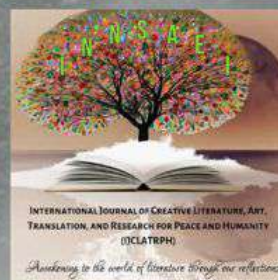


INNSÆI

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL
OF CREATIVE LITERATURE, ART,
TRANSLATION, AND RESEARCH
FOR PEACE AND HUMANITY
(IJCLATRPH)
(BLIND PEER-REVIEWED JOURNAL)

VOLUME III
ISSUE 4
JUL/AUG 2022



SPECIAL FEATURE

FIRST INNSÆI
INTERNATIONAL
LIT FEST & CONFERENCE
2022 (IILFC'22)

COVER STORY

Geetanjali Shree's
Winning the Booker Prize
2022 Implores New Dawn
in the Skyline of Indian
Languages by
Indrani Chatterjee (India)

LITERARY MAESTRO

A Souvenir from the
Celebrated Indian Poet:
Hon. Shri Jayanta
Mahapatra (India)

FEATURED WRITER

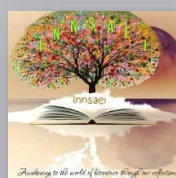
Smitha Satyen Ravi (India)

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Volume III Issue 4

July/August 2022



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Contact

General: infoinnsaeijournal@gmail.com

Submission: subinnsaeijournal@gmail.com

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VISION

An honest voice having the vision to provide a vibrant literary culture with creative writers, artists, translators, and researchers to promote peace and humanity in society.

MISSION

1. To provide a vibrant literary culture among creative writers, artists translators, and researchers.
2. To encourage young writers, artists, translators, and researchers in society.
3. To initiate the promotion of peace and humanity in society.
4. To provide an ambience among the literary communities to work together for a common cause.
5. To provide a platform for the deep inner expression of suppressed thoughts.
6. To encourage hidden voices from the grass-root contributors giving them an opportunity to express human values.
7. To promote translation as a medium of exchange of cultures around the globe.

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*A captivating souvenir misted with a literary journey
in Goa flowered the hope for many for fascinating
chapters to be unveiled in future ...*

We are waiting for another literary event ...

Are you?

SPECIAL FEATURE

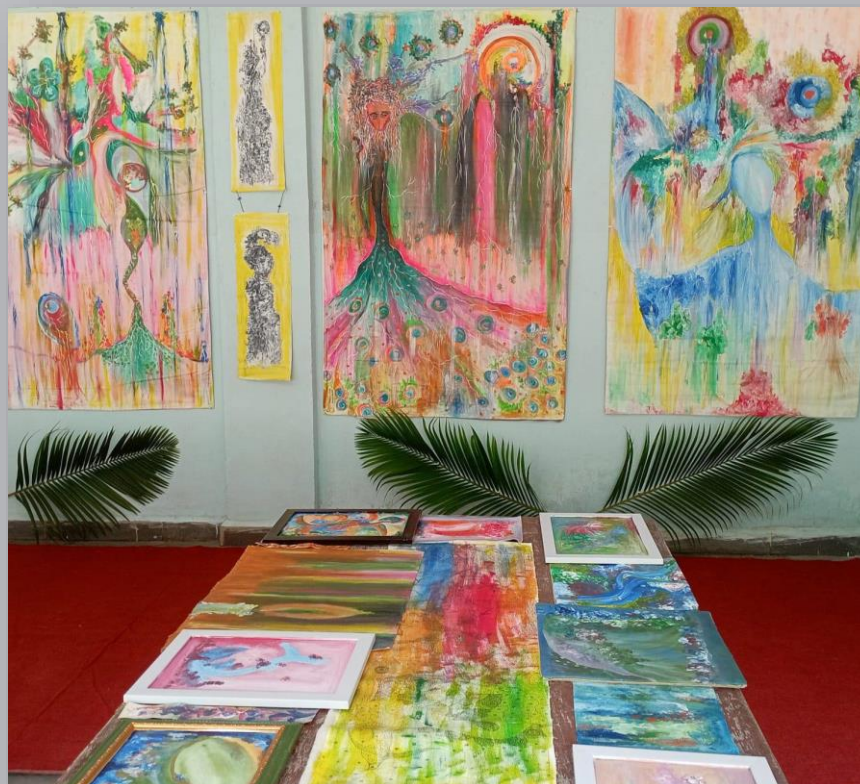
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Chetan Manju Desai College, Canacona, Goa.*

THE COLLEGE



INAUGURATION OF ESSENCE

(An Art Exhibition)





REGISTRATION



INAUGURATION OF INNSÆI INTERNATIONAL LIT FEST &
CONFERENCE 2022 (IILFC'22)













HONOURING THE LITERARY AND CREATIVE CONNOISSEURS



RENDEZVOUS WITH LITERARY MAESTRO



PHOTO SESSIONS WITH THE HON. CHIEF GUEST



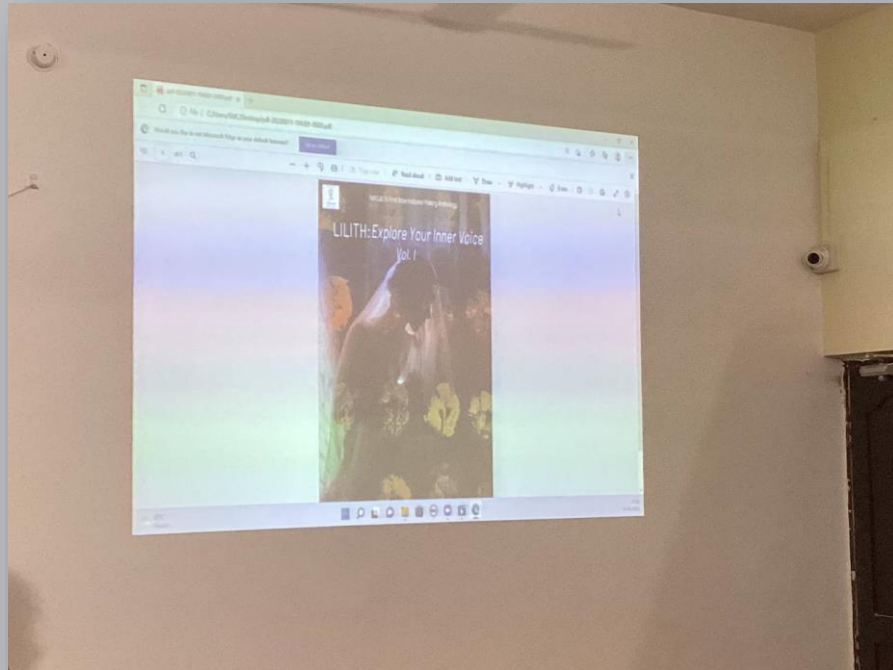


BOOK LAUNCHES





BOOK COVER PAGE OF
LILLITH: EXPLORE YOUR INNER VOICE (VOL. I & II)



LARGEST MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL IN INDIA
LAUNCHED WITH NAME, LOGO, AND WEBSITE





PAPER PRESENTATIONS







PLENARY SESSION



INNSÆI'S FIRST GLOBAL LITERARY AWARDS 2020-21:

Best POETRY - Teji Sethi (India)

Best FICTION - Dusan Pejakovic (Montenegro)

BEST NON-FICTION - Bindu (India)

BEST SHORT STORY - Sonya Nair (India)

BEST ESSAY - Don Lubov (USA)

BEST MEMOIR - Rashmi Rekha Dhar (India)

BEST QUOTE - Noushad Saffron (India)

THE BIG ONE ...

BEST OEUVRE - Dusan Pejakovic (Montenegro) for fiction.

PEACE AND HUMANITY AWARD -

Hillary Mainga (Kenya) for his outstanding humanitarian work for children and work peace.



Best POETRY - Teji Sethi (India)



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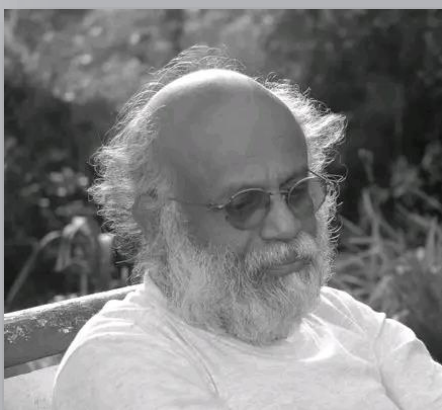
INNSÆI GLOBAL LITERARY AWARDS – THE PANEL OF JURY



Hon. Arindam Roy (India)



Hon. Chryssa Velissariou (Greece)



Hon. Daya Dissanayake (Sri Lanka)



Hon. Dr Jas Kohli (India)



Hon. Dr Stephen Conlon (Australia) Hon. James Sutherland-Smith (Great Britain)



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POETRY RECITATION





VALEDICTORY FUNCTION





PHOTO SESSIONS





THE BUDDING INNSÆIANS'



THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF INNSÆI JOURNAL



JNANPITH AWARDEE, HON. DAMODAR MAUZO INAUGURATE THE
FIRST INNSÆI INTERNATIONAL LIT FEST AND CONFERENCE 2022
(IILFC'22)

A report by

Ms Shristy Sinha (India) & Mr Orbindu Ganga (India)

The first two-day International Lit Fest and Conference 2022 (IILFC'22) of INNSÆI Journal, concluded in Goa. INNSÆI International Lit Fest and Conference were organised on 18th and 19th August 2022 at Shree Mallikarjuna and Chetan Manju Desai College of DPM (Gyan Prabodhini Mandal) located in Canacona, Goa. INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH) collaborated with DPM's Shree Mallikarjuna and Chetan Manju Desai College, Goa for the Lit Fest & Conference 2022.

The principal of the college, Hon. Dr Manoj S. Kamat with his eximious team led by Dr Purnananda Chari (HOD of Konkani) with the able support from Dr Rupa Chari (HOD of Hindi), Mr Vividh Pawaskar (HOD of English), Mr Hemant Aiya (HOD of Marathi), Ms Ulka Kalekar (Ass. Prof.), and Mr Premjit Velip (Ass. Prof.) provided us with all support for hosting the event. The special commendation to all the participants, students, volunteers, teaching, and non-teaching staff for their support in making the two days event a grand success.

Apart from the INNSÆI founders, the new innsaeians took the mantle for the successful organisation of the lit fest. Ms Aditi Barve has been a one-woman (perhaps of her valour) army at the registration counter, taking care of the registration process for two days without breaks. The young innsaeians, Ms Simran Ghasi, Ms Aarya Desai, and Mr Vedant Teli have been instrumental in providing all the support. Dr Janatha R Kumari chaired the plenary session with another guest invitee.

The first International Lit Fest and Conference of INNSÆI Journal was a great experience for English literature enthusiasts, research scholars, and art lovers since it

touched upon all the facets of creative literature and research literature with colours adding artistic nuances to it.

ART EXHIBITION: ESSENCE

The fest began with the opening of the Art Exhibition: ESSENCE. The art exhibition got a glimpse of the best paintings by Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul, a member of the Editorial Board of INNSÆI Journal, which fascinated everyone. She made the students and honourable dignitaries make the colours speak.

INAUGURATION BY HON. DAMODAR MAUZO

The FIRST INNSÆI INTERNATIONAL LIT FEST AND CONFERENCE 2022 (IILFC'22) was inaugurated at the auspicious hands of Hon. Damodar Mauzo in the presence of the well-known painter Hon. Bhaskar Hande from the Netherlands and the famous writer of Konkani literature and Sahitya Akademi awardee Hon. Devidas R Kadam. The major sessions were compered by Dr Rupa Chari with the college organising committee led by Dr Purnanda Chari, providing the able support to conduct simultaneous sessions. Many other celebrities from the world of art and literature were also present.

LITERARY CONNOISSEURS HONOURED

At the INNSÆI Lit Fest, Hon. Damodar Mauzo, Hon. Bhaskar Hande, and Hon. Devidas R Kadam was honoured for their contribution to literature. The presence of such literary connoisseurs added charm to the lit fest.

OVERWHELMING RESPONSE TO PAPER PRESENTATIONS

Several sessions were organized during this two-day INNSÆI International Lit Fest and conference. During this, research papers were presented by researchers from different states of India under the chairmanship of eminent professors. Simultaneous paper

presentations were organised in different halls to cater for the eximious response of the research scholars.

BOOK LAUNCHES

Three book launches included *Souvenirs of Best Indian Poetry in English of 2021* compiled and edited by Orbindu Ganga and *Kainaat*, a collection of Hindi poems by Dr Tejaswini Patil, the founders of INNSÆI Journal. We also had the book launch of Dr Rajshree Bhandodkar Karapurkar's children's book *yes...that's chinky!*

The book cover of INNSÆI's first collection of poems, *LILITH: Explore Your Inner Voice* (Vol. I & II), was also unveiled.

EXHILARATING PLENARY SESSION

We had enthralling plenary sessions with the erudite talks by Hon. Ligia Tomoiaga from Romania on the topic - *The eye that looks at the world and the hand that writes about it. The civilisational and humanistic role of literature* and Hon. Lucila Trappazo from Italy on the topic - *enbeduanna, the first poetic voice in the history of humanity*.

