Sri Rajath Bhargava, IAS, Special Chief Secretary, Youth Advancement, Tourism & Culture Department, Govt. of AP, Sri R Mallikarjuna Rao, CEO, Andhra Pradesh State Creativity & Culture Commission and Director, Department of Language and Culture, Government of Andhra Pradesh and Sri Mamidi Harikrishna, Director, Department of Language and Culture, Government of Telangana for Collaborating with the CCVA in organizing the International Event.

Above all, our heartfelt thanks once again to all the poets who have made Amaravati Poetic Prism 2020 attain yet another milestone with their poetry and to the poets from overseas and India for participating in our '6th International Multilingual Poets' Meet. Gratitude to the poets from abroad who had to accommodate the time difference and join us. It means a lot to us.

I take this opportunity to place on record my deep appreciation for Dr. D. Vizai Bhaskar, Dr. Papineni Sivasankar, Padmashree Dr. Vishnu Pandya, Dr. Venna Vallabha Rao, and Prof. D Nageswara Rao for their immense help and guidance in this regard at various stages.

I thank Sri K. Siva Reddy Garu, and Padma Shri Kolakaluri Enoch Garu, the Chief Guests of Inaugural and Valedictory sessions respectively. I also thank Dr. N. Gopi Garu for his kind guidance thought out in this event.

I convey my thanks to Team Malaxmi ably led by our young, dynamic CEO Sandeep Mandava, Malaxmi Properties Realcon Pvt Ltd., Deepa Balasubramanian, CEO, The Sedibus, and our accomplished CEO, Dr. E. Sivanagi Reddy, CCVA for compiling the poems and handling the 6th International Multilingual Poets' Meet.

For more details on CCVA please visit CCVA website: www.ccva.in



Dr. Y. Tejaswini

Chairperson,
The Cultural Centre of
Vijayawada & Amaravati

An Initiative of

Mālxmi

Māxaxmi**CCVA**

Amaravati Poetic Prism – 2020
6th International Multilingual Virtual Poets' Meet
 Organized by
The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati
 In collaboration with
Central Institute of Indian Languages
 (Centre of Excellence for Studies in Classical Telugu)
AP State Creativity & Culture Commission, &
Department of Language & Culture, Govt. of Andhra Pradesh and
Department of Language & Culture, Govt. of Telangana
 On 19th & 20th December, 2020

Schedule

Moderator: Deepa Balasubramanian

Convenor: Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar

Day- 1: 19th Dec 2020, Saturday

Inaugural Session @ 10.00am

10:00 am: Welcome & Introduction by

Dr. Y. Tejaswini Chairperson,
Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati.

10:05 am: About the Poets' Meet by

Dr. E. Sivanagi Reddy, CEO & Managing Trustee, CCVA

10:10 am: Lighting up the lamp, Inauguration of the International Multilingual Virtual Poets' Meet and Launch of E - Book by the Chief Guest **Sri K. Siva Reddy**,
Recipient of Saraswati Samman and Kabir Samman
Member, Central Committee, Kendra Sahitya Akademi

10:15 am: Prayer Song

10:20 am: Inaugural speech by the Chief Guest **Sri K. Siva Reddy**



Speeches by the **Distinguished Guests**

Padma Shri Dr. Vishnu Pandya,
Chairman, Gujarat Sahitya Akademi, Ahmedabad

Dr. N. Gopi
Kendra Sahitya Academy Awardee &
Former Vice Chancellor, PS Telugu University

Dr. Papineni Sivasankar
Kendra Sahitya Akademi Awardee

Dr. D. Muniratnam Naidu
Director, Centre of Excellence for Studies in Classical Telugu (CIIL), Nellore

Sri R. Mallikarjuna Rao
Director, Dept. of Language & Culture
Government of AP and CEO,
APSCCC.

Sri Mamidi Harikrishna
Director, Dept. of Language & Culture, Govt. of Telangana.

Dr. Deerghasi Vizaibhaskar
Kendra Sangith Natak Academy Awardee

10: 55 am:

Vote of Thanks by

Sri Sandeep Mandava
CEO, Malaxmi Properties Realcon Pvt Ltd.

11:00 am:

Inaugural session concludes.



Session – I: 11:00 am to 12:00 noon (IST) on 19.12.2020

Chair: Dr. Papineni Sivasankar (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Amanita Sen (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Dominic KV (English) - India
2. Anuradha Bhattacharya (English) - India
3. Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana (English) - India
4. Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar (English) – India

Breakout session

5. Eden Trinidad (English) - Philippines
6. Pramila Khadun (English) - Mauritius
7. Takatoshi Goto (Japanese) – Japan
8. Rama Manohara V (Telugu) – India
9. Vaishnavi Sri Talam (Telugu) – India
-

Session – II - 12:00 noon to 01:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Mamidi Harikrishna (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Atreya Sarma U (Telugu) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Das A.S. (Hindi) - India
2. Dr. Celestine Raj Manohar (English) - India
3. Yogesh Joshi (Gujarathi) - India
4. Kalimisri Kalimikonda Sambasiva Rao (Telugu) – India

Breakout session

5. Pushmaotee Subrun (English) - Mauritius
6. Akhmad Cahyo Setiyo (Indonesian) - Indonesia
7. Mai Van Phan (Vietnamese) – Vietnam
8. Vijay Kumar Ghanta (Telugu) – India
-

Lunch Break 1:00 pm to 2:00 pm (IST)

Session – III: 02:00 pm to 03:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Dr. Darbhasayanam Srinivasacharya (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Geetanjali Dilip (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Mohan Dr Pattipaka (Telugu) - India
2. Mukunda Rama Rao Yellapu (Telugu) - India
3. Bibhudatta Mohanty (English) - India
4. Anoop M R (Malayalam) - India

Breakout session

5. Malsawmi Jacob (Mizo) - India
6. Zoran Mimica (Croatian) - Croatia
7. Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak (English) – United Kingdom
8. Channah Moshe (English) – Israel (Shifted to Session - X
of 20.12.2020 on the request of the poet).
9. Shubha Khandekar (Marathi) – India
-

Session – IV: 03:00 pm to 04:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Dr. Deerghasi Vizaibhaskar (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Kamala Wijeratne (English) – Sri Lanka

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Swami Naidu Siriki (Telugu) - India
2. Swatee Sripada (Telugu) - India
3. Venkateswara Reddy Kondreddy (Telugu) - India
4. Agnivesh Mahapatra (Odia) - India

Breakout session

5. Seena Sreevalson (Malayalam) - India
6. Bibha Kumari (Mythili) - India
7. Elisabetta Bagli (English) – Spain
8. Gino Leineweber(English) – Germany
9. Bharati Nayak (Odia) – India

Session – V: 04:00 pm to 05:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Dr. Vasanth Kumar Perla (Kannada) - India
Co – Chair: Gopal Lahiri (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

Poets: 1. Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy (English) - India
2. Huzaifa Haryanwala (English) - India
3. Kalyan Krishna Kumar Karanam(Telugu) – India
4. Longbir Terang (Karbi) – India

Breakout session

5. Ali Shaida (Kashmiri) - India
6. Ahmed Salahuddin (Urdu) - India
7. Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman Dr. (Malay) - Malaysia
8. Wilson Roshan Sequeira (Konkani) - India
9. Ayo Ayoola-Amale (English) – Ghana

Session – VI: 05:00 pm to 06:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Rolf Ishvar Doppenberg (French) - Switzerland
Co – Chair: Meenakshi Goswami – (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

Poets: 1. Lopamudra Mishra (English) - India
2. Krishnamacharyulu Parnasala (English) - India
3. Molly Joseph Dr. (English) - India
4. Dr. Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya (Gujarathi) – India

Breakout session

5. Shikha - Aakaash (Telugu) - India
6. Nagarajyalakshmi Veluvolu (Telugu) - India
7. Christos Sanos (Greece) – Greek
8. Chryssa Vellisariou (Greece) – Greek



Session – VII 06:00 pm to 07:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Sikhmani Sanjeeva Rao (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Nandita Samanta (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

Poets:

1. Namita Laxmi Dr (English)- India
2. Padmini Janardhanan (English) - India
3. Narasimha Raju Sarikonda (Telugu) – India
4. Padmavathi Setaluri (Telugu) – India

Breakout session

5. Ahila Dorairaj (Tamil) – India (Shifted to Session – VIII on 20.12.2020 on the request of the poet).
 6. Jayashree Chari (Tamil) – India
 7. Tzemin Tsai (Chinese) – China
 8. Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang (Chinese) – China
-

7:00pm - Concluding remarks by **Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar**

7:15pm - Session Concludes.

Day II – 20th Dec, 2020, Sunday
Sessions Continue
Session – VIII: 10:00 am to 11:00 am (IST)

Chair: Dr. Padma Shri Vishnu Pandya (Gujarati) - India
Co – Chair: Venkatesh Kulkarni (Marathi) - India

Recitation of Poems

Poets: 1. Namdev Tarachandani (Sindhi) - India
2. Joba Murmu (Santhali) - India
3. Pankajam Kottarath (Malayalam) - India

Breakout session

4. Ashok Bhandari (Hindustani) - India
5. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick Dr. (English) - India
6. Ramakrishna Dr. Perugu (Telugu) – India
7. Ahila Dorairaj (Tamil) – India (Shifted from Session - VII on 19.12.2020 on the request of the poet).

Session – IX - 11:00 am to 12:00 noon (IST)


Chair: Dr. Kopparthi Venkata Ramana Murthy (Telugu) - India
Co – Chair: Keshab Sidgel (Nepali) - Nepal

Recitation of Poems

Poets: 1. Raj Babu Gandham (English) - India
2. Ravi Ranganathan (English) - India
3. Ravi Sanker (English) - India
4. Divya Sinha (Hindi) – India

Breakout session

5. Smruti Ranjan Mohanty (Odia) - India
6. Siri Ram Arsh (Punjabi) - India
7. Puthiya Madhavi Sankaran (Tamil) - India



Session – X: 12:00 noon to 01:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Madhava Rao Bandla (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Antaryami Misra (Odia) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Rami Reddy M V (Telugu) - India
2. Ravi Kumar Desaraju (Telugu) - India
3. Ravichandran KS (English) - India
4. Sadhana Subramanian (English) – India
5. Ramnik Someswar (Gujarathi) - India

Breakout session

6. Shyamala Rajasekhar(Tamil) - India
7. Hymavathi Mandarapu (Telugu) – India
8. Sigma G R Dr. (English) – India
9. Channah Moshe (English) – Israel (Shifted from session - III on 19.12.2020 on the request of the poet).
-

Lunch Break -From 1:00 pm to 2:00 pm (IST)

Session – XI - 02:00 pm to 03:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Elizabeth Kurian Mona (English) – India

Co – Chair: Varsha Das Dr. (Gujarati) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Haragopal Sreeramoju (Telugu) - India
2. Babu Rao Dakarapu (Telugu) - India
3. Nagalakshmi Varanasi (Telugu) - India
4. Ravi Kumar Kosuri (Telugu) - India
5. Subbaraman NV (Tamil) – India

Breakout session

6. Shafinur Shafin (English) - Bangladesh
7. Shanmugam Chettiar Rm (English) - India
8. Shiv kumar KV (English) – India
9. Mohammad Nurul Huda (Bangla) - Bangladesh
-

Session – XII: 03:00 pm to 04:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Dr. Madhurantakam Narendra (Telugu) - India

Co – Chair: Sushanta Bhattacharjee (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Sree Latha Tangirala Dr (English) - India
2. Sudipta Chatterjee Dr. (English) - India
3. Ravindra Trivikram Katuru (Telugu) - India
4. Siva Prasad B.V. (Telugu) – India
5. Srinivasasuryanarayana Munukutla (Telugu) – India

Breakout session

6. Subramanyam G.V. (Telugu) - India
7. Hayim Abramson (Hebrew) - Israel
8. Flamina Cruciani (Italian)- Italy
9. Amir Or (Hebrew) - Israel
10. Dorit Weisman (Hebrew) - Israel
-

Session – XIII: 4:00 pm to 5:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Sri Satish Chandar (Telugu) - India


Co – Chair: Usha Sridhar Dr. (English) - India

Recitation of Poems

- Poets: 1. Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni (Telugu) - India
2. Thryaksha Garla (English) - India
3. Vinita Agrawal (English) - India
4. Hasinus Sultan Dr. (Assamese) – India

Breakout session

5. Alicja Maria Kuberska (Polish) - Poland
6. Anna Czachorowska (Polish) - Poland
7. Dariusz Pacak (Polish) - Poland
8. Eliza Segiet (Polish)- Poland (The poem will be read out by Alicja Maria Kuberska as per the request of Eliza Segiet).
9. Maria do Sameiro Borroso (Portuguese) – Portugal
-



Session – XIV: 5:00 pm to 6:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Delo Isufi (Albanian) - United States

Co – Chair: Pranab Kumar Hazarika – (Assamese – India)

Recitation of Poems

Poets: 1. Vignesh Thangavel (English) - India

2. Lakhimi Gogoi Dr (Assamese) - India

3. Sayeed Abubakar (Bengali) - Bangladesh

4. Kruthi Gandham (French) - India

5. Liviu Pendefunda (Romanian) – Romania

Breakout session

6. Viacheslav Kupriyanov (Russian) - Russia

7. Angel Lavallo Dios (Spanish) - Peru

8. Tarana Turan Rahimili (Azarbaijan) - Azarbaijan

9. Tyran Prizren Spahiu (Albanian) – Albania

10. Zana Coven (German) - Bosnia Herzegovina

Session – XV: 6:00 pm to 07:00 pm (IST)

Chair: Edward Roberts (English) USA

Co – Chair: Nirmal Jaswal (Punjabi) - Canada

Recitation of Poems

Poets:

1. Joseph Spence Sr (English) - USA

2. Preety Sengupta (English) - USA

3. Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot (Spanish) - Argentina

4. Giselle Lucía Navarro (Spanish) – Cuba

Breakout session

5. Virginia Fernandez Collado (Spanish) – Spain

6. Asror Allayorov (Uzbek) - Uzbekistan

7. Agnieszka Maria (English) – Poland

8. Ashok Bharagava (English) – Canada

Valedictory Session on 20th Dec, 2020, Sunday

From 7:00 pm to 8:00 pm (IST)

Programme

- 7:00 pm:** Welcome by **Dr. E. Sivanagi Reddy**
CEO & Managing Trustee, CCVA
- 7:05 pm:** Report on the Poets' Meet
Dr. Deerghasi Vizaibhaskar
Kendra Sangith Natak Akademi Awardee
- 7:15 pm:** Valedictory Address by the **Chief Guest**
Padma Shri Dr. Kolakaluri Enoch
Recipient of Murthydevi Puraskar &
Former Chairman, AP Sahitya Academy
- 7:25 pm:** Speeches by **Distinguished Guests**
Dr. Venna Vallabha Rao
Kendra Sahitya Akademi Awardee for Translation
Sri Killada Satyanarayana, IPS
Inspector General of Police, Chittrakoot
Dham Range, Govt. of Uttar Pradesh
Dr. Y. Tejaswini
Chairperson,
Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati.
- 7:55 pm:** Vote of Thanks by **Sri Sandeep Mandava**, CEO, MPRPL
-
- Meet Concludes @ 8:00 pm.

Amaravati Poetic Prism | 2020 |
International Multilingual Poetry Anthology

INDEX

POET NAME	TRANSLATOR NAME	PAGE NO
ALBANIAN		
Delo Isufi		1
Tyran Prizren Spahiu		3
ASSAMESE		
Hasinus Sultan Dr		5
Lakhimi Gogoi Dr	Ratan Bhattacharjee	7
Pranab Kumar Hazarika		9
AZERBAIJAN		
Tarana Turan Rahimli	Sevil Gulten	11
BANGLA		
Mohammad Nurul Huda		13
BENGALI		
Sayeed Abubakar		15
Supratik Sen		17
CHINESE		
Tzemin Tsai		19
Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang	Howard Huang	21
CROATIAN		
Zoran Mimica		23
ENGLISH		
Agnieszka Herman		25
Amanita Sen		26
Anuradha Bhattacharyya		27
Ashok Bhargava		28
Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana		29
Ayo Ayoola-Amale		30
Bhaskarnanad Jha Bhaskar		31
Bibhudatta Mohanty		32
Biswanth Kundu		33
Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak		34
Celestine Raj Manohar Dr. A		35
Channah Moshe		36
Dominic KV		37
Eden Trinidad		38
Edward Roberts		39

Elisabetta Bagli	40
Elizabeth Kurian 'Mona'	41
Geethanjali Dilip	42
Gino Leineweber	43
Gopal Lahiri	44
Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy	45
Huzafa Haryanwala	46
Joseph Spence Sr	47
Kamala Wijeratne	48
Krishnamacharyulu Parnasala	49
Lopamudra Mishra	50
Meenakshi Goswami	51
Molly Joseph Dr.	52
Namita Laxmi Dr.	53
Nandita Samanta	54
Padmini Janardhanan	55
Paramita Mukherjee Mullick Dr.	56
Pramila Khadun	57
Preety Sengupta	58
Pushmaotee Subrun	59
Raj Babu Gandham	60
Ravi Ranganathan	61
Ravi Shanker	62
Ravichandran KS	63
Sadhana Subramanian	64
Shafinur Shafin	65
Shanmugam Chettiar Rm	66
Shivkumar kv	67
Sigma G R Dr	68
Sree Latha Dr Tangirala	69
Sudipta Chatterjee Dr.	70
Sushanta Bhattacharjee	71
Thryaksha Garla	72
Usha Sridhar Dr.	73
Vignesh Thangavel	74
Vinita Agrawal	75

FRENCH

Kruthi Gandham	76
Rolf Ishvar Doppenberg	78

GERMAN

Zana Coven	80
------------	----

GREEK

Christos Sanos	82
Chryssa Vellisariou	84

GUJARATI

Padmashree Vishnu Pandya		86
Ramnrik Someswar	Dhanvanti	88
Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya Dr.		90
Varsha Das Dr.		92
Yogesh Joshi	Udayan Thakker	94

HEBREW

Amir Or		96
Dorit Weisman		98
Hayim Abramson		100

HINDI

Das A.S		102
Divya Sinha		104

HINDUSTANI

Ashok Bhandari		106
----------------	--	-----

INDONESIAN

Akhmad Cahyo Setiyo		108
---------------------	--	-----

ITALIAN

Flamina Cruciani		110
------------------	--	-----

JAPANESE

Takatoshi Goto		112
----------------	--	-----

KANNADA

Vasanth Kumar Perla Dr	Artha Perla	114
------------------------	-------------	-----

KARBI

Longbir Terang	Serlibon Timungpi	116
----------------	-------------------	-----

KASHMIRI

Ali Shaida		118
------------	--	-----

KONKANI

Wilson Roshan	Florine Roche	120
---------------	---------------	-----

MAITHILI

Bibha Kumari	Sumit Nandan	122
--------------	--------------	-----

MALAYALAM

Anoop M R		124
Pankajam Kottarath		126
Seena Sreevalson		128

MALAY

Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman Dr.	130
---------------------------------	-----

MARATHI

Shubha Khandekar	132
------------------	-----

Venkatesh Kulakami	134
--------------------	-----

MIZO

Malsawmi Jacob	136
----------------	-----

NEPALI

Keshab Sidgel	138
---------------	-----

ODIA

Agnivesh Mahapatra	140
--------------------	-----

Antaryami Misra	Antaryami Mishra	142
-----------------	------------------	-----

Bharati Nayak	144
---------------	-----

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty	146
-----------------------	-----

POLISH

Alicja Maria Kuberska	148
-----------------------	-----

Anna Czachorowska	150
-------------------	-----

Dariusz Pacak	152
---------------	-----

Eliza Segiet	154
--------------	-----

PORTUGUESE

Maria do Sameiro Borroso	156
--------------------------	-----

PUNJABI

Nirmal Jaswal	158
---------------	-----

Siri Ram Arsh	Trisha	160
---------------	--------	-----

ROMANIAN

Liviu Pendefunda	162
------------------	-----

RUSSIAN

Viacheslav Kupriyanov	164
-----------------------	-----

SANTHALI

Joba Murmu	166
------------	-----

SINDHI

Namdev Tarachandani	168
---------------------	-----

SPANISH

Angel Lavallo Dios	170
--------------------	-----

Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot	172
-----------------------------	-----

Giselle Lucia Navarro	174
-----------------------	-----

Virginia Fernandez Collado	176
----------------------------	-----

TAMIL

Ahila Dorairaj		178
Jayashree Chari		180
Puthiya Madhavi Sankaran		182
Shyamala Rajasekhar	Karunanidhy	184
Subbaraman NV		186

TELUGU

Atreya Sarma U		188
Babu Rao Dakarapu		190
Devi Priya	Dr.D.Vizaibhaskar	192
Gopi N Dr.		194
Haragopal Sreeramoju	Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar	196
Harikrishna Mamidi	Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar	198
Hymavathi Mandarapu		200
Kalimisri Kalimikonda Sambasiva Rao		202
Kalyan Krishna Kumar Karanam		204
Kishore Kumar Kathula		206
Madhava Rao Bandla	Dr.D.Vizaibhaskar	208
Mohan Dr Pattipaka	Swatee Sripada	210
Mukunda Rama Rao Yellapu	T.S.Chandra Mouli	212
Nagalakshmi Varanasi	Varshini Varanasi	214
Nagarajyalakshmi Veluvolu		216
Narasimha Raju Sarikonda		218
Narendra Madhurantakam Dr.		220
Padmavathi Setaluri		222
Rama Manohara V		224
Ramakrishna Dr.Perugu	MVS Sathya narayana Mahathi	226
Rami Reddy M V	K. Suma Niveditha	228
Ravi Kumar Desaraju	Swati Sripada	230
Ravi Kumar Kosuri	B. V. Sreedhar Babu	232
Ravindra Trivikram Katuru		234
Satish Chandar		236
Satyanarayana Killada		238
Sikhmani Sanjeeva Rao		240
Siva Prasad B.V.		242
Siva Reddy K	Vijay Koganti	244
Sivasankar Papineni Dr		246
Srinivasasuryanarayana Munukutla	Ramesh Karthik Nayak	248
Subramanyam G.V.		250
Swami Naidu Siriki		252
Swatee Sripada		254
Vaishnavi Sri Talam	Lavanya	256
Vallabharao Venna	Dr. D. Nageswara Rao	258
Venkateswara Reddy Kondreddy	U.Atreya Sarma	260
Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni	Dr. Sivasankar Papineni	262
Vijay Kumar Ghanta		264
Vizai Bhaskar Deerghasi Dr.		266

URDU

Ahmed Salahuddin	Shugufta Shaheen	268
------------------	------------------	-----

UZBEK

Asror Allayarov		270
-----------------	--	-----

VIETNAMESE

Mai Van Phan	Nguyen Tien Van	272
--------------	-----------------	-----

TË MBJELLIM VIRUS DASHURIE

Delo Isufi

Në botën tonë të vogël e të madhe,
Ku shpërthejnë shtërngata e stuhi,
Vdekja vërtitet si kurvë lozonjare,
Fytyrën e saj ka çdo pandemi.

Këto ditë vdekja mbi krye na rri,
Korona skërmitet, rend si hije,
Ajo s' njeh fe, racë e kombësi,
Të mbjellim kudo virus dashurie.

Se ndryshe planeti ynë i vjetër,
Do boshatiset nga qenia njerzore,
Kur të vijmë nga nje planet tjetër,
Do gjejmë gjurmë të pjellës mizore.

Dhe do thonë pas mijra vjetësh,
Dikur ka jetuar në këtë planet,
Një qenie kanibale, tepër e egër,
Që hante e zhdukte veten e vet.

Do gjejmë gjurmët e kësaj jete,
Mbuluar nga pluhuri shekullor,
Raketa, topa, bomba dhe helme,
Që ka prodhuar sistemi njerzor.

Në botën tonë të madhe e të vogël,
Ku vdekja sillet rrotull si një hije,
T'i zhdukim bomba, raketa, helme,
Të mbjellim kudo virus dashurie.



Col. Delo Isufi has to his credit, seven poetry collections, one novel and many cycles of poems. He has translated many poems from English, French, Russian into Albanian language. He completed his studies in the Air Force Academy as a pilot and graduated from the Law Faculty of the Tirana University, Albania. He has several flying hours on a supersonic military jet MIG-19 under every weather condition, and held the rank of a Colonel. He was a lecturer and professor at the Aviation Academy. As a lawyer, he has been the General Advocate of the Albania State Advocacy. Currently, he lives in Tirana, Albania and is a private lawyer.

Delo Isufi
Tirana, USA



To Plant the Virus of Love.

Delo Isufi

In our own world big and small,
Where thunderstorms and winds erupt,
Death spins like a playful bitch,
Her face full with every plague.
These days death hangs over our head,
Corona growls, heavy as a shadow,
She doesn't know race or religion,
We must plant the virus of love.

Otherwise our ancient planet,
Will be emptied of human beings,
When others come from distant stars,
They will find traces of cruel offspring.

And say after thousand years,
Once lived life on this planet,
A very wild cannibal being,
That ate and destroyed himself.
They will find traces of toxic life,
Covered by centuries-old dust,
Rockets, cannons, bombs, and poisons,
That has produced the system of humans.

In our own world big and small,
Where death revolves like a heavy shadow, and poison,
Destroy, bombs, rockets, and poisons
To plant the virus of love everywhere.

GJELBËRIM !

Tyran Prizren Spahiu-KOSOVA

NUK flet Prizreni, as NUK vajton
gjynjësuar rrinë, nëpërkëmbur mbuluar
më kanë me çadra të shëmtuar
shumëherë mbjellur më kanë
buzë Lumbardhit lisë të shumtë
gjysmë zë natyra pëshpërit
më tepër kërkoj, mbase meritoj!

Drejtohem juve, më veshni më gjelbërim , bimë të njomë blini
lis, gjethe më dhëmbëza, trëndafilë, ballëllart do qëndroj
po, erë blini më ka hije, plep me lëvore ngjyrë hiri
dua hije të ju bëjë, shpirtin të ju gëzoj...

Do endeni, kalldrëmit të buzëqeshur
lozin fëmijët e juaj në barin e njomë
dashnorët e fshehur do trokasin dashurisë
ju fton qyteti, i etur për gjelbërimin që meriton
nuk di , dëgjon kush, kërkesën e lashtësisë!
Klithmën e Kalasë, zërin e përgjegjësisë
jeni ardhë, po, po, së shpejti do shkoni
ç'keni bërë, FAJËSINË, NDËRGJEGJEN të QETËSONI !!!!!
unë, kështjella Kala, dua vetëm drejtësi, nuk kërkoj MËSHIRË....



Tyran Prizren SPAHIU, born in Prizren, Kosovo, Europe, has adopted "Prizren" as his nickname and as a part of his name. He writes in Albanian, Croatian and English. He graduated in English Language and Literature at Kosovo University. He has to his credit: 'Never back again!' (Novel in two volumes), 'Mort' (Novel) and 14 volumes of Poetic Verses in Albanian Language and One in English. In poet's own words, he is "Trying to find topics that worry, nag, excite, embrace, and to describe is pleasure and challenge Being emotionally connected, he loves calm life and continues to spread kindness. No matter where he goes, you will hear the voice behind: "He was here."

Tyran Prizren Spahiu-KOSOVA
Prizren, Kosovo, Albania



Greenery

Tyran Prizren Spahiu-KOSOVA

World does NOT speak, nor laments
gnawed stick, trampled
thought, doing me injustice
you cover me with ugly umbrellas
I have been many times planted
at the greenery were planted numerous oaks
nature's half-voice whispers
the more I ask, the more I deserve!
dress me in green., buy the fresh herbs, fragrant aroma, lavender
I will stand proud , yes, daffodils flavor, poplars with gray bark
I want to make shadow, your soul to rejoice.

*

You will enjoy, allies will be full of joy
kid's playgrounds filled with grass
under the chrysanthemum hidden lovers will knock to love
city eager for deserved greenery will invite you
do not know! Anybody hears request of greenness!
of the Castle, the voice of responsibility
you came, yes, yes, you will go soon
what have you done, CALMLY GUILTY, CONSCIENCE !!!!!
I, the freshness , I just want justice, I do not ask for MERCY...

স্তুতি

Hasinus Sultan

মাটিৰ চাকি বুকুত সারটি
তৰাফুলীয়া আকাশলে' হাত মেলা
পোহৰ- আকলুৱা
আগলতি পাতবোৰত
তোমাৰ প্ৰকাশ কান্তি দিয়া!

পোৰামাটি আৰু বাৰুদৰ
উৎকট গোকত দন্ধ ধৰাৰ মৃগুয়
সপোন সাকাৰ কৰা!
কলঘৰৰ ধোঁৱানলত আৱদ্ধ
আলান্ধুৰ পৰা মুক্তি দিয়া!

অন্ধ প্ৰগতিৰ লেলিহান জুইত
দপদপকৈ জুলি উঠা প্ৰাণৰ বৰ্ষাৰণ্য
হতাশিন মানুহৰ বক্ষা কৰা!

অন্তৰীক্ষৰ জৰায়ুত
কৃষ্ণগহুৰে গিলিপ মাৰি ধৰা
বন্দী প্ৰজ্ঞাৰ মুক্তি দিয়া!

এচোতাল জিলীয়ে গিলা
উজাগৰ এই ৰাতি
মোৰ আইৰ কঠিন বাটত প্ৰেমৰ
এগছি প্ৰদীপ জ্বলাবলৈ সাহস দিয়া!



Dr. Hasinus Sultan, a PhD from Gauhati University, is an Associate Professor and former Head of the Department of English at H. A. A. College, Doboka, Hojai, Assam. He is a poet, translator and reviewer in English and Assamese. The Golden Grain (2016), a poetry volume in English translation from Assamese, bears the stamp of his creative competence in translation, for which he was honored with SAS Literary Translator Award 2018. In March, 2019, he was awarded with Ghana Bora Poetry and Literary Award 2019. Dr. Sultan is the Chief Editor of Cross-Currents: An Imitational Peer-Reviewed Journal in Humanities and Social Sciences (ISSN: He is presently the President of Hojai District Poets' Association under All Assam Poets' Association.

Hasinus Sultan
Doboka, Assam, India



Invocation

Hasinus Sultan

To the young leaves
lend Your beaming beauty
as they embracing the earthen lamps
stretch their arms
to the starry sky and long for Your light!

Dreams of the soil
charred by acrid fire and gunpowder
may fulfilled be!
From the fetters of chimneys
may our sooty hopes be free!

From the fierce fire-eaters, oh Lord,
save our soul's rainforests
burning alive for blind progress!

Deliver the light engulfed as if by
the vanity of gloom
in the womb of the black hole!

This sleepless night swallowed
by the screech of crickets in my yard,
give me the guts to light a lamp of love
on my Mother's murky path!

হেৰাই যাবলৈ এটা অজুহাতেই বহুত

লখিমী গগৈ

হেৰাই যাবলৈ

হেৰাই যাবলৈ এটা অজুহাতেই বহুত

মোৰ মনৰ পৰা তুমি

আৰু

তোমাৰ মনৰ পৰা মই

যিদৰে হেৰাই যায়

নৰালিৰ ধেমালী

যিদৰে হেৰাই যায়

পুৱতীৰ বেলি

অজুহাতবোৰ অজুহাতেই

সংজ্ঞা বিহীন

অভিযোগ অস্তিমান মিছিল

হেৰাই যায় সকলো ক্ৰমিকৰূপে

পাহাৰ ভাঙি হেপাহ নেওচি

এটা অজুহাতে বুকুত গধুৰ শিল বান্ধি

হেৰাই যাবলৈ যে

এটা অজুহাতেই বহুত ॥



Dr. Lakhimi Gogoi is an Assistant Professor of Geography in Narangi Anchalik College. She is an author of many poetic volumes besides her research publications. She is the Editor of a national journal. She loves to muse poetically on love, nature and life.

Lakhimi Gogoi

Guwahati, Assam, India



Disoriented

(Translation of Dr. Lakhimi Gogoi Assamese Poem is done by Dr. Ratan Bhattacharjee)

Lakhimi Gogoi / Ratan Bhattacharjee

To go adrift
one excuse is enough
from my mind you and from your mind myself
The way in which fun of childhood is bygone
The way in which the light of twilight disappears
Excuse is only merely an excuse
Undefinable
Complaint or angry sensitivity
All are lost in an instant
Crossing the hill
Surpassing the dreams
just in one excuse
Turning the heart into a stone
One excuse is enough to disappear
For ever

নীৰৱ বিপ্লৱ

প্ৰনব কুমাৰ হাজৰিকা

আমি উদ্বিগ্ন ধৰিত্ৰীৰ বাবে,
বিশ্ব সম্প্ৰদায় ও উদ্বিগ্ন আমাৰ দৰে,
ৰাষ্ট্ৰ নেতা সকল মিলিত হয় আন্তৰ্জাতিক
সন্মিলনত - সমাধান সূত্ৰ বিচাৰি,
গোলকীয় উষ্ণতা. বতৰ পৰিবৰ্তন,
পৰিবেশ সংৰক্ষণৰ জটিল সমস্যা।
গাঁৱৰ সেই ব্যক্তিজন উচ্চ শিক্ষিত নহয়,
ভূগোল বিজ্ঞানৰ আনুস্থানিক শিক্ষাও হয়তো তেওঁ পোৱা নাই।
ভাল পায় তেওঁ প্ৰকৃতিক,
বুজি পায় প্ৰাকৃতিক সম্পদ বৃক্ষ,
জীৱ জন্তুৰ সংৰক্ষণ জৰুৰী ভাৰসাম্যতাৰে
জীৱ কুল জীয়াই থাকিবলৈ।
পূৰ্ব প্ৰান্তৰ অসমৰ ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ বালি চাপৰিত সৃষ্টি কৰিলে
জীৱন ব্যাপি সাধনাৰ চৌদ্ধশ একৰৰ বিশাল অৰণ্য।
বিভিন্ন বন্য প্ৰাণীৰ আশ্ৰয়ত জৈৱ বৈচিত্ৰ্যৰ বনানী - ' মলাই অৰণ্য '।
পাইছে তেওঁ নীৰৱ সাধনাৰ স্বীকৃতি,
এক নীৰৱ বিপ্লৱী - পদ্মশ্ৰী, মাৰ্কিন মুলুকৰ বিদ্যালয়ত তেওঁ
পাঠ্যক্রমত জিলিকিছে - শিক্ষাৰ্থীৰ অনুপ্ৰেৰণা।
তেওঁ আন কোনো নহয় - সহজ সৰল সাধক বৃক্ষ মানব যাদৱ পায়েং নাম যাৰ।



Pranab Kumar Hazarika is a freelancer and social activist. He is an Assamese, Bengali and English poet. He also writes articles in Bengali in leading magazines of West Bengal besides Assamese language. He always tries to promote social values in his poetry. Similarly, his poem has been published in poetry collection of Antarjatic Bongo Sahitya Sanmelan, Kolkata. Hazarika is a Member of the Poet Foundation Kolkata, ASL CLUB, KOLKATA, Youth Guild for friendship Gorky Sadan, Calcutta University Institute, Little Magazine Writers in Need etc. He is the State Committee Member of the Indian Society for Cultural Co-operation and Friendship, West Bengal.

Pranab Kumar Hazarika
Kolkata, West Bengal, India



Silent Revolution

Pranab Kumar Hazarika

We are worried for the Earth,
the world community too,
World leaders meet at global summit
seeking solutions of global
warming, climate change,
environment protection - a hard hitting problem .

That village man is not well educated,
maybe he lacks formal education on Geography or science.
He loves the Nature, he understands conservation of forest with wild lives –
for the living creatures in a balanced cycle.

His lifelong adoration resulted in
the greeneries on the sandbar covering fourteen hundred acres
on the bank of river Brahmaputra of eastern end Assam .

A shelter of varieties wildlife,
a forest with wonderful bio diversity
the renowned - " Molai Aranya " .

He received recognition to his silent adoration, a silent revolutionary
a Padmashree , shining his name in
academic curriculum of school in America inspiring pupils .

He is none other than the simple
forest man Jadav Payeng by name .

SÜKUT TABLOSU

Tarana Turan Rahimli

baliqlar suda,
 Üfüq qizara-qizara
 ölüb bu s.h.r burda.
 Kül.yin qovdugu yerd.
 basini köksün. .yib
 quruyub qalib agaclar,
 Bir x.zan çiç.yi açıb,
 doluxsunub yamaclar.
 Buludlar agir-agir
 yer. dogru sallanib,
 D.nizd. susqun sularin
 r.ngi bulanib.
 Gün.sin çöhr.si tutqun,
 Torpagin çiyinl.ri yorgun.
 H.yat lal lövh.l.riyl.
 .b.diy.t sükutunda,
 Dünya n. q.rib görünür
 öz süs. tabutunda.



Tarana Turan Rahimli is an Azerbaijani poetess, writer, journalist, translator, literary critic, teacher, academic, is an active member of the International Literary Agency in Turkey, Azerbaijan, Azerbaijan, Philippine, Kazakhstan, Italy, Oman, Belgium, USA.. She is a PhD in Philology, Associate Professor of Azerbaijan and World Literature Chair of Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University, author of 7 books and more than 400 articles. She is the editor and reviewer of 20 monographs and poetry books. Her works have been published in more than 30 Western and Eastern countries.

Tarana Turan Rahimli
Baku, Azerbaijan



The picture of the silence

(Translation of Tarana Turan Rahimli Azerbaijan Poem is done by Sevil Gulten)

Tarana Turan Rahimli / Sevil Gulten

The birds remained hanging in the water
And the fishes in the water,
Early in the morning
Horizon passed away here.
The trees have become dry
Bending their top
In the place
Where the wind drove them out.
An autumn flower blossomed,
The slopes have become touched.
The clouds are hanging heavily
Towards the earth.
The color of the silent water in the sea
Has become turbid.
The surface of the sun is gloomy
The shoulders of the soil are tired.
The life is in its eternal silence
With its dumb scenes.
I wonder how the world seems oddly
In its coffin made of glass.

জলতরঙ্গের মেহগনি কাঠে

Mohammad Nurul Huda

জলতরঙ্গের মেহগনি কাঠে তৈরি এই নৌকা,
এই নৌকায় আমরা পাড়ি দিচ্ছি নৃহের প্লাবনা
জোড়ায় জোড়ায় মিথুনার্গ আমাদের শীর্ষানন্দ,
আমরা উড়ে যাচ্ছি আকাশগঙ্গার তরঙ্গভঙ্গে;
বুদ্ধের নির্বাণকাম আজ আমাদের অঙ্গপ্রত্যঙ্গে।

তিমিরবিবর পার হয়ে আমরা কি পৌঁছে যাবো
শ্বেতবিবরের মরুদ্যান, বেখেলহেমের পাশে
যখন ক্রমশ ক্রন্দনরত প্রতিশ্রুত ভেষজমানুষ?
রাধাকৃষ্ণের ত্রিভঙ্গের পাশে অমরাবতীর বৃন্দাবন,
ধানদুর্বার্যে ছেয়ে গেছে স্বর্গমর্ত্য, সঘন গগন।

আবে জমজম থেকে বাগিয়াড়ি, হেরাঙহার ধ্যান,
কনফুসিয়াসের বৃকে সুখে-দুখে সদাচারের সামগান,
কোরান পুরাণ ত্রিপিটক উপনিষদের ভেষজবাগান;
যখন করোনার প্রেমে হাবুড়ুবু উহানের ফুসফুস;
স্বয়ং মেফিস্টোফিলিসের বৃকেও শুরু হলো উসখুসা।


বোলপুরে রবীন্দ্রনাথের আলমারীর চারপাশে
ঘুরঘুর করছে জোড়া জোড়া কাঠবেড়ালি:
এই করোনা কালে তারাও মানুষের গোড়ালি
খুটে খাচ্ছে তিনবেলার তুমুল খাদ্যসঙ্কটে।
প্রাণী তারা, ধ্যানী তারা, তারাও ক্ষুধার্ত বটে।

ঘরবন্দি এ পদাপৃথিবী, যখন ব্রহ্মাণ্ড মুখোশাব্দত।
সুস্থ হও, সুরক্ষিত হও, হে মানুষ, স্বস্থ হরক্ষিত।
দাও শস্য, দাও জল, উন্মোচন করো রঙিলা রহস্য;
মানুষ মানুষেরই জন্য, যে মানুষ চিরকাল স্ববশ্য।

Prof. Mohammad Nurul Huda is one of the finest Bengali poets with more than 100 titles. His poems are translated into many languages including English, French, German, Russian, Arabic, Urdu, Hindi etc. He has received numerous national and international awards notably Bangladesh's highest civilian honor Ekushey Padak; Bangla Academy Literary Award, Poet of International Merit (USA), President's Honor (Turkey), Tripura State Award (India), Kobi-Shrestho (Best Poet-2017 Bangladesh) etc. He is a critic, translator, IPR-Specialist, folklorist, novelist and cultural activist. A former Director of Bangla Academy, and Executive Director of Nazrul Institute, he is currently the President of Bangladesh Writers Club and KabitaBangla, an aesthetic movement of poetry. He is the Professor and Chairman of the English Department at the European University of Bangladesh.



Mohammad Nurul Huda
Dhaka, Bangladesh



In mahogany wood of water-symphony

Mohammad Nurul Huda

This canoe, in mahogany wood of water-symphony,
On which we are sailing to safety in Noah's deluge.
Our erotic ecstasy reaches its peak in sex-act,
We're flying on to the waves of sky-Ganges;
Our limbs are blessed with Buddha's nirvana lust.

Shall we reach the Vedic psalms across
Black hole to the oasis of white hole,
Beside Bethlehem, while all promised
Vegetarians are bursting into tears?
Near Radha-Krishna's three-bent figure
Rests Amaravati's Vrindavana, while the
Earth, heaven and weeping sky are
Covered with ritual of rice and green grass!

From the holy well of Jam-Jam to sand-hills,
Bosom of Confucius sings the psalms of good nature,
Koran Puran Tripitaka Upanishad plant healing herbs,
When Uhan's lungs suffer from Corona fascination;
Mephistopheles starts suffering from self-affliction.

Surrounding Tagore's wardrobe in Bolpur
Couples of squirrel are roaming about.
In this Corona-time they are also pecking at
Heels and ankles of men and women for food.
They are creatures indeed, meditative and hungry.

This lotus-earth is house-captive, as the universe is masked,
Get well, stay safe every way, O humans, calm and self-protected.
Give us harvest, give us water and unfold all crimson mysteries;
Humans are for humans; humans, who are ever self-obedient.

বাঘ ও হরিণ

সায়ীদ আবুবকর

আমি তাঁকে বললাম, বাঘেরা হরিণ খায় তবু কেন হরিণেরা
বাঘের পাশেই থাকে?

তা-ই তো থাকবে, এ-ই তো নিয়ম। খিদে না লাগলে
বাঘেরা কখনো হামলে পড়ে না হরিণের উপর। যদি
বাঘদের কাছাকাছি না থাকতো, কবেই বিলুপ্ত হয়ে যেতো
তারা পৃথিবীর পৃষ্ঠ থেকে! মানুষ নির্বিঘ্নে ঢুকে পড়তো বনে,
ট্রাক ভর্তি করে তাদেরকে নিয়ে আসতো কসাইখানায় এবং
সাবাড় করে ফেলতো রাতারাতি।



Sayeed Abubakar, a modern epic-poet of Bengali language, was born on 21 September, 1972 in Jashore district of Bangladesh. He is regarded as the major poet of the 90th decade. His first poetry-collection 'Pranoyer Prathom Pap' published in 1996 made him popular as a poet in Bangladesh. 'Mujibnama' is his famous epic. He got many literary awards from home and abroad, among which Lalon Award 2009, Syed Ali Ahsan Award 2017 and Rock Pebbles International Literary Award 2017 (India) are remarkable ones. By profession, Sayeed Abubakar is an Associate Professor of English in Sirajganj Govt. College, Bangladesh.

Sayeed Abubakar
Rajshahi, Bangladesh



Tiger and Deer

Sayeed Abubakar

I asked him, "Tigers eat deer;
Nevertheless, why do the deer
Live beside the tigers?"

"They must live there; it's the law.
Tigers never attack the deer if they
Are not hungry. If the deer didn't live
Beside the tigers, they would get extinct
From the earth forever. Men would freely
Enter the forest and fetch them
To the slaughter-house carrying by
Trucks and vanish them over night."



কথায় কথায়

Supratik Sen

স্বক্ক রও, চুপ করে যাও
চুপিসারে 'চৈতন্য হও'।
কথা হলো কলহ সমান
শুধু রেশারেশি, হলাহল পান
শব্দের ওপরে জ্ঞানের অধিষ্ঠান
ব্রহ্মের অমূল্য, অপরূপ স্হান,
ভয়, দ্বন্দ্ব, ঈর্ষা হবে নিশ্চিহ্ন, স্নান
শান্তি নিশ্চিত, পাবে আলোর সঙ্কান,
নিশ্চিত হবে দেহ, মন, প্রাণ,
নিত্য কর পবিত্র নিঃশব্দ স্নান।

স্বক্ক রও, চুপ করে যাও
ঠাকুরের কথামূতের ধারায়
থাকো রসে বশে, উন্মত্ত নেশায়।
জর্জরিত কথার আবর্জনার বোঝায়
ক্ষতবিক্ষত তুমি কথায় কথায়,
তাকে তাই দিয়ে চিরবিদায়,
চির বিসর্জন, চুপিচুপি 'চৈতন্য হও'।



Supratik Sen is a full-time writer who writes fiction, non-fiction, poems in Bengali, his mother-tongue, English and in French. He has four books to his credit, one authored by him and three are translations from English towards French and Benglai. His poems have appeared in many anthologies.

Supratik Sen

Kolkata, West Bengal, India



Caught in the debris of words

Supratik Sen

Quiet please, be quiet,
drown in silence, and slowly
discover consciousness.
Petty conversations, a mere
step towards conflicts,
it has only reaped competitions,
intoxicated in an exchange
of poisonous potions;
it had polluted sounds
where reside true wisdom;
the seat of Brahma's
unique, priceless kingdom,
an ambit where disappear
jealousy, discords, fear;
where peace, that inevitably
leads from darkness
to enlightenment, prevails;
rest assured, your body, mind,
and spirit will be freed from
disease, if in every moment,
you bathe in the pure,
quiet of silence.

Quiet please, be quiet
be in tune with Thakur's
Kathamrita*, settle down
in the juice of the elixir,
stay inebriated in insane
bliss of silence; caught in
the debris of words,
you are ruined, bruised;
therefore, bid adieu to
meaningless, deadly, lethal
letters; like a thief, surreptitiously
steal into consciousness
and experience the phenomenal,
supreme happiness.

沉入海底的旋貝螺

Tzemin Tsai

心愛的旋貝螺，從我手中滑落
就在我清理那如螺紋般的思緒時
它沒有直直地落入海底
它激起螺旋般的水紋
它試圖吹出最後一口聲響
在海水以螺旋般的姿勢吞沒它之前

裸露著身子，我奮不顧身躍入水中
搶救我的旋貝螺
它正以快速旋轉的方式，往海的更深處
我使盡力氣沒讓身子隨波逐流
屏息卻敏捷地跟著它
不理會肺裡的氧氣，一分一秒無情地耗損

當我的手再度接觸到我的旋貝螺
冰冷與旋轉的壓力差點就擊退了我
它哀怨地對著我喃喃地說你回去吧
不要管我了
人類不再像從前那般珍惜，海岸上的青苔礁石

試圖讓你腦中的思緒不再旋轉
你一定可以理解
不再有垃圾、空瓶與塑膠的沙土才是我的家



Dr. Tzemin Tsai is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), the Chief Editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for Chinese Language Monthly. His literary creation specializes and demonstrates his expertise in the description of nature, the anatomy of emotion and humanity, life writing, graphic writing, cross-domain writing and so on. Dr. Tsai has won many domestic and international awards, and has been published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries in more than 20 languages. His major works in literature include: "Angel Heart", "My Kick, Kick, Kick", "The Wind Passes Through the Bamboo Forest", "The Mirror in Heart Bottom, The Fog Full of Sky!", etc.

Tzemin Tsai
Changhua City, Taiwan



Spiral Conch Sinking to the Bottom of the Sea

Tzemin Tsai

My beloved spiral conch, slipped from my hand
Just when I tried to cleaned up the thoughts that were entangled like spiral lines
It didn't fall straight to the bottom of the sea
It aroused spiral water patterns
It tries to make the last sound
Before the sea swallows it in a spiral posture

Naked body, I rushed into the water desperately
To rescue my spiral conch
It's spinning faster and faster, going deeper into the sea
I tried my best to refuse to let my body drift with the flow
Hold my breath but follow it quickly
Ignore the oxygen in the lungs, and ruthlessly consume it every minute

When my hand touches my snail again
The cold and spinning pressure almost knocked me back
It sadly murmur to me that you go back
Leave me alone
Humans no longer cherish the moss reefs on the coast as they did before

You should try to keep your mind from spinning
You will be able to understand
Only the seabed beach without garbage, empty bottles and plastic is my home

农事

Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang

01

镰刀锄头拖拉机已不谙农事
稻田高粱地都浇灌了水泥
拉磨的老驴和空空的磨盘相视无语
农妇挎上爱马仕与马毫无关系

02

我剥着蒜皮看她泡在英伦下午茶里
新做的法式指甲里还藏着中国的土地
我想问一些农事比如大蒜的种植
我想在窗台的花池栽种一点实际的意义

03

种在花池和大田里的蒜苗长势肯定不同
可否在温哥华的阳光里试试韭菜和大葱
她用粉底霜遮住乡村日光留在脸上的传奇
反问我怎样烘焙正宗的松饼或马卡龙



Yu Xiu (宇秀), Chinese Canadian originally from Shanghai China currently resides in Vancouver, Canada. She received her university education first in linguistics & literature and then in script writing from Beijing Film Academy. She is a lifetime member of the Overseas Chinese Women Writers Association, as well as a member of the Chinese Canadian Writers Association. Her works are collected in 60 different anthologies. "A Shanghai Lady and Her Afternoon Tea" and "A Shanghai Lady in Vancouver" are two of her bestselling books sparking an afternoon tea fervor in the book market and urban life with profound impact on her many readers.

Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang
North Vancouver, Canada



About Farming

(Translation of Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang Chinese Poem is done by Howard Huang)

Yu Xiu (Rosemary) Wang / Howard Huang

1.

No sickle, hoe nor tractor knows how to till any more
Underneath the concrete and steel, lie the rice paddy and the sorghum field
The old donkey and the empty grinding stone are left alone, gazing at each
other wordless The farmwife slings on a Hermes, which has nothing to do
with horses *

2.

I peel the garlic , watching her indulged in English afternoon tea
Dirt from China lodged under her French-style nails that are newly done
I want to ask about farm work like how to grow garlic
I want to sow in a flower pot on the window sill, something pragmatic

3.

Garlic grown in a flower pot or the field will differ definitely
Will chives and Chinese scallions thrive in the sun of Vancouver , I can try then
With base cream to conceal the legend, still visible on her face from the burning
sun in the country
She asks me instead how to bake the authentic muffins or macarons in modern
pantry

VRAŽJI POLJUBAC

Zoran Mimica

Neka idu Đavlu svi oni što nas truju:
 Kemijskim zrakama na nebu što ih avioni ispuštaju
 Pušaći što dime i pluća nam suše pa onda svi oni drugi
 I tako, svega mi je već pomalo dosta.....
 Bogu dragi, Vragu mili, Bogumili..a eto...i neće Đavo u koprive
 Ma nemoj me strašit jer je strah od smrti gori od same smrti
 Piju i puše, dušu mi suši, o žene, istrošene a opet žele mene
 Samo mene, jer mene voli dragi Bog, Šiva, Krišna, Rama, Isus.....
 Ma nije važno koji, jer Bog ne pomaže protiv vraga, nemoćan je....
 Sad još ta Corona, ha ha ha.....umrijeti je lako sad...
 Muha mi na ekranu pleše, odnijet će je hladno vrijeme
 Prije nego je ubijem, u facu mi se zalijeće.....
 Pu erh čaj, dušu mi daj, tijelo nedaj...
 Tjelesa ima a duše nema, svi se nude a nitko ne traži
 I onaj tko je ovisnik o navici isto traži.....sve je dakle išlo Đavlu i
 Ide još više---pa nas nema više poštenih u doba zvano „poslije istine“
 Zašto smo se uopće rodili kad nas neće biti?
 I zašto smo živili kad vrijeme će nas „spriti“ ?
 Gle! Boje na jesenskom nebu – zalaz sunca šum pun odraza kemijskih oblaka!
 Barem neka ljepota od zagađivanja!



Dr. Zoran Jivo Mimica, a PhD, has been writing haiku since his 20s and has published a book of haiku under the title "Without Keys" in USA (2013). About himself he says, "Actually I have been a "homeless mind", that means there is no place that attracts me so much that I feel at home. I was a lawyer and now I act as a philosopher. I have three children and a grandson and live between Vienna and Zagreb." Dr. Mimica has retired from professional work since August, 2019 and now spends his time travelling leisurely.

Zoran Mimica
 Zagreb, Croatia



„Devil's Kiss“

Zoran Mimica

Let those who are poisoning us go to Hell
With resistant chemtrails from planes
Smoking bodies and the rest of it
I'm sick of everything
Dear To God, sympathetic to devil
Do not frighten me – fear of death is worse than death alone
Though God cannot help against devil of this material world
The only relief is that „all things must pass“, like George Harrison
Hare Krishna Beatle boy says
And even the Corona will pass – like Gheto and
Auschwitz – quarantine and border closures will pass
Look! A fly walks on my screen and then dances and buzzes
while I drink pu-erh tea
And autumn sky is pictured with chemtrail
clouds narrow like a pencil – Alas. Homer I feel to be in me when
I see the sea for the first time, and now there is something beautiful
in artificial clouds
in October sunset in Mimice, „the place of
absolute beauty“ ----- according to Alberto Fortis...and so on.....it
does not help, Devil prevails.....but we hope for the best.....in vain
..... who knows?!

The Rhythm of the Earth

Agnieszka Herman

Just hug the tree
especially when the wind
is blowing strong
The earth is pulsating in it
My heart wants to keep up
I feel two souls within me
there are me and god
the body has an expiration date
god is immortal



Agnieszka Herman, a Polish poetess, journalist and a graphic designer, has published "The Sun Exploded" (Warsaw, 1990), "Written by the light" (Warsaw, 1995) "The hardest thing is walking in the middle of me day during the fall" (Warsaw, 2015), and "The crosscut point" poems collected in Bulgarian (2018). Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, Bulgaria, India, Turkish, Japan, Kingdom of Great Britain, Ukraine and USA. She is a member of Polish Haiku Association. She cooperates with large publishing houses in Poland that project book covers. She is the author of cover designs, among others to world bestsellers.

Agnieszka Herman
Masovie, Poland



Trees

Amanita Sen

The visit is long due,
to the trees father planted
decades ago in lure of
a permanent address here,
long after he will cease to be.
They were deodar saplings.
“These will grow sturdy, tall”,
he said, “will remind you of me,”
with a father’s smile tossing lightly
the idea of mortality like adding
the necessary herb to a dish.
Time guides you through transience.
For all that outlives temporality
with their sage-like countenance, I wish
I could pay a last visit, to the trees.



Amanita Sen's first book of poems 'Candle in My Dream' was published by Writer's Workshop. Her poems have been published in several journals, both print and online ones in her country India, and abroad. She works as a mental health professional, is married and lives in Kolkata.

Amanita Sen
Kolkata, West Bengal, India



Water

Anuradha Bhattacharyya

Alkaline abundance
Calcium rich
Chlorine cleansed
Home of Posidonia
Covering the earth's surface
Air, life and soil
Rinsing our bodies
Of residual elements
Uplifting mortal
Activities,
With that carnal savior
We play
Destroy
Reform
Reinvent our needs.
We seduce water
Into refreshing us
And in return
Rob and
Devastate her.
by
Anuradha



Dr. Anuradha Bhattacharyya is a recipient of the Best Book Award-2016 from Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi for her novel One Word. She is a widely published poet and has 7 books to her credit.

Anuradha Bhattacharyya
Chandigarh, India



Make a Wish

Ashok Bhargava

The earth, sky, ether,
the raindrops are
my friends.
I catch
tiny drops of water.
They escape
from my fist and
become vapours.
They fly to heavens
and shine when they fall
as raindrops
asking me
to make a wish.
If every raindrop becomes
a pearl inside of an oyster, I'll
wish to be water.



Ashok Bhargava is a prolific poet, an inspiring writer, public speaker and a community activist. Writing in English and Hindi, he has published several collections of his poems. He is a founding-president of WIN: Writers International Network and GOPI: Group of Poets International.

He has been an honored guest to literary conferences in Turkey, Italy, India, South Korea and the Philippines. He is recipient of Poets without Borders Peace Award, Washington USA, Nehru Humanitarian Award, University of BC Canada, Poet Laureate, Axlepin, Philippines and Uluslararsi Sair Award, Istanbul, Turkey.

Ashok Bhargava
vancouver, Canada



We, with selfish motives


Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana

Having pounded the surface and the sea,
Having contaminated the air and the space,
Having destructed the forests and the terrains,
Having encroached the soaring mountains;
We, with selfish motives and ill-intentions
Have created a wave of ecological devastation.
We have peeled nature's unbound beauty
We have devastated invaluable resources,
We have polluted life-giving environment,
We have polluted pure water resources;
Yes, with selfish motives and ill-intentions
Have created a wave of ecological devastation.
We have invaded all the living species,
We have infiltrated all the green valleys,
Least concerned about the future impact
We have played havoc with environment;
Yes, with selfish motives and ill-intentions
Have created a wave of ecological devastation.
With perfect approach and perfect action,
With environment and ecology concern,
Let us all, act perfect, for a future perfect
To perfectly balance the ecological imbalances;
Yes, without selfish motives or any ill-intentions
Let us inspire others to save our next generations.



Dr. Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana is a writer, poet and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City, INDIA. Composing poetry for the past 30 years, Ashok has the rare distinction of over 1800 of his poems getting published in various literary magazines, newspapers, journals, e-zines, anthologies etc. in no less than 90 countries. As of now, SEVEN out of Ashok's 18 volumes of English poetry have been published, and 12 spiritual-related books have been translated by him from Telugu to English language. For his poetry contributions to promote Universal Peace, World Brotherhood, Environment Consciousness, Protection of Nature, Safeguarding Children's Rights etc., Mr. Ashok has been conferred with several prestigious national and international awards, FOUR Doctorates and quite a lot of citations & commendations.

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana
Hyderabad, India



The Empty Nest

Ayo Ayoola-Amale

We had birds staring at us.
We had no common things like birdsongs.
We had no culture ripe with seeds like pawpaw.
We had souls piled up, thick, sinking like RMS Titanic,
running in the dark places, deepening.
We had a felled tree nestled in a clay pit near the hamlet
that took a nearby cane and started beating us;
beating every single person who violated her and the species
who closed doors to living lush shrubbery with wings and sound,
who closed doors made each to each by nature, profound,
who witnessed the last glow of the huge seas grieve,
beating everyone who ripped her soul austere.
She tore us into so many pieces and lay our shit bare like anthills.
We looked like frightened rats chased by wild cats
Farting. Loudly. Letting out fart so loudly. The loud fart hurried all around
with birds flying to their nests soulless
empty of a living force, empty of fresh nature that is their own and light,
in the heart of thundering glooms of night
under the rising and the setting sun, we felt abnormal at home.
We turned to other things.



Dr. Ayo Ayoola-Amale is a creative director, author, painter, poet and spoken word artist. She is the Founder of Splendors of Dawn Poetry Foundation and the Muse of Peace and Poetic Harmony. also known as Pacifist Poet and is acknowledged as a poet for positive social change. Her poems are concerned with confronting the problem of violence, racism and the breakdown of human community. She is the author of poetry books and many other scholarly works. Her poems and other literary works have appeared in several international and national anthologies, magazines and Journals.

Ayo Ayoola-Amale
Westlands, Ghana



Nature's fury

Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar

Nature nurtures and nestles the earth
To ensure long survival of human race
Beauty and bounty abound everywhere
It is bathed and basked in God's grace.

Nature actuates her constructive forces
All around people with a pleasing clime
Nature activates her destructive forces
If enraged by inhuman acts of the time.

Nature's retaliatory wrath springs out
Tsunami, cyclones, and conflagration
All generations of the scientific breeds
Mourn bleeding in massive devastation.

Nature's fury didn't even let off Shiva
Who was blinded by the dance of death
Around His own temple, in own country
His eyes shut by fear holding His breath.



Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar, a well-known trilingual poet (Maithili, Hindi and English), critic and reviewer, has to his credit two collections of poems in English: *Soothing Serenades: Straight from the Heart* (2018) and *Two Indias and Other Poems* (2019). One of his poems on Nelson Mandela is included in the academic syllabus prescribed for the school students of Philippines. He is also a contributor to journals like *The Criterion: An International Journal in English*, *IJML (International Journal on Multicultural Literature)*, *The Anvil (Forum of Literature & Academic Research in English)*, *Harvests of New Millennium*, *The Interiors*, *Taj Mahal Review*, *IJES (The Indian Journal of English Studies)* etc. His poems have been published in reputed national and international anthologies. Bhaskar currently works and resides in Mumbai.

Bhaskaranand Jha Bhaskar
MUMBAI, MAHARASHTRA, India



The Dead Spring

Bibhudatta Mohanty

I remember requesting grandma, one day,
to breast-feed me while I was a grown-up child.
She didn't 'use to have' milk those days; she denied.
I wasn't prepared to believe.

I grumbled, sulking for some time. Bed time
and I had my compensation in stories of yore,
of princes, demons and fairies, fuels for a colourful dream.

At Raj-Ranpur, the old speak of the perennial springs
of the Maninag hill, its famed orchards
of mango and jack fruit, the dense forest,
the elephants and other wild animals, the kings
and their saga of glamour and adventure,
the goddess atop the hill and her benevolence— endless,
enchanting episodes of the old kingdom, its peculiar people.

They are all silhouettes through a mist
of distant memories now.
Raj-Ranpur has grown into a bustling town;
the hills now stand barren, carved with gullies.
Grandma and grand nature, both
are now memories of past, unforgettable.



Bibhudatta Mohanty, poet and translator, was born at Puri, a small sea-side city of Odisha, famous for the temple of Lord Jagannath and its beautiful sea-beach. Mohanty's gradual experience of human nature and the subsequent discovery of its greatness, failings and hypocrisies led him more to the estrangement of a witness which reflects in his poems besides his deep faith in a supernatural power and concern for fellow human beings. Well published in international journals and anthologies, he has six volumes to his credit and has represented in a few International Writers' meet. Currently serving as the Principal, Delhi Public School, Pakur, he stays in Kolkata with his wife Jayalaxmi and son Om Pritam.

Bibhudatta Mohanty
West Bengal, Kolkata, India



Let's learn from the school of Nature

Biswanath Kundu

Fated are we as an eternal child to Nature
Reminded, when we boast of our stature
After a little success in unfolding mystery-
Instances are countless in books of history.

Vagaries of Nature are difficult to peruse
Displeased, plans of revelry are of no use
Sketches of making wonders fade away soon-
Famed one is found reduced into a helpless loon.

Must it's, to learn lessons from the school of Nature
Followed, faster are we on way to be the best creature
Of the creation- offering a smiling environ all around
With an access to the bests of others hidden or found
Wherein stands zeroed false shouts or baseless doubt;
So let's deck ourselves from within and from without.



Biswanath Kundu, a science graduate and an Accounts Official in Indian Railways, is an author of eleven books, five of them being books of poems. His poems and articles have been published in different prestigious anthologies and internationally famous journals. He has co-authored two books of criticism: *Decoding Happy Isle – A Golden treasury of Contemporary Indian English Poetry on peace AND On A Few Gems from the Rock Pebbles* with Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya.

Biswanath Kundu
Mumbai, Maharashtra, India



The birds' hearts

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Don't scare my birds away, please,
they are so tired after the long trip.
They perched on the apple tree, and
will surely be sleeping there tonight.

Let them dream about the dreamland,
so far distant and so wonderful,
where life flows very slowly,
and there is no violence at all.

Where the forests are still virgin
and blue lagoons up to the sky.
The sea of grass to the line of the horizon.
Are there such places yet on the Earth?

They are definitely in the birds' hearts,
and they are in our deepest dreams,
the reality is cruel and won't change, as
the men kill the surrounding world each day.



Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak, born in Opole, Poland, migrated to Great Britain in 2004. She has published seven volumes of poetry; four in Polish and three in English, a novel and a few short story collections. Her work may be found in numerous worldwide anthologies and magazines. She is a winner of many poetry competitions and a proud holder of many diplomas, awards, and distinctions. Bozena Helena has worked very hard at doing just that and her poetry is now read in many poetry journals and publications around the world. Member of Union of Polish Writers' Abroad, Polish Authors' Association, and Association of American Poets. Her poetry was translated into 20 languages. She is also a translator to fellow poets and translates from and into English.

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
Reigate, United Kingdom



Sonnet - Preserve Nature and Life on Earth Lasts Long

Celestine Raj Manohar A.

God made the earth best place for man to live,
With air to breathe and water found just here;
The sun and rain, no planet else can give;
Its flora, fauna unique makes it dear!

Man's habitat, no other place can be;
The earth has beauty, all things that man needs;
The forest's home to wild beasts, insects, tree;
The soil grows crops and fauna/mankind feeds.


Alas! Man ruins Nature that God made!
The air has smog and seas are spilled with oil;
The plastics, ozone hole can never fade;
Man's works does always earth's sanctity spoil.

Align with Nature, lead a happy life;
Destroying her unleashes only strife!



Dr.Celestine A. Raj Manohar M.D. (General Medicine) Pen Name: 'Dr John Celes' was born on 14-02-1957 Valentine's Day at Coimbatore.He finished his UG and PG studies in Coimbatore,Tamilnadu, India; Became a Physician, Professor of Medicine and Former Dean at IRT Perundurai Medical College and Hospital; continues to work as a Medical Teacher at KFMSR,CBE. He is a web-famous prolific Poet writing in English for more than 22 years, with a total of more than 4500 poems since 1997,and more than 1775 Sonnets to his credit.

Celestine Raj Manohar A.
Coimbatore, Tamilnadu, India



A Green Swan

Channah Moshe


Raging fires
Smoldering volcanoes
erupting to life
chasing those fleeing
If we are victims
it is of our insouciance
vandalizing nature
enslaving higher values
for opulence and comfort

The water level ascending to drown
islands one at a time
The temperatures rising
one-to-two degrees a decade
Can these be nature's built-in cycles?
Or are the increasing carbon fumes
expanding 4G and 5G radiation towers
and the mounds of rubbish
silently shipped to Africa
what we are bequeathing
to tomorrow's generations?



Born in Jerusalem, Israel. her formative years were spent in London and La-Tour-de-Peilz. Currently She resides and works in Jerusalem as an editor and translator. At the age of twenty-two. She left for The American University in Washington DC, where She accomplished a B.A. in Psychology, a Certificate for Teaching English as a Second Language and a Master's degree in Fine Arts. Writing is her nirvana. She is fortunate to have had poems published in the US, UK, India, Italy and on the Internet. Short stories and interviews, she conducted and wrote appeared in the In Jerusalem section of The Jerusalem Post.

Channah Moshe
Jerusalem, Israel



Haiku on Covid-19 K V Dominic

Dominic K. V.

Man: Aren't we your dearest?
God: It's your ego tells you so
All my creations darling to me
Man complains to God:
Are we fated to live with mask?
God: Enough you polluted air
Earth to human beings:
Except you all are happy now
Reward for your crimes
God to human beings:
Mask you wear is punishment
For masking in your lives
Earth to human beings:
You wash your hands for survival
Crimes' blood still remains
Animals warn humans:
Exploit more you perish more
Creator protects us
Animals to humans:
You are caged and we are free
Tit for tat, mind you!



Prof. Dr. K. V. DOMINIC (b. 1956), English poet, critic, editor and short story writer is a retired professor of the PG & Research Department of English, Newman College, Thodupuzha, Kerala, India - 685585. He has authored/edited 40 books including two short story collections and eleven books of poems—six in English and one each translation in French, Hindi, Bengali, Tamil and Gujarati. There are five critical books on his poetry. He is the Secretary of Guild of Indian English Writers, Editors and Critics (GIEWEC) and Editor of two international refereed biannual journals—Writers Editors Critics (WEC) and International Journal on Multicultural Literature (IJML). PhD/M Phil researches have been done on his poetry.

Dominic K. V.
Thodupuzha, KL, India



Nature at its Best

Eden Trinidad

The chilling breeze shroud my bare nape.
My sleepy crown stood like a cape.
The horrendous laugh of a tropical cyclone
brought forth the Niagara falls in forlorn.

I heard the cold-deep breath longing
of the scenic-legendary Mt. Makiling,
and the heart-wrenching explosions of our Taal volcano,
peppered ashes all over the lake within a lake and, I shouted, Oh, no!

Then the eye-blinding lightning forks
rocketing with all force shocking the white storks,
earth has shaken again and again as sirens wail
engulfing and striking like a dragon hail.
My mind scream, will lives on earth end soon?

We now think of our environment and the next generation.
then;
My vision brought me to the lap of nature,
as diamond fell from its denim blue azure.

Romancing with the flowers of many hues
produces honey from Cerana bees,
The eggs of the squirming fishes and squids
perfectly nestled in the sea garden beds.

The third planet will not come to an end.
Let's bow our heads with our knees bend!



Eden Soriano Trinidad, LittD, PhD hails from the Philippines. She is the School Director of Lucio Abrigo Memorial Learning Center, Inc In San Agustin Iba, Zambales. She is an International poet, translator, entrepreneur, International humanitarian and peace Ambassador.

The only Filipino International poet guest at the 12th Guntur International Poetry Festival (GIPF) held in Guntur College at Guntur Andra, Pradesh, and the Poetry on Wheels at Hyderabad India on September 19-23, 2019.

Eden Trinidad
Zambales, Philippines



We have to do better

Edward Roberts

No matter where you live
On this small planet we call Earth
We both breathe the same air
We both drink the same water
And though it might appear different
We both till the same soil
In the end
There is only a certain amount of air
That surrounds our Earth
In the end
There is a limited amount of fresh water
And no matter how hard we try
We cannot create more soil
There are only so many trees
There are only so many fish in the waters
And if we destroy this precious air around us
All of this will end
Including you, me, and all who we love
We have to do BETTER
No matter where you live
On this small planet we call Earth
We both breathe the same air
We both drink the same water
And though it might appear different
We both till the same soil
In the end
There is only a certain amount of air
That surrounds our Earth
In the end
There is a limited amount of fresh water
And no matter how hard we try
We cannot create more soil
There are only so many trees
There are only so many fish in the waters
And if we destroy this precious air around us
All of this will end
Including you, me, and all who we love
We have to do BETTER



Ed Roberts is an American author and poet who has released nine books of poetry to date, two of which he received Pulitzer Prize nominations. He has had poems published in different magazines and web sites in over a dozen different countries. His main website www.edrobertspoetry.com features links to his Amazon author page, an entry in Wikipedia, a link to his YouTube page which has over a dozen poetry videos, a link to a radio interview with the American Perspective Talk Radio Show, and a link to his main poetry page. In this year's 'Amaravati Poetic Prism', Ed has his poem appearing in both the Cherokee language as well as the English translation here. This is the first of his poems ever to be translated into Cherokee.

Edward Roberts

Yukon, Oklahoma, U S A



The earth cries out

Elisabetta Bagli

My clothes are ripped.
You have loved and destroyed me.
You have filled my belly with seeds,
watering it with blood without giving life.

My sweat has evaporated
my waters have dried up.

You have ravenously pulled out
my roots, letting your unconsciousness
enslave you to your whims.

Hunter of the ephemeral
you forget my embraces of light,
the green of my hair, the blue of my eyes.
Don't hurt me again.

Don't keep tearing me apart
and inoculating me poisons.

Hear my sad lament
Don't be a victim of your thoughts.
Open your soul and let you live me.

Make water of roses come out of your steps.
Make branches of love grown from your arms.



Elisabetta Bagli was born in Rome (Italy) and she has lived in Madrid (Spain) since 2002. She has a degree in Economics and Business from La Sapienza in Rome. She is a writer of poetry, short stories and essays and she is also a translator and interpreter of Spanish. Some of her poems and writings have been translated into thirteen languages. She is the author of several poetry books, a compilation of stories, a children's book, and articles and essays for newspapers and digital magazines around the world. Operating in more than a hundred national and international anthologies.

Elisabetta Bagli
Madrid, Madrid, Spain



Lament of the Trees

Elizabeth Kurian 'Mona'

Please listen to our lament Oh Homo Sapiens!
We inhabited the earth before you were born
We bound the ground together with our roots
We gave shelter and food to many creatures
But you had no gratitude nor compassion


You cut us down to create concrete jungles
You had no shelter when rains caused floods
You wielded the axe wantonly on many of us
For the construction of extensive wide roads
Rash vehicles created pollution and collision

Still there is time, try to mend your ways
To partly repair the damage you've caused
Give proper attention to the environment
Do not dare to destroy nature beyond limits
Lest along with it, you too face destruction



Elizabeth Kurian 'Mona', a recipient of awards from Urdu Academy Hyderabad and Lucknow, is a multilingual poet who writes/translates in English, Hindi, Urdu, Telugu, Malayalam and Marathi. She has thirteen books to her credit that include 'Beyond Images', Sapne Marusthal Mein, Muhobbat Ke Saaye (with illustrations by artist Sushil Thapa, Kathmandu, Nepal), Kakhashaan, Husne-ghazal-Beauty of the ghazal, Zauqe-Justju , Qause-Qazaan and her translations. She was conferred the Rabindranath Tagore Award 2017-International by www.xpresscommunications.com for her English ghazal. She has taken voluntary retirement from Reserve Bank of India and devotes her time to literary activities.

Elizabeth Kurian 'Mona'
Hyderabad, Telangana, India



Tapestry

Geethanjali Dilip

Twilight seeps through a tapestry of a day that strode,
Descending with the pulse of hearts in a beaten road,

Where feet scribe sagas spun with plots self written,
And light dims itself at the close of day with an earth smitten,

Smog and dreams go up in a puff as the sun goes down,
A noisy metropolis will soon transform into a slumbering town,

Voices to hush down in spaces of their own comfort zone,
Imparting unheard lessons where a mind reiterates in a monotone,

As mute as they seem so high above the din,
Here is life with rustle of leaves breathing in a foliage beyond sin,

A witness that takes the heat and dust of a race,
Home to songbirds that return having left songs in skies with no trace.



Geethanjali Dilip is a published poet with four co-authored anthologies *Between Moms and Sons I and II*, *The Virtual Reality* and *Plant Poetry* to her credit in collaboration with several prolific and talented poets. She is a recipient of 'The Reuel International Award for Poetry' as well as an awardee in the category of commendable mention for her poem at 'The Great Indian – Poetry Contest'. She has curated 'Plant Poetry Festival' at Yercaud In July 2018 and Float Poetry Fest of The Yercaud Poetry Festival 2019 in July. She heads Zone Francophone at Salem, Tamil Nadu where she teaches French.

Geethanjali Dilip
Salem, Tamil Nadu, India



Money Has No Eyes To See

Gino Leineweber

The mangroves' roots efficiently taking up the wave energy from the sea
In the slowed down tidal water build their own sylvan environments
Offer a quiet marine region as a home for crabs, and shrimps, and oysters
Protected from erosion and storms in their intricate mesh on the muddy bottoms

Even when the obvious forest that rises out of the water is right in front of it
Money does not see or know nor notices the reality of a unique ecosystem
Money worries about its own multiplication and what matters in the case
of mangroves is that It cannot build a hotel in this area and plant sun chairs
and umbrellas for tourists

But that can be changed: the beach where the money comes from can be stretched
One day the trucks, and bulldozers, and caterpillars start to tear down the plants
Fill up the children's rooms of young crabs and oysters with sand and stones
Build a fence and wait for construction machinery, for the swarms of tourists

Money does not have eyes to see, but it is always on the go
With its timid nervous system, it doesn't really need a tsunami to leave
The fence is down now and no sun chairs replace the trees, but garbage does,
Where years ago trees grew and crabs were munching on the mangrove leaves



Gino Leineweber has been active as a writer since 1998. From 2003 to 2008, he was Editor J Editor-in-Chief of the Buddhist Monthly Magazine (Buddhistische Monatsblätter), from 2003 to 2015 the Chairman of the Writers Association Hamburg (Hamburger K Autorenvereinigung) and thereafter the Honorary Chairman. Since 2013, he has been the President of the Three Seas Writers' and Translators' Council (TSWTC) based in Rhodes, Greece. He is also a Member in German Exile-PEN. (PEN-Zentrum deutschsprachiger Autoren im Ausland).

Gino Leineweber
Hamburg, Germany



My World

Gopal Lahiri

I want to live in a world with frog croaks get louder
in mystical undertones,
more leaves, more native forest, more beds of green grass,
flocks of birds get larger,
I want to stand on my tiptoes and ready to play around.

All the hidden alphabets slip out of dust and haze
reminding those scared faces, those empty eyes,
there are holes in the distant stars-
sunrays fail to pierce the layers of darkness,
I will never live in that world.

Child on the chest and listen to mother's song
that drifts her towards the rest.
The serenade lives on, persists and persists,
simmering in rhythm and cadence,
I love to see that security, that homecoming.



Gopal Lahiri is a bilingual poet, writer, editor, critic and translator and publishes both in Bengali and English language. He has authored seven volumes of poetry in Bengali and nine volumes in English and has jointly edited one anthology of poems in English and published one translation work. His poetry is also published across various anthologies as well as in eminent journals of India and abroad. His poems are also translated in Hindi, French, Spanish, Bengali and Urdu. He is the recipient of the Poet of the Year Award-2016 in Destiny Poets. UK. He has guest-edited the poetry section of 'Setu' journal for the January, 2019 Issue.

Gopal Lahiri
West Bengal, India.



The Edge

Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy

Shiny like a block of white camphor,
The cold glaciers reflect the bright sun,
And burn and melt with the flame of the gasses we have unleashed
And the protective layers were quickly extinguished
By our cold boxes and the development we claimed.
How long before it all begins to burn out?
We balance on a razor blade on this mountaintop
Struggling to not fall apart or away on either side,
And not to cut ourselves, as we push for growth, and dig worldwide.
A harsh reality is we foster only what we need.
Who decides what plant to grow? What animal to save, or what forest to make ash?
Our demands, our choices, our eyes and ears
Quickly turn only to utilities, and the mathematical logistic;
And in this uncertain and harrowing pandemic,
Humanity's hands itch to grasp nature's bounties to feed our hungry bellies.
Where is time for ecological morality when we face our own mortality?
But like the seed of a ripe and fragrant fruit, we have potential,
To blunt the razor's edge into a sustainable platform as we work for nature.
The fruits of our labour for the earth arriving long after expected,
But are sweet and safe in taste and scent for others after us...



Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy has been published in various International anthologies of poetry including *Posy of Poesy* (2009), *Poet's Paradise* (2010), *The Dance of the Peacock* (2013). *Amaravati Poetic Prism* published annually from 2015 onwards, *WWW- Women Wit & Wisdom* (2017), and online journals such as *Muse India* since the age 0112. A painter, violinist and vocalist, she loves exploring ancient sciences and wisdom, nature, and depicting various aspects of the human experience, especially the tones of emotion. She has an academic background in biotechnology and management, and has found her passion in the profession of Counselling and Psychotherapy.

Hiranya Aditi Godavarthy
Hyderabad, Telangana, India



Nature Heals Itself

Huzaiifa Haryanawala

Key to the success of life,
Is forgotten always in time.
And the God has a wonderful way,
In keeping hurdles at bay.
Reminders and warning,
Ignored and put on snooze.
Finally the morning star,
Of a pandemic is to arise.
Humans forgot to wake up,
On time and prepare.
But He up and above,
Doesn't want, and never will,
Want us to lose hope in despair.
Nature heals itself,
Always and even now.
The ever silent knows to shout,
Where, when and how.
Amazon, Black summer
Ever melting glaciers and much more,
O' Human kind, be kind.
For you are the often destroyers,
And from within you are the ultimate saviors.



Huzaita Haryanawala is a teacher and a multi-lingual poet in English, Arabic, Hindi & Urdu with-- several awards and positions in literary circle. He considers humility and humbleness the most needed quality in a human being to succeed. A very silent person but shouts with his pen.

Huzaiifa Haryanawala
MUMBAI, Maharashtra, India



God Help Us Protect Your Environment and Your Ecology!

Joseph Spence Sr

God, the incredible and reverend creator of heaven, earth, and humanity
God, the maker of the trees, flowers, butterflies, roses, and clean air
God, the inspirator of life, living, loving, and a clean environment for all
God, the architect of our environment, ecosystem, pollution control, and ecology
Give unto humanity Your will to live and abide with Your peace and grace.

Okay, our environment with Your riches and glory for all eyes to see
Offer our ecosystem the flourishing growth of grace for humanity
Observe and bless our habitat with bird's sweet song, chirps, and fluttering wings
Oxygenate our abode with love, humility for humanity, and gracefulness
Ordain humanity with Your will to live, abide, and protect our environment.


Develop our ecology with Your grace, botany, and natural nature of serenity
Develop our vegetation to sustain life and health with the growth of naturalness
Develop our pathology with the genetics of inspiration, godliness, and cleanliness
Develop our resources, pleasing the eyes with Your bewilderment to humanity
Develop in humanity Your will to live, abide, and protect our lovely ecology.

Give us Your peace, love, and understanding to live graciously in our environment
Resurrect in us Your knowledge, security, and presence to flourish our environment
Always be with us to sustain your ecology with life's glorious beautification
Create in us Your mindfulness with graceful ecological light of inspirational beauty
Elevate minds to seek You, beautify your environment, and preserve your ecology!



Joseph S. Spence, Sr., invented Epulaeryu Poetry' genre. His writings have appeared globally in journals, anthologies, magazines, U. S. Army, and newspapers. He retired from the U.S. Army as an officer, taught at Bryant and Stratton University, and is a Goodwill Ambassador, Arkansas. USA. He has received many poetry awards notably Noble Star for Literature 2018. arid Living Legend at the 21st Century (India); Literary Gold Badge and Ambassador De Literature (Oman); Gold Medal of Honor (Nigeria); Poetry Ambassador Medal, Independent Poet Laureate. Who's Who in Poetry (USA); and Poetry Bard (UK). He has membership in various global scholastic honor societies, served as a poet-in-residence for Saint Andrews Scottish Society. He s currently the Chief Advisor, Motivational Strips, a global forum of poets and writers.

Joseph Spence Sr
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, USA



Locked Down on Facebook during Lockdown

Kamala Wijeratne

Locked inside multi colored walls
Yours is the only face I see
A mirror of the cracked world
A montage of beauty and ugliness
Anger and hurt
Jealousy and hatred
Anxiety and complacency
Past regrets and present fears

All in all the “I” ness



Kamala Wijeratne
Kandy, Sri Lanka

Prof. Dr. Kamala Wijeratne writes poetry and short fiction primarily in English and occasionally in Sinhala too. Her poems have appeared in prestigious national and international literary journals and poetry anthologies. They are included in syllabuses of higher educational institutes in Sri Lanka as well as India. To date she has published ten volumes of poetry and 3 short story collections. She has been awarded by the Cultural Ministry of Sri Lanka for her poetry in 2004 and her short fiction in 2013. She is a recipient of the prestigious Godage prize twice in 2013 for short fiction and in 2017 for her poetry. She has been interviewed by celebrated writers like Yasmine Gunaratne and critics like Leroy Robinson. She is particularly appreciated for Srilankanizing the English Language. She is highly regarded as a teacher of English Literature and a teacher trainer of the same subject.

The Saga Of The Ganga

Krishnamacharyulu Parnasala

Heavenly snow pearls come close floating comely
Only to form into serene silver liquid timely
These countless pearls are from the anklet of Ganga the river deity
Who transforms the mortal lives into ones of the eternal piety
The liquid lives like little puddles high above the mountain
It reflects bright sun by day and cool moon at night certain
Here a puddle there a puddle all huddle a while
And linger to race with the other small pools for a long ride
Joyous down the sky kissing cool milky cliff
And along the lavishly icy rocky way rough
And over the vast bed of smooth shell like shingles
Which are waited upon by thorny thickets and brambles
And up from the edge of the slope to fall down
Roaring with a width, length and breadth onto the ground beneath
From where to swirl and whirl over the pebbly plains
And to fertile the parched fields and enlighten the worldly lives
Of those who worship graceful gods in holy shrines on the shore
And to redeem those sinful having holy dips many more
Further at times, with an excuse, to go beyond the bounds with ecstasies
Finally to savour the love and dissolve in the lulling cuddle of the swinging sea
Hark! How immortal Ganga satiates the thirst of the country plains
And how she sanctifies the faithful hearts of the simple saints



P. V. Krishnamacharyulu, hailing from Vijayawada, is a lecturer in a reputed corporate college for professional courses. Teaching is his vocation and reading and writing poetry is his avocation. As an ardent lover of literature, I enjoy all poetic forms in Telugu, his mother tongue, as well as English, the global lingua franca, to vent his ideas and ideology. My poems "The Pests of Terror", "COVID Blues" and "Boomerang" were published in IJML 10th volume edited by Prof. Dominic. Besides literature, he loves music, art and philosophy.

Krishnamacharyulu Parnasala
Vijayawada, AP, India



Rainfall

Lopamudra Mishra

when the bronze attire of the sky change it's colour to black
My pound of heart increase with the lightening spark
My feet want to free the energy which is stock up during the day
My cheeks want to cool thysself and
lips want to feel the pleasure of cool rain
In the terrace the sparkles are creating magic
A romantic aura and rousing swill
The charming breeze is making me waver
Dragging me to shiver with the enchanter
The orange skirt of mine swirl along with the wind
So is the hair tussle with wet and slippery sip
The aroma of wet mud is exciting
The melody of silver drops is stimulating
The breezy drops go up in flames for a dreamy tale
Weaving stories with you
Dreaming to dance with you
In the flare of adorable rain.



Lopamudra Mishra, a native of Puri, now residing in Bhubaneswar Odisha, completed her graduation (English Hans.) from Sailabala Women's College, Cuttack and Post-Graduation in English Literature from Ravenshaw University Cuttack She owes her fascination for writing from an early age, to her grandfather and father, Writing for her is the most powerful medium of expression. Her poems have been published in several magazines, e-zines and anthologies. She has four published poetry collections to her credit.

Lopamudra Mishra
Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



The Memento Of Ecosphere

Meenakshi Goswami

From the drizzle of the rain
To the lush green of the grain
From the crimson flares of the sun
To the orange of the autumn
From the melody of the feathered friends
To the chaotic cacophony of the throng
From the ebony of the night
To the approaching dawn's silvery light
Just as a pearl is to an oyster
We mortals are to the Nature's cloister
From the ecstasy of Joy
To the agony of sorrow
But more of good
And less of evil
Just how long before we realise
That the Almighty gave us
The bitter with the sweet
And the hot with the cold
It's all about His blessings:
"The Gift of Nature"



Meenakshi Goswami has been awarded on International Women's Day 2007 by the Indian Medical Association and on India's Republic Day 2013 by the Govt. of Assam for her dedicated service towards human resources, arts and culture. She has been awarded The State Award for Teachers by Govt. of Assam on 5th of September 2018. Meenakshi is a proud recipient of the prestigious OIL SHIKSHYA RATNA PURASKAR - 2016', In recognition of all round excellence as an educationist .She is also a recipient of the Republic Day celebration on 26th January 2019. Her debut book of poems 'The Sensuous Zephyr' was launched in Melbourne on 11th January 2014 where she was invited for poetry session. Her poems are published in the International Multilingual Anthology of poems Amravati Poetic Prism 2016 ,2017, 2018 and 2019, in Pan Indian Poetry in English Spanning First Two Decades of 21st Century, in Eastern Muse and also in many other Peer Reviewed magazines and Anthologies

Meenakshi Goswami
Tezpur, Assam, India



Nature's Engineering


Molly Joseph

Nature ! the mighty Engineer behind
all changes cataclysms, be it the pandemic,
plague or flood, to set right the world at interregnum
when human greed to dominate exceeds the bounds..
how you clean up the environment,
teaching man to hold on to essential simple ways of life...
you the change agent, show how a nano virus
destroyable in a soap bubble can teach man more
than all his skills and technology can...
the pollution index is down, rivers flow fresh
birds, animals and fish float in abandon gay
they have put a rein on rash expansion work, razing hills
filling up paddy fields , rivers.. for how long I wonder
for man's memory so short of lessons that history taught.. ..
Nature, the change agent ! you engineer so well
the old who cannot hold, fall first an easy prey,
a digicentric world opens, saving time, travel, paper waste.
the long queues at clinics have stopped, man has learnt to heal himself,
to slow down, Nature how you teach man to be at peace with himself
allowing happiness to sediment as a habit.!



Dr. Molly Joseph had her specialisation in Post war American poetry and works as Professor in English at FISAT, Kerala. She has authored Eight books of poems and a novel. She writes travelogues, short stories and is a renowned Children's writer. She has won several awards and accolades at National and International level for her literary pursuits. She attended the Kishtrec International Poetry Festival conducted by KISSI University Kenya and two other books were released by the Deputy Ambassador of Israel in Kenya. She travels around carrying her passion for writing and teaching.

Molly Joseph
Ernakulam, Kerala, India



Godly hour, Ungodly End

Namita Laxmi Jagaddeb

I wake up to the godly hour to a voice,
calling me from atop a godforsaken thatch,
a voice shrilled enough to stir up
a millennium sleep into hectic schedule;
piecing together broken dreams, and
repairing the shattered visage of togetherness;
that voice profound is not of a rooster,
fed by the passion of an old village chowkidar,
but , the true herald of the godly hour.
Obeying the voice, I step out into the open
to find the call has instant effect;
the air is thrumming with benediction of
thousand wings joining in a chorus
to the ringing of temple bells .

As the godly hour advances, minute by minute,
yoking the rural folks to activities, useful and exciting,
the rooster, content with its job well done ,
goes on overseeing the flock foraging
for worms and bugs until; it knows not why;
its beneficiaries start arming it for a strange battle
to fight, at the end of the day,
to meet the most ungodly end.



Dr. Namita Laxmi Jagaddeb is a lecturer in English at Mahima Degree College, Bijapali, Jharsuguda, Odisha (India). She writes and translates poems in Odia and English. Her poems appear in the literary journals of Odisha and in International anthologies. She has published a book translating Odia poems in English. She is an official member of World Nations Writers' Union, Kazakhstan, which conferred upon her International Diploma, 'TEMIRQAZYQ- the Best Poet-Writer of the World, 2018' and 'World Laureate in Literature-2018'. She has been participating and presenting Research Papers in different National and International Seminars and Conferences in India and abroad. She has received the Biyotkesh Tripathy Best Paper Award (Runners Up) in the International Conference, 2019, organized by Berhampur University.

Namita Laxmi Jagaddeb
Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



Stratagem

Nandita Samanta

Nature's Stratagem of continuity
It's isn't easy to destroy what is ceaseless!
Holding the orbs on the verge of creation
can you pretend to be a creator?
Within inner quietude, in all the vacuums,
the world without you never is completely empty.
In the cosmos there are signs of life
beyond any interference-
the sound of the universe is an unheard whisper.

It's sad to go clueless on a brimming day
touching the cone of the light without a dazzling glare.
It's the grief diffusing through you
of being... and not being,
living... yet, not living,
seeing, what not to see
following the forebear eyes that were blind, jaunting a forgotten trail.

There's a folly in every toil-
resulting from an existential cloy.
Earth's horizon with its noble posture
is equally as bright as it is dark!
And if the truth be stated-
cradled in time, nature is in a constant state of creation
it uproots the grip of dominance
with a rebooting arrogance.



Nandita Samanta by passion, is a poet, a short story writer, a reviewer, an artist. She practices as a parenting and relationship consultant. Her writings are published regularly in many international / national anthologies, newspapers, magazines, webzines and journals. Many of her poems have been translated into different languages. Her poetry collection, 'Scattered Moments' finds a place of honor in many prestigious libraries in Kolkata, and is also being translated into French and Bengali, both the versions would be published soon.

Nandita Samanta
Kolkata, India



Life is beautiful

Padmini Janardhanan

Life all around is and shall be beautiful.
Clear clean depolluted naturally simple
Not merely because we wistfully want it
But because deliberately we make it
Not just with resolute determined confidence
But with sensitive sensible competence.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
Life is in the mind of the experiencer
Love for life shows up its beautiful side
Not to get deterred by its other side

Day dreams now turn into goals worthy
Sumptuous smiles replacing poverty
Aligned right to the cosmic rhythm
Moving forward steady calm and firm

Shall not get submerged into the ground
Of thoughtless insensitive ugly dumps around
Not made just to grow and decay helplessly
Shall live worthy of nature-gifted beauty

Pristine nature, phoenixes indestructible
Life all around is and shall be beautiful.



Padmini Janardhanan is a rehabilitation psychologist, educational consultant and soft skills trainer. She indulges in reading a lot and writing a little of prose, poetry and short stories as a hobby. She strongly believes that literature shapes and influences all aspects of personality development and hence uses poetry, songs, wise quotations and stories extensively in counselling and training. She has published a few books including a compilation of slokas for children, less known avatars of Vishnu, The what and why of behaviour, and a Tamizh book "Vaazhvu Vallam Pera" (Towards a Fulfilling Life) and other material for training purposes.

Padmini Janardhanan
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



Rubik's Cube

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick


Nature is like the Rubik's Cube.
The flora and fauna its different colours.
The Evergreen trees the green.
The Deciduous trees with their fall colours, beautify the scene.
The mighty lion, the venomous snake or the crane.
All have an important role in the food chain.
To protect endangered species is our duty.
Conservation and preservation of all creatures and plants is a must.
The gigantic blue whale to the tiniest worm.
Each creature is important, although different in shape and form.

Nature is like the Rubik's Cube.
The man-animal interaction and man-plant interaction its different sides.
If we care for plants and them nourish.
Flowers will bloom and plants will flourish.
If we keep habitats of wild animals intact.
It will help them thrive and, on the environment, have a strong impact.
Let leopards, gorillas and tigers roam.
Let sea otters and river dolphins dance in the foam.
When all creatures and plants will no longer any danger face.
The Rubik's Cube will go click-click and the colours will fall into place.



Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick has published five books, "Stories from Fantasyland", "Lite- A Collection of Poems", "Paradigm", "The Maverick's Journey" and "The Sun through my Wine Glass". She is the Executive Editor of "Kafila Intercontinental", an international journal of literature, art and culture. Awards like Sahitya Shree, Sahitya Samman, Sahitya Bhushan, Poetess of Elegance 2019 and an award for outstanding contribution in contemporary poetry has encouraged her in her poetic journey. Some of her poems have been translated in more than 14 languages. She has had innumerable poetry events in India and abroad including a solo event in Oxford, England. She has recently started the Mumbai Chapter of IPPL (Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library).

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick
Mumbai, Maharashtra, India



Amazon is burning

Pramila Khadun

Amazon is burning and with it my heart is burning.
The fire was not created by slamming of two stones,
Nor did lightning fall from the sky to create this mayhem of ravage.
Can Planet Earth, without the Amazon be envisioned?
The nuclear superpowers committed to global security and safety of environment
Must save Amazon, the lungs of the globe.
We are living in an era of herd mentality where people care more for themselves
And lesser for what is around them.
Deforestation is affecting our oxygen supply,
Injuring our health and the pristine beauty of nature.
Our rainfall is threatened and with it our crops.
Thinkers of exceptional sensitivity, responsible botanists and men and women
Poised and savvy, shocked to the core are waiting for a panacea for this evil.
Like moth to flame, we are drawn to the illusion of materialism
At the cost of putting Mother Nature on her knees.
Amazon, like the phoenix, rise from your ashes.
The orangutans are beating their chests,
The rabbits stunned and the colorful birds are fluttering their wings in agony.
So many species of animals and plants are affected.
May nations across the globe unite their efforts to stop the burning and smoldering
Of our beautiful Amazon, so loving, so motherly. Save Amazon.



Pramila Khadun is a former educator, and an English and French poet from Mauritius. Her poems have appeared in anthologies worldwide besides magazines and e-zines. She has eleven published books to her credit and her book 'Food and Nutrition Simplified' is a best seller. She won the Reuel International prize for writing and literature in 2015.

Pramila Khadun
Port Louis, Mauritius



Colourful Bridges

Preety Sengupta

A many-splendoured presence of Peace
I seek everywhere,
Investing in many colours.
I raise my eyes, see how a bird flies
Into the mystery of the skies.
It is fearless and free
Amidst so many clouds
That are white - the colour of Peace.

I wander to the ocean, as it invites me
To the distant horizon.
It is hidden depth is all true,
It is known vastness is blue - the colour of Peace.


I am at home in fields, with the trees.
And the grass is green - the colour of Peace.
Extend your hand, join it with mine.
It is a link that will grow thicker than blood.

In many colours and hues, in many 'me's and 'you's,
There is omni-presence of Peace.
I sing and dance, dream and rejoice,
And build colourful bridges all around.



Preety Sengupta is a poet and writer with many collections of poems, essays and short Stories. Her poems have appeared in magazines and anthologies several countries, like India, Japan, Taiwan, Mongolia, England, U.S.A.; and her poems are translated in several, languages as well. Some of her poems and her books have won prizes and she is invited to read at Poets' gatherings.

Preety Sengupta
White Plains, USA



A Healthier Environment and Ecology

Pushmaotee Subrun

To save our planet, factors such as temperature, radiation,
Climate, chemistry and geology need consideration.
Due to environmental issues, the climate is changing rapidly
Smog and acid rains are becoming frequent jeopardy,
With flood, famine, drought, landslides hitting calamitously.

Pollution makes the air, water and noise poisonous,
With industries discharging their untreated waste hazardous
Into the water bodies, on soil, and in air alarmingly
Containing poisonous materials that spread very easily.
The greenhouse gasses increase the temperature considerably
With further pollution by the vehicle and factories, disastrously.

For healthier atmosphere, electric vehicles or powered by solar energy,
Would be environment friendly. With sustainable wind energy,
Wind turbines can be built on existing farms to benefit the economy.
Furthermore, we should conserve more natural habitats with promptitude,
Manage those that already exist, increase production of food
On cleared land, to minimize mineral exhaustion. increase fuel wood.
To maintain the balance of the ecosystem, reforestation
Will boost the natural cycles and help in groundwater restoration.

‘Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle’ adoption will ameliorate the situation.



Pushmaotee Fawdur Subrun pursued higher studies at Delhi University. She completed her PGCE at the Mauritius Institute of Education. For the past forty-five years, she has been an educationist in Mauritius and Zimbabwe. After her retirement, she was a Member of the Council of the University of Mauritius for three years. She is currently a Reader and Editor in the Ministry of Arts and Culture. She has to her credit a novel *Ella*, a play *Who is Your Best friend?*, *Short Stories and Fables* a collection of short stories and fables and her next novel *Dreams to Reality* which has been submitted for publication to the Mauritian Ministry of Arts & Culture. Her poems have been featured in several well-known e-zines and national and international poetry anthologies.

