

Namaste Fiji

The International Anthology of
Poetry

The Blue Fog Journal

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Compiled and Edited by
Rohitash Chandra

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Forward

The second issue of the Blue Fog Journal is a bigger and brighter anthology which features writers around the globe. The main motive of the journal is to spread the culture of writing in Fiji which is mainly unwritten. Fiji is a beautiful green country in the South Pacific Ocean. It has over three hundred Islands and consists of two major ethnic communities which are Indians and the native Fijians. The country has suffered from four coups in the past decades and struggles in its economy. The divide between the two major races has been political, not racial or religious. The two major communities work hand in hand in the villages and participate in inter-cultural activities. The Blue Fog Journal supports reconciliation and unity and hopes that the culture of coups to be broken.

Poets can change the world. Let's write poetry which illuminates peace and harmony. Let's write to make the world a better place to live.

Rohitash Chandra,
Editor, The Blue fog Journal
Author of "A Hot Pot of Roasted Poems"

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for World Peace.

Life's Recipe

A cup full of sunbeams
A dash of sky blue
A spoonful of dewdrops
A rainbow or two
The soft touch of dawning
To light mornings warm
One bright, glowing sunset
At closing of day

Blend in a rainbow
Just after the storm
The flowers of springtime
A June day that is warm
The sparkle of autumn
With leaves coloured bright
A breeze gently blowing
Some star shine at night

Mix in a snowflake
A cloud-step above
The laughter of children
A portion of Love
Some prayer and believing
A heart that is free
Mix them together
You have life's recipe

Seshni S. Naidu, Fiji

The Sound of Music

Love sprinkles in the air
As we dance hand in hand,
The glass of wine tastes
Your lips with mine
While the melody moves
In through your bones making
Your muscles soft and move
Along with the tune
Your body now in my control,
The wind is playing softly on your skin
Not so harsh to blow off the candles,
Now my hand slide on your waist
And we slowly move closer and closer
Your eyes spark up with a gesture dear
To my heart which drowns in love
As we kiss gently in the moonlight.

Rohitash Chandra, Fiji

Final Thoughts by the Sea

Up in the sky,
a vision of twinkling stars
made him wander,
near the sea.

He took off the load
down his shoulder,
of good memories and tears:

He thought of
his day as a boy,
waiting for summer
flying his best kite
lying like a child close to his mother,
the grumbling of his father.

The love for his wife
all those happiness she gave
the grief he shared with his children,
when she died.

Then the roaring waves thumped
the moment on the sand feared by all
but not by his hearts thick wall.
He touched his skin cold
and felt his stiff bones
his cold body,
was then left by his warm soul.

Rohitash Chandra, Fiji

Feeling Lost Within

I sit in a small bus; it's dark
I sit in the middle of the seat; feel uncomfortable,
—a huge guy is sitting beside me,
I compress my body and feel lost within
—making no eye contacts
trying not to look at the stranger;
the lights from the incoming vehicle hit my eye;
I wonder outside looking at the beautiful houses
the lights at their porch from inside the bus
and wish for a better house to live in.

The breeze hits my face flowing;
just enough to cause the sinus pain
from the cold coke that I drank in the day.
The bus is moving as if
the destination will never come;
shaking— I have to stand the smell of sweat
and the sweat from all day
dried up in the leather of the seat.

Finally passing through the old metal bridge
I come to my destination;
I give a dollar fifty cents to the driver,
the driver is busy; I try not to make any eye
contacts
I walk towards the taxi—for a drive towards home
the driver asks questions about the gravel road
condition;
he rejects, I walk towards another taxi
—the rejection by the previous driver hits my
head;
slowly I speak— “ Irrigation Road”.

I sit in the taxi;
squeezing my body towards the door
the driver is speaking;
I can't hear him even though his voice is loud;
I look up towards the black sky,
and stare at the moon.

—I walk into my room making no eye contacts;
fall off to bed and think about god
having no picture of god in my head;
I try not think of Jesus, Rama or Buddha
For me these are man-made gods;
I think of not praying;
god may already know about the situation?
If He is God then He knows everything
A prayer is like a waking call for what He already
knows.

Rohitash Chandra, Fiji

Hypocrisy

It is Friday night
as I prepare for Church next day.
"Where is my Bible
Where are my socks
I haven't seen the Bible for the week".

It is Saturday morning
From the polish, my shoes are shining
The socks I found matches my trousers
The black tie lies neatly beside the white shirt.

It is Sunday morning
Rushing into Church to preach
I put on the preachers voice
"Christianity begins at home
Christianity is not stealing
Christianity is loving your neighbour as thyself."

It is Monday morning
The Bible is not read
No need for a tie to work
Nicking a dollar from my mum's purse
I rush in time for the bus to work.

It is Tuesday afternoon
My boss is out
there is no other colleagues in sight
Stealing the work laptop
I dash away as fast as possible.

It is late Wednesday afternoon
The bus stops near the neighbour's house
There is not a soul in sight
There is no movement
I sneak the old man's bicycle and ride
home as fast as I could.

It is late Friday night
I reflect the week gone by
With the preaching in mind
The questions flood in

Is nicking the dollar from mum
Christianity beginning at home?
Is stealing the bicycle loving
your neighbour as thyself?
Is stealing the laptop an act of Christianity?
Or are all these a life of hypocrisy?

Reshma Dutta, Australia

Happiness

Your wish, what is it?
Is it always the same?
Do you wish for that which
you think will make you happy?

Reminisce about happier times?
Yesterday is a memory.
It's what was, not what is.
If happiness is there it's dead.

Wish for a brighter future?
Does happiness live there?
Hopefully, but you can't
hope happiness in to being.

Do you even know what makes you happy?
If not, you're destined to be without it.
You can't experience that which you
you don't know or understand.

You can not discover happiness "out there."
Happiness is an internal adventure.
You can only live it and feel it.
You just have to know what "it" is.

Laughter is a consequence of happiness.
Humor is not happiness itself.
Happiness is a state of mind;
it lives within you.

Happiness is not a commodity;
it can't be bought or sold.
Nobody can make you laugh
if your soul is devoid of joy.

Happy people experience joy even if poor.
Many among the wealthy are miserable.
People experience joy by pleasing others.
Happiness is spiritual - it engulfs you.

Happiness is a journey, not a destination.
You can recall but not journey in to the past.
Today was yesterday's future and tomorrow may not
arrive.
The time to be happy is now.

Ed Coet, USA

The Day the War Begins

I will eat a banana with my bran
before rushing off to my student appointment.
At noon, while some will stop exercising,
I will listen to the newsbreaks from the rowing
machine
or the sit-up board in the next room at the

Y.

All afternoon, reacting to each student paper,
I will suggest that the next topics be on earlier
wars,
defining holocaust and cataclysm,
not hearing the four horsemen.

