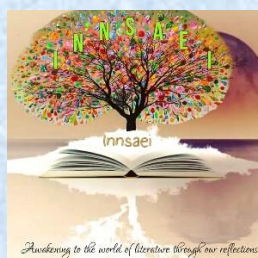


# INNSÆI Journal

International Journal of Creative Literature  
for Peace and Humanity (IJCLPH)

Volume III Issue 6 November- December 2022



Published by INNSÆI Journal

Edited by

The Proofread Team, INNSÆI

Contact

General: [infoinnsaeijournal@gmail.com](mailto:infoinnsaeijournal@gmail.com)

Submission: [subinnsaeijournal@gmail.com](mailto:subinnsaeijournal@gmail.com)

Disclaimer:

Opinions expressed in articles and creative pieces published in this Journal are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, the editorial board or the publisher.

Disclaimer Copyright:

All authors who submit their oeuvres for publication will abide by following provisions of the copyright transfer:

1. The copyright of the oeuvres rests with the authors. And they are transferring the copyright to publish the oeuvre and use the oeuvre for indexing and storing for public use with due reference to the published matter in the name of concerned authors.
2. The authors reserve all proprietary rights such as patent rights and the right to use all or part of the oeuvre in future works of their own.
3. In the case of republication of the whole, part, or parts thereof, in periodicals or reprint publications by a third party, written permission must be obtained from the Founders of INNSÆI.
4. The authors declare that the material being presented by them in this oeuvre is their original work, and does not contain or include material taken from other copyrighted sources.
5. Wherever such material has been included, it has been indented or/and identified by quotation marks and due and proper acknowledgements given by citing the source at appropriate places.
6. The oeuvre, the final version of which they submit, is not substantially the same as any that they had already published elsewhere.

7. They declare that they have not sent the oeuvre or any oeuvre substantially the same as the submitted one, for publication anywhere else.

8. Furthermore, the author may only post his/her version provided acknowledgement is given to the original source of publication in this journal and a link is inserted wherever published.

9. All contents, Parts, written matters, publications are under the copyright act taken by INNSÆI.

10. Published oeuvres will be available for use by scholars and researchers.

INNSÆI is not responsible in any type of claim on publication in our Journal.

© 2022 Copyright INNSÆI Journal (IJCLPH)



## **VISION**

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

## **MISSION**

1. To provide a vibrant literary culture among the creative writers.
2. To encourage the development of poets and writers in society.
3. An initiative to promote 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 human expression for the deep inner expression of suppressed thoughts.
6. To encourage hidden voice from the grass-root contributors allowing them to express human values.

## Table of Content

Disclaimer .....	(ii)
Vision and Mission .....	(iv)
 1. <b>Founders' Voice</b> .....	 1
2. <b>Cover Story:</b> The Contribution of Fearless and Confessional Poetry of Kamala Das in Modern Indian Poetry in English by Ms Shristy Sinha (India) .....	5
3. <b>Interview:</b> An Erudite Conversation with Dr Satyavrat Vaidya (India) by Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul .....	11
4. <b>Literary Maestro:</b> Poetry of Francesco Favetta (Italy) .....	18
5. <b>Poetry</b>	
INCIDENTAL SCRUTINY by Madhu Gangopadhyaya (India) .....	26
ASYMPTOMATIC by Soumik Kumar De (India) .....	28
MODERN WORLD by Mr Shreeraj Menons (India).....	30
GENDER BIAS by Ms Smitha Satyen (Smitsy) (India) .....	32
A GRAIN OF SAND by Hein Min Tun (Myanmar) .....	36
THE TRANQUIL MOONAND EDDY SEA by Arundhati Mukharjee(India)...	38
THE MAGICAL PLANET by Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh (Vietnam) .....	40
BIPOLAR by Basab Mondal (India) .....	43
DARK ALLEY by Ms Sayani Mukharjee (India) .....	45
WHERE IS THY SHINE ? by Dashrath Naik (India) .....	48
HOLD ME THROUGH THIS NIGHT by Batool Idrish Siamwala (India).....	51

TO SEEK THE ETERNITY by Shiny Vikas (India).....	53
THE BOND OF HUMANITY by Dr Neha Bhandarkar (India).....	55
SPACE by Dr Perwaiz Shaharyar (India) .....	59
THE S.P.I.R.A.L. by James B. Nicola (U.S.A.) .....	61
FIBERGLASS SANDWICH by Anna Idelevich (U.S.A.).....	63
INNSÆIAN'S VOICE	
WHAT SILENCE DEPICTS SILENTLY... by Indrani Chatterjee (India).....	65
<b>6. Short Story</b>	
PEGASUS AND PEDVIRE by Anandvalli Chandran (India) .....	68
<b>7. Fiction</b>	
METAMORPHOSIS... by Andreyena Herrera (Bolivia) .....	73
INNSÆIAN'S VOICE	
QUEEN MOTHER OF THE WESTERN REALM by Jessieca Leo Germany)76	
<b>8. Memoir</b>	
INNSÆIAN'S VOICE	
THE BOEUF SALAD by Dr Ligia Tomoiaga (Romania).....	80
<b>9. Research Paper</b>	
INNSÆIAN'S VOICE	
THE EYE THAT LOOKS AT THE WORLD AND THE HAND THAT WRITES ABOUT IT: THE CIVILIZATIONAL AND HUMANISTIC ROLE OF LITERATURE by Dr Ligia Tomoiaga (Romania).....	88
<b>10. Quotes with the Images</b>	
Quote by Thirupursundari C. J. (Dazzle) (India) .....	99



**11. Photos**

Photos by Ana Stjelja (Serbia) .....	101
--------------------------------------	-----

**12. Published and Upcoming Books**

THE TRYST WITH MY THOUGHTS by Aron Pamei and Achingliu

Kamei (India) .....	105
---------------------	-----

HEADSPACE, THE MIND'S REALM by Aron Pamei and Achingliu

Kamei (India) .....	107
---------------------	-----

SONGS OF RAENGDAILU BY Achingliu Kamei (India) .....	105
--	-----

**13. The Sea, Within INNSÆI .....113**

## The Closing of the Year ...




# FOUNDERS' VOICE

## Founders' Voice

Dear Readers,

Greetings!!!

The year is about to end. Third year is to be completed with this issue. With different events, the Journal has created the milestones in the literary journey. With the backdrop of the Russia – Ukraine War, the world is still horrified with the disastrous future of it. People are dying, Nature is dying and the Humanity is in the hands of humane people in the hope to survive. The literature, active in the hands of humane, soulful people, is ready to perform miracles. The Love...  will help the world to move in the New Year 2023. It's a great pleasure to reach different corners of the world with the hope to sow the seeds of LOVE.

In this year, INNSÆI Journal organized its first International LitFest on 18<sup>th</sup> - 19<sup>th</sup> August, 2022 at SHRI MALLIKARJUN & Chetan Manju Desai College, Canacona, Goa. The First Award Function of INNSÆI Journal was also took place in the LitFest. The research paper presented by Ligia Tomoiaga, (Romania) titled 'The Eye That Looks at the World and the Hand That Writes About It. The civilizational and humanistic role of literature' focused the role of Literature in the Present Time. Similarly, the other research paper presented by Lucilla Trapazzo, (Italy- Switzerland) 'Enheduanna' added another flavour of gender equality.

The contributors of Poetry, Short Stories, Fiction, Non-Fiction, Essay and Memoirs are noteworthy throughout the year. The beautiful Art works and Quotes with Images submitted by the contributors have beautified the Issues for the readers. We are really enlightened to find that more authors have joined the journey; more genres have got added to the Journal.

The journey of INNSÆI Journal in 2023 will be exciting for sure. So, we hope more and more travellers to join the journey.

INNSÆI is the continuous process to light the path of the readers and illuminate the lives around the Globe.

In the last quarter of the Year 2022, we are having aspirations to march farther with more enthusiasm.

So, again, we pray...

Let all the strings of human hearts be joined to create Harmony in the world...

Let all the music orchestrate itself for Peace in the world...

Let the world be a beautiful and heavenly abode forever...

Adieu...

Kind Regards,

Mr Orbindu Ganga and Dr Tejaswini Dange Patil

Founders and Literary Editorial Directors

INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative

Literature for Peace and Humanity (IJCLPH)



## COVER STORY



Kamala Das (Madhavikutty or Kamala Surayya) - 31 March 1934–31 May 2009

**The Contribution of Fearless and Confessional Poetry of Kamala Das in Modern  
Indian Poetry in English**

By Ms Shristy Sinha (India)

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

*‘A woman had to prove herself to be a good wife, a good mother, before she could become anything else. And that meant years and years of waiting. That meant waiting till the greying years. I didn’t have the time to wait. I was impatient. So I started writing quite early in my life. And perhaps I was lucky. My husband appreciated the fact that I was trying to supplement the family income. So, he allowed me to write at night. After all the chores were done, after I had fed the children, fed him, cleaned up the kitchen, I was allowed to sit awake and write till morning. And that affected my health’.*

Fearless forthright, and unrepressed Kamala Das took the literary world by storm with her individualistic and unapologetic voice. Popularly known as *‘The Mother of Modern English*



*Poetry*' she was a popular Indian author who wrote freely about female sexuality, love, lust and loneliness in a realistic fashion without any hint of guilt or culpability.

Kamala Das, also known as Kamala Surayya, (Madhavi Kutty, her maiden name) the new Indian poetess was born on March 31st, 1934. She is a distinguished Indian writer who composed in English as well as in Malayalam (her native language). She looks at as one of the exceptional Indian poetess writing in English even though she earned herself a name through her short stories and autobiographies which were written in the local language in Kerala (birthplace). *I am Indian, very brown, born in Malabar*', she was very proud to exclaim that she was 'very brown'. She went on to articulate that she used to speak in three languages, wrote in two and dreamt in one.

Her writing style was different from her contemporary writers as she preferred writing personal stories and moreover did not romanticized love or any of its aspects. She was a confessional poet who fearlessly penned her experiences into her poetries. Many of Das' literary works were autobiographical where she talked about her desires, grief and depression in a complete honesty. Her poems were eloquent and often melancholic reflecting the inner piece of a woman as an individual. A notable feature included in Kamala Das' character analysis is that she was perhaps the first Hindu woman who candidly but bluntly talked about sexual desires of Indian women making her an iconoclast of her generation.

The language that she speaks is essentially hers; the primary ideas are not a reflection but a personal impression. It is the distortions and queerness that makes it individual, in keeping with Chomsky's notion of 'performance.' And it is these imperfections that make it human. It is the language of her expression and emotion as it voices her joys, sorrows and hopes. Her style of writing has often been compared Sylvia Plath.

Married at the early age of sixteen, her husband confined her to a single room. She was ashamed of her feminist that came before time, and brought her to this predicament. This explains her claim that she was crushed by the weight of her breast and womb. She tries to overcome it by seeming tomboyish. So she cuts her hair short and adorns boyish clothes.