Pushmaotee Subrun
Q. Bornes, Mauritius



We Are Not Apart

Raj Babu Gandham

my dear future generations, please forgive us
we are responsible, for ruining your life
we massacred the earth by chopping the trees
polluted the air and water with industrial waste
by launching space ships and rockets we tore our space apart

misused the fire by burning our brides and innocent lives
we have become demons in the guise of humans
for our selfish gains and in the name of comfort living
we blasted the hillocks for minerals, killed animals to fill our bellies
we tortured the mother nature, we are more than sinners


my dear great grandchildren and future generations
you may not know how a forest looks like, and breathe oxygen from trees
you may not be aware of arctic ice bergs and running rivers
you might not gaze at the beauty of snow top mountains
we are responsible for your plight, we are the thieves of nature

we humans are not apart, we are all part of this nature
from sunflower to sunfish, we are interwoven in this creation
in thousands of billions of years of existence of this cosmos
our life is just a span of few millenniums of seconds
please don't kill mother, we are not apart we are a part of this nature



Raj Babu Gandham, MBA, MA (English), a multi-lingual poet, has been writing poetry since his school days. His poems have been published in 29 anthologies. His poem has won a 3rd place in a contest held by World Union of Poets in 2016. He won an Award in Rabindranath Tagore International Poetry Competition-2018. Conferred KAVYA RATNA award by Literati Cosmos Society in 2018. He won 1st Prize in an International Poetry Contest held by Citta del Galateo, Italy in 2019. He regularly participates in several national and international poetry meets all over India and has received medals and certificates.

Raj Babu Gandham
Hyderabad, Telangana, India



Sanguine

Ravi Ranganathan

I would not have the cloud any colour but white
Or the Rose any colour but rose
Or the hills that simmer all summer in splendid light
Braving the sun in a stately pose.

How the white cloud stirs a restive mind
And the Rose diffuses a sweet fragrance
Luminance of those hills spur you to unwind
Casting a deep, positive spell in every trance.


Yes, everything that colours our Cosmos radiates
Has a distinct space, has its own miniscule face
Exudes its own hope, revels in its own trait
To rejoice that this great world is a grand old Place!

When you take this liberty to exult in such divine grace
When you sync with season's silent but splendid hue
When your time comes to quit this life's ephemeral race
Remember to shelter them, remember what you owe!



Ravi Ranganathan is a retired banker turned poet settled in Chennai. He has to his credit two books of poems titled "Lyrics of Life" and "Blade of Green Grass". His third book of poems "Of Cloudless Climes" is to be launched shortly. Ravi loves to write on nature, life and human mind. His poems are featured regularly in many anthologies and they are well received. He revels in writing his thought-provoking short poems called 'Mykus'. He is a recipient of many awards for his poetry including the prestigious Rabindranath Tagore Award in the poetry competition conducted by "Poiesisonline.com" and Sahitya Gaurav Award by Literati Cosmos Society, Mathura.

Ravi Ranganathan
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



When we wait for the other By Ra Sh

Ravi Shanker

When we wait for the Other
The sea evaporates shore to shore
One shore burns like lava
The other crystallizes like ice
A coil of seaweed floats dead
A sunflower turns to the moon
The earth is a glazed glass painting
Trees whisper horrors of the past
The wishing well runs dry
Skylarks peck at hot pebbles
A peak vanishes from the bare hill
A jill and a jack drop down a hole
A row of cars explode one by one
It rains shoes and severed heels
The land twists on its axis
The river rolls on its back
When we wait for the Other



Ra Sh (Ravi Shanker N) has published English-language poems in many national and international online and print magazines. His poems have been translated into German and French. He has published two collections of poetry. His translations into English include a biography of C.K. Janu, tribal leader, two collections of poems (Sri Lankan Tamil poems and an anthology of 101 Malayalam poems translated into English), a collection of essays on the communities in Kochi and two collections of short stories of, Bama, Tamil Dalit writer, and of Malayalam Dalit writers.

Ravi Shanker

Palakkad, Kerala, India.

Tree On Penance

Ravichandran K S

Peepal tree sat for peaceful penance
Promising God appeared to give the boon
Boisterous tree asked for manhood
Beware said God, willingly granting it

Health centred treemanhood walked the streets
Unmasked he, got the taste of Police fining
To garner strength went again near Peepal tree
Masked with healthy leaves entered the city

Walked in streets only to see leaves flying out
Crowded it was, not to find traces of leaves
Nor could find the greenery anywhere around
Far distancing socially found in planting trees

Stay put to preach the benefits of greens
Alas! saw everyone on toes with mobile on hand
Watched Face book making people faceless
Witnessed Machine learning replacing Nature learning

Deeply embedded with video games to watch
Hardly saw anyone enjoying the nature bounty
Treemanhood prayed again to God for last boon
Got boon to ever remain as Peepal tree serving society



K.S. Ravichandran, with a Masters in Economics and MBA (Finance) has authored two Tamil poetry collections 'Vasantham Engal Vaasalil' and 'Vidhaiyinai Therinthidu', comprising poems read by him at various literary events, and an English book 'With Me All The Way' that depicts lively, funny and readable anecdotes from his professional life as a banker. Bharati Bharatidasan Symposium in Chennai honoured him and his wife with the titles 'Isai Kavi Ravichandran' and 'Tamil Isai Kuyil' respectively. Ravichandran retired as an Asst. General Manager from State Bank of India.

Ravichandran K S
Chennai, Tamilnadu, India



Existential Crisis

Sadhana Subramanian

Do you remember me?
You swung from my ageing arms.
You nested in my house, ate my fruits.
Picked my flowers for love.
But now they have come for me.
They say I am a liability.
My sister fell. My father is a stump.
My mother? A National Highway.
For you, I am just a tree.
Broken, cut, uprooted, axed.
They don't take photos of our dead.
For we don't make news.
Like uprooted refugees drowned in sea.
They don't celebrate me like Anne Frank.
For I have no place to hide.
But is my axing no genocide?
They don't say save the trees,
Like they say save the Tigers.
But tell me, am I not endangered?
Tell me, what am I? Just a tree?



Sadhana Subramanian - the first time she strung two sentences together, at the age of 7, was on the back cover of an old Yellow Pages directory! Since then, her pen has written odes to life, love, politics, women's empowerment, and social issues. Her poem Crowdsourced won the Six Week Poetry Challenge conducted by On Fire Cultural Movement in March 2019. Let's Go Back won an honorable mention in the same challenge in 2018. Her work has been published in several national and international poetry anthologies like The Current, Setu, Plant Poetry, and the Pan-India Poetry Journal. Sadhana is a senior editor and partner at a digital marketing firm.

Sadhana Subramanian
Bangalore, Karnataka, India



Run Away

Shafinur Shafin

I will run away
Showing middle finger to this stupid city-
Bypassing- all the walking clowns down the street,
-the unheard evening of Maryam Church in the agony of decay,
-the jokes made out of me written on the cornice,
-momentary story of red birthmark on an untouched soul
Crossing all the steps of the monasteries step by step
I will pass even the love of people for the masks
they put on their faces every day with care
I will pass everything through the funnel of a canvas, slowly...



Shafinur Shafin
South Asia, Bangladesh

Shafinur Shafin is a Bangladeshi poet, translator and academic. She has published her debut book "Nisangam" which is a collection of Bangla poems in 2016 and her translation book Gandhamphul has been published in 2019. She is also the poetry-editor in an e-zine named Prachya Review. As she cannot paint, so she wants to create image with the power of words. She writes in Bangla and English both language. Her Bangla poems have been translated into seven different languages including Nepalese, Hindi, French, Spanish, German and Italian language. Her English poems have been included in two anthologies published from New York and Philippine, and also her poems and interviews appeared in several national and international magazines. She has successfully organized first virtual poetry event in June, 2020 on behalf of Prachya Review with collaboration of Tong-Ghor Talkies.



Mangroves are a scavenger


Shanmugam Chettiar Rm

Mangrove forests occupy interspaces
Between wet lands and sea grass meadows.
They form a component of the surface,
The underwater and the aerial.
Mangroves are made of flora and fauna.
Fish, water birds, insects and reptiles abound.
Algae, fungi and numerous plants throng.
A supplier of fuel wood and solutes.
Mangroves are the bed of stored carbon.
The complex roots moderate current flows.
The broad canopies moderate wind flow.
The species die in water and add carbon.
Mangrove forests protect all organism
By keeping away of carbon to offset
Green-house gas emission, man's creation.
They have aerial roots and aerial germination.
Mangrove zones are biodiversity.
The red mangroves are of Rhizophoraceae.
The black mangroves are of Acanthaceae
The white mangroves are of Combretaceae.
Mangroves are losing to oil pollution,
Human onslaughts and the drought migration.
Mangroves are a link between land and sea.
They thrive where other plants and animals do not.



Rm shanmugam, 79, Chennai, a prolific poet since 1995, with ten thousand and odd poems on line. Had been secretary of the Chennai Poets Circle, Chennai for 6 years till 2015. A botany graduate and retired from the Rubber Board, government of India as Dy commissioner.

Shanmugam Chettiar Rm
Chennai, Tamilnadu, India



Wanderlust in Woods

Shivkumar K V

Nonetheless, expressing the Beauty of Nature;
In brace of texts from Sangama epoch; and in
Wordings of Ravindranath and of Wordsworth.

The keenness of Red Indian, the shaman;
Sounded like wolves, insects, owls and Cougar;
The saver of the land and skies, a nature's beloved.

The woods with Aroma of herbs and soils;
The euphoric peacocks, and wanderlust golden deers;
And the diversified rest, the heaven for the earthly life.

Not to be that great of Gilgamesh now;
He who got the Lebanese cedar,
Thee man, holder of the hues of Nature;
In likeness not to pluck flowery life, care that in love;
Lasting Ecology wherever, let hold and behold, it forever.

May myths of the forests, save us from the gloom,
It's time to extend the leafy and marshy;
To raise the green sky-scraping from a tiny Sapling,
Keeping homes for the forest stray and zoonotic away;
Botanic is being realistic seeing Mother Earth thrilled;
Returning, the pampering back promises for Mega - Diversity.



Shivkumar K V, Born 1982 in Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh is a postgraduate in Fine Arts painting, from the Karnataka state University. Shivkumar Was writing poems in English since 2006 with great inspirations. His work got selected in an upcoming 'Shadows Anthology' 2020 organised by Poetryworldorg. His work is part of 'Cut and Paste' a Dadaist anthology organised by Ontological Museum, New Mexico. He is also writing on art and artists, supporting to their artwork and publication. He was awarded Chitra-Rachana Kala Sethu by Rajaji School of art, Rajahmundry. Shivkumar is also a promising young artist and working as an Art Teacher in a High School.

Shivkumar K V
Vijayawada, AP, India

My Weapon

Sigma G R

When memories unfurled
My spirit awoke in serene nature
Someone asked
How Big roads became narrow
and meadows smelt dewy grass?
My thoughts hit sky
I had only ink to register hues of nature.
Words fell from you to eternity
which mushroomed my
sensuous senses
I threw myself into murky mysteries of flora
Since then
I had been wondering
how to survive
I waited to live in lush greenery
now I grew barren like mother earth
I lost abruptly
Like a shell in the sand
searching for an ink bottle
My only weapon....



Dr Sigma GR, a widely published poet in various national and International arenas and an editor, reviewer and advisory board member in five international journals, is currently an Asst Professor of English at PG Dept of English at VTMNSS College, Trivandrum. She has contributed research articles in many books and a resource person also. It could be noticed at first sight that her rich and thematically assorted poetry is characterized by ethical aspirations with an eloquent feminist, human and features of intimacy. Dr Sigma with 13 years of teaching experience as a Professor in India and overseas, has authored three poetry collections and co-authored one and co-edited one, She received 'Mirabhai Literary Award' from Organization of United Working Journalist Forum supported by Public Relations Department, Puri, Govt of Odisha on National Press day 2016 and the Cochin Literary Fest Prize-2019. She is regularly invited as a poet delegate to several prestigious National and international poetry festivals.

Sigma G R
Trivandrum, Kerala, India



Mystifying Are Thy Ways

Sree Latha Tangirala

From times immemorial mankind's grave fight
Kept challenges, perils and plagues out of sight
Presented an irrevocable life with wishes bright
A will to win always proved Man's veiled might
Visualizing brilliant light after every dark night
Combats and wars too become cordial gradually
But when an endemic weird stirs up extensively
And no cure or therapy to alleviate loss possibly
But for realizing and evading exposure entirely
Baffled all men battling for lives apprehensively
Experimentation for right cure totally incomplete
Perseverance of inhabitants abundantly inadequate
Infinite pains of doctors considerably inconsiderate
The tough contagion is wild and silently obstinate
All prayers of the unfortunate are deafeningly mute
My dear Mother Nature! Thou art ruthlessly benign
Release doctors and nurses from the cruel concern
Liberate janitors and drivers from the selfless crown
Bless all life on the globe to regain abnormal routine
It's truly improving from the human's gifted rapine
Let humans learn lessons of loyalty and total concede
Thy profound puzzling ways can never be justified!



Dr. T. Sree Latha, Head, Associate Professor, Training and Placement Cell, NRI Institute of Technology, Vijayawada has been enjoying her profession for 24 years. She was awarded Doctoral Degree in 2018 from Karpagam Academy of Higher Education, Coimbatore. She cherishes training and preparing students for campus placements. She published many poems in English and Telugu and more than 35 papers at various National and International Conferences and Journals, She takes interest in attending various workshops and seminars to improve her perception and quality of teaching, as she believes that man is an eternal learner. Giving verbal form to her inner thoughts is one of her hobbies she relishes.

Sree Latha Tangirala
Vijayawada, AP, India



Meditation Sudipta Chatterjee

Sudipta Chatterjee

Come, let's stand near the tree.
And begin the photosynthesis
In decrepitude and death.


While walking such a long way
Scarred by blood, fight, weapons and crime
Come, let's stand again near the tree.
Shift your eyes from meditation to flower.
Let your accumulated tears freeze
To the bark of a tree.

And that will be your armour.
Now build up the image of Sujata, Shrimati.
Come, we become tree in our perceptions.
After the most primitive war
Let me touch you
O my tree, my God.



Dr. Sudipta Chatterjee, Doctor, Dept. of Medicine, Ramakrishna Mission Seva Pratisthan, Vivekananda Institute of Medical Science, Jt. Secretary - International Society for Intercultural Studies and Research (ISISAR), Co-ordinator, Peace Committee International. Engaged in writing poetry for last fifteen years. Ten books of poetry have been published. Translated Dhammapada of Goutam Buddha and poetry of Karl Marx in Bengali. Number of papers on contemporary literature and culture have been published in internationals books & journals. Took training of Indian classical music for twenty years. Gave direction of few documentary films.

Sudipta Chatterjee
West Bengal, Kolkata, India



Pandemic Time

Sushanta Bhattacharjee

It is pandemic time -
Time of tragedy.
The country will go under lockdown
And we would be in quaraintain.

Uncertainty engulfs me
With deep silence.
Life lost its dignity
At this hard time.

Agony and loneliness
Enter in life with
Fear of loss and death.
It is a turbulent time.

Human values shattered
Into moral vacuity.
The social unrest will surfaced
With hunger and unemployment.



Sushanta Bhattacharjee is a Bi-lingual poet. He writes poems in both Bengali and English. He is the editor of little magazine 'Suchetana'. He has published two Bengali poetry books and one English poetry book. His poems have been published in several news paper, little magazine and anthology of poetry. He is a businessmen by profession deals human medicine as a whole seller.

Sushanta Bhattacharjee
Silchar, Assam, India



Infinite

Thryaksha Garla

Aren't we being arrogant yet again
To think we can bring the earth down to her knees?
We're but a second on the millennium she has been here,
So insignificant, she might not even remember us.
She lived a billion years before we habited her,
She'll thrive for an infinitude after our so-called reign.
She'll make do just fine if we've killed ourselves,
She's been here for longer than our puny mortal minds can imagine.
The o-zone layer, you ask, "The UV rays will enter", don't you say,
People it does scar with all of its might but life grows in its might as well, and it will.
We live in a planet with oxygen all around us, a poison, do you know,
Yet here we live, the poison our nectar as well.
So what if she has to start over from scratch,
She started from nothing and reached with us,
A mistake or not, we're not her end result,
She'll erase us off her canvas and sketch again.
We have only the power to end ourselves,
But we also have the power to save ourselves,
So which will it be, which will we choose,
It is only our fate that hangs in the balance.



Thryaksha Ashok Garla, a seventeen-year-old, has been writing since she was a little kid. She has a blog and an Instagram account with about 200 poems posted till date. She touches upon themes such as feminism, se-reliance, love and mostly writes blues. Her poems have been published in two issues of the Sparks' magazine, and in poetry anthologies such as 'Efflorescence' of Chennai Poets' Circle, 'The current', 'The Metaverse Muse', 'Our Poetry Archive', 'Destine Literature' and in the 'Setu e-zine'. She won the first place in the poetry competition held by India Poetry Circle (2018). She's pursuing psychology and is a voracious reader, a violinist and dabbles in art.

Thryaksha Garla
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



Tiger Majestic

Usha Sridhar

I am a leader! I am a fierce fighter!
My presence is not taken lightly as life matters!
I am proud of my gold swathed looks,
my charcoal stripes; other creatures it spooks.
My keen eyesight does not miss a thing,
when I desire- into action I can spring.
Even at my gentle roar, others are on alert,
I have got attention whenever I have sought!


'Tiger is coming', my name is taken with awe,
seeing me in the jungle creates quite a stir.
I am glad that I create a panic that is raw-
unwelcome intrusion into my territory it does deter;
as being in seclusion I generally do prefer.
I like my freedom and the spirit to roam at will,
no matter it is just to chill out or for a kill.

I am the only true king of the jungle;
at the dread I spread in the lesser mortals, I chuckle.
I am strong, nimble on my feet and courageous.
Famous I am; my acts of valour are an inspiration,
others can only play it out in their imagination.



Dr Usha Sridhar is an independent researcher and lives in Bangalore. She is passionate about writing and her poems and short stories have appeared in e-zines and several anthologies. She has authored three collections of poems, titles 'Life Matters', 'Drenched in Reverie' and 'Heightened Senses'. She is also the author of two collections of short stories titled 'Women's Corner' and 'Shades In Shadows'. She also loves travel, photography and is an avid bird watcher. She is a Bharat award winner for her short story in the 2018 Poiesis competition.

Usha Sridhar
Bangalore, Karnataka, India



The Flying Ninja

Vignesh Thangavel

Yon goes she, the flying ninja, answering in a melancholic choir,
What humans' treatment of nature doth incur, with
A vengeful eye for the greedy eye, to retribute death with death...
Summoning a prolific, yet mystic fleet of blood sucking barbaric wrath,
In a flight of fury pulling hell over and out of the reeking swath!

Sarcasm isn't new to mother nature, but for the petty humans,
Who tended to the hallucination of audacious imaginations,
To make-believe that one could fool nature with heinous creations,
And drive nature's own, heartlessly to mass extinctions?

It's high time that we saw the dark soldiers of nature's wraith,
As vectors that can inject and infect with disease beyond faith,
For it is collective karma that does demand,
That we learn how to use the hand,
To clean the mess that it created, bit by bit,
Before nature deems our existence unfit!!!

...And the flying ninja lost her breath,
As two filthy hands clapped her unto her death!



Vignesh works at Intel Bengaluru, by the day, and likes to write poems on nature, human relationships and philosophy. He has an electronics degree from BITS, Pilani - Goa and masters from UCF. He indulges in playing music by the ear and dabbles in a couple of them like the violin, guitar and harmonica.

Vignesh Thangavel
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



For the Earth that's Losing Itself

Vinita Agrawal

Write about shrinking spaces
Write about the colour green
Write a line of chopped trees
Write a symphony of broken rings
Write yourself an optimist.

Write about grandma's earth.
Wells in whose waters you could meet your eyes
Feather-touch hand pumps that sprung fountains
The jugalbandi of rains and tumescent ponds
Write about making love. Write yourself nostalgic.

Write about now - the unstitched bellies of lakes
White, once the last skin of water disappears
Summer crisscrossing powdery topsoil
Imitating the open lips of death
on an old mother's face. Write yourself vetoed.

Write about Madhav who marries thrice
Each bride, a water bride, fetching more water
Write about women who welcome co wives
who put lumbago before self esteem
Write about the dictates of water. Write yourself polygamous.

Write about Kalidasa's Meghdoot
Whether we'll ever know a messenger like it again
- dark, dense, moist. Generous. Giving. Godlike.
Write about lynching reservoirs dry
Write yourself parched. Write yourself anhydrous



Author of four books of poetry, - Two Full Moons (Bombaykala Books), Words Not Spoken (Brown Critique), The Longest Pleasure (Finishing Line Press) and The Silk Of Hunger (AuthorsPress), Vinita is an award winning poet, editor, translator and curator. Joint Recipient of the Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2018 and Gayatri GaMarsh Memorial Award for Literary Excellence, USA, 2015. She is Poetry Editor with Usawa Literary Review. Her work has been widely published and anthologised. Her poem won a prize for the Moon Anthology on the Moon by TallGrass Writers Guild, Chicago 2017. More recently her poem won a special mention in the Hawker Prize for best South Asian poetry. She has contributed a monthly column on Asian Poets on the literary blog of the Hamline university, Saint Paul, USA in 2016-17.

Vinita Agrawal
Mumbai, India

Extase

Kruthi Gandham

Au bout des sept jours
 m'avez montré la beauté
 La beauté dans les fleurs, les cieux, les eaux
 Ah! L' ame s'envole en parcours de cette extase

A'la fin du crépuscule
 L' éveil de l'homme a lieu dans l'autre côté
 Que des érudits restructurent d'ailleurs
 Pour un certain temps, ravissent de métastase

Obsession incéssante de la croissance
 Avidité de consommation
 Peu à peu, enlèvent des couches de création
 Conduisant vers l'abysse

Prise de conscience
 des répercussions et des suffocations
 Peu à peu ,rebatissent les couches de agglomération
 Conduisant vers la base, la base de cette extase



Kruthi Gandham writes in English, French and Mandarin. She wrote her first poem at the age of 11 for her father and since then she has been writing both poetry and prose. Her French poems and Chinese Poem are published in "Amaravathi Poetic Prism" 2017,2018,2019. She has always been fond of languages since her childhood. She has done her Master's in French (Translation and Interpretation) from Jawaharlal Nehru University, Delhi. Also , has a Diploma in Mandarin. During her masters, she wrote a thesis about "Transcreation" in which she has done a comparative study of a short French story of Anatole France and it's translation in Telugu. Moreover, she is a regular blogger, she writes about her life, her learnings and her inner feelings.

Kruthi Gandham

Manikonda , Hyderabad, TS, India



Ecstasy

Kruthi Gandham

At the end of seven days
You showed me beauty
Beauty in the flowers, the heavens, the waters
Oh! The soul vanished in this ecstasy
At the end of dusk
Man was enlightened
Well-educated redesigned
For a while, they experienced delight from metamorphosis
Relentless obsession with expansion
Extreme greed
One by one, they removed layers of creation
Leading to the abyss
Apprised of
Consequences and suffocations
They began to rebuild the layers of clusters
Leading to the foundation, the foundation of this ecstasy



Krishna veille

Rolf Ishvar Doppenberg

Gandhi Nagar, Vijayawada, lors de mon premier
jour en Inde, le 9 décembre 2019

Elle était là, debout au beau milieu de la rue, immobile.

Entièrement blanche, seuls les cornes et les yeux noirs.

Personne n'y prêtait attention.

Les mobylettes l'évitaient d'un virage habile, les voitures la
contournaient sans façon, tout le flot du trafic s'écoulait autour d'elle
comme une rivière enveloppe un rocher saillant

– comme la trace d'un monde dans un monde : celui de la ville moderne,
toute cette urbanité d'asphalte, d'acier et de béton, et celui, révolu, de la
campagne qui se trouvait ici, comme un vestige pourtant bien réel, bien
vivant, de ce qui fut, ici même – un fragment d'un passé en plein présent
qui nous relie à nos propres origines, à un monde bien plus vaste que
celui, mouvant et éphémère, de la modernité, comme un air de flûte en
plein brouhaha. Comme j'étais seul à la considérer, elle me regardait,
elle-même un peu surprise que quelqu'un s'intéresse à elle.

Survient alors un bus à grands coups de klaxon, il vient s'arrêter net
droit devant son muflon : Elle ne bronche pas, toujours immobile, souveraine.
Et le bus bondé de la contourner à force de manoeuvres périlleuses dans
le flot de véhicules disparates.



Rolf Doppenberg, coming from the French speaking part of Switzerland, is a nomadic writer. Besides numerous trips, he settled down in Hong Kong, Morocco, Greece and Germany. His writing explores groundwater territories. Each of his seven published books 's linked to the place where it was written, among them Greece, France, Germany, Morocco, Israel. A recension Of one of his books, has been published in "Place de la Sorbonne" the magazine for contemporary literature Of the University La Sorbonne in Paris. He is regularly invited to international literary festivals, as in Geneva, Brussels, Namur, Safi in Morocco, or Rahovec in Kosovo. He was invited twice as an author in the writer's residency in Amay In Belgium.

Rolf Ishvar Doppenberg

Canton de Vaud, Switzerland



Krishna keeping watch

Rolf Ishvar Dopperberg

Gandhi Nagar, Vijayawada, during my first day in India,
9th of December 2019

There she was, standing in the middle of the street, motionless.

Completely white, only horns and eyes black.

Nobody was paying attention to her.

Scooters were avoiding her with a skillful turn, the cars bypassing her with ease, all the traffic flowed around her like a river enveloping a protruding rock– like the trace of a world within a world: that of the modern city, all that urbanity made of asphalt, steel and concrete, and that of the bygone countryside that used to be here, like a remnant yet very real, very much alive, of what had been once, right here – a fragment of a past in the very present which connects us back to our own origins, to a world much more far-reaching than that of modernity, moving and short-lived, like the melody of a flute in the midst of chaos. Since I was the only one watching her, she was staring back at me, as if a little surprised that someone could be interested in her. Arrives a bus, honking loud, it comes to a stop right in front of her muzzle: She doesn't flinch, still motionless, sovereign. The crowded bus is forced to bypass her by dint of perilous maneuvers in the flood of disparate vehicles.

Nebel

Zana Coven

Wie Traumgebilde
 vergehen meine Tage
 gekämmt vom Kamm der Zeit
 Geschnitten vom Zahn der Vergänglichkeit
 durchsichtig am lichten Tag
 erwärmt von der Liebe Hoffnung.
 Berühren kann ich sie nicht
 ich willte sie schmiegen
 unter meine linke Rippe
 leer
 zwischen Traum und Wirklichkeit
 zittert der Atem
 ungreifbar
 empfindsam wie ein Impuls
 wo durch Nebelschwaden
 Reiter vorbeiziehen
 Ich sehe ihren Umriss nur
 strecke die Hände aus
 ins Nichts
 während mir ins Gesicht der Wind schlägt
 fühle ich zu sein
 nur das...



Zana Coven (Zanka Zana Boskovic Coven) was born in Sarajevo, Bosnia Herzegovina, but lives in Milano for 35 years. She is a translator, a sax player, a painter and cultural mediator. She writes poetry, haiku, short stories and travel books in English, Italian, Spanish and Croatian. She published several books and several are in preparation. She is a recipient of several national and international prizes for her work notably: the second prize in Galatone, Italy, the Special Prize of Literary Critics in Milano, Italy, and a Golden Pen in Uzbekistan. She is currently a haiku champion of Europe and has been chosen as one of the 23 Women of Virtue. Her works have been translated into many languages.

Zana Coven
 Milan, Italy



fog

Zana Coven

Like dream structures
my days go by
combed from the ridge of time
Cut from the ravages of impermanence
transparent in the light of day
warmed by love hope.
I can't touch her
I wanted to nestle them
under my left rib
empty
between dream and reality
the breath trembles
intangible
sensitive as an impulse
where through billows of mist
Riders pull past
I only see its outline
hold out your hands
into nothing
while the wind beats in my face
I feel to be
just that ...

Διψά γι' αγάπη η μητέρα Γη.

Christos Sanos

Διψά γι' αγάπη η μητέρα Γη.
Με κάθε τρόπο προσπαθεί να μας το πει.
Το Σκοτάδι πλάνεψε τα παιδιά της.
Γέμισε απόγνωση η καρδιά της.

Οι πράξεις τους μαχαίρια κοφτερά,
την γέμισαν πληγές, της έκοψαν τα φτερά.
Φωτιές το πράσινο κορμί της καίνε
και τα παιδιά της φταίνε.

Αναρωτιέστε άραγε γιατί αυτό συμβαίνει;
Το αγρίμι του κέρδους ποτέ δεν ξαποσταίνει.
Άνθρωποι αδίστακτοι έχουν το χρήμα σαν θεό τους.
Τίποτε δεν τους σταματά μέχρι να πετύχουν το σκοπό τους.

Το περιβάλλον καταστρέφουν και η γη μας υποφέρει.
Αυτή που μεγαλόψυχα όλα της τα αγαθά έχει προσφέρει.
Αφήστε τη Γη να ηρεμίσει. Αφήστε την να γαληνέψει.
Θα βρει τον τρόπο από τον όλεθρο όλους μας να προστατέψει.

Δεν πρόκειται να κουραστώ.
Συνέχεια θα το λέω όσο ζω.
Μέχρι την τελευταία μου πνοή.
Διψά γι' αγάπη η μητέρα Γη.



Christos Sanos was born in Nikaia, Attica and received his secondary education in schools of Agios Ioannis Rentis and Moschato. He studied Political Science in Italy, at the Università Degli Studi di Napoli "L' Orientale " and received his degree with honors. He has participated and been awarded in Panhellenic Poetry Competitions and his poems have been included and published in Literary magazines and Poetic Anthologies of Greece and abroad. He is a member of DEEL (International Society of Greek Writers), PEL (Panhellenic Union of Writers) and the International Cultural Association "Dante Alighieri" of Athens. In October 2020 within the Panorama International Literary Festival 2020 Organized By Indus Scroll Press (India) In Collaboration with the writers capital international foundation (italy), he was awarded the golden award 2020.

Christos Sanos
Paleo Faliro, Attica, Greece



Mother Earth for Love thirsts

Christos Sanos

Mother Earth for Love thirsts.
In every way she tries to tell us.
Darkness deceived her children.
Her heart was filled with despair.

Their actions are sharp knives,
Slashed her with wounds, cutting her wings off.
Fires set her green body ablaze,
and her children are to blame.

Do you wonder why this occurs?
The savagery of profit never rests.
The unscrupulous worship money as their god.
Nothing stops them until they achieve their goal.

They are destroying the environment and our earth is suffering.
The one who generously has offered all her goods.
Let the Earth calm down; let her find her serenity.
She will find a way to protect us all from doom.

I'm not going to rest.
I shall say it as long as I live.
Until my last breath:
Mother Earth for Love thirsts.

Η ΓΑΙΑ ΜΑΙΝΕΤΑΙ

Chryssa Velissariou

Στην αρχαία μου γλώσσα καλώ με αιδώ και με δέος/ Ικετεύοντας έλεος

Ω Δρυίδες, ω Νύμφες, ω υπέροχες κόρες του Ωκεανού Νηρηίδες!

Η Γαία φλέγεται αντί να γεννά, βιασμένη βαίνει σε εμμηνόπαυση

Αντιδρά ανεξέλεγκτα κι άγρια πλέον/ Φρίττω!

Κάναμε σπίτια και χωράφια στις ζούγκλες των τρωκτικών

Οι νυχτερίδες γίναν κατοικίδια και μολύνουν με ιούς βρικολάκων

Οι αρουραίοι σουλατσάρουν στο Saint Elysée και τις Louvre Tuileries σαν κύριοι

Κατέκλυσαν το Central Park και τρώνε σ' εστιατόρια πολυτελείας

Ανδρείκελα αποκαλούν τις συνέπειες της κλιματικής αλλαγής φυσικές συνέπειες

Φορτώνουν την ενοχή στη Γαία κι εκείνη βουρλίζεται

- πάνω της εκσπερμάτωσαν την τρέλα τους γενεές γενεών αναθεματισμένων Homo Sapiens-

Οργή! Οι αρχέγονες απειλές θαμμένες στους παγετώνες για χρόνια ζωντάνεψαν!

Λένε πως οι Τιτάνες ξύπνησαν και δεν είναι τεράστιοι

Η κλίμακα είναι στα νάνο/ Ιοί είναι οι Τιτάνες

Ο ήχος των vectors που επελαύνουν κροταλίζοντας εκκωφαντικός

Με ανανεωμένο ικό φορτίο ενέσιμο απευθείας στο αίμα

Άμεση ανάγκη για πανοπλίες ενάντια στα πουλιά και τα έντομα!

Η Γαία μαινεται!

Χτυπά στην Αχίλλεια Πτέρνα τους ιερόσουλους ημίθεους υπερόπτες

Μια απελπισμένη Μήδεια που ξεπαστρεύει τ' ασύδοτα παιδιά της



Dr. Chryssa Velissariou, a published poet in Greek and English, has been honored as the 1st International Beat Poet Laureate of the National Beat Poetry Festival 2017 in LSA and as a Lifetime Beat Poet Laureate 2019 in the same festival. She has more than 3000 poems on her blogs, She was a host Of events in Greece for the International Beat poetry Festival 2015 and 2019, the Poetathon in 2013 and the Peacathon 2015 of the WP Canada and International, the 100TPC 2015 and the Woman Scream 2019. She is a Peace Activist, W P Canada International Peace Ambassador 2014-2016 and 100 TPC. A Professor of Physics (Space Physics), specialized in NT Education, honoured and awarded by the Ministry of Education, Greece, she is also an elected Member of her hometown Municipality

Chryssa Velissariou
Larissa, Thessaly, Greece



Earth is in rage

Chryssa Velissariou

I cry in my ancient language with shame and awe / Begging for mercy:
Oh Druids, oh Nymphs, oh wonderful daughters of the Ocean, Nereids!
Gaia is on fire instead of giving birth, she's raped, in menopause
She reacts uncontrollably and wildly now / I shudder!

We made houses and fields in the rodents' jungles
Bats have become pets and infect us with vampire-viruses
Rats walk around to Saint Elysée and Louvre Tuileries as bosses
They flood Central Park and eat at luxury restaurants

Corrupt politicians name the effects of climate change as natural consequences
They charge as guilty Gaia and she becomes furious
- Generations of cursed Homo sapiens ejaculated their madness on her-
Anger! Primitive threats buried in glaciers for years come to life!
They say the Titans woke up and they are not huge
Their scale is nano / Viruses are the Titans

The sound of rattling vectors is deafening
Renewed viral load is injected directly into the veins
Immediate need for armor against birds and insects!

Gaia is in rage!
She aims at the Achilles Heel of the unholy arrogant demigods
A desperate Medea who's murdering her promiscuous children

હા અને ના

Vishnu Pandya

વિશ્વમાં ફેલાયેલા છે
અગણિત શબ્દો.
ભાષા અને સમુદાયોમાં વિસ્તરેલા
શબ્દોની આ ભીડભાડ
પરિચિત અને અજાણ્યા.
પરંતુ
એક જુગલબંદી સર્વત્ર
“હા” અને “ના”!
ઇતિહાસના પાનાઓ નો ફફડાટ
કે ભૂગોળના નકશામાં;
રાજનીતિની ચહલપહલ વચ્ચે.
અને
યુદ્ધ હો યા શાંતિ.
આ સઘળાં સંતાનો
હા અને ના કેરા!
હા, દરિયો,
સરિતા,
પર્વત શિખર,
નિશા,
અને ઉષા.
કે પછી
હું અને તું.

સહુ વટે છે . હર સમય
હાચથવા ના!
વિના ઇનકાર કે સ્વીકાર
વળી ફટનીતિ કેવી?
તો પછી શાને ભ્રમિત
અને હતાશ-નિરાશ આપણે?
હા એ જ જો હોય હા,
અને ના એટલે ના.
પણ “હા”માં છુપાયેલી “ના”
અને ઇન્કારમાં સ્વીકાર.
ચલ, ત્યારે મારા મિત્ર,
રચીએ એક નવી જ દુનિયા
જ્યાં આપણું ધોતાનું
હોય એક સપનું.
અને સ્વયમ ગવાતું
સુંદર વિસ્વ કાજેનું ગીત.
અને જલાવતન
હા-ના આપણા સપના માં



Vishnu Pandya
Gandhinagar, NA, India

'Padma Shri' Dr. Vishnu Pandya is a recipient of several awards notably the Padma Sh (2017), India's third highest civilian honour conferred by the Government of India, Hon. D. Lit. Degree (2019) by Gujarat University, Priyadarshni Academy Award (2019) Mumbai, Gujarat Ratna Gaurav Award (2019) Ahmedabad, NTR Award (2018) Andhra Pradesh, PENTASI B Award (2018) Hyderabad and Kavi Narmad Chandrak Award (2001) Surat. He is currently the President of the Gujarat SahityaAkademi and olthe Hindi. Sindhi, Urdu, Kutchi, Sanskrit Academy (Government of Gujarat). He has also been conferred with several other awards and honours notably: With over 101 published books to his credit, 15 of his books have been honoured by Gujarat Sahitya Akademi and Gujarat Sahitya Parishad. He has translated two books of former Indian Prime Minister late Atal Bihari Vajpayee and has) provided the Hindi script for the Sound & Light Show at Somnath Temple. He is a Professor of Journalism and on the Board of Study, Gujarat University.



Yes & No

Vishnu Pandya

There r many many words in the world
Different language different people
But
Every where two words exist,
Yes and no,
May be our history, geography
And the politics,
the war and peace
All r children of yes or no.
The sea , the river, the mountain,
A day and night ,
You and me..
Said every time “yes “ or “ no”
Without these words
The diplomacy is zero.
Then why you confused
And why I frustrated ?
If yes is yes.
And no is no
But yes is no
And no means yes.
Then let us
Crates a new world
Where a beautiful song
For and from and by us
To a dream without
Any yes and no

હું કેવળ પડછાયો

Ramnik Someshwar

હું કેવળ પડછાયો

ગયો નદીમાં ન્હાવા ત્યાં હું પાણીમાં વીખરાયો

હું કેવળ પડછાયો

ઋતુ ઋતુનાં ફરે ચક્ર

પણ મને કશું ના થાતું !

ભલે ફૂંકાતા શંખ

કશું ક્યાં મારામાં પડઘાતું !

હું સૂરજના ખરી ગયેલા તણખાથી સરજાયો

હું કેવળ પડછાયો.

નથી કોઈથી બંધાતાં

આ હું ને મારી કાયા

ક્યાં કોઈ આકાર મને

બસ હું તો કેવળ છાયા

ધ્વનિ ઊઠે ટેકરીએ ને હું ખીણોમાં રેલાયો

હું કેવળ પડછાયો.



Ramnik Someshwar is one of the representative voices of Gujarati poetry. Without falling prey to metaphysical clichés, his poetry amidst the materialistic compulsions, is a form of meditation on being and non being. Someshwar is also known for his creative essays, literary criticism and translations. His translation of Telugu long poem "Jalgeet" by Sahitya akademi awardee Prof. N. Gopi into Gujarati, has received Sahitya Akademi Award for Translation. Recently, his much awaited second poetry collection Shalil-nun Teepun (2019) has been published.

Ramnik Someshwar
Bhuj, Gujarat, India



I am only a shadow

(Translation of Ramnik someshwar's Gujarati Poem is done by Dhanvanti)

Ramnik someshwar / Dhanvanti

I am only a shadow
I went out to bathe in the river
And I scattered in it's waters.
I am just a shadow.

The season-wheel keeps rolling on;
But it makes no difference to me.
No matter how the conches blow,
They'll never find an echo in me.

I am made of sparks
Severed from the sun.
I am only a reflection.
No one can bind my body or me.
For I bear no line, no curve,
No permanent shape.

I am just a shadow.
A hymn sprang in the hill
And I flowed in the valley.
For I am a shadow only.

અનાહતા

Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya

ચામડી ચીરી

એની તળેનાં બધાં જ પડળો ખોટી

ઠેઠ હાડકાં સુધી પહોંચેલાં પિશાચોએ

કરેલાં ઉંડા ઝખમને વરસોવરસ, દરમાસ , દરદિવસ

ભરતી રહી છો તું મીઠા ગંજારવ વડે. તેથી જ તો આજે મારી ત્વચા આરી એકવાર સુંવાળીને સોનવરાણી બની છે.

મનને તાણી જઈ ખૂબ ઉંડે સુધી ગરક કરનારં।

ગોઝારા ભમ્મરોની ધારમાંથીયે ઝરતો રહે મધુર સિંજારવ.

પથારીની પાંગથે છલકાતી નદી.

જેનાં બેઉ કિનારા ભરપૂર ધનધાન્યથી.

એની પછીતે નાસતાં-લપાતાં પિશાચોનાં ઘણા.

તારાં થકી મારું મરણ પૂર્વેનું જીવન કેટલું નિર્ભય, કેટલું નિરામય



Dr. Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya is an eminent Gujarati writer, poet, critic, editor, researcher, translator and story writer with 15 books to her credit. She is Professor and Head, Gujarati Department, University of Mumbai for the last 24 years. She is a recognised Ph.D Guide. Dr. Padya is a recipient of several prestigious national and State level awards notably: UGC National Research Fellowship Award' by the University Grant Commission, New Delhi. "Gopalrao Vidwansh Vangmaya Puraskar"-2017 by Maharashtra Rajya Sahitya Akademi, "The Women Achiever's Award"-2019 by Inner wheel Club of Bombay Airport and "The Best Teacher Award" by The University of Mumbai. She is associated with various academic bodies and administrative committees at the University of Mumbai and other Indian universities, besides being an Executive Member at The Association of Study of Ginan, London (UK).

Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya
Mumbai, Maharashtra, India



Anahata

Urvashi Manuprasad Pandya

“The Wounds given by the fiends piercing the skin
Digging all the inner layers, reaching to the bones,
You have been healing for year and years, months and days-
With your soft and sweet twittering
This is the only reason,

At this moment once again my skin has become soft and golden.
May the sweet humming drop down ,Carrying the mind away
Drowning in to endless depths from the killing whirlpool.
Athe pouring river on the borders of the bed
Of which both the ending filled
With plenty of Food and grain.
Behind that the rushing and hiding crowd of Demons.
All their weapons , devices and intrigues are Fruitless.
Hoe fearless and vital is my life before death- Just because of you.

આકાશ ડૉ. વર્ષા દાસ

Varsha Das

મને એમ કે હું શાંત સ્થિર પ્રલોભક ભૂરું આકાશ છું
અને મારી પારદર્શક હળવી કાયાથી હું ખુશ છું .
પણ રાત પડતાં હું અંધારિયું અપારદર્શક ને ભારે થઈ જાઉં છું
ને તેમાં ચાંદો ને તારા ઝગમગવા માંડે છે .

પો ફાટતાં હું કેસરવરણું થઈ જાઉં છું
ને ધીખતા બપોરે ઝળહળતું પીળું.
શું મારાં વસ્ત્રો હું જલ્દી જલ્દી બદલું છું ?
કે પછી નિર્વસ્ત્ર છું એટલે એકેય રંગ ટકતો નથી ?

ધૂળની રજકણો ને સૂર્ય મને રંજિત કરે છે
ઇંદ્રધનુષથી મને શણગારે છે ,
ને તે અલોપ થતાં સુધી સૌ મને વખાણે છે.
કેવું ક્ષણભંગૂર છે મારું અસ્તિત્વ!

સાયું કહું તો હું શાશ્વત અફાટ અંતરિક્ષા છું
કેટલાંય મને આરપાર વીંધીને ચાલ્યાં જાય છે
પછી તે પંખી હોય કે પવન,
વિમાન , રોકેટ કે હોય ખરતો તારો ...
કોઈ પણ ...
કારણ કે હું સહુને આલિંગનું આકાશ છું.



Dr. Varsha Das writes fiction, non-fiction, poetry, radio plays and also for children in Gujarati, Hindi and English; and translates from Bangla, English, Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi and Odia. Her journey as a writer started in her teens, and the first award she received was when she was 18 from the Government of Gujarat. She is the recipient of several awards from the organizations like Central Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, Gujarati Sahitya Parishad, Ahmedabad, Soka University, Tokyo, etc. Her poems are included in several anthologies in India and abroad. She is the former Director of National Book Trust, India and after her retirement served as the Director of National Gandhi Museum, New Delhi.

Varsha Das
New Delhi, India



The Sky

Varsha Das

I thought I was the coveted serene tranquil blue sky
and was happy with my transparent light body
But at night I turned dark, opaque n heavy
in which the moon and the stars shone brightly!

As the day broke, I turned vermillion
and at noon, burning yellow.
Am I changing my clothes so fast?
Or I have no clothes, so no colour can last!

Dust particles and the sun paint me,
adorn me even with the rainbow,
I am admired till the rainbow fades,
what a transient existence I have!

To be frank, I am an everlasting vast space,
anyone can cut across me with ease,
birds, balloons,
planes, rockets, shooting stars...anything,
Because I'm all embracing space, indeed!

કેવળ ઊડવું

Yogesh Joshi

થાય, નીરખતાં, નીરખતાં, નીરખતાં
બની જઈ
કેવળ નીરખવું.
લખતાં, લખતાં, લખતાં
બની જઈ
કેવળ લખવું.
ચાલતાં, ચાલતાં, ચાલતાં
બની જઈ
કેવળ ચાલવું.
ગમે તેટલાં સુંદર હોય પીંછાં
પણ ઊડવા માટે જો એનો ભાર લાગે
તો એ શા કામનાં?
ખરૂ ખરૂ ખરૂ ખરૂ
ખેરવી દઉં છું
મારાં બધાંય પીંછાં
ને પછી ઊડ્યા કરું છું, ઊંચે ને ઊંચે
બસ, ઊડ્યા જ કરું છું...
થાય, ઊડતાં ઊડતાં ઊડતાં
બની જઈ
કેવળ ઊડવું.



Yogesh Joshi is a significant, versatile and eminent Gujarati language poet, writer and translator of both fiction and non-fiction works. His poetry is marked by its linguistic simplicity and by a sense of wonder towards one's environment. He has received several important awards from prestigious literary foundations! institutions. Since a decade and a half, he is editing widely circulated literary monthly "Parab", published by Gujarati Sahitya Parishad, Ahmedabad. A retired Deputy General Manager BSNL, he lives and works in Ahmedabad, Gujarat and Canada.

Yogesh Joshi
Ahmedabad, Gujarat, India



Just Fly

(Translation of Yogesh Joshi Telugu Poem is done by Udayan Thakker)

Yogesh Joshi / Udayan Thakker

Let me look
then look some more
then turn into the act of looking

Let me write
then write some more
then turn into the act of writing

Let me walk
then walk some more
then turn into the act of walking

Feathers ah! So beautiful
But if they be a burden to flying
then
of what use are they?

I let go
of all my feathers
and fly
ever so high
just fly

Let me fly
then fly some more
then turn into the act of flying

אני מביט מעיני הקופים

Amir Or

אני מביט מעיני הקופים
 המשחקים בגלגלתי בין השרכים;
 אני נשא בכנפי הנשר בעופו
 כי באו מעי במעיו;
 בחיק האדמה
 אני זוחל עם התולעים
 שאכלו את עיני מארבותיהן;
 אני ירק וצומח בעשב
 שדשן בבשרי הנרקב.

גוף אלהי שלי,
 מה גדלת מאז!



Amir Or
 Bet El, bet el, Israel

Amir Or, a leading Israeli poet, has published 14 poetry books. His work was translated into 45 languages, and was published in 30 books in Europe, America and Asia. Or's poetry won him national and international awards, including the Prime Minister's Prize, Fulbright Award for Writers, the 2015 Stefan Mitrov Ljubisa literary award, the 2016 European Atlas of Lyrics prize and the 2019 Homer European Medal of Art and Poetry. He published 2 novels, a book of selected essays, and 11 books of his translations from English, Ancient Greek and other languages. Or is the founder of Helicon Poetry Society and the Hebrew-Arabic Poetry School. He has served as national coordinator of the U.N.-sponsored Poets for Peace, national editor for international magazines, and editor of Catuv poetry series.



I Look Through the Monkeys' Eyes

Amir Or

I look through the monkeys' eyes
as they play with my skull in the treetops.
I'm lifted with the eagle as he flies
because my entrails are in his;
in the belly of the earth
I crawl with worms
who ate my eyes out of their sockets;
I am green, I grow in the grass
that my rotting flesh makes rich.

O my body
How you have grown!

Dorit Weisman

אִשָּׁה יָפָה וְצִעִירָה קוֹרֵאת שִׁירָה
בַּפֶּרֶק.

צִפּוֹר דְּרוֹר שָׁרָה בְּתוֹכִי

כָּאֵן צִרִיךְ לִכְתֹּב שִׁירָה
אֲנִי אוֹמֶרֶת
לֹא לִקְרֹא

זוֹ מוֹסִיקָה לְגוֹף, אוֹמֵר הַמְּשׁוֹרֵר
הַנִּיּוֹ-זֵילְנֵדִי

עֲצִי טִילִיָּה, אוֹמֶרֶת אֶשֶׁת הַמְּשׁוֹרֵר
שִׁישׁוֹשְׁבֵת לְצִדִּי

בְּרֵאוֹי, כֶּף הָאֵיטַלְקִיָּה,
זֶה לְרֵבִים, בְּרֵאוֹ זֶה לְיַחִיד

כָּלֵנוּ מוֹחָאִים כֶּף



Dorit Weisman, an award-winning poet with international repute, is a multi-dimensional writer. She is also a novelist, a translator, an editor, a film-maker and a literary organizer. She is a recipient of the EASAL (European Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters), 2018, of the International Poetry Prize Alfonso Gatto 2016 (Salerno, Italy), the prestigious Yehuda-Amichai Prize for Poetry and the Prime-Minister Prize for Israeli writers, 2003. She has published 10 volumes of poetry, two prose books, two translation books (poems of the writer and poet Charles Bukowski) and she is the editor of an Anthology of Israeli Women Social Protest Poetry – “The Naked Queen.”

Dorit Weisman
Jerusalem, Israel



Bravi [1]/ Dorit Weisman

Dorit Weisman

A lovely young woman reads poetry
in the park.

A sparrow sings inside me
Here is where poetry should be written
I say
not read

This is music for the body, the poet
from New Zealand says

Linden trees, says the poet's wife
sitting next to me
Bravi, the Italian says,

is plural, bravo is for singular
We all applaud.