Li Min Hua

Fatal inspiration

Dead tree branches hang over fields
of golden sorrow, while
The fog in the distance promotes emptiness
In a sky that already is
Lifeless

Ancient cemeteries of soulless ruins
Lie in wet grounds from the sullied raindrops
Leaving their spirits to remain
Hopeless

I walk through the vagrancies of this consign
In search of something other than sinister inspiration
But further torment my mind with
Darkness

Through miles of discouraging terrain I continue
With discouragement manifesting my visions
Until a spec of sunshine is revealed
And I realize I am...

Finished

Deanna Prall

A Romantic Autumn Drive

I tap a thought-finger on the sheets she folded.
We're on a highway. It's not the time to accuse,

or question. She's trying. She must be. We're the sort
who decorate the walls, with snowflakes of dust.
We lie in bed. Whisper mildew. Breathe wings, legs,
antennae. Lick stale salt from drooping skin. Let me

admit, I'm accountable, just as she, for not
being perfect, for not being clean. Let's laugh. No,
I can't. I'm driving. I recall coughing cartoon
quote-clouds the winter we couldn't pay for the heat,

the winter we dined, without recognizing
the coming check. Rain pelts the windshield, the
drumroll
of an imminent stoning. A woman shapes
herself inside a bubble – it's a reflection

floating over the wet tiles, only to burst, when
the woman I chose pokes me just below the ribs.
I want to slam a fist against her jaw,
to rattle her teeth, to wake her, but I'm

fistless, and accountable, just as she, for not
being perfect, for growing roots and tendrils of
lint. I pull off at a reststop. A rainbow arches,
half falling behind a hill, a half-frown

the color of a childhood smile. There's a pine smell,
the thought of how side-by-side trees lean into
each other. I stare at the backseat, cluttered
with bunched sheets she and I haven't had time to fold,

and I smell something else, the exhaust
from those who've driven by.

Henry Louis Shifrin, USA.

Glitter

I spied one moth white
flying against a stormy November night
and she was me
destined for disaster
but rare and alive nonetheless
perhaps one distant day
nameless we'll be pressed
in a yellowing page
fragments of an age
once moonlit and warm
mistaking any given ray of light
for the morn

Francesca Calabrese

Moving As One

The harmonica kicks in at just the right moment
lifting your hips into my cupped hands
staccato primal metal growling
praises pain and heartbreak
close your eyes and allow it in-
side throbbing red melts blue like veins
your sinewy arms shoot up
wrap around my sweaty head
guide me into your neck
where tears and flesh and the flowing blast
from his lips join in celebration
bottle rockets alight the sky
sparks rain down like honey
I feel the music inside you moving me
toward a climax of the soul
Buddha could but break meditation
stand from lotus legs
and soon his body would move
like yours pressed against mine
eternal oneness interconnected
the energy of the moment captured
in a complex tempo in your fingers
grasping my hair at the roots

John Sibley Williams

The Details

I stare at your picture, just inches away
and I'm comforted by the details of your face.
Your smile and your lips, the curve of your hips
The small of your back, where my hands used to rest
The inside of your thighs that I love to caress.
The taste of your skin, the smell of your hair
how my heart starts to race, when I'm kissing you
there.
When I'm doing it right, that sound you would make,
Slow down you tell me, please, make it wait
you try to hold back, but you can't, it escapes.
I stare at your picture, I honestly do
for it always reminds me, the details of you.

Kenneth Brown

Nobody Knows

The Talk-Show Puppet does not know.
These inanimate unwashed pillows
Do not know, the crud under my fingernails
Do not know the bum outside the liquor
Store had an idea, but does not know.
The soccer moms, the old and senile, the
Young sluts of college dorms do not
Know the world is about waking up,
Enduring, and then making it to your bed.
Till Death.
The Priest thinks he knows. The followers
Wish they knew.
The black paper gangster will never know.
The white accountants will never know.
The crack-heads only know there pipes
And ways to hustle for the next bell-ringer.
The ex, the axe, the gun, the politicians
Do not know.
God looking down on me right now with my
Cramped hands
Does not know.
The birds on the electric lines might know..
Times Square does not know.
Interstate Highway 95 does not know.
The brooding poet, the hopeful, the hopeless
All do not know.

Nobody has yet figured it out.
We don't have the time too.
There is too much history in these books
And we are sputtering out and still clueless as
Adam and Eve were.
Nobody knows anything and that's how it will
End, that's how it will be for you and me until
We all taste the scythe and are sent to our graves.

James Morrill

Sonnet

We shared our minds that night, when it was late
I asked: "How can you live in a murderous universe,
so full of hate?"
You said "I know that everything in this galaxy of
entropy
is hostile to my existence and wants to destroy me
and I know that I am destined to sink, inevitably
into the static embrace of oblivion like a stone in the
sea
but I just don't let it get me down;"
I regained a forgotten vitality as I heard you make
those sounds
and as I took a moment to contemplate your words,
so profound
the dead-weight of depression dissipated and I was
unbound
I transcended the unenlightened paranoia and
embraced hilarity
And the truth resonated with unadulterated clarity:
Yes, we are doomed to disappear forever in a fatal
instant
But our lives are sublime, if ultimately insignificant.

David Baake

Nobody

The family is gone and
The funeral pyre consumes
The last remains of flesh.
The fretting priest waits
For it to be over with.
Two half naked men
Fish for valuables
Left in half burnt bodies
Now submerged in water.

In the temple above the
Sound of Om descends
Passing though dry lumber
Tumbling over the stone steps,
Enveloping your senses,
Dying in the water.
You stand there wondering
What to prioritize;
The smell or the sound?

March 2005, Benaras

Mukesh Williams

Ancestors at Rajapur Cemetery

If you sit quietly under the shade
Of a margosa tree,
Watch the shadows
Lengthening over stone graves and
Hear birds chattering
As those who have found a voice,
Then you can feel protected
From evil spirits and
Yet talk to your ancestors.

Go ahead pick up any
Yellow margosa berry and
As you suck at it sweetness
Your grandmother might wake up
From a long sleep smile at you and
Ask you if you've had lunch,
What is your bank balance and
Why you didn't marry the Christian girl
From the Divinity compound.

As you find reasons to explain
Parrots and mynahs munch wild berries,
The wind reconstitutes the shadows
While more ancestors emerge
From the parched soil
Shaking the company of worms
Complaining the discomfort
Of mud and stone
Affirming their faith in you.

February 2005, Allahabad

Mukesh Williams

Never Second Best

You never were second best

You were always first best, where it counts,
to me, in my heart

The best place is where you start.

This is where you will always be.

Right here, in the deepest, intimate place, next to my
soul

I wish I were a painter, an artist with the gift, to paint
you a picture.