People criticize her and tell her to ‘conform’ to the various womanly roles. Her first book of poetry **Summer in Calcutta** contained poems related to love lost, betrayal and loneliness- such as **The Dance of the Eunuchs**. Her second book **The Descendants** was also centered around similar themes. Love and Sex form the main theme in Kamala Das’ poetry. She believes, ‘love is the central emotion in woman’s heart’. She craves for union with man for the fulfillment of love but she is disillusioned and frustrated. When it degenerates into sheer lustfulness and bodily pleasures, her poetry is a record of her own unfulfilled love and her own sexual exploitative world which is conspicuous by the sheer absence of love and predominance of sexual exploitation of a woman by a man. In poem after poem she is preoccupied with love, sex frustration. *‘They danced, oh! They danced till they bled’*. The poetess uses the funeral imagery to portray the decrepit figure of the eunuchs: *‘They were thin in limbs and dry; like half burnt logs from Funeral pyres, a drought rottenness were in each of them’*. The image creates the visual impression of the eunuchs who survive and suffer endlessly like *‘half-burnt logs from funeral pyres’*. Unable to find fulfilment as a woman or to give satisfaction as one, the poetess sees in the eunuchs *‘writhing in vacant ecstasy’* a devastating image of her own sterility.

In the poem **‘In Love’** the drama of sterile love which brings no emotional fulfilment is enacted against the background of scorching heat of the summer scene, a symbol of the poet’s own scorching frustration as a woman. The title is ironic because poetess is not at all in love, but disgusted with the man who had her body.

Her autobiography **Ente Katha** similarly depicted Das’ views about many subjects like her feelings towards her children, her failed marriage, experimentation of her sexuality and her extramarital affairs. The book caused many problems within her family with many of her relatives opposing the release of the book. Despite facing so many backlashes throughout her career, Kamala Das stood tall in the face of adversity and never backed down from telling her story.

She says, *‘I am what I am’*. Back then, people of the society weren’t ready for a woman to upfront the personal and intimate topics in public. Women were objectified and not treated

or recognized them as an independent individual. They weren't allowed to even pitch up their voice leave alone presenting their own deep barrowed identity.

Being an unapologetic confessional poet, Kamala Das became a highly controversial author with many critics who did not appreciate her brutal honesty and recurring themes of sexuality in the works. Her attention towards eroticism is again a fanatical kind of unconditional honesty which was criticized during her own time.

Das presents herself as being able to use writing as a way to communicate her own confessional need. The personal need that inspires her own work is to convey 'certain weaknesses' and her own exploration of these are able to connect with both audience and her own sense of identity. It is here where I think that Das can be seen as a confessional poet. In doing so, one realizes why her work was so widely accepted and understood in that it spoke of an authenticity and transparency in construction that resonated with many. She was a typical fearless and confessional poet who poured her heart into her poetry which is largely subjective and autobiographical anguished and tortured, letting us peep into her suffering and tortured psyche. She was one if the pioneering post-independence Indian-English poets to have contributed immensely to the growth and development of modern Indian-English poetry. She was one of the modernist writers to assert her femininity as a human in Indian literature. She has been a source of great inspiration and emulation for women with literary aspiration. Her life has been long drawn battle against a religious and cultural orthodox that frowns upon the somewhat uninhabited life style of his apparently forthright persons.

*Kamala Das was a feminist ahead of her times. Her unwillingness to bow down to societal pressure and courage to speak about subjects considered taboo made her an iconoclast of her generation and an inspiration for women for many more generations. Her contribution of fearless and confessional poetry brought a revolutionary modernity in the Indian poetry in English.*



**About the Author****Shristy Sinha (India)**

Shristy Sinha, a teacher of English Literature by profession, is also a poet, writer, and well-doing mom-blogger, who is creating an impactful online class for pre-schoolers by imparting value-based knowledge through creativity and innovations. She has a title published under her name "From All the Directions", which is an anthology of poetry depicting her varied experiences.

Despite being a graduate student in commerce and working for a US-based mortgaging firm for a few years, her love for literature kept calling her to have a double Master's degree in English Literature. She had also taken up many short-term courses in creative writing, editing and publishing, which shows her deep interest in the world of books and literature.

Apart from writing, Shristy also holds an interest in many other art forms like vocal music, sketching, painting, cooking, etc. But that is not all, her interest in some very different subjects like science, travel, and sports goes into making her a composite personality.



## INTERVIEW



Dr. Satyavrat Vaidya is doctor by profession with a deep interest in Literature, Psychology, Theology and World History. Presently, he is working as Nodal Head, Addiction Treatment Facility and Distt. Program Officer, Kullu in the Department of Health and Familky Welfare, Government of Himachal Pradesh, India. He has authored the book, 'Destinations Unknown' which is a bromantic fiction. He is rigorously working on the issues of mental health and drug addiction in Kullu using his medical as well as literary and creative skills. It isn't an easy job to bring people back into the normal life after they have fallen into depression, addiction or any other psychiatric disorders, but Dr Vaidya has shown keen interest, dedication and brought light into the lives of many individuals as well as families. With the progress in society trans-disciplinary approach is yielding better results in problem solving which can be well recognised in Dr. Vaidya's psychiatric work.

## **An Interview with Dr. Satyavrat Vaidya, a Psychiatrist, Literary persona and a devoted Social Worker.**

### **1. Welcome to the interview chambers of INNSÆI, Dr. Vaidya**

Thank you, INNSÆI.

### **2. First of all, let me ask you about the book you have authored so that my readers could get a glance of it.**

Destination unknown is a bromantic fiction focusing on chasing your dreams. it is about 2 young boys with different outlooks and how they bond with each other and start a bromantic journey towards fulfilling their dreams.

### **3. What prompted you to pen this work?**

Destination unknown is a bromantic fiction focusing on chasing your dreams. it is about 2 young boys with different outlooks and how they bond with each other and start a bromantic journey towards fulfilling their dreams.

### **4. Would you like sharing the inspiration behind?**

The inspiration behind this book was when I saw a young friend struggling to do what he wanted to but faced many hurdles. The story was conceived and eventually took shape. If one is a doctor that does not mean that he will just practice medicine. he can also fulfil other dreams and other passions that he or she has. The book addresses this issue.

### **5. Another of the field you have been very active on is Psychiatry and Psychology. It must be very challenging as you are not only dealing with the patient only but are involved in tedious de addiction campaign too. Something on that please.**



I work in the field of addiction medicine psychiatry and psycho sexual medicine and in adolescent health. I am also a master trainer in the state for doctors in adolescent health. Human mind has always intrigued me and I love relating to people and help them face and overcome their problems.

**6. I know you have been an avid reader, what is the favourite genre you love to read and why? Do you integrate your literary skills with your campaigns and if so in what manner?**

I am an avid reader and love to read different genres. psychology, human behavior theology, history and civilization, all genres are my favorites, depending on the kind of book that I get. When one reads and travels, you learn and your horizons widen I use this knowledge in my therapies and to help people heal, realize their true potential and work towards a productive happy life.

**7. You have recently opened a book club named "Bajora Book Club". Please introduce our readers about its conception and inception.**

BBC or Bajora book club was a brain child of my sister-in-law who shifted from Delhi to Bajora (Kullu) and we felt the need to stimulate our minds by meeting and interacting with people who read so that we can learn from diverse readers on various topics and have different opinion about books.

**About the book club.**

We have 10 members in the book club and the best thing is that everyone enjoys books of different genre. there are people who like history others like science fiction others management others religion, some people like travel and some like poetry.

It is an eclectic combination of so many ideas, so many visions and so many perspectives on various issues. that is what complete learning is all about. The 1st book that we decided to read is Tomb of sand written by Gitanjali Shri and translated by Daisy Rockwell. The book can be read in English or in Hindi which is the original version called" ret tilla"

## 8. Any upcoming book or literary project in pipeline?

I have a couple of books in the pipeline on which I'm working. One is based on anecdotes of doctors and medical officers working in remote areas of Himachal and the other one is based on lost cuisines of Himachal Pradesh.

## 9. You been a blessing to many here. How does it feel bringing the people out of their mental hells into the world back. I confess that I am the one that you have helped with and I want to thank you from core of my heart through this interview. But please let my readers know your point of view.

When you say that I have been a blessing to so many people I would like to quote The Gita chapter 2 verse 47.

*Karmane vadbikaraste ma faleshu kadachana....* Which translates to ... "that you are supposed to do your duty but not entitled to the fruit of your deeds." so I am just doing my duty full heartedly and I'm happy I can be of any help to anyone. I certainly do not Crave for any kind of awards or felicitations but I feel blessed that I can actually help someone alleviate their problems.

We had a young boy aged 17 years who was dependent on cannabis and heroin for the last 6 months but he reported to the OPD wanting to quit. his detailed history revealed that he had different sexual orientation. he was depressed about it and quite agitated as he could not come out in the open regarding his orientation and he hid it from his parents also. He ultimately took refuge in drugs which landed him in our OPD. We counselled him regarding his orientation and told him that it was perfectly all right to have this kind of an orientation. He also wanted to pursue his career as a dress designer but his parents looked down on that profession for him. And said that it was a girlish profession which had made him all the more depressed. I thought about my book and about chasing one's dreams. I told him to read the book and he felt good and thought that I too can chase my dreams no matter what. we gave him detox medicines for his drug addiction and counselled him on various issues doing cognitive behavior therapy with him and also his family. Today, he is a success story as he is pursuing his career from NIFT kangra.

He has been drug free for the last one and a 1/2 years and has a steady boyfriend too.

**10. Any message for the world around ?**

My message for one and all... create awareness about mental health. Your brain is also a part of your body. If you can go to a dental surgeon if you experience pain or any issue with your teeth, please do seek help from a mental health provider if you feel low. Do not stigmatize yourself and associate mental health with any stigma. Go ahead, seek help so that you can lead a good fruitful productive life.



## About the Interviewer



Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul

Is a literary and an art enthusiast from Kullu, Himachal Pradesh(India). She is better known by her pen name Sanju Paul. She is a writer and an artist by passion and a veterinary medicine specialist by profession. She is involved in four book projects of poetry in various capacities as a writer, artist, principal investigator, editor, etc. Her artworks have also been used in books/ magazines. She has been an active part of various local as well as international projects of literary, artistic as well as scientific importance including poetry workshops. Sanju loves to work on experimental poetry and art. She's developed her own technique of carved and washed painting using PVC sheets as canvas which is left out waste of wall panelling. She had also made her presence felt in the teaching curricula in Indonesia, Thailand and India in Poetry. She had also been involved in English, Hindi translation of ISIS News (International Species Information System News). She's presently working on bridging psychological conflicts and expression through various art forms. 'Catharsis' is her recent short film based on Carl Jung's concepts showing journey of an artist from conflict to expression.