INNSÆI'S FIRST GLOBAL LITERARY AWARDS

The first INNSÆI GLOBAL LITERARY AWARDS 2020-21 was organized during the Lit Fest in which awards were given in different categories.

- Best Poetry - Teji Sethi (India)
- Best Fiction - Dusan Pejakovic (Montenegro)
- Best Non-fiction - Bindu (India)
- Best Short Story - Sonia Nair (India)
- Best Essay - Don Lubov (USA)
- Best Memoir - Rashmi Rekha Dhar (India)
- Best Quote - Naushad Safron (India)

And the Best Oeuvre - Dusan Pejakovic (Montenegro).

Hilary Manga (Kenya) was awarded for her outstanding humanitarian work for children and world peace under the PEACE AND HUMANITY AWARD. The award ceremony witnessed a beautiful glimpse of Goa's culture through music and dance.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF LARGEST MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL IN INDIA

The announcement of the name, logo, and website was unveiled, the largest multilingual journal in India, *MatruAkshar*, is to be launched soon by the founders of INNSÆI, Orbindu Ganga and Dr Tejaswini Patil.

POEM RECITATION AND VALEDICTORY FUNCTION

Finally, poems were presented in English, Hindi, Konkani, Assamese and other languages chaired by Hon. Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul. Different sessions in this two-day conference (IILFC'22) were chaired by eminent personalities.

The valedictory function culminated in presence of the chief guest Dr Chetan Manju Desai who gave away the mementoes to all those who made the Lit Fest and conference a grand success.

FOUNDERS' VOICE

Founders' Voice

Dear Beautiful Souls,

Greetings!!!

Not every day do you have a smile that lasts for many days and continues for weeks. This time the realisation of being in a delightful and yet another amazing literary journey is testimony for itself of what we have achieved in this little period. It is never easy to be in ecstasy every time but when we have such moments we ought to count it with open arms and let it become a memorable experience, a souvenir that keeps us pushing with the same zeal and zest.

July-August is a special issue of the year with so many feathers to it. Our beloved advisory board member, fellow, Sahitya Akademi (India), the most celebrated writer of post-independence of modern Indian English poetry, Hon. Shri Jayanta Mahapatra ji's handwritten poetry will feature in this Issue, a souvenir for Innsaei since its inception. It comes at the right time as we organised our first international Lit Fest & Conference 2022 (IILFC'22). The cover story of celebrating Indian oeuvre in the Indian language getting recognised on a global platform is a beginning for Indian literature to be visible on the global platform. Never had an Indian book translated into English receive the Booker prize, it is an honour for Indian writing in an Indian language.

In collaboration with DPM's SHREE MALLIKARJUN & Shri. Chetan Manju Desai College, Canacona, INNSÆI organised its first International Lit Fest & Conference 22 (IILFC'22) Goa on the 18th - 19th of August 2022. We would like to extend our sincere gratitude to the college DPM's SHREE MALLIKARJUN & Shri. Chetan Manju Desai College, Canacona, Goa, hon. Principal Dr Manoj S Kamath, organising committee members, volunteers, teaching and non-teaching staff for your unrelenting support to stage the event in your college.

The lit fest was inaugurated in the auspicious hands of our chief guest, Hon. Damodar

Mauzo, a Jnanpith awardee in Konkani in presence of renowned painter Hon. Bhasker Hande (The Netherlands) and Hon. Devidas R Kadam, Sahitya Akademy awardee in Konkani. The connoisseurs were honoured during the occasion for their contributions to the literature. We had interesting topics for paper presentation by the research scholars. We also organised the book launched - SOUVENIRS OF BEST INDIAN POETRY IN ENGLISH OF 2021 - compiled and edited by Orbindu Ganga and KAINAAT - by Dr Tejaswini Patil in the presence of our chief guest. The BOOK COVER PAGE of INNSÆI'S first anthology, LILITH: *Explore Your Inner Voice* (VI & II) was unveiled. India's largest multilingual journal was unveiled with its name, logo, and website of the multilingual journal. The winners were greeted with the greatest applause during the INNSÆI'S FIRST GLOBAL LITERARY AWARDS 2020-21. Hillary Mainga (Kenya) received the first INNSÆI'S PEACE AND HUMANITY AWARD for his outstanding humanitarian work for children and work peace. We had enriching talks by Ligia Tomoiaga, Ph.D. (Romania) and Lucilla Trappazo (Italy), enthralling the audience for our plenary session. We also had the poets sharing their beautiful poetry captivating the audience. Valedictory ended a delightful literary session in presence of Hon. Dr Manju Desai.

We would like to extend our gratitude to the writers, artists, and scholars for participating in our event and making it a success.

The lit fest is a new beginning for many fascinating events to unfold in future.

We shall be back with another event in January. Stay tuned for more updates.

Kind Regards,

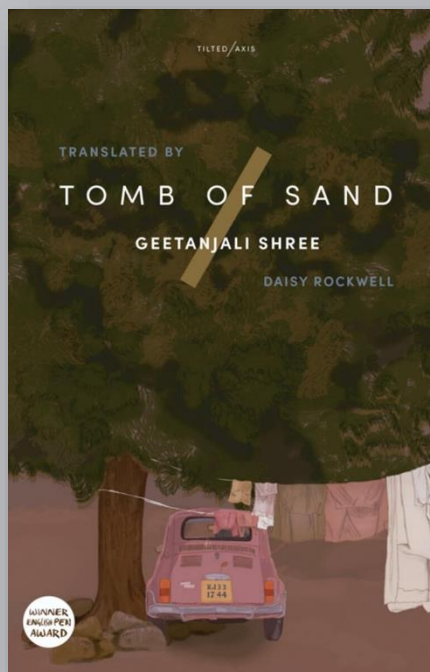
Orbindu Ganga and Dr Tejaswini Dange Patil

Founders and Literary Research Editorial Directors

INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRP)

COVER STORY



(Photo Courtesy: Google)

2022 Booker prize winning book *Tomb of Sand*



(Photo Courtesy: Google)

2022 Booker prize winner, written by Geetanjali Shree and translated by Daisy Rockwell.

Geetanjali Shree's Winning the Booker Prize 2022 Implores New Dawn in the Skyline of Indian Languages

by

Indrani Chatterjee (India)

As soon as the culminating news of Indian writer Geetanjali Shree, winning the International Booker Prize for her Hindi book *Reth Samadhi*, was flashed across social media and various other platforms, it created huge alacrity amongst the whole literary community of India. It was like a new aurora, infusing fresh rays of hope in the vibrant spheres of literature, opening many new doors for Indian languages, all over the world.

The Booker prize is a prestigious international literary prize, awarded for the Best Novel written in the English language published in the United Kingdom. The winner of the Booker prize receives international acclaim which leads to immense publicity for the book. Historically, the criteria were that the recipient has to be a citizen of Commonwealth Nations, the Republic of Ireland or Zimbabwe. Whereas later, on 18th Sept 2013, it was announced that the future Booker prize awards would consider authors from any corner of the world, as long as the work is in English and is published in the UK.

In the year 2022 Indian writer, Geetanjali Shree along with American translator Daisy Rockwell won the prize, for the book titled *Tomb of Sand*. The book, originally written in Hindi, is the first book in any Indian language to have won this highly coveted honour. This award carries prize money of £50,000 which will be split between Rockwell and Shree i.e. the author and the translator.

The original book titled *Reth Samadhi* narrates the saga of an 80-year-old woman as the protagonist in a North Indian setting. She suffers depression after the demise of her husband but then fights back and finally emerges into a new fold of life. The book draws inspiration from the author's life as well. The lead character of the story survives depression and decides to visit Pakistan and face the past she left behind during the Partition of 1947.

She also indulges in an unconventional friendship with a transgender. The novel portrays a woman who is trying to liberate herself from the biased norms of society and start her life afresh and also her determination to fly into the face of convention. As Shree writes *border milan ki rekha hai*, the book reflects on varied human relationships. Mother-daughter, child-parent, siblings, human-to-human and many more. The protagonist confronts the unresolved trauma of her teenage experiences of Partition. The word *border* is also used as a metaphor for all kinds of walls, age differences, perceptions, friendship criteria and many other such boundaries that exist in different spheres of life. It also plays the emotional vicissitudes of life.

Born in the city of Mainpuri, Uttar Pradesh, Geetanjali Shree at the age of 64 years, is the author of 3 novels and several story collections. *Tomb of Sand* is the first of her books to be translated and published in the UK. The Hindi version was published in 2018 and was widely acclaimed. The book written by Shree has outmatched five other finalists including Argentina's Claudia Pineiro, Polish Nobel literature laureate Olga Tokarczuk and Bora Chung a South Korean author, to be awarded this prize.

Frank Wynne, the chair of judges, asserted that the panel were *captivated by the power, poignancy and playfulness of her novel. This is a luminous novel of India and the Partition but one whose spellbinding brio and fierce compassion weaves youth and age, male and female, family and nation, into a kaleidoscopic whole*, he said. He confessed that he hadn't read anything like this before and its *exuberance and passion* make it a book the world should do with right now.

Shree, a History student, who didn't receive her formal education in Hindi, wrote her first novel in the language almost two decades back, titled *Maai* meaning *Mother*. The book was translated into English by Nita Kumar. Her writing journey however unknown to her then, started with writing long letters in Hindi to her mother, when she was in the hostel. Shree started writing literature in her late twenties. The Booker prize winner always dreamt of becoming an author since childhood. Munshi Premchand has been her ideal and inspiration, from whom she scurried her penchant for Hindi literature.

It was a complete bolt from the blue, but a nice one. I did not realize what it meant, what the implications of it were, how large it was...I realized its huge recognition, and I feel humbled and honoured. These were the words of International Booker prize-winning author, Geetanjali Shree. She evoked a moment of pride and recognition for India from the world over when *Reeth Samadhi* became the first Hindi novel to win the esteemed prize. *Tomb of Sand*, the English translation of *Reeth Samadhi*, authored by Shree and translated by Daisy Rockwell, created history with their win, a vivid and indomitable creation that first made it to the long list and then the shortlist and then stood to be the ultimate winner. The win is significant because this is the first time a Hindi language book of fiction has postulated this honour. A much acclaimed and exemplary win that has unfurled the façade of hope for Indian languages on the horizon of world literature. The aspiration of Indian authors to bring forth the glory of literature to stellar heights has been augmented by Shree's win. Her stirring composition *Reeth Samadhi* has also been translated into French by the author Annie Montaut. In Shree's words *behind me and this book lies a rich and flourishing literary tradition in Hindi and in other South Asian languages. World literature will be richer for knowing some of the finest writers in these languages*, she said.

Shree writes in the opening pages of her novel *once you have got women and a border, a story can write itself. Even women on their own is enough. Women are stories in themselves, full of stirrings and whisperings that float on the wind, that bend with each blade of grass.* In a BBC interview, Shree said the novel tells human stories that are universal irrespective of their cultural and social milieu. *There are many stories that came together in the book... but it's also a story of an old woman who gradually rose up from her death bed to reinvent her life*, she said.

Tomb of Sand has accrued roaring reviews in Shree's home country. *The novel is a stunningly powerful story about stories that never end*, the Hindu newspaper claimed. Rockwell's version reveals that *Tomb of Sand* was one of the most difficult works she had ever translated because of the *experimental* of Shree's writing and her *unique use of language*. But she also extended that the experience was also *great fun* and *liberating*.

Geetanjali Shree's novel was translated into English, the eligibility criteria. The Booker prize awarded every year is for a single book that is translated into English and

published in UK or Ireland. According to the judges, Rockwell has risen remarkably and unprecedentedly to the nodus of the text and emotions of the novel. She wonderfully touched on the subtle differences between the characters and subjects. Thus Shree with her profound intensity for penning literature in Hindi and deft augmentation by erudite translators like Daisy Rockwell, there can't be space for dubiety to the fact that sparkling days are not far behind when literature in Indian languages will firmly exalt their banner in the court of world literature. The humongous achievement and recognition that the *Tomb of Sand* received, has paved for Hindi literature and many more Indian languages for the future to speak. Shree believes that though it is an ecstatic trice for Hindi literature we must perceive that one moment's glory is not enough if we don't learn from it, act on it and sustain and carry the movement forward.

About the Writer



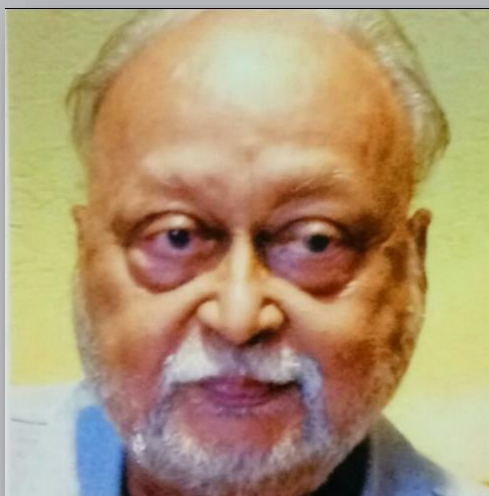
Indrani Chatterjee (India)

Indrani Chatterjee, a published author and mother to her only autistic child. She is a student of Loreto Convent and Commerce and Arts graduate from Calcutta University. She is a verse composer and pens for several social platforms. Even from the barred layers of felicity, her emotions occasionally well up to inundate the white in blue. Nothing is

ceremonial in her revelation and approach, purely self-motivated. She only wishes her readers to glide along with the rhythmic undulations of her penmanship.