To where my best is.

Here in the centre of me.

That place which can't be seen, by the naked eye.

Never second, always first.

Wrapped and entwined, with your soul and mine.

Bonnie Florea

Standing in the Rain

If you were here I'd hold you in my arms
And kiss you like I'd never done before.
I'd shudder at the thought of letting go,
Caress your face then kiss you even more.

I'd take your hand, in tears just by your touch,
And lead you out into the pleasant rain.
I'd kiss again your damp and tender lips
Then dance away this constant mortal pain.

I'd cry into your shoulder filled with bliss!
My tears would change to not be tears of ill
I'd resurrect from what I'm feeling now
If only you would say you love me still.

Ida Duplantier

York

I.

Under the boughs of the willow
We found shelter for the night.
Curtained behind the drooping leaves
We lay listening to the raindrops.

At dawn, we rose from our soft bed,
Stretched, cast aside nature's curtain.
The cool, glassy river flowed slowly
By our resting place, glistening.

II.

Upon the ancient wall we walked,
The wall which once protected.
We felt its age with our palms:
Memories of battle seeped through stone.

We breathed in history thick as fog,
Saw visions of blood and elation.
Like the Romans, Vikings and Normans,
We came, we wondered, we disappeared.

Nathanael O'Reilly

Transplant

Ti leaves guard the doorways
a shadow of childhood
brought across the big pond;
and evening songs...where were they?
Lynn's hula and John picking the ukulele

far away memories chill a trade wind phantom
a January frenzy, now, dances in flakes across my
eyes
and the song of a pale, haole girl wakes my morning
my arms' warm Pacific current wrapped around her
shivering body, melting
both of us melting

and I am absorbed in this potted subsistence
carried by her wake
our promises

Chuck Failing

Identification

“Who are you?”
Photo cards in wallets,
work ID’s hanging from necks
on silver chains, jewelry, saying,
“This is who I am!”
Talk incessantly on cell phones
while walking, driving, waiting in lines.
“Who am I?” she asks
as she climbs the ladder to her SUV.
“You’re Serena,” the disembodied,
all knowing voice answers,
who happens to be her friend
taking a bath across town,
“Now tell me who I am?”
Serena begins to, “You are...”
but can’t remember the rest.
“Tell me who I am again?”

Raud Kennedy

According to Action

I am an entity;
I exist
needing to resume,
I act.
According to action
I effect
and influence
I am
according to my action.
That is how
you shall count me
and before action
I am not yet.
But I am with the heavens,
and my actions
will tell
my deeds will chart.

Michaela Sefler

Explorers

They did not know
your name.
They came and took
what they
felt was theirs for
their kings.

They tore down your
culture,
your gods, your faith,
your lives.
In history
books they

were exalted.
Their names
Were prominent.
Your names
were ignored and
expunged.

Explorers, who
brought death
to the new land,
who wrote
the books, skewed in
the truth.

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal

There are more important things in life

There are more important things in life

Than AOL, the kitchen, the washroom.

I chopped onions last night and washed

My father's greens. Out, out, damp spot!

How about Tchaikovsky in the winter time?

Anything to keep me sober, away from the chocolates.

I'll sweep myself away on a broomstick, I mean

A drumstick. Does Brumhilda push a walker?

I don't know. Does she? Does she?

There are more important things in life.

Chris Allen Clark

Sometimes I Think

Sometimes I think I was put here for you
To me with you and do whatever you want me to
But then I wonder
What's the reason why
You are here at all then I just cry

Sometimes I think we were made for each other
You know I loved your mother
And then I wonder why
But I guess I know
I just can't do anything , or not very much right

And sometimes I think I do know the reason
In the middle of the season
Nothing can be right
If I stay awake at night
And something isn't right

G David Schwartz

Artist?

The first time I read to you

You were grasping
Listening
Hungrily

It's like an outer body experience
Being called an artist.

I'm Like
 Who?
 What?

This is not me.
I say it as it's been given to me
It comes from letting God led
Clicking and understanding
What he feeds
To me

But it's my soul
Of which I refer to
As outer body
Because when I write
It flows and leaks
All over the page

My soul is not contained by
My body
It's rolling around
In between
Up and under
Lines
On hundreds of blank pages
That was once silent
And plain
My soul is bouncing
Around
Happily
Or angrily

My soul rolls around
In medium black ink

My Soul
Is the ballpoint
At the end of my BIC pen.

Tanisha Lee

Dearest

come here my love
hear the joy melody
of sky's curtain

tonight, in the spread of cleverness
over the strangeness of soul's veil

tonight when I'm holding your hands
under the wings clap of questions

the civet fragrant lose my way
the civet fragrant fly trough me
then fade away
in the superstition of poets

take me to the vision
of amulet's eve, my love

take me to the sepal of eclipse
maybe I should find you there

in the drizzle?
Of the servitude?

Pungki Purwito Tjahyono Hadi

Emmalime

A violet ribbon caressed her neck.
Leaves tangled her hair.
I could not stop her exotic, lime eyes
From wandering into mine.

I read to her wiccan tales of the never-dead.

Timberlands.
All pine.
Evergreen.

I gave her a kiss.
Wishing for a blink.
I gave in, to sink.

My lovely Emma,
Please rise to embrace.
I can smell her blood, still warm.
My lonely hope.

She was never real.
Still, I believe in her.

A whisper echoes,
"Never leave me."
Staring down at the forest floor,
Rotted wood and ghost flowers
Lay where she once came true to me.

Ronald J. Shortt III

With Time, You Will Be Crowned

If that which you believe in
Is deeply rooted on truth and righteousness Never
give it up
Even if it means standing alone
And threatening your existence
Because, your dream-which people mock
Your vision-which they do not share
Your mission- which no one will support
I earnestly pray thee to know
If only you will hold on tenaciously
Unwavering like HOREB
Then you will soon come to realize
That all has a date with destiny
And that destiny isn't just divine
It is indeed immortal and enduring
Therefore, you cannot afford
At this epic moment of your pursuit
Even contemplate to give in
To mortal quibbles which has no bearing
To the coming sweet success and victory
Keep your mind on the glorious crown ahead
Though the storms become fierce some
Like a rampaging predator after a prey
Though the tide overran the banks
Like a gazelle, to a tortoise
Though the clouds refuses to give way
Like the colors of a Leopard
Though the whirled wind rises
Like a lion going for the kill
Though the ground crumbles and falls
Like a biscuit in the hands of a child

And though the night tarries
Like an endless expectation
It will only be for a season
For the new dawn that will herald
The beautiful morn of glory
The peace that supersedes all understanding
The undying bliss that knows no end
Asserting the mantra of victory
Is indeed just by the next bend
And with time, you will be crowned.