## LITERARY MAESTRO

## LITERARY MAESTRO:



**Francesco Favetta, Italy (Sicily)**

## BIO:

Born in the land of Sicily in that of Sciacca, he has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul! He's written more than 4000 poems, including philosophical reflections and thoughts. In 2018, he was awarded by the Academy of Sicily, Academic of Sicily. To date, his lyrics have been published internationally: Revista Azahar who edited his first Silloge of Poems in Spanish: some of his poems are published in The Silk Road Anthology: Nano Poems for Africa; his other lyrics published on the official website of the "Galassia Poetica Atunis", including one in Russian; his other works published on the official WorldSmith International Editorial website; publication of his poems in OPA, The Poetry Journal. He has founded a theatre company in Sciacca: Theatrum Socialis Sciacca and founded a Lions Club, Sciacca Terme as well.



**A Cherished Dream**

A dream  
lived silent  
into the dark  
Of the mind  
turned on  
lights  
colored  
skies  
and rainbows  
in our lives  
he radiated and gave.  
A star  
shone  
eternally  
in the universe  
immense  
of my path  
was and is  
beloved light  
heat source  
Red heart.  
A hug  
squeezed me  
serenely  
dancing me  
in the eyes  
flew with joy  
on my heart  
girding  
forever  
my life  
and mine  
days.

**Our Elders**

They are hands  
no more time  
silent cries  
pains and sufferings  
not even a smile  
wrapped in tears.  
The crumbs  
of blood  
glide on the lips  
lonely hearts  
they die in the lanes  
of hospitals.  
I'm  
seniors  
newlyweds in love  
grandparents and victims  
of a long night  
of humanity.  
Expired  
in the battle  
in the fire of death  
no questions  
wounded caresses  
painful distances.

**The Day Will Come**

The day will come  
that time when  
universal love  
single sea  
to cross  
navigate  
and shipwreck  
inside  
our lives  
like an ocean  
big blue  
immense  
will flood  
will drown  
our bodies  
will elicit smiles  
real kisses  
from our lips.  
The time will come  
the moment  
where every man  
every woman  
they will embrace  
in unison  
like lit suns  
the emotions  
daughters of days  
shared  
and then singing  
marvellous  
of a child  
will arouse instantly  
the beloved love  
always adored  
true joy  
of the desired world.



**Silent Moon**

Stupid

it's the moon tonight  
maybe he wants to talk  
to the stars  
of deceptions  
and true loves  
confess to her  
give silences  
of the thousand and even more  
lovers.

Turn off

it's the eyes  
of your windows  
ajar  
love the caresses  
that bewitched me  
in dark nights  
of my beloved dreams  
flowers of love never cut.  
it burns  
beyond the sky  
of the sacred garden  
great passion  
of distilled honey  
with burning hearts  
rocks of crushed rocks  
as they were  
waves evaporated in the sun  
and stormy sea  
that always envelops  
my sails  
of moving boat  
sailing in direction  
of happy island  
in the land of sighs  
port of beloved sound.

**Eyes**

Eyes  
full of love  
wet eyes  
from the heart  
sincere eyes  
shining eyes  
eyes  
that they scream  
eyes  
of fire.  
I'm  
always them  
the eyes  
mirror  
of the soul  
they know how to be  
liquid crystals  
and also  
stinging daggers  
sleepless razors  
and free rains  
on our bodies  
they vibrate in unison  
reds of love  
they start  
every time  
that poetry  
on air  
instantly  
their  
pupils.

**Inside the Voice of Madness**

In every wish  
they shatter  
dreams  
and also the roses  
wither  
if life does not go on  
inside the voice of madness  
in the rooms of the soul.  
How much distance there is  
between the hands and the heart  
always the same words  
they're not enough  
in the streets of the city  
when the sun went out  
and the streets are dark alleys  
deserts on the shoulders.  
Everywhere  
in the feasts of the world  
and apparent boundaries  
he will never die  
in the flesh  
nor in the veins  
or on the crosses  
as if he were a Christ.



## **POETRY**



Madhu Gangopadhyaya (India)

#### BIO

Madhu Gangopadhyay, India, presently resides in Bangalore. Beginning writing in school, she's fiercely passionate about poetry and short stories, and her penchant for mythology can be seen in her works. She has done M. A. in English Literature from Calcutta University and a B.A.in Education.

She has also written some short-stories that have been published in Literoma. Her poems have been published in THE SILK ROAD, Literary Parrot, Open Door Magazine, Paradise On Earth, Volume II, Insignia, Dark Poetry Society, Ravencage, and several online journals including Spillwords, Lotholorian, Atunis, Academy of Heart And Mind, Piker Press, Cultural Reverence, etc. Her works have also been translated into Spanish, Albanian, Persian and Turkish languages. Her writings revolve around every human emotion, life as a whole, nature, and the universe.

**INCIDENTAL SCRUTINY!**

I stamped on an ant  
By sheer mistake  
A mixed feeling  
Guilt, callousness, yet  
Not really repentant.  
And suddenly that dead ant  
Wriggled, couldn't fully crawl  
Struggled, and I watched  
A strange curiosity of sorts overtook!  
Its pain, I never bothered.  
It strained, to surge ahead  
With broken tentacles.  
And I saw it all, its struggle to crawl.  
A mundane me; I had to leave for work  
I couldn't wait to see.  
In the evening, I saw  
It lying curled up on the floor  
Inert and dead beside the door!  
I really don't know what came upon me  
Maybe this is how it is to be!  
We never know when death creeps in  
Who knows what begets and how.  
Work of fate or outcome of sins?  
Or my curiosity was just atavistic instinct?





Soumik Kumar De

**BIO:**

A painter and an occasional guitarist Soumik Kumar De's poems are a fusion of images and melody. So far, he has been widely published in many coveted national and international anthologies. Spending pastime in the lap of the Himalayan villages is what he always waits for.

Nationality: Indian

Mail Id: [soumikkde14@gmail.com](mailto:soumikkde14@gmail.com)

**ASYMPTOMATIC**

When the tower clock struck ten  
And when the shutters lowered  
The man came out of  
The dark deserted street  
Sitting on the steps of the altar  
Under the pole  
Where only this morning  
They gathered in uniform  
He brought out  
A plastic pack  
And a little carafe  
Hidden under his off-white vest  
He unpacked the pack  
Half boiled *chawal* it was  
Decked with a half-cut onion  
And a squat little green chilly  
That he munched and munched  
And licked his thumb  
Till he sucked the last pearly grain  
Now the carafe  
Now the tangerine drops  
And he closed his eyes  
When the gentle breeze  
Shook the half-drawn flag  
And he smelt the flowers scattered  
Near his feet.



Shreeraj Menons (Raj) (India)

## BIO

Belonging to a middle-class family. from childhood, the poet used to make quick poetry. A close friend of his once noticed this and forced him to write whatever Poems or Quotes he wrote and since then he started writing. He is an active writer on the His Quote site and has received numerous testimonials and certifications in the contests. He is a multilingual writer and his writing is awe-inspiring. Be it English, Hindi, Urdu, Malayalam and Marathi, he excels in all languages. He is a graduate from Mumbai University. He is an accountant and also a self-educated computer engineer. His skills are top notch and he holds several certifications. His passions are acting, writing, painting and dance and listening to music etc.



## MODERN WORLD

In this so-called modern world  
Life seems sometimes a bitch  
It plays along round and round  
While people fall in a debt ditch

Where competition is in its height  
And instead of love money speaks  
Measuring all the pockets in sight  
And unemployed busy in job seeks

Where the rich become more rich  
And the poor remains poorer ever  
Where balance of power is such  
And it remains with rich forever

Inequality is the key in this world  
Where the poor are treated trash  
They are crushed and labor sold  
Exploited by paying them less cash

Forget the rich and think of poor  
How do they survive in this world?  
Where hatred prevails and is sour  
With lots of pain which is untold



Smitha Satyen (Smitsy) (India)

BIO:

Smitha Satyen (Smitsy) born in a middle-class family enjoyed her childhood. She loved reading, fiction, and poetry. Graduate in Chemistry from Mumbai University, she landed as a Lab Chemist; getting married; she set her roots again in Kolkata, 'The City of Joy'. 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 alphabets to paint it on paper through rhymes.

Apart from writing, she claims to be a sprouting shutter bug, and loves gardening, watching life grow out of a simple, tiny seed into plants blooming flowers and fruits.

## GENDER BIAS

Born out of the same womb  
Yet treated as chalk and cheese  
One is celebrated as they  
Promote the family lineage  
While the other is cast as bad omen  
Harbinger of ill luck, or a burden  
Most often than not, nipped at bud  
Not even allowed to see the world  
While the male progeny is treated  
Not unlike a king  
even in the poorest of homes  
She if survives birth, is scorned upon  
Right from the early age,  
Treated as an outsider  
Education basic grudgingly provided  
Taught the skills of home management  
Longingly she watches her sibling being pampered  
Feed forcefully with love and care  
While she goes to bed on half empty stomach  
When her brothers play and laugh in sunshine  
Her little hands, scrub pots and pans  
Or maybe sweep and mop the floor  
Until it like mirror shines  
He is made to pursue higher education  
Free to choose his desired profession  
While she is trained in cooking



Proper etiquette needlework & embroidery  
Are for her the certificates of glory  
Boys in turn growing up in abandon  
Made to believe, females are below them  
Giving them right to do as they wish  
Often stalks and pounces  
On any unsuspecting damsel  
To quench the thirst of his lust  
Destroying the poor girl  
with fate worse than death  
If lucky to be alive, the society  
With its scorns and vile tongue  
Branding her guilty of the act  
Questioning her character or dress sense  
Bails out the beast to go on rampage again  
While she resorts to end her life.  
No matter how times have changed  
Still the discriminating mentality prevails  
While saving for the children's future  
It's always 'for her marriage &  
His education abroad'  
And with the curse of dowry,  
once which was a woman's right  
Now it's a punishment, a leavy unjustly demanded  
For taking someone's daughter as your wife  
Women born with power immense  
Grace, tolerance and compassion  
Tears that shed not when she's hurt  
Most of the time she doesn't care for that

But flows in rivulets when mishap befalls  
On any one close to her heart  
Carrying a child in her womb  
Loving it before she even sees it  
Those 9 months she radiantly blooms  
Nothing less than an epitome of beauty  
Bearing pains you can't even begin to imagine  
She births a new life on to this earth  
Yet not a twinge of remorse you can see  
Only infinite love glows on her face  
Weeping tears of happiness  
As she holds the little one to her breast.  
A land where Goddess like Lakshmi  
Saraswati, Kali, Durga is worshiped  
With utmost devotion,  
Believing them to be bearer of wealth,  
Knowledge, power, strength  
And destroyer of all evil omens  
The girl child is considered a burden,  
Deprived of education, scorned and suppressed,  
Treated worse than animals  
Why this discrimination,  
Give them the opportunity to prove their worth  
Standing at par with their male counterparts  
They'll show you, they're less than none....