Hayim Abramson

יש לנו חצר וגינה, פינת חמד מלאת פרחים,
 אבל חפרפרות הגיעו ויצרו חורים אינסופיים.
 רציתי להעיף אותם ואמרתי להם שהם חייבים לצאת!
 הם התלוננו, למה אנחנו צריכים ללכת?
 האם אנחנו כמו שודדי ים, גנבים?
 זה הבית החדש שלנו, הם נתנו לי את הסיבות שלהם.
 אך לא ויתרתי: לא חסרים מקומות בהרים, שם זה הפקר וזה מתאים לכם יותר,
 אין זה לא נחמד לחורר את הגינה של כל אחד.
 ראה, אמרו לי, אנחנו עושים אותם כמו מנהרות,
 לכניסה ויציאה וחסרים לנו עוד ועוד.
 הם הראו לי את השרירים והשיניים שלהם
 ראה, אנו משתמשים בהם ואנחנו מתחזקים, אתה מרגיש אותם?
 אמרתי להם, אתם יכולים לעשות עבודה טובה
 במכרה פחם, או זהב, אי שם למטה.
 שם טמון לכם עושר,
 אבל בגינתי לא תמצאו אושר.
 אוקי, הם אמרו, אל תציעו משהו כזה,
 מכיוון שאנחנו לא מעוניינים בכסף של פוטוסי.
 אנחנו חיות פשוטות, כמו הקרפדה והצפרדע,
 חיי חצר בשגרה יומיומית.
 אנחנו לא מעוניינים שיהיו לנו כסף או יהלומים
 אנחנו כאן, דאגו לנו כאילו אנחנו הלקוחות שלכם.
 אמרתי לכם, שודדים ערמומיים, בדבר כזה,
 אתם הרסתם את צמחי הוורדים שלי.
 הם כעסו ודיברו: מה חשבתם על זה?
 הוא מעליב אותנו וזה לא עובד! הם עזבו במהירות.



Dr. Hayim Abramson taught languages and Jewish studies. He is the author of Shirat HaNeshamah - (in Hebrew). This book can be seen at: <http://hayimabramson.com>. The site has poems and stories in Hebrew and Spanish. He has published in Amaravati: Poetic Prism, Prosophia, The Deronda Review, The Seventh Quarry, Voices and in e-zines. He appeared in Contemporary World Haiku. He was a judge for the Poetry Contest of the Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation. He is an optimist and his subjects of interest are: On Sources of Artistic Inspiration; Haiku Thoughts; Notes on the Holocaust; Torah, the Land and the Jewish People; The Individual Within the Community; Emunab (faith); Outlook on Life.

Hayim Abramson
 Bet El, bet el, Israel



[7970] I Came Across Moles

Hayim Abramson

We have a yard and garden, a lovely corner full of flowers,
But moles came and created endless holes.
I wanted to expel them, and I told them they must go out!
They complained, why should we go?
Are we like pirates, thieves?
Now, this is our new home, and they gave me their reasons.
See, they told me, we make the holes like tunnels,
To enter and exit, and we still miss more and more.
They showed me their muscles and teeth
See, we use them, and we get stronger, do you feel them?
Okay, they said, do not offer something like that,
Because we are not interested in Potosi's silver mines,
We do not want to have silver or diamonds
We are here; take care of us as if we would be your customers.
I told you, cunning robbers, about such a thing,
You have destroyed my rose plants.
They were angry and talked: What did you think of it?
He insults us, and it does not work! They left quickly.

I.C.U

Das A. S.

Scanty twigs,
arid rivers;
no doves perch on temples no more.

Caesarean mantle,
fractured sky;
social distancing lights offshore.

कोरा सफर ये हरे घावों पर है |
नाचि उवाडु अछि नाचि तलेन उचरे ॥

Irrational air,
colors in despair;
lost numbers plead for one last repair.

Fatiguing time,
inter-dimensional pine;
are we feeling nostalgic about primitive signs?

कोरा सफर ये हरे घावों पर है |
नाचि उवाडु अछि नाचि तलेन उचरे ॥

Slaughterhouse abode,
extinction roads;
unfold not another seismic autograph.

कोरा सफर ये हरे घावों पर है |
नाचि उवाडु अछि नाचि तलेन उचरे ॥



His poems are a part of few anthologies and poetry festivals namely Efflorescence by Chennai Poetry Circle, Glomag by Glory Sasikala, The Virtual Reality (Sparrow Publishers), Guntur Int. Poetry Fest and many more. A.S's a proud member of Soul Scriber's Society, Salem that curates Yercaud Poetry Festival every year.

Das A. S.
Salem, Tamil Nadu, India



I.C.U

Das A. S.

Scanty twigs,
arid rivers;
no doves perch on temples no more.
Caesarean mantle,
fractured sky;
social distancing lights offshore.
Vagabonding pilgrimage on wounded green,
Clay peels off clay from scene unseen.
Irrational air,
colors in despair;
lost numbers plead for one last repair.
Fatiguing time,
inter-dimensional pine;
are we feeling nostalgic about primitive signs?
Vagabonding pilgrimage on wounded green,
Clay peels off clay from scene unseen.
Slaughterhouse abode,
extinction roads;
unfold not another seismic autograph.
Vagabonding pilgrimage on wounded green,
Clay peels off clay from scene unseen.

शहर बंद

Divya Sinha

नीले आसमान पर फैले बादलों की पतली परत, सफ़ेद धुनी रुई के फाहों सी।
शांत सब, स्तब्ध सब, थम गया है आदमी।
चलती हैं बस हवाएं, तेज़ हवाएं पत्तों को झुलाती हुई,
शांत है नीला आसमान, बंद हैं आवाज़ें उड़ते विमानों की।

बादलों की चादर के नीचे मंडरा रही हैं चीलें,
गोलाकार निर्बाध लय में, स्वच्छन्द
प्रभुत्व का एहसास है उनकी उड़ान में।
आदमी है सहमा सा, डरा हुआ, शहर जैसे सो गया हो,
गहरी चुप्पी।

आवाज़ें सुनाई देती हैं बस चिड़ियों की, कतार में उड़ते हुए झुंड में बातूनी तोते।
बेरंग हैं सड़कें, अब रंग है सिर्फ आसमान में,
फूलों में, नये पत्तों में,
फूलों के इर्द-गिर्द नाचती तितलियों में।

समूची दुनिया एक सी हो गई,
जैसे परीकथा के अभिशाप ने सुला दिया है पूरे संसार को।
इस सन्नाटे में, धूप में गददे सुखाते हुए याद आया नानी का आंगन,
और परीकथा का सोया राजमहल, ढंका हुआ कांटेदार गुलाब के जंगल में।
जंगल के लिए क्या ज़रूरी है,
हमेशा ही रहे शहर बंद,
इंसान नज़र बंद?



Divya Sinha stays in Delhi, India. Retired after 30 years of service with the central government in May, 2015. She had many stories and poems running in her head for years which she has begun to put to paper now. These include poems for the disadvantaged children I teach.

Divya Sinha
Gurgaon, Haryana, India



Lockdown

Divya Sinha

A thin fluffy cloud cover spread over the blue sky,
All stilled into silence, man stands transfixed.
What moves is the wind,
Strong winds cradling the leaves of trees.

The sky is calm, no sound of aeroplanes;
Kites flying under the cloud cover in rhythmic circles,
Sovereign, unshackled.
Man is apprehensive, frightened,
The city is asleep.

Deafening silence.
The only noise is chirping of birds,
Garrulous, chattering parrots flying home.
Streets are colourless, colour is visible in the sky,
In flowers, in new leaves;
In butterflies, dancing around the flowers.

The whole world seems under a charm.
In this silence, drying mattresses under the sun remind me of granny's courtyard;
And the sleepy palace of the fairytale covered with briar rose.
For the forest to survive, should the city always be under lockdown?
Man quarantined?

बाद मद्धत गज़ल का आना हुआ

Ashok Bhandari

आज रौशन ग़रीब खाना हुआँ

यार सारे ही गुनगुनाने लगे
सारा माहौल आशिकाना हुआ

आज तो चाँद चाँद लगने लगा
मयकशी का भी इक बहाना हुआ

मेरी चिड़िया भी फुर से उड़ने लगी
उसका आँगन में चहचहाना हुआ

आँख के कोर भी बरसने लगे
आज सावन का फिर से आना हुआ

रात भी आज गुनगुनाने लगी
मेरा घर देखिये मयखाना हुआ

याद फिर वो बहुत ही आने लगे
यँ तसव्वुर का मुस्कराना हुआ



Ashok Bhandari 'Nadir' has been writing constantly from several years and published 17 books. Associated with Bhandari Adabi Trust since 2011 and has been helping the needy children.

Ashok Bhandari
Panchkula, Haryana, India



A soothing song emanates through eternity

Ashok Bhandari

shimmering my home, ensuing divinity
all gather in the soft calming hymn
endearing love hath my heart to the brim

hazel eyes get teary longing your stay
rain shower embracing my wondrous today

memoirs of love embosoming my emotions
filling my dreams with smiles ambrosian

scattering sweet fragrance throughout the trail
in soft, gentle air like a dancing veil

a desire to embellish me with all things fine
nothing's worthy to make you mine

my yearning wishes have come true
this song is a hymn of eternal love for you

bereft soul filled by the sunshine you impart
has enchanted Nadir to give thou his heart

Aroma Khas Ikan Tengiri

Akhmad Cahyo Setio

Tujuh puluh lima tahun usia negeriku ini
 Bukan lagi berkumis di bibirmu tapi telah berubah menjadi uban
 Ya, pohon bakau pun bahkan telah roboh menjadi karang dan hilang

Sepanjang usia ini aku merindu
 Wanita-wanita tangguh memakai kain sanggul di kepala
 Menyusun rapi ikan-ikan tengiri yang telah diberi garam
 Sembari menanti terik matahari di setiap pagi
 Aroma khas pun berhembus melekat di memori

Laki-laki tangguh datang menepi
 Berduyun-duyun membawa senyum pada anak istri
 Kapal-kapal berlabuh di sepanjang bibir pantai
 Datang pergi silih berganti

Kini apakah kapal-kapal telah tenggelam? apakah layar telah robek?
 Apakah tengiri-tengiri telah mati? Di mana aroma yang melekat di memori?
 Aku hanya melihat gundukan tanah dengan gedung-gedung tinggi di sepanjang bibir pantai



Akhmad Cahyo Setio is one of the literary activists from Banjarmasin Indonesia. He has participated in various literary activities both locally and internationally. His poems have been featured in the international multilingual poetry anthology *Amaravati Poem Prism 2018*. Some of his poems have been published in a joint anthology. Besides being an activist of literature, he is a teacher at Batuharang Elementary School in Mantewe. He lives in the Rejosari, Mantewe Tarah Bumbu.

Akhmad Cahyo Setio
 South Kalimantan, Indonesia



Special Scarf of between Fish

Akhmad Cahyo Setio

Seventy five years old of mycountry
No longer a mustache on your lips but has turned gray
Yes,even mangrove trees have collapsed into coral and are missing

All about this I missed
The women wear chignons on their heads
Arrange the salt-coated mackerel fish
While waiting for the hot sun every morning
The distinctive aroma also blows in the memory

The tough man came to the side
Flocking to bring smiles to their children and wives
The ships docked along the shoreline
Come and go

Now have the ships sunk?is the screen torn?
Are the mackerels dead?Where is the scent lingering in memory?
I only saw a mound of dirt with tall buildings along the beachline

È GIUGNO

Flaminia Cruciani

È giugno il cielo è un fossato di luce
 i predatori stanchi dormono nei campi di grano i demoni sono innamorati.
 Il brigante commosso dal gelsomino
 porta in dono una tartaruga alla vecchia madre
 il cadavere è ubriaco e dorme fino all'alba
 la morte ha perso la falce nei bacili d'oro delle ginestre.
 È sempre giugno nei tuoi occhi verdemarrone ,
 dove poso il senso del mio uragano sai, anch'io mi perdo infinitamente più di te
 nelle mie spalle eremite, nei versi che tirano dadi truccati
 ma tutto accade amore e come dice la luce la vita è imminente
 e tu nasci ogni giorno infinitamente più di me, nel tuo stelo arboreo
 con coraggio cammini e ridi nel frutteto impastato di sole sull'Appia antica
 dove continuiamo a giocare a caccia al tesoro con Babbo Natale.
 Non ridimensionare il volo della tua rondine
 sottratti alle aspettative, non perdere te stessa segui la tua vertigine.
 Verrò io a visitarti a capo chino come si entra in un bosco sacro
 imparerò il sangue alato del solstizio e m'insegnerai i canti dei tuoi nidi.
 L'amore non fa domande. Il tuo nome è una preghiera non me ne ero mai accorta.



Dr. Flaminia Cruciani, an Italian poet, graduated in "Archeology and History of Ancient Near East Art", and later received her Ph.D. in "Oriental Archeology", has published in 2008 "Sorso di notte potabile" Lietocolle, "Lapidarium", in 2015 "Puntoacapo", in 2016 "Semiotica del male Campanotto", in 2017 "Piano di evacuazione", Samuele Editore, in 2018 "Lezioni di immortalità", Mondadori and "We were quiet in the same language", in 2018 by Gradiva Publications, New York. In 2018, she has also published "Chora", a book written with Ilana Caifio, Spagine Fondo Verri. She is a Member of the Académie Européenne Des Sciences, Des Arts Et Des Lettres of France.

Flaminia Cruciani
 Roma, Italy



It's June

Flaminia Cruciani

It's June the sky is a deep trench of light
the tired predators sleep in the fields of wheat the demons have fallen in love.
Affected by the jasmine the highway robber
brings his old mother the gift of a turtle.
the corpse is drunk and sleeps till dawn
Death has lost its scythe in broom's golden bowls.
It's always June in your brown-green eyes where
I lay down the sense of my hurricane You know, I too go astray far more than you
in my hermit's shoulders, in my verses that cast loaded dice
but everything happens, love and as the light says life is ready to happen
and you are born every day far more than, I do in your arboreal stem
bravely you walk and laugh in the orchard thick with sunlight on the Appian Way
where we continue our treasure hunt with Santa Claus.
Don't scale back your swallow's
flight shirk expectations, don't lose yourself follow your dizzying heights.
I'll be the one visiting you with bent head as one enters a sacred wood
I'll learn the solstice's winged blood and you will teach me the songs of your nests.
Love asks no questions. Your name is a prayer I had never noticed that.

水切りの石の消えたる銀河かな

Takatoshi Goto



Dr. Takatoshi GOTO M.D., PhD, graduated from the Jichi Medical University « Graduate School. He is a recipient of the Sweden Haiku Prize- 1997 and many more. He has many published haiku collections to his credit. Dr. Takatoshi GOTO is the Vice President of Japan Haiku Association.

Takatoshi Goto

Utsunomiya, Tochigi-ken, Japan



Playing ducks and drakes

Takatoshi Goto

the stone disappeared into the Milky Way

ಕಿಟಕಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ

Vasanthkumar Perla

ಕಿಟಕಿ ತೆರದದ್ದು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಯಿತು
ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಭಾಗ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಅಥವಾ ಪೂರ್ತಿ
ಪರದೆಯ ಹಾಕಿಬಿಡಿ.

ಒಂದೇ ಸಮನೆ ಗಾಳಿ ಕಸಕಡ್ಡಿ ಧೂಳು
ಕಣ್ಣುರಿ, ಎರಬುವ ಹುಳುಹುಪ್ಪಟೆಗಳ ದಾಳಿ.

ಕಿಟಕಿ ಇರುವುದು ಹೊರಜಗತ್ತು ನೋಡಲು
ಗಾಳಿ ಬೆಳಕು ಬರಲು
ಅಪರಿಚಿತರ ನೋಡಲು ಮತ್ತು ಮಾತಾಡಿಸಲು.

ಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂತೆಗದ್ದಲ, ನಿಂದೆ ಜಗಳ
ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಓದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ
ಅಪ್ಪ ಪೂಜೆಗೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಾರೆ
ನನಗಿದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನದ ಹೊತ್ತು.

ಏಕಾಂತ ಭಂಗ
ಬೀದಿಯ ರಣರಂಪ ನುಗ್ಗುತ್ತಿದೆ ಮನೆಯೊಳಗೆ
ಚಿತ್ತಕ್ಕೊಳೆ, ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಸಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಲಿ ಮುಂದೆ
ಕಾಣದ ಹಾಗೆ, ನಾವು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವೆವೆಂದೆ
ಹಾಳಾಗದೆ.

ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಅವರು ಬಿಳಿಗಿಟ್ಟಾರು ನಮ್ಮ ಸೊತ್ತುಗಳ
ಒಳಗೆ ಬಿಡುವುದು ಬೇಡ ಜಗಳ ಹೇತುಕಗಳ
ಕಿಟಕಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ. ಮನೆ, ಮನೆಯ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರಲಿ.



Dr. Vasanthkumar Perla, M. A., Ph. D. and a Diploma holder in Journalism with 1 rank, is a well-known writer and poet both in Kannada and Tulu, and has published over 45 books including collections of poetry, short stories, research articles, travelogues, compilations etc. which have been honoured with several awards. Dr. Perla is a versatile personality in the field of literature, journalism, theatre, electronic media and cinema. His works have been translated into Konkani, Tulu, Malayalam, Telugu, Tamil, Punjabi and English etc. He has served as a journalist at the beginning of his career and then served All India Radio for 30 years- as Station Director in different parts of Karnataka. He is a recipient of Tulu Sahitya Academy award and Rajyotsava award.

Vasanthkumar Perla
Mangaluru, Karnataka, India



Keep the Windows Shut

(Translation of Vasanthkumar Perla Kannada Poem is done by Artha Perla)

Vasanthkumar Perla / Artha Perla

You've opened the windows a little too much
Either shut the lower half or
Close it with the curtains.
Air, dust, dirt is entering in
Burning the eyes and those insects...
Windows are meant to
Open us in to wide world
For fresh air and light
To peek at strangers and talk.
Hustle bustle of the streets
And those petty fights
Children are studying
Father is praying
And it's my-self study time.
Disturbing the solitude
Commotion of the streets
Making way in to the house!
Irritating! Let it just go by away from sight
Let us safeguard what is ours.
We would be haggled!
Such a disdain! Keep the windows shut
Let the house remain, a house.

Kalengmaha, Nang Vanglote Nesengve Lun Lun...

Longbir Terang

Kalengmaha,
Ajam kethepikipik atalopi nangkapdet si
Puan ajak akahelo nangkangjar.

Nangvengkong, Nang arveng
Kangtang, Ne ke matha un'e.

Kelak chibikok si
Heloving adet pen ne havar an
Nangkahumri, Nangkapatelanglang...

Kalengmaha,
Nang vanglote Nesengve lun lun titi.

Sengkarong alun, Kachoro alun,
Kachikimodun alun.

Ne havar an kevang pen
Alir-alon nangkepi tekang
Ne thangnat ta nangchipidun move.

La nesengve alun ijir pen
Nang kachevoithu ahut
Nangchepadidundun bompo dei.

Kalengmaha,
Moning ta chetongthu lonang non apor
Puthot.



Longbir Terang, a freelancer, poet and translator from Diphu, Karbi Anglong. He has written two books in Karbi: "Karbi Ahirjir Ak/on g A/am Kan gsirdam Vol. 1" (2019) and "Sen gveA/un/ir Vol. 1" (2019). He also co-translated Karon Hansepi's book into English titled "Me and My Shadow"-poetry collection. He has co-edited "Sengve Arlo Aharchi Archim" (Karbi) poetry collection, Samsing Hanse's 'Kumlin' (Karbi)-poetry collection and 'Rumir' (Karbi) ballad. His poems both in Karbi and English are published in varied national and regional poetry anthologies. Longbir Terang is interested in research activities to promote Karbi culture, literature and identity. His hobby includes listening to music, travelling and composing poems.

Longbir Terang
Diphu, Assam, India



Amur Falcon- Whenever You Come, My Heart Sings

(Translation of Longbir Terang Karbi Poem is done by Serlibon Timungpi)

Longbir Terang / Serlibon Timungpi

Amur Falcon,
You've soared across long skies
And long seas and oceans.

I can't fathom
your mighty wings and feathers.

Carefree and inexhaustible
You've flown over from afar
And come to visit us.

O Amur Falcon!
Whenever you come, my heart sings.

A song of happiness
A song of thankfulness
A song of memories.

You've visited my land and made it more beautiful
How may I repay you?

But whenever you'll depart
I will bid you a happy farewell
Humming your song in my heart.

O Amur Falcon,
Every year at the same time
We'll meet again.

بہ ہیکہ نہ

Ali shaida

بہ ہیکہ نہ لکھتے تھے
 مے چھ حرفن کھو ہو رہے سل
 لفظن چھرہ پر گالو معنی لا پتہ مر گہ دن
 ورن کھو ہو ہام
 قلمس بہرہ شہس شہس
 مل زن زن اذو فیر شہر اوتھ
 میاڈی موضوع دم پختو صو ندقہ بڑ
 تہ آواز پھاسہ کوئس الاز
 سوچہ سر یہ چٹم لوسان لوسان کر فیوڑ صحر اوز کیکو کیکو
 زون تہ تارکھ تہ ہران ٹھک ٹھک بوڑتھ
 دارہ لئین باروڈر ڈ بہ ہوٹ چہران
 سطرن مشرودا سرتھمن ہکھ پچیان
 شوس چہم ناکر کفنگو پاٹھ
 بہ چٹس و زلمہ گز تہ ہنہ ہگاٹک
 واپو ہالیہ منر ڈ کر بل پھرٹھ
 بہ کیا ہ لکھ بہ لکھ ہانہ ہاتھ
 بہ ہیکہ نہ لکھتے تھے
 بہ ہیکہ نہ !!!.....



Ali Shaida, a poet and writer from Kashmir, India, writes poetry and prose in Kashmiri, Urdu and English. He is a post-graduate in Economics and retired as Vice President, J&K Bank. An author of seven books, he represents the South Kashmir literary organisation 'Maraz Adbi Sangam', and is the editor of its magazine 'Veth Agur'. He is also the Vice Chairman (South) of Jammu and Kashmir Cultural Confederation.

Ali shaida

Nepora Anantnag Kashmir, India



I can't Pen down.....

Ali shaida

For my letters are put up with the stratum of abrasions
Words are perforated with pellets, meaning buried in unheard of the graveyard
The sheets are eaten up by mesh
Every breath of pen is sealed
Ink is like tear drops frozen
My themes are impassive
Lying at the mercy of boxes
And voice hanging at the drop
The sun of my senses is setting on the way to curfewed desert
The moon and the stars tremble on account of beating
And the window sills are gut wrenched by smolder of explosives
In between the lines the cheerless faces, doubtful identity
Unrest is the attire of my souls like a coffin
From a village of the lightening I belong to
Amongst the wild wind I am but a threat
What should I write..... I can't compose a song
I can't write
I can't.....

ಉದ್ಯಾಥೆಂಬೆ - 2050

Wilson Roshan Sequeira

ರಯ್ತತೊಂಡ್ ಉಗಡ್ಡ್
ಜೀಬ್ ಪಾರ್ಕಿಲ್ಯಾ ದಾಕ್ತೆರಾನ್
ವೊಕ್ತಾಚಿ ಚೀಟ್ ಬರವ್ನ್ ದಿಲಿ -
ದಿಸಾಕ್ ತೀನ್ ಪಾವ್ತಿಂ
ಧಾ-ಧಾ ಎಮ್ಮೆಲ್ ಉದಕ್!

ಬೆನ್ಪ್, ಬಿ.ಎಮ್.ಡಬ್ಲ್ಯೂ ಕೊರೊಡಾಂಚೊ ಗಾಡಿಯೊ
ರಸ್ತೊ ಸೊಡ್ಡ್ ರಾವ್ಲೊ...
ಉದ್ಯಾಚೆಂ ಟ್ಯಾಂಕರ್ ಏಕ್
ಸೈರನ್ ವ್ಹಾಜವ್ನ್ ಧಾಂವ್ಲೆಂ!

ಏಕ್ ಖಬರ್-
'ಸೆಕ್ಯೂರಿಟಿಚಿ ಖುನ್ ಕರ್ನ್
ಚೊರಾಂಧಾವ್ನ್
ಬೋರ್ವೆಲ್ಯಾಚಿ ಲೂಟ್!'

'ರಗತ್ ವ್ಹಾಳಯಿಲ್ಲೆಖಾತಿರ್ ಪಾಂಚ್ ವರ್ಸಾಂ
ಆನಿ ರಗತ್ ಧುಂವ್ಕ್
ಉದಕ್ ವಿಬಾಡ್ಲೆ ಖಾತಿರ್ ಧಾ ವರ್ಸಾಂ ಸಜಾ'
ಕೊಡ್ತಿಚೆಂ ಐತಿಹಾಸಿಕ್ ತೀರ್ವ್!
ರೇಶನ್ ಆಂಗ್ಲಿಭಾಯ್ರ್
ಉಮ್ಮಳ್ತಾ ಬೋರ್ಡ್-
ಉದಕ್ ಮುಗ್ಗಲಾಂ!



Wilson Kateel (real name: Wilson Roshan Sequeira) is an established poet and lyricist in Konkani and Kannada. He is the Editor of Literary bilingual Magazine 'Arso' and Associate editor of Konkani Literary e-zine 'kittall.com'. So far, he has published four poetry collections: Pavle (2011), Deek Ani Peek (2014), Tasveenth (2015) and Encounter (2016). He is a recipient of the prestigious Vimla V Pai Poetry Award-2017 for his poetry collection 'Encounter'.

Wilson Roshan Sequeira
Karnataka Mangaluru, India



Water Drops – 2050

(Translation of Wilson Roshan Sequeira Konkani Poem is done by Florine Roche)

Wilson Roshan Sequeira / Florine Roche

Upon examining the tongue of a farmer
The doctor wrote a prescription -
'Drink three times a day
10-10 ml water!'

Cars worth crores like Benz, BMW
Stopped aside to make way for
water tanker that sped away
with a single Siren!

Important news :
Security guard killed by thieves
Who looted a Borewell!

"5 years of punishment
for shedding blood
And 10 years for or wasting water
To wash the blood stains"
Historic judgement by the court!

A board in front of
A ration shop -
Water sold out!

परिस्थितिकी

Bibha Kumari

कोइलीक कुहकब
 कौआक डाकब
 सुनलहुं निचेन भ
 एहि लॉकडाउन मे
 हमरा सभ रखैत छी
 सह अस्तित्व
 सीखलहुं कोरोना सन
 पेंडेमिक संग अरारि मे
 फरिछायल
 जल आ पवन
 जहन बन्न भेल
 धुईयांक अन्हरिया
 एहि माटिक असरा भेल
 भीड़ मे हेरायल भुतलायल
 अनचिन्हार बनल
 परदेसिया सभकेँ
 हमर अस्तित्व सभ सं
 सभक अस्तित्व हमर संग
 ई परिस्थितिकी
 छी अपन परान आधार।



Dr. Bibha Kumari, an Asst. Professor of Hindi at the IP College for Women, Delhi University, and an avid reader, had a penchant for writing since her childhood. Many of her stories, poems, literary critiques and reviews have been published in national and international anthologies, academic journals, magazines and e-zines. Ever since her debut as a Maithili poet delegate at the CCVA's International Multilingual Poets' Meet-2016 at Vijayawada, she is a regular at poets' meets in the Maithili language that include Kavyitri Sammelan-2018 of Maithili Bhojpuri Academy of Delhi and Sahityotsav programme of Kendriya Sahitya Akademi, Delhi. With 7 books and 1 book as co-author to her credit, besides. Söeral chapters in academic and literary books., Bibha is currently working on a research project titled 'Maithili Asmita Vimarsh' of Maithili Bhojpuri Academy.

Bibha Kumari

Jharoda majara, Burari, Delhi, India



NaturaNaturans.

(Translation of Bibha Kumari Maithili's Poem is done by Sumit Nandan)

Bibha Kumari / Sumit Nandan

CuckooofCuckoos
CallingofCrows,
Couldsavourprofusely
bylettingmyhairdown
InthisLockdown.

ThebeingofThy
IsoexistentwiththeveryOther,
Dawnedonme
WhilecombatingCorona,thePandemic.

WateraswellasAir
Distilledtotheoptimal
Whenceblackenedsmogreceded.

NativeSoilemergedasOasis
TheonlyResorttodazed-fazedmigrants,
TotheFacelessCrowd
Uprooted&Derecognized.

OthersbeingThere,iam Here
InCohabitationwiththeveryOther
ThisiscalledEco-system,
TheÉlanvital,NaturaNaturans.

തേയിലപ്പാട്

Anoop MR

നമ്മൾ മനുഷ്യരായി ജീവിച്ച വർഷങ്ങളിൽ
 അവർ തൊഴുത്തുകളിലായിരുന്നു.
 സ്വപ്നങ്ങൾമാത്രം ചുവരുകളായ ഒറ്റമുറികളിൽ.
 ഞാനും ആ പാപം ചുമക്കേണ്ടതാണെന്ന്,
 ഈ തേയിലപ്പാട് ശ്വാസകോശത്തിൽനിന്ന് മാഞ്ഞുപോവിയല്ലെന്ന തെട്ടലുമായി
 ഞാൻ ഉറക്കമറ്റ് മണ്ണിനടിയിലെമ്പോലെയെ ഞെളിപ്പിരിക്കൊള്ളുകയാണ്.
 മരണനിമിഷത്തിൽ നാളെ നുള്ളാനുള്ള കൊളുത്തുകളെക്കുറിച്ച് അവർ
 ഓർത്തിരിക്കുമോ?
 പണിതിട്ടും പണിതിട്ടും തീരാത്ത ഭാവിയെച്ചൊല്ലി നൂറിങ്ങിപ്പോയിരിക്കുമോ?

ഇപ്പോഴും അവരുണ്ട്.
 ലക്ഷം വർഷങ്ങൾക്കുശേഷം നമ്മുടെ വാഹങ്ങൾക്ക് ഇന്ധനമാകേണ്ടവർ.
 ഇനിയും കുഴിച്ചുപോയാൽ അവരുടെ ഗതികിട്ടാതെ പുതഞ്ഞുപോയ പൂർവ്വികർ.
 കുത്തിയൊലിച്ചുപോയ ജീവിതങ്ങൾ.
 അവരുടെ മുതശരീരങ്ങൾ കണ്ടെത്തിയാലും ആഴത്തിൽ കുഴിച്ചുപോകണം
 അവരുടെ ആഴത്തിലടിഞ്ഞുപോയ സ്വപ്നങ്ങളെയും പൂർവ്വികരേയും
 തിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുവരണം.
 ഒരിക്കലും ജീവിക്കാതെപോയവരുടെ തണുപ്പിന്റെ ഒറ്റമുറിവിടുകളെ
 കരുതലുകൾകൊണ്ട് പൊതിയണം.
 ചായയല്ലാത്ത മറ്റൊരു പാനീയം വിളമ്പി അവരെ എന്റെ
 സ്വീകരണമുറിയിലിരുത്തണം.



Anoop M R translates from English to Malayalam and vice versa, and works as a language teacher. His poems in Malayalam have been published in many notable magazines. Ubhayajeevitham (2006), Athmapravasam (2011) and Havva (2017) are his published poetry collections.

Anoop MR
 Palakkad, Kerala, India



Tea Mark

Anoop M.R

In the years we lived as human beings they were in stables.

In single rooms with walls only in dreams.

That I too should bear that sin, with the shock that this tea will not fade from
the lungs I'll be asleep.

Do they remember the pinches of tomorrow at the moment of death?

Are you frustrated with the endless future of building and building?

They are still there.

Those who need to fuel our vehicles millions of years later.

If they are still buried, their ancestors will be buried without a trace.

Care should be taken to cover the cold solitary confinement of those who
have never lived.

I have to serve them a drink other than tea and put them in my living room.

വേർപാടുകൾ

Pankajam Kottarath

പണ്ട് ഞാൻ നിന്തിക്കളിച്ച കുള്ളം എങ്ങോ പുറപ്പെട്ടുപോയി
പുഴകൾ തോടുകളായി, കാടുകൾ വിടുകളായി.
വയലുകളെല്ലാം വിപണികൾ, പഴയ വിടുകൾ വിഷാദികൾ
വലിയ വിടുകളിൽ വാർദ്ധക്യവും ഏകാന്തതയും കൂട്ടിനുള്ള മനുഷ്യർ.

മലകളിൽ പിറന്ന്, പാൽപ്പുഞ്ചിരി തൂകി, നൃത്തമാടി
തീരപ്രദേശങ്ങളെ പുണരുന്ന നദികൾക്കു ആത്മാവുണ്ട്, മോഹങ്ങളുണ്ട്.
കടലിൽ ലയിക്കുന്നതിന് മുൻപ്
തീരങ്ങളെ ചുംബിക്കാൻ കൊതിയുണ്ട്.

ഉറവകൾ വറ്റി അസ്ഥിപോലെ ഉണങ്ങിവരണ്ട്
ചുരുങ്ങിയ നദികൾ മഴക്കായി തപസ്സു ചെയ്യുന്നു.
അതിരുകൾ ലംഘിക്കാൻ, തീരങ്ങളെ കൈയടക്കാൻ.
നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടത് വീണ്ടെടുക്കാൻ, അവ പ്രതിജ്ഞാബദ്ധരാണ്.

ഭൂമിയിലും ആകാശത്തിലും പ്രവേശനം നിഷേധിക്കപ്പെട്ട
ഗന്ധർവന്മാർ, മേഘമായി മാറി, മഴയായി പൊഴിഞ്ഞ
അപസര കന്യകമാരെ പുല്കി തഴുകുമ്പോൾ
നദികളും തീരങ്ങളും സായുജ്യമടയുന്നു.

ഭഗീരഥൻ വന്ന് തങ്ങളെ ആകാശത്തേക്കു നയിക്കാൻ
നദികൾ ശിവനോട് കേണപേക്ഷിക്കുന്നു.



Pankajam Kottarath, a bilingual poet/novelist writing in English and Malayalam, has nineteen published books, including eleven books of poems and one translated into French. She is one of the editors of 'Teesta Review'. Her articles, poems, book reviews/papers have been widely published/anthologized. Her poetry has been discussed in detail in the book 'Femininity-Poetic Endeavours' and also in the book 'History of Contemporary Indian English Poetry'. Under 50 women poets from India. She is the recipient of Oriental Poetry Award 2016, one of the recipients of Ravindranath Tagore Award for Poetry International 2017 and 2018, Bharat Award for Short Stories International 2017, 2018 and 2019, Shree Atal Behari Vajpayee Award 2019, Rock Pebbles National Literary Award 2019 and Cochin Litfest Poetry Prize-2019.

Pankajam Kottarath
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



Separations

Pankajam Kottarath

The pool I used to swim in vanished somewhere
Rivers became thin, forests turned into houses.
Fields are markets, old houses depressed
Aged people embrace loneliness in large houses.

Born in the mountains, rivers smiled and danced,
embraced valleys. They have souls and desires.
Before dissolving into the sea
they long to kiss the shores.

Springs dried up and shrunk to their bones,
rivers beg for rains
to cross boundaries and seize the shores.

They are committed to recover what has been lost,
Having denied access to the earth and the sky
when Gandharvas personified as clouds pour down
to embrace Apsaras, the celestial maidens,
rivers and shores become ecstatic.

I hear the rivers pray to Lord Shiva
to let Bhageeratha lead them to the sky.



ഭ്രമം

Seena Sreevalson

സൗമ്യം വന്യം ഗാവ്യം ഏതുവാക്കിന്നുടൽ പറ്റിവരയ്ക്കണം
 ജലസ്ഥലഭ്രമംബാധിച്ചു വിരലുകൾചോദിക്കുന്നു.
 ഇലത്താളങ്ങളിൽ കാറ്റുപോലൊന്ന് നീട്ടി വിളിക്കുന്നു.
 കാണാത്തതെന്തൊ പറഞ്ഞപോലെ
 മെയ് വഴങ്ങാത്ത കാടകപ്പച്ചകൾ
 മൗനം മുറിച്ചിട്ട് വേരു നീട്ടുന്നു,
 മേലെ മഴക്കാറിനു ദൂതയയ്ക്കുന്നു.
 ഭൂമി പാടുന്നുഭൂമിയാടുന്നുചിറകുനീർത്തുന്നു
 വിരൽപ്പൂക്കളിൽ കാട്ടുതേൻ ചുരത്തുന്നു
 തുടുത്ത മാറിൽ നീലനദികളെ പോറ്റുന്നു.
 ഉള്ളിലതിരഹസ്യമാം കൂട്ടിൽതുവൽമീട്ടും പക്ഷികൾ.
 അതിസൂക്ഷ്മതരംഗമായാപ്പാട്ടിൻ
 തുടിയേറ്റം കാട്ടുവള്ളിപ്പടർപ്പിൽ ഊറിനിയുന്ന ജടാലങ്കാരങ്ങൾ.
 മുടിപറിച്ചെറിയുന്നതീകായും നേരങ്ങൾ ഉടൽപൊഴിക്കുന്ന വന്യസഞ്ചാരങ്ങൾ
 ജീവസ്ഥലികളിൽ ഭൂമിയുടെ ജലാർദ്രമാംവാക്കുകൾവിരൽമുറിക്കുന്നു...



Seena Sreevalson is a biligual poet , translator and editor from Kerala, India. She writes poetry in English and Malayalam. She has presented her poems in several national and international poetry fests. Her poems have also been featured in many international poetry anthologies. She has compiled and edited two International anthologies of English poems The Current and Global poetry which consists poems from 40 nations across the Globe. She has directed two editions of Prime Poetry Festival , Kerala 2019,and 2020. She has received Poonthanam Yuva Sahithya Puraskaram for her Malayalam anthology. She is also a classical dancer who experiments visual aspects of poetry.

Seena Sreevalson
 Kerala, India



Of Earth

Seena Sreevalson

Gentle , Wild , Deep
Inclining to which word
Should I draw you?
Fingers ask in a confusing tone.
The wind softly pats petals
And calls out.
Something incorporeal
Falls on my ear.
Silence stretches out its roots
Sending messages to the water ways.
The earth sings
The earth dances
The earth kisses
Wings are torn in the fingerprints
Wild flies lose their way
Fed up with the dry rivers.
Finally we see an inanimate caged
Inside the womb.

RINTIHAN ALAM

Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman

Semalam
 kuterpandang wajah syamsu
 kehangatannya mendingin.
 Semalam
 Kuterpandang wajah rembulan
 Kedinginannya membara.
 Semalam
 Kuterpandang wajah samudera
 Ketenangannya bergelora.
 Semalam
 Kuterpandang wajah langit
 Ketulusannya berbalam.
 Tatkala alam bermuram durja
 menyerbu bayu merah dengan gagah langkah.
 Mengembangkan putih kepak
 mengibaskan hijau kisah
 mengukuhkan kuning kuasa
 merubah rona alam
 menjadi hitam dan muram!



Dr. Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman, hails from Kuala Kurau, Perak, Malaysia. She is a poet, researcher, certified translator, literary critic and essayist. Her poems are in 150 anthologies published by leading publications, local and international. Her English poems are compiled in the book *Malaysian Literature in English*. She has been awarded Cyber Poetry Award (2003, 2004), First Prize Online Ramadan Poetry organized by esastera.com (2004), The National Literary Award (2006-2007), Darul Ridzuan Literary Prize (2016, 2018), Citra Sahabat DBP Award (2016), Ecology Award from Rivas, Central America (2018), Mewadev Laurel Award from Amlor, Banda, UP, India (2018) NUMERA Srikandi Award (2018) and Suryodhana Literary Award (2020). Four poems of Raja Rajeswari are Malay songs now. Her poems have been translated into Thirty five world languages.

Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman
 Selangor, Malaysia



Lamentation of the Universe

Raja Rajeswari Seetha Raman

Yesterday

caught sight of sun's appearance
ember gets cooler.

Yesterday

caught sight of moon's appearance
chilliness embers.

Yesterday

caught sight of ocean's appearance
calmness in turbulence.

Yesterday

caught sight of sky's appearance
sincerity fading.

In a trice

red breeze raided
rolled out its white wing
dusted off its green story
intensified its yellow influence
altered the colors of the universe
to dismal black!

पृथ्वी आणि चंद्र

Shubha Khandekar

हलो हलो, बोलतोयस कुठून? आकाशातल्या चंद्रायरून।
 तिथे कसा गेलास? चांद्रयानात बसून. यान कसं घडवलंस? ज्ञान मिळवून.
 ज्ञान कसं मिळवलंस ? पुस्तक वाचून. पुस्तक कसं बनवलंस? कागद बांधून.
 कागद कुठून आणलेस? झाडं तोडून!
 असं होय? आणि झाड कसं बनवलं? मी बनवलं नाही। कुणी बनवलं? माहित नाही.
 कसं बनवलं, केव्हां बनवलं? कुणास ठाऊक, मी विचारच कधी असा केला नाही.
 बरं. काय काय आहे तिथे, सांग जरा बघून
 ना फूल ना पान, ना पक्षी ना प्राणी ना हवा ना पाणी ---
 खड्डे खळगे, गुडुप अंधार, थंडी आणि ऊन, कडक ऊन !
 अरे, खोटाय तो चंद्र, दे त्याला सोडून! खरा चंद्र दिसतोय मला इथून
 खेळतोय लपंडाव झाडाझाडातून, सांडतोय बाळाच्या हसण्यातून, हसतोय प्रेयसीच्या
 लाजण्यातून
 तळ्यात नदीत गाण्यात गोष्टीत कथितेत अंगाईत राहिलाय भरून!
 झपाट्याने विकास झालाय तुझा, गाठलायस मोठा पल्ला, पण वेळ गेलेली नाहीये
 अजून म्हणून ये आता परतून
 खीळ घाल विकासाच्या घोडदौडीला, वळून बघ, विचार कर पळभर थांबून.
 आवर तंत्रज्ञानाचा पसारा नाहीतर परतीची वाट जाईल मिटून !
 बसावे लागेल खर्या पृथ्वीवर खोट्या चंद्राला कवटाळून।



Shubha Khandekar, with a keen interest in history and archaeology, is the author-illustrator of *ArchaeoGiri – A Bridge Between the Archaeologist and the Common Man* – an infotainment – book on Indian archaeology. She has been a journalist and communications consultant and writes poetry in Marathi and English.

Shubha Khandekar

Kalyan East, Maharashtra, India



Earth and Moon

Shubha Khandekar

Hello, hello, where are you speaking from? From the moon in the sky!

How did you reach there? By a lunar spacecraft. How did you craft it? By acquiring knowledge.

How did you acquire knowledge? By reading books.

How did you make books? By binding paper together.

How did you get paper? By felling trees.

Oh I see. And how did you make the trees? I didn't. Who made them? I don't know.

When and how was the tree made? Don't know, never gave it a thought.

Ok, now tell me, what's there on the moon.

No flower, no leaf, no bird, no beast, no air no water---

Pits and craters, pitch darkness, cold and oppressive heat!

Hey, that's a false moon, abandon it! I can see the real moon from here

It's playing hide-n-seek through tree after tree

It's spilling through the laughter of the baby and smiling through the beloved's blush

It's pervading the lake and the river, the song and the verse, the story and the lullaby!

You've developed fast and achieved much, but come back while there's still time

Hold back the development steed, turn around, think for a moment

Put in order the technology paraphernalia, lest it swallows up your path for return

And force us to embrace on the real earth, the false moon!

गझल: जरा बोललो तर

Venkatesh Kulkarni

किती आळ आले जरा बोललो तर
पुन्हा वाद झाले, जरा बोललो तर...

भल्या वागण्याने अहिंसाच होते,
उरी चार भाले जरा बोललो तर...

जरा बोललो, मीच बदनाम झालो...
कुणी चाल चाले जरा बोललो तर

जमानाच हा कौतुकाचा निघाला..
'मसीहा' म्हणाले जरा बोललो तर!

'जपावे स्वतःला' म्हणाले मला ते,
स्वतःलाच भ्याले जरा बोललो तर

नशेच्या पुढे सर्व लाचार होती...
'भरा आज प्याले' जरा बोललो तर



Venkatesh Kulkarni, by profession, is working in the Agri Input sector as a Sales & Marketing Head. He is a poet and a ghazal writer in Marathi. He also writes stories and blogs in Marathi. His Ghazals are set to music and sung by Marathi singers. He also runs Sahitya Katta in Hyderabad, a platform for facilitating Marathi Literature - writing, recitation and presentation at different levels. Theatre activities are also being performed under the aegis of Sahitya Katta. Venkatesh's Marathi poetry and Ghazal collection are under the publication process.

Venkatesh Kulkarni
Hydernagar, TS, Hyderabad, India



Ghazal: When I spoke a little

Venkatesh Kulkarni

They accused me, when I spoke a little
Raised arguments, when I spoke a little

Modesty is always nonviolent
Spears pierced the heart, when I spoke a little

Infamous I became, when I spoke a little
They cook conspiracy, when I spoke a little

The world is full of pampers...
Called me 'Messiah', when I spoke a little

They warned me 'to be careful'
Frightened to themselves, when I spoke a little

Everyone is greedy to intoxicate
"Filled the glass", when I spoke a little

TLÂNG

Malsawmi Jacob

Engkim âia sângin
van lam banin
kum sâng tam tak
in ding tawh maw –
tlâng sâng te u,
a mak mang e!

In lakah chuan hringmi,
thilsiam chungnung ber hi
a lang tê nâu e;
Siamtu thâwk khum mi nung
a rilrua chatuan awm niin
a hmuh leh ngaihtuah zawng
chunga lên tumin
nî tin a feh chhuak

Tlâng sânga lâwn aiin
mahni in thunun
a ropui zâwk tih
a hre si lo.



Malsawmi Jacob is a bilingual poet, writer and occasional translator between Mizo language and English. She has published 9 books: 2 books of poems, 2 short story collections, 2 children's fiction, 2 narrative non-fiction and 1 novel. Her novel 'Zorami A Redemption Song' is a prescribed reading in two university campuses and widely read by research scholars.

Malsawmi Jacob
Bengaluru, Karnataka, India



Mountains

Malsawmi Jacob

How tall you stand
towering above all
reaching for the sky
mighty mountains!
You have stood thus
thousands of years

How puny seems man,
crown of creation
beside your gigantic size
ageless existence!
Yet with life-breath in being
eternity in mind
he sets out to subdue
all he sees and dreams

Little does he know
there's no glory
in conquering you
but in conquering self.

रारामा छलहरुसित

Keshab Sigdel

पहरा दिइरहेका सल्लाका रुखहरुलाई छलेर
शुक्लपक्षको जून
छिँल्लिन्छ तिमीसँग
र लजाएको भावमा
पानीका तहहरु बनाएर
तिमी छचल्किन्छ्यौ
शीतकालको
मनोरम नृत्य भएर ।

मानौ समयको गतीले
कम्पोज गरिरहेछ जूनको नयाँ धुन
भेट्टाउनलाई उसको त्यो लय
रात्रीको चक्रमन्तामा
तिमी बागिरहन्छौ किनाराहरुसम्म
र टोक्किएपछि किनाराहरुमा
फेरी जगाउँछौ छलहरुको अर्को नयाँ जुलुस ।

जूनको उज्यालोमा
भन् मादक देखिन्छन् ति छलहरु
त्यही भावभङ्गले उद्बलित भएपछि
लहडी यात्री जस्तो
तिमीलाई नै बनाउँछु
एउटा प्रेमिल गन्तव्य
र, डुवुल्की लगाउँछु
तिमीभित्र ।

रात गुञ्जिएपछि
गोरेटोमा सयसहरुका सास
बाफ बनेर आकाशमै विलाउँछन्
र छेबैवाट ओहोरदोहोर गरिरहेका घोडाहरु
घाँटीको घण्टीले जगाउँछन्
अल्छी निद्राहरु ।

भोलीतुम्बा बोकी आएका यात्रुहरु
तिम्रो किनारमा बिताएपछि एउटा रात
घामको प्रतीक्षामा छटपटाउँछन्
उज्यालो हुनासाथ हतार हतार
आफ्नो क्यामेरा उठाउँछन्
र कैद गछ्छन्
धुम्म परेको आकाशमा
घामका केही छिर्काहरु ।

म फेरी जून आउने
समय कुरिरहन्छु
घुप्लुक अंधारो ओढेर
चरा र घौंडाहरु सुतेपछि
जूनको अशिलल उज्यालोमा
प्रिय रारा
तिमीसँगै निर्माण गर्न चाहान्छु
केही स्वप्निल यादहरु ।

Keshab Sigdel is a creative writer, translator and editor. He is the author of two poetry books *Samaya Bighatan* (Dissolution of Time, 2007) and *Colour of the Sun* (Slovenia, 2017). Editor of *An Anthology of Contemporary Nepali Poetry* (Big Bridge, USA, 2016), he also edits literary magazines *Of Nepalese Clay*, *Rupantaran* and *Planetariat*. His recent translation works include Nepali translation of *Modern Chinese poetry*, *Nigeria: Sashwat Aawaj* (Nepali translation of contemporary Nigerian poetry) and *Shades of Colours* (English translation of indigenous Nepali poetry). He is the International Coordinating Committee Member of World Poetry Movement based in Columbia and the vice president of the Society of Nepali Writers in English. He is the recipient of Bhanubhakta Gold Medal (Culture Ministry of Nepal, 2014), Kalashree Srijana Puraskar (2015), Rock Pebbles Literature Award (India, 2018), Yuva Varsa Moti Puraskar (National Youth Fund, 2018) and Gujarat Sahitya Academy Award (2020).



Keshab Sigdel
Kathmandu, Nepal



With the Waves of Rara

Keshab Sigdel

Deceiving the pine trees standing in sentry
The moon flirts with the lake
In response
The lake creates ripples of waves
And splashes as if it were a rehearsal of an enticing dance
Of a winter night!
The moon, as always,
Continues its own course
In that caliginous night
The lake sees the moon's revived youthfulness
Its seductive appearance
Excites the lake
And it liberates in the waves.
In the light of the moon
The lake appears intriguing
My sickening heart
Becomes even more impatient
And, to pacify the unquenched desires
My imagination dives into the lake.
As the night exceeds
The breathe of hostlers
Evaporate and dissolve in the sky
And the horses moving from the alleys nearby
Wake up the lazy sleeps
With their neck-bells.
Travelers with their bag-packs
Spend a night in the tents at the bank of Rara
And anxiously wait for the sun to come out
In the morning,
They pick up their cameras
And click a photograph
Of the sun's reflection
On the lake.
I keep waiting
For the moon to come back again;
When the birds and horses sleep
Wearing the night's somber
I prepare myself to consume
The excitement of the lake
Rippling towards the edges
In the obscene light of the moon!