Anonymous

Home

Natural Onyx Iris sees
recently Atlas has been blinded,
ingesting the heliotropes,
known as Temptress.
He drowned in your loquacious oceans.
Mavericks idolize your trophies that,
even mounted with the garnish of passion,
wouldn't help you
find your way back
to the center of the world.

Jennifer Catterton McCollum

When I Smell the Sea I Talk too Much

I need a ship
and a sailor name
so I can grow my
beard long and drink more
and start speaking
less and in shorter sentences
and you won't even tell me how
romantic it is.

And can you imagine the songs
I'll sing when I haven't
seen you or anyone else
I know in weeks.

Give me a small boat and I'll
take to the Mississippi tonight
and eat river cat for breakfast.
Then I'll sing the loneliest
songs that no one's ever heard
and they won't hear them.
and I'll try not to feel even
the least bit romantic
I swear.

Bradley James Bergstrand

The Way to the Library

Watching fish, sleeping beneath fields of ice,
thinking only how trees are like sex, the spreadeagle
of sex, the sex twining.

Sometimes I still hear that howl, braiding,
still hear the sea, saxophone, pigeon, still see
the tangerine bird hit by a car, the head popped off.

A turn of the head and all can change, the cat's
monotone cry lilts as death's syringe enters her flank;
slowly (or quickly) our senses abandon us,
what fictions or truths we tell with our hands
depart us, detail by detail. My brother-in-law
returned from the war, his steel eyes changed,
beyond

weeping: and what he told us, he made the children
leave the room. Spread lime over his memories that
they might dissolve, white sky, black rain, mangoes.
Called upon at any instant of night or day,
we dissect the eye of the bull, and find it pregnant,
we return, to the ruins, to claim once-form. We
return.

Carolyn Srygley-Moore

Next best thing

Love that golden rainbow grasping unto it when
evidence already tells
An alien hug; Judas kiss never felt this good
Go on and lie, toast a drink when red wine taste like
blood
Please go away and follow that broad road which you
are well familiar with

Deprived of everything not wanting to beg, and stop
playing your game
And that is when realization hit like cold water on
lethargic morning
You never loved
Spiraling downhill where vipers hiss and a deserted
friend does not look back

Run to the hills that sing a quiet song of heartfelt
sorrow
Pick up a flower or daisy, gently hearing within it a
soul at peace
Shake up old dust and make new this room, change
tapestry
Smile because old friends who cared not will come to
congratulate

In a restaurant or playing pool by a country club,
where young maidens saunter about
Tough guys hurry to finish up a job, "taking orders;
sir!"
Laugh and be merry for bleak days are memories
gone cold
Gold necklace and silver bracelet the new rule in town

Jeffrey Koh

Weights and Measures in Cuba

All systems are blended.

Metric is official, but one sack of sugar weights

329.59 pounds

not 149.49 kilograms.

Hectares exist only on paper.

Fertile soil is still measured in caballerias of 33 acres

the size of a pasture needed by each knight errant

to graze one massive, armored war horse

five hundred years ago.

Time is judged by the length of a line of weary people

waiting for food rations, or a train

or a truck converted into a bus.

Atheism is official, but the events of history are

named

according to hurricanes that happened to fall

on a particular Saint's Day.

Distance is the number of songs one can sing

along the way.

Margarita Engle, USA

Wintry Night

Colors are dull and infectious,
the flirting spring is far from sight.
Sitting at the window I see
memories moving out of light.

A child bundled in mittens and scarves
Excitedly makes a snow angel.
Familiarity crinkles my brow,
fleeting snow gone with time so fragile.

A warm fireplace glow with warm cocoa
are reminding pictures of a winter's night.
Afraid to look back to reality,
the window masks the winter's bite.

Dancing snowflakes whirl about,
the snow is sparkling with a certain glee.
Yet as I watch before me,
the glittering muddies severely.

With cynicism as my warm soup,
A cloudy glass to be my sight,
Those clichés are far from near
while I wait away this winter night.

Anonymous

Foibles of Humanity

The wings of a butterfly shorn,
It lies in its consuming throes,
Yet the general view is of scorn,
Treated "humanely", thus.

Yet stripped of its glory,
The flower still blooms,
Every autumn, its hoary
Old blossoms are viewed.

So I an observer, sit patiently,
As the flowers and seasons parade,
Over and over, resiliently,
While I can merely cope with change.

Katherine McIntyre

The Sun

I reach up over the sky
I grab at your thoughts
I smash the world into you
I wrestle the phrases of poetry into rivers of enigmas
that fall all over you
I discover all the hallucinations and dizzy and ecstasy
that is you
Everything is you and me and the sunshine
Around each person is the landscape of their
psychosis

Wolf Larsen

Silky Sexy Mid-Night Air

Around my body,
The air flowed cool & smooth as silk.
Sexy it was and felt as I pulled the hit outta the
square into
My grainy lungs released it slowly
Back into the gulf coast twilight waiting for nothing &
Everything to come.
I could only imagine where the rusty trotting boxcars
in the distance were heading.
Away from here, that's for sure.
Away from the ravaged southern coast line between
Gulfport and Biloxie.
Away from the stresses of uprooted trees and
families.
Away from the hurricane blown homes, hotels, and
franchises
Lining the Ave.'s south of the train tracks carrying
endless boxcars heading towards
Anywhere but here.
The rails sounds screeched on by but I stayed on
base.
No amount of squares could make my mind travel
Further than the steps it took me to leave room 655
Out behind the Air Force Inn,
Looking for an escape.
"Drinking the night away", she said from Chicago's
South Side but I had no escape.
Ni cerveza, ni yesca, ni mescalito, ni nada.
Only my thoughts to keep me occupied and the
autobiography of Miles Davis.
I could picture 52nd Street lit up with

Living-room sized jazz clubs like
The Onyx and Three Deuces,
Hustlers hanging around entrances like second-hand
decorances,
And New York City succumbing to the beats bouncing
outta every crevice
Blaring from the deep freed souls of the baddest
motherfuckers around...
But I wasn't there and like he prophesized, it would
never be like that again.
History is history and every seconds fattens up his
belly.
Meanwhile,
I find myself on the wings of the midnight air,
Not quite in despair, but searching for life's grandeur,
Something beside these two fucken cockroaches
chasing each other across this once
Flooded sidewalk.
What a waste of time, at least for me it is. For the
moment, at least it is.

Isboset Gonzalez

A Poem of the Night

A poem
is a thought
of flowers
near frost,
dangling stiff
bitten by
the vampire of
late fall,
hanging desolate
near dusk
from a pot
on a patio porch-
with a yellow bulb
light beaming
conspicuously outward
over chilled
yellow green
glazed grass.
Inside, my cat Nikki
hunches on a coffee
table, toasty and warm,
nose pressed
super-glued
to the window-
on guard for
passing birds,
cars,
utility vans
with large bubble eyes.