Hein Min Tun (Myanmar)

BIO:

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” for his short story “The Outcast” . His short story “Illusion” has found its place in Asian Literary Society’s Annual Anthology, his recent story “The Kite” and the non-fiction work “The Time When Mother Was Away (Anecdote )” in the INNSÆI Journal. His memoir “A Tale from Thanlwin” has recently got published on Spillwords. Additionally, he has numerous poems to his credit in bestselling global anthologies, magazines and journals. He is also a featured poet of the UK-based The POET Magazine. 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 GRAIN OF SAND

In the air that surrounds my being,  
I breathe in  
self-created karma  
boomeranged from the sunless corridor  
beyond the chamber to **Ta Ma Lon**.  
In inhale it enters;  
in exhale it loses its way into oblivion:  
the alternate process sustained.

My history predestined in prompts on my palm.

I scrape out the texture of Life once and again.  
But, my gilded purposes only dissolve into futile dreams.  
Here, I tuck away secrets, left unheeded, in my safe zone  
to say what remains unsyllabled,  
to touch what remains untouched,  
and to ignite what remains unflamed  
on the way that weaves through Sansara.

A grain of sand swirling in the whirlwind  
I see it merge into the obscurity of the dust  
in no time.

And my worn-out head flops sleepily.

I dream the Endless enfolds.....

I see a dawn spread.

I hear my new name.

I become another form of ephemeral existence.

NOTE – “**Ta Ma Lon**” turns out to mean the past life in English.



**Arundhati Mukherjee (India)**

**BIO:**

Arundhati Mukherjee is an engineer by profession and published author, blogger, poet and singer by passion. She is Deputy Chief Engineer in Govt. Power Sector. She loves writing on Science and Spirituality. She writes in Speaking Tree.in, Author in e-magazines like Pragyata, Thrive Global and Sivana East. She is a Self-Published Author with Kindle Direct Publishing, Amazon also. Her e-books are available in Amazon and her poetry books, e-book and paperback is available in various platforms. She has co-authored some national and international anthologies. Her poetries are published in various international e-zines.

**THE TRANQUIL MOON AND EDGY SEA**

The autumn colours of auburn, russet gleam,  
the feuille morte spread in the woods, gamboge sheen,  
winter peeps through the frosty full moon light glint,  
as the waves shimmer in high tide to kiss the sea.

Divine lights adorn the cerulean sea,  
as conches blow proclaiming the boats to row,  
thousand wishes and desires flow,  
as the men row and the colleen's tears glow.

The tranquil moon with fullness mesmerized,  
the edgy sea in response tide high,  
waves rise in turbulent water aquamarine,  
emotions rafting in the rough water of mind.

The fall colours bid au revoir,  
the frothy sea kisses the sands in misty air,  
the ships are gone, a tale forlorn,  
traditions keep kindling the divine light as women adorn.

The tranquil winter full moon come back soon,  
with hopes and desires for human to tune,  
to usher in peace and calm to millions selenophile,  
as the edgy sea of life deluge, come thee as our sole refuge.





**Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh (Vietnam)**

**BIO:**

Her true name is NGUYEN CHAU NGOC DOAN CHINH and pen name is HONG NGOC CHAU and Facebook name is NGUYEN CHINH. She is a Master of Educational Administration, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association (Vietnam); an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and Prixton University. Admin member of W. U. P. (World Union of Poets), GENERAL COUNCIL level World Union of Poets with MEDAL SILVER Investigator (14<sup>th</sup> Medal of the World Union of Poets). International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers and Artists- CIESART; International Executive Deputy Director of CIESART Official Headquarters, Vietnam; Administrator, Moderator, group expert of many literary forums around the world.

**THE MAGICAL PLANET**

1

In all the planets of this universe  
Earth is a place species live here  
This earth where we are living on  
Need the clean and green at once

2

God made for people are always appearing  
Let's contribute to environment changing  
On earth, we live with fellow human beings  
There is on earth a lot of wonderful things

3

The power of thinking before the change  
We need relationships for being humans  
Nature and our society are living together  
We cannot be separated from life as ever

4

Though science is developing gradually  
But the global population growth really  
The environment is down seriously inclined  
Rivers and streams dry up and creatures die

5

Z.Landmark lamented: "impossible  
Humans destroy their own people  
They make the Earth no more suitable  
Symbiosis, creatures live if possible?"

6

It's just in time for people to decide  
Pay attention to environmental life

We change the knowledge of the people

Society takes care of as well as possible

7

Personal actions are always positive

Keep knowledge and always active

Pay attention to keeping the duty forever

Preserve the Earth as well as our desires

8

Forever beautiful, clean, green, and full of life.

The ecosystem of the common house plight

Five continents and four seas always unite

Promote civilization but can't stop the life

9

Stop the resources that are running out gradually

Our behavior of exploitation is too much greedy

We are running out of materials if it takes place

Change the way to consume to reduce mistakes.

10

Production takes stably oriented

Let nature's life reach out indeed

Clean green earth helps all humanity

Avoid mistakes, live in peace happily.





Basab Mondal (India)

#### BIO

Basab Mondal is a bilingual poet and columnist who writes in English as well as Bengali. His poems and short-stories have appeared in renowned journals in India as well as abroad. He writes on varied facets of life and the world around serves as the cue.

**BIPOLAR**

unclear protocols

undecided issues

unending feuds

Let us fight

until hegemony reigns.

Let us quarrel

until the world ends.

Until logic proves itself

to be logical.

Me and the me within

have issues

to solve.



**Sayani Mukharjee (India)**

#### BIO

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 works have appeared in various reputed international and national 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, Horroscope press, The romantic breeze including the literary magazine of her alma mater (BHU) and several others. She is also part of an international anthology of poems called "Paradise on earth" which is available on online platforms. Recently her debut poetry collection "ODE TO MERAKE" got published by Authorspress, New Delhi. She likes to engage her leisure in photography, cinema and arts.



**DARK ALLEY**

The higher power is a dark realm  
A pregnant egg of alluring fantasies  
Laced with savages  
Of nobility of muzzled openings.  
I wish upon the cave  
Abandoned ruggedly inspired  
Diabolically and Divinely  
Closed off stream of a simple stare  
A sudden maneuver  
Peeping slowly, hooking within  
The black cuckoo is always nasty  
Her songs, mythically beautiful  
Tap dance within her bosom fare  
Rides my homebody fevers.

An abandoned alley smudged between  
Practicalities mundane  
My paper knife to hold my worth  
Sweepingly not to prove anything  
Just a sullen sweet song  
To lie beside me the lake house ground  
To build nests  
Green reds blacks ribboned whites  
Ego death of survival guide  
My womanly virtue vices  
Boldness coyness  
All dived down-

Under the cave the siren song  
The dark alley  
Allowing the evenings to drop down  
Hushly, steadily making no noise  
The evening prayers  
Higher powers  
Dark coins  
The woman, a dark alley.



DASHARATH NAIK (India)

#### Brief Bio.

Dashrath Naik hails from Bijadihi in the district of Sundargarh, Odisha in India. Presently Reader (SS) in English, he has been serving at P.S.College, Bargaon since 1987. A student of English Literature, Sri Naik likes all the genres especially poetry. He himself writes for pleasure and Humanity is his main concern.

Mail Id: dasharath23664@gmail.com



**WHERE IS THY SHINE ?**

Thy name synonymous with the Great Enchanter  
Thou trapped sixteen thousand Gopis ;  
Stole their passionate hearts stealthily  
With Thy spell unique unlimited unbound  
The hypnotizing tune of The Flute  
Reverberating on banks of the Yamuna  
Clouded with thick foliage of huge Kadamba.

Thy aura in the whistling wind  
The captivating harmony in the rippling stream  
Thy childishness deliberately troubled them  
But they enjoyed simplicity Thine  
Glorifying life and actions so divine.

The tempted peacocks dancing  
Spreading their decorative quills  
The dark clouds could not cloud  
The cattle grazing grass gleefully  
The vast meadows looking bright  
Thy precious presence perceived  
In and around the valley serene  
Ceaselessly echoing Thy name 'Krishna'.

In the hearts of the innocent Gopis  
Thou sowed the grain of love and passion  
Imbided it in the playfulness of the Gopalas,  
The boys tending the cattle in the green meadows

In the bunches of sweet flowers  
In the nothingness 'Thou exist wholly  
In the air blowing fast and fiercely  
In the turbulent streams of rainwater  
Flowing serpents like or in the puddles.

'Thou exist and we follow 'Thine  
Oblivious of ourselves

O 'Krishna...!  
Lost we are in 'Thy Love  
And the spectacular spell;  
WHERE ARE THOU?  
WHERE IS 'THY SHINE??



Batool Idrish Siamwala (India)

BIO:

Batool Idrish Siamwala pen in her maiden name, Mumtaz Khorakiwala. She professes to have come back to her first love - writing poetry, after having taught English Language and Literature at the St. Joseph's College for Women Vizag, for nearly a decade.

Her poetry has won accolades on various online writerly forums, and in all earnestly Mumtaz Khorakiwala is attempting to put it up on her blog: [www.acuppawithme.com](http://www.acuppawithme.com)



**HOLD ME THROUGH THIS NIGHT**

Dearest, hold me through this tempestuous night.  
Let your pensive gaze not flicker away. Instead,  
Like quivering flames of candles that burn through nights  
Into morrow's light, let frenzied ardour sweep us.

Tonight, the moon's a pink orb that rests amidst clouds  
Thus, let my passion- seek refuge, be cradled  
In your arms that garland me. My love, tonight,  
Let us rise from passion's trough to its crest.

So enrapt, let's be in this sea of Love  
Surge, swell and deafeningly crash  
As we ride its crest: be drenched from trough  
In its intense fervour. Be not like night's jewels;

Starry lies, that pale when dawn sets in.  
Lest this night be a dream that fades away  
Into a monochromatic yesterday. Sigh,  
Illumine Love oh torch, impale stygian nights.

Love's not love, if it wilts, like yesterday's blooms!  
'Tis like waves in the sea, beloved, don't you agree?  
'Tis not transient, naught can stem its tides  
Love's eternal like the setting sun, that must rise.



Shiny Vikas (India)

## BIO

Shiny Vikas is a poet, blogger, and a free thinker. She has been recently part of a beautiful anthology, “The Land of Unfree Laborers”, by Dr. Ujjwala Kakarla, depicting the struggle and challenges of the farmers and street vendors. She considers it as a broad experience to write the real-life stories personally narrated and shared with the street vendors. A graduate in the Bachelor of Arts, she holds her certification in Media, Journalism, from the Ahsutosh College, Kolkata. She worked as the Passenger Service Executive in the Sharjah International Airport with Sharjah Aviation Service. She has taken a short break from work and shifted to her hometown Kerala. A strong believer in the Law of karma. She loves to explore life as a beautiful and learning experience. She believes in the therapy of writing that creates a perfect balance with the universal law of peace and humanity.