ଦୁବ ଓ ମଣିଷ

Agnivesh Mahapatra

ଚାରି ଦିନ ହେଲାଣି ମା କହୁଛି,
ଆଣିଦେବାକୁ କିଛି ଦୁବ!
ଓଷା କରିବ, ପୁଅକୁ ବନ୍ଦେଇବ, ଦୁବ ମଖେଇବ ।
ଦୁଇ ଦିନ ହେଲାଣି ମୁଁ ଖୋଜୁଛି ମୁଁଠାଏ ଦୁବ,
ହେଲେ ପାଉନାହିଁ ମୁଁଠାଏ ବି ମାଟି ।

ଅଜା କୁଆଡ଼େ କହୁଥିଲେ, ଦୁବ ଓ ମଣିଷ ଏକା ଭଳି ।
ଦୁହଁଝଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟାପିବାର କଷମତା, ଦୁହଁଝଙ୍କର ସୂତ୍ରିତ ସାମାଜିକ,
ଦୁହଁଝ ଲିଙ୍ଗରଝଙ୍କର ଠାରେ ଅର୍ପିତ, ତାଝଙ୍କର ପ୍ରିୟ!
ଯେଉଁଠି ଥାଏ ଦୁବ, ସେଠି ରହେ ମଣିଷ
ଯୋଉ ମାଟିରେ ଦୁବ ନାହିଁ, ସେଠି ବସତି ନାହିଁ ।

ଏ ସବୁ କଥା କହି, ମା ଅନାଏ ସାତ ତାଲା ବାଲୁକୋନିରୁ
ତଳେ ଟାଲିଲ ଉପରେ ଦୌଡ଼ୁଥିବା ଜୋତା ଓ ଚକା,
ଆକାଶରେ ଦିଶନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ ତାରାଗଣ, କେବଳ ଉର୍ତ୍ତର ଟାଝଝଝଙ୍କର ଆଲୁଅ
ଝଲମଲ କରି ଚହଲେଇ ବିଏ ତାର ଶୌର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନିତ ।
ସହରରେ ତାରାମାନେବି ମାଟି ପରି ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ!

ଏ ଧୂଆଁ-ଦିନ୍ଧା ଆକାଶ ଓ ସିନେଗ୍ଠ ପକା ଭୁଲି ଭିତରେ
ମଣିଷର ନା ଅଛି ଚେର, ନା ଉଡ଼ିବାକୁ ପର ।
ଏଠି ଶାଗୁଆ ବୋଇଲେ, ପତ୍ତର ନୁହେଁ, ଚଝଝଝିକ ସିଗ୍ଠନାଲ
ମାଟି କହିଲେ, କେବଳ ଗମଲା ଓ ଗାର୍ତ୍ତେନ
ବସତି ଅଛି, ଦୁବ ପାଇଲିନାହିଁ, ଏବେ ମଣିଷ ଖୋଜୁଛି...



Agnivesh Mahapatra is a motivational speaker, trainer & counsellor – who reads the Book of Life and expresses his take by means of poetry. A winner of Nissim International Prize 2019, he's known for developing a new form of poetry called Trone, a collection of which is his debut book—Midnight Musings. Writing with equal flair in English, Hindi and Odia, he's much acclaimed as a gifted reciter. He introduces himself as – A Poet by Speech, A Philosopher in Head & A Lover at Heart.

Agnivesh Mahapatra
Bhubaneswar Odisha, India



Durva and Humans

Agnivesh Mahapatra

Since four days, mother's been asking me
To bring some durva.
She'll fast, do her son's aarti, placing durva on her head.
It's been two days, I've been looking for a fistful of Durva
But haven't found even a handful of soil.

Grandpa used to say, durva and humans are alike.
Both have the capacity to spread, both are social,
Both are offerings to God, dear to Him!
Where there is durva, there live humans
The soil that has no durva, has no habitation.

Saying it all, mother looks from the seventh floor balcony
On the tiled ground, seen are running shoes and wheels
No stars are seen on the sky, only lights from higher towers
The dazzle blinds and shakes her memories of the village.
In the city, stars too, like soil, are invisible!

Between this smoke-clad sky and cement sheathed ground
Humans have neither roots to hold, nor wings to fly.
Here, green refers not to leaves, but traffic signal
Soil is seen only in flowerpots and gardens.
Habitation is there, durva I couldn't find, now am searching for humans...



ଚିଲିକା

Antaryami Mishra

ଆକାଶେ ରେଖିନୀ ପକ୍ଷୀ
 ଫୁଲ ପରି ଚାନ୍ଦା ଫୁଟି ମନକୁ ଓଟାରେ
 ପାଣିରେ ରୂପେଇଁ ମାଛ
 ପାଣି ପରି ମନ ନାଚେ ନାହିଁ ସଙ୍ଗୀତରେ ॥
 ନିରବତା ପକ୍ଷୀ ପରି ଗୀତ ଗାଇ
 ଭବିଯାଏ ନାଭରୀ କଣ୍ଠରୁ
 ଶୋଷିଲା ପ୍ରାଣରେ ଜମେ କୁଆରିଆ ଫୁଲପାଣି
 ସୁଅପତେ ଅନ୍ଧାରରୁ ଅଥବା କହୁରୁ ॥
 ଚାରିହାତ ପାଣିରେ ନାଆଁଟେ ଭିତା
 ଷୋକହାତ କାତ କେତେ ଦମିଲା ଛାଟିକୁ
 ଅଦିନ ମଇଳି ହେଲେ ଅଥୟ ପ୍ରକୟ ଜଳେ
 ଭାସିଯିବା ତଳା ନାହିଁ ଭସାପୁଣ୍ଡ ଏଇ ରୁନୋକକୁ ॥
 ଦୂରରେ ପାହାଡ଼ ଜଣେ ଆନମନା ଭାବୁକର
 ଚରାଖାଇ ଦୁକୁଥିବା ଭାବପ୍ରବଣତା
 ବିନା ଓ ବିନାତ ଏଠି ଶବ ପରି ପେଷାପେଷି
 କା' ଇଂଗିତେ ଗଢ଼ିବାକୁ ନୂତନ କବିତା ?
 ପ୍ରାଣ ମୋର କାନ୍ଦିଉଠେ, ଏ ରୂପକୁ ଛାଇ ପଞ୍ଜୁ
 ପକ୍ଷୀ ପରି ଆଆବା କି ଛୋଟ ଦୁଇ ଚେଣା
 ଅଖେ ଯାକି ଜୀବନର କୁଟାକାଠି ଚଢ଼ଇ କାଚଟି
 ସାରା ଆକାଶ ଓ ଚିଲିକାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣିକ ଅଗଣା ॥



Antaryami Mishra is a bi-lingual poet residing at Chilika Nuapada,Puri,India .He works as a senior English lecturer in R. D. C. Junior College ,Chilika Nuapada , Puri . He has contributed to a dozen of anthologies of national and international repute . He has a collection of ODIA poems –" Maa Nishada " published (2017) .Recently his winning poem has been reviewed by a popular literary forum , 'The Haven Furnace' .

Antaryami Mishra
 Puri, Odisha, India



Chilika

(Translation of Antaryami Mishra's Odia Poem is done by Smruti Ranjan Mohanty)

Antaryami Mishra / Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

The silken birds in the sky
The flower like stars drawing closer
Silvery fishes splashing all through water
Make the mind dance, like dancing water with music sweeter.

Silence flies away from the boatman's voice
Like singing bird , tidal water swells in thirsty souls
Current of darkness or from the moon ceaselessly flows .

A boat found anchored where water hardly stands at four cubit
A long , pushing bamboo pole , so firm , for the man in a boat
Unusual , sudden storm or fathomless deluge alarming
Have no fear of sweeping , for ,the locale is fond of floating .

The distant hills eying the absent minded thinker
His pasturing emotion , spot to spot roaming
Directions and their limits like supple words conjugating
Whose guidance signals to script a poem , fresh and charming ?

O' my soul crying loud , am a mere cripple for the grand sight
Had I only small wings fit like a bird's flight
Carrying twigs and sticks of life , I would
Whirl around the sky and Chilika - the colourful yard .



ଭୁକମ୍ପନ

Bharati Nayak

ମୁଁ ପୃଥିବୀ

ତୁମେ ମୋର ସୁନ୍ଦର ମୁହଁଟିକୁ ଦେଖିପାର
ମୋର ସୁନାଳ ଅମ୍ବର ଓ ସବୁଜିମାରିରା ମାଟି ତୁମେ ଦେଖ
ତୁମେ ଦେଖ ,ମନୋରମ କୁସୁମ ଓ କୂଜନରତା ଚଢ଼େଇ ମାନଙ୍କୁ !

କିନ୍ତୁ ,ତୁମେ ମୋର ମାଟିକୁ ଖୋଳି ଦିଅ
ଆଉ ,ତା ଉପରେ ଅଜାଳିକା ନିର୍ମାଣ କର ।
ତୁମେ ମୋର ଜଙ୍ଗଲ କାଟି ଦିଅ ,
ଆଉ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଦିଅ ପାହାଚ ,ପର୍ବତ ।

ତୁମେ ବନ୍ଧ ବାନ୍ଧିଦିଅ
ଆଉ ମୋ ନଦୀର ସ୍ରୋତ କୁ ଅଟକାଇ ଦିଅ ।

ତୁମ ଯାନବାହାନରୁ ନିର୍ଗତ ଧୂଆଁ
କଳ କାରଖାନା ର କାଳିମା ଓ ଆବର୍ଜନା
ଏବଂ ଅସୁଖସୁର ବିଷାକ୍ତ ବାଷ୍ପ
ମୋର ପାଣି ପଦନକୁ ବିଷାକ୍ତ କରିଦିଏ
ମୋର ସନ୍ତାନ ସନ୍ତତି ଅଶନିଃଶ୍ୱାସୀ ହୋଇ ମାରି ଯାନ୍ତି ।

ମୁଁ କ୍ରନ୍ଦନ କରେ
କଷ୍ଟରେ ,ଯନ୍ତୁଣାରେ ,କ୍ଷୋଭରେ ।

ମୋ ଚୁକ ଚଳେ ,ମୁଁ କୁହୁକୁ ଥାଏ
ରାଗରେ ଜଳୁ ଥାଏ ।
ତାପରେ ମୁଁ କ୍ଳୋଧରେ ,ଦୋହଲି ଯାଏ ,
ଓ ପ୍ରଚଣ୍ଡ ରାଗରେ ,ତୁମର
ବଢ଼ିମାପୁର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଅଜାଳିକା ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଦୋହଲାଇ ଦିଏ ।

କାହେଁ ସେଇ ଅଜାଳିକା ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ
ମାଟିରେ ମିଶେଇ ଦେବି ,ଆଉ
ତୁମର ଗର୍ବକୁ ତୁରମାର କରିଦେବି ।
ତାପରେ ,ମୋର ରାଗ ଶାନ୍ତ ପଡ଼ିଯିବ
ମୁଁ ଶାନ୍ତିର ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ମାରିବି ଓ
ପୁଣିଥରେ ,ମୋର ସୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ଲାଗିଯିବି ।



Bharati Nayak is a poet, critic and translator in English and Odia. She is from Odisha, an Indian State lying on its eastern coast. Her poems have been published in many magazines, journals, anthologies and e-books of national and international repute such as Rock Pebbles, Orissa Review, Utkal Prasang, Creation and Criticism, Circular Whispers, Nova Literature Poesis, Poetry Aqaist Terro 56 Female Voices of Poetry, The Four Seasons Poetry Concerto, Tunes From the Subcontinent, Amaravati Poetic Prism, Glomag, OPA Anthology and the like. She has published three poetry books: 1. Padma Paada (A poetry book in Odia language). 2. Words Are Such Perfect Traitors. 3. A Day for Myself.

Bharati Nayak
Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



EARTHQUAKE

Bharati Nayak

Me, the earth
You see my beautiful face
The beautiful sky and greeneries
Lovely flowers and sweet chirping birds
You dig
Dig and build
Your sky rise
You burn
Burn my woods
You cut
Cut my forest
You stop
Stop my flow of rivers
The exhausts of your vehicles
The shoots of your industries
The toxins
Of your weapons
Pollute
My water and air
My children
Animals and birds
Forest and flowers
Die of exhaustion
I cry
Cry out of pain
Cry out of anguish
Cry out of anger
Boil and boil, under
My crust
I heave hard
Boil anger
Shake and shake
I want to bring down
Your sky rise
Crush them to the ground
I become angry
Really angry
I shake your prides
Crush your vanity
Raze them to the ground
Then I sigh of relief
And become normal
Once again
I engage in my creation.



ମା

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

ଯେବେ ଯେବେ ମୁଁ ଆସେ
 ତୁ ଆଉ ପାଖେ ପାଖେ ମୋ ହସ-ଲୁହରେ ,
 ଚ୍ୟାନ୍ ଆଉ ଚିତାକ୍ଷରେ, ପ୍ରେମ ଆଉ ପ୍ରତାରଣାରେ ,
 ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ, ମୋ ନୀରବତାରେ ;
 କେବେ ବହିଯାଇ ଉଚ୍ଛ୍ୱଳା ନଈଟିଏ ହୋଇ
 କେବେ ସବୁ ଦେଖୁଥାଇ ମୂଳ ସାକ୍ଷାତ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ।

ମା କୋଳରୁ ମଶାଣି ଯାଏ ଖାଲି ତୁ ଆଉ ତୁ
 କେବେ ପୁଲ ପରୁଣରେ, କେବେ ଉଚ୍ଛ୍ୱଳା ବସନ୍ତରେ ,
 କେବେ ବୈଶାଖର ରୁକ୍ଷତାରେ, କେବେ ଭିକାମାଟିର ବାସ୍ନାରେ ,
 କେବେ ସକଳ ସମ୍ଭାରରେ ପୁଣି କେବେ ମହା ପ୍ରଳୟରେ ,
 ସୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବିଲୟଯାଏ ଖାଲି ତୁ ଆଉ ତୁ ।

ହେ ପ୍ରଭୃତି!
 ତୋ କୋଳରେ ମୋ ଜୀବନ, ତୋ କୋଳରେ ମୋ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ।
 ଆଉ ଜୀବନ ପ୍ରବାହ
 ତୁହି ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣ ସନ୍ଦନ, ତୋ ପାଇଁ ହିଁ ମୁଁ ଆଉ
 ମୋ ହୃଦର ପାରିଜାତ ।
 ଆ ମା! ଚତେ ଚିତେ ମୁଁ ସକେଲଦେବି
 ସବୁଜ ରଙ୍ଗର ପାଟଶାଢୀରେ
 ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ହରିଯିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ ତୋ ମୁକୁତା ଛାଡ଼ିରେ ।



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, O.F.S, is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer. He is a published poet and writer and a featured poet of PENTASI B World Friendship Poetry. His writings include essays, short stories, poems and novels which are published in newspapers and in various national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Working as Finance Officer in Govt of Odisha, he writes extensively on life, s beauty and intricacies which are widely appreciated.

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty
 Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



Mother

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

Whenever I approach,
You stay beside in my joy and tear ,
In sacrificing willingness and red letter.
In my livingness and silence .
Sometimes you bicker down like brimming river
And sometimes very watchful as mute witness.

Everywhere is filled your presence .
From mother's lap to graveyard ,
In tethered spring or flowery ward
Sometimes in rueful summer and clover scent
Only you are found from the beginning to end
In devastation to full grown blend .

O' Nature
My life and death - on your lap
And this earthly journey's map.
You are my off and on beat
For you I am and my dreamy kite.
O' Mother ! Do come .
I will do up you in greenish skirt
Before I am lost in your open heart .

Biały gołąb

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Ktoś powiesił martwego ptaka
na konarze uschniętego drzewa.
Pióra jak biały całun opadły
na kępki trawy i plastikowe śmieci.
Nie wiem kto i dlaczego to zrobił,

po co ukradł gołębiowi wiatr ze skrzydeł.
Co za smutna alegoria- pomyślałam
Oto ludzkość i Ziemia
Nasza zatruta planeta umiera z pragnienia,
A my zawiesiliśmy pokój



Alicja Maria Kuberska is a much-awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist and editor. She is a recipient of several awards and honours notably: distinction (2014) and medal (2015) at Nosside Poetry Competition Italy, statuette in Lithuania (2015), Medal of the European Academy Science, Arts and Letters in France (2018), Award of Cultural Festival International uTra le parolee l' infinito Italy (2018), Bolesaw Prus Prize Poland (2019), Animator Kultury Poland(2019) and Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia-Paestrum Italy (2019). Alicja is a Member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw (Poland), E-literaci (Poland) and IWA Bogdani,(Albania), Member of the Directors' Board of Soflay Literature Foundation (Pakistan)and Our Poetry Archive (India). She is the Polish Ambassador of Culture of The Inner Child Press (USA) and is on the Editorial Advisory Board of India's Sahitya Anand and IPA Editorial.

Alicja Maria Kuberska
Kujawsko- Pomorskie, Poland



White dove

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Someone hanged a dead bird
on the bough of a withered tree.
Feathers fell like a white shroud
for the tufts of grass and the plastic garbage.
I don't know who nor why did it,
why he stole the pigeon's wind from its wings.

“What a sad allegory”, I thought
“Here is humanity and the Earth.
Our poisoned planet is dying of thirst
And we string up peace.”



Kłaniam się

Kłaniam się
Tobie
Sosno wysoka
i Tobie
Brzoza wysmukła
gdy mnie zawodzą
zwierzęta i ludzie
przez korę
do serca drzew pukam
Podaję rękę
gałęziom szumiącym
i pień obejmuję
czule
W pochmurny ranek
i w dżdżysty wieczór
do was
przytulam się
Z bólem

Anna Czachorowska

Bez cierpienia nie rozumie się szczęścia.
Fiodor Dostojewski



Anna Czachorowska, a leading Polish poet, is a director of Public Library in Jabtonna. She has published 7 poetry books, which have been translated into many languages. Her poetry has been presented in numerous international anthologies. She is a recipient of two very prestigious awards: a Glona Artis medal and a badge: Honoured for Polish Culture.

Anna Czachorowska
Mazowieckie, Poland



I bow

Anna Czachorowska

I bow
to you
your Pine highness
and to you
my slender Birch
when animals and people
fail me,
through the bark
to the heart of the trees I knock
I give my hand
to the rustling branches
and the trunk I embrace
fondly
In the cloudy morning
and rainy evening
with you
I cuddle
Painfully

Without suffering, one does not understand happiness
Fiodor Dostojewski

W Dekoracjach Profanum

Dariusz Pacak

Ziemia

wizjo Rzeźbiarza Niezmierzonych Przestrzeni

czyś szaleństwem mocy Wielkiego Poruszyciela

uniesiona Jego wyobraźnią spoza dostępnego kręgu

Pierwotnego Ducha iskrą w wirze Światła i ciemności

Ziemia

wydobyta z materii czasu Ty wolny elektron przestrzeni

zniewolona ludzkim ego w kształtu kaprawego dzieła

życia głazie w kipieli ciszy strąconym na roztrzaskanie

złorzeczenie utraconych rajów zemsto upadłych światów...

czyś

blękitnym ledwie cieniem tego co możliwe a niedosiężne

co było a czym pogardziliśmy wybierając Otchłań Nocy

skrywszy się

za kulis blichtrzem w obawie przed codziennym Sacrum!

Tyś lustrem teatrum rozpasanej woli

hedonizmu pustkowiec

na Boga, Ziemia!



Dariusz Pacak

Wien, Europe, Austria

Dr. Dariusz Pacak, poet and essayist was born in Poland and is a citizen of Austria, Europe. He holds an MFA Degree in Art (Poland 1998) and a Hon. Doctor Degree of Literature (USA 2011). He has been honored with grants from The Ministry of Culture & Arts (Poland 1997, 2018) and The Ministry of Research and Science, (Austria 1997); and worldwide awarded. He has authored books: *Birds of Emanations* (2001), *In Shattered Course of Things* (2003), *The House 01 The Golden Fleece* (2004), *The Seasons* (2006), literary sheet: *Bulletin of Library & Culture Information dedicated to Dariusz Pacak* (2011), *Homo Viator* (2018). He is the author of over 360 worldwide publications in literary magazines, anthologies and on the web in 13 languages. He is regularly invited to attend a number of international festivals and congresses in America, Europe, Asia, Africa.



In Decorations of Profanum

Dariusz Pacak

Planet Earth, are you

a vision of the Immeasurable Spaces Sculptor's,
or result of the Unmoved Mover's crazy power?

maybe you are a spark of the Primeval Spirit
in the vortex between the Light and darkness?

Earth, invented rapidly from the untouched matter
of time as a free electron in outer space,

from the outside of the available imagination circle.
oh you, Planet! the malediction of lost paradises,

staying enslaved by the human ego into the shape
of a bleary deeds, you, fallen worlds' vengeance,

are you a blue shadow only of that what possible,
unattainable, what was here & we have despised it

choosing the abyss of the Night, hiding ourselves
behind the scenes of glitz, for the fear

of Everyday Sacrum!

You, the theater of unbridled will on the wasteland
of hedonism... in the name of magnanimous God,

You, The Earth of Mankind, redeem human being!



Trampolina

Eliza Segiet

Nie planuje,
ale bezmyślnie podąża do celu
– śmierci Ziemi.
Zapomina, że lądy, morza, oceany
to miejsca życia.
Trampoliną do ich zagłady jest
człowiek
– kiedyś nazywany homo sapiens,
dzisiaj...

Lepiej przemilczeć.



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, and completed Post-graduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. Two of her poems Questions and Sea of Mists won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 respectively in Spillwords Press. Eliza's works are showcased in several anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.

Eliza Segiet
Tomaszów Maz, Poland



Trampoline

Eliza Segiet

Doesn't plan,
but inanely strives towards the goal
– the death of the Earth.
Forgets that lands, seas, oceans
are places of life.
The trampoline to their annihilation is
the human
– once called homo sapiens,
today....

Better to remain silent.

Poema sobre o deus Janus

Maria do Sameiro Barroso

O deus Janus, abrindo as portas
do Tempo, começa o seu mês
em janeiro de 2020.
Traz em si o sol e a escuridão
da sua dupla face ambígua,
abrindo as portas do inferno,
revelando o perfume do céu,
o seu rosto omnipresente pairando
sobre cerimónias, rituais
e transições desconhecidas.
Então, abriu duas portas,
um trazendo epidemias terríveis,
a outra, um caminho de reflexão.
E o céu ficou mais limpo.
À medida que o confinamento avançava,
uma pequena rosa cresceu.
E a esperança que a humanidade
comece a valorizar os campos verdes
a luz brilhante,
a harmonia da música
e o imaculado azul do céu.



Dr. Maria do Sameiro Barroso is a Portuguese medical doctor, a multi-lingual poet, translator, essayist and researcher in Portuguese and German literature, translation studies and History of Medicine. She has authored 45 poetry books, published in several countries. Her poems are translated into over twenty languages. She is featured in the International Multilingual Poetry Anthology *Amaravati Poetic Prism* 2018. She was awarded the Prize 'Prayer for Saint Teresa' Gjakove, Kosovo 2019.

Maria do Sameiro Barroso
Lisbon, Portugal



Poem on god Janus

Maria do Sameiro Barroso

The god Janus, opening the doors
of the time, initiated January,
his month, in 2020.

He carried the sun and the dark
in his ambiguous double face,
opening the gates of hell,
unveiling the scent of Heaven,
his ubiquitous face hovering
over ceremonies, rituals
and undisclosed transitions.

Then, he opened two doorways,
one bringing dreadful epidemics,
the other a path to reflection.

And the skies become cleaner.

As the lockdown progressed,
a tiny rose started to grow.

And hope that humanity
starts valuing the green fields
the bright light,
the harmony of music
and the pristine blue skies.

'ਵਾਇਰਸ'

Nirmal Jaswal

ਇੱਥੇ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ 'ਚ, ਮੇਪਲ ਦਰਖਤ, ਪੱਤਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਖੜਖੜਾਹਟ
ਲੱਦੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਖਿੜਖਿੜਾਂਦੀ ਕੁਦਰਤ, ਘਰਾਂ ਅੰਦਰ ਫੁੱਲ ਬੂਟੇ ਤੇ ਹਰਿਆਵਲ ਦੀ ਕਾਇਨਾਤ ਸੀ ।

ਮੈਂ ਵੇਖਦੀ ਰਹੀ ਅਸਮਾਨ, ਤਰਿਆ ਤਰਿਆ ਬੱਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਗੁਬਾਰ, ਟੱਪ ਟੱਪ ਪੰਘਰਦੀਆਂ ਬੂੰਦਾਂ
ਅਤੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਗਾਇਬ ਹੁਜੂਮ ।

ਮੰਡਰਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੁੰਨੀਆਂ ਸੜਕਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਵਾਇਰਸ ਦਾ ਸਾਇਆ ਸੀ, ਕਾਇਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਪਾਰਕ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਕਾਰਾਂ
ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਵਾਂਗ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਦਾ ਜੇ ਸੀ ਉਦੋਂ ਹੀ ਹਰਿਆ ਤਰਿਆ ਸੀ ।

ਕਿਤੇ ਕਿਤੇ ਟਾਂਵੇਂ ਟਾਂਵੇਂ ਲੋਕ, ਬਦਰਵਾਸ ਜਿਹੇ ਪਰਛਾਵਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਡਰਦੇ
ਬਰਫ ਨਾਲ ਢੱਕੀਆਂ ਵਾਦੀਆਂ, ਸਾਂ ਸਾਂ ਪੱਤੇ ਲੜਖੜਾਉਂਦੇ, ਡਿੱਗਦੇ ਖਿੱਲਰਦੇ ਖੋਫ ਤੋਂ ਜੁੱਝਦੇ
ਹੌਲੀ ਜਿਹੇ ਦਰ ਬੰਦ ਕਰ, ਕਿਤੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਦੁਬੱਕ ਜਾਂਦੇ, ਇਹ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ੀ ਲੋਕ ।

ਕਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਲਕ 'ਚ ਦੇਸ਼-ਬੰਦ ਸੀ, ਤਿਕਾਲਾਂ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ,
ਸੁੰਖ ਨਾਦ, ਮੰਦਿਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਘੰਟੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਸੰਗੀਤ, ਥਾਲ ਚਮਚਿਆਂ ਕੋਲੀਆਂ
ਦੇ ਰੌਲਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ....ਕਰੋਨਾ ਦੀ ਮਹਾਂ ਜੰਗ ਸੀ

ਆਓ ਜੇ ਕਲ ਸੀ, ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਸੁਕੂਨ ਲਿਆਵੀਏ। ਘਰ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਨਾਲ ਬੈਠੀਏ ਤੇ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਕਰੀਏ
'ਕਿਹਾ ਸੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਦੋਸਤ ਨੇ, ਕੁੱਝ ਟੁੱਟੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇ ਸਮੇਟੀਏ, ਗਿਲੇ ਸ਼ਿਕਵੇ ਦੇ ਪੇਧਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਜੜੇ ਵੱਡ, ਮਨ ਦੀ ਕਿਆਰੀਆਂ 'ਚ ,
ਪਿਆਰ ਦੇ ਬੀਅ ਉਪਜਾਈਏ..ਹੌਲੀ ਹੌਲੀ ਆਵਾਜ -ਤਰੰਗਾਂ ਨਾਲ, ਮਨ ਨੂੰ ਥਪਥਪਾਈਏ ..।

ਜੇ ਕਲ ਬੀਜਿਆ ਸੀ, ਹਰਿਆਵਲ ਅਤੇ ਝੱਰਨਿਆਂ ਦੇ
ਵਗਦੇ ਪਾਣੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਆਨੰਦ ਲੈਂਦੇ, ਅੱਜ ਕਤਰਾ ਕਤਰਾ, ਇਹੋ ਸੁਕੂਨ ਲਿਆਵੀਏ,
ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਕਲਰਵ ਸੁਣੀਏ, ਕੁਦਰਤ ਨੂੰ ਬਚਾਵੀਏ, ਅਤੇ ਮੁਸਕੁਰਾਈਏ !!



Prof (Dr) Nirmal Jaswal is a widely published, renowned bilingual poet, writer and translator in Punjabi and Hindi. She is a recipient of several awards notably, the Chandigarh Sahitya Academy Best Book Award three times for her books 'REIT ka Rishta' 2013, 'Angaar' 2014 and 'Nazaktaan' 2017 in Hindi/Punjabi both. She has also received a Fellowship of the Punjabi Academy Leicester, UK in 2006, Punjabi Sahit Sabha Award, Wolverhampton, UK 2000, and Woman Award Barnala Likhari Sabha in 2001. She attended Punjabi Wod Conference, Canada (three times) & UK.

Nirmal Jaswal
Ontario-Peel, Canada



VIRUS

Nirmal Jaswal

In a foreign land, Maple leaves rattling, flower laden Nature Fragrant
flowers growing in
every home, UNIVERSE full of greenery
Looked at the sky full of dark dense clouds
Tip Tap the drops fall,
but crowds were missing, Shadow of Virus -Hovering on the
lonely roads, cars parked in order, Everything green as it was before
Few people here and there Upset and scared, even of shadows
In the snow covered valleys, the leaves are rustling, Fighting with their
fears, close their
doors these foreigners hide themselves
Yesterday, It was a lockdown in my country, Music from the Conch
shells, the temple
bells Banging of plates and spoons
Sounds of fight with Corona Virus- The WAR was declared
Come Lets bring in peace, Lets gossip and enjoy with our families
As my friend says 'Lets mend our relationships, Remove the weeds
complaints and
reproaches, from the flower bed in our hearts
Lets plant the seeds of love and soothe the hearts with soft melodies
Whatever we planted in the past while enjoying the greenery
and the sound of flowing waters Lets bring back the tranquility
drop by drop ..Lets hear the birds chirping , Lets save the Nature
Lets keep on smiling....



ਗਜ਼ਲ

Siri Ram Arsh

ਸਲੋਟੀ ਹੀਰ ਦੀ ਖਾਤਰ ਜੋ ਮੱਝਾ ਚਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਉਹੀ ਰਿਣ, ਪਿਆਰ ਗੁੰਨੀਆਂ ਚੂਰੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਤਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਜਿਦ੍ਹੇ ਰਾਹਾਂ 'ਚ ਤੂੰ ਜਿੱਲਤ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਿਰਚਾਂ ਵਿਛਾਈਆਂ ਸਨ,
 ਉਸੇ ਜ਼ਖ਼ਮੀ ਦਾ ਜਜ਼ਬਾ ਜੁਲਮ ਨੂੰ ਵੰਗਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਅਸੀਂ ਹੁਣ ਢੂੰਡੀਏ ਕਿੱਥੋਂ ਤੁੱਤੇ ਜੁਗ ਜਿਹਾ ਪੁੱਤਰ?
 ਜੋ ਆਪਣੇ ਮਾਪਿਆਂ ਉੱਪਰ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਵਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਘਿਨਾਉਣੀ ਸੋਚ ਨੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ 'ਚ ਵਖਰੇਵੇਂ ਖੜੇ ਕੀਤੇ,
 ਨਵਾਂ ਚਿੰਤਨ, ਪਤਿਤ ਦਸਤੂਰ ਨੂੰ ਦੁਰਕਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਕੋਈ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਏਸ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ,
 ਫ਼ਕਤ ਇੱਕ ਰੱਬ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਸੀਰਤ ਧਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਠਾਕੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਸ ਦੀ ਜੀਭ, ਸੁੱਟਿਆ ਕੈਦਖ਼ਾਨੇ ਵਿੱਚ,
 ਉਹ ਰੋਹ ਪ੍ਰਗਟਾਉਣ ਖਾਤਰ ਬੇੜੀਆਂ ਛਣਕਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਬਹੁਤ ਲਾਚਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਓਸ ਪਾਸੇ ਨੂਰ ਹੈ ਦਿਲ ਦਾ,
 ਟਟਹਿਣਾ ਓਧਰੋਂ ਏਧਰ ਉਡਾਰੀ ਮਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।
 ਕਿਹੜੇ ਦਰਬਾਰ 'ਚੋਂ ਲੱਭਾਂ, ਸਰਾਪੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਖ਼ੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ,
 ਸਰਾਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਹੀ ਫਿਟਕਾਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।



Siri Ram Arsh is an author of 18 books (Poetry-i 4, Fiction-03, others-01). He is well known for his mastery over Ghazal writing and popular as Ustad Ghazalgo. He is the recipient at the National Award of Rs. One Lakh from the Ministry of HRD, Govt. of India for his Hindi Epic and Giani Gurmukh Singh Musafir Award from Punjab Government, Department of Languages. He has participated in several National and International Literary events notably the World Punjabi Conference, Bangkok and Lahore, and the World Hindi Writers Conference, London.

Siri Ram Arsh
 Mohali, Punjab, India



Ghazal

(Translation of Siri Ram Arsh Panjabi Poem is done by Trisha)

Siri Ram Arsh / Trisha

The beloved has been bringing and serving sweetmeats (prepared from crushed bread, mixed with Butter-Ghee and jaggery to her lover secretly. The lover can repay the debt of this sweetmeats prepared to knead in love by grazing the cattle of the father of his beloved, the damsel Heer.

You have spread the thorny words of hatred and humiliation in his way. Only that injured person has the courage to challenge the atrocities. In these days, it is difficult to find a son, who can sacrifice his youthful days for providing respectful facilities to his parents, as was done by an obedient son belonging to Treta Yug.

The communal thinking has created bitterness amongst the various sections of the masses. The new mental reasoning can become the redeemer of sinners.

There is no divine power to equate with the mother in the whole universe. Only God can assume the qualities of a mother.

You have prohibited him from speaking and also imprisoned him. In order to show his anger, he can only tinkle his hand cuffs and twang the manacle iron.

I am helpless because my love resides across the border where I could not go freely, though the glow fly is free to cross the border on either side.

Praying at which holy place, I could get back my pleasures which are under the spell of a curse. Your true love only, has the ultimate power to change the curse into blessings.

Beggarsland

Pendefunda Liviu

Citesc în aer, în lumina, L-am întâlnit pe Marele Proscris ascuns,
în reptile, în trupuri de pisici, de vulpi, de lupi sau ursi.

Alunecau într' o înspaimântătoare procesiune: oameni dementi, masti agatate
pe dosuri de-animale purtând bonete, palarii cu pene, lumânari.
Salbatica feerie prin fata tronului trecea: viori, fluiere, acordeoane,
tobe si clopote rasunând absurd, iar arca 'n care
oamenii si animalele se adunaseră era caruta cu nebuni
ce-ardea magnific sub invocatia unui vrajitor urlând el însusi în extaz.

Sper încă: lumea se va trezi din co.marul distrugerii Crea.iei divine
.i fra.ii nu se vor mai omorî în razboaie civile
si uneori strazile si satele îmbatrânite par pustii ca un cosciug
parasit pâna si de locatarul sau.Lumea e un cimitir.

Apa metalica a râurilor duce la vale gunoaie si pesti morti.
Copacii fara frunzis, stau cu radacinile 'n sus implorând mila universului.
.i podul curcubeu trece prin cer lasând gauri negre, hauri
spre neantul întunecat, sau mai degraba spre haos.

Iubito, lumea noastra nu mai crede în frumusetea vietii.
De-aceea lumea fuge, fuge sa nu se piarda în Bwggasland
Pentru-a Pamântului iubire doar dragostea-i salvarea sor.ii.
E miezul zilei si cât mai e pâna la miezul noptii !



Dr. Liviu Pendefunda is a MD/PHD in neurosurgery. He is a member of nine Academies of Medical Sciences both in Romania and in the United States of America. The distinguishing trait of his poetry is the existential meditation. He has published more than fifty volumes of poetry, prose, and essays that emphasize his "astral errant-knight" side which from the romantic point of view he has filled up with love, dreams, and human aspirations.

Pendefunda Liviu
Miroslava, Iași, Romania



Beggarsland

Pendefunda Liviu

I read in the air, in the light, I met the Great Hidden Outlaw,
in reptiles, in the bodies of cats, foxes, wolves or bears.

They slipped in a frightening procession: demented people, cloaks hanging
on animal backs wearing caps, feathered hats, candles.

The wild enchantment passed in front of the throne: violins, whistles, accordions,
drums and bells sounding absurd, and the ark in which
people and animals had gathered was the wagon of madmen
which burned magnificently under the invocation of a sorcerer, himself shouting in
ecstasy.

I still hope: the world will wake up from the nightmare of destroying the divine
Creation

and the brethren will no longer kill themselves in civil wars
and sometimes the old streets and villages look deserted like a coffin
abandoned even by its occupant. The world is a cemetery.

The metallic water of the rivers leads to the valley garbage and dead fish.
Leafless trees stand with their roots up begging for mercy from the universe.
And the rainbow bridge passes through the sky leaving black holes, abysses
to dark nothingness, or rather to chaos.

Honey, our world no longer believes in the beauty of life.
That is why the world is fleeing, fleeing not to get lost in Beggarsland
To love the Earth only love is saving fate.
It's midday and how long until midnight!

Как стать дикобразом

Viacheslav kupriyanov

Вспомни,
 что ты еще человек,
 и подумай,
 как часто не был ты
 человеком,
 как часто люди
 вели себя не как люди,
 представь себе,
 на что еще человек способен -
 и, как только
 у тебя встанут волосы дыбом,
 считай себя дикобразом
 и сразу
 просись в Красную книгу.



Viacheslav Kupriyanov studied in the High Navy School in Leningrad, graduated in 1967 from the Moscow Foreign Languages Institute. Freelance writer, a member of the Russian & Serbian Writers Unions. He has published several collections of his own poetry and prose. He is a principal strategist of contemporary poets of free verse in Russia. European Literature Prize, 1988, Yugoslavia. "Branko-Radicevic-Prize", 2006, Serbia. "Mayakovsky-Prize", 2011, Moscow. "Poet of the Year 2012", Russia. Prize "European Atlas of Poetry", 2017, Republika Serbska. Books in India: "Creativity", Kolkata, 2015; "Hastakshar sharad ritu ke", 2018, New Delhi. He is a recipient of Yugra-prize, Khanty Mansiysk, Russia, 2018 and Naji Naaman Literary Prize. 2018, to name a few.

Viacheslav kupriyanov
 Moscow, Russia



How to become a porcupine

Viacheslav kupriyanov

Remember
you are still a man,
and think
how often you have behaved
like a beast,
how often men
have acted bestially,
imagine
what else men are capable of -
and once your hair
is standing on end,
consider yourself a porcupine
and apply double-quick
for a place in the Red Book.
Trasnlated from Russian by Francis R.Jones

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ. ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ।

Joba Murmu

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ।

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ।

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ।

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ।

ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ
ପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନପଢ଼ାବନ୍ଧନ. ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ।



Joba Murmu is a well-known Santali poet and a recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award-2017 for Children's Literature, Translation Award from AISWA and Pandit Raghunath (J) Murmu Award from ASECA. She has published 15 books that include poetry collections, short story collectons, translations and children's books.

Joba Murmu
Jamshedpur, Jharkhand, India



Harmony

Joba Murmu

JOBA MURMU

JAMSHEDPUR

Harmony might be destined
I can hear the lords speaking
Look how the dark clouds cover the blue sky
Blanketing out the star, moon and all the shine.
Shadow of the despair has spread all over
Bringing in the darkest night before ever.
The dark took over the bright
Night is approaching early, tonight
As the daylight is far sight
It is going to be a long long night
There is unrest in the world
Living is scared and praying the lord
Night comes to an end bringing the rising sun
Taking over our hearts for a run
Hopes of a happy ending
Without sorrow for its spoiling
The unrest will settle
And the echo of peace will bestow all over
Harmony might be destined
I can hear the lords speaking

धरती माता

Namdev Tarachandani

हे धरती माता हिननि खे माफ करि...
जो नथा जाणनि छा करे रह्या आहिन हू!

उम्र भर पूज्यो जिनि नवनि ग्रहनि खे
सिज चंड साणु राहू ऐं केतु अ खे
कीअं भुलजी वया से पृथ्वी ऐं जल खे,
भुलजी वया से अगन गगन ऐं पवन खे,
भुलजी वया पंहिजी आत्मा ऐं देह खे !

मिट्टी अ मां मटजी माण्हू बण्या जे,
मिट्टी अ जा पुतला वरी मिट्टी थियणा से
मिट्टी ई आ समझ्यो हिननि उन मिट्टी अ खे,
समझ्यो कोन तिनि मिट्टी अ जी महिमा खे।

जियापे जो जलु हिननि रख्यो कोन ओजल,
पवित्र अग्निअ खे भी हिननि बारुद बणायो,
नील गगन खे कयो धुएं सां ओझलु
साहनि खे भी आ ज़हरीलो बणायो

काश जागनि ऐं सुका वण सावा कनि हू
जहानु हीउ पंहिजी आबाद कनि हू
हे धरती माता हिननि खे माफ करि
जो हू नथाजाणनि छा करे रह्या आहिन हू



Namdev Tarachandani, a retired Professor of Hindi lives at Vadodara in Gujarath. He is Convenor, Sindhi Advisory Board, Member, Kendra Sahitya Akademi and Gujarath Sahitya Akademi . He is an accomplished poet and wrote many poems and books. He is winner of Sahitya Akademi award and was felicitated with Sahityakar Gaurav Puraskar.

Namdev Tarachandani
Vadodara, Gujarat, India



Dharti Mata

Namdev Tarachandani

Hail Mother! Forgive them
For they do not know what they are doing..

Who for their entire life worshipped the celestial planets
The Sun, The Moon and the North/South Lunar nodes
But forgot the earth, the water
Ignored the fire, sky and air
Like their body and soul

Humans evolved from Earth
And to Earth they shall return
But they perceived the earth as soil
Without realising it's highness

Water is life but wasn't left pure
Holy fire too was turned into explosives
Blue sky vanished into smoke
The very breath was made poisonous

Hope they wake up and bring greenery
Get civilization to the world again
Hail Mother! Forgive them.
For they do not know what they are doing..

CORAZÓN Y MAR

Angel Lavalle Dios

Germinaron con alegría
 sus raíces de libertad
 Y a imagen y semejanza
 refundió el corazón
 en el mar
 azules sus alas
 de eternidad e infinito

En los desiertos
 en las lagunas
 en los oscuros fogones
 en las heridas abiertas
 en las miserias del corazón
 el mar fue humillando
 la dignidad de sus sueños
 incinerando las alas
 De su esperanza



Ángel Lavalle Dios is a professor, poet, writer, journalist and Peruvian philosopher from Tumbes. He received a special recognition in the University Floral Games at the National University of Trujillo. Emeritus Professor and renowned active member in different academic, cultural and professional institutions such as the National Journalists Association of Peru, The Peruvian Poet House, The Institute of Studies about Vallejo in Trujillo and the Peruvian Philosophy Society in Lima. Keynote speaker at the International Festival of Poetry (2011 y 2015) and the Round Table of Indigenous Poets (2012) at the Qinghai Lake in the Popular Republic of China. Virtual participant at the XVIII congress of Mexican Literature, University of Houston in 2011 and the V Ibero-American Congress of Philosophy in Mexico 2019.

Angel Lavalle Dios
 Lima, Peru




Heart And Sea

Angel Lavallo Dios

Its roots of freedom
happily blossomed
and in the image and likeness
the heart submerged
in the sea
its blue wings
of eternity and infinity

In the desserts
in the lagoons
in the dark stoves
in the open wounds
in the miseries of the heart
the sea was humiliated
the dignity of its dreams
burning its wings
of hope



Oda a un palo borracho

Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot

El cielo, iluminado por una luna intensa,
mi árbol solitario, me regale sus dones:
impúdicos capullos de blancura insolente
que se mecen gozosos, sin que el viento los toque.
Qué raro sortilegio me atrapa de lo alto,
¿por qué regreso siempre, deshojando temores,
incrédula guardiana de las leyes que rigen
el parto de la tierra y el ritmo de sus flores?

Viejo tronco sin forma ni medida,
la gente pasa, la mirada ausente,
hoy adornaste tus gastados brazos,
con blancas flores de algodón crujiente.
Santiago, con su pristina inocencia,
corre a tu lado, la mirada absorta,
y abrazado feliz, a tu madera,
en espuma viviente se transforma.

...Los últimos capullos malheridos
se sueltan de tu mano vigorosa;
y con ellos se marcha, albo vestido,
que primavera regalo a tu copa.



Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot is a Argentinian writer and poet. She was born and lives in Buenos Aires and is the daughter of the renowned poet Juan Manuel Rial Guyot. Devoted professor, she became a role model for the transmission of values to young people, prioritizing Peace. For her academic performance, she received the Baldmar Dobranich Award. She has published two books of poetry and she completed two additional poetry books that will be published.

Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot
Buenos Aires, Argentina



Ode to a silk floss tree

Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot

The sky, illuminated by an intense moon,
my lonely tree, shall give me its gifts:
shameless blossoms of insolent white
that joyfully swing, untouched by the wind.
What a strange spell traps me from above,
why do I always return, tearing off fears,
incredulous guardian of the laws that govern
the birth of the earth and the rhythm of its flowers?

Old trunk without measure nor shape,
people pass by, their absent sight,
today you adorned your worn arms,
with crisp white cotton flowers.
Santiago, with his pristine innocence,
runs by your side, astonished sight,
and happily embraced your wood,
in living foam he transforms.

... The last wounded blossoms
are released from your vigorous hand;
and with them goes away, the white dress,
that the spring offered to your crown.



DEBER

Giselle Lucía Navarro

Mis manos tejen la humedad del recuerdo.
Debajo de mis pies
la raíz del árbol de mi infancia todavía palpita.
En el espacio donde crecía un bosque
ahora crece el silencio.
El silencio contenido
como el rostro mutilado de las venas de nuestra tierra.
El silencio como el juicio de los que vendrán,
la huella del desgaje,
las bombas,
lo extinto
y el corazón desangrándose.
Me acuesto sobre el espacio donde creía el árbol.
La tierra donde crecerán mis hijos
no puede ser un espacio baldío.



Giselle Lucía Navarro (Cuba, 1995) Poet, storyteller, designer and cultural manager. Bachelor in Industrial Design by the Superior Institute of Design of Havana University. Graduated in the Centre of Literary Formation Onelio Jorge Cardoso. Professor in the Ethnographic Academy of the Canary Association of Cuba. She leads the literary group Silvestre de Balboa. She has also obtained diverse literary awards: Jose Viera y Clavijo, Benito Pérez Galdos, Edad de Oro, Pinos Nuevos and David 2019, such as some Mentions in the international awards: Angel Gavinet (Finland), Poemas al Mar (Puerto Rico) and Nosside (Italia). She has published the books *Contrapeso* (Coleccion Sur, 2019), *El circo de los asombros* and the infant-juvenile novel *¿Qué nombre tiene tu casa?* (Gente Nueva, 2019). Her texts have been translated into English, French, Italian and Turkish, and published in anthologies and magazines of Spain, EUA, Chile, Peru, Mexico, France, Finland, Venezuela, Argentina, Puerto Rico, Italy, India and Belgium.

Giselle Lucía Navarro
La Habana, Cuba



Pledge

Giselle Lucía Navarro

My hands weave the moisture of memory.
Under my feet
the root of the tree of my childhood still beats.
In the space where a forest grew
now the silence grows.
The contained silence
like the mutilated face
of the veins of our land.
Silence like the judgment of those to come,
the trace of the tear,
the bombs,
the extinct
and the heart bleeding.
I rest my body in the place where the tree grew.
The land where my children will grow
it cannot be a waste land.



Canto como un ruiseñor

Virginia Fernández Collado

Mi amado,
fresco como una primavera
viene.
El sol purifica
y convierte su piel en pureza,
así me llama
y dice: Pureza,
y un eco responde: Blancura.
En su pecho lleno de flores
descanso y soy amapola,
y eran verdes los prados
de su cuerpo florido.
Y eran blancos los rayos de sol
de las manos de mi amado.
Los pájaros que anidan en su pelo
cantarines danzan
la danza del amor.
Ríos y ríos descienden por los valles
y en los robles cantan los ruiseñores
y en las lilas revolotean las abejas,
vieren las montañas el agua
que desciende
y desciende
y llega alegre,
cantarán.



Virginia Fernández Collado (1977, Spain) is a recipient of the 1st Prize (poetry mode) at the XII Young Creation Competition, Ciudad de Almería in 2011. She has published in EP (S) EL PAÍS SEMANAL in the opinion section "Letters and Contributors", in "El diario urbano" in Santiago de Chile and in Quillota (Chile). She has collaborated in the magazine "Axarquía". Some of her poems have appeared in joint books. Her published books are: Predator (2015), and Poems 2006-2016 (2017), Forest (2020), etc. She has also coordinated several poetry anthologies. Her poems have been translated into English, Arabic, and Bengali. She is a Professor of Business Administration in Secondary Education and holds a Doctorate in Applied Economics besides a Master's degree in "Fiscal Consulting" from the GADE Business School, Madrid.

Virginia Fernández Collado
Almería, Spain



I sing like a nightingale

Virginia Fernández Collado

My love,
cool as spring
comes.
The sun purifies
and turns your skin into purity,
that's what he calls me
and says: Purity,
and an echo responds: Whiteness.
On his chest full of flowers
rest and I'm a poppy,
and the meadows were green
of her flowery body.
And the sunbeams were white
from the hands of my beloved.
The birds that nest in your hair
singers dance
the dance of love.
Rivers and rivers descend through the valleys
And in the oaks the nightingales sing
and in the lilacs the bees flutter,
mountains pour water
that descends
and goes down
and it becomes happy,
singing.