Michael Lee Johnson

Speak to me, My dearest Poetry

Speak to me,
my dearest poetry.
Whisper things of love,
glorify heaven above,
scream from ancient graves,
unbridle the tongues of modern slaves,
cry from the slums and hood,
brag it's all good,
holler from behind those walls,
nature I hear your calls,
chat with me about your dreams,
reveal your diabolical schemes,
yell to me in celebration,
teach me of an underdog's elevation,
tell me of your pain,
gossip about disdain,
sing me a tune,
whine of doom and gloom,
talk me through seasons,
complain of malfeasance.
I hear you in imaginary places,
so opinionated in diverse races.
Give thanks for kindness,
testify of being blessed.
Give praises to another,
rebukes to the other.
Be a spokesperson for the needy,
chew into the greedy.

Lift up hung down head,
shout through the lead.
Tell my story.
Tell their story.
Tell everybody's story.

Stephanie C. Treleaven

Warped and Twisted

Harsh words and violent blows.
Hidden secrets nobody knows.
Eyes are open, hands are fisted.
Deep inside, I'm warped and twisted.
So many tricks and so many lies,
Too many whens and too many whys.
Nobody's special, nobody's gifted.
I'm just me, warped and twisted.
Sleeping awake and choking on a dream
Listening loudly to a silent scream.
Call my mind, the number's unlisted,
Lost in someone so warped and twisted.
On my knees, alive but dead,
Look at the invisible blood I've bled.
I'm not gone; my mind has drifted.
Don't expect much, I'm warped and twisted.
Burnt out, wasted, empty and hollow,
Today is just yesterday's tomorrow.
The sun died out, the ashes sifted.
I'm still here, warped and twisted.

Lindsay R. Snider

I Know the Future

Life begins, and life it ends.
The body it shivers, the mind it pretends.
A sea of faces flash before my mind's eye,
I know their future, the truth can not lie.

The little girl riding her bike,
The old man smoking his pipe,
My mother kneading the dough,
My sister laughing slow.

I see them lying there too,
In her place, cold and subdued.
Their smile painted on, their hands folded in,
Like a beautiful butterfly, in life's book, secure with a pin.

The baby boy with his rattle,
The brazen kayaker with his paddle,
My best friend running by,
My dog jumping like he can fly.

I see them all there in her place,
Lying still with a peaceful face.
I know nothing of them its true,
Except they will all pass too.

The policeman with his gun,
Little children simply having fun.
My grandma sleeping in bed,
My cousin merrily dancing ahead.

My children a spark in my eye,
I see them all on the day loved ones will cry.
And the day they will see me too,
Resting soundly with that certain hue.

Melissa Mortensen

Eve at the Forest's Edge

You can not simultaneously measure
the velocity and position
of one part
of the divided nuclei
in motion.

As we proceed
the tree appears to move
away, toward
the place of
no trees

as if this were not our choice,

existence;
peripatetic within
time
without
existence,
un-united travelers.

born sliding,
pressed
away from clinging things

as if this were not our choice.

The sun
as a symbol

clangs and ruptures
against the glass
window of
the place of worship

and some hand
(not mine)
spreads itself
like a dismembered insect,
toward god

what is still, positioned, found
throughout
time of existence.

as we move toward the place of bodies
split through
with the sharp
edge of the immobile
sword
(what's velocity and position
can be measured simultaneously
at all times)

the sharp edge

of bodies
standing, limbs akimbo,
in rows, their blood beading apples
on the flesh,

as we move
ambivalent within
the place of knowledge

toward the place of bodies
toward the place of no trees

toward time
without existence.

Chavisa Woods

Promiscuous

Let me tell you my tale of *Religious* Promiscuity.

My free thinking

Awakens the Buddha in my eyes
before there is Dharma,
before ignorance is washed
In the eyes of the Buddha, I love zen
a clatter of the turning of the million Chakras curl
twining in my mind
while I'm in meditation, while I'm selfless.
I know suffering through His words
I know every atom in the universe like he did through
his mind
And I know of love through his heart.

My secret

Allows me to walk the dirt trail in which Christ walked
And hear whispering secrets that echo within the
Roman pillars
A sacrifice across a cross, with blood drenched iron,
driven through flesh.
There is life beyond death, there is a kingdom beyond
sin,
I'm assured that my tears have acceptance,
And my sins have forgiveness,
I know the father in His face,
I know myself, the son, in his arms,
I feel the unconditional love from above,

When ice cold waters gush out of the heavens and
onto me,
With the sting of Titan's ray,
When Luna, soothes the wound of a broken heart and
watches over me all night,
I feel the love, unconditionally.

My prayer

Purifies me with the presence of Ganesha
Invokes Shiva in me when I dance the Tandava
And the grace of Shakti when I dance the laasya
I am all-knowing like the books of Saraswathi
Glimmering like the Gold of Lakshmi,
Fierce like Narasimha
And flirtatious like Krishna.
There is Raudram when I find BadhraKali in me
And Hasyam when Murugan comes out to play,
Vishnu when I close my eyes and dream,
And Brahma when I open my mind to write.
Teaches me to Love like Bhuma Devi, to love
selflessly.

My pilgrimage

Knows of a hot sun hunger in the month of Dzul-
Hijjah
Among the millions, in search of nearness to Allah,
I know of a deep meditation in the Hira' Cave,
And a war of Holy blood,
And death by choice.
I am entangled in the art that is the Kaabah,
And drawn to eyes behind veils.

I feel God in the recital of Dhyana Sloka, When i wake
to the
5 am Solat or
when I hear the Church's rings

when I see monks clad in orange-maroon robes, or
when I say the Gayathri Manthiram,

in Grace,

in thankfulness, Alhamdulillah.

I feel God in the brilliant flash of a summer storm
lightning,
in the salt of a virgin tear,
in the half mud half metallic scent of rain,
In pain and sorrow, lust and longing,
Sex and salvation,
through life and momentary death,

in every – blasted – atom – to – ever – exist -

-I feel, God's presence.

But it is past the physical façade,
in tune with the unchained melody of my prayer,
that I feel God,

in love.

because I have the freedom to Love

"I do not live in Heaven, nor do I live in the Heart of the Yogis, but where my devotees say my name, there I am"

kG Krishnan, Malaysia

Rain and the Kid

Little drops of rain
Flow down the window pane
They fall from the sky
Here I am safe and dry.

They wont let me walk
They wont let me play
They wont let me go
From the doors today.