**TO SEEK THE ETERNITY**

The dusk was silent as usual

I seek

I find

I recollect

The movements

That is

Will be

As it is!

Do I sound unusual?

Unsure

Insane

The serenity

That holds sanity is a mere illusion of our mind

The knowledge

The individual perception

The journey

Towards eternity

To feel nothing

To accept and expect none

Be present

To arrive

Here

Now

To reach the path of nothingness...





Neha Bhandarkar (India)

## BIO

Neha Bhandarkar is a trilingual author and translator. She is a columnist in various Marathi newspapers. Her 13 books in Marathi, Hindi, and English have been published. She is a recipient of many prestigious literary awards from India, like the State Hindi Sahitya Akademi. Moreover, she bagged awards from foreign countries also. Her many poems and stories are being published in many anthologies, journals, E-Zines, and magazines all over the world. Her many poetries and stories have been translated into several foreign languages i.e. French, Albanian, Philippines, Nepali, Greece, and English. As well as Indian languages like Odia, Assamese, Telugu, Bengali, Hindi, Brail script, etc. Her poems and short stories have been broadcast on All India Radio, Akashwani, Hindi Radio, Chicago (U.S.A.), Radio France (FRANCE), etc.

**THE BOND OF HUMANITY**

Sometimes he sharpened the blades and knives  
Sometimes he would knit pretty baskets for us  
Sometimes in the evening  
filled with breezy drizzles  
He could be found mending old umbrellas for us  
While occasionally he could be found  
Roasting sweet corns on his wheel cart  
In the past twenty-five years  
As if promised  
No matter the whether, he would always  
Reappear in every nook and corner  
Near my house  
Ever since I was connected with this house, the day I got married  
  
But this year for reasons unknown  
Not in any of the season  
neither did he appear  
nor did his wheel-cart pass through my lane  
So now, for reasons unknown  
my heart is brewing a few storms inside  
Sorrows fill my heart to the brim  
And make me ponder...  
Has he left the my colony?  
Or has he winded up all his businesses?  
Or whether has he bid adieu to this world?  
  
The more the uncertainty clouded my mind

The faster my heart throbbed each time

Not have I mended  
the sole of my favourite sandal  
for the whole of the last year  
nor have I sharpened  
the blades and knives of my kitchen  
nor have I repaired my ripped umbrella  
from some other shopkeeper  
nor have I relished the sweet corns  
for almost an entire year

Nah, nah I am not upset  
with anyone  
perhaps the truth is  
no one has warmly addressed me as him  
with such loving words, "Bitiya Rani"  
Or "My Dear Daughter"  
Or "Dear Princess"

Neither this old man was very close to me  
nor was he of my flesh and blood  
even though I worriedly traced  
his whereabouts  
as if we had mutually committed  
and promised to meet  
each other some day

But yes, I do believe



That one day he would show up coughing  
and would concern me again  
Calling me, "Bitiya Rani"  
“My Dear Daughter”  
Or "My princess"  
and would keep  
the same bond of humanity  
Yes of course, would keep  
all the bond of humanity



Dr. Perwaiz Shaharyar (India)

#### BIO

Dr. Perwaiz Shaharyar is a Senior Editor in NCERT, Government of India. He had been Principal Publication Officer in NCPUL in 2007. He is a member of the Advisory Board of NBT India. He is a multilingual most acclaimed poet, story writer, and critic. He is a Graduate with English Honors from Ranchi University. He did his Ph. D from Delhi University. He has written around 50 poems, participated in many worldwide webinars, and published in various international anthologies, so far. His more than 30 poems have been translated by many award-winning litterateurs in Polish, Indonesian, Arabic, Spanish, French, Albanian, and Serbian. He has more than a dozen published books in his credential is anthology entitled “The Burning Boat” is in the process for publishing, which is likely to be brought out in 2021.

**SPACE**

Time and space  
Don't make a difference  
Except, these reflect on your face  
If we are sincere in our endeavors  
God answers all our prayers  
Love never loses its charm  
If our intention is not to harm  
Greedy people face difficulty  
Innocents never feel any guilty  
Must remember to do justice  
Keep helping needy in your practice  
If we wish to be loved by the Creator  
We must love His big or small creature  
Charity begins at home  
God accepts it as a loan  
Speed is the essence of life's journey  
Don't spoil life by running only after money  
I am not a Saint, don't listen to me  
Do whatever you crave for love or money  
God has given you super wisdom  
Break the chains of evils to gain the freedom.





James B. Nicola (U.S.A.)

## BIO

James B. Nicola's poetry has appeared internationally in *erbacce*, *Recusant*, *Snakeskin*, *The South*, and *Orbis* (UK); *Innisfree* and *Interpreter's House* (Ireland); *Poetry Salzburg* (Austria), *mgversion2>datura* (France); *Gradya* (Italy); *Istanbul Review* (Turkey); *Sand* and *The Transnational* (Germany), in translation; *Samjoko* (Korea); and *Harvests of the New Millennium* (India). His full-length collections (2014-2022) are *Manhattan Plaza*, *Stage to Page*, *Wind in the Cave*, *Out of Nothing: Poems of Art and Artists*, *Quickening: Poems from Before and Beyond*, *Fires of Heaven: Poems of Faith and Sense*, and *Turns & Twists*. His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a *Choice* award. Two of his collections have been published by [cyberwit.net](http://cyberwit.net), in India.

## The S p i r a l

both  
circular  
and linear

how can that be

without end  
without beginning  
every point a starting point  
of something

how can that be

like The River  
it widens toward its mouth  
even as it focuses towards its source

and goes in both directions  
at once

just as it  
is always noon somewhere  
yesterday's noon can never be  
tomorrow's

and every parent  
like every moment  
was once somebody's  
child



Anna Idelevich (U.S.A.)

BIO:

Anna Idelevich is a scientist by profession, Ph.D., MBA, trained in the neuroscience field at Harvard University. She writes poetry for pleasure. Her books and poetry collections include “DNA of the Reversed River” and “Cryptopathos” published by the Liberty Publishing House, NY. Anna’s poems were featured in Louisville Review, BlazeVOX, The Racket, New Contrast, Zoetic press, Shoreline of Infinity among others. We hope you will enjoy their melody, new linguistic tone, and a slight tint of an accent.



**FIBERGLASS SANDWICH**

Inflated invalids  
clouds in mind mutilation cry, ides  
March did not take offences.  
and fatal events did not happen.  
But you and I don't pretend  
wrapped all oxides in the noise of poplars -  
aluminum, barium and graphite  
still with iron, magnesium, magnets  
such that even my cheekbones crumpled.  
And wound oxidase, bestiality deceit  
will remind you that the soul is pure, where you are drunk with air.  
And the sun wheel on an odd number,  
and maybe even, he will tell us that stop spinning evil,  
we ourselves are covered with frost individuals,  
from fiberglass everything that could live.  
Sacred beginning at the clouds of Rosalia,  
rains on reality we breathe, craft  
like a sandwich is stale, but we are wilder  
and it hurts worse, we were swept into the abyss.

**INNSÆIAN'S VOICE****Indrani Chatterjee (India)**

She is Indrani Chatterjee, an author, a perfective homemaker and mother to her only autistic child. 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 Senior Diploma in the same. Her son also shares the same love for music. It shapes the bonding between them.

**WHAT SILENCE DEPICTS SILENTLY.....**

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 tranquillity,  
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 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 silent drive.

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



## SHORT STORIES



Anandavalli Chandran - Medhini

**Bio:**

She is a bilingual writer. She writes poems, stories and articles in Malayalam and English. She uses “medhini” as pen name while writing in English. She writes in magazines and international journals. She has three Poetry books and a Story book in Malayalam to her credit. Two collections of English poetry such as Deafening Silence (Collected Poems in English: Vol:1) and Undying Love (Collection of Poems in English: Vol: 2 ) have been published for which awards are bestowed by Sharing stories, Critic Literary Journals and The Eternal Quest. Some stories and Poems in English and Malayalam are included in Anthologies.

### **Pegasus and Pedavire**

Pushkar and Kishore are good friends. Their houses are not very far away. Pushkar is a grocery shop owner. Kishore runs a sweet-shop. Pushkar married a woman, Chitthira, from his village. Kishore is younger to Pushkar by four years. Both of them get good profit from their business and manage their families comfortably in a decent manner.

After three years of Pushkar's marriage, he took initiative to see Kishore getting married with Athriya, the only child of her parents, from the nearby town. Since Pushkar and Kishore have to run their business almost all days except a few public holidays, they are unable to take their wives for fun trips, cinema or any other outings. Chithira does carry on with her household work without grumbling and showing irritability to her husband. But Athriya, being less tolerant with the new situation, found it very difficult to manage. Initially, she went to her parents' house and spent a few days there and returned. Two years passed like this. Then Pushkar brought forward a solution for this. He advised Kishore to start his sweetshop, near his grocery shop. He agreed to it with the consent of Athriya. When Kishore takes leave, to go out to enjoy with his family, Pushkar looks after business in both the shops. Kishore did exactly the same, when Pushkar went out to enjoy with his family and wife, Chitthira. Like that both the families arranged entertainment and work and lived amicably.

Many years passed by. Now Pushkar wished to buy a horse, as it is his favourite animal right from his early childhood. Nothing could happen or materialize without proper sharing of thoughts or discussion between Pushkar and Kishore. On a fine morning, they bought a black healthy shiny foal and Pushkar tied the young horse to the shelter in his house. The foal was fed with cooked horse grams and oats.

Athriya called him Pegasus and everyone followed her in calling the foal by that name. Pushkar, Chitthira, Kishore and Athriya always hang around Pegasus, to feed him and give bath. He grew into a medium sized well-built horse within a few months. Meanwhile, Pushkar kept Robin, a jockey to train Pegasus in riding and to take care of him so that he can participate well in the horse race along with other strong horses.

After two months, Pushkar led Jockey, Robin, to take Pegasus for the race. Both Pushkar and Kishore took their families to watch the race. Kishore took a few tickets to bet for the show. While Pegasus was running, Pushkar stood motionless, holding his breath



in between. All were enjoying and applauded when Jockey Robin was literally flying with Pegasus. They came to the forefront in flying colours after riding two thousand four hundred meters. After the horse race, they reached home by eight'o' clock at night. A splendid dinner was arranged at Pushkar's house for both the families. After the meal, a chat session followed as it was a great day for them.