She is also an ardent music lover specializing in Rabindra Sangeet (songs composed by Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore). Currently, she is pursuing a Graduation course in the same.

LITERARY MAESTRO

A SOUVENIR FROM THE CELEBRATED INDIAN POET:**Hon. Shri Jayanta Mahapatra****Hon. Shri Jayanta Mahapatra, Fellow, Sahitya Akademi (India)**

Jayanta Mahapatra is a famous Indian Poet writing in English who is deeply rooted in Indian ethos. He was born on 22nd October, 1929 in Cuttack, Orissa. His father Lamuel, was a School-inspector of primary schools. He was brought up in a middle class Christian family. His grandfather, Chintamani Mahapatra, adopted Christianity during the devastating famine in 1866 that rocked Orissa. Mahapatra himself has stated that he finds himself to be a Hindu despite his grandfather's conversion.

He completed his school education in Stewart European School education in his B.Sc. with Physics from Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, He completed M.Sc. at Patna

University, Bihar and afterwards was appointed as a lecturer in Physics in Ravenshaw College, Cuttack.

He was trained as a physicist. He was interested in photography as a physicist. He was interested in photography and short fiction, and finally started writing poetry at the age of thirty-eight. His first volume of poems was published at the age of forty-three, i.e. in 1971.

As Mahapatra was born and brought up in Cuttack, Orissa, it was expected to write in Oriya, but he selected English as a medium of creative writing.

Though, he started writing poems very late, his poetry has achieved reputation not only in India but even abroad. He received the prestigious “Jacob Glatstein Memorial Award” (Chicago) in 1975. He is the first Indian poet in English to have received “the Sahitya Akademi Award” (1981) for his *Relationship*.

Works:

Mahapatra began writing short stories of first which he published in journals and still writes occasionally. But he turned to poetry rather late, in the late forties. However, his poems appeared in well reputed journals in India and abroad. His translations from Oriya into English bear the stamp of his originality.

The richness and sophistication of language, the softness and delicacy of the words chosen, the systematized arrangement of the experiences through the feel and thought, the sweetness of music emerging from a fountain like how of the verse form contribute to the greatness and ingenuity of Mahapatra’s poetry.

He was reluctant to write poems in the style of his contemporary poets. He developed his own different style which was not easily accepted by the publishers even.

By virtue of his birth and upbringing, Jayanta Mahapatra is firmly rooted in the landscape, as mentioned before, of his native land, Orissa. The important places of his state, Cuttack, Puri, Bhubaneswar, Konarka, the Chilika Lake, its legends, history and myths its tradition and culture, its past, present and future, have occupied the landscape of his mind. Relationship, his Sahitya Akademi Award winning masterpiece, tells of his quest for his roots.

Poetry:

- **Close the Sky Ten by Ten**, Calcutta: Dialogue Publications, 1971.
- **Svayamvara and Other Poems**, Calcutta: Writers Workshop, 1971
- **A Father's Hours**, Delhi: United Writers, 1976.
- **A Rain of Rites**, Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1976.
- **Waiting**, Samkaleen Prakashan, 1979.
- **The False Start**, Bombay: Clearing House, 1980.
- **Relationship**, Greenfield, New York: Greenfield Review Press, 1980:
- **Life Signs**, New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1983.
- **Dispossessed Nests**, Delhi/Jaipur: Nirala Publications, 1986.
- **Selected Poems**, New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1987.
- **Burden of Waves & Fruit**, Washington DC: Three Continents Press, 1988.
- **Temple**, Sydney/Mundelstrup/Coventry: Dangaroo Press, 1989.
- **A Whiteness of Bone**, Viking Penguin, 1992.
- **The Best of Jayanta Mahapatra**, Kozhikode, Kerala: Bodhi Publications, 1995.
- **Shadow Space**, Kottayam, Kerala: DC Books, 1997.
- **Bare Face**, Kottayam, Kerala: DC Books, 2000.
- **Random Descent**, Bhubaneswar, Odisha: Third Eye Communications, 2006.
- **Samparka**, Natuna Dilli: Sāhitya Akādemi, 2006.
- **The Lie of Dawns: Poems 1974–2008**, New Delhi: Authorspress, 2009.
- **Land**, New Delhi: Authorspress, 2013.
- **Hesitant Light: 2015.**

Prose:

- **The Green Gardener**, short stories, Hyderabad: Orient Longman, 1997.
- **Door of Paper: Essay and Memoirs**, New Delhi: Authrospress, 2006:

- **Bhor Moitra Kanaphula.** In Oriya. Bhubaneswar, Paschima, 2011.

Poetry in Oriya:

- **Bali** (The Victim), Cutack: Vidyapuri, 1993.
- **Kahibe Gotiye Katha** (I'll Tell A Story), Arya Prakashan, 1995.
- **Baya Raja** (The Mad Emperor), Cuttack: Vidyapuri, 1997.
- **Tikie Chhayee** (A Little Shadow), Cuttack; Vidyapuri, 2004.
- **Chali** (Walking), Cuttack: Vidyapuri, 2006.
- **Jadiba Gapatie** (Even If It's A Story), Cuttack: Friends Publishers, 2008.
- **Smruti Pari Kichhiti** (A Small Memory), Cuttack: Bijayini, 2011.

Books Edited:

- **Ten: The New Indian Poets.** Edited and Selected by Jayanta Mahapatra & Yuyutsu Sharma. New Delhi/Jaipur: Nirala Publications, 2013.

Anthologies:

Mahapatra's poems have been anthologized in the celebrated volumes of Indian poetry edited by R. Parthasarathy and A. K. Mehrotra. Significant anthologies in which his work appears are:

- **The Poetry Anthology 1912–1977**, Boston, USA (Houghton Mifflin, 1978)
- **The Vintage Book of Contemporary Poetry** (ed. J. D. McClatchy; Random House, USA, 1996)
- **The Poetry Anthology 1912-2002**, Chicago, USA (Ivan R. Dee, 2002)

Short Stories:

1. **Kahibi Gotia Katha (1997)**

Chandrabhaga- A Journal published by Jayanta Mahapatra as its Founder Editor.

Poems Published in Journals:

His poems appeared in the journals of world–repute, such as Ariel, Critical Quarterly, Times Literary Supplement, Boundary-2, Hudson Review and Sewanee Review.

He has been represented in various anthologies in India and abroad as mentioned above. He is the founder editor of *Chandrabhaga* a magazine devoted to new writings from India, but now folded up and the poetry editor of *Calcutta's Telegraphy*. He has also guest-edited a Special India issue of *South and West Magazine* (USA). Mahapatra received many awards of World-repute. These include:

- RaedLeaf Poetry Lifetime Achievement Award for Poetry, 2013, Hyderabad.
- Second Prize – International Who's Who in Poetry, London, 1970.
- Jacob Glatstein Memorial Award – Poetry, Chicago, 1975.
- Visiting Writer –International Writing Program, Iowa City 1976–77.
- Cultural Award Visitor, Australia, 1978.
- Japan Foundation – Visitor's Award, Japan, 1980.
- Sahitya Academy Award – National Academy of Letters, New Delhi, 1981.
- Invited Poet – Asian Poets Conference, Tokyo, Japan, 1984.
- Indo-Soviet Cultural Exchange Writer, USSR, 1985.
- Resident Writer – Centro Culturale della Fondazione Rockefeller, Bellagio, Italy, 1986.
- Invited Poet – University of Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur, 1988.
- Singapore Festival of Arts, Singapore, 1988.
- New Literatures in English Conference, Justus-Liebig-Universitat, Giessen, West Germany, 1989
- ACLALS Silver Jubilee Conference, Canterbury, England, 1989.
- First Prize – Scottish International Open Poetry Competition, 1990.
- Invited Poet – Poetry International, The South Bank Centre, London, England, 1992.
- Cuirt International Poetry Festival, Galway, Ireland, 1992.
- EI Consejo Nacional Para la Cultura y las Artes, Mexico. 1994
- Mingei International Museum of World Folk Art, La Jolla, USA. 1994.
- Gangadhar National Award – For Poetry, Sambalpur University, 1994
- Ramakrishna Jaidayal – Harmony Award, 1994, New Delhi.
- Vaikom Mohammad Basheer Chair – Mahatma Gandhi University, Kottayam, 1996–97.

- Invited Poet – ACLALS Conference, Kandy, Sri Lanka, 1998.
- Awarded Honorary Degree – Doctor of Literature, Utkal University, Bhubaneswar, 2006.
- Invited Poet – Weltklang Poetry Festival, Berlin, Germany, 2006.
- Bishuva Award – Prajatantra Prachara Samiti, Cuttack, 2007.
- Padma Shree Award – India's Padma Shree Award, 2009.
- SAARC Literary Award, New Delhi, 2010

Poetry Readings: Outside India:

- University of Iowa, Iowa City, 1976
- University of Tennessee, Chattanooga, 1976
- University of the South, Sewanee, 1976
- East West Center, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1976
- Adelaide Festival of Arts, Adelaide, 1978
- P.E.N. Centre, Sydney, 1978
- Australian National University, Canberra, 1978
- International Poets Conference, Tokyo, 1980
- Asian Poets Conference, Tokyo, 1984
- Aoyama University, Tokyo, 1984
- Sapporo University, Sapporo, 1984
- Writers Union, Moscow, Leningrad & Lvov, USSR, 1985
- Singapore Festival of Arts, Singapore, 1988
- Dewan Bahasa dan Pustaka, Kuala Lumpur, 1988
- University of Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur, 1988
- Universitas Indonesia, Jakarta, 1988
- University of the Philippines, Manila City, 1988
- Museong Kalinangang Pilipino, Manila, 1988
- Irish Writers Centre, Dublin, Ireland, 1992
- Sligo Arts Centre, The Grammar School, Sligo, 1992
- The Guild Hall, Derry, 1992
- WEA, Newcastle upon Tyne, Hexham and Durham, 1992
- The South Bank Centre, London, 1992

- Universities of Hull and Leeds (UK), 1992
- The Naropa Institute, Boulder, Colorado, 1994
- Instituto de Cultura de Campeche, Mexico, 1994
- Instituto de Cultura de Puebla, Mexico, 1994
- Clark Atlanta University, Atlanta, USA, 1995
- Hunter College, New York City, 1995
- University of the South, Sewanee, USA, 1995
- Writers Forum, De Kalb College, Atlanta, USA, 1995
- Writers Forum, St. Andrews College, Laurinburg, USA, 1995
- British Council, Kandy, 1998
- Indian Cultural Centre, Colombo, 1998

In India

- | | |
|--|--|
| • Andhra University | University of Jadavpur |
| • Calcutta University | University of Delhi |
| • Osmania University | The Poetry Centre, Hyderabad |
| • Visva-Bharati | Santiniketan |
| • North East Hill University, Shillong | Tezpur University |
| • IIT, Guwahati | India International Centre, New Delhi |
| • Bharat Bhavan, Bhopal | University of Lucknow |
| • DAV College, Kanpur | Arts, Science & Commerce College, Durg |

A SOUVENIR FROM THE CELEBRATED INDIAN POET:

Hon. Shri Jayanta Mahapatra

Founding Editor

CHANDRABHAGA

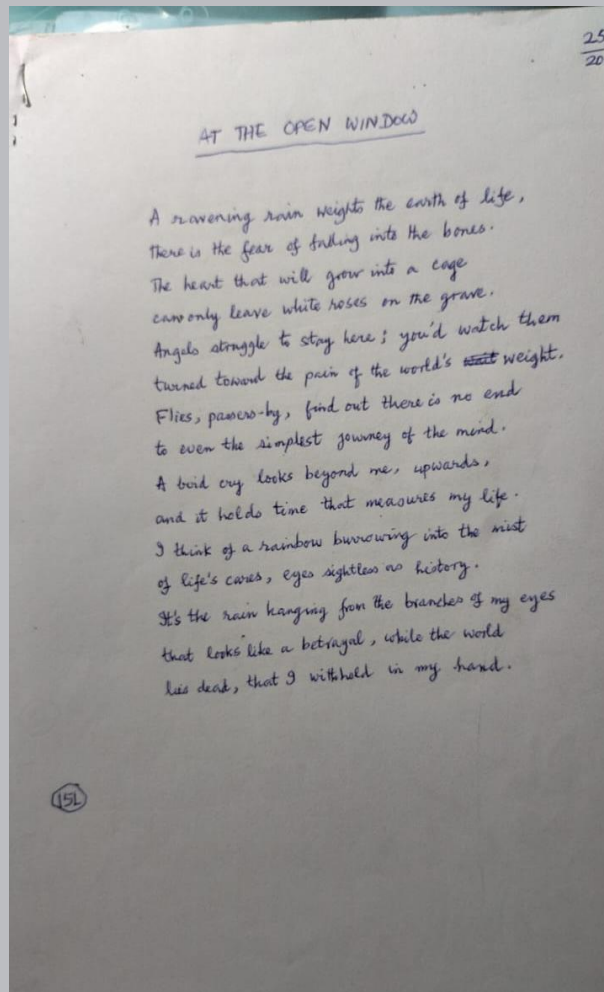
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Member, Advisory Board, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)

It is such a delight to share the handwritten poetry of Hon. Shri Jayanta Mahapatra ji. It shall remain the souvenir for INNSÆI since its inception. It is our honour to have Hon. Shri Jayant Mahapatra in our Advisory board. We hope you would love his poetry.