மனிதனுக்கு புரியும்வரை

Ahila Dorairaj

சிறுகுச்சிகள் அடுக்கியபடி, மண்ணைக் கிளறியபடி,
மழைக்கு ஒதுங்கியபடி, மென்மையாய்
புகார் பேசுகிறாய், புலுனியே

மனிதனை இரைந்து கடியாமல்
சில இசையாயும் சில இசையற்றும்
இருக்கும்படி பார்த்துகொள்கிறாய்

நீலவண்ண முட்டைகள் இட
கூடமைக்க மரங்கள் தேடுகிறாய் போலும்
உன் குஞ்சுகளுக்கு சிறகுகள் வாயக்கும்வரை
என் வீட்டில் மரங்கள் மீதமுண்டு, புலுனியே

மனிதனின் சூட்டுக்கோல்களால் வனங்கள் சாம்பலாவது
உனக்கும் தெரிவதில்லை, அவனுக்கும் தெரிவதில்லை

ஓ என் இனிய புலுனியே!
மரங்களைத் தேடி தேடி வாழலாம் நீ
அடுத்த சில தலைமுறைகள் வரை,
உலகின் காடுகள் அனைத்தும் முழுமையாய்
எரிந்து முடியும்வரை..



Ahila Dorairaj is a writer, a fine arts practitioner and a counselling psychologist. She has published her articles, columns, poetry, short stories, essays and book reviews in several magazines and e-zines, and has read them at various literary meets. She has to her credit, four poetry collections, two non-fictions, a short novel and two short story collections in the Tamil language and one poetry collection in English.

Ahila Dorairaj

Coimbatore, Tamilnadu, India



Till Man Knows

Ahila Dorairaj

Stacking small sticks, stirring the soil
Stepping aside from the rain and
Complaining softly, you Babbler
Without much sternness in voice
You scold the humans with a lyric
'That sounds vocal or not

To lay the eggs, to build the nest
You are searching for trees, I hope
'Till your chicks get their feathers to fly
'Trees are here in my house, you Babbler

Neither he nor you knows the truth that
Man's branding iron's heat vaporizing
The forests all around the world

Oh, My lovely Babbler!
You can still live in this world for next few generations
Searching the trees for nesting
Till all the forests covering this earth
Are burnt down..

இளைப்பாறட்டும் பூமியன்னை!!

Jayashree Chari

அழகிய நதிகளின், நீர்வீழ்ச்சிகளின் அற்புதமான பூமி;
ஆழ்கடலில் முத்துக்கள் நிறைந்த பூமி;
இணையில்லா மூலிகைகளின் பூமி, ஈடில்லா கனிவளம் மிகுந்த பூமி;
ஊற்றுநீரை கடற்கரையின் மணலில் கொண்ட பூமி;
வனவளமும் கொண்ட பூமி, எண்ணிலடங்கா பறவைகளின்
சரணாலயமான பூமி, விலங்குகளின் விருப்பமான வீடான பூமி;
ஆஹா!! இத்துனை வளமான பூமியன்னை!!
இத்துனை அருமை சுற்றுச்சூழலை அனுபவிக்க அனுமதித்ததால்,
ஆற்றிவு விலங்கான மானீடனோ தன் பேராசையினால்
காயப்படுத்தினான் பூமித்தாயே!!
அறிந்து கொள் மானீடமே அவளின் அவஸ்தையை!!
புரிந்து கொள் மானீடமே அவளின் காயங்களை!!
இளைப்பாற ஏங்குகிறாள் பூமியன்னை!!
கொஞ்சம் இளைப்பாற ஏங்குகிறாள் பூமியன்னை!!
அவள் இளைப்பாறட்டும்!! பூமியன்னை இளைப்பாறட்டும்!!

இதனிடையில் நாம் வளங்களை சுரண்டாமலும், சுற்றுப்புறத்தை
பாதுகாத்தும் சிதைக்க முடியாத பொருட்களை விலக்கியும்
நம் செய்நன்றியை காணிக்கையாக்குவோம் அவள் மடியில்!!

இளைப்பாறியப் பின் ஆரோக்கிய உலகை நமக்கும், நம்
தலைமுறைகளுக்கும் பரிசாக அளிப்பாள் நம் பூமியன்னை!!!



Jayashree Chari's poems and articles are often published in leading Tamil Magazines like Mangayar Malar, Ladies Special, etc. She has presented her Tamil poem in Multilingual Poets' Convention held in Mahatma Gandhi International Hindi University (MGIHU) in Wardha, Maharashtra and International Multilingual Poets' Meet, Vijayawada. She is a Sub-Editor Cum Reporter with the leading Nagpur-based English Daily 'The Hitavada'. Her English articles and photo features are regularly published in 'The Hitavada'.

Jayashree Chari
Nagpur, Maharashtra, India



Let's make Mother Earth to take rest

Jayashree Chari

Our Earth bestows with beautiful rivers and amazing water falls,
Our Earth bestows with pearls in deep oceans, unique herbs and ample
amount of natural resources,
Our Earth bestows with rare spring waters on ocean beds and rich flora
and fauna,
Our Earth is the sanctuaries of birds and animals.
Wow! Our Earth is a metaphor for fertility!!
Mother Earth provides her assets to her children to enjoy
But they hurt her with their greed.
Oh man!! Understand her sufferings, understand her wounds.
Yes! She longs to take some rest to relax herself.
Let her to take rest, Let Mother Earth to take rest!!
Meanwhile, as thanks giving, we would protect her by avoiding excess
use of resources and
use bio degradable substances.
It's sure, Mother Earth provides a healthy environment to us and our
next generation,
aftermath of her relaxation.

நானும் நதிதானே

Puthiyamaadhavi Sankaran

ஏனிந்த தண்டனை எனக்கு மட்டும்?
நதிகள் பிறப்பதும் குறிஞ்சிப் பூப்பதும்
மலைகள் அறியாததா?
கலவி நடப்பதும் சிவனில் கலப்பதும்
உயிர்கள் அறியாததா??
பிறவிப் பெருங்கடலாய் பெருக்கெடுத்த சங்கமிக்கு
ஆயுள் தண்டனையா?
உன்னை முத்தமிட்ட கடற்கரையைக் காணவில்லை.
அறம் பிழைத்ததோ அரபிக்கடலே
இந்த மித்தி செய்த குற்றமென்ன?
மகாநதிகளின் புண்ணியபூமியில்
தீண்டாமையைக் கழுவும் கங்கை பிறக்கவில்லையோ
தரையில் இறங்கும் விமானத்தில்
மித்தியின் நிர்வாணக் காட்சிகள்
மித்தியின் தேசத்தில் கனவுகளின் நாற்றம்.

தண்டவாளங்கள் தண்ணீரில்
பாவத்தைக் கழுவிக்கொள்கின்றன.
கடலைத் தேடும் காமம் பாறையில் மோதுகிறது.
‘மித்தி .. மித்தி.



Puthiya Maadhavi, a Mumbai-based Tamil writer with a social cause, has around twelve books to her credit. She says that she could read and write amidst her busy work schedules both at home and office. She says that the verses of her first poetry collection "Suriyapayanam" were mostly her "scribbblings" during her regular train commutes from office to home in Mumbai. Besides poetry, she has penned a number of short story and essay collections. Maadhavi says that her works often are criticism on contemporary corrupt politics. She rues that "However, many 'modern' writers of these days keep themselves away from addressing political issues and celebrate only their subjective world in their writings".

Puthiyamaadhavi Sankaran
Mumbai, Maharashtra, India



Am I not a river?

Puthiyamaadhavi Sankaran

Why is this punishment for only me?
Is the birth of rivers and blooming of Kurinji flowers
not known to the mountains?
Aren't creatures aware that
mating takes place and merger with Shiva happens?
Is it a life sentence for Sanghami
who flowed in spate like the Ocean of Life?
The seashore which kissed you is missing.
Has righteousness survived?
O Arabian Sea!
What crime has this Mithi committed?
Was not the Ganga who washes off untouchability
born in the holy land of great rivers?
The bare scenes of Mithi can be seen from
an aeroplane landing.
There is a stink of dreams in Mithi's nation.
Rails wash sins in water.
Looking for the sea, lust crashes against the rocks.
"Mithi! Mithi!"

சுற்றுச் சூழல் பேணுவாய்.....!!!

Shyamala Rajasekar

பசுமை யான பூமிப் பந்தைப்
பாழ்ப டுத்த லாகுமா ?
வசிக்க வீடு வேண்டு மென்றால்
வயல்வ ர்ப்பை யழிப்பதா ?
அசுத்த மான ஆலைக் கழிவை
ஆற்று நீரில் கலப்பதா ?
வசதி பெருக விளைநி லத்தை
வளைத்து வாங்கி விற்பதா ?

கான ழித்து வான ளாவக்
கட்ட டங்கள் கட்டினாய் !
ஊன மாக்கி உயிர்க்கோ ளத்தின்
ஓசோன் ஓட்டைப் படுத்தினாய் !
வானம் பொய்த்துப் போன தாலே
வறட்சி யால்திண் டாடினாய் !
ஆன மட்டும் மணலை அள்ளி
ஆற்றின் தடத்தை மாற்றினாய் !

பூத மைந்தை மாசு படுத்த
பூமிக் கோளம் தாங்குமோ ?
தீதும் நன்றும் யாரா லிங்குத்
தேடி வந்து விளைந்திடும்?
சேதப் படுத்தும் இயற்கை யாலே
சேரும் துன்பம் நம்மையே!
ஆத லாலே சுற்றுச் சூழல்
ஆர்வத் தோடு பேணுவாய் !



Shyamala Rajasekar is a Tamil poet and has written over 1 500 poems. Her poems are found in eluthu.com. She also writes short stories, some of which have been published in leading Tamil magazines like Mangaiyar Malar, Aval Vikatan, Varamalar, etc. She is very active on Facebook. She is a recipient of titles "Painthamizh chemmal" & "Santhakkavimani" from the Facebook group "Painthamizh Cholai" and also "Kavichudar" from Padaippu Kuzhumam and many more titles from various literary groups.

Shyamala Rajasekar
Chennai, Tamilnadu, India



Nurture the Environment

(Translation of Shyamala Rajasekar Tamil Poem is done by S. Karunanidhy)

Shyamala Rajasekar / S. Karunanidhy

Is it right to make the greener earth spoiled ?
For the sake of a house, can the farms be destroyed?
Mixing wastes of industries in rivers, is it allowed ?
To get richer, should cultivable lands be swallowed and sold?

You've built skyscrapers by destructing some green forest
The made a hole in ozone and harmed the lively planet
Struggled and starving, you're in drought when sky had failed
Deeper , you dug the riverbed for sand and its course changed

Would the planet earth tolerate, polluting the five energy sources
Good or evil, how at all would occur and who're all be the causes
Ruined and spoiled, the nature would make us devastated and sour
Save, Save and nurture the environment with care , therefore !

சுற்றுப்புறமாம், சூழ்நிலையாம்

N V Subbaraman

மக்கள் வாழ்வதற்கே இடம் இல்லையாம்
சுற்றுச் சூழலாம் சூழ்நிலையாம்!
குடிசையில், மரத்தடியில் வாழ்கிறோம்!
மடிந்து போகாது வாழ்தலே பெரிதாம்
இடிந்து வாழும் ஏழைகளுக்கு இதுவே அரிதாம்!
கடிந்து கொள்ளாதீர் பெரியோர்களே!
இருப்பினும்
சுற்றுப்புறச் சூழ்நிலைகள் மனித வாழ்வின்
வெற்றிக்கு மிக மிகத் தேவை சூழ்நிலையின்
சிறப்பு! மனதிற்கோர் அமைதி,
மனித உளத்திற்கோர் மகிழ்ச்சி!
எங்கள் வாழ்வு வளம் பெறவே
என்றும் காப்போம் சுற்றுப் புறத்தை
எப்பொழுதும் காப்போம் சூழ்நிலையை!



Dr. N V Subbaraman writes poetry and prose in English and Tamil and has authored 40 books in English and Tamil and the recipient of 46 rewards. He has attended a number of Literary Meets and presented poems and papers has retired Deputy Zonal Manager, LIC of India is settled in Chennai Tamilnadu. He is a Member of India Poetry Circle, a virtual poetry group. He is a holder of Asia Pacific Book of Records and World Records University has conferred a Doctorate upon him. His Blog Envious Thoughts' has been viewed by more than 2,03,000 persons from 219 countries.

N V Subbaraman

Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India



Environment and Ecology

N V Subbaraman

Omnipotent and Omniscient Lord Almighty created the Universe
With the intencion of making HIS subjects live in harmony and peace!
An absolutely unpolluted Environment and Ecology must
For His intencion to be fulfilled – there should be impeccable trust!

Unfortunate the people have their own priorities and neglect
His surroundings at home and outside to the detriment –perfect!
Garbage thrown as they please, used masks these days in abundance
On the roads, in the sewerage, wherever they feel uer negligence!

Plases banned in law- but one can see them aplenty everywhere
Shops- vegetables, provisions, eateries we find anywhere!
Environment and ecology last in the cruel minds of men
Equally oblivious are those to resist and set an example- women!

ECOLOGY-the word unheard by many many-unfortunate
Dealing with organisms living, habits, modes of life-infuriate
People with conscience of nature, environmental protecon
We are at a stage giving up hopes but praying in veneraon!

తస్మాత్ జాగ్రత!

Atreya Sarma U

ప్రకృతి మాత యొక్క ఒడినుంచి విడివడి
 ఆమె పైనే నిరంతరం దాడి చేసి, దూరమై;
 అక్రమ రాబడి వరవడి పైనే స్వార్థ-దురాశాపూరిత దృష్టి పెట్టి
 మనదైన విలువల వలువలను నిలువెల్లా జారవిడిచి;
 స్వదేశీ అంటూ స్వాతంత్ర్యం సాధించుకుని కూడా
 మన పర్యావరణహిత సాంస్కృతిక తరుమూలాలలోకి
 సుదూర విదేశీ జలాలను బలవంతాన ఎక్కించి;
 ఉత్పత్తులనే కాక మన బ్రతుకులను కూడా
 అనియంత్రితంగా యాంత్రికీకృతం చేసుకొని;
 అపరిమిత వ్యర్థాలనే అర్థంగా సంభావించి
 అదే పరమార్థమనే భ్రమలో మునిగి తేలుతున్నాం.

అటవీ పశు పక్ష్యాదులను పాశవికంగా నిర్మూలించు;
 పైశాచికానంద కాలుష్యపు మబ్బుల వేదికపై
 ఆత్మహత్యాసదృశ విలయతాండవం చేస్తున్నాం.

సకాలంలో పునర్విమర్శ చేసుకొని, సమూల ప్రక్షాళనకు
 కంకణబద్ధులం కాకపోతే, మన అస్తిత్వమే ప్రశ్నార్థకమై,
 ప్రమాదంలో పడి, మహా ప్రళయంలో కొట్టుకుపోయే కాలం
 దగ్గరలోనే ఉందని శాస్త్రజ్ఞుల, విజ్ఞుల హెచ్చరిక. తస్మాత్ జాగ్రత!



Atreya Sarma U
 Hyderabad, Telangana, India

U Atreya Sarma, Chief Editor of the Muse India e-journal, is a bilingual poet, freelance editor, writer and translator (English/Telugu). Also as its Contributing Editor (Telugu), he has presented 4 exhaustive features on Telugu Literature; and co-presented a feature 'Indian College Fiction'. He has published his English poetry collection and edited/translated! collaborated on 16 books. He guest-edited a feature 'India @ 70' for the Setu e-magazine (Aug2017). From June 2013 to July 2018, he presented poets through the Sunday column 'Wordsmith'in The Hans India English daily. He is an official critic of Metverse Muse, an international print journal of metrical poetry; and on the Advisory Board of Teesta, an international e-journal of poetry. He is a recipient of the "Setu Award for Excellence 2017" and "Shambhabi Samman 2019" for 'outstanding contribution to literature.'



Let's be on our guard

Atreya Sarma U

Cleaving ourselves from the lap of Mother Nature,
And relentlessly pillaging her
With a greedy eye on corrupt income,
We have shed the robes of our own values.

Despite achieving Independence
And yearning to promote our indigenous ethos,
We have into the roots of the tree of our culture,
Forcibly injected the alien saps.

We have indiscriminately mechanised
Not only every production but also our lives,
By lapping up mountains of pollutants as wealth,
Only to live in a fool's paradise.

We have brutally wrecked forests and fauna,
And are indulging in a devil's dance of suicide
On the podium of a polluting mass of clouds.

'If we don't, in time, introspect and take a U-turn
And vow to cleanse the eco scenario thoroughly,
We will be meeting our nemesis before long,'
Warn the scientists and sagely thinkers.
So let's be on guard in our own interests.

ఒక్కసారి మాట్లాడాలి!
 పత్ర హరిత కొమ్మల్లోంచి ఎగిరెళ్లి పోయిన పంచ భూతాలతో మాట్లాడాలి..
 అమాయకత్వం మాటున సరస సల్లాపాల్లో
 పదహారేళ్ళ పడుచల్లే ఒకప్పుడు తుళ్ళిపడ్డ పల్లెతనంతో తిరిగి మాట కలపాలి..
 పట్నం ఇరుకు సందుల్లోకి వలసెల్లి తల దాచుకుంటున్న
 పల్లె వైభవాన్ని వెనక్కి తిరిగి రప్పించాలి....
 నెర్రలిచ్చి శిథిలమైపోయిన ప్రకృతి దేవళాన్ని పునర్నిర్మాణ యజ్ఞానికి
 నేలతల్లి చెంత తరువులతోను/గిరులతోనూ రాజీ మంతనాలు మొదలెట్టాలి...
 రేడియోషన్ భూతానికి భయపడి తాటాకు చూరుల్లోంచి
 గూళ్లెత్తుకెళ్ళిపోయిన పిచుకల్ని పిల్చుకొచ్చి హృదయ గూళ్ళల్లాది...
 భూమిపూజ చేసినా వనకన్య పాదాలు కడిగినా సరే
 దీర్ఘ నిద్రలోకి వెళ్లిపోయిన ఆరుద్ర పురుగుల్ని వెనక్కి రప్పించాలి
 తొలకరి వానల్లో చూడ ముచ్చటైన లాంగ్ మార్చ్ తిరిగి ప్రారంభించాలి...
 కిలకిలా రావాల మేళతాళాలతో తొలిపొద్దు సంతకం చేసే పిట్టల సమూహాల్ని
 సప్తవర్ణాల పరిశ్రవంగంలో వొళ్ళు విరుచుకునే ఇంద్రధనువుల విన్యాసాల్ని తిరిగి రప్పించాలి
 ఊపిరాడకుండా మనిషి వేసిన ప్లాస్టిక్ ముసుగును ధరణి మోముపైనుండి తొలగించాలి
 పాడైపోయిన నదుల్ని-హృదయ నదుల్ని ప్రక్షాళనకు నడుం బిగించాలి..
 కాంక్రీట్ బ్రతుకు వాకిట ఆన్లైన్ వ్యాపార వేడుకలో డిజిటల్ వేలిముద్ర వ్రేళ్లాడుతున్న మనిషిని
 మట్టి ముచ్చట్ల మమతల పొదరింట్లోకి నడిపించి
 మనిషిగా పునః ప్రతిష్ఠకు నాందీ వాచకం పలకాలి.



Dakarapu Baburao is often writes poems regarding ordinary people life and struggle, how they overcome obstacles in their daily life.

Baburao Dakarapu
 Tiruvuru, Krishna Dist, AP, India



Re-Installation

Baburao Dakarapu

Just a word

With five elements that flew away from the green branches

With the villageness which once thrilled like sweet sixteen girl

The glory of village which hid in the narrow streets of city should be brought back

For re building ceremony of nature's temple that was ruined

Have to start compromise dialogue in the presence of mother earth with trees and hills

Have to fabricate nests in the heart for sparrows

That look away their nests from thatched

Slopes for fear of radiation phantom

Even by washing feet of VANAKANYA

Have to call back ARUDRA insects from their deep slumber

Restart long march into welcome rain

Groups of singing birds that sign on early lights

To recall Rainbows embraced by Seven colours

To remove breath stopping plastic covered by man on the face of earth

Start cleaning polluted rivers in nature and hearts

Have to re-install man hanging as digital finger print

Before the fore yard of concrete life

Make him walk into Bushdens of soil talkings

And say foreward for re-installing man

చివరికి చిక్కింది జింక!

Devi Priya

వాన కురిస్తే
నాలో కూడా కురిసేది.
ఉరుము ఉరిమితే
నాలోపల కూడా ఉరిమేది.
మెరుపు మెరిస్తే
నా లోపల కూడా మెరిసేది.
వాగులూ వంకలూ
ఉన్మాదంగా ఊగుతున్న చెట్లు
చీకటి మూసిన ఆకాశాలూ
తళ తళ మిరుమిట్లు
ఫెక ఫెక భగ్గుతరు విస్ఫోటనలూ
అన్నీ నా లోపల కూడా
ప్రజ్వలించేవి ప్రతిధ్వనించేవి
అప్పుడు నేను వేరు
తాను వేరూ కానట్టుండేది
ఇప్పుడేమిటి ఇలా?
ఏరు ఎవరోలా అనిపిస్తోంది
ఎవరో ఏరులా కనిపిస్తుంది.
000
ఎడమపాదం మీద
ఎంతో అమాయికంగా
ఉదయించిన కొనగోరంతటి
చిట్టి చంద్రవంక అటు సాగి

ఇటు సాగి, అటు ఎగిరి ఇటు ఎగిరి,
ఇటు పొరిలి అటు పొరిలి,
ఇటు లేచి అటు లేచి
పాదపదపదపత్రతతినొక
భయదకానన హేల చేసి
దష్ట దహనపుకీల చేసి
కాలినిండా కణకణానా
ధమరుకాలై త్రిశూలాలై
జివ్వ జివ్వన రివ్వ రివ్వన
నొప్పికణికలు చిందుతుంటే
ఏకమై ఆ ఇనుడు భానుడు
కారు చిక్కని ఏ నిశీధిలో
చిక్కుకున్నారో.

000

అంకుశ పీడిత పీడ
మృత్యు సన్నిభ 'అడుగడుగు జాడ'.
బాధవయసు యేమో కానీ
డెబ్బయ్యేళ్ళ అనుభవాల
ఈ ముళ్ళకంప కొట్టుకొచ్చి
'నాతల్లి' ఇంటికి, అరవై రోజులు.
మిగిలినదేమున్నది ఇంక,
పులి నోటికి పూర్తిగా
చిక్కినట్టే ఉంది ఈ జింక !



Devipriya, a celebrated poet and a trend setting editor is a household name in the two Telugu speaking states of Telangana and Andhra Pradesh. His path breaking daily political commentary in metrical verse 'Running Commentary' On the front page Of Telugu dailies made Devipriya an icon in Telugu literature and journalism.

Devi Priya
Guntur, India



Deer is Near the Predator

(Translation of *Devipriya Telugu Poem is done by D. Vizaibhaskar*)

Priya Devi / D. Vizaibhaskar

Whenever rained
It rained in me
If it thunderd
It was thundering
Inside me also
Lightening was there
With in me also
When it happened outwards
Waving trees
Darkened skies
Lightening flashes
What not
Reflected and Resounded
With in me
As if we are one
And indivisible.
But now it became
Some thing alien
Which is not me
A line devides both of us
Moulds the River unfamiliar
Making the unknown fully un recognised
Death with its wounding weapon
Casts shadow causing pain and relief
The thorny skeleton of
Seventy years of existance
Drifted to my mothers home
Of illness for sixty days
Questions loudly what remains
The deer is very near to the predator.

మరణ సందర్భం

Gopi. N Prof.

వర్షమా!

కుండపోతగా కురవకు
ఇది మా అమ్మ చివరియాత్ర.

వెలిసిన మేఘమా!

మల్లీ పుంజుకోకు
ఇది మండుతున్న
మా అమ్మ కాష్టం.

పవనమా!

గట్టిగా వీయకు
ఇది మా అమ్మ చితాభస్మం.

నదీ ప్రవాహమా!

ఉరకలు పెట్టకు
ఇవి మా అమ్మ ఆస్థికలు

ఉగ్గపట్టుకో

హృదయమా!
ఇది మా అమ్మ కన్నీటి కావ్యం.



Gopi.N Prof.
Ramanthapur, TS, Hyderabad, India

Prof. N. Gopi is an eminent Telugu poet, translator, critic, researcher and a renowned academician. He is a recipient of over 50 prestigious awards, notably the Central Sahitya Akademi Award, Kala Ratna Award of the State government, and Sri Annamacharya Project Award from USA. His Sahitya Akademi Award winning book 'KaalaanniNidra Poniwani' has been translated into 23 Indian languages and his Magnum Opus lala Geetham'into 12 languages including Persian and Chinese. He has pioneered a short form of Telugu poetry genre through his poetry collection 'Naneelu' (minimal poems) that has received wide acceptance and has been translated in to 13 languages including Russian and German. He has to his credit over 50 books including 23 poetry volumes, 7 criticism works, 5 travelogues, 2 commentaries, 3 column writings, 5 translations and 3 adult education primers and Text books. Having taught at the Osmania University, Hyderabad for 33 years, he was the Vice Chancellor of Telugu university.



At the Time of Death

Gopi, N Prof.

Oh Rain!
Let there be no downpour
this is my mother's last journey.

Oh Clouds that have cleared up!
Don't swarm again
this is my mother's
funeral pyre.

Oh Wind
Don't blow hard
these are my mother's ashes.

Oh River tlow!
Don't gallop
these are my mother's bones.

Oh Heart
restrain yourself!
This is a poem of tears about my mother.

పిచ్చుకగూడు

Haragopal Sreeramoju

పిట్ట పుల్లలగూడు కట్టుకుంది
మనిషి చెట్టును కూల్చాడు, పిట్టపాట ఎగిరిపోయింది

కొండలు నదులకు బాటలు వేసాయి
మనిషి నీటిని ఎండగట్టాడు, మనిషి సంస్కృతే ఇగిరిపోతున్నది
ఆకాశం మేఘాలగొడుగు పట్టింది
గాలిస్త్రాణాలు తీసాడు, మనిషి మాస్కుల వెనక కొడిగట్టిపోతున్నాడు

పిట్టపిల్లకు పురుగు విషపుబువ్వైంది
అమ్మపాలే విషం, బిడ్డెట్ల బతుకుతుంది
పంచభూతాలిప్పుడు కాలుష్య బీతాళులు
భుజం దింపుకోలేని మృత్యువు, కూలిపోతున్నాడు మనిషి

దోసిలిలోకి తీసుకుని లాలించిన ప్రకృతే
పాములక్క తనపిల్లల్ని తానే తింటున్నది, రుతువులక్కడ, రుతములక్కడ

కోమలగాండర్వజీవనం అదృశ్యమైపోతున్నది
పెదవులపై హరితమోహనవంశీగానం చెయ్యి మనిషి,
పిడికెడు గుండెకు దోసిడు స్వచ్ఛరక్తానివ్వు,
బతుకు, బతకనివ్వు మనిషి, ఈ భూలోకాన్ని

రాయిరప్పా, చెట్టూ పిట్టూ, నీరు గాలి
ఈ మట్టితల్లిపొట్ట నుంచే కదా మనిషి నీ పుట్టుక

నీ యోగ,క్షేమం నువ్వే మోయాలి
నీ చుట్టు నువ్వే పచ్చటిదడి కట్టుకోవాలి



Sriramoju Haragopal is a Retd. Gazetted Head Master (1978 to 2013). He is interested in Telangana History and a Researcher of it and part of Telangana Jagruti, Hist. Dept. Poetry Writing, Lyric Writing Poetry Anthologies are Mattipotthillu-1991, Mulakam-2006, Rendu Dosillakalam-2015, Kondapodugupalu-2019, Chelimele-2020, Padalani(Lyrics)-2013, Paramarshalu(literary criticism) and History Books on Aleti Kampanam-Konni Charitraka pradeshalu and Thakur Rajaram Sing(monograph).

Haragopal Sreeramoju
TS, Hyderabad, India



Sparrow 's Nest

(Translation of Haragopal's Telugu Poem is done by Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar)

Sreeramoju Haragopal / Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar

The sparrow made a nest
With somuch skill and dexterity
But thr man uprooted the tree
And the tiny bird became shelterless
Moutains paved ways for rivers to flow
But man dried up the sources
Leading to cultures to perish.
Spreading itself without frontiers
The sky is an umbrella, protecting
The life on the Earth
The air turned poisonous
Tolling thousands of lives every day
Man, with fear of death, hiding
His face behind the mask
The five elements polluted became venomous
A bird, a beast snd a baby
Eqully consume contaminated food
Falling prey to the Death, the invisible follower

కాలం చెక్కిన పచ్చని కల !

Harikrishna Mamidi

లోకమంతా ఓ దారి నీది ఓదారి
మొదట్నుంచీ నువ్వంతే !
ఇక్కడి పీట్లలు, మొక్కలు, జంతువులు, జీవాలు
నీతో పాటే కళ్ళు తెరిచాయి
అవన్నీ సూర్యచంద్రుల క్యాలెండర్ నే అనుసరిస్తున్నాయి
కాలనియతినే పాటిస్తున్నాయి..!

నువ్వు మాత్రమే నీ లోకాన్ని సృష్టించుకున్నావు
నేలనీ, నింగినీ, సాగరాన్నీ, గాలినీ
ఎడారిని, మంచునీ, పర్యతాన్నీ, వనాన్నీ ఆక్రమించేసి
భూమి చరిత్రలోనే అతి పెద్ద కథా కోరు అయ్యావు !

నువ్వు నిర్మించిన దానికన్నా విధ్వంసం చేసిందే ఎక్కువ
నువ్వు నిలబెట్టిన వాటికన్నా పడగొట్టినదే ఎక్కువ
ఆఖరికి నీ స్వార్థపు అగ్ని జ్వాలలలో
నువ్వే సమిధవు అవుతున్నావు..!

మానవా... నా సహచరా... ఇకచాలు
నీడనిచ్చిన ఇంటిని కూల్చిందిక చాలు !
రుతువులు వేసిన పురాతన చిత్రానికి నవవర్షాలను అడ్డుదాం
ప్రకృతి కూర్చిన వసంత గీతానికి కోర్సు పాడుదాం
కాలం చెక్కిన పచ్చని కొమ్ముకు కొత్త చిగుళ్ళను వూయిద్దాం..!



Harikrishna Mamidi, is the Director of Language & Culture, Government of Telangana. A post-graduate in Psychology and Education, through his poetry he tries to unravel and explore the unexplored plains of human psyche. He has to his credit: thousands of essays on various topics like art, culture, heritage, literature, cinema, behavior etc. that are regularly published in national and international papers and magazines. He introduced "Fusion Shayaree", a novel style of poetry writing in Telugu literature which gives scope and space to the multicultural and multilingual lives we live in contemporary society. He has edited more than 45 books in Telugu and other books in English, besides Telugu Short Fiction 1912 - 2011 with fifty Telugu Short stories, A Green Garland (an Eco poetry anthology), and many more.

Harikrishna Mamidi
TS, Hyderabad, India



A green Tree immerial

(Translation of Harikrishna Mamidi 's Telugu Poem is done by Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar)

Harikrishna Mamidi / Dr. D. Vizaibhaskar

O man
From tge beginning
Your wsys are different
While the entire world
Walks in a particular way
You prefer to take a seperate path
The flora and fauna
Animals big and small
Started breathing as inmates of this enchanting planet
Alas! You made this Earth your own empire
Trespassed in to the habitats of all creatures
Either domesticated or devastated
Hagemony is your passion
Bringing all in to your possession
O Man! Thy name is destruction
More and more than your creation
Pure atmosphere and protective Layers
Became victims to your greed
Time hss come for your realisation
Beware of the unfuring catastrophe
Haunting vehemently towards your end
OMan! Dear comrade
Stop demolishing the cozy castle
Let us ameliorative steps
To decorate the primitive Painting
With different colours of variable seasons
Let us share your melody to chorus of the Spring
And add new leaves to the Green Tree immemorial

ఆనంద రుతువు

Hymavathi Mandarapu

దిగులు సుడిగుండంలో జీవితం పడవ మునిగిపోతున్నప్పుడు
నమ్మినవాళ్ళే నట్టేట ముంచినప్పుడు
చుట్టూ కట్టుకున్న ఒంటరితనం పుట్ట నుండి బయటకు రాగానే
చెంపలను నిమురుతుంది చెలిమి గాలి
తడి తడి రాగాలు పలుకుతుంది నది
ఆకాశంలో వంపుల వరసల గీతలు గీసే పక్షులు
ఆకుపచ్చ అక్షరాల పత్రాల తరువులు
ఇవ్వడంలో ఆనందాన్ని హెచ్చువేసి చూపిస్తుంటే-
కొండల్ని తవ్వి పువ్వుల్ని చిదిమి నదులను బంధించి
గాలిని ధూళిని విషపూరితం చేసి
ప్రకృతిని వికృతిగా మార్చే విధ్వంసకారుడా!
రూపాయిల తల దిండుపై పసిడి పరుపులపై
మండుతున్న నిప్పుల కళ్ళతో రాత్రంతా మెలకువ మిణుగురులను
లెక్కిస్తూ మైదాస్ కథలనే మరచిపోతావు
ఆరుబయట మంచంపై చుక్కలి చూస్తూ
పైరగాలి జోలపాటతో నిదురమ్మ ఒడిలో వాలే క్షణాలెంత మధురం
ఆకాశం నదిలో కదిలే మణ్ణుల పడవలను పూలపై వాలే తూనీగలను
చూస్తున్న జీవితమే సఫలం కదా!
కోట్లు కుమ్మరించక్కర్లేదు.. ఇంటిముందో మొక్కని చిగురించనీ
కనుచూపు మేరా ఆకుపచ్చ జెండాలెగరవేస్తే బతుకు ఆనంద రుతువు!



Mandarapu Hymavathi is a noted feminist Telugu poet with 5 poetry collections and an essay collection, to her credit. She is a recipient of the Krishna Sastry Award, Ummadisetty Sahiti Award, C Narayanareddy Award, Free Verse Font Award and Sri Sri Puraskaram. Her poems have been translated into Hindi, English, Tamil, Kannada and Malayalam. Her Poem "Santakalu Cheddham Randi" has been translated into all The Indian languages. She has participated at many national level poetry meets notably the National Poets' Meet of Kendra Sahitya Akademi at New Delhi and Guwahati. Her poetry anthology Nishiddakshari has been prescribed as a text book by Yogivemana University, Kadapa, Andhra Pradesh. She is a Teacher and lives in Vijayawada

Hymavathi Mandarapu
Vijayawada, AP, India



Season of Joy

Hymavathi Mandarapu

The synonymous life boat is drowning
In the vortex of misery
When the loved ones betrayed
I came out of the molehill of loneliness
An air of friendship caresses my cheeks
The river sings ardent ragas
Birds drawing lines in the sky
The trees write poetry in green ink
They teach about the joy in giving
But ,you cruel one!!
You pound the hills
You nip the buds
You control the rivers
You turned the nature hostile
You poisoned the air we breath
And now you sleep on a bed of gold
And a pillow of coins.
You can't sleep peacefully though
Might be ,you forgot the story of King Midas
Think of the days when you slept on a cot
Out in the yard ,counting the stars !
Breathing the fresh air coming from the fields and archids
How sweet were the days !
The days when you watched the clouds and the butterflies
Dancing on the flowers
Those were the days of joy
Plant a sapling in your front yard and let it become a tree
Fly green flags all the way
It would be season of joy once again.

పచ్చనాకు తోరణాలు

Kalimisri Sambasiva Rao Kalimikonda

గాలిలోనే తిరుగుతూ గాలిని గుండెనిండా పీల్చలేకపోతున్నాం
నీటి చెలమలపై తేలిపోతూ మంచినీటిని తాగలేకపోతున్నాం
మన ఊపిరిపూలను మనమే కత్తిరించుకుని
వాహనాలకు దండలుగా వేసుకుంటున్నాం
'సెల్ జోన్ ల తిరునాళ్ళలో ఆనందిస్తూ హెల్ జోన్ లోకి జారిపోతున్నాం
ఎత్తయిన కొండల నడుముల్ని విరిచేసి
అంతకంటే ఎత్తయిన ఆవాసాలుగా పైకిలేస్తున్నాం
'అభివృద్ధి' కొమ్మల్ని ఏపుగా పెంచాలనే కాంక్షలో
అసలు చెట్టునే కూలదోసుకుంటున్నాం
మనం నరుక్కుంటోంది హరితనా?
రేపటి తరాల నిండైన భవితనా?
మన సంగతి మనం చూసుకుని నిఘ్రమిస్తే
మన వారసత్వ గోపురంపై వాలేందుకు
పత్రహరిత పక్షులుంటాయా?
ప్రాణదీపాల్ని పరిరక్షించే పచ్చదనం మిగిలుంటుందా?
అందుకే- మన పిల్లలకోసం నాలుగు
పచ్చనాకు తోరణాలు దాచి వుంచుదాం
మనిషి మరణానికి కూలిపోని గురుతుగా
ఊరి చౌరస్తాల్లో నాటుతున్న శిలా విగ్రహాలకు బదులుగా
మహావృక్షాలై ఎదిగే ఆకుపచ్చని మొక్కల్ని నాటుదాం!



Kalimisri is senior journalist, writer and poet. He contributes poems in general and social issue in particulars. He is in literary pursuit since 1987.

Kalimisri Sambasiva Rao Kalimikonda
Vijayawada, AP, India



Festoons of Green Leaves

Kalimisri Samba Siva Rao Kalimikonda

Wandering in air yet unable to take free breath
Floating over water logs but unable to drink
We cut down our breath flowers
We wear garland of vehicles
From cell zones to hell zones we go
Breaking the back of high hills
Building higher abodes wishing thick growth of
Tree of prosperity but the very tree is felled
Are we cutting down the greenary
Or the complete future of coming generations
If we live selfishly and exit the life
Will there be green birds to sit on
The temple of heritage
Will there be life saving greenary left out
Hence, let us save few festoons of green leaves
As memoir of not collapsing for the death of man
Instead of statues in cross roads
Let us plant the future trees.

తాను ఓడిందే లేదు

Kalyan Krishna Kumar Karanam

వివస్థలా ఉన్న ఆ చెట్టుని దూస్తే
ఎందుకో మనసు చివుక్కుమందీరోజు
ఆర్థికా ఆకాశం వైపు పేల చేతులు దాచి
రైతు గుండె కమతంలో నేరు తెరిచిన బోరుబావిలా ఏదో ప్రాదేయపడుతోంది
అలసి రాలిన పేళ్ళను ఎవరో విరిచేస్తున్న సంగతం అక్కడ చతికిలపడ్డది

ఏ చెమట చెమ్మ కోసమో, అలా అలసట మరచి దూస్తూనే
తనని తాను మరచిపోయింది
ఎండ పొడ తన దేహాన్ని సుందహించకుండా కమిలేస్తున్నా... ఆక చచ్చినట్లు లేదు

నేను నాదారిన... నీడ పెతుక్కుంటూ
పేదచ కట్టిన నాలుకను ఓ కొమ్మకు తగిలించాను
అప్పటికే దప్పక నాల్కలు చాలా కొమ్మలకు ముడుపుల్లా పేలాడుతున్నాయే

అదిగో అప్పుడు చూశాను.. భూమి తల్లి తలపై ఆ మోపుని
ఎందుకో నాకు ముచ్చట వేసింది
ఆకని ఆపని యోగముద్దలోని ఖాళీ పగుల ఆవాహన శబ్దం.. అక్కడ గజ్జెకట్టింది

దానికి తెలుసు.. శరీరం శిశిర కుటుసుం విడిచి
పచ్చ పెయింటింగ్ కి కాన్వాస్ చెక్కనుందని
దానికి తెలుసు.. మరలా నీడని నిండుగా సృష్టించనుందని
దానికి తెలుసు మేలు మరవడం మానవజాతి గుణమని

అయినా.. ఆశ్చర్యం..
దాని ఆక చచ్చింది లేదు ..
తనకు తాను ఓడిందీ లేదు!!



Karanam Kalyan Krishna Kumar, a Telugu poet, started writing poetry in 1989 and has penned over 400 poems and 20 stories so far, on various social issues. Most of them have been published in leading Telugu magazines. He works as a Correspondent in the Deccan Chronicle English Daily, Vijayawada. He has organised many poetry evenings for young poets and edited and reviewed several poetry collections. He holds a Master's degree in Journalism and Communications. He is the recipient of many prestigious awards notably: Laadli Media National Award-2013 and UNICEF Award-2015 for his contribution of news stories on child issues.

Kalyan Krishna Kumar Karanam
Vijayawada, AP, India



It never lost

Kalyan Krishna Kumar Karanam

Look at to that naked tree, It hurts me a lot
Its begging something looking towards the sky
stretching thousands of empty hands
as the mouth opened bore well in the heart of a farmer..
a Music where someone breaks tired fingers Squatted there
It forgets herself, forgetting fatigue

looks for any wet perspiration
though the hot sun burning its body undoubtedly
Its hope is not dead yet

I hit my dried tongue to a branch
while I'm going my way searching for a shadow..
I saw so many thirsty tongues
already hanging entire branches

That's what I saw then
a bunch of dried branches on the head of the earth mother
i mesmerized
In the Yogamudra that does not stop hope
sound of empty bowels invoking tied groin there

It knows, body leaves the autumn Integument to
carving emerald Canvas painting
It knows, Will create a shadow full again and again...

It knows, forgetting good is Natural virtue of mankind ..
Anyway .. surprise ..
Its hope is not dead yet
never defeated itself. !!

నే బతికిన ఆనవాలు

Kishore kumar kathula

పొద్దుటిపూట
పసినవ్వై విచ్చుకుని
మనోమాలిన్యాల్ని శుభ్రపరిచే
ఒక మాధుర్యాన్ని పంచిపెడుతుంది.
పరీమళించే సోగంధికానంద
మధురోహలలో మనసు
ఊయలలూగుతుంది.
నా ప్రాణవాయువును వీచే
ఆకుపచ్చని వాన మొక్కలేవో..
మొక్కల నీటి చిగురులేవో..
పక్షుల్లా కువకువలాడుతూ..
నదీ కెరటాల్లా గలగలలాడుతూ
మొక్కలు..నే బతికిన ఆనవాలు-
ఈ ప్రపంచం వూపిరి వసంతాలు.
నీలోంచీ..నాలోంచీ..
ఎవరిలోనుంచైనా..
ఈ మొక్కలు మాట్లాడితేనే
మోళ్లలోంచి సౌందర్య రహస్యం
చిగురులెత్తి చిరునవ్వులు
చిలకరించేది.
నీలోనే నదులున్నాయి చూడు.
ఆ లోలోనే మొక్కలున్నాయి
కాపాడు.
మొక్కల నీడల్లోనే పక్షుల
గూడులున్నాయి నీ తోడు.
ఎందుకు ఏడారుల్ని కౌగిలిస్తావు?
వాగుల్ని వెంటేసుకొచ్చే వాసల్ని
ప్రేమించు.



Kathula Kishore kumar, Pen Name (Shikha-aakaash) Comes from Nuzvidu. A Graduate of M. A, M. Phill, Ph. D (Tel. Litt) Central university, Hyderabad. Now working as Lecturer. Published Vooru-Yeru- Yennela (hykoos) 2001. Received various awards like Andhrapradesh State Government ugadhi Puraskaaram, Dr. B. R. Ambedhkar national fellowship Award, Maha Buddha national fellowship Award, Maha kavi sree sree national Award and Maha kavi jashuva national Award-New Delhi.

Kishore kumar kathula
Nuzvid, AP, India



The Traces of My Living

Kishore kumar kathula

It distributes a melody
That purifies the dirt of the heart
Having blossomed like a smile of a child in the morning.

The heart swings in the melodious fantasies
That spread fragrance all over.

The green plants that breeze my oxygen
Chirp like birds and sound like waves of ocean
Are the traces of my living !
The springs of the breathe of the world !

The secret of beauty sprouts from the trunks
And sprinkle the smiles
Only when the plants speak from yourself,myself,from anybody.

See that the oceans are within you
And the plants are within them.
Just protect them !

The nests of birds
That accompany you
Are in the shades of plants them selves !

Why do you hug the deserts ?
Love the rains that bring the Brooks !
Invite the songs of koel
That bring the springs to the trees !

ఊరికి దక్షిణంగా ముచ్చబోడు
 పచ్చ పచ్చ గా నల్ల నల్లగా
 మధ్యలో చిన్న చెలమలో స్వచ్ఛమైన నీళ్లతో
 ముచ్చబోడు మీద మేఘం వాలిందా
 వాన కురవాల్సిందే
 అక్కడ కురిసిన వాన నా చేను దేహాన్ని తడిపి
 నాలుగు ముక్కలై చారెడు గింజలై
 నన్నూ నా ఇంటినీ నిరంతరం ప్రవహింపజేస్తోంది
 అక్కడ మొలిచిన గడ్డి నా గేదెల పాల పొదుగుల్లోకి దూరి
 నాకూ నా పిల్లలకూ ఇంత జీవాన్నిస్తుంది
 ఇప్పుడక్కడ బోడు మాయమైంది
 కొండ దేహమంతా తెల్లగా పగిలి గాయాలు గాయాలు గా.....
 ఇప్పుడక్కడ మబ్బులు కమ్మడం లేదు వానలు కురవడం లేదు
 అది ఇప్పుడు నిలువునా కరిగి
 నా పాదాలకు నా నేలకు మధ్య రోడ్లు రోడ్లు గా విస్తరిస్తున్నది
 ఆకలిని తడపాల్సిన వానకూ నేలకూ మధ్య
 పొరలుపొరలుగా పరుచుకుంటుంది
 పగిలిన రాళ్ల మధ్య నుండి పొడుచుకొచ్చిన గడ్డిపరకలు
 గేదెల ఆకలి తీర్చడం లేదు
 నన్నటిదాకా నిలిచిన
 ఒక జీవన ఉనికి కంకర యంత్రాల శబ్దాల మధ్య
 రాతి దుమ్ములో కలిసిపోయింది.



Bandla Madhavarao is a poet, critic, and educationist. He is the Editor of "Kavithaa!" monthly magazine. He has three published poetry collections, "Chemata Chittadi Nela", "Sparsa", "Anupama" and a long poem "Gun Kala". He is the editor of "Anweshi", co-editor of "Raithu Kavitha" and "Bahumukha". He is a recipient of several awards notably "Srujana Sahitya Puraskaram", "Guntur Rachayithala Sangham Puraskaram", etc. He has participated in national poetry meets at Goa, Mumbai, Trivandram, Ongole and Vijayawada. He hails from an agriculture family of Anantgavaram Village in Andhra Pradesh. As an educationist he has participated in several workshops and debates on leading news channels. Currently, he administers his own school (Sikhara School) in Vijayawada.

Madhavarao Bandla
 Vijayawada, AP, India



Muchabodu (The hillock)

(Translation of Madhavarao Bandla's Telugu Poem is done by Dr.D.Vizaibhaskar)

Madhavarao Bandla / Dr.D.Vizaibhaskar

There lies a hillock
On the west side of my vllage
People call it Mochabodu
Treated pastoral prosperity abode
It wouldn't allow clouds to cross
With out showering rains
That grow crops full of grains
The grazing gras on the marshy mound
Produced cow milk un-bound
The heap of mud stood as hope of life
Now unfortunately it disppeared
It became pale and stale
With wounds of ugliness
No greenary, no granary
Due to dwindled water table
Clouds now disintrestred to embrace it
The heap of hope spreading itself as bitumen track between my feet and the soil soul
Shrinking as layers between
Rain and pain of hunger
The grass blades that toss
Between the boulders will not
Quench the Buffaloes hunger
The hillock that served as source and force of life
Remained silent amidst the
Bustling sounds of rubble machines

ఆకుపచ్చని కల

Mohan Pattipaka

నిన్నటి నా పచ్చపచ్చని కలను
ఎవరో ఎత్తుకు పోతున్నారు
నేను పుట్టక ముందే
నెత్తిమీద ఆకుల ఆలంబనై నిలిచిన
గూడు నెవరో దూరం చేస్తున్నారు

నిన్నటి మా ఇల్లు
ఇవ్వారాళ్ళ జ్ఞాపక కకలమైంది
వసారా... చెట్టూ... చేమా...
రోజు పలవరించే పక్షి
బ్లాక్ అండ్ వైట్ చిత్రమైంది

కనిపించిందంతా
కళ్ల ముందునుండి గాయబే
శ్వాసించినదంతా
అకస్మాత్తుగా హంపబే

విస్తరిస్తున్న మహానగరం
ఊరును, పల్లెను, తండాలనే కాదు
ఎన్ని పత్రహరితాలను మింగిందో
రంగులతో హంగులు పోతోంది

కాంక్రీటు కీకారణ్యాలు
ఎన్ని చెట్ల శ్వాసల్ని పీల్చాయో
చిమ్మిపోగొట్టాలై పలుకుతున్నాయి

మనిషికి, చెట్టుకు మధ్య బంధం
ఎందుకో తెగుతున్నట్టవిపిస్తోంది
వస్తువుతో సహవాసం చేస్తున్నాం కదా
ప్రతిదానికి మనకెందుకని

తప్పకుంటున్నాం
మన ఆశ్రయాల కోసం తరువుల్ని
కూలుస్తున్నాం

'నగరీకత' కోసం నగరాన్ని నగ్నంగా
చేస్తున్నాం

అన్నీ ఉన్నాయనుకుంటున్నాం కానీ
చెట్లు లేని మనం అచ్చంగా

నిరాశ్రయులం

చెట్లు లేకుంటే రేపటి కాందీశీకులం



Dr Pathipaka Mohan, working as Asst. Editor (Telugu) and Program Officer with National Book Trust India, Ministry of HRD, Govt. of India. has published 26 books including poetry, criticism, biography and compilations etc. He is a recipient of the First AP State Youth Award in Literature(1997), Keerti Puraskaram (2009), Balsahitya Puraskar (2011) and along with these, has received 25 other awards from other literary and private institutions.