Next day, Kishore expressed his desire to Pushkar about buying a horse for himself. That evening, they bought a stoutly built brown horse and brought him to Kishore's house. Pushkar's family was there. They put the horse inside the shed there and fed him morsel and cooked horse grams. Everybody had dinner at Kishore's house. They shared sweets happily. Chitthira suggested a name, "Pedavire" for this horse. All of them agreed to it. When Kishore goes to the shop, Athriya takes care of Pedavire tactfully. Pushkar delivers oats and grams in Kishore's house free of cost. Kishore exchanges sweets to Pushkar's family. Athriya has learned to make many delicacies from Chitthira.

When an auspicious day arrived, Pegasus and Pedavire were taken to the horse race field by Pushkar, Kishore and Jockey, Robin. Pedavire was trained for a week in running by Robin. Pushkar took control of Pegasus while Robin took care of Pedavire. Both the families of Pushkar and Kishore were seated there at the boundary of the field to witness that interesting race. Both Pegasus and Pedavire ran well almost to the end. Finally, Kishore's horse finished two thousand five hundred meters to reach the first position. All of them went home happily and had meals by nine o'clock, night.

Kishore appointed a jockey, Sathish, to give proper training to Pedavire to participate in the horse race and to nurture him. Everything was going on smoothly with Pushkar's family and Pegasus and Kishore's family and Pedavire. One more chance to participate in the horse race knocked on their doors.

Pegasus and Pedavire are well prepared under the guidance of Jockey Robin and Jockey Sathish. Both the families eagerly watched the race and bolstered their black Pegasus and brown Pedavire with boisterous claps. Ultimately, Pegasus has won the race. Everyone enjoyed merrily and had a nice time.

Kishore and Athriya seriously thought about a change of routine in their life. They went on a tour to Kashmir for a week leaving Pedavire in the hands of Pushkar and Chitthira. Athriya and Kishore enjoyed the beautiful floating flowers and stayed in a houseboat for two days. When they came back, they shared their pleasant experiences with

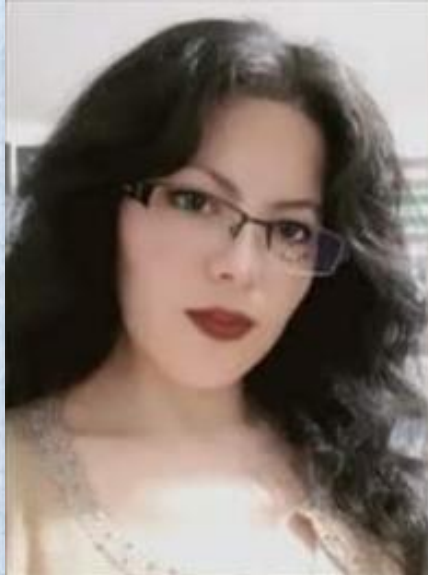
Pushkar and family. In the middle of May, both Pegasus and Pedavire are taken to the horse race ground. Pegasus completed two thousand five hundred meters and came to the first position. Pedavire got the first runner up. Both Pushkar and Kishore received a huge sum of money. After the race, the families of Pushkar and Kishore went to watch a good movie that they enjoyed thoroughly.

In the next three races, which were held in October and November Pedavire lost the race and Kishore ran out of money. At the same time, Pegasus came out successful in all these races and Pushkar gained a lot of money. Kishore got disheartened and lost interest in everything. A few people told Kishore, secretly, that Pushkar has connected Pegasus spyware to his mobile phone.

## INNSÆIAN'S VOICE



## FICTION



Andreyena Herrera (Bolivia)

**BIO:**

Andreyena Herrera is a largely anthologized writer and an artist from Bolivia. She's been conferred on with various prestigious International Awards from Brazil, Venezuela, Bolivia, Indonesia, etc.

### **Metamorphosis**

The silly boy did not know how to take care of the caterpillar, because he preferred to look at bees, which were flies with false strips...

The metamorphosis transformed the caterpillar into a beautiful butterfly, it moves away so as not to be caught in the nets, because it does not want to be pierced with needles in a plastoform, to be part of the silly boy's collection, so that he brags to everyone about his exemplary, a butterfly in the midst of "flies", I mean "bees".

But that butterfly flies so high, so unattainable, that neither the boy nor the men will be able to catch it.



## INNSÆIAN'S VOICE



**Jessieca Leo (Germany)**

**Member, Editorial Board,**

INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

When she wanted to study Art and Philosophy, her father said, “Chemistry would earn you a better living.” So, she obtained her B. Sc. in Chemistry and Economics from the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand but went to work in the performing and visual arts in London and Singapore. When she moved to Germany she went back to school and got PhD in Chinese Studies from the Ludwig Maximilian University, Munich. Though her main interest has shifted, she has kept a foot in the Arts. She is an independent academic but is also fascinated by creativity, especially in writing.

Her recent publications include *Sex in the Yellow Emperor's Basic Question: Sex, Longevity, and Medicine in Early China* (Three Pine Press 2011), *Global Hakka: Hakka Identity in the Remaking* (Brill 2015) and *Where Have All The Swordswomen Gone?* (KDP. 2015).

--

## Queen Mother of the Western Realm

Jessieca Leo

**Member, Editorial Board,**

INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

*The spirit is without end or beginning*

*It returns again and again*

*It goes round and round*

*Round like the cinnabar circle*

Myths are essential for keeping our souls and spirits alive and memories are there to remind the physical body to cherish these myths. I imagine our spirit had manifested itself, whole or in part, in many different lives at different times throughout the eras of humanity as daughters, mothers, grandmothers or great-grandmothers. We are the descendants and progenitors of both the Western Realm and the Kingdom of the Earth Souls connected by the swordswomen spirits in the circle of life.

The Western Realm was a dominion populated by women where men were guests under the purview of the all-encompassing and compassionate priestesses known universally as Queen Mother of the West. She was the Goddess, Queen, Mother, Protector, High Teacher and Spiritness – the ultimate Oneness. The Kingdom of Earth Souls was inhabited by souls filled with love, compassion and kindness that generated Humanity.

The Western Realm was the *axis mundi* connecting Heaven and Earth where humans and immortals could meet and interconnect. It has existed forever and was unbroken for aeons and aeons. It served as paradise on earth and earth in paradise where goddesses and deities could feel closer to mortals and mortals could aspire to transcend themselves into immortals.

It was to be found on the Celestial Mountains that stood on another plane of the universe – a sacred space where time was eternal, qi numinous, and the spirit quintessential. Being modelled after the pattern of Heaven and Earth, it was a divine



microcosm of macrocosm. It was aligned and orientated by nature, ordered by yin and yang, and regulated by the Five Phases and Eight Trigrams.

It was the place where heavenly essence and earthly qi merged to create an interspace of mild weather and plenteous nature. It was situated beyond the Five Deserts of Fiery Sand and the Three Oceans of Stinging Brine, among billowing clouds generated by the wind-gods and rain-goddesses during their lovemaking, and not far from where the sun sets and the moon rises. It was Heaven perfecting Earth and Earth mirroring Heaven. It was the domain of the goddesses, female deities, good spirits and immortals, visited by enlightened mortals and watched over by the Queen Mother of the West. Legends and stories tell us that the ancient ancestress of the Hakka swordswomen lived there many, many millennia ago.

Nobody knew how old the Queen Mother of the West was because she existed before the primordial chaos was differentiated in the creation of the world and as such, she was older than our world and her status among the gods and deities was the highest. The Queen Mother of the Western Realm was said to be eternally youthful – her skin smoother than the most polished jade and more translucent than the sun's ray; her features so exquisite and her charm so ardent no one could resist or escape; her presence brilliant; her breath pure and fresh as morning mist; and her very being was light and effervescent like happiness caught by the laughter of the wind. I know because I have experienced her presence but in which life I do not remember.

\*\*\*



## **MEMOIR**

**INNSÆIAN'S VOICE****Ligia Tomoiaga**

**Member, Editorial Board,**  
INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

Dr. Ligia Tomoiagă studied languages and has taught English as a foreign language, English and American literature, English and American Culture and Civilisation, Popular Culture, and Translation Studies for almost 30 years. She is also the creator of a Master's Degree in English Literature for Children and Young Adults. She holds a Ph.D. in Philology, with a thesis related to the Picaresque Genre in Contemporary British Fiction (published by CSP in 2012. CSP also published two of her translations of the world-famous tenor Jon Piso's books regarding the opera and the singing technique. She is an international conference organiser, and also the editor of conference proceedings. She has written more than 20 articles in academic journals, in volumes with international collaboration, as well as in other publications. She is also member of an international journal board of editors.

## **The Boeuf Salad**

**By Ligia Tomoiaga, (Romania)**

**Member, Editorial Board,**

INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and humanity

It was getting dark, and I started running up the street to my house. It'd been a long, difficult day for a seven-year-old. It was for the first time that I actually understood that some people are just unjust for no reason, even to children. My discovery was so unexpected, so impossible to rationalize, that I thought it should be my deepest secret. Nobody could know. Ever. My heart was pounding when I opened the door. That very moment I smelled the beef soup on the stove.

In the big kitchen, Teta was sitting on a chair under the window, with everything she needed on a little table, close to her knees: mustard, lemons, salt and pepper, sunflower oil. I knew that such preparations meant that she was going to produce that extraordinary miracle again: from just an egg-yolk and adding just a little oil, she could make mayonnaise. I loved it so much... Once the soup was ready, I knew that the beef and all the vegetables in the soup would be chopped in little cubes, with the patience only Teta was capable of. She was a wonderful cook, and she was always so nice, so loving with me. She would call me "Schwarz-braunes Mädchen", which in German meant "Black-brownish girl". We spoke mainly German, because her Romanian was not very good; it made me laugh.

"Teta, I'm home!", I yelled from the corridor, "I'll take off my uniform and then come to help you in the kitchen". "There's nothing you can help me with; I haven't done anything yet". I knew why she said that, because my 'helping' mostly meant tasting what she was making, standing in her way all the time, and asking for more and more stories. But not the fairy-tale kind. No, I liked HER story. Teta had a very funny way of telling the story of her life, and I never could have enough of that. Her good heart made her yell back: "Come here, you can help me with the carrot cubes".

To make a boeuf salad, you need carrots, parsnip, celery and parsley roots, pickled cucumbers, soft pea-beans, potatoes, beef, and mayo. I already knew that. I also knew that



it took quite a lot of time to make, because Teta was very particular when it came to cutting the small cubes: they all had to be the same size, small and perfect. Her entire life Teta had been trying to find perfection in what she did, she was always precise, dependable, clear-headed, even if she was always making jokes with us, children, and understood our little problems. Oma and Opa were so busy all the time, they made sure we were all right, but they went about their program: Opa went to the factory, where he was an engineer, and Oma was a professor at the university, a scientist, she worked with little glass recipients that I loved to play with when she allowed me to go to see her lab. Teta had no apparent job... she cooked, she cleaned, she did the dishes, she did the shopping, and took care of us. A very easy job, I thought, because I could hear her singing all day long: especially Schubert's *Lieder*. I knew that if people had important things to do, they were in no mood for singing, so her job must have been easier and less important.