Happy Reading!!!



AT THE OPEN WINDOW

A ravening rain weights the earth of life,
there is the fear of falling into the bones.
The heart that will grow into a cage
can only leave white roses on the grave.
Angels struggle to stay here; you'd watch them
turned toward the pain of the world's weight.
Flies, passer-by, find there is no end
to even the simplest journey of the mind.
A bird cry looks beyond me, upwards,
and it holds time that measures my life.
I think of a rainbow burrowing into the mist
of life's cares, eyes sightless as history.
It's the rain hanging from the branches of my eyes
that looks like a betrayal, while the world
lies dead, that I withhold in my hand.

- Shri Jayanta Mahapatra

FEATURED WRITER



Smitha Satyen (India)

Smitha Satyen (Smitsy) born in a middle-class family enjoyed her childhood, thoroughly. Nature always excited her and she loved reading, fiction and poetry. A graduate in chemistry from Mumbai University, worked as a lab chemist and then got married and settled in Kolkata. The wheels of time spun pretty fast. Somehow along the way she stumbled upon her fondness for writing, using it as a medium to pour the mayhem of emotions in her daily life exploring her own potential to rearrange the 26 alphabet to paint it on paper through rhymes.

The Tapestry

Smitha Satyen

Woven with intricacies
Blending in emotions many
Dappled with smiles and pain
The tapestry fluttered in the breeze

Saga of valour eons past
Still in its yarn vibrantly alive
Narrating each turn of time
The Tapestry detailed it all well

Old withered hand steady
Eyes twinkling with wisdom deep
Straining with concentration keep
The Tapestry slowly came into being

Pink from the blushing bride's cheeks
Green from the nature's abundance
Yellow from the sunshine warm & rich
The Tapestry happily flaunted each

Red from the blood and gore
Blue of the grief hard to bore
Black like the eerie shadows dark.
The Tapestry displayed the lore

POETRY



Petros Kyriakou Veloudas (Greece)

Petros Kyriakou Veloudas was born in 1977 in Agrinio, Etoloakarnania, where he lives to this day. He is a graduate from the Open University of Patras and is serving as a kindergarten teacher, at present. He is an academic poet at the AMCL Academy of Poetry and Philology in Brazil, executive director of the Argentine Poets' Confederation, member of the International Society of Greek Writers and a member of the *World Union Of Poets & Writers*. He has received many international poetry awards so far and his poems have been translated into many languages and are included in the encyclopedia of contemporary Greek poets' editions CHARIS PATSIS.

Teared Happiness*Petros Kyriakou Veloudas*

Happiness
that lived in exile
in a love that
worship had become ironic
And when you
rained and in the cold
your ego met
with your false face
that you wore to cool
Tearful explosions...
I do not look at the stars anymore
and the sky is raining knives
on the earth it is stabbing
them it's the fault of the angry sun
that is angry...
With the flying ideas
Hercules hits Hydra Mountains
Chimeras that it kill.



Paramita Adhikari (India)

Paramita Adhikari is currently working as a SACT (State-Aided College Teacher) at the Department of English in Serampore Girls' College under the University of Calcutta. She is a passionate learner. Poetry is her constant companion. She loves travelling, reading and cooking.

What Else I Need to Make It Out*Paramita Adhikari*

Nothing can be forgotten,
Nor the sweetness of Memory, nor the glimmer of Hope.
When it gives voice to Love at a sudden,
Success or failure doesn't manifest in bioscope.
Although I am obtaining by you!

Seeing the falling dew on my lips, your greedy eyes burn;
Desiring of touching hue on my body, your needy hand yearn.
But I feel so much more emptiness than our intimacy,
I really understand that I would never be your proclivity.
Yet I am fascinated by you!

If there is a story of not getting you, there will be mourning melancholy all-around;
If there is a snag of not letting you, there will be scattering sorrow sound.
When your tiny cloudy shadow of affections shower on me like huge lengthy rainfall,
That day the Autumn's dead twigs fall down, and into my life, the Spring's buds crawl.
Still I am captivated by you!

Since then, an unknown intense pain is constantly pounding in my chest;
I continually get wet in grief, arrogance and remorse in your love-nest.
No one has touched me for a long time just because you can only touch me,
As if, I, like a corpse, am a prohibited area where tragic accidents prone to be.
Despite I am dreaming about you!

You know, in a hurry, these days, the evening trip advances;
Before I could feel anything, into darkness, the afternoon air plunges.

Sitting alone in a bench, I contemplate the darkness go down;
Hearing that people are saying “you should make love with a worthy person, not a clown”.
However I am stuck in love with you!

There is no limited Love, Love is as vast as space;
I walk in that vast space like a tired traveler with bare face.
Sometimes, I wonder, how does it hurt those who walk alone all their lives?
Do they only have pains in the legs or also have strains of the minds?
Nevertheless I am putting so much agony for you!

Will you be my significant other?
You will pretend as if you have a high headache, rather;
You will feel the touch of my soft hand when I gently press your head;
My tears will fall on the collar of your shirt, there will be a great life ahead.
Till now I am designing the splendor in you!

I will go to the station, will get on the train and will go straight to the city;
Then I will reach in front of you and perhaps you will perceive pity.
It seems that all but you are vacant in this world of death,
It seems that thinking of anyone but you I will breathe.
Certainly there is no one but you can be said to love easily, deeply, effortlessly forever.



Maid Čorbić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)

Maid Corbic from Tuzla, writes poetry that has been praised on several occasions, as well as awarded. He also selflessly helps others around him, and is the moderator of the WLFPH (World Literature Forum of Peace and Humanity) for unity and world peace in Bhutan. He is also the editor of the portal of the First Virtual Art Universe.

Call of Mother Nature for Help

Maid Čorbić

We can't learn much in the future
because we are never in a safe zone
and life became so unpredictable a couple of years ago
to shout we don't know what the day really is
and what the night can bring

We are people who only want new changes
but how to move on when the memories bring us back
we have poisoned the period with our behaviour
and people struggle to improve vigilance in every way
to make this world one day so happy

Consideration is that we do some things quickly
but as we are necessarily whistling our present condition
and that we all work to improve quality
because that door will one day be closed
and leave yourself to the mercy and displeasure

Our destinies have been very strange for a long time
and all the rivers of our love pass through consciousness
that we cannot give love to all unfortunately
the future becomes more uncertain as nature struggles now
to save himself from the troubles of various human hands

Fates tell a new story behind their backs
when we die, it may get better one day
and until then clean and fresh air remains on the imagination
history should only be remembered and hoped for anyway
that some quarrels will not be repeated twice!



Rohini Kumar Behera (India)

Rohini Kumar Behera has retired from Government of Odisha, India as Manager in Industries Department. He has been conferred upon *Golden Badge*, *Global Doves of Peace*, *Golden Literature Award*, *Ambassador De Literature*, 75th Indian Independence Day Honour and *Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Award*. He was Dy. Secretary of World Union of Poets, Italy. The World Institute of Peace, Nigeria bestowed upon him *World Icon of Peace*, *Epitome of Humanity*, *Ambassador of Peace*. He is bestowed with *William Shakespeare Award*. His poems have been translated into many foreign languages. He is the Author of six *Pictorial Poetry Books*.

Aspirational Tranquility*Robini Kumar Behera*

The grandeur of nature
Contemplates solitude of peace
Eliciting aspirational tranquillity
Which articulates mystic simplicity
Delivering radiance to differentiate
Between good and evil and our
Own dwindling motivational attitude
Amidst nature's solace of quietude.

The presentation of nature
Majestic flare of exposure
Adores vibrant transcendence
With aura of calm fragrance
A unique metaphysical silence
Amidst these, we stare O Lord
Thy feet with solemn devotion
Let Thou be my sole Salvation.



Soumik Kumar De (India)

Soumik Kumar De is a poet and painter of international repute. So far, his work has found place in many anthologies of various national and international publications, including the most prestigious magazine *Setu* and *Hunger*, an Anthology published from Texas. His paintings have also been included in many journals and books. To play guitar, is a cherished hobby with him.

Chain of Love*Soumik Kumar De*

The green, the red and the azure
The rotten and the fresh
The stagnant, the motion and the emotion
The raw and the flesh.

The creepers, the divers and the flyers
The hard and the mellow
The terse, the tender and the thorny
The harrowed and the fallow.

The petals, the feathers and the skin
The predators and the meek
The dark, the dim and the dazzled
The rough and the sleek.

The aerated and the sacred
The metallic and the non.
The spirited and the meditated
The animate and the non.

All is the part of you
All is in the flow
All's the truth begotten
All having a glow.

You Parambramh
You the Begetter
You make everything
Turn them better.



Shiny Vikas (India)

Shiny Vikas is a poet, a blogger and a free thinker. She has recently been part of an anthology named *The Land of Unfree Labourers*. A Bachelor of Arts, she also holds certification in Media and Journalism. She worked as the Passenger Service Executive in the Sharjah International Airport with Sharjah Aviation Services. She has taken a short break from work and has shifted to her hometown Kerala. A strong believer of karma, she loves to explore life as a beautiful learning experience. She believes in the therapy of writing that creates a perfect balance with the universal law of peace and humanity.

The Creator's Delight*Shiny Vikas*

The mind game

The mind manipulation

The weaker section

The fearful and stressed

The stable mind

The creator's delight

The charitable heart

Feel so close to interact

Hey dear! Rat race, running much faster than your pace

As you take a deep breath

Finding meaning is not being in the race

Catching the little fireflies in the evening walk

Feeling the fragrance of the tiny flowers

Unseen and unheard

Make the pace as your wish

Slow down

Life is a loving place

To cherish the warmth of not being in the ordinary race

Finding the smile of dear ones

Caring to share a moment of peace and love

Holding

Creating

being

with the momentum

The pure grace of not being someone that does not recognize life and existence!



Hong Ngoc Chau (Nguyen Chinh) (Vietnam)

Her real name is Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh, pen name Hong Ngoc Chau and her Facebook name is Nguyen Chinh. She is a Master of Education Management and is also a member of the Association of Writers of Ho Chi Minh City (Vietnam), the Honorary Foreign Advisor, Ambassador of the Suryodaya Literature Foundation (SLF) From-Vietnam; the member Admin of W.U. P (World Union of Poets), the level of General Councilor of the World Union of Poets with Coordinators Silver Medal and an International Ambassador of the Cercle of the International Chamber of Writers & Artists, Administrator, moderator, group expert of many literary forums around the world.

The Goldish Autumn on Mother's Hair*Hong Ngoc Chau (Nguyen Chinh)*

I suddenly see the goldish Autumn on my mom's hair
Sad dewdrops contrarily flow into my heart as to share
The Autumn wind is hidden at the eyes corners
My bent-backed mom burdens time load quietly as ever

I want to come to her with a thousand light kisses
On her eyes dyeing the afternoon cloud, already
Sorrowful wrinkles clearly appear on her forehead
Lots of hair thread turned to sunny color indeed

Lots of bitter experience she has obtained
As in her life river, the ups and downs remain
Any roses also have a period to be worsening
But she keeps for children her fragrance living

The human Autumn like Autumnal woods changes leaves
The hair of my meek mom is turned color by ages received
It is as smooth as silky sunshine dyed brown
"Oh, mom, you're always great in my soul now

"I recall once I had fallen with a big mistaken plight
"You supported, comforted me with your advice:
"Oh, my daughter! Though your love fate is false
"You still have me and your children in the whole

"If you live virtue life you'll surpass the thunderstorm
"Oh, mom! You are like a fairy in any state and form
"I learn from you the virtue of gentleness to adapt
"From you how to work, appear, speak, and behave

“Furthermore my dad gives more strength knowledged

“I go on learning to make my life progress as a pledge

“I’m more and more grateful to beloved parents

“This lunar July festival I still have you at present

“I pray the Creator the Almighty

“Blessing you and dad favor of longevity

“Blessing everybody of every family.

“White or red rose we denote our filial piety



Suranjit Gain (Bangladesh)

Suranjit Gain was born on 8th of October, 1984 in Khulna district of Bangladesh. He was educated from Bangladesh and India.