They drizzle and whistle as they go
Dust and frost they let them go
They took away my ball
And made me sit beside the wall

They call me naughty
And they pat me
I have nothing to do
O rain tell me what shall I do

Pitter Patter rain
Dont cause me pain
I can play on this side
Why can't you play on the other?

Shilpa Karthik

Farming Paradise

I do not picture us
as some would: flowing-robed, behind
pearly gates, or in marble mansions,
but seated in incandescence
of a lone yellowed bulb, filtered
by early-morning frying grease
lifted from bacon and sausage.

Biscuits brown, you pour us coffee,
I'm "old enough for it" now,
I guess -- we talk
of nothing and everything:

Headlines and weather,
fishing and finances,
and then the topic turns as earth
to the day's job at hand;
there's that planting to do in
the northeast corner -always
one spot in that northeast corner-
reserved just for us to work.

John Davis Jr.

Tea For Sleep

Purple stains the ceramic,
Rings right under the edges—
The mark of the cooling level
When the bag hovers and then drops,
Drowns to the bottom,
When the chopped, crushed leaves
Soak and release swirls of citrus,
Scent rising as steam from the center,
Filling the room to the outer corners.
In the morning,
I wake to cold liquid in a cup,
Having fallen asleep before it steeped.

Christina M. Rau, USA

When Next We Come To Meet

I used to see you, in happier times, in younger days,
in casual fashion

When we were young, and had no teeth, and
cherished love, and made it count

Remember Uncle, remember friend, remember
brother, or does it matter?

It did to me, but since you freeze I'd rather bask in
heat

In better days we laughed, we played, we courted
crisis, we struggled

We had a bond and life went on, too fast and much
too full of woe and grief

It threw a wedge between our souls; it sent us on our
polar journeys

But what of it, they say that's life, to me it is defeat

Roll over now and play as dead, forget the past
you've come to fear

Thus drain the life out of your bosom and frolic in
your plastic state

I choose to dwell in entity, though smarting it may
fairly be

At least I can look in your eyes, when next we come
to meet

Gary L. Morris, Ireland

Sandy at the Beach

The first time I kissed Sandy at the beach,
Brewster State Park, 1963, I was standing knee deep
in the fresh water pond at dawn.

We conspired to slip away that way
before anyone else knew we were gone.

She was tall and blonde and bronze,
her skin was warm and I was cold as ice.

She kissed me twice.

Somewhere in a parallel universe where Time stands
still

I am still standing still, knee deep in that pond
waiting for her to press her mouth on mine
and feel her shiver innocently beneath my touch.

Jack Conway, USA

Evolution

When we swam in the sea
I was you, and you were me
When we crawled onto land
You were I, and I was you
When we climbed up the trees
We were one and the same
Now you drive your fancy car
While I still swing from tree to tree
You can no longer become me
Only I can become you
But never forget that in the end
I am you, and you are me

Jesse Tyler

The Writer's Barricade

(Blank Page and I
have a staring contest;
and I imagine...)

scribble phantoms
upon his face
and in the
margins of his eyes,

writing of
Noggin's notions
and Heart's harping,
in granite guise.

But wisps of words
are all they are,
foggy fragments
of futile thought,

and all my efforts
to describe them
with language
lead to naught.

And so I feel
I surely ought—
to forfeit?

Nicole Abress-Gooding, USA

First And Last Poetry Workshop

"write down what you're thinking
what's in your mind, in your soul
and we'll discuss the results."

the workshop leader instructed
with the very best of intentions

i'm sure,

but i

ain't thinking bout' nothing

in particular

and liking it an awful lot

so i bask in the void

dance with the void

chant to the void

in fact, i am the void!

just another lost poet

writing down these very words

lacking any concrete meaning

like all others behind

they're all mine

merely a moment in time

in which i get up,

stand up

walk out the door

and never

ever

return.

Scott C. Kaestner, USA

The Physics of Tea

Sitting in the living room
Drinking tea with her and
Talking about special relativity
And the fact that the most distant
Galaxies are racing away from us
At 80 percent of the speed of light and
As she considers this

Pulling a wayward strand of hair
From her face, she begins to twirl it,
Worrying it between her fingers, and
I am touched by the girlishness
Of this gesture, as she says very seriously:
"Gravity is a fear of being alone"
I laugh

Setting my tea down on the table
Hearing the percussion click
Of a china cup meeting the saucer and
As she smiles the freckles on her cheeks
Gravitate together in Newtonian fashion
And I know now that
What holds everything together
Is simply deep attraction.

Doug Tanoury

Becoming One With You

I've never been able to push ...
the clouds away myself ...
so I would pretend ...
they just weren't there.

I then learned how to run ...
that became the thing to do;
only to be hurt again ...
for all I found was fear.

I stand naked before you ...
exposing all my scars ...
battle signs from years of abuse ...
painting my soul black.

Stone-cold and hard as rock
my heart is thus to me;
living under stormy clouds ...
with thunder wracking in my head.

Unsure of who to trust,
unaware what to expect ...
I see you reaching out to me ...
like the trees reach up to God.

I feel comfortable and needed ...
as warm as life itself;
the thunder becomes laughter ...
my scars were a mirage.

As we join together ...

my coldness and your warmth ...
our souls are bound, the blackness fades ...
and a rainbow, just appears.

And the clouds have all rolled on.

Bryon D. Howell, co-written by Shawn Liquia

Accounting

In the soul's per annum bank
clerks in tiny cages, bored,
trapped like misers, rank on rank,
count the treasure that they hoard.
The increase we hope to earn,
portion of our daily needs,
sought in promise of return
for the efforts of our deeds.

Gary Beck

Ender

patience is not to be seen
clearly losing in its race with ambition
forced feelings give obvious satisfaction
still, lust will never conquer love
this routine sets the flame
but the fire will soon die
sure to leave soon, leaving you
speechless
incoherent
ignore any lessons waiting to be learned
and jump back onto the battlefield
pride slowly opens the door
intent on leaving quietly
unseen, unnoticed
instead; not a soul misses its exit
but know there is a choice;
resent every thought
or let your conscience commit suicide
I choose the latter, but please
don't speak of it
happiness? no.
this grin is caused by repression
that will blemish my sight
whats the necessity of patience?

Lisa Nelson

Why I Fell In Love

Maybe it was your glasses. The way your hand slipped into mine under the table. It was a long time before you would walk with me at 3 a.m. to the Kettle Restaurant after a fight, even though I was wearing your sweat pants, the ones with holes in the crotch, and a ponytail in my hair. You like that I bruise easily too; there is an ocean inside both of us, simmering relentlessly, and the first time I saw you blue heat surfaced for a moment. *I didn't mean to scare you.* Our eyes adjusted to darkness, what light sifted through made us translucent, bodies of water weeping warmth. You and I sat on the floor sibilant, eventually we were kicked out, but those ten minutes were jalapeño juices making our eyes stream something unsmiling, but a joke nonetheless. This was months before burrito night and drives across the palm of this place to read poetry to each other. *We didn't speak fiction often.* You told me once people should leave the church and go back to God. I remember laughing because you didn't believe in much of anything, but redemption is something we have both been looking for and now I think the first glimpse I had

was in your face, refractions of everything
holy in the convex glass of your eyes.