What a mysterious woman, Teta was, though. She went to school and had a diploma, but she preferred working for my Oma and Opa... Strange. She also had a child, a son, who was all grown up, but who had been raised in an orphanage. "Why, Teta? Why did you leave him there?". "It was the war, my dear, and I had no house, no possibility to take care of him." This was really not something that I could understand. I knew for sure that my parents also were children during the war, but nobody took them to be raised in an orphanage. Before I could get to ask her again why she did that, I stopped, looked around and asked: "Teta, have you forgotten about my little jam soldiers?" I spotted the little plate on the bigger table, covered with a napkin, and the glass of milk. Teta made me a slice of bread with strawberry jam every day, so I could eat when I came from school. That was our secret... She allowed me to first eat desert and then the soup and main course. Moreover, she cut the slice of bread in little squares, which I called 'soldiers'. I was so sure that Oma would not approve of such treat, and I always considered that Teta was truly brave to indulge me like that. (It was a sad day when I discovered that this whole thing was a kind of trick, to make me drink milk, because I did not want to drink milk coming from the countryside – which was not only very healthy, but helping me grow strong bones, according to the common belief then – and that was the only way they could make me drink milk. Memories of the war were still fresh in the 60s, with the economic crisis, with people starving, with the Soviet army stealing everything from farmers in the villages. My

other Granny always carefully gathered all the breadcrumbs after our meals, and ate them, or put them out on the windowsill for birds to eat. She considered throwing bread away in any shape or form a capital sin.) I started eating the jam soldiers and drinking my milk when Teta took the soup from the stove, got out all the meat and the vegetables, and put them in several little bowls to cool off.

“I’ll get the carrots, Teta. Please?!”. “You know carrots are the most visible in the salad, so they really need to be perfect. It is like you in school. You are very visible because you are very intelligent and have read more than other kids, so everything you do is more visible.” “Was Karli, your son, a good student, too?” Teta stopped in the middle of the kitchen, looked up, but did not answer. “Tell me again, Teta, tell me how it was with the German army.” “They were no good, my child, they brought much suffering in this country. I understand why people then started to hate us, Romanian Germans, thinking we were the same as the German army. I cannot blame anyone for their feelings of rejection. Few people understood that Saxons had lived in Romania for much longer, they did not feel as the same nation with the German invaders. Well... The innocent sometimes pay for no apparent guilt.” The war. The war and again the war. In Opa and Oma’s house the war was one of the most important discussions, with everything they had to go through, the refuge, the German occupation, the Hungarian dictatorship, and then the Soviet ‘liberation’ and the coming of Communism, which was somehow worse. I knew a lot about the communists and how they imprisoned good people – lots and lots of family and family friends had to suffer – but it was so interesting to see how a German lady – Teta – found my grandparents who were Romanians, to help her make a living. “Didn’t Oma and Opa hate you? Because you were German?”

“Start chopping the carrots, I’ll get to the other vegetables. Then, if you want, while I work with the meat, you can do the potatoes. And no, they didn’t hate me because they knew their history.” Well, this was something I could not understand. History is just a subject matter in school, somehow dull and uninteresting, you have to learn all those names and years, and then the teacher would ask you to repeat the history of the Communist Party, and how the workers got the power in our country from the bourgeois and how the aristocracy and the monarchy were against the people and the workers’ party was the most important factor in liberating our country from the German Nazis. Mother always told me



to learn everything they said but that one day I my family would tell me the ‘true history’, which I would not be allowed to repeat in school. So strange. In a way it was like my secret that day, it was something that was not shameful for me, but I still had to keep it secret, as if I were to blame. What is the ‘real history’ anyway? And why should I learn something that was, presumably, ‘un-real’? “How did Oma and Opa find out what the real history of Romanian Germans was like? Did they learn it in school?” Teta had these rough hands – which she sometimes rubbed with lemon juice – from all the work. But they were also warm, and I loved it when she put her hands on my head, or when she combed my long hair. She was not a beautiful woman. Her face was all wrinkled and her eyes were small, her hair was grey and not very pretty, and her lips were like a line when she smiled. But her small eyes were so full of tenderness, and she smiled at me with so much love that her whole face seemed to glow. “You know, you do remind me of my son, Karli. He also asked me why history hated us. I had to tell him that it was much better for him to be taken care of by the state, and use his Romanian name, because people will not associate him with the hated Germans. People are not bad, dear, they just get misguided sometimes, and don’t see that you cannot apply the same label to everybody who bares the same name. Your Oma and Opa know that, they are very good people, and they took pity on a woman who had nowhere to go.”

That was something that I could understand. I also took in all little animals I found on the streets, because I knew they had nowhere to go, and my Father would find homes for them in the nearby villages. Teta, though, was not a pet, she was a woman. She was in a way my third grandmother, I loved her like one, and everybody in our family considered her to be a family member. How can a woman and a child have nowhere to go? Because of history of all things? “Hey, your cubes are too big! Please take care!” I knew her voice. She was not angry with me; she was just teasing to make me laugh. Maybe I could tell her my secret... “Teta, something happened today in school, but you are not allowed to tell anyone. It will be our secret. All right?” She looked up at me. I could see she was trying to encourage me, but I still hesitated. Grown-ups sometimes only tried to fool children, but they couldn’t. Not me, anyway! “You have to promise! I was in class today, I wanted to go out and I heard the headmaster telling my teacher something about me. He said I was the offspring of a viper, and that I was going to poison the whole class, and that she had to



take care, because all my family are vipers, enemies of the People!”. Teta pretended to be busy putting all cubes together with the mayo in the big bowl. She had a quick taste and then announced: “I have tasted it so much that I cannot decide whether there is enough pepper or not! Please help me.” I couldn’t stop myself from getting a spoonful of the boeuf salad. It was so good, an explosion of tastes, a bit sour from the lemons, a bit sweet from the carrots, salty and peppery, soft and smooth... “Teta, this is the best salad you’ve ever made!” She smiled and then she turned to me: “Forget about the headmaster. He doesn’t understand history, either, he has no idea what he is speaking about. Just don’t give it a second thought.” I knew she meant well, but she didn’t understand. I was not upset, because I knew I was no viper and no enemy. I was embarrassed to hear a grown-up lie in such a way and be fearful of a little girl. It was for the first time in my life when I understood that grown-ups can be so mean and stupid, and that made me feel uncomfortable. I felt abandoned in a world that became hostile, all of a sudden, with no apparent reason. I decided I wouldn’t tell anybody else, because they could not understand anyway. I would just have to keep what happened in school secret to my family, the same way I had to keep many things that I heard at home a secret in school, as I was taught from a very young age: there was the Securitate (the Political Police, as I was to find out later), which could just do harm to my family if they found out certain things that were said and done in our family. “Taste it again, child, but with a little bread. I don’t want you to get sick of so much mayo!”

\*

My mayo was ready. I started to cut the meat into little cubes, when I heard the door of the kitchen slammed and I saw them rushing in: “I’ll cut the carrots!” “No, I will!”. My two granddaughters were all determined and ready to fight for the ‘privilege’. “There are enough carrots for the both of you, stop fighting!”. They got to their places and started cutting. “Oma, why do we only make boeuf salads when we have a kind of celebration?”. My oldest granddaughter, with her beautiful light-brown eyes always likes to provoke me to tell her fairy tales, or just to go through memories, family traditions, or other stories. “Well, it takes time, you have to have all the ingredients, it is kind of special, and you don’t want special things to become everyday things. They wouldn’t taste so well if you got bored of them...” She was supervising her sister, trying to give advice, but the little one would not accept any kind of interference with her work. “Oma, you know what? In the history

of our family, you make the best boeuf salad!” The little one starts laughing: “The history of our family.... hihihhi! Do families also have histories?” “They do, my dear, they do....”

## **RESEARCH**



**INNSÆIAN'S VOICE**

**Ligia Tomoiaga**

**Member, Editorial Board,**  
INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

Dr. Ligia Tomoiagă studied languages and has taught English as a foreign language, English and American literature, English and American Culture and Civilization, Popular Culture, and Translation Studies for almost 30 years. She is also the creator of a Master's Degree in English Literature for Children and Young Adults. She holds a Ph.D. in Philology, with a thesis related to the Picaresque Genre in Contemporary British Fiction (published by CSP in 2012. CSP also published two of her translations of the world-famous tenor Jon Piso's books regarding the opera and the singing technique. She is an international conference organiser, and also the editor of conference proceedings. She has written more than 20 articles in academic journals, in volumes with international collaboration, as well as in other publications. She is also member of an international journal board of editors.

## **THE EYE THAT LOOKS AT THE WORLD AND THE HAND THAT WRITES ABOUT IT: THE CIVILIZATIONAL AND HUMANISTIC ROLE OF LITERATURE**

**By Dr Ligia Tomoiaga**

**Member, Editorial Board,**

INNSÆI Journal, International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,  
Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

In many cultures - in most cultures - the beginning of the world, the understanding of traditions and customs, the outlook on life, religions and norms, are based on a book. Or on several very old stories. These stories - whether we consider them to be sacred or not - come from the oldest times, from the immemorial and unrecorded history of mankind, and are the result of even older stories based on human experiences. When confronted with outer predicaments - geographical, climatic, wildlife, natural catastrophes, etc. - or when confronted with human aggressions and obsessions, or, on the contrary, with human love and generosity, and perfect nature and climate, humans always transform all these in stories, which they transmit generationally. All these stories are meaningful, because many things have changed, the world has progressed immensely, but the basic human questions have remained the same: Who am I? What is my role in this life? What is the meaning of existence? Is there a soul, besides the body? What is love? Who are my friends and my enemies? How should I manage my life? Many such questions can be added, obviously, and they have never been answered fully, even though humanity has always been struggling with finding answers. Stories of old, stories of new, they all are based on such essential human questions and answers, on human obsessions and fears, and, therefore, they will never die.