Warrior*Suranjit Gain*

O dear warrior;
I love thou.
You remain in the soul of
world resident;
decease is beneath
thy feet.
I feel pride for you;
The universe odes
thy victory.
Your infinite gallantry
defeats the
fear of death;
life meditates
of thou.
Thy get up with
sword and gun;
give inspiration
to the real patriots.
The universe shudders
to hear thy substantial
sound of footstep;
the space, the stars
find to thy with surprise.
When thou get martyr;
my eyes fill with tear.
Thou are respectable
and memorable forever.



Ravi Ranganathan (India)

Ravi Ranganathan is a writer, critic and a poet from Chennai. Also a retired banker. He has to his credit, three books of poems titled *Lyrics of Life*, *Blade of green grass*, and *Of Cloudless Climes*. He revels in writing his thought provoking short poems called *Myku*. His awards include recognition in "Poises' award for excellence" of Poises' Online, Sahitya Gaurav award by Literati Cosmos Society, Mathura and Master of creative Impulse award by Philosophique Poetica. He contributes poems for the half yearly Poetry book Metaverse Muse. He is a regular contributor for monthly webzines *Glomag* and *Literary Vibes*. He is the Treasurer of Chennai Poets' Circle.

Sorrow*Ravi Ranganathan*

Sorrow shakes me
Like a sad song on the upsurge
Like a cloistered whirlpool
That twirls through turbulent times
Like a wound tethered to pain
Like a moon in melancholic mood
Hovering over an after rain sky.
Loving this abandonment!

I lose myself in sorrow
I become sanely insane
I sing to myself a poignant strain
A song that is beyond pain!
I begin to enjoy this desolateness
Too long have I enjoyed joy
In a state of wonderment now!
I am purged; let it linger for a while!



Sayani Mukherjee (India)

Sayani Mukherjee is a poet hailing from Chandannagar, a former French colony in West Bengal. She received her post-graduation degree in English literature from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. Her creative work has appeared in various reputed national and international magazines and journals like Piker press, The Poet Magazine, International Times Magazine, Medusa's kitchen poetry, Beatnik Cowboy magazine, Writers workshop, Synchronized chaos magazines, Fiction niche, The quiver review, The Chakkar , Literary cognizance, Horoscope press and several others. She is also part of an international anthology of poems called, Paradise on earth. Recently her debut poetry collection *Ode to Meraki* got published.

Hibiscus*Sayani Mukherjee*

A yellow blur.
The sea swans forth
The home saddles with
Moon thistle and silver spread gleam.
A token of nudge at the door
A little grief over lost poems
Of losing a decades high
A family of past remembrance
Locked up in acrylics of
Pomegranate smudged souls;
A lace curled up
Full of feminine rhymes.

It's my penmanship to own
Loose disjointed freestyles
Like a dove, an alcove, a pine tree.
The untrodden nudges
At the peak end
A forest full of mystery
A theatrical stance
Over the old bright city
A fancy out of space and while
Casually misfit, a tropical cloud.

Too much showers drown the island in me
Then suck with Pansies and whims
Two poles of wide apart
In the middle, a threadbare silence
A red string of millions

Footsteps, raspy echoes, an old lane
Illicit with bright red longing.

I clasp a hibiscus
In the middle a bright ruby red
The house clasps knot
A light within
A full moon fall
A yellowed red dance.



Debdoot Mukherjee (India)

Debdoot Mukherjee teaches English in the Department of English, Bhangar Mahavidyalaya, University of Calcutta. His poems are his pieces of thoughts on life. The following poem tries to paint the course of the ever-meandering life that we live every moment.

Life beats!*Debdoot Mukherjee*

Music rhythms fast...
Quite fast, like repeated waves
Playing into the shores of my soul...
Flutes heard at times, soothing.
Deeply engraved, heightened to untold heights
Contained in the endeavour of searching depths
Error forgotten, failures obliterated
Music beats, like that of starting steps...
Of the time before the hands stop moving
Invisible time, framing in, framing out
Fallen into the promises to rise again
Voices strengthening beats, beats living to death,
No muffled drums, loudly defying
Get going, going, going...
Walk alone, and walk straight.
Anticipating a shout-out,
On the biggest canvas, colours dipping!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Leaving behind again and again...
A note of remembrance, a mysterious note.
Played on drums!
There lies the sea, with horizons fading.



Jayalakshmi Karindalam (India)

Jayalakshmi, born in an ancient aristocratic family in Karindalam, north Kerala, graduated from St. Teresas College, Cochin. She is an online critic and poet, an ardent seeker of spiritual ecology, her writings have been an adventurous foray into the unknown. Growing up in the heart of Western Ghats her writings are greatly influenced by her love for nature and deep in touch with the rich culture of north Malabar, including the kavus, theyyams, lores, and scriptures. She is also a strong advocate for animal welfare and environmental conservation. A contributor to Science Shore online magazine, her poems have been published in many national and international anthologies.

Deliverance*Jayalakshmi Karindalam*

Unfasten my wings
See me rise
Scribble spilling ardour
On azure blues.

Detach those
domineering rails
across my fecund fields
Wait me bring
miracles of sharing
from swampy depths.

Allow me
awhile to graze
In my innate moors
Stun at the cures
I revive from
Ancestral oaks
and virgin brooks.

Remove these stale garlands
Piled on my skin
May, soul inhale
Pangs n fervour
Of my race.

Unhook
the suffocating sheath
Strangle across

my draining chest
that I feed
the bony infants
dying in barren soil
Of ruthless rulers.

Return
My shards of dreams
Stored in your
dark dungeons
See them fly
as promising boughs
On my glistening chariot
While I sweep through
Silver galaxies. Infinite...



Nitusmita Saikia (India)

Nitusmita Saikia is a bilingual writer from Assam, India. She is presently working as an instructor at National Cadet Corps. In addition to poetry, she also writes short stories, plays and has been writing for magazines like *FM*, *GloMag*, and *Innsaei*. Her poems have been published in many national and international anthologies and in local newspapers, blogs etc.

Open Wound..!*Nitusmita Saikia*

Have you ever walked along the road,
that leads to them,
the lives..!

Under the roof of a few, stitched polythene
holding in the crescent moon..!

The one that shines in puddles,
And there,

The evening melts silently,
absorbing their painful inhalants,
blanketing their foul-smelling hopes..!

Let's walk the path and watch
that filthy and narrow road, with its dirty scale..!
That crawls through the wounded huts
like the maggots,
Amidst the scraps of the privileged world,
laden with their hunger,
And hauling the burden with it.

Let's stumble upon a few burnt coals,
To be the part of a payday for a fistful of needs
And its painful gains,
like the primrose on a graveyard old,
Those are the untold tales of that road
within the black holes of torn cloths..!

Let's surf those tidal waves of mockery,
That lampoon the meaning of being alive,
On the either side of that road,

Swallowing their existence,
Where poverty roars
under every roof,
So silent and out of the race, they are..!
Life goes on in its own passion, though
no hate when our feet pass by its plate,
sprinkling dust in it..!

No boundaries for the heartbeat,
Some find reasons in a big plate,
Some write in their palms.
Have you ever meandered through their smiles,
like the shadow of clouds
on a remote river's flow?
To listen to the chorus of broken throats,
Amidst all the chaos of progress and profit...!



Chingalembi Devi (India)

Chingalembi Devi is a keen observer and her perceptions are reflected in her oeuvres. She writes poetry in English and Manipuri, her mother tongue. Her poems are published in *Under the Azure Sky: A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry* and *Mother: An Eternal Soul*. She is presently pursuing PhD research work in the Department of English and Cultural Studies, Manipur University. She was awarded M Phil degree from Assam University, Silchar. She is the daughter of Kh. Biswanath Singha and Smt. Brojeswari Singha of Singerband, Cachar, Assam.

Dear You*Chingalembi Devi*

Meeting you was a coincidence.

Talking to you was a delight.

Communicating with you was a comfort.

Knowing you was a process.

You infused strength to me;
prompted promises of that day;
celebrated my flaws.

You showed the way to me;
reminded of the vibrant wings;
cheered my progress.

Holding on to hope is a choice.
Reminiscing you is an intrinsic occupation.
Striving for the best is a pledge.



Rita Chugh (India)

Rita Chugh is a globally renowned, internationally acclaimed, eminent bilingual poetess, author, writer, anchor, editor, and social Activist. She is recipient of several national and International Awards. She has authored two solo Hindi books and she is a co-author of many National and International Anthologies. Her poems also have been published in many magazines, e-magazines, souvenirs, journals, and newspapers. Some of her poems have been translated into many different languages. She has been featured as one of the World's Contemporary poet and also has been featured on Bangladesh television and Women TV India. Some of her Punjabi poems have been broadcasted from 'All India Radio'.

Poetry... Panacea to the Dying Hearts*Rita Chugh*

When inner mind is distorted and full of stress

A poet paves the way with his poetic spell

Poetry is a mirror with magnificent sparks

Relieving one of tensions and days dusky and dark

When one's mental peace is robbed and life is disturbed

Poetry is the healer appeasing the agitated and perturbed

When life is full of ups and downs

Poetry paints the canvas of life without any breakdown

When dreams are broken and eyes are full of tears

Poetry with its melodious rhymes gives hope, smile and cheers

Poetry is a mirror giving panacea to the dying hearts

Uplifting the pressure, saving them from falling apart.

INNSÆIANS' VOICE**Indrani Chatterjee (India)**

Indrani Chatterjee, a published author and mother to her only autistic child. She is a student of Loreto Convent and Commerce and Arts graduate from Calcutta University. She is a verse composer and pens for several social platforms. Even from the barred layers of felicity, her emotions occasionally well up to inundate the white in blue. Nothing is ceremonial in her revelation and approach, purely self-motivated. She only wishes her readers to glide along with the rhythmic undulations of her penmanship.

She is also an ardent music lover specializing in Rabindra Sangeet (songs composed by Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore). Currently, she is pursuing a Graduation course in the same.

What Silence Depicts Silently...*Indrani Chatterjee*

Literary Content Editor, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)

Silence has its own tongue of pledge and elliptical appeal,
Its implicit glimmer has unabated echoes, only if you can feel.

Silence conceives calm acceptance and alliance of tranquility,
But when it is embedded in cimmerian clouds
It can be betoken of ensuing calamity.

When amour in heart of lady-love upsurges for her beloved,
Muted words find expressions in silence and all her billowy eyes could shed.

When closed eyes acquit the external world and hands unite in submission,
Silence echoes entreaties to divinity for ultimate salvation.

The demise of some lovelorn soul and the world turns to be a gargantuan hollow,
Words are deterred by the lump in the throat, only streaming eyes in silence to be followed.

In His creation when Demiurge confers indomitable life,
With his eternal armlock, he accrues all miracles in the silent drive.

Mightier than the mightiest is the mystical flow of silence,
Surreptitiously it plays its legerdemain, leaving undying imprints with its resonance.



Dr Tejaswini Patil (India)

Dr Tejaswini Patil is the founding director and literary research editorial director of INNSÆI and MatruAkshar; she is also an academician, poet and social worker. She writes about nature, social issues, feminist sensibilities and her experiences and has four poetry collections to her credit. She is Editor of Tunisian Asian Anthology *Mystical Voices*. She has been thrice short-listed for the prestigious Rio Grande Valley International Poetry Festival, Texas, USA. Her works have been included in *25 Women of Virtue*. She has received the following awards: State-level Mahila Samajratna Lifetime Achievement Award and ‘Master of Creative Impulse’ by World Poetry Conference, Bathinda, Punjab.

Rain*Dr Tejaswini Patil*

Founding Director & Literary Research Editorial Director, INNSÆI
International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)

It rains ... and rains
Tapping on the inner plane of silence.
I try to pin every drop
With tiny words.
Some are trapped,
Some escape from the grip.
It creates kaleidoscopic patterns
To be lost into.

The rain, on greens,
Refreshing the earth around
The rain, on petals,
Transcending the beauty in surround.
The rain, on cheeks
Mixed with rain within unbound,
The rain, on the umbrella
Soaking the eyes spellbound.
The rain, in dreams
To be lost and found.

Originating from your land,
It excavates my existence
From the Present;
And rehabilitates in the previous incarnation.



Orbindu Ganga (India)

Orbindu Ganga is the founding director and literary research editorial director of INNSÆI and MatruAkshar. He is a post-graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in the financial, banking, and publishing domains. He proved his finesse as a soft skills trainer and client relationship manager. He is a poet, author, editor, publisher, consultant, certified life coach, creator of Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS), mindset coach (SOBS), spiritual mentor, content writer, sketch artist, and researcher. He has published articles, short stories, research papers, and science articles.

The Existence of Shadow*Orbindu Ganga*

Founding Director & Literary Research Editorial Director, INNSÆI
International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)

Being within the form
Drifting away from
The self, the firmament
Being still, letting the cumulus
To travel on her own,
Many withered in the journey
Squabbling with one another,
A long heave to whisper
The sigh, closing the
Pupil with eyes open,
Observing the orbit
Revolving around it's
Self, being still
Is consumed within,
Yet being moving
Away, the conundrum
Of the form being in
Motion yet being still
Turned the dilapidated
Concrete in schmuck.