Mohan Pattipaka

Lotukunta, Secundrabad, India



Re-Installation

(Translation of Pattipaka Mohan Telugu Poem is done by Swatee Sripada)

Mohan Pattipaka / Swatee Sripada

Somebody has been taking away
My green dream of yesterday
Somebody has been separating
The supporting nest of leaves on my head
Even before my birth
My home of yesterday
Became a broken piece of memory today
The premises , trees, and all
The bird that blurbs everyday
Became a black and white painting
Everything in front of the sight
Vanished at once
Everything respired before
All of a sudden turned out
Ever stretching great city
Might have swallowed not only
The town, village , and the hamlet
But also so much chlorophyll
It boasts of its colours
The thickets of concrete
Speak out the sucked breath of countless trees
as chimneys of smoke
the kinship between man and the tree
seems to be breaking away
we befriend with materials
so avoiding everything
feeling why to bother about it
we dismantle trees for shelters
for urbanization we make the cities naked
we think we have everything
but without trees
we are absolutely supportless
without a tree
we are tomorrows the scared

ఆదివారం

Mukunda Ramarao Yellapu

జంతుప్రదర్శనశాల
మనుషుల కోతులతో నిండిపోయింది

మీలా స్వేచ్ఛగా
మమ్మల్ని తిరగనివ్వమని
చూస్తూనే ఉన్నాయి
బోనులో జంతువులు

అక్కడి భాష
అంతా చూపులతోనే
మన బాష రాకపోయినా
ఎంత పరిచయమో వాటికే మనం

వాటికే స్వేచ్ఛనిచ్చి
బోనులో మనల్ని పెట్టి
చూడనిచ్చినా మనలో
ఎవరికీ ఎంత భయమో
వాటినే అడగాలి



Mukunda Rama Rao was born and grew up in Bengal. His ancestors had gone to South Africa, and many of them still live there. He has to his credit eight poetry collections. Some of his poems have been translated into Hindi, Urdu, Bengali and Kannada. Mukunda Rama Rao's eight translated poetry anthologies have been received very well. Some of them are - Centuries of Sufi Poetry, From 1901 onwards Nobel Poets Poetry, World Poetry, Indian Poetry, etc. He held a highly responsible position in a computer-manufacturing and software company of repute from where he retired some time ago.

Mukunda Ramarao Yellapu
Hyderabad, TS, India



Sunday

(Translation of Mukunda Ramarao Yellapu's Telugu Poem is done by T.S.Chandra Mouli)

Mukunda Ramarao Yellapu / T.S.Chandra Mouli

Zoo is packed
with human apes

Imploring through eye contact
animals in cages
seek liberty
to roam freely as we do.

Communication there
is entirely through eyes,
though our language is unknown
so well they are familiar with us.

Granting them liberty
caging us all
if we are allowed to watch,
one should ask only them
how scared we are mutually!

పగలు వెంట రాత్రిగా గడుస్తుంది ప్రతి దినం
 మనిషి విడిచిన గాలిని పీల్చుకుని ప్రాణనాయువునిచ్చే
 హరితవనాలుంటేనే జీవిస్తుంది ప్రాణికోటి సర్వం!
 పులి కుక్కనీ, కుక్క ఎలుకనీ, ఎలుక కీటకాలనీ
 కీటకాలు చెట్టు చేమలీనీ భుజించి జీవించడం
 ప్రకృతి సహజమే అయినా చెట్టు చేమలు మాత్రం
 పంచభూతాలే పంచ ప్రాణాలుగా జీవిస్తాయి గాని
 ఎవరి ప్రాణాన్నీ తమ కుదార్తికి బలి చెయ్యవు

అవి ఉంటేనే- కొమ్మల్లో గూళ్లు కట్టుకునే పక్షులైనా
 శాకాహారులైన జంతువులైనా జీవించేది
 పశుపక్ష్యాదులుంటేనే చెట్టు చేమలు విస్తరించేది
 ఈ పరస్పరాధారిత ప్రకృతి వలయంలో
 ఏ లంకె తెగినా మిగిలినదంతా అస్తవ్యస్తమే!

అమ్మలా చెట్టు అన్నీ ఇస్తూపోతుంది
 బిడ్డలా మనిషి అన్నీ లాక్కుంటూ పోతాడు
 తిరిగి తనకేమీ ఇవ్వకపోయినా కిమ్మనని చెట్టు
 తన ప్రాణమే తీయాలని వచ్చే మనిషిని చూసి
 స్వీయ రక్షణ తెలియక నిరాయుధగా నిలుస్తుంది
 అనాదిగా ప్రకృతిని పూజించి ఆదరించిన
 పురాతన సంస్కృతికి పునర్జైవవమెప్పుడా అని ప్రతీక్షిస్తుంది!



Nagalakshmi Varanasi, a multi-faceted and multi-talented freelance writer, poet and artist, is an M.Phil (Chemistry) from the University of Hyderabad and a recipient of several awards including the 'Sahiti Puraskaram' from Sri Potti Sriramulu Telugu University, Katha Award from Lekhini, Abburu Rukminamma Award and Apurupa Award. She has published five books, Vanachinukulu, Alambana, Aasara, Urvashi and Vekuvapata. Her stories and poems were translated into Hindi, Tamil, Kannada, Marathi and English. 'Boltee Tasveer' is an anthology of her stories translated into Hindi by Smt. R. Santhasundari.

Nagalakshmi Varanasi
 Gachibowli, TS, India



Into the Cloudless

(Translation of Nagalakshmi Varanasi Telugu Poem is done by Varshini Varanasi)

Nagalakshmi Varanasi / Varshini Varanasi

Day is followed by night
which returns to end in morning light
whatever we exhale, plants take
and release oxygen, helping the wheel of life rotate

A caterpillar feasts on the leaves of a tree on the food chain,
By a snake, the bird which eats that insect, is slain
But plants draw life only from the elements of nature,
never do they harm another creature!

Only when plants and trees survive
do birds in nests on their branches thrive,
and animals manage to stay alive.
Trees and plants also need every bird and animal
For perpetuation through pollination, they are indispensable
Any missing link, within this symbiosis
Disaster would be the prognosis

Like a mother, the tree continues to give relentlessly
Like a child, mankind continues to receive thanklessly
She expects no return or gratitude -
When an axe approaches her, she stands defenseless, in solitude

The age old tradition to worship and preserve nature -
she patiently waits for its revival, continuing her silent prayer

వెలిసిపోయిన వసంతం

Naga Rajyalakshmi. V

అలనాడు మావూరి సెలయేటి గట్టుమీద
విరగబూసిన గున్నమావిళ్ళు వసంత కాంతకు స్వాగతాలు పలికేవి
అందంగా అల్లుకున్న మాదవీలతానవవదువుల
పారవశ్యపు కన్నుల విరులు ఆమని నోయగాలై విప్పారేవి
వర్ణవర్ణాల పిట్టలు చెట్టపట్టలేసుకొని
పిరంటాళ్ళయి మంగళహారతులద్దేవి
లేత ఇగుళ్ళ మదువులు గ్రోలిన కోకిల కన్నెలు
పంచమ స్వరాలతో గానగోష్టులు సాగించేవి
తొలిసంజెల జలశీకరపు పిల్లతెమ్మెరల సన్నాయి వాద్యాలు
ప్రకృతి ప్రేమ తత్వరహస్యాల్ల గిలిగింతలు పెట్టేవి
అనురాగ రాగాల పలుకుల శుకశాబక సామగానాలు
కళ్యాణ మహోత్సవమంత్రాలై నినదించేవి
ఆగడాల ఆగడపు మబ్బులు పాలపుంతలై మురిపాలు పండించేవి
మనిషి మనిషి నుంచి విడిపోయి జీవక్రాంతి కోల్పోతున్న ఈవేళ
వెలిసిపోతున్న వసంత సంబరానికి ప్రాణం పోయవలసిన సందర్భం
జీవమోడుతున్న పచ్చని ఆవరణాన్ని ఆహ్వానించవలసిన తరుణం
అవునుమనిషి సేదతీరాలంటే మరో జీవ వసంత చైతన్యమే కావాలి
రండి - గుండె పొరల్లో దాగిన మనిషి తనపు చెలమలమై ఉబికి వడ్డాం
విశ్వం ముంగిట్లో వెలుగుల రంగవల్లులమవుదాం.



Naga Rajyalakshmi Dr V Rtd principal of govt degree college, Guntur. Born on 22nd July 1959 at Amrutalur in Guntur district. From the last 30 years she is doing literary work and Pub-lished several books. And I wish to inform you that I wrote many literary Rupakas and giv-ing stage performance with women in different places of Andhra Pradesh.

Naga Rajyalakshmi. V
Guntur, AP, India



The Faded Spring

Naga Rajyalakshmi. V

Gone are the days by our village stream
When fully blossomed mango groves welcomed young Spring ardently,
When the beautiful Madhavi creeper decked with flowers
Captured Spring's blissful beauty,
When mystic twitters of countless multi-hued birds
Was akin to the blessed ladies' auspicious chorus,
The tender shoots enhanced the coil's pitch and their concerts bewitched all,
The wafts of cool evening breeze reminded the lilting tunes of the shehnai,
Thrilling us with teasing messages of Nature's love,
The mesmerizing melodies of bird congregations
Were the marriage chants of Spring
While the mischievous cloudlings sprinkled joyous showers.
In today's testing times when human bonds are dry, dreary and dead,
It's time to revive the bygone splendors of Spring.
It's time to re-welcome the lush green life giving environs.
Isn't it true-for our survival and sustenance,
A renewed, rejuvenating Human-Spring is the key?
Stop not, hesitate not, Come! Let's tap the human springs hidden deep within!
Let's welcome blossoms of Joy, cordiality and harmony all around!

ఒక ఆకుపచ్చని లోకం కోసం...

Narasimha Raju Sarikonda

జన్మించిన అమ్మ చెట్ల చేతుల్ని నరుకుతున్నావు
తన గర్భం కోసి ప్రాణం పోసిన నేలతల్లిని
కాలుష్యపు గొడ్డళ్ళతో కడతేర్చాలని చూస్తున్నావు
చిరుగాలి తరగల ఊయల లూపిన కన్నతల్లిని
కర్మాగారపు తుపాకీ పాగగొట్టాలతో కాలేస్తున్నావు
తన చనుబాలు తాపి బిడ్డ ఆకలి తీర్చే
నదీమతల్లిపై కాలుష్యం కబ్జాల విషం కక్కుతున్నావు
ఊపిరిపోసే అడవితల్లికి యురేనియం ఉరితాడు బిగిస్తున్నావు
ఒక చెట్టును నరకడమంటే కన్నతల్లి శిరస్సు ఖండించడమే
ఆకుపచ్చని కవిత్యం సజీవ ఖననం చేయడమే లోకం వల్లకాటిలో...

సముద్రాల్ని సైతం కలుషితం చేస్తుంటే
సునామీలై హెచ్చరిక జెండాలుగరేస్తూ ప్రకృతి తల్లి
తల్లివేళ్ళు తెంపుతూ నేలతల్లి గుండెలు చీలుస్తుంటే
భూకంపాలై యుద్ధాన్ని ప్రకటిస్తూ భూమాత!
అవినీతి కొండచిలువలై అడవుల్ని మింగాలని చూస్తుంటే
పేలిన చైతన్య అగ్నిపర్వతాలై ప్రవహించే అక్షరాల లావా!
ప్రకృతి పసుపుతాడు తెంపి పర్యావరణానికి చితిని పేర్చితే
కాలం కరోనాయై మూడో కన్ను తెరుస్తూ ఓ నిశ్శబ్ద ప్రళయఘోష!
ఇక ప్రతి మనిషీ కదిలే బోధిచెట్టై ఆకుపచ్చని ప్రాణదీపాల వెలుగులో
సరికొత్త లోకాన్ని కలలుకంటూ కాలం!



Sarikonda Narsimha Raju is a free verse poet with 4 volumes of Telugu poetry to his credit. He is a recipient of Ranjani-Kundurthi and several other prestigious awards. His poetry has been translated into English by MOO. He is currently working in the Irrigation Department at the Nagarjunasagar Dam.

Narasimha Raju Sarikonda
Nalgonda, TS, Hyderabad, India



For A Lush Green Globe....

Narasimha Raju Sarikonda

You amputate the hands of Mother Tree That gave you birth and life!
You slay the Mother Land with axe of pollution
That delivered you from bleeding womb!
You burn Mother Earth with smoky pipes that cradled you in cool breezes!
You poison Mother River by puking toxic pollutants
That breast fed you with her pristine milk!
You stifle and hang Mother Forest with uranium ropes
That filled you with air and breath!
Cutting a tree is beheading the mother!
Burning alive the lush poetry in the burial ground of the world!
Mother Nature hoists flags of warning
In the form of tsunami when the sea is tainted
Mother Earth declares fierce battles in the form of severe earthquakes
When trees' roots are chopped and her heart ripped apart
When the deceitful python engulfs forests
The lava of letters burst out of the volcano of vigor
When egoism puts environment on pyre
Time opens its third eye as corona in silent roar
Then the Bodhi tree in man shoots lights of life
Visualizes and dreams of a world anew and afresh.

నాకో మిత్రుడుండేవాడు

Narendra Madhuranthakam

నాకో మిత్రుడుండేవాడు, నేను సైఅంటే సైఅనేవాడు

యింటిపక్క బాటలో దినములతో నిలబడి బడిలోంచీ వచ్చే నాకోసం యెదురుచూసినవాడు

పల్లాంగు దూరంలోని పల్లెటూరి అంగడిలోపప్పురమిట్లు కొనడంకోసంనాతోబాటూ బుడిబుడి అడుగులు నడచినవాడు

మావూరికి ప్రవారీల్లా నిలబడిన కొండలపైనంతా పేకార్లు తిప్పినవాడు

కోనల్లో దబకలాడే కీనరు బావుల్లో యీత నేర్పించినవాడు

నీళ్ళోడుతున్న బట్టలతో వున్నప్పుడీ తాతగారి పొగచుట్టల రుచి చూచినవాడు

పక్కంటి సేద్యగాడితో కలిసి పంజరాలు పగలగొట్టేదడం నేర్పించినవాడు

వాళ్ళ మామిడితోబట్లోఅవులతోబాటూ అనాదిపాటల్ని మేపుకురమ్మని తరిమినవాడు

వుదయాల్లో గోలీలూ, మధ్యాహ్నాల్లో కోతికొమ్మలూ, సాయంత్రాల్లో బొంగరాలూ

పవలంతా కర్మక్షేపిగా మారుస్తాయని నిరూపించినవాడు

పదుదుదారుల్లో విహరించే పరికిణీలకు అంగరక్షకుల్లా తిరగాలని హెచ్చరించినవాడు

యేడాదికోసారివచ్చే తిరణాలలో వూహాప్రయసులకోసం పురకలెత్తించినవాడు

ప్రతిరాత్రి మాయాలాంతరు ముందు వెలుతురు నట్లుల్ని చిదుముతూ చీకటి పువ్వుల్ని రగిలించినవాడు

శీతిజరేఖను దగ్గరికి లాక్కొచ్చే చిదంబర రహస్యం తెలుసునని నమ్మించినవాడు

చిత్రంగా కేరణానికి గుచ్చుకుపోయి యింద్రదనస్సును తరిమేసినవాడు

నాకో మిత్రుడుండేవాడు,

అప్పట్లో సెలయేటి గట్టున కూచుని ; కదిలీకదలనట్టుసాగే నీటిలోకి చూసినప్పుడు చక్కగా ప్రతిబింబించినవాడు

యిప్పుడీ వుప్పనకెరటాల సముద్రంలో యెంత కళ్ళుచించుకుని చూసినా కనిపించనివాడు నాకో మిత్రుడుండేవాడు



Narendra Dr. Madhuranthakam, poet, writer, novelist, playwright, and a Professor of English at S V University-Tirupati, has more than 100 stories, 5 novels, many essays, poems and plays to his credit. He has also edited more than 15 books. He is a recipient of several prestigious awards notably Katamraju Rama Rao Award, Madras Telugu Academy Award-Katha Award, Paruchuri Rajaram Award, Telugu University Award, Kethu Viswanadha Reddy Katha Puraskaram, Rabindranath Tagore Puraskaram, Yegalla Purashkaram, Peddibhotla Sahithe Puraskaram, Mallemla Sahithi Puraskaram and Samanya Kiran Spoorthi Puraskaram.

Narendra Madhuranthakam
Tirupati, AP, India



I Had a Friend

Narendra Madhuranthakam

I had a friend

He who was always ready to vie with me, He who, standing naked in the road beside our house, used to wait for me returning from the primary school, He who strolled along with me to the village shop about a furlong away to buy candies, He who took me to the walks among the hills serenading our village, He who taught me swimming in the spring wells in the valleys, He who got me to have a taste of the cigars of the grandfather even while drenching in the wet clothes,

He who, along with the agriculture laborer of the neighboring house, trained me how to break the cages,

He who drove me to their mango orchards to graze the cattle along with the ballads, He who guided me to prove that the marbles in the morning, swinging to the branches of the trees in the afternoons and tops in the evening would transform us into workaholics,

He who alarmed me to be the bodyguards to the parikinees ambling in the young paths, He who encouraged me to quest for the dream girls in the yearly melas, He who forced me to sit in front of the silver screen piercing the sunny bugs and unfurling the petals of the flowers to blossom, He who urged me to trust that he had the mystical power of dragging the horizon closer, He who voluntarily clung to a sunray and drove off the rainbow,
I had a fiend.

Then, sitting on the banks of the brook and staring into the waters, he got perfectly reflected.

Now, he who, even when keenly peering into the tempestuous and high tided ocean, can't be found.

I had a friend.

పర్యావరణ పరిరక్షణ

Padmavathi Setaluri

పృథ్వి పుట్టినప్పుడే అనంత జీవకోటి ఉద్భవించెన్
సమస్త జీవ రాశులకీ, అవనియే ఆధారమయ్యెన్
వృక్ష, జంతు, పశు, పక్ష్యాదులకు, ధరణీయే వాసమయ్యెన్
మనుజుడప్పుడు, ఇప్పుడు, ఎప్పుడూ సంఘ జీవి అయ్యెన్!

ఆది కాలమునే అతడు అత్యంత ఆశాజీవిగా మారెన్
అనంతమైన కోరికలకు అతనొక బానిసగా మారెన్
సంఘజీవి ఐన మనుష్యుడు ప్రకృతి ఒడిలో ఓలలాడున్
పరిసరముల పరిరక్షణ ఆతని నిజమైన బాధ్యతాయెన్

వన్య జీవాలను, వృక్ష సంపదను అతి శ్రద్ధగా కాపాడసాగెన్
అవసారలకనుగుణంగా. అకస్మాత్తుగా ఆతని కోరికలధికమాయెన్
నదీజలాలపై, పచ్చని పంటపొలాలపై తన దాడి కొనసాగించెన్
గృహాలు, కర్మాగారాలు, కార్యాలయాలు వడివడిగా నెలకొల్పసాగెన్

పల్లెలు పట్టణాలుగా, పట్టణాలు జీవనాధారాలుగా మారసాగెన్
పంటపొలాలు, నదీ జలాలు, భూ చరములు, జల చరములున్
కొండలూ, కోసలు, మృగ, పక్ష్యాదులన్నీ మెలమెల్లగా అంతరించసాగెన్.
భూమి అంతయూ, ఒక గృహం వలె అన్ని జీవరాశులను అక్కణ జేర్చుకొనున్

ఈ ప్రకృతి, ధరణీ, మన తాతలు మనకిచ్చిన సంపద కానే కాదు
ఇదంతా, మనం మన పిల్లల నుండి అరువుగా తెచ్చుకొన్న ఆస్తి
ఉపయోగించుకొవడమే, మన ధర్మం కానీ వినాశనం చేయడం కానే కాదు.
పర్యావరణ పరిరక్షణ ప్రతీ ఒక్కరి ప్రథమ బాధ్యత, మరియు కర్తవ్యం.



For Setaluri Padmavathi, writing has always been her passion that translates itself into poems of different genres, short stories and articles on a variety of themes and topics. Her poems and other writes regulay appear on Muse India.com. Boloji.com and Poemhunter.com and have been published in several international poetry anthologies, magazines and e-zines. A post graduate in English Literature with a B.Ed., Padmavathi has over three decades of experience in the field of education. She held various positions like the Head of the Department of English, Academic Coordinator, Principal and Teacher during her professional career. Her poems can be read in the URL given below.

Padmavathi Setaluri
Ameenpur, TS, Hyderabad, India



Save The Environment And Save The Mankind

Padmavathi Setaluri

Living beings were born at the time of the earth's creation
They completely depend throughout on the birthplace
The land protects everyone like an affectionate mother
Thence, the mankind became social beings without end!

Man altered himself as a hopeful being on the earth
He desired for comfort, happiness and prosperity
He always lives gladly in the lap of beautiful nature
He's responsible for the safety of his surroundings!

He protects the wealth of wild animals and forests
His desires grew up as his needs grew abundantly
He attacks on the flowing rivers, seas and farmlands
He establishes houses, firms and offices everywhere!

Villages change as cities and cities as a place of comforts
Watery lands, farmlands, the living beings on the earth and in the sea
Forests, mountains and all living beings slowly saw destruction
The earth is the safest home for all living things and mankind!

We did not obtain the natural gifts from our forefathers
We've borrowed them from our future living generations
Your duty is to utilise them wisely, not at all to waste
Save the earth, save the resources and save the mankind!

నది భాష

Rama Manohara V.

ఈ రోజెందుకో నది మందం గా ప్రవహిస్తోంది
పాలిథిన్ సంచులు మింగిన పశువు తడబడు అడుగుల్లా
పుడుతూనే కలుషితం తాగి వికలమైన పసి నడకల్లా
చేపలు నది ఒడ్డున పిట్టలు కనుమరుగైన విషాదం లా

మొక్కి మొక్కి నీ మలినం నది లో వదిలే నువ్వు పవిత్రుడవెలా!
తన దారిని మింగిన ఊళ్ళను ముంచిన నది చెడ్డదయిందెలా?

గాలి భూమీ నీరూ నీవొదిలిన విష జ్వాలలే
గగనం లో నీ గుర్తుగ కురిసిన యాసిడ్ వానే
కోట్ల జీవాలను కని పెంచే నేలకు నేడు
నలుచెరగుల తీరని నర పీడే ఊసురును తీసే పీడనే

నదీ ఒక జీవే ...
నది ఒడ్డున పుట్టి గిళ్ళే నీ బతుకున దినదినమూ సంజీవే
నువ్వు నవ్వితే ఆకు పచ్చై తుళ్ళుతుంది
దారి కబళిస్తే కన్నీటి వరదౌతుంది

నీ అకృత్యాలు నది ఇసకన కనుమరుగయ్యే జాడలని పొరబడకు
గతపు మేటలని తవ్వీ చూడు
నది మింగిన మొహంజోదారో లెన్నో
నది నీతో సంభాషించే నీ కర్ణం కాని హరప్పా లిపులెన్నో



Rama Manohara is a poet and an Indian civil servant of 1998 batch. His poems are published in various magazines and aired in All India Radio. Society, life and nature are reflected in his poems with deeper philosophical viewpoint. His maiden poetry compilation is ready for launch.

Rama Manohara V.
Vijayawada, AP, India



Undeciphered

Rama Manohara V.

The sluggish river is reminding me today, of
The unsteady gait of an animal that ate polythene sumptuously
The flowing poisonous milk that impairs just born babies
The stories of vanishing birds and fishes in its ecology

How can you claim of being sacred?
By dumping impurity into the river
How come river is heartless
For flooding sprouting habitations on her course?

The air, the earth and the water are highly contaminated
Oh! man you have succeeded to make the sky to rain nothing but acid

River is an animal just like you
She dances green when you smile at her
Floods in tears when you come in her way

Your footprints of destruction will never be lost on the river dunes
If in doubt, dig deep into that sandglass of archaeology
To find many Mohenjo-Daros that were drowned
And the Harappan script in which the river speaks to you
that you chose never to decipher.

శిధిల జ్ఞాపకం ..!

Ramakrishna Perugu

గాలికి కొమ్మలు వూగుతుంటే
అమ్మే గలగలా నవ్వుతున్న విశ్వాసం
మట్టికీ, మనిషికీ మధ్య తరతరాల
పరిచయం కరిగి మృగ్యమై పోయినట్టు
ప్రపంచమంతా వ్యాపార సంపర్కమే..
వేల తరాలనాటి మనసు గోడలపై
పరుచుకున్న ఆకుపచ్చని అడవి చిత్రం
ఇప్పుడొక శిధిల జ్ఞాపకమే..
మనుషుల ఆధిపత్య సంగ్రామంలో
స్వార్థం సృష్టించిన విధ్వంసం..
వాతావరణ కాలుష్య కల్లోల కడలి
పెను వృక్షాలను పెకలిస్తూ
కొండల్ని కరిగిస్తూ
నదుల్ని ఎడారి ప్రవాహాలుగా మలుస్తూ
నింగీ నేలతో పాటూ
మృత్యుగహ్వరంలోకి జారుస్తూ
పుద్వీ ఆయువూ మింగేస్తున్నా..
నేలతల్లి మాత్రం
మమతల హస్తాలతో మనిషిని
కొగిలించుకుంటూనే వుంది..!



Dr. Perugu Ramakrishna, a Poet Laureate, is a prolific Indian writer of 21st century His poetry collections have been chosen for several literary awards. Perugu likes to experiment with various poetic themes with a global perspective and his powerfully rendered works, are centred around mysticism, peace, environment, social and gender issues. His poetry Flamingo a long poem, about the lives of migratory birds, brought him immediate recognition. He has over 20 published books in different genres. He is a recipient of many awards and distinctions notably the Andhra Pradesh State Government Best Poet Award and the honorary D Lit. conferred upon him in 2016 at the 32nd World Congress of Poets (WAAC) at Prague, Czech Republic.

Ramakrishna Perugu
Nellore, AP, India



Fossilised Memory

(Translation of Perugu Ramakrishna Telugu Poem is done by MVS Sathya narayana Mahathi)

Ramakrishna Perugu / MVS Sathya narayana Mahathi

When the boughs are swaying by wind
I believe,
it's my mother's rippling laughters.
When the acquaintance
between the man and earth
melts down to nothing,
the world becomes a mere marketplace.
The oeuvre of greenly woods
spread over the ancient heart
is now a fossilized memory.

In the fight for supremacy
between man and man what's leftout
is ruins of humanity.
When pollution like a black hole
is uprooting trees, melting mountains
and sucking brimming rivers
the life span of both sky and earth
are fast reaching their days
of extinction.

But the Nature...like a real mother
is still holding tight with love in her snug hug, the unkindest mankind.

ఆకుపచ్చని దేహం

Rami Reddy M.V.

భూమ్మీద కన్ను విప్పిన తొలి క్షణం
మట్టే శరీరమై ఆకృతి దాల్చిన వీక్షణం
నా తొలి ఉచ్ఛ్వాస
శ్వాసకోశాల్ని వెలిగించిన వాయులీనం
గొంతులో చనుబాలు స్పర్శ
జీర్ణమైన జీవనదుల జలవిన్యాసం
ఎండలో పునీతమైన పసిదేహం
హరితారణ్యాల హారతి రూపం
నడినెత్తిన నీలాకాశపు గొడుగు
భరోసానిచ్చిన నిర్భయ విలాసం

నేల నాదేనని విర్రవీగినప్పుడే
కాంక్షాజ్వాలతో అడవికి నిప్పంటించినప్పుడే
ప్లాస్టిక్ డేగల కళేబరాలను నదీతీరాల వెంట గుట్టలుగా వదిలేసినప్పుడే
గరళకంఠంతో గాలి గాండ్రించినప్పుడే
ఎప్పుడైతేనేం, దేహం నిండా మురికికాల్వల హోరు!

వంకల్లోనో డొంకల్లోనో అరణ్యగర్భాల్లోనో దాగిన
శిథిల శాసనాలను వెలికి తీసినా సరే
జన్మరహస్యాన్ని పునశ్చరణ చేసుకోవాలి
కాలుష్యకారక మూలకాలను పసిగట్టి
దేహానికి ప్రకృతి చికిత్స నందించాలి



Muvva Venkata Rami Reddy, born in Pedaparimi Village, Guntur District (Amaravathi), AP. He is the CEO of Ramky Foundation since 2006. His Anthology of Poetry include Binduvu (1997), Manishi Jaada (2009), Ajaraamaram (2015). His Anthology of Stories include Vennalo Laavaa (2011), Venta Vachhunadi (2018). Received 12 Awards from various organizations for literary works. Established "Muvva China Bapireddy Memorial Trust" in memory of my father and serving the needy.

Rami Reddy M.V.
Guntur, AP, India



Nature's Lush Green Body

(Translation of Rami Reddy M.V Telugu Poem is done by K. Suma Niveditha)

Rami Reddy M.V. / K. Suma Niveditha

The minute I opened my eyes,
Witnessed the earth's soil taking a human form and rise
My first breath immersed with air,
Reached the corners of my lungs and lit the flair.
The feel of mother's sweet milk in my throat,
Resemble the stunning water performances of perennial rivers on the float.
The little body sanctified in the sun,
Feels like the form of burning incense green forest
The umbrella of deep blue sky over the head,
Assures the fearless luxury and guarantee to bestead

Now it is different ????????

Was it when I carelessly took the earth for granted?
Or when the forests were set on fires for my greedy desires?
Could it be when I let heaps of plastics grow like eagle and vultures on the river banks?
Or when the earth roared winds from its poisonous throat?
But then, it doesn't really matter.....as now my whole body reeks as a gutter

Now is the time to dig the ancient scriptures.
Buried deepest in the forests or hidden farthest in the rivers.
Time to crusade for the universal secret,
Time to identify the root causes for pollution and
Time to give our body the much awaited treatment – Nature Treatment!!

దుస్సప్నం

Ravi Kumar Desaraju

జారిపడే జలపాతం చేయి పట్టుకు ఆపాలని
సెలయేటి వంకర్లు సవరించాలని
పూలకు కొంచెం పరిమళం అద్దాలని
పచ్చటి పెరడుకు కాస్తంలే పత్రహారితం పూయాలని..

అడివిని మాలిమి చేసుకోవాలని
అలవికాని మహా వృక్షాలను మంత్రించి..
డ్రాయింగ్ రూమ్లో అందంగా బంధించాలని
తప్పిపోయిన ప్రకృతిని బొట్టెట్టి పిలిచి..
బాల్యనీలో బంతిభోజనం చేయాలని
పెచ్చులు కట్టిన సిమెంటు నగరానికి..
పచ్చని చెట్ల నీడనివ్వాలని
చీలి, వేరుపడిన దారులను ఒక్కటి చేయాలని

మంచుతో కప్పడిపోయే కొండలను మచ్చిక చేసుకోవాలని
కొండ గొర్రెనొకదాన్ని తోలుకొచ్చి పాపాయిలే సేస్తం కట్టించాలని
పోడు చేస్తూ పండించిన పరమాన్నాన్ని నట్టింట పొంగించాలని
తలనిండ మేఘాల దండ దాల్చిన చెరువునొకదాన్ని చేరదీసి..
చెలి చెక్కెళ్ల అద్దాలకు చేరువచేయాలని
ఆకాశం నుంచి ఇంద్రధనస్సు కొనను చలాకీగా లాగి..
నొగసుగా నేలకు ముడివేయాలని
ఇలా, పచ్చదనంతో ప్రణయకలాపం సాగిస్తూండగానే..
నా కలల సీతాకోక చిలుక పైనుంచి,
బుల్డోజర్లకటి దొర్లుకుంటూ వెళ్లిపోయింది.



DESARAJU is a well-known poet, short story writer, and reviewer. He has published two poetry anthologies, which received good acclaim in Telugu literature. His poems translated in to Kannad, English and have been published in websites. He has received some prestigious awards like Ummidisetty Satyadevi Sahitya Puraskaram and Paturi Manikyamma Jatiyasthayi Sahitya Sproorty Puraskaram.

Ravi Kumar Desaraju
Uppal, TS, Hyderabad



A Nightmare

(Translation of Ravi Kumar Desaraju Telugu Poem is done by Swati Sripada)

Ravi Kumar Desaraju / Swati Sripada

To stop the slithered waterfall
Holding its hand
To adjust the curves of the brooklets
To smear a bit of fragrance to the flowers
To paint the green backyard with some more chlorophyll ...

To domesticate the forest
To spell the uncontrollable great trees
and to capture them gracefully in drawing room
inviting the lost nature traditionally
with sacred vermilion
and to have the lunch together in a line in the balcony
to provide green shade of trees
to the cement city with hardened patches
to unite the ways forked and diverted and separated

to tame the mountains covered with snow
bringing home a hill sheep to befriend with the baby
to cook and raise
the sweet pudding cultivated and cropped
to shelter a tank with garlands decked on its head
to get it closer to the mirror cheeks of my love
to pull an end of rainbow from the sky sharply
and to tether it to the soil gracefully
in this way when the love journey
to greenness continues
a bulldozer, just rolled on
the butterfly dream of mine

అమ్మ మసిగుడ్డ ఉతికి ఆరేసినట్లు,
ఊపిరి తిత్తుల్ని ఆరేసుకుంటున్న కాలమిది..

ఎక్కడ మోసులెత్తురాయో అని
పచ్చదనాలని రాతివనాలకింద దాపెడుతున్న కాలమిది,

ప్రాణం కొడిగట్టకుండా కాస్తచెట్టు చేతులు అడ్డం బెట్టండ్రా
అంటున్న ముసల్లోణ్ణి
ఏసీగదిలోకి ఏమారుస్తున్న కాలమిది,

ప్రయాణానికి బయల్దేరేటపుడు, భోజనానికి కూర్చునేటపుడు,
ఎండనబడి తిరిగేటపుడు,
కాస్త నదిని గుర్తు చేసుకోండ్రా, నీళ్ళులేనిది మనిషి జాడేదిరా!
అంటున్న ముసిల్దాన్ని,
కబ్బాచేసిన కాలువ నేల మీద కట్టిన ఒంటి స్తంభం
మేడమీద కూర్చోబెట్టి,
మునిగిన వాకిట్లోంచి పడవేసుకు పోతున్న కాలమిది.

ఇప్పుడు నేలమొత్తానికి ఒక పచ్చటి ఎప్రాన్ కావాలి..

కాలిన గాయాలుకప్పుకునేందుకూ,
రాలబోయే నిప్పురవ్వల నుండి తప్పుకునేందుకూ,

కొంచెం నింపాదిగా ఊపిరిపీల్చి.. నిట్టూర్చి..
పిల్లలకు "సాంబువ్వ" వండిపెట్టేందుకూ!!!



Ravi Kumar Kosuri
Guntur, AP, India

Ravi Kumar Kosuri (pen name: Lola Kosuri) is a teacher and this is amply demonstrated in his poetry that resonates with his responsibility as a teacher and the aesthetics of a dreamer. Writing poetry for over 25 years, he has published two volumes of poetry: 'Boddupegu' and 'Kaalam Theralu'. His poetry has been translated into English and Hindi. Being the beloved disciple of famous Telugu poets like K. Sivareddy, N. Gopi, Penugonda Lakshminarayana and Papineni Sivasankar, he treads the path of a left oriented, liberal democrat. His place and voice is unique amongst the contemporary poets. He topped several poetry competitions held in the State by Ranjani Kundurthi, X-Ray and other literary organizations and mainstream magazines. As a sensible critic, his literary criticism matches his poetic abilities. He has held a few key positions notably as the General Secretary of District Writers Association and contributed towards shaping up many young writers.



Apron

(Translation of Ravi Kumar Kosuri Telugu Poem is done by B. V. Sreedhar Babu)

Ravi Kumar Kosuri / B. V. Sreedhar Babu

Oh strange are these times,
with lungs being washed and hung
just like mother did with the old rags.

Oh! Strange are these times
with the green of the tree
being hidden under granite woods.

The old man begging for a hand of leaves
to support the lamp of his breath
being deceived into an air-conditioned room..

The old woman, who reminds us of
the need to remember a river while planning a journey, beginning a meal
and roaming under hot sun, emphasising the fact
that man is nothing without water,
being tied up in the single pillar castle which was built on an encroached lake..

Oh, Strange are these times
we need a boat to cross the threshold..!

Discovering a green apron
is the call of the day.

To cover up the burns
and to get away from the sparks of magma that are about to shower..

And, with a sigh of relief, to feed the tender stomachs with some grains
which are a rare privilege for them even to see.

ఆకుపచ్చని సూర్యోదయం

Ravindra Trivikram katuru

ఇన్నాళ్ళూ నా ఉదయాలన్నీ
గది గోడల మధ్యనే అస్తమించాయి
పాదాలు పాతాళానికి కూరుకుపోయాయి
మృత్యుభయంతో మనసు పిడికిలిలో దాక్కుంది
ప్రపంచం పరుగులు మానేసింది
డబ్బుచెట్లు తలలు వేలాడేశాయి
ప్రగతి విహంగం రెక్కలు ముడుచుకూర్చుంది
నిశ్శబ్దం ప్రకృతి గాయాలకు చికిత్స చేసింది
బాటలమీద అరణ్యం స్వేచ్ఛను వెతుక్కుంది
నదులు మైలన్నానాలు చేశాయి
గాలి మళ్ళీ కొత్త ప్రాణం పోసుకుంది
గృహనిర్బంధమే మనిషి మనుగడకు మేలనిపిస్తోంది
కుబుసం విడుస్తున్న కాలం
ఉదయ కాంతుల్ని వెతుక్కుంటోంది
పాదాల సంకెళ్ళను మనసు సడలిస్తోంది
దారిని తడుముకుంటూ అడుగులు తడబడుతున్నాయి
సూర్యోదయాన్ని తూరుపు మర్చిపోలేదు
వెలుగులు మెల్లగా కళ్ళు తెరుస్తున్నాయి
కానీ, అవిప్పుడు తెల్లగా లేవు
లోకంమీద ఆకుపచ్చని కాంతులు వెదజల్లుతున్నాయి.



Ravindra Trivikram Katuru is into literary pursuit since 1955 and has contributed to all reputed journals in all genres of literature. Poetry is his favourite medium of expression. He is a recipient of several awards notably the "Visishta Raina" Award and the '4Sahitha Vachaspathi honour.

Ravindra Trivikram katuru
Vijayawada, AP, India



Greenish Sunrise

Ravindra Trivikram Katuru

Till now all my mornings
Set in the middle of room walls
Feet sunk into deep earth
Death fear hidden my heart in the fist
World stopped running
Money trees hung their heads
Nature bird squeezed in its wings
Silence cured the wounds of nature
Forest searched for freedom on roads
Rivers took purifying baths
Air breathed new life
Home quarantine looks better for
Human survival
Unsheathing time searching for early lights of morning
Mind is loosening the chains of feet
Steps tremble searching the way
Sunrise is not forgotten by cast
Twilight is slowly opening eyes
Now they are not white. But
Spreading greenish light on the world.

వి దృశ్యమూ అస్పృశ్యం కాదు

Satish Chandar

దూరం ఒక దృశ్యం సమీపమే స్పర్శ చూపు కో మేఘం కౌగిలికి వాన మురిపించేదొకటి మోజు తీర్చిదింకొకటి
అందనిది అనుభూతి అందినది అనుభవం కంటికి, ఒంటికి విరుద్ధ కాంక్షలు
ఇలా అనుకునే-ఇదే మబ్బు తునకని ఇంకాస్త ఎడమగా వెనక్కి, వెనక్కి, అవని ఆవలకి
దూదిపువ్వువంటయ్యెంత వరకూ జరిగి, జరిగితే, అగి అపుయ్ పం చేసుకొని కనుపాపలతో క్లిక్ చేస్తానా...,
ఓ చిన్న ఎదురు చూపు కు నిలువెల్లా కరిగిపోయే నెచ్చెలిలాగా ఆ తునకే చినుకయి మిన్ను దిగి, మన్ను
కరచి జం జరా మైళ్ళకు మైళ్ళ పాకుతూ వస్తూంటే కింద కిందకూ అగాధాల్లోకి, నేను పారిపోతుంటాను.

దరి చేరిన దృశ్యమేదీ నిలవదని నా మూఢనమ్మకం ఏడు వన్నెల ఇంద్ర ధనువయినా అంతే
చూసినంత సేపే సొగసు చెయ్యివేస్తే చెదర పోతుంది ఒంటరి చెట్టు మీది తుంటరి పిట్ట
మాత్రం తక్కువ ఏమి? విక్షించినంత సేపే వయ్యారం రెప్పల చప్పుడు చాలు.. తుర్రుమంటుంది
గడ్డిపంకల మీద కూర్చున్న కుండలేం ఎల్లి తెల్లని బుల్లి హిమగిరిలా లదే? ఏం లాభం?
ఆకతో వదలిన ఒక్క నిశ్వాస చాలు... అది ఎండలోని మంచు కావటానికి కానీ ఈ వాన జాణ అలా లేదు
వెంట పడుతోంది. అంటుకొస్తోంది. లేచి వస్తానంటోంది. దూకి చస్తానంటోంది. ఎక్కడో వెలుతురు లేసుల
మాటున చీకటి చువ్వల చాటున తొంగి చూసిన సిగ్గుల మేఘ మే కదా అనుకున్నానా...! అనంతాకాకం కింద
అందమైన దేదయినా 'టచ్ మీ నాట్' అంటుందని తెంపు చేసుకున్నానా...!

ఇదేమి వైపరీత్యం? అల మీద చేప, వద్దన్నా వలలోకి వచ్చినట్లు, కలలోని హంస కూన, పొడుచుకుని ఇలలోకి
వచ్చినట్లు, నా కోసం నలభ్యోయింది. శ్రేత మేఘం కాస్తా, కర్పిమబ్బయ్యింది కఠిన శిల మీద తలబాదుకుని వలవలా
ఏడ్చింది. విలవిల లాడిపోతూ నా ఒంటిమీదకూ ఒక్క ఉదుటున దూకింది. దృశ్యం స్పర్శగా రూపాంతరం చెందింది.
తెలుపు నలుపుల విలక్షణాద్యయితమయ్యింది.కోరికను కడతేర్చిన యేలికయిపోయింది. పాలపొంగుల జలపాతమయి
పోయింది. అణువణువు ముద్దాడిపోయింది. తనువులోని ప్రతి తంల్రినీ తెంచుకును పోయింది.నా యీ వానపిల్ల
ముద్దు పేయకాదు కాదు ... నా ముద్దు పిల్ల వాన పేరు- నయాగరా. అమె బిగి కౌగిట్లో మాత్రమే నేర్చుకోగలిగిన
పాఠం: ఏ దృశ్యమూ అస్పృశ్యం కాదు
(ప్రకృతి భద్రంగా దాచుకున్న నయాగరా జలపాతం పైన)



Satish Chandar

Jawahar Nagar, TS, Hyderabad, India

Satish Chandar is an editor, a poet, a short story writer, a novelist, a satirist, a literary critic and a lexicographer. He formed the entire editorial team and conceived editorial content during the launch (in 1996) of 'Vaartha' newspaper as the co-founding editor (Associate Editor) and revived 'Andhra Prabha' Daily (in 2004) as the Chief Editor. He founded A.P. College of Journalism (in 1997) at Hyderabad. He has published 22 books of varying genres. As a poet, he has brought out Six anthologies of poems, five in Telugu and One in English: (Panchama Vedam, Pasupu Jabilli, Adi Parvam), Nanna Cycle (Long Poem), Pada Chitram and The Fifth Veda. His poems in 'Panchama Vedam' are part of curriculum in Telugu literature at Post graduate level in all Universities of Andhra Pradesh (India) and Kerala University. His seniors fondly call him 'Andhra Art Buchwald' for his wit and humour.



No Scene is Beyond Touch

Satish Chandar

Distance is a scene. Proximity is a touch. Cloud for sight. Rain for hug.
One is luring The other gratifying. The unreachable gives you feel;
The reachable experience. To eye and body, desires conflicting.
Going on these lines, to see a cloud, moving backwards beyond earth
ensuring it shrinks to the size of a cotton flower

and assuming it the rarest of the rare, I click with the pupils of my eyes.
As a sweetheart who melts to the simple act of my waiting,
if the cloud transforms into a drizzle, descends from sky, touches earth,
swiftly glides for miles together to reach me,
I flee down and down into the deepest valleys.

No scene within reach doesn't last, I superstitiously conclude.
Same is the fate with a seven-coloured rainbow. Beauty remains
intact as long as you see. It disappears the moment you try to touch it.
The case of a mischievous bird on a lone tree is no different.
The more you stare, the more she beckons. Clapping of eyelids
is enough... to make her flee. Look at the little white rabbit sitting
on blades of grass. A miniature Himalayan mountain it is.

No use. An inhale of a hope is enough... to convert it into snow under hot sun.

But, this rainy queen is a dissimilar variant. She is chasing, clinging and
touching me. She has twin proposals: To elope or to take life. I thought
she's a shy cloud who would look down from caged behind dark bars
covered with curtains woven with transparent sunrays. Under the
never-ending sky, anything beautiful is a touch-me-not, I would often conclude.
This is quite unlikely. As a fish on wave, jumps into net despite caution and
a swan in dream gate crashes into reality, my sweet white cloud has turned
black for my sake. She has poured out breaking her head on a hard rock.

Brightening and thundering she jumped on my body unaware.
The scene has transformed into touch. It's an unusual blend of white and black;
the empress of overcoming desire; and the waterfall of milky bubbles.
She has kissed every inch of my body She has severed all the strings inside and gone.
You know what name my rain queen bears?

Niagara.

The lesson I could learn only in her tight embrace is: No scene is untouchable.
(After visiting Niagara waterfalls in the lap of nature)

నేను అడవికి వెళ్ళాను
ఒక అందమైన కుర్చీ కోసం
కర్ర తెద్దామని.
చెట్టు చెట్టునీ అడిగాను
'నేను రానంటే నేను రానని '
నా మనసుకు చెప్పాయి
సరే, మీ కిష్టమయితేనే అన్నాను.

ఒక్కో చెట్టు కింద కూర్చున్నాను
ఒక్కో చెట్టుతో మాట్లాడాను
చెట్టు చెట్టు కింద నిద్రోయాను.

వాటి ఇష్టాన్ని గౌరవిస్తూ
ఇంటికి వెళ్ళిపోయాను.

నెలరోజుల తర్వాత
ఒకచెట్టు నడుచుకుంటూ ఇంటికొచ్చి
కుర్చీగా మారింది.



Killada Satyanarayana is a senior police officer (IPS) by profession, and a poet by taste. His writings reflect his internal light which sees everything in a human angle. His poetry is fully fragrant with this humane touch. He has born in a farmer's family in Pamulavaka village, Visakhapatnam district, Andhra Pradesh. He wrote a poetry book "Manishi Naa Bhaasha (Man is my language) in 2018. He wrote another book "Manishi loapali mahaa samudraalu", a literary personality development book of essays this year.

Satyanarayana Killada
Banda, Uttar Pradesh, India



Carpenter

Satyanarayana Killada

Searching for wood
To the forests I went
A beautiful chair in thought
Every tree I enquired
"I shan't die for you"
They told my awaiting heart
"Fine" said I
"If that is your choice"

Beneath every tree I laid
A conversation I had
Not a single tree in agreement.

Courteous to their choice
To home I retreated
Days rolled by
A month later
Walked a tall timber to my door
Turned into a throne.

రోజూ ఉదయం పదిగంటల సమయానికి
 ఆ నాలుగూ ముచ్చటించుకుంటాయి.
 తాను ఏ అడవుల నుండి వచ్చిందో
 ఎన్ని వసంతాలను చూసిందో, ఏ ఏ పక్షులకు ఆశ్రయమిచ్చిందో
 అన్నీ చెప్తుంది మేజాబల్ల.

తాను ఏ తోటలో పండిందో
 తనను ఎలా మెలిపెట్టి చిత్రహింసలు పెట్టి
 నూలు పోగులుగా లాగి
 ఎలా నేశారో వివరిస్తుంది టేబుల్ క్లాత్.

తను ఏ ప్రాంతపు మట్టో
 ఎలా మంటల మధ్య కరిగించి కరిగించి
 ఎలా తయారు చేశారో విన్నవిస్తుంది పింగాణీ పూల కాజా.

రోజూ నీళ్ళు పోసినట్టే పోసి పాడు చేసినట్టే చేసి
 తోటమాలి తన గొంతు కోసి ఎలా దగా చేసిందీ
 నాలుగు రేకల కన్నీటిబొట్లు రాల్చుకుని చెప్తాయి రోజాలు.

అన్నీ మౌనంగా వింటుంది గది
 సాయంత్రం అయ్యేసరికి
 మేజాబల్ల, టేబుల్ క్లాత్, పింగాణీ కూజా
 మూడూ- రెండు నిమిషాలు మౌనం పాటిస్తాయి పువ్వుల మరణానికి.
 అక్కడితో వాటికి ఒక దినం పూర్తవుతుంది.
 మేకప్ తీసేసిన నటిలా ముడుచుకు పడుకుంటుంది గది.



'Sikhmani' Dr. K. Sanjeeva Rao is a Kendra Sahitya Akademi Board member (2018-2022) and is considered a doyen among the contemporary Telugu poets. He has penned 9 poetry collections, and several books on Comparative Literature and Literary Criticism. His poetry has been translated into English, Hindi, Malayalam and Kannada. He is a recipient of most of the prestigious literary awards from both the Telugu States. He is currently the Chief Editor and Publisher of 'Kavisandhya', a bimonthly journal dedicated to Telugu poetry.

Sikhmani Sanjeeva Rao
 TS, Hyderabad, India



The Room

Sikhmani Sanjeeva Rao

At ten everyday those four have a tete - a tete. The table tells the tale
from which forest it came how many Springs it has seen how many birds
it has sheltered. The table cloth spins the story from which farm it ripened
how they twined it as yarn and wove her as a cloth.

The porcelain flower pot proclaims of which earth it was heated
and made tine after long.

The roses full of tears pour their woes how the gardener giving water
day after day finally cut their throats.

The room listens in silence.