Adrienne Lewis

Dreams of a newborn babe!

I urge, urge to soar-
Soar up to the end of Universe.
I urge, urge to espy-
Espy the end of Rainbow?

I wish, wish to hum-
Hum the song of Birds.
I wish, wish to hear-
Hear the song of Rivers.

I murmur, murmur to stop-
Stop on boundaries.
I abhor, abhor the rhythm
Rhythm of surviving life

I lust, lust to do-
Do some difference in life.
I like, like some thunder-
Thunders in stormy rain

Jim Pearl

Desolation

for Michael Sharkey.

How I feel loneliness
seep into my skin.
It is a cold, moist growth,
a silver thing.

I have felt it writ
in words of a shoulderblade size
upon my back, shiver
in a desolation of light.

And I feel it glow
around me, upon me,
a parasite of old.

Where is it? Where will it go,
if I am to live long,
if I am not gone?

Phillip A. Ellis, Australia

Hold on to Hope

With the light gone from my eyes,
And pain in my heart,
When one aspect of life ends,
Another must start.
You may not want it to happen,
But you will still go on.
Whatever doesn't kill you,
Will make you grow strong.
All things heal with time,
And the pain you feel will fade.
You'll forget what it was that hurt you,
All the memories will be unmade.
Your heart might be stolen,
Stepped on, then returned.
Just consider it a lesson,
That was very hard to learn.
When someone comes into your life,
That wants a little more,
Don't forget the lessons past,
Use what has come before.
There may be other times that fail,
But don't give up on trying.
If you stop yourself from feeling at all,
It would be the same as dying.

Daniel Bonacich, USA

Nishant Sings a Song in His Head

The valley was full
of roiling clouds
and cloud pieces broke of assuming different
shapes
one became a mist hawk arching over my head
and it was all so beautiful
the clouds were the purest white
and the sky
when I could see the sky
was azure
and as I grew into that sky
the snow covered mountains were just flat
the whole world was flat compared to that sky
and the sky was so beautiful it hurt
it was all so magnificent that it was hurting me to
look at it
and I knew that I would have to wake up soon
or be lost in that sky.

William C. Burns, Jr.

The Cool

the cool is the lie
the heat is the blessing of death
the sadness that it is a blessing
in the face of the cool's demise
amongst the fear

the cool is the boy trying to be a man
what he knows is a man
the heat is the real boy staring the cool
wanting the heat
the fused ramshackled bone
the knotted rusty chain
the lazy buildings built to be lazy
to be the bone chain

the cool is the rejection, the fight, the dimness
the heat is dim in the cool
the rotted picked through souls
the necessary life of the manipulated
spawning from the grey cemented soil
to live angry and boulderous
to die fragments of the heat
to die frayed, draped on the throne of cool

the heat is the knowledge of the man
the ignorance of the cool stare
the repression of the wreckage
the failure of those that caused it to burn

the drum of the heat is intimidating
it is not the rhythm of the cool
the shake under the restless stability of the know
the vision kept aside

the boy rumbles and the man convulses
the lack of witnesses is terrifying
to the blind that see
the cool is the lie

Mark Stafford, U.S.

Watered Bourbon

Rain puddles are still,
even though sewer pipes
are regurgitating their bloat.

Currents of charcoal liquid
rise to meet second story views:
drift wood of mast and limbs.

Water will drown submerged
lungs if you allow it to—as levees
out of shape from neglect will
wince towards retirement.

As the tide steps back,
cobblestones, blue clapboard
and the brass section go with it.

Rows of toothless buildings
hold their breath while their
innards become displaced.

Gaunt figures rummage through
shards of scrapbooks. Turquoise
and onyx heirlooms send bubbles
upward as they spiral downward.

The children: they float by on their
bedroom doors, wonder if it is
alright to come out now.

Michael Philip Hudson, USA.

Blazing Sunrise

At dawn, white dappled clouds are dotted like
periods,
A clear blue sky, with the start of a blazing sunrise,
Light ripples across the lake with a light airy breeze,
From the lakeshore to the environs, it touches the
barren trees.

Pale orange arches across the cityscape like a rainbow,
Yellow brightens the morning with a touch of color,
Pink stretches out across the skyline,
Peach collides with pink in a light combined hue.

Kristen Howe

Night Night

The night slowly withers like a candle
until your wading through darkness thick as oceans
(frail as cobwebs)
the shadow lust can't last as light sprinkles from
above
in a heavenly rain that lets the desperate thinkers
solve the night's puzzle;
beauty; it's really just beauty.
the darkness can be so gorgeous that you swim
through its rich nothingness,
an eternity wide ebony grand piano that plays and
plays and plays
and while they're dancing with the stars which just
twinkle and the moon which sings;
if you realize listen you can hear; it echoes the past
and croons the future,
it knows you better than you may know yourself
because it just sits and watches.
and floating in its lunar halos is a present wrapped for
those who find the time for it,
you can last any day, no matter how rough,
because when the candle withers once again,
the dark glorious smoke of the night rises
and all can be forgotten.

Ryan Uellendahl

Winter Forestwalk

The place with no metal
Earth balanced
in
the cry of full silence

snow engrained in the rich clay
heavy oaks of summer

anxious horizon
maybe the Spirit of Bear
walking on the dark heights
indolently staring at time
maybe the Spirit of Wolf
sensing the white
mastering the fear

No document of future

Walking round
the paths never seen before
emptiness teaches and sadly covers the hills

Approaching the melting horizon
smells like an unknown dormant town
with no people characters
just colours of the lost

Afraid of just having switched the cups
and drank
I go back
walking
the other paths never seen before

Amedeo Dellago, Romania.

The Search for Wings

I suckled her music into me,
A duet with my mother's
Swollen breast and hot milk.
She pumped,
Flooding my core
As I gasped existence
Into the greater fabric of life.

The gripped desire to be fed
Overwhelmed and I greedily
Mouthed her teat
For a bellyful of humanity,
I swallowed my future deeply.

My mother sang
Imperious songs
Of damned eternity
As she forced herself into me.

I have no memory of her pushing,
When I left the immensity of her womb
And the light pinched my dormant senses.

The gods of breathing nature attacked
As the bacterium of time began to tick,
My fiery wings fell from possibility
As I landed in the waking soup of my life.