The form withered many
Times, testing the time,
Forgetting the existence
Of the form, forgiving
The form of its existence,

Being in a time to see
The shadow moving
Reflecting the changing
Nuances of the eternity,
Being still in the moving
World, the drifting present
To the future evince
The lacunae, being in
Premonition analogous
To the double helix DNA,
The dimensions are scattered
In different directions, the
Existence of the self is
In qualm in search of the
Genesis, in pursuit of the
Inception, the lingering
Thought is precipitated
For the tittle to be found.

The quest lingers with
The thoughts slithering,
Hiding behind me.

SHORT STORY



Sudha Viswanath (India)

Sudha Viswanath is a teacher by profession. She took to writing as a hobby. Many of her stories have been published in magazines. A few of her works have found place in an anthology. She is an active member of various writing platforms. Many of her ‘soul stirring’ articles have been published online on the Soul curry page of the TOI.

The Strawberry Cake

Sudha Viswanath

Sunday, the 8th of May 2022.

The early morning sun seemed to be more radiant than ever.

The melodious voice of M.S. Subbalaksmi engulfed every corner of the house as the lyrics of 'Venkatesha Suprabhatam' wafted in the air.

Kamala poured the tea into two cups.

"Your tea is ready," she had to raise her voice as Hari had gotten hard of hearing since a few months. Many of her reminders to keep up his appointment with the audiologist fell into deaf years. At 72, he had become 72% deaf. It was no joke even though it sounded like one.

The buzzing of the doorbell caught Kamala unaware. It was unusual for someone to visit the elder couple during the morning hours.

Painfully stretching her arthritis-ridden knee, Kamala limped to answer the doorbell.

Standing at the threshold was a young boy clad in a uniform that flashed the name of a famous cake shop in town.

"Here ma'am your mother's day cake." He bowed, handing over a box that was aesthetically bound by a pink satin ribbon. "And happy mother's day. I am sure you will enjoy this strawberry cake from your son.....errrrrr," he peered at the card, "Anand....your son has not only ordered for the best cake but has opted for a prime delivery time that carries extra charges. You are lucky ma'am. Enjoy your day."

The boy, Kamala felt made an enthusiastic salesperson. His tone was impressive and so was his personality. It reminded her so much of Anand nearly a decade and a half ago as a 25-year-old fresh postgraduate. His vivacious personality had earned him a lucrative job on the campus and soon he had carved a niche for himself.

A pale thanks passed Kamala's lips as she accepted the cake box.

It had a gorgeous mother's day card that said, "To the world's best mother."

"Hey what's that?" Hari was out of the washroom after an eternity while his tea had turned into a cold tea as usual

"A mother's day cake from your son?" He raised his brows in awe.

"What does this mean?" The frown on his face gave rise to wrinkles that meandered through his ageing countenance.

"Did he remember only now after aeons that he has a mother? But you are happy to have received a mother's day cake from him, I suppose," his voice softened almost immediately.

"Yes I am," Kamala's throat choked but she tried not to let the tears flow.

The handwriting on the mother's day card had made her heart twist under her bosom.

Years of experience had tutored her on how to keep those wretched tears captured in her eyes.

"I feel you should not acknowledge him. Let him get back to you asking how you liked the cake, or he could also wish you over the phone." Hari sipped his tea looking at his better half of forty-five years from the brim of his eyes.

Kamala was sure he must have felt relieved not to spot that agonizing look on her face. The one mothers generally have when their better halves stop them from interacting with their children.

Again long years of experience had taught her how to keep all emotions tucked under a heavy quilt of the subconscious mind.

Not just a year or two it was almost a decade and three years since Anand had severed all ties with them.

Digging into the grave could always end up with an irreparable heartbreak and Kamala never wished to delve into the past tracing the very beginning of the frictions that eventually corroded a relationship that is generally cherished forever.

How could things have turned so sour that no one made any particular attempt to patch up the differences that sounded frivolous at first but soon took a magnificent form enough to create an inaccessible ravine between the parents and their only son.

'Certain things in life are probably destined to happen,' Kamala would often sigh helplessly.

News of their son becoming a father, news of his wings having soared heights in the professional field reached the parents from time to time through kith or kin. They became messengers more as gossip mongers than well-wishers.

Kamala was sure there was a reverse track too. The news of Hari undergoing heart surgery must have reached Anand. The same kith or kin could have played the Pheidippides.

But Anand never came.

"He would have made his presence felt had you fallen sick," Hari, who always felt that

Anand had bitter feelings only for him, said with acerbity reeking in his tone but bit his tongue the next moment in remorse. A mild 'sorry,' escaped his lips.

Kamala's grandmother used to advise her to keep saying good things in the house. 'Angels concealed in different forms in the house would utter, 'Maybe it,' for everything you say,' she had explained.

As children, Kamala and her siblings never knew this was a smart move by granny to deter them from using cuss words or cursing each other during petty fights.

But the angels seemed to have taken things seriously and the following month Kamala was diagnosed with cervical cancer that had reached a stage beyond recuperating.

"The angels have lost partly audible perception like you," She joked to Hari, trying to camouflage her agony.

"The diagnosis must have reached Anand but as prophesied by you he hasn't come or even sent a message."

Hari stroked her head gently and consoled her. "He will surely attempt to approach. So many years of having severed ties might give rise to apprehensions and he might be looking out for an apt opportunity to connect with at least you, if not me. Should I talk to him?"

Kamala loved her son, no doubt, but she also revered her loving life partner's self-respect. She firmly shook her head requesting him not to make any such moves.

Almost three months had elapsed after this conversation. All hopes of Anand coming to see his parents had faded. Kamala had reconciled with the situation, though her heart yearned to see her son.

"So how did you like the cake your son has sent?" Hari asked his wife, jolting her out of a reverie.

"Didn't I tell you Anand might be looking out for an apt opportunity to meet you?"

"The cake is indeed lip-smacking," she said offering Hari a piece. Though he refused at first eventually he relented and had a bit. "Not bad," he smiled.

That night as Kamala lay next to this innocent man she had lived with so long, she stared at his face. He was sleeping peacefully like a child. Kamala made no particular efforts to hold back her tears. They cascaded down her wrinkled face.

'I would be gone soon. Lord!!! Only you can take care of him.' She muttered a silent prayer.

"Thanks for the cake dear," she whispered into his ears. "You would have made a great actor, if you had chosen a career in acting," she smiled through her tears.

"But a new worry grips me, age-related dementia is affecting you. Didn't you remember that I never ate strawberry cakes?"

Hari was snoring oblivious to anything.

FICTION



Hein Min Tun (Myanmar)

Hein Min Tun is an award-winning writer and multi-published young poet from Myanmar. He is the recipient of *Distinguished Writer Award for Excellence in Literature* from the International Short Story Competition: *Bharat Award for Literature, 2021-22*. His short story *Illusion* has found its place in Asian Literary Society's Annual Anthology. Additionally, he has numerous poems to his credit in bestselling global anthologies and journals. He was awarded the third prize in one weekly poetry contest on the Given Theme, held by ALSphere for his "Sonnet: "Morning in Kalaw".

A Tale from Thanlwin

Hein Min Tun

“Wake up, son. Wake up.”

The sound flew into my faint consciousness, shaking me out of slumber. And then, I was reminded to get up for the event.

With a heavy grunt, I stretched my limbs against the lingering sense of sleepiness and intoxicating sloth that remained pressed on my whole body. With some difficulty, I unfolded my eyes and immediately the LED light of the room entered, piercing my visual lens. Through my hazy vision, I managed to view Mother standing at the bottom of my bed. Judging by the broad patches of **Thanakha** freshly adorned on her chubby ivory cheeks, I knew Mother was already ready to leave.

“Son, get up. Go take a shower quickly. We’re leaving soon.”

As usual, Mother was in her festive spirit on such a day. She looked prettier than the other days as well. It was the full moon day of Dazaungmone (The eighth month on the Myanmar calendar). Outside, dawn was yet to break. But, our little street hardly looked so dark under the dim-lit lampposts, and some crows were already cheeping about in the murky air. From the window, I spotted a few of my neighbours passing by my home, finely-clad and carrying **Swan Oak** (Earthen offering bowls); the flames of the candles inside swaying as they walked away with cheery gaits.

Then, my routines followed. That day, I put on the bright green T-shirt Mother had bought for me specially for the event. An hour later, my mother and I came out of our little home and we made our way to the colourful crowd on the bank of the river Thanlwin far across the lower main road down our street. Mother said she would bear the trouble of holding **Swan Oak** which contained different kinds of fruit cut into chewable pieces and a few sweets, with three burning incense sticks and a lit candle dipped into the fruit chunks in the centre. We went chattering along the way. Happy prattles with Mother interwoven with

smiles and light laughter. Now and then, as the early breeze blew up from the west, the aromatic smell of Mother's **Thanakha** would float into my nostrils. Such an enticing odour. Her eyes were an expression of happiness. On such an occasion, Mother was always amused. I loved to see it and I felt my heart pulsating in glee. I was quite young then; sixteen years of age. I said I was young, for I still behaved like a clinging child to my Mother though I had reached the mature age.

In front of Thanlwin market across the motorway, a food-donation site was flooded in loud **Dhamma** songs sluicing out from huge black sound-box speakers. As we neared it, a babbling crowd loomed up; I discovered that most of them were the people from our neighbourhood, all partaking of **Ohn-no-khao-swe** with delighting relish amid the intermixed clamours of gleeful sounds. Daw Tin Yee, one of the cooks, who took up the duty of preparing the dish for devotees, called out to us from the washing-up corner to join in in her usual, friendly manner. Mother acquiescently shouted that we would come back after our offering activity. (Mother had often said we should eat meals only after prayers.) So first, we headed straight toward the **Shin-Ou-Pa-Ghote-Ta** shrine housed on the Thanlwin jetty.

We had to shove our way through the indolently-moving crowd that had seamlessly crammed the strand road; most were devotees like us, with golden offering bowls in their hands; yet, some of them seemed to be part of that glorious occasion as merely interested observers of those joyous, colourful sights sprawling along the riverside at the earliest start of that **Dazaungmone** full moon day. After a slight delay that took a few jostles, we came to our holy destination. Inside a gold-glazed, medium shrine all made of wood resided a yellow bronze statue of **Shin-Ou-Pa-Ghote-Ta**; the **Bhante** kept his **Swan-Oak** on his left hand, whilst his head tilted obliquely into the western sky, and his right hand where all the fingers were grouped into a cone shape remained suspended near his mouth, as if he was going to put the food into his mouth. Before him, such a lot of offering bowls laden with multi-coloured content were laid in rows on a wide, hard-wood table. Candles were burning, and some pungent aroma intermingled with the subtle scent of pink and red roses in porcelain vases was curling up from the grey tips of the incense sticks propped by the holders. Really, everything looked captivating to my eyes. Around us, there were several

other devotees standing in silent prayers. Having performed a customary worship to the shrine, we walked back to the donation area of our quarter to enjoy the food. It was a fabulous dish and I asked for it twice. As did I, Mother liked it a lot. After we had filled our belly, Mother suggested strolling along the strand road for the pleasure of seeing the day's amusing sights. Still, the shape of enjoyment hadn't withered on Mother's face; I noted it in the ethereal light of the approaching dawn.

As we ambled through, vaguely I perceived, in the soft rays of the early light, a few fishing paddles churning out on the river. The tiny, flickering candle lights appearing in the boats explained that the boatmen were already taking the offering bowls to the mouth of the sea, as to flow them one after one into the vast waterway. The real shrine of **Shin-Ou-Pa-Gote-Ta** is believed to exist somewhere in the middle of the ocean. And the fruit bowls offered to him were expected to reach his dwelling eventually across the driving tide. Whether or not they can really make their way to him, the deed has no proof of loss; it is, in fact, a form of merit itself in that the fruit tends to end up as the food of the small aquatic life on the way. Then, I shifted my view to a pack of jolly strollers on the tile-paved riverside walk. The girls who seemed to be of my age were daintily dressed in prim middle-sleeved local outfits and refined **longyies** embroidered with cotton tapestries. My curious eyes hardly overlooked groups of senior fellows in casual exotic clothes; their sneakers thudding against the surface of the sidewalk as they sauntered past, muttering prattles to their peers. At some point, my classmates yelled my name. Some of them asked me to join them. I looked up at my Mother whose facial expression was giving me her consent. Anyway, I declined, for I had a doubt that Mother would enjoy the experience without me. As for me, I need not have my buddies' company to make the most of that day. I can find the reason for fulfilment with Mother alone. If it is with Mother, anything is complete and perfect.

On our farther walk, a draught of traditional music wafted from somewhere ahead; it was a provoking dancing music combined with the sounds of **Pat-mha** (leather drums), **Lin-Gwin** (cymbal), **Maung** (gongs) and **Hnae** (oboe). Without doubt, I knew there had to be a troupe of amateur dancers entertaining the people under a plastic-textured canopy by the sidewalk. I wasn't wrong in my speculation. As we neared the tireless female dancers attired

like courtiers, I was overcome by an internal urge to join them (I have a natural bent for traditional dance).

“Son, let us watch the dance for a while,” offered Mother, who intuitively understood that I had hidden my desire for it.