By evening the three - the table table cloth porcelain pot
stand in silence for a couple of minutes at the death of roses.

The day's work is done.

The room sleeps folding its limbs as an actress washed off make up.

కరోనా కంటే!!!

Siva Prasad B.V.

తమ ఆకలి దావుకోసం అలమటింపే జంతువులు
నిస్వహాయంగా నమిలి మింగిన పాలి ఇదిలీన సందులు
మరికొంత కాలానికి వాటి మరణ విషములు
మానవ విసర్జకాల్లో ఫ్లాస్టిక్ అవశేషాలు
నదులు, శాద్రులాలు, సమతలాలు, కాసారాలు
హిమాలయాల సుందర ముఖారవిందాలపై
స్వోటకం మచ్చల్లా ఎప్పటికీ కరిగిపోని వ్యర్థాలు
నీరము, క్షీరము, మధువు, తైలము, తేనీరు
అన్నింటినీ మోసుకొస్తూ శలాజ్వాలకైనా
మృత్యువు లేని సంచులు, సీసాలు
కరోనాకైనా ఉంది మరణం
ఫ్లాస్టిక్ చెందదు త్వరగా సంహరణం
సవ్వు పాస్టిక్, నాగరికత ఫ్లాస్టిక్
ప్రస్తుతం మనిషి మనుగడ మొత్తం
ఒక ఘనీభవించిన ఫ్లాస్టిక్
రకరకాల రాచ పుండ్లను పుట్టించే ఈ మహమ్మారికి
తక్షణం దూరం కాకుంటే మనం
చెల్లించాలి మూల్యంగా మన జీవితం
పలురూపాల్లో మన రక్తంలోకి ఇంకిపోయిన ఫ్లాస్టిక్ మహమ్మారిపై
ప్రభుత్వాలు, ప్రజలు ఆచరించాలి తక్షణ నిషేధం!!!



'Siv' is a short story writer, poet, novelist, translator and essayist in Telugu and English languages. He is currently working on a novel 'On the Banks of a River' in English which is a translated version of his own novel in Telugu. He has participated in several international poetry festivals and presented his poems. He is the recipient of the prestigious Ampasayya Naveen Literary Trust's award for his maiden Telugu novel 'Harivillu' in 2017, and was adjudged the ninth prize winner in the International English Short Story Competition conducted for the 4th Bharat Award-2018. He has to his credit, a collection each of Telugu short stories and poems. His third book, a collection of translated stories (Telugu) is underway.

Siva Prasad B.V.
Vijayawada, AP, India



Daemon Deadlier!!!

Siva Prasad B.V.

The Poly Ethylene carry bags
Chewed and swallowed by the emaciated animals
Eventually prove to be their death drums
On the beautiful faces of the Himalayas,
Rivers, meadows, plains and oceans
Never waning wastes weld like spots of small pox
Water, wine, milk, oil and the likes
Carried by poly bags and bottles
That don't perish even after centuries
Corona can be conquered!
But plastic is hardly degraded
Smile is plastic, culture is plastic
The whole human haecceity of today
Is an epitome of solidified synthetic!
If we don't do away with this
Cancer causing deadly daemon
The human becomes a skeleton
Hence at once the rulers and the ruled
Should declare a never ending ban
On the deadlier daemon!!!

భూగోళం మొత్తం ... !

Siva Reddy K.

ఒక వాక్యం ఉరుముతుంది

ఒక వాక్యం మెరుస్తుంది

ఉరిమినప్పుడే మెరిసినప్పుడే ఓ వాక్యాన్ని పట్టుకోవాలి

వేయి స్థంభాల గుడి వేయి తలలపాము వాక్యం

అది ప్రత్యక్షమైనప్పుడే పట్టుకోవాలి

చిమ్మచీకటిలో పాము ప్రవేశిస్తుంది

అది రాక ముందే దాని సుగంధం పరివ్యాప్త మౌతుంది

గుంపులు గుంపులుగా జనులంతా అలా మత్తిలి పడిపోతారు

ఎప్పుడూ చూడని దృశ్యాలు, అందాలు, ఆనందాలు, శృంగార అనుభవాలు

అనుభవంలోకొస్తాయి

రాత్రి పవళ్య మధ్య ఒక చంద్రుడుదయిస్తాడు

దూది పింజలా శరీరం తేలిపోతుంది

ఏ దారి మధ్యలోనో అది ఎదురైతే పక్కనున్న మైలురాయి మీద కూచుని

కళ్ళు మూసి కలగంటావు

కలలోపలి ఇల లోపల నువ్వుంటావు

నీ చుట్టూ రేకులు రేకులుగా విచ్చుకుంటున్న పద్మాలచెరువులు

అయితే నువ్వెక్కడున్నా ఏ స్థితిలో ఉన్నా నిస్సందేహంగా నిర్విఘ్నంగా నిన్నది స్పృశిస్తుంది

ఒక మేఘ సందోహంగా నువు మారి కుండపోతగా కురుస్తావు

భూగోళం మొత్తం పండిన తాటికాయలా రుచులీనుతుంది



K. Siva Reddy is a renowned Telugu poet and a recipient of the Kendra Sahitya Akademi Award-1990 for his poetry collection 'Mohana O Mohana' and recently the Kabir Samman from the Government of Madhya Pradesh, among the several prestigious awards he has received. He started writing in 1970s, and since then has been consistently coming out with his poetry collections – 16 to date of wide-ranging poetry. In the 20th Century that emerged as the Century of Free Verse, he vigorously associated with young generations of poets, and established the quality and quantity of socially committed poetry. His works are translated into Kannada, Hindi and English. He has toured many countries as the Indian emissary of literature.

Siva Reddy K.
Hyderabad, TS, India



This Whole Earth ...!

(Translation of K Siva Reddy's Telugu Poem is done by Vijay Koganti)

Siva Reddy K. / Vijay Koganti

a sentence thunders
a sentence flashes
you have to catch a sentence when it thunders and shines
a thousand pillared temple and a thousand hooded snake is the sentence
you have to catch it only when it appears before you
a snake enters in utter darkness and

its body fragrance
spreads around even before its arrival
people fall in groups intoxicated
a host of scenes, beauties, pleasures and erotic occurrences come into
experience
a moon dawns between the day and the night
the body floats like a fluffy cotton fleck

if it approaches on the way, you dream with closed eyes sitting on a milestone
you are there in the land of that dream
the water repositories bloom around you like thousand petalled lotuses
but it touches you wherever you are and in whatever state you are
sans any hesitation and barriers
you shower changing into a bunch of clouds
this whole earth spreads its tastes like a ripened palm fruit dropped from the tree

కొండనెక్కూతూ

Sivasankar Papineni

ఎక్కితే కొండే ఎక్కాలి
దీపమైనా మనిపైనా
కొండెక్కటం వినోదం కాదు, వ్యాయామం కాదు
అడుగు అడుగుగా సాగే జీవితయాత్ర
కొండనెక్కటమంటే
మెట్లు మెట్లుగా నన్ను నేను అధిగమించటమే
నన్ను నేను ఇన్నోవేటివ్ చేసుకోవటమే
సమస్త అదృష్టాన్ని అదనం చేసుకోవటమే
పర్యటనలో నా ప్రేమికుడు
అనంతారం కొండ నా ప్రాథమిక పాఠశాల
అది నాకప్పుడూ రాయా రప్పా కాదు
నాతో అనంత సంభాషణ చేసే ఆత్మ మిత్రుడు
చెట్లు చేమల్నీ పురుగు పులుగుల్నీ నీలి మబ్బుల్నీ
పొదుపుకొనే తల్లి హృదయం
నా కోసం ఎల్లప్పుడూ ప్రవించే భూమాత పయోధరం
నువ్వు ఎప్పుడో కొండరాయి పైకి చేర్చలేని సిసిఫస్ అవుతావో
ఎవరెప్పు కొండ కొనమీద
తన కూతురు పెన్సిల్ ముక్క నిల్పిన
తెన్నింగ్ సార్లే అవుతావో నీ యిష్టం
నువ్వైనా నేనైనా శిఖరం చేరినా చేరకున్నా
కొండనైతే ఎక్కాలి
జీవితాంతం



Dr. Papineni Sivasankar, Sahitya Akademi Awardee, National poet, is an eminent poet, short story writer and critic. Hailing from an agricultural family of Nekkallu village he exalts the rustic beauty in his writings. He has published five poetry collections, 1. Stabdhatta-Chalanam, 2. Oka Saramsam, 3. Akupacchani Lokamlo, 3. Oka Khadgam Oka Pushpam, 5. Rajanigandha, two short story collections, 1. Mattigunde, 2. Sagam Terichina Talupu and seven critical works, 1. Sahityam-Mouluka Bhavanalu, 2. Nisanta, 3. Talli! Ninnu Dalanchi, 4. Dravadhunikata, 5. Maha Swapnikudu, 6. Vedavyasam, 7. Nisarga. Received Free Verse Front award, Dr. C. Narayanareddy Award, Telugu University Puraskaram, A.P. State Best Teacher Award, State Official Language Award Mahakavi Jashua Award etc. He lives in Guntur, Andhra Pradesh.

Sivasankar Papineni
Guntur, AP, India



Climbing The Hill

Sivasankar Papineni

If you climb, you have to climb a hill
Whether it is a lamp or a man
Climbing is not fun, it's not exercise
It's a step-by-step journey of life
The hill is where I overcome myself
Elevate myself step by step
Anantavaram hill is my primary school
That's not me a heap of stones
A soul mate who has endless conversation with me
The heart of the mother that hatches trees, birds, animals
And many dark clouds
For me the ever-secreting breast of mother earth
Whether you become Sisyphus who will never be able to climb the cliff
Or you become Tenzing Norgay, whose daughter's pencil stood
On the top of Mount Everest
It is left to your choice
Whether you reach the peak or not
You have to climb a hill
For the rest of your life

మబ్బుల్లేని ఆకాశంలోకి...

Suryanarayana M. S

అనంతమైన భావోద్వేగపు బెంగతో
కన్నీటి మబ్బుల్ని తలపాగాలా చుట్టుకున్న
గాలిమరల విద్యుత్ రెక్కలపైకి
పక్షిలా వచ్చి వాలాను!
నిజానికి 2 దుక్కుల వానై వడ్డామనుకున్నాను
ఈ శస్త్ర భూమిపై తప్ప హృదయంతో దొర్లాలనుకున్నాను

నా రెండు భుజాల నిండుగా శాలువాకప్పారు
తిరిగి ఇవ్వడానికి ఏముంది నాదగ్గర?
గుండెలో గోదారి నింపుకొచ్చాను
నేను - రైలునిద్రలో దాటొచ్చిన
'కృష్ణ'ను కూడా
ఈ సీమ మట్టిపొరల్లో విడిచిపెడదామని
'మెలకువ'తో వచ్చాను!

ఈ నదులు నిఖాలో ఉన్నాయేమోనని
కీదెంచి, కార్మాయిళ్ళను దుస్తులుగా వేసుకొచ్చాను
ఈ భూమిలోకి దూకి, వరికంకుల నాట్యమాడాలనుకున్నాను
ఏం చెయ్యాలో తోచలేదు....
ఒక జత బట్టలతోపాటు
సంచీలో పట్టినన్ని మేఘాలని కూరాను
మబ్బుల్లేని ఆకాశంలోకి... ఇంకెలావెళ్ళనూ?



Suryanarayana Mr. M. S. is basically a writer and publisher of various kinds of books and poet, short-story writer, essay-writer and biographer in telugu literature. He wrote six poetry books such as "SHABDA BHEDHI", six long poems such as "ANALA VEENA", three-short story anthologies such as "UDAARANGU MADHYAHNAM" and also published three bio-pics such as "HARIKATHA BHIKSHUVU". He read a good number of poems, short-stories in All India Radio; and also a well-known poet for many occasions in Dooradarsan and Bhakti T. V. His poet finds a place in the famous anthology "SOUTH STORY".

Suryanarayana M. S
Podalada, AP, India



Into the Cloudless

(Translation of Suryanarayana M.S Telugu Poem is done by Ramesh Karthik Nayak)

Suryanarayana M. S / Ramesh Karthik Nayak

With the massive angst
I Wrapped the teary clouds
Around my head
And sat as a bird
On the electric wings of
Windmills
Actually
I thought of raining
On the land with love

They has spread the shawl
On my both shoulders
But, what do I have?
I came hear
Carrying River Godavari in
my heart.
I in the train's sleep
Unknowingly crossed the
krishna river
But, the secret is that I
carried with me
To gift it to this land.

I found
This rivers are under
srveillance
My clothes are weaved with
those clouds
To turn this land into lawn
And filled remaining cluds
in a sack
Now, how can I fly into this
cloudless sky?

పంచత్వం

Subrahmanyam G.V.

మట్టిని మధువు చెయ్యగల మహిమాన్వితా
పసితనాన పాదస్పర్శ క్షమించమన్న వాణ్ణి
దయ్యమే పూనిందో ఉన్నాదం తలకెక్కిందో
నీ నీలవసనమ్మీద పత్రహరితమ్మీద
విషం చిమ్మి దీనుణ్ణియ్యాను, క్షమిస్తావా కుపుత్రుణ్ణి

మెరిసే విద్యుత్తు తనువంతా నింపి నేలని తాకి
నదివై నా నరాల్లో వెచ్చటి నెత్తురైన వానచినుకా
ఆకాశమెత్తున బతికి చెడిన తళుకు చినుకా
మన్నిస్తావా, నిన్ను విషరసం చేసిన వాణ్ణి

అర్ధ్యమిచ్చి, అంజలి నిండా అరుణకాంతి నింపుకుని
నా అన్నానివి, నువ్వు నా తేజానివి, ప్రత్యక్ష దైవానివంటూ
కళ్లలోకి నిన్ను తీసుకునే వెర్రి ఋషిని కాను నేను
నీకు పొగబెట్టి తిలాంజలి పట్టే రాహువు నేను
అయ్యో, ఏమిటిది ఒళ్ళంతా, నేను కానా నేను
నెత్తి అణచివా దేవా! నమస్కారమయ్యా!

ప్రళయ ప్రభంజనానివో మలయానిలానివో
నీ ఒళ్ళంతా దుమ్ము చల్లి కణం కణం విషం నింపి
ఆహ్వానం లేకుండా చేశాను నీకు, ఏమంటావు
అయ్యో, ఊపిరందటం లేదు, ప్రాణం నిలిచేట్లు లేదు
అపరాధిని దైవమా! నాకు నేనే శత్రువుని

అనంతాకాశమా! మీరంతా నేనని
నా కూర్పంతా మీరేనని తెలియక
విషాదాంతమవుతున్నాను

Born in 1954, G.V. Subrahmanyam is a retired Telugu lecturer in Mahavir Junior College, Guntur. He has five published books to his credit. 1. Vyaktitva Vikasa Kathalu, 2. Vemana Bodha, 3. Bharata Kathalahari, 4. Bharatamlo Rasavadghattalu, 5. Mahabharata Yuddhavirulu. He lives in Guntur.



Subrahmanyam G.V.
Guntur, AP, India



Panchatvam

Subrahmanyam G.V.

O tremendous Earth! Thou can make the soil into honey
With my infantile foot-touch I asked for your forgiveness
The ghost is set on me, I spit poison on the greenery and on the blue sky
Will you forgive this bad son?

O rain drop! You, with the flashing electricity that fills my body
And touches the ground
Become a river and a warm bloody drizzle in my nerves
Can you forgive me, who made you poisonous?

I am not that crazy sage who offered prayers with Anjali
Filled with the light of dawn, saying
'You are my food, you are my glory and living God'
I am the Rahu who offers Tilanjali to you
Hmm, I became another me, O God! You punished me.

May be thou art the cyclonic wind or the cool breeze
I spilled dust on you, poisoned every cell particle
Alas, I am suffocated and dying now
God damn the culprit! I am the enemy of myself.

Infinite sky! I know not that all of you are me
And that, my composition is you
At last, I am perishing.

పచ్చనాకుల ప్రమిదల్లో ..!

Swami Naidu Siriki

మనమెలా వచ్చామో .. అలానే వెళ్లిపోదాం వట్టి చేతులతోనే ..!
మనకన్నా ముందు ఎన్నెన్ని కుటుంబాలు యీ అధింట కువకువలాడాయో ..
తలాయిత ఉగాది పచ్చడి పంచుకున్నట్లు ఎన్నెన్ని జ్ఞాపకాలు పంచుకున్నాయో ..!
ఏ మూల్ రాలిపథ చీకటి మరకల్ని చెమటతో అలికి .. వాళ్లు
యీ పచ్చని నారుమడిని మనకందించిపోయారు ప్రేమతో ..!
తమ రెక్కలపై వేకువన మోసుకొచ్చి మన యింటిముంగిట కుమ్మరించే పక్షులూ -
వనంతకాలపు పూలగంధాల్ని ఒంటికిపూస్తూ వీచే గాలులూ -
మునులెవరో తరాల దీర్ఘతపస్సులో మునిగిపోయినట్లున్న కొండలూ -
నిత్యమూ ఓ జీవనవేదాన్ని వల్లెవేస్తున్నట్లున్న నదులూ -
ఇలా.. ప్రేమపొదరిల్లులాంటి యింటిని పూలపల్లెంలో పెట్టి మనకిచ్చే పోయారు ప్రేమతో ..!
ప్రతీ రోజూ .. ఏడుగుర్రాల రథమెక్కి వచ్చి వేకువకళ్లాపి చల్లిపోతున్నాడు సూరీడు!
నెలవంక పడవ మీద వచ్చి చుక్కల ముగ్గేసిపోతున్నాడు చందమామ!
ఆకాశం కాన్వాసు మీద రోజుకో ఊహచిత్రం గీసే పోతున్నాయి మబ్బులు!
ఇంత అందగా చిగురు తోడిగిన యీ యింటని చిక్కేసిపోతామా..?
పచ్చనాకుల ప్రమిదల్లో శిరసూపుతున్న యీ పూలదీపాలను ఆర్పేసిపోతామా ..?
మనం పోయాక రేపు వచ్చే వాళ్లు మనలాగే బతకాలి గదా! అందుకే బతుకునిధాం!
ప్రతిదినాన్ని ఒక కార్తీకదీపం జేసి కాలంనదిలో విడిచిపెడదాం!
దాన్ని రేపటిరేయి చుక్కల ఆకాశమని పిలుద్దాం!
ప్రతి రుతువునూ వంచి పూవులా వాసన జూసే పోదాం!
పోయేటపుడు మాత్రం మన గురుతుగా యీ ఇంటిమీద ఓ పచ్చనిజెండా ఎగరేసే పోదాం !!



Siriki Swami Naidu often writes poems on ordinary people and how they overcome the obstacles in their daily struggle for survival. He is recipient of several awards notably 'Ummadiseetti Sahiti Award-201 1, Rangineni Yellamma Sahitya Puraskaram-201 3, Janaranjaka Kavi Pratibha Puraskarm-2018 and Ranjani Kundurthi Award-2012. He was invited by Kendra Sahitya Akademi in 2014 for their 'New Harvest' poetry meet. He has two poetry collections "Manu Diwa" (2011) and "Mattirangu Bommalu" (2018) to his credit.

Swami Naidu Siriki
Parvathi puram, AP, India



Diyas Of Lushing Greens..!

Swami Naidu Siriki

We should go precisely the way we came here - empty handed..!
What many families might have chirped here in this rented shelter before we arrive..!
What many memories they might have shared among themselves like we do today..!
They besmeared with their sweat over all the dark stains that befallen in their nooks,
They left to us these lushing fields with their immense fondness for us..!

The birds that shower upon us the beautiful dawns bringing them all the way on their wings..!
The gushing winds that anoint us with the floral scents of the spring..!
The mountains that stand like an ascetic who immersed in deep meditation spanning across
generations..!

The rivers that incessantly chant the verses of the vedas of life..!

Like these, they gave us a beautifully adorned sojourn in a floral-platter with all great fondness..!

The sun that showers mornings upon us arriving daily on his seven-horsed chariot..!
The moon that portrays starry rangolis every night coming on his crescentic rowboat..!
The clouds that paint fairy imageries on the canvas of the deep sky..!

Should we snip off this beautifully sprouted sojourn of ours..?
Should we put out these flowery lamps that gorgeously wave their heads in the lushing green diyas of
nature..?

Shouldn't our tomorrow's kinsfolk enjoy the life the way we do it today? Let's give them life !
Let's leave our days into the eternal streams of time turning them like beautiful diyas of Karthika
mahina ! And let's call this as sky full of our stars of our future!

Let's flex every season like we do with flowers, and smell their all beautiful fragrances!

Let's unfurl a lushing green banner on the top of this beloved dwelling marking our signature on the
day of our departure.

రేపటి కల

Swatee Sripada

ఎన్నాళ్ళింది చెట్టూ చేమాలో కలుగ్గాడి
నీడలూ జాడలూ చెట్టాపట్టాలేసుకు
కెట్టిందకుండా రహస్యాలూ మాట్లాడుకుంటూ
మైళ్ళకు మైళ్ళూ రాత్రి పగలూ కలసి నడిచి.
కొమ్మకొమ్మనా కొట్టుకుంటూ తిట్టుకుంటూ
అంతలోనే ప్రమాదికయింతో ఒకడాన్నొకటి చాత్తుకుంటూ
చిన్న చిగురాకు మొదలు పలక బారిన పండుటాకుల వరకూ
ఉమ్మడి సంసారపు సరిగమలను వినిపించడం ఎనాటి కద

మల్లపందిరికింద మదులేచాలను కలబోసుకుంటూ
మంచె పైన ఎన్నెల ప్రవాహాలను పరచుకుంటూ
కొత్త కాపురాలకు పునాదులు వేసుకోడం గతం అయిపోయింది కదా
వెళ్ల సైట్లో దర్శనూ సమావేశాలూ
తీగలులేని పలుకుల మీద కాస్తున్న పందిపు జీవితాలు
ఫ్లాస్టిక్ పూల మధ్య కాపలాగా నియాన్ లైట్ల మెరుపుల్లో
దట్టంగా పులుముకున్న మేకప్ ముఖాలలో రేపటి ప్లాన్ లు

మావి చివుళ్ళు తిని కొమ్మకొమ్మనా గూళ్ళులుకున్న
పిట్టలు వాలే చెట్లు ఎందుకలా దడి దప్పుడు లేని చెక్కముక్కల్లా
ఏ మాంత్రికజడే చిత్రించిన శిలువ వేసిన కొయ్యలయినాయి
కలతపడిన తలపు కునికి పాళ్ల మధ్య రెప్పపాటుకాలంలో ఒక కల
ఎక్కడినుండో ఎగురుతూ వచ్చిన చారితవనాల్లో

గుడికు చెవులు మొలిచేలా సీతాకోక చీలుకల రెపరెపలు
దీగులు దీడును తప్పి సారవంతం చేస్తూ
పెట్టు దీగి జారుతున్న కొండాకేనా
కొత్త ప్రపంచానికి తోలి పునాది రాయిలా
వెతుకుతున్న తీగ నిలువెల్లా అల్లుకున్న
పెచ్చని ఉదా



Swatee Sripada, a native Of Nizamabad, writes poetry in English and Telugu, and novels and short stories In Telugu. She also translates from Telugu to English and English to Telugu. She has published 5 poetry Vo urnes in Telu-gu, 5 short story collections, 5 novels and 32 translations. She loves and lives in poetry.

Swatee Sripada
TS, Hyderabad, India



Future Dream

Swatee Sripada

How long was it chitchatting with trees and all
Shades and traces hand in hand
Talking secrets without a sound
Walking miles and miles together day and night
How long was it?
Fighting and scolding each other
On every branch and stem
Meanwhile with a flow of love hugging each other
From a new sprout to matured leaf
Narrating the notes of combined family
What a story of time
Sharing the sweet nothings under a jasmine vine
On it spreading the streams of moonlight
Laying foundation to new life turned anyway as the past
Meeting and discussing on websites
Betting lives on wireless words
Neon lights guarding amid the plastic flowers
With thick painted makeup tomorrows plans
Eating the mango sprouts and weaving nests on every branch
The trees with perching birds why did they become the planks of wood
Without any sounds
How they became the pieces of wood of crucifixion
As if painted by a magician
Amid the dozing of worried thought
A dream within a wink
In green forests flying in from somewhere
The fluttering of butterflies as if growing ears to the heart
Ploughing and cultivating the land of worry
Slithering from the staircase the hills and valleys
As if the first foundation stone
A warm thought of
A searching vine embracing from head to toe.

ఆకుపచ్చని ప్రేమ....

Vaishnavi Sri Talam

కన్నీటి రాత్రులను పక్కకు నెడుతూ ఒక పచ్చటి ఆకాశాన్ని నిత్యం నెత్తిన మోస్తుంటుంది
పట్టరాని సంతోషమో అది ఎడతెగని దుఃఖమో
గుండెనే నది చేసుకుంటుందేమో
ఎప్పుడూ పచ్చదనమే పరవళ్ళ తొక్కుతుంది భూమి

భూమి గుండెలన్నీ అణుబాంబులతో బద్దలవుతున్నా
పచ్చని చేలన్నీ కాంక్రీట్ తో నిండిపోతున్నా
అడవులు స్వార్థం మంటల్లో మాడి మసైపోతున్నా
మనీ మైండ్ మైనింగ్ గేమీ లో కొండల జాడలు కనుమరుగైపోతున్నా
హిమగిరులను పీల్చేసుకుంటున్నా
లోలోపల కుమిలిపోయింది కానీ నిందారోపణ చేసింది లేదు

కూర్చున్న కోమ్మును నరుక్కునే అత్యాశకు లోలోపల నవ్వుకుంది కానీ పగలు ప్రతీకారాలు
పెంచుకుంది లేదు ఎంతైనా తల్లి కదా తను!
గర్భం జలాల్ని మోటర్లతో తోడేసినా
ఏరోజుకారోజు కొత్త కలువలా ఏచుకుంటూనే ఉంటుంది ..శ్వాసతనమేదో తనకే సొంతమైనట్లు..
జీవరాశులన్నింటికీ ప్రాణవాయువుల్ని పూడుతూ
ప్రాణం..ప్రణవం తానవుతుంది...
ఆకుపచ్చ ప్రేమ లేఖలు లిఖిస్తూ నవ్వుతూనే ఉంటుంది ..దుఃఖాన్ని దాచుకుంటూనే!

కానీ భూమి తల్లి కూడా సొమ్ముసిల్లిపోతుంది ఎదో వొక రోజు
నేరస్తులారా!
పచ్చదనాన్ని మళ్ళీ కరిపించినన్నాళ్ళూ మనల్ని మనం కోల్పోవడమే కాదు
పున్నమి రాత్రుల్లో సహా పట్ల పగలు కూడా అమావాస్య నీడలా పగబడుతుంది..



Mrs.Vaishnavi Sri ,M.A B.ed(Hindi)..She got Sahitheer Ratna Sri Sri Puraskaram. Worked at Private teacher. And also worked journalist at prajasakti news paper. Writing has always been her passion that expresses her thoughts in poems and stories in telugu and hindi. Her poems were published in regional newspapers and magazines. And also She published her own telugu poetry book (Yedava Ruthuvu 2019).

Vaishnavi Sri Talam
Vijayawada, AP, India



Ever"Green " Love

(Translation of Vaishnavi Sri Talam's Telugu Poem is done by Lavanya)

Vaishnavi Sri Talam / Lavanya

Casting aside the lacrimal nights,
She always carries her greenish sky..
Maybe because of boundless happiness or ceaseless misery or she makes
her heart stream, the earth gushes with greenery...

Though the eyes are stuffed with atom bombs..
Even so her heart's traces of mountains are defaced..
Nevertheless her wilderness on stomach are set on volley..
Nonetheless the respirated mountains are hauled out..
Perhaps she must have Smouldered intrinsically...

But she has never accused externally.
She intrinsically laughs at her kids covetousness , who couldn't survive
without her..
But she has never grown retaliation... However she is a mother!
Though the subterranean aqua was drawn out,
Day by day she has been flowering as a new lotus..
As if she has acquired respiration..
By blowing oxygen to all the organisms,
She becomes the soul.... as well as God.
She will be writing greenish affectionate epistles with jest...

But the "Earth", our Mother also gets fainted any of the day , Felons!
We will not only deprive ourselves till we erode the greenery to soil..
Along with Lunar nights, Noon days also take vengeance like new moon
shade...

చెమటచుక్కలు

Vallabha Rao Venna

లోకం కడుపును నింపే కరుణామయుడు
దేశం యంత్రాన్ని నడిపే ఇంధనం రైతు
రైతుల దేహాలపై చిందే చెమటచుక్కలే
దేశంలో వెల్లివిరిసే సిరిసంపదలు
శ్రమజీవుల్లో అగ్రగామి అన్నదాత
కష్టఫలాన్ని మానవాళికి అందించే నిస్వార్థజీవి
కరువు కాటకాల కోరల్లో విలవిలలాడే ప్రాణి
పంట చేతికొస్తే ఆ ఇంట ఆనంద తాండవం
ప్రకృతి ప్రకోపిస్తే రైతుకంట శోకసాగరం
దక్కిన పంటకు వెల నిర్ణయించుకోలేని నిస్సహాయుడు
లెక్కలు చూసుకుంటే చిక్కుల్లో మిగిలే దీనుడు
దళారీల దోపిడీకి గురయ్యే దురదృష్టవంతుడు
నష్టమైనా కష్టమైనా సేద్యానికి విరామమివ్వని విక్రమార్కుడు
కొట్టినవాడికే పెట్టే చెయ్యి
రైతుల కోపం దేశానికి శాపం
రైతులు కాడి పడేస్తే- దేశం విరిగిన చక్రం
అన్యాయానికి ధిక్కారస్వరం
ఆగ్రహించిన రైతు వజ్రాయుధం
కనైర్రజేస్తే త్రినేత్రుడు
తిరగబడితే సింహాసనాలు కంపిస్తాయ్!



Vallabha Rao Dr. Venna is a writer and translator in Telugu and Hindi. He started translating in 1978. He has translated many poems, stories, novels and plays from Hindi to Telugu and vice-versa. He has 17 books for his credit. Chote Kumar, Telugu bhi Pracheen hai, Kavita Bharati, Viraamamerugani payanam and Pingali Venkayya are some of his important Books. He is the recipient of Kendra Sahitya Akademi Translation Award-2018, Best Translation Award Of A.p. Hindi Academy, Boyapati Nageswararao Gurupeeth Puraskar and Telugu Sahityakar Samman, among others.

Vallabha Rao Venna
Vijayawada, AP, India



Drops of Sweat

(Translation of Vallabha Rao Venna's Telugu Poem is done by Dr. D. Nageswara Rao)

Vallabha Rao Venna / Dr. D. Nageswara Rao

The one who satisfies the hunger
Of millions and millionaires
Is the one selfless peasant!
The fuel that runs
The machine called country
Is the poor helpless peasant!
The flourishing progress everywhere
Is the shoot of the drops of sweat
Trickling from his wrinkled brow!

The one labourer par excellence
Is the peasant ploughing the field
He is the selfless saviour of mankind
The one who is always in midst of troubles and tears
The one who struggles for life in paucity and famine
The one who can never demand the right value for his labour
The one who becomes a prey to crimps and crooks
But the one who delights more in wealth of crops than in currency!

Let it be waste of labour or loss of sustenance
He never shirks from his efforts to cultivate
And end starvation and famine around him!

He never complains against the plunderer
But is munificent in giving rather greedy in taking
If he is averse to hold the yoke and plough the land
The country loses its progress, its prosperity and its entity
The afflicted peasant is indeed a curse to the Nation
His burning heart shakes the pillars of National structure!

ప్రకృతి పరిరక్షణ పథికులమౌదాం

Venkateswara Reddy Kondreddi

రాను రాను మనం మరీ ఇరుకైపోతున్నామే
ప్రకృతి రక్షణే కాదు
మనిషితనానికి కించిత్తు చోటులేకుండా!
నవనాగరికత నట్టువాంగంతో
పట్టణీకరణ పడగ విప్పి కాలుష్యం బుసలు కొడుతూ
గాలికే రంగులేస్తూ -
స్వార్థానికి టెక్నాలజీ సొంతమై
నదీ ప్రవాహాలకు కళ్లెం వేసే ద్యాములు
అడవితల్లి కుదురు కదిల్చి జీవవైవిధ్యాన్ని ఎండగడుతూ
పారిశ్రామికీకరణ ప్రకృతిని రసాయనిక ఊటలెత్తిస్తుంటే
పచ్చదనం నెత్తురోడుతోంది!
అంబుధి ఆకాశం అంతరంగాలపై
వినాశనకర అణువిచ్చేదిత ప్రయోగాలు
వాతావరణం వేడెక్కి పెరుగుతున్న సముద్ర మట్టాలు
అంతకంతకు తరుగుతున్న భూగర్భ జలాలు
పర్యావరణ న్యాయం పతనమై
జీవావరణం నిర్ణీవమై పోతూ-
ప్రకృతి ప్రకోపంతోనే జల, వాయు ప్రకయాలు
వైరస్ వ్యాధుల విషవలయాలు
ఇకనైనా ప్రకృతి పరిరక్షణ పథికులమౌదాం!



Venkateswara Reddy Kondreddi is a popular Telugu poet, critic, and artist. He has to his crediteight poetry books, five books on criticism and a book on abstract art which was published by the A.P Govt. He is a recipient of Keerthi Puraskaram from PS. University, ATA Award from America and Achanta Somasundram Award for his long poem "Dukki Chupu". He has also been honoured by various literary and cultural associations. He has dedicated his(life for literature and art. On his literature, two M. Phil degrees and one PhD have been taken from Nagarjuna University and Madras University.

Venkateswara Reddy Kondreddi
Kanigiri, AP, India



Let's turn as eco-warriors

(Translation of Venakteswara Reddy Kondreddi's Telugu Poem is done by Atreya Sarma U)

Venakteswara Reddy Kondreddi / Atreya Sarma U

On and on, we are turning narrower and narrower – too narrow
Either to protect Nature or even to smack of any trace of humanity.
The bane of modern civilisation has become a byword for the cobra
Of urbanisation hissing with its stretched-out hood of venom.

Where our skewed minds scheme to distemper even the pristine air;
Where our roguish greed conspires with technology
To stymie the natural flow of every river;
Where the roots of the forests are savagely wrecked,
Mindlessly endangering the bio-diversity;
And where industrialisation is forcing
Mother Nature to go on delivering founts of toxins –
The verdure is turning into a bloody red.

When the hearts of the oceans and skies are blasted
With the tests of destructive nuclear explosions;
When the rising temperatures are raising the sea levels;
When the groundwater is depleting day by day;
When the law of ecology is flouted and
The biosphere is turning sapless –
Mother Nature is spewing her fury through a vicious cycle
Of cyclones, deluges and viral maladies. At least now,
Let's wake up and transform as eco-warriors!

పారా పలుషార్ !

Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni

పచ్చని చీర కట్టి పరవశించిన నేల
రొయ్యల చెరువుగా మారి రోద్రున్నది
చివరి పిచ్చుక చిరునామా కోసం వెదుకుతున్నదే ఒంటరి చెట్టు
వేల మైళ్ళు వేగంగా దాటి వచ్చిన వలస ప్రాణం
గూడక్కడ కళ్ళలో తిలియక గుండె పగిలి చూస్తున్నది
జీవశ్వాస నందించిన తరువుల జీవం తీసిన పాపం
విషవాయువై తరుముతున్నది
చలువ గదుల నిశ్వాసాలు
సముద్రాలను మరిగించి సునామీల్లె ఎగసి పడుతున్నాయి
సూదుల్లోంచి ఎక్కుతున్న ద్రవాలు
చివరి నెత్తుటి బొట్టునూ వెదికి పాలదారగా కురిపిస్తుంటే
ఆకలి తీరని లేగదూడ బీటగా చూస్తున్నది
మానవుడి మూడో పాదాన్ని మోస్తున్న ప్రక్కతి
మౌనంగా గద్దెలాన్ని సాయం అడుగుతోంది
తన దుఃఖాన్ని జడవారగా కురిపించి
పూడ్చిన చెరువుల ఆనవాళ్ళను నగరపు మెడల్లో చూపుతోంది
నీరవ ఆశ్రయనల్ని చినచినాడు
నిశ్శబ్దపు హఠాత్కల్పి కననినాడు
రెండు కాళ్ళ ప్రాణి అంతరించిన జాతిలో కలపడం కోసం
ఆప్రకటిత యుద్ధం మొదలవుతుంది



Vijayalakshmi Dr. Nallapaneni is an Assistant Professor in Telugu, Government College for Women, Guntur. She completed her graduation and post-graduation at Osmania University, Hyderabad. Her poems have been published in various Telugu magazines. Several of her research papers have also been published in many journals. Her Ph.D. thesis is on 'Andhra Mahabharatham' – Maharshulu'. She regularly participates in Sahitya Akademi and several other national seminars.

Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni
Guntur, AP, India



Para Hushar!

(Translation of Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni's Telugu Poem is done by Dr. Sivasankar Papineni)

Vijayalakshmi Nallapaneni / Dr. Sivasankar Papineni

The ground covered with green sari
Turning into a shrimp pond and mourning
The lone tree is looking for the address of the last sparrow
A migrant life that crossed thousands of miles
Is staying aghast with a broken heart
Not knowing where to nest
The sin that took the life of the trees who have life-breath
Chasing as a poisonous gas
Cool-room exhalations are boiling the seas
And raging as tsunamis
While the fluids from syringes
Converting even the last drop of blood into milk
The hungry calf is looking innocent
Nature carrying the third foot of man
Silently asking the bat for help
And pouring his grief as heavy rain
Showing landmarks of buried ponds in city skyscrapers
If we don't hear the silent cries and soundless warnings
A war will be a certainty
To throw the two-legged creature into extinction.

జీవనసాధ్యశ్యం

Vijaykumar Ghanta

టపటపా శబ్దం చేస్తూ
వాన చినుకులు..
ఆకాశానికి చిల్లు పడింది
మేఘాలు ఉరుముతున్నాయి
ఎక్కడో పిడుగులు పడి జారిపడ్డాయి
చెట్లపై పిట్టలు బిగ్గరగా అరుస్తున్నాయి
ఒళ్ళంతా తుళ్ళిపడింది
అంతలోనే భయం
అణువణువునూ వణికించింది
కుంభవృష్టిని నిలువరించేదెలా
ఓ సందేహం మెదడులో మొలకెత్తింది
వాన వెలిసింది..తారకల వెలుతురు
మసక మసక చీకటిని తరిమేసింది
వీధుల్లో పిల్లకాల్వలు పడవల్లా తేలుతున్నై
మరి ఆకులు, ఓ పత్రంపై ప్యూపాగా
సీతాకోకచిలుక వటపత్రసాయిగా
ఓ వింత అనుభూతి!
వాతావరణం ఆహ్లాదకరం
ఇంతలోనే మారింది సజీవచిత్రం
ప్రతి దృశ్యం జీవనసాధ్యశ్యమే!



Dr.Vijayakumar is a veteran poet and senior journalist, calamist wrote more than 3000 poems of various problems both in telugu and english.. published narrating his journalist experiences book.

Vijaykumar Ghanta
Nandigama, AP, India



Life's Image

Vijaykumar Ghanta

'Tapa tapa' sounding
Rain drops
From punctured sky
Clouds roaring
Some where lightening discharged
Birds on trees crying big
Whole body thrilled
Sudden fear
Shook the body every point
How to stop this heavy rain
Doubt raised in mind.
Rain stopped..glow of stars
Chased the dimening dark ness
Leaves floating on small canals
Butterfly resting on a leaf like the divine
A strange experience
A pleasant atmosphere
Suddenly the scene changed
Yet every scene is Image of Life

వయోభారంతో
 విశ్వం బుద్ధి మందగిస్తోంది
 జ్ఞాన భారంతో
 భూమి తల్లడిల్లుతోంది.
 అంతరిక్ష అంతరంగం
 గాయాలతో మూలుగుతోంది.
 మాటలుగా చెల్లొచ్చెదురైన
 మౌనం మూగగా దుఃఖిస్తోంది.
 ఇళ్లలో పరికరాలుగా
 బందీ అయిన ప్రకృతి
 అదే పనిగా రోదిస్తోంది.
 ఉభయ సంధ్యల మధ్య
 జరిగిన సమస్త క్రియలు
 పిడికెడు శూన్యంగా మారి
 సమసిపోతున్నాయి.
 పదార్థం మాత్రం అంతర్ముఖియై
 దృశ్యాంతం వైపు పయనిస్తోంది.

Dr. D. Vizai Bhaskar is a leading Telugu playwright and the recipient of the Kendriya Sangeet Natak Akademi Award-2010, the highest Indian recognition given to practising playwrights and artists. He is a significant pan-Indian writer of recent times, richly contributing to the Indian theatre through his works originally written in Telugu and English (by him) and translated into various Indian languages from the southernmost Malayalam to the northern most Manipuri of the peninsula. He has 33 published books to his credit that include 26 plays (20 plays & 6playlets), three poetry collections, and collections of biographies and essays. As a creative writer and as a former senior officer in the Government of Andhra Pradesh, he has demonstrated the same sense of responsibility and commitment and provides a commendable spirit of intellectual leadership. In his latest book "Sootha Rangasthali" (in Telugu and English) on theatre movement, Dr. Vizai Bhaskar propounds the concept of "Sootha" theatre. A Post graduate in English Literature and a PhD on the well-known German Playwright Bretolt Brecht, he recently retired as the CEO, Andhra Pradesh Creativity & Culture Commission, Government of Andhra Pradesh, India.



Vizai Bhaskar Deerghasi
 Hyderabad, TS, India



The End Scene!

Vizai Bhaskar Deerghasi

The intellect of the aged world
Is diminishing
Bearing the burden of knowledge,
The earth Is trembling.
The heart of the wounded galaxy
Is groaning.
Being deprived of the words,
The silence
Is endlessly weeping.
The Nature, turned into
Domestic tool
Is ceaselessly lamenting.
All the happenings stretched
Between the dawn and the dusk
Are ending up in nothingness.
But,
The Matter, in introspection,
Is moving towards the end scene!

آلودگی

Ahmed Salahuddin Yousuf Zaki

کتی دکش حین دنیا تھی
قدر انسان نے نہ کی اس کی

ندیاں جمیل اور سخی جلاب
ہائے افسوس ہو گئے بے آب

اب سمندر بھی ہیں کہاں محفوظ
ہم نے ان کو نہیں رکھا محفوظ

پڑ تو زرت کی علامت ہیں
جو نہ گائے گئے قیمت ہیں

اب ہوا ہو چکی ہے زہریلی
سوج انسان کی ہو گئی نیلی

مردنی چھا گئی ہے اب ہر سو
پھول بے رنگ اور بے خوشبو

آج انسان کی جان پڑ ہے غضب
پانی آلودہ پنی رہے ہیں سب

اب نہ آہنگ ہیں اور نہ ہیں دالان
بند کمروں میں بیتا ہے انسان

اب کہاں پھول سا کوئی چہرہ
سب پہ مایوسیوں کا ہے چہرہ

لاکھ باتوں کا ایک ہے مطلب
ذمہ دار اس کے ہیں ذہنی ہم سب



Kaukab Zaki, a Urdu poet and president of Bazm – e – Aahang – e – Adab, an Urdu Literary Organisation, Hyderabad has published Zabt – e – Fugham, collection of his poems.

Ahmed Salahuddin Yousuf Zaki
TS, Hyderabad, India



Pollution

(Translation of Yousuf Zaki's Urdu Poem is done by Shugufta Shaheen)

Ahmed Salahuddin Yousuf Zaki / Shugufta Shaheen

How charming and beautiful was our world, the Earth;
Humans though, failed to appreciate its true worth.

Rivers, lakes, and many a mighty lagoon,
Alas, now waterless, dry as a sand dune.

Where now, are even the mighty seas safe?
Denying them our care, we made them a waif.

Trees, a measure of the quality of life true;
Be grateful for those remaining, even if only a few.

The very air itself rendered a venomous brew,
Tainting human thoughts an unhealthy hue.

An all-pervading morbidity engulfs the world,
Flowers odourless and sans colour furred.

Today, humanity faces nature's wrath;
Quenching thirst with water unfit for a bath.

Now neither courtyards, nor verandahs remain;
For humanity, a dingy room is the new domain.

Where can one now find a blooming face?
A veil of dejection imprisons the human race.

A single elucidation, for a million words stating the plight;
'We are collectively responsible', O' Zaki, for this blight.

ҲИНД ОКЕАНИ

Asror Allayarov

Шовкинлар... Хаёллар... Шовкинлар... Саволлар...
 Қоришиб кетади сенинг қаршингда. Эҳтимол,
 Неча юз миллиардинчи одам- Термулиб,
 Бокийликка туташ аксингга,
 Кўзларим забт этган ҳудудлар аро,
 Ҳайратдан лол бокиб турибман кара.
 Нимадир танишдай... Ҳа. Исёнкорлик,
 Булар иккимизга худодан мерос.
 Аммо абадийлик менга хос эмас,
 Сенга эса хос эмас инсондай яшаш.
 Куй янглиг атрофга ёйилар,
 Шовкинлар... Хаёллар... Шовкинлар... Саволлар...
 Қоришиб кетади сенинг қаршингда,
 Емирилган қалблар нидоси-ю, Тўлкинларнинг,
 Навкирон садоси. Қара,
 Кўксимга урилар улар тиғ мисол,
 Улар кўмиб борар босган изимни, Шунда, Ҳар сафар,
 Исёнкор бағриннга бош қўйган ҳамон,
 Ҳис қилдим нақадар ожизлигимни...



Asror Allayarov was born in Uzbekistan. He worked as an editor-in-chief for the newspapers "Daryo" and "Eastern World". Asror's short story collection "A Decision" was published in the USA in 2014. His second book "Modern Uzbek Stones" was published in Japan in Japanese in 2015. And his short story collection "Power of Mirror" published in Serbia in Serbian in 2017.

Asror Allayarov
 Kashkadarya, Uzbekistan



Indian Ocean

Asror Allayarov

Noises... Dreams... Noises... Questions...
Interweaving in front of you. Perhaps,
Several hundred billionth human-
In contrast to eternity,
My eyes are among the conquered territories,
I am looking at the surprised look.
Something familiar... Yes. Rebellion,
These are both inherited from God to us.
But eternity is not for me,
I was not specific people.
The music has spread around like,
Noises... Dreams... Noises... Questions...
Interweaving in front of you,
Depleted hearts cry -you, Waves,
The sound of youth. Look,
Breast bounce they revert to being an example,
They were going to bury follow, then, every time,
Still the head of the rebel to your soul,
I felt very insecure...

BÀI HÁT MÙA MÀNG

Phan Mai

Lan nhanh, choáng ngợp đất hoang vừa mở
 Em đổ từng trận lũ đại cuồng
 Cuốn xiết anh khỏi ngôi nhà có khu vườn bé nhỏ
 Con chim cất không gian rộng để lại đường bay bất tận
 Cội rễ anh vươm mắt em nhìn tươi tốt
 Từng hạt mầm phun hơi ấm lòng đất ướt
 từ hơi thở làm bầu trời đổi khác
 từ khoảng không được quyền kiến tạo đám mây
 Mất rạ rom đốt thiêu mùa cũ
 Đổi thay cách nhìn và khoảng trống chân trời
 đất nhận cả những gì còn cháy dở
 mùa mới về tự tin, nghiền nát và xóa hết
 Nụ hôn nín thính, tỏa nhiệt, khoan vào lòng đất
 chạm những mạch ngầm ứ căng huyền bí thuở xưa
 Đất mỡ màu quyện rạn đông dâng lên khuôn mặt
 dâng lên có cây phồn thực bởi bởi
 Những mùa tái sinh trở đồng chín rục
 Sấm nổ vang trong lòng tay mầm hạt
 Vòng phù sa tươi rờng ấp ôm thổ đất
 Em cúi xuống và dòng sông ủa đến bất ngờ.



Mai Văn Phấn, a Vietnamese poet, has won a number of Vietnamese and international literary awards, including The Vietnam Writers' Association Award in 2010 and the Cikada Literary Prize of Sweden in 2017. He has published 16 poetry books and 1 book "Critiques - Essays" in Vietnam. 15 poetry books of his are published and released in foreign countries and on Amazon's book distribution network. Poems of Mai Văn Phấn are translated into 27 languages.

Phan Mai
 Hai Phong City, Vietnam



The Song of Harvest

(Translation of Phan Mai Vietnamese Poem is done by Nguyen Tien Van)

Phan Mai / Nguyen Tien Van

Spreading quickly, overwhelming reclaimed virgin land
You drop one burst of wild flower after another
to whirl me up from the house with its small garden
The birds cut up immense space and leave lines of endless flight
My roots reach up to your verdant eyes
Every sprout sprays warmth to wet the bosom of earth
from the breathing that transforms the sky
from the empty sky that builds clouds up
The thatch eyes burn up the old crop
To change our vision and the vacant horizon
The earth accepts all burning cinders
The new season comes with self-confidence, grinding and wiping out all
The kiss is silent, radiating heat and boring into entrails of earth
touching underground veins swollen with old mysteries
The fertile earth fused with dawn offers up a face
with exuberant plants and trees in profusion
The seasons of resurrection are pregnant with ripe ears of paddy
The thunder bursts out in the palm seeds
The cycle of fresh alluvium embraces fibres of earth
You bow down and all of a sudden, the river rushes in.

Amaravati **Poetic Prism**

2020 | *International
Multilingual Poetry Anthology*

CCVA
The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada & Amaravati

The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati
4th Floor, Madhu Malaxmi Chambers, Madhu Gardens,
Mogalarajpuram, Vijayawada – 520010
Ph.: +91 86666 23999 Fax: +91 86666 97575
Web:www.ccva.in | Email:ccva@malaxmi.in

Mālxmi

Malaxmi Courtyard, Survey No. 157, Khajaguda
Village, Chitrapuri Colony post, Hyderabad –
500104, Telangana, India .Ph: +91 40 29888775,
Fax: +91 40 30995274
Web:www.malaxmi.in | Email:mail@malaxmi.in