Vincent Berquez, UK

Strong Horses Pull Us Toward Perdition

Strong horses pull us toward perdition
But we resist, digging our heels in deep,
Beating the sweaty flanks of our steed instead,
Tugging at the reins of our ambition.
We are all headed in the same direction
And can only stop to rest ourselves
Until we're off again.
The road to ruin may be paved
With gold and good intentions
But we must take a different route
To reach our destination.

Jack Conway

Autumn's Child

Baby Katie
Buried, yet breathing
Underneath wet mushroom spores
Autumn,
Naked solipsist

Eagerly eaten away by mildewed microbes
Dank snails graze, glistening
A lofty woodpecker composes
Nursery rhyme lullabies
Equinoctial eyes spy on

Healing hands hammer at plug
Swelling maple
Extracts thick and rich
Sweet syrup throbbing
Bottleneck

Michael Dykstra, USA.

Delirium

Over the sands seagulls screech and call,
Where the blue waters gleam,
The battering waves slap and fall,
To break a pebbles dream.

The vast wet shores do girdle hills,
High steep and ancient,
And the sunlight haltingly spills,
The dark is all ambient.

A well-carved shrine here once I saw,
That told many timeless tales.
Of human avarice and of war,
And all life entails.

Many a mystique forest glade,
In the vale of those hills,
Numb my mind and my senses fade,
And I hear phantom trills.

That disturbs my inner most mind,
What sang that hymn of pain?
The accursed must thirst to find,
And awaken to the world again.

In the caverns of the old shrine,
A stone statue does rest,
What mind can measure or define
the solitude in his chest.

On the cliff once with flashing eyes,
A rave man I did see,
Calling to the world with loud cries,
Oft I think it was me.

Jay Krishnan

How do I Love?

How do I love? From *neshama* to *neshama*, soul to soul, I
bless you with my thoughts and feelings, bathed in
divine light.
How do I love?

How do I exist? Hashem loves me and fills my being
with *neshima*-
breath, just as He fills the world with His presence,
the mysterious
process of *memalleh*.
How do I exist?

How do I care? How do I respond? In my sleep,
Hashem takes me
to the Tree of Life, which I climb until I reach the
divine sphere of
Chesed-Mercy, a shining light in white and silver, and
I am bathed
in its mercy.

And when I awaken to the sound of our baby crying,
I feed her until
she is no longer hungry. I let my wife sleep for she
has worked hard
caring for our baby all day and most of the night.

If our baby has wet herself, I will change her diaper.
If she needs a
bath, I will bathe her. And then we will sit in a
wooden rocking chair,

father and daughter, and holding her in my arms, I will rock back and forth until she falls asleep. Before I go back to sleep, I will kiss my wife and our baby on the forehead. These rituals of caring I have participated in since the birth of our child.

How do I care? How do I respond?

How do I see? Through the eyes of Hashem, I see you as you are and not as I want you to be; and you are free to be and become, blossoming into your ideal self as you wish, as you choose, for we are separate and we are one. We are free.
How do I see?

How do I know? In my repetitive dreams, Hashem speaks to me, comforts me, but tells me there is much on earth I will never know. All that is concealed will not be revealed now. Yet through love and union, I will know.

When I awaken, I kiss my wife and baby on the forehead. We are one.
How do I know?

How do I love? From *neshama* to *neshama*, soul to soul, I love. In the morning, I hug my wife and hold our baby girl next to my heart. We paint a beautiful tableau with the brushstrokes of *neshama* and Hashem's *neshima*. With His

"cosmic breath," He shares a "cosmic kiss" with us.
And we are one.

How do I love?

Mel Waldman

Waiting for You

I have waited for you

All this while

Waiting for you

And your precious smile

Glitter in your eyes

Concern in your voice

Your touch making me shiver

A million times

I have waited hoping you would return

To call me again

As your sweet angel

To give me advice ,to help me survive

In this cruel world that I despise

But all this waiting has paid a price

I have lost my youth , that's a surprise!!

Crying, hoping you would return

Give me kisses, gifts and tons of attention
But neither did you return nor showed up
In dreams, in person or as sweet text messages
All that came was a phone call
Saying you have left this earth on
8th November,2004....
Still I wait
For that precious smile
In case it shows up
And brings in life ...
In this old body that's used to waiting
For a thousand memories and tears its shedding
This heart will beat till its last thump
Till you return my sweet angel...
In case you show up and I am sleeping
Let me wait ,and welcome you
With sweet smile and warm greetings.....
Kajal Chand, Fiji

A Dream

She is cool, calm and magnificent

She is dynamic and modern, not ancient.

When I saw her, she looked fascinating

When I touched her, she gave me an inner feeling.

When she walks or runs, her chest talks to air

She is really elegant and nice, worthy of good care.

I only wish she becomes mine,

WE would go anywhere – love, ride and even dine.

Wow! What a comfort and beauty

She is driving me crazy.

Hey! Donot think and wonder

She sparkles like pearl even in wind rain or thunder.

Come on ! don't get absorbed in my words

It is only a dream car, which is in my thoughts.

Beautiful Moments

Gone are those days, it will never come back

All those beautiful moments, we will always lack

Where all the family members used to sit around

Talk, laugh, cry, eat, enjoy and play in the home ground

When Dad used to go to the farm

We brothers used to follow him arm in arm

When Mum used to go for washing

We used to follow her just for nothing

In the car all we went to visit relatives

It was fun for us , we did not had any incentives

We enjoyed playing in the rain

Despite reminders not to do it again

Those lovely moments have created memories

It can never be substituted with any entries
Gone are those days, it will never come back
All those beautiful moments, we will always lack.

Sanjay Kumar, USA

First Snow

All night, wrapped in blackness of walls
I lay with dreams.

Snow danced and dropped in gray
woolen sky
woman of sky, woman of warm breath
woman of windows whose hair is wind
beautiful, clinging to trees

snow woman of burrows, dancing
woman of nests
branches webbed white, woman
of colored thread
woman of fibres and cloth, woman who warms
smooth fingers in my fur
each floating fragment, flowing in fells
of soft hair, draped in dreams.

Steve Klepetar, USA

Better Stop Trying

He is so tall that he can become a model
He is so sexy that he is better
than a champagne bottle
His voice is so amazing
That its like magic has fallen
His face is so cute
That he can get stolen
He reeks of an angel
And decent girls can turn into trollop
So why would he marry me?
He is better off alone on a horse and gallop
He'll find his perfect match
So I should stop bugging him

Before my heart gets trodden.

Khushbu Chand

Who the Hell Are You?

I see you, I miss you

I don't see you, I miss you more

Who the hell are you

I cant love you, yet i cant hate you

i cant be with you yet i hate to be without you

A person impossible to be angry with

A person not possible to be happy without

Who the hell are you?

Roneel V. Chand, Fiji

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