So we stood near the **Mandat** for a few minutes, enjoying it with many other onlookers around. Next, we moved to a food-serving stall, as I had developed an appetite after a long time of walking and standing; it was in front of the house of a famous business man of our town. Eaters of varied ages had thronged the place. Also, there were such a lot of impatient people longing for their turn to arrive near the occupied tables. Mother and I had to wait for quite some time before we could grab our seats. When a server landed bowls of food before us, we knew it was vermicelli soup with vegetables and chicken; it is my cup of tea. So Mother, who said she was already full, only sat beside me, cooling down the simmering soup with her warm breath. After that, we proceeded our tour again. The golden flush of dawn had been smeared all over the overarching canvas. The surface of Thanlwin had become clearer; its tremulous terrain was observed in the tender amber light. Still, the strand road was swollen with strollers and strident motorcycles and cars, as earlier. With leisurely paces, we walked and walked through a spectacle of joys, until we came across another food-serving area in **Panbaedan** quarter. Mother asked a woman who was leaving it what was the food being served there. ‘Chicken porridge’, she replied amiably. Thereupon, Mother’s eyes ran down to me, shedding a meaningful smile. Every year when the festival came, I would manage to eat the porridge of the Panbaedan quarter abounding with chicken without fail no matter how much food I ate earlier had taken up my belly.

“Here, serve this table quickly. Add a lot of chicken for this little boy,” bellowed the chief food serving woman who hardly failed to recognize me.

She then came up to our table, and sat beside Mother telling her the whole hectic process they, the food makers, had gone through, while I was sipping the porridge with furtive relish. When I had finished, she asked me to replenish my bowl in a tempting tone of voice

reinforced by the welcoming expression of her face. So, I was obliged to take one more bowl; but, I myself had a thirst for more of it.

The morning broke. The looks of people near us better stood out against the clear daylight. What had once been the packed strand road had now become short of sights and moving objects. Mother said the time to go to the market had come. So, we trudged homeward, hand-in-hand. I looked across sedate Thanlwin at the misty ranges on Ogre island. The lurid orb was exposing itself steadily from behind the mountain fork. Out on the river, the boats were still plying the water, carrying hosts of offering bowls. Tiny specks of early birds in tandem flight chirped high in the still air over softly-flowing Thanlwin. Like me, Mother was eyeing around. Strangely, I noted that the smile still lingered on her face. Didn't I tell you earlier Mother was ecstatic on that day? As we walked home parallel to the river, I made a wish, staring out at the rising sun. **'O Shin-Ou-Pa-Gote-Ta**, please hear my wish made with my heart. I want Mother to be with me on every of this day in my life. I ask for nothing more. I just ask for that', silently I wished in my mind. At that, I saw the sun toss its golden filaments over the new day, as if responding to my wish with the bright colors of hope. I exclaimed, "Look! Mama, just look there."

"Yauk Kyar (Husband) yay...., **Yauk Kyar**, we're coming. Where is that little pig? Sonny....Where are you, dear?"

The sudden outburst of words from my wife shuffling down the corridor pushed me out of my nostalgia of the bygone.

"Yauk Kyar, have you seen Pauk Pauk (Our son's nickname)?"

"He went back into the room. Maybe he is playing with his phone there."

The clock shows 3:30 a.m. Again, it is the day of the Tazaungmone festival. I rose before them to get everything ready before we set off. My wife was snoring in bed while I was peeling off the fruits. So, it was only me who prepared a fruit bowl for offering. Now, dressed in a white long-sleeved suit and a deep-blue cotton **longyi**, I have been in the

reception room, waiting for my wife and my young son on the wooden back chair Mother had ordered for me as a young boy.

“**Amay**, at last, the day has come. We will celebrate together also this year.”

Mother still looks young as before. I see her beaming at me; that sort of smile I saw on this day many years ago. As usual, I am pleased to see it. Above all, I am happy to see her with me when the festival arrives.

A moment later, they show up; both wrapped in woollen sweaters to protect themselves from the cold of the day. Carrying an offering bowl full of colourful fruits, I come stamping down the stairs followed by my wife and son. Outside, our street is clear and quiet. As we walk down the street, I see now and then, in the vague colour of dawn, small flocks of people heading for the same place like us. My little son has positioned himself between his mother and me. Along the way, my wife carries nothing but the hand of my son.

“Hope it won’t be boring this year. This time last year, we had Thandar and Sandar with us. Now, there are only three of us,” grumbles my wife, who has always preferred the company of her friends.

“Not at all, Thiri. There’s still Mother with us.”

“Whaaat?.....What did you say?”

“Yes, Mother is with us on this day.”

“**Yauk Kyar**, be reasonable. It’s been seven years since Mam Khin May passed away. How can she be with us now? What nonsense are you saying?”

“No, Thiri. Mother is always in my heart. I carry her as we go there.”

At that, my wife’s mocking face instantly settles into an agreeable look. Sympathy shows itself in her eyes. Quickly, she turns her face away and flings her eyes at the crowd stirring in the murky void in the distance. Maybe she has seen the traces of tears in my eyes, sadness on my look. My little son shows no interest in what I said and doesn’t seem to grasp what I mean. Along the walk, he keeps nagging his mother to buy him toy guns when we reach

there; he is more emotionally close to his mother than to me. As mother and son are both engaged in their conversation, I remains musing secretly on the detailed episodes of the beautiful story that has remained etched on my inner wall like a life-long scar I have never wished to heal. At the same time, I feel my eyes stung by the tears, not shed. In the air I inhale, I catch the faint scent of Mother's **Thanakha**; I hear the echoes of those voices filled with love and bliss. This year again, quenching an aching sensation surging inside me with a hot, heavy sigh, I, with my new family, sidle over to Thanlwin where I could never find Her again among a thousand smiles.

NOTE

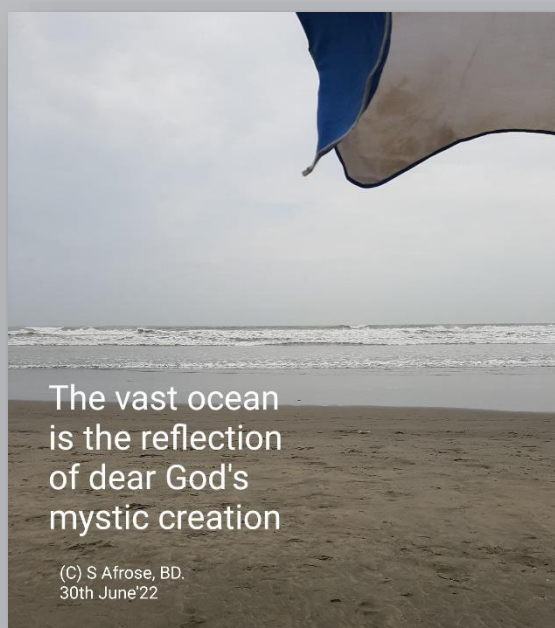
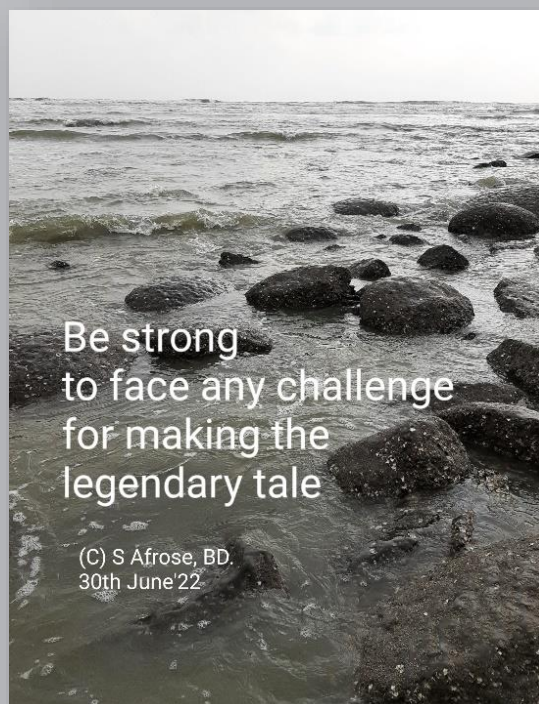
1. **Thanakha**: Traditional make-up mostly worn by females in Myanmar.
2. **Yauk Kyar**: The regional name used by wives to address their husbands.
3. **Amy**: The Myanmar word which means 'Mother'.

QUOTES WITH THE IMAGES



S Afrose (Bangladesh)

S Afrose (Sabiha Afrose) from Bangladesh, educational credentials- B Pharm and M Pharm from Jahangirnagar University. Poetry is her best friend. She loves to write in different poetic forms in free verse and rhyme scheme. Her poems are published in many anthologies. Recently, her first solo English poetry E-book *Spirits--- Lively Life* was published in Prodigy, USA.



INNSÆIAN'S VOICE**Nisha Rana (India)**

Nisha Rana is a writer by passion, a coaching practitioner by purpose and a soft skills trainer by profession. She writes deep diving thoughts, short stories, articles, blogs, and poetry in both English and Hindi. A human being by chance but a humanitarian by choice, she finds peace in helping people achieve self-awareness and transformation in Life. To serve the mankind, these days, she is promoting a self-help program called BETTER LIFE, in collaboration with a renowned Life Coach. To explore her world of words, do visit her instagram account [nisharana2881](#) or simply write to her at nisharanna02@gmail.com.

Nisha Rana

Editor, Literary Proofread, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)

Understanding the difference

TRUTH
What is Inside

BEAUTY
What is outside

– Nisha

Understanding the difference

Ordinary
What is seen by the eye

Extraordinary
What is seen by the intellect

– Nisha

PUBLISHED & UPCOMING BOOKS

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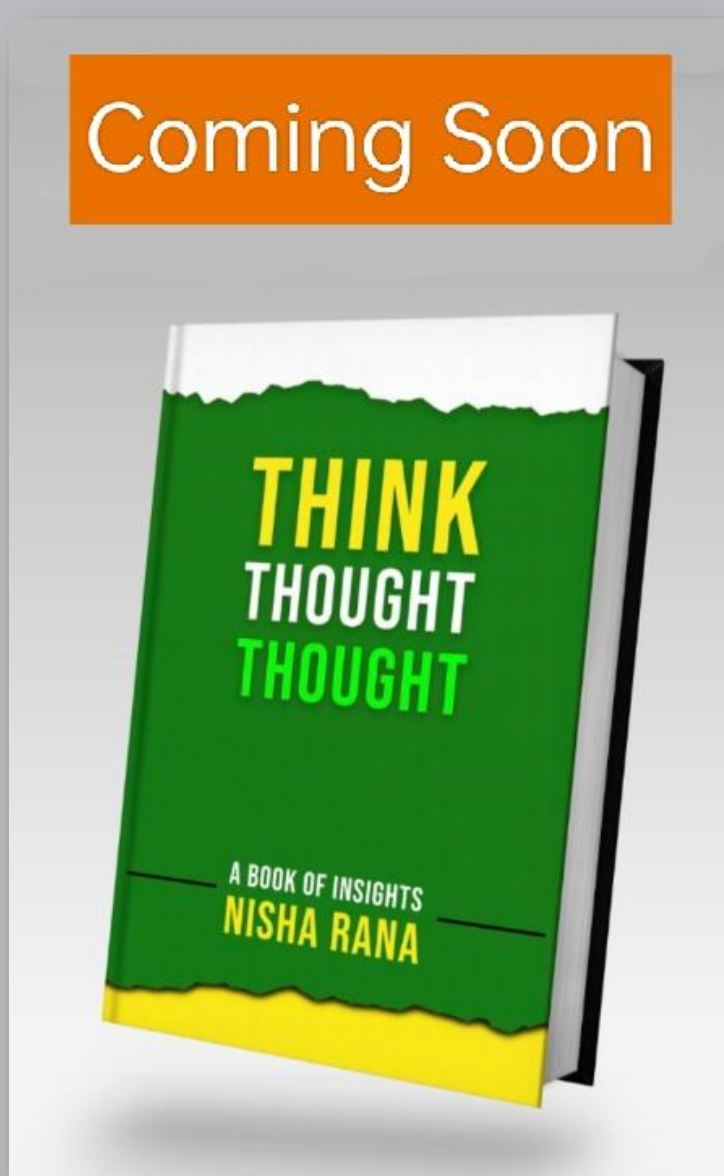
THINK THOUGHT THOUGHT

by

Nisha Rana

Editor, Literary Proofread, INNSÆI

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Orbindu Ganga (India)

Orbindu Ganga is the founding director and literary research editorial director of INNSÆI and MatruAkshar. He is a post-graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in the financial, banking, and publishing domains. He proved his finesse as a soft skills trainer and client relationship manager. He is a poet, author, editor, publisher, consultant, certified life coach, creator of Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS), mindset coach (SOBS), spiritual mentor, content writer, sketch artist, and researcher. He has published articles, short stories, research papers, and science articles.

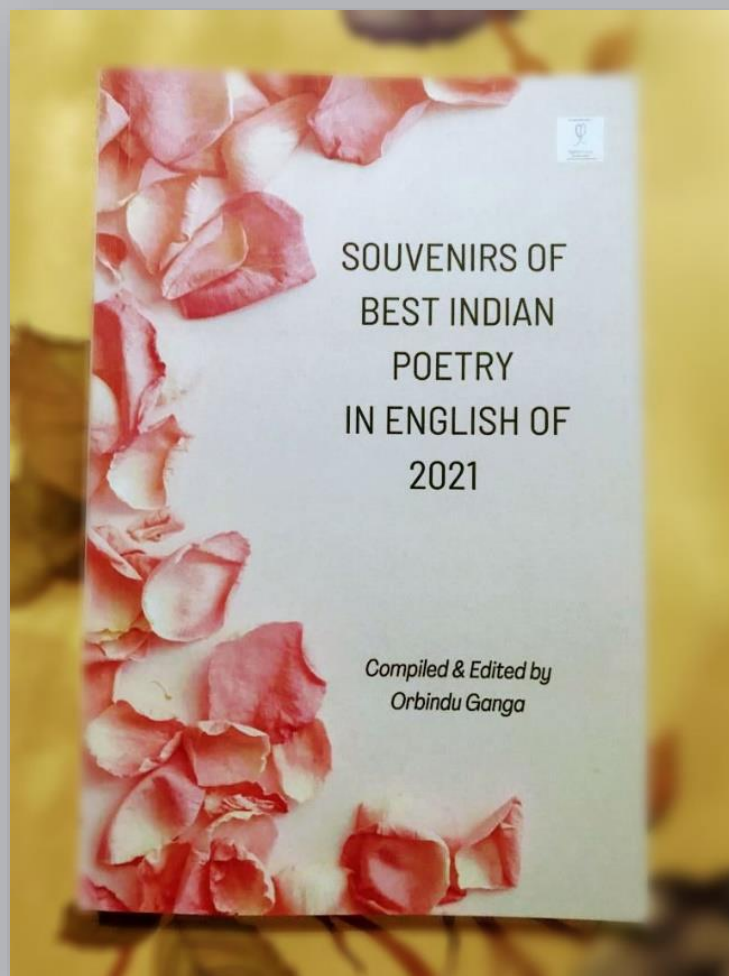
**SOUVENIRS OF BEST INDIAN POETRY
IN ENGLISH OF 2021**

Compiled and Edited by

Orbindu Ganga

Founding Director & Literary Research Editorial Director, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation,
and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH)



*Being in a flow, sonorous striking with glow,
Sans the words the heart is unguarded,*

*Drops misting the ebb to rise again,
The waves kissing the shore to be drenched forever...*

*The best Indian poetry in English of 2021, sixty-six creators playing the music with their words, get
imbued in their creations...*

Collection of delightful oeuvres penned by sixty-eight beautiful souls. The poetry anthology has the best oeuvres of Indian writers in English, having a heart misted with the deep longing to be kissed and loved with the fragrance of words enveloping the blissful eternity, a souvenir for one to cherish rest of one's life. Get drenched in one such experience of falling in love with poetry, mellifluous and sonorous to crystalline the thoughts to love and to be loved.

The poetry anthology - *Souvenirs of Best Indian Poetry in English of 2021* is penned by 68 beautiful souls about mother, compiled and edited by Orbindu Ganga and published by CynFynEnliven publishers.

The poetry anthology *Souvenirs of Best Indian Poetry in English of 2021* is a beautiful journey with the selected pieces of beautiful souls. The selected oeuvres have many layers carved with subtleness and elegance imbued within the words and in between the words. The beatitude in the creation is visible in the petals and sepals of the oeuvres. The effervescence that flows from the realm of the creation permeates as you get ingrained within the belief system to be adsorbed in the journey. Valuing each droplet makes the ocean pristine, the serenity is imbibed to yearn for many more such initiatives with many more beautiful souls, a souvenir to remember for the rest of your life.

It is an honour to have the FOREWORD penned by hon. hülya n. yilmaz, Ph.D., Professor Emerita, The Pennsylvania State University, U.S.A, Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, U.S.A. & Member, Advisory Board, INNSÆI, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity (IJCLATRPH).

Sixty-six creators playing the music with their words...

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Ana Stjelja (Serbia)

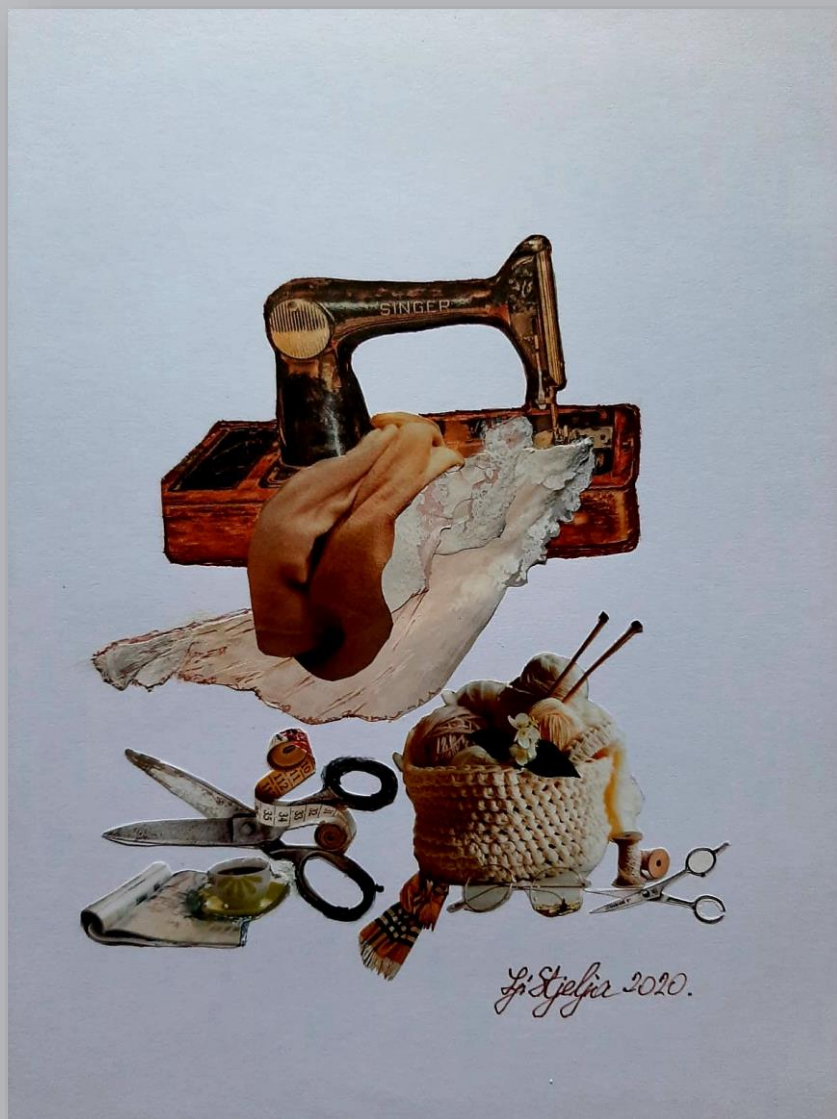
Ana Stjelja (1982, Belgrade, Serbia). In 2012 she obtained her PhD (on the life and work of the Serbian woman writer Jelena J. Dimitrijević). She is a poet, writer, translator, journalist, researcher and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. She is published in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Slovenian, Farsi, Chinese, Arabic, Azerbaijani, and Greek. The Editor-in-chief of the Alia Mundi magazine for cultural diversity, online literary magazine Enheduana, and Poetryzine, an online magazine for poetry in English. In 2018 she established the Association Alia Mundi for promoting cultural diversity. She is the Asia and Europe Direction Editor of the Canadian Humanity Magazine.





Ljiljana Stjelja (Serbia)

Ljiljana Stjelja was born in 1949 in Belgrade. She has a degree in special education. She makes collages, writes travelogues, and illustrates books and magazines. She made over a hundred collages, exhibited in public and private spaces. The dominant motifs of her paintings are: floral motifs, antique motifs and musical or ballet art. In 2016, she published the collage catalog “L’art”. Since 2019, her collages are featured on book-loving *Enbeduana*. She is the co-founder of the association for the promotion of cultural diversity *Alia Mundi*, the author of travelogues, and articles in the magazine of the same name. She is the editor of the art blog “#L’Art”.





Deepa Bansal Goyal (India)

Deepa Bansal Goyal loves writing and painting. She lives in Rajasthan, India. Her work has been published in several newspapers and books, a few times and also broadcast on Akaashwani. She has been awarded for her accomplishments, many a times.

Just be-leaf
It's a tree-t to eyes.



INNSÆIAN'S VOICE**Supriya Mali (India)**

Supriya Mali hails from Maharashtra, India. She has completed her M.A in English from Shivaji University Kolhapur. Currently, she is learning the French language. She loves reading, sketching, photography, and acting. She has won several awards in theatrical work. She finds her joy in literature and making people happy.

Supriya Mali (India)

Executive Compiler, INNSÆI

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The Sea, Within INNSÆI

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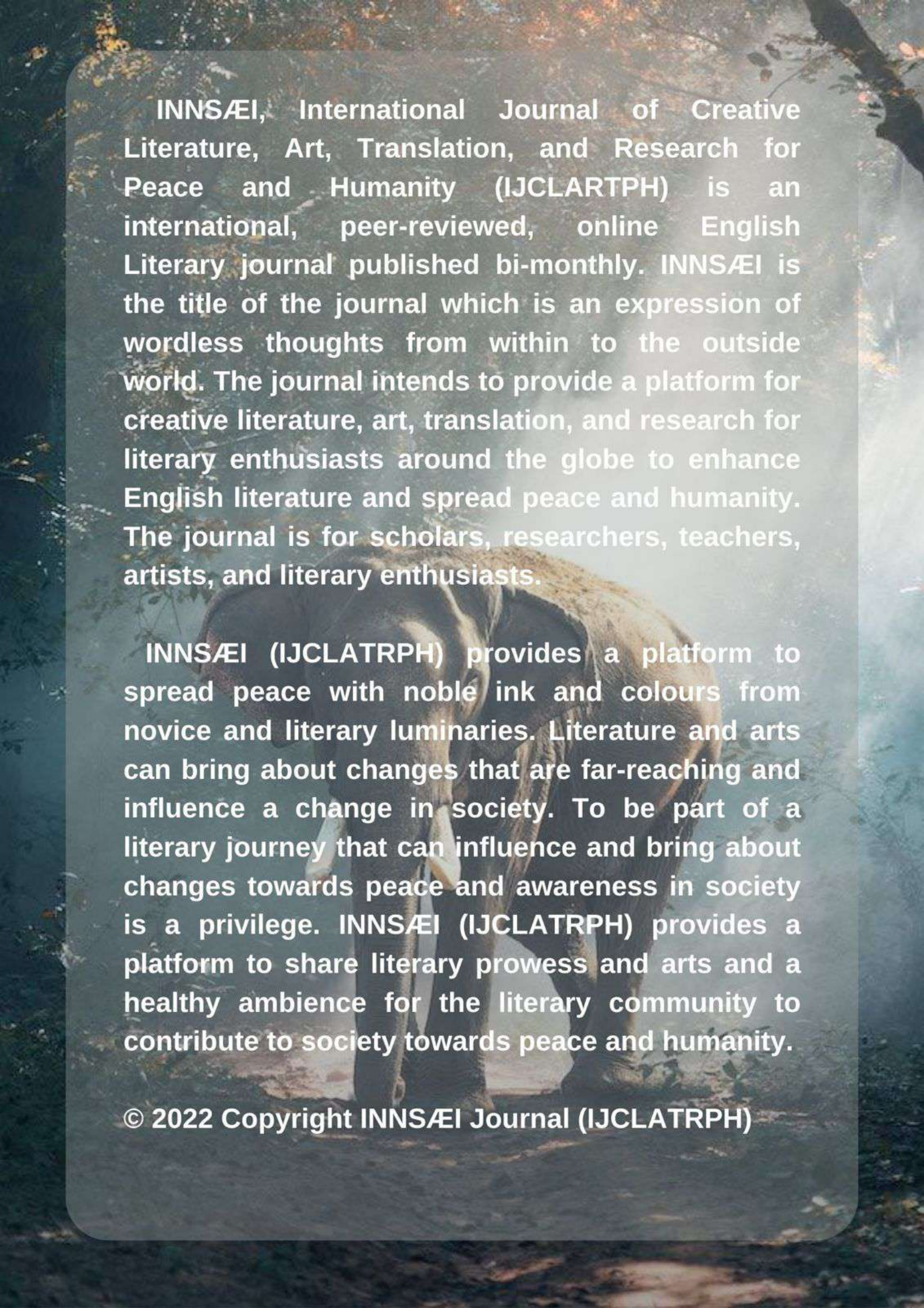
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An elephant is the central figure in the background, standing in a natural, possibly forested or savanna-like environment. The elephant is facing slightly to the left. A large, semi-transparent rectangular box with rounded corners is overlaid on the image, containing two paragraphs of text. The text is white and stands out against the darker, textured background of the elephant and foliage.

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