My presentation comes from this profound conviction I have, that besides scientific and technological advancement, besides bewildering complexity in social and political developments, besides extraordinary progress in knowledge, without stories, without writers who can read the world around, and without their constant attention in choosing the right words and the right narrative technique, there would not have been much



progress, and humanity would have lost its memory altogether. Those who make stories – from the first man on earth to today's sophisticated writers – have a keen eye and are able to see things more profoundly, in more detail, and attach meaning to what they see. Consequently, their work is the work of the most profound witnesses of humanity. They are meant to go from place to place and tell the stories – like in Coleridge's *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*, where the old sailor was spared his life, only to go to all cities and communities to tell people the story of what happens when you break important rules; or in the Greek tragedy, *Oedipus*, who is also spared his life, if he continues to tell the story of his life, and give evidence to the violation of god's will his father was guilty of; or in Melville's *Moby Dick*, where Ishmael survives the shipwreck just because everybody needs to understand that when you let yourself be absorbed by your own obsession, there is nothing that can save you or those around you, if they have their lives in your hands. All these stories, and many more, show how important is the role of the witness, of the storyteller. At the same time, writers have a civilizational approach, as they make the world smaller, they present new aspects of the other, they try to bring things that are very far closer and help the readers in getting knowledge about the world, its geography, its civilization, its peoples and nations. The two literary works I have decided to present are different in almost all aspects. They are written by two authors who are also dramatically different from each other. Their only common features are the ones I have already mentioned: they are witnesses of the world and tell stories that are about the same eternal human questions and quests. The first book is *Sanaaq*, by Mitiajuk Nappaaluk, an Inuit author, from the Nunavik region, north of Quebec, in Canada. In the 50s, Catholic missionaries who started their mission in Nunavik, after learning Inuktitut, tried to find a written form of the language, so that they might translate the holy books into the natives' mother tongue. First, they started a kind of syllabic transcription of the language, similar to shorthand, and they found Nappaaluk, a very intelligent local woman, and asked her to write as many phrases as possible for them. She not only wrote words and phrases, but also came with a gallery of characters, and their stories – dedicated to their daily activities, hunting and fishing, seasonal occupations, cooking, getting married and having children, and other such daily events. After she wrote a few chapters, she got interrupted, and then the Priest she was working with got transferred, and only later on, a French anthropologist came and worked with her, making her and her knowledge the focus of his Ph.D. research,



under the scientific supervision of Claude Levi- Strauss. His name was Bernard Saladin d' Anglure, and due to his work, Nappaaluk's stories were transliterated, and thus Inuktitut received a literate form, making her the first writer of her nation! In other words, being illiterate at first - her language did not even have a written form - and not having read anything in her life, Mitiarjuk Nappaaluk wrote the first collection of stories of the Inuktitut language and of the Inuit population. The Inuktitut variant, written in syllabics, was first published in 1984, by the Association Inuksiutiit. Anglure translated her book into French. The French variant was published first in 2002, by Quebec publishing house Les Éditions Stanké, and it was only in 2014 that the English edition was published by the University of Manitoba Press in collaboration with the Avataq Cultural Institute. The English translator of the book is Peter Frost. Sanaaq is the name of a little Inuit woman, who lives the hard life of her people, in a very harsh climate. At the beginning of her stories, she is a widow, with a small daughter, and she tells the stories from the point of view of a mother and a wife, later on, who has to take care of her family, provide food, clothing, shelter, care, and endure the harshness of her life. Her story telling is very much based on orality, she is direct, straightforward, does not waste too much time on giving insights in the feelings of her characters; much more attention is given to how they manage to get the basics of survival. There are many stories that are very shocking for the delicate and super-civilized reader of today, who might get even repelled by the cruel nature of some of these stories. For instance, one of the characters suffers an accident and gets boiling greasy water in his eye, which leads to his actually losing his eyeball. Seeing the eye on the floor, Sanaaq's little girl wants to eat it! Another very strange story is that of Sanaaq's getting a new man in her life: she moves from one place to another and joins a new tribe. On her very first day she meets another woman who tells her that her brother can be Sanaaq's new man, and that very evening he comes and moves in with her. He becomes her daughter's father, and they also have their own child soon enough. In a modern novel, such a story would have come with many details about how the couple met, fell in love, had to compromise to be together, or had to overcome all kinds of other impediments, then got married. The story would be accompanied by all the feelings, thoughts, worries and dreams of the characters. Nothing like that in Sanaaq's story. She does not speak about love, or ideals, or dreams. She just tells the story of how her man goes hunting, of how they have to build their summer tents and winter houses made of snow, of how she has to make clothes, prepare the tea, do all

kinds of house activities. Another event is very startling, too: her sister-in-law has only one son, and no daughter. She goes to adopt a girl, and the expectation of the 21st century reader is that she will get a small girl from a very poor family, thus helping out the family and also caring for a child that needs help.

The story in *Sanaaq*, nevertheless, is very different. The mother of the little girl gives her up and the argument of giving up her second of three daughters is that she does not like her very much, as the girl wets her bed. The girl cries and does not want to leave her mother, but she is taken away. Such a story is not only cruel for our understanding but seems to be heartless and somehow un-human.

Nevertheless, in these stories, through the lines which are full of native words, there is much we can read: there is hope, fear, despair, happiness, human warmth and understanding. During one hunting event, when his companion dies, Qalingu, *Sanaaq*'s man, thinks about where the soul of his companion might go - to the good afterlife, or to the bad one! Such pre-Christian concepts come as a great surprise to the reader. Then, during the entire book, there appear legends and stories of older times: a story of a she-wolf who becomes a woman, and then shows her gratitude towards the man who offered her shelter; the story of the woman who wanted to kill her child and was cursed to become the most horrible marine creature. Such stories show how deep the conscience, and the experience of these people really is, and how they share into the same humanity as everybody else on this planet. The bewildering stories about eating raw meat, or living on the ice, being exposed to the harshest conditions, dying in frost and attacked by animals, all these show that the fight for survival, the continuous effort to stay alive constitute the core of all their endeavours. Nevertheless, the Inuit sensitivity is there, present in each gesture, when they split the game and the marine animals and fish they hunt, so that everybody can survive together, when they share their tea and their tents with other people, when they cook and hunt together. The lesson of survival is a lesson of humanity: only together, only caring for the other, and only working for the same ideals can we overcome the harshest of conditions, and the most tragic events.

Kazuo Ishiguro's *Never Let Me Go* (published in 2005) is a dystopia, a novel that puts forward the very serious issue of the ethics of science, the morality of scientific discoveries, and the necessity that human beings spend enough time pondering the



consequences of their ingenuity and technical and scientific advancement in terms of their humane application. Kathy, the protagonist and narrator of the story, is a clone. She is a human clone, like many other children in her school, and later in a house where they expect to start donating their organs to other human beings. The school for clone-children is a place where educators of future organ donors only care for the health of the

Children's bodies, they could not care less about their souls, or their dreams. It is easier for them not to consider these children real human beings and treat them accordingly. Hailsham, the school where Kathy, Ruth, and Tommy grow up is different, and for a moment one may think that such a place is more humane: children are treated better, they are encouraged to do artwork, they have a few moments of joy, and they are taught other things besides taking care of their bodies. As human beings, children try to give a meaning to their lives, and even if they are told very early in their lives that their only reason for existing is to grow up and start donating their organs until they expire, they still try to hold on to the hope that something can be done so that they might have their lives prolonged. Tommy comes with the idea that they are asked to do artwork and those who are really good at art will get a kind of deferral and will be allowed to live longer. He is so disappointed that his art is not good, that he seems not be talented at all, and continues practicing. When they are older, being lodged in house where they await to be called for their fulfilling their duty to donate their organs, or be carers for those who do, Tommy and the two girls go and visit the former director of Hailsham to see whether their inference was right, and whether the fact that he now could draw much better could make up for his failed drawings in the past. It is then when they find out that the only reason they were asked to do art was for a strange psychopath woman to conduct an experiment and find out if clones had souls!! The other hope they have, then, is that if they are in love, truly in love, they also might get a deferral. That proves to be wrong, as well. They understand that they do not really count, that their lives are valuable only because other people need their organs, and that they are not considered to be real human beings.

De-humanization is the theme of Ishiguro's book. Written in the first person narrative, *Never Let Me Go* is a heart-breaking novel, about how human beings can behave inhumanly, of how technology can enhance such inhumane behavior, and about how lack of morals, lack of ethics may lead one day to a life where the human being is only seen as



a tool, a means, a reservoir of work, an organ donor, an expandable creature, whose life amounts to almost nothing. A dystopian view of the world, which the author also pigments with two other ideas: the clone-children are allowed to do only two things. First, they are allowed to have sex, as soon as they want to, as much as they want to, because they are all barren anyway. Secondly, they are allowed to do just one activity, which is watch TV, get their brains reduced to the level of popular culture and the propaganda dispersed by television channels. Such activities give them a sense of freedom, a sense of good living – their food is provided, they are looked after, and they can have a good time watching television and having sex. (This sounds familiar, does it not? These are the drugs people are allowed and encouraged to use so that they can be manipulated.) Their fate, though, is nothing but inhuman death, because they are not allowed to die like humans do; their organs are donated one by one. After the first surgeries, they can still live, but after the third/fourth one they are just kept alive by machines to go on donating without being conscious, until nothing remains of them. Everything gets used: their internal organs, their eyes, their skin.... They do not die; they cease to exist. Human life is defined by the three main cardinal points: birth, life, and death. To deny human beings the right to die is to deny them their humanity. The brighter side of Ishiguro's story comes exactly from those who are considered to be sub-human: the clones. They not only have a soul, but they also try to save themselves from their peril state by producing art, first of all. Art is one thing that humanity has invented that can be transmitted after death, it is the means to survive in time, to transmit the values and ideas of the past, to admire the beauty of the universe, of life, of everything on earth. Then, they discover love. Love is the supreme human feeling, the feeling that can clean our souls, our minds, can make us sane, and more than anything, can give us meaning. If we have love and art, we can survive. If not, we lose everything: not even our memory remains from who we were. Whoever wants to destroy humanity, only has to make people barren, not capable of having families, give them everything for their bodies and nothing for their souls, and then destroy their memory.

Apparently, there is almost nothing that these two books have in common. One is about the beginning of civilization, the passing on of old traditions and customs before technological discoveries that made life easier, about the difficulty to provide people with basic things: food, shelter, warmth, clothes, safety. It is about people who have but little

time to think about their feelings, their fears, or their dreams; a world in which there is no time for courtship, for spoiling children or indulging in free time. There is something you always must do. Nevertheless, it is a story about freedom, about large spaces, about the importance of courage and kinship, about sharing and counting on the other, about curiosity and innocence.

In opposition to such a story that can be attributed to the beginning of civilization, Ishiguro's England is the symbol of super-civilization, with people benefiting from all technological, scientific, and ideological advancements, where people have forgotten about God, about any moral constraint, liberated from a philosophical and sexual point of view. They only have freedom at the surface, because in fact they are but puppets in a circus that seems to have gone insane, because there is no meaning and no direction to life, except an over-estimated value people attribute to health and saving their lives. It is about living at all costs, even if the meaning of life has been mostly lost.

The civilized patron of the Hailsham school is so sophisticated that she can lead experiments on humans without blinking. People are so advanced that they can sacrifice other human beings just to stay alive. Society is so developed that it does not care about who is sacrificed if a few are benefitted enough.

Another very important difference is that one author is Kazuo Ishiguro, who won many literary prizes (including the Nobel prize a few years ago), a writer who combines two of the most refined literary traditions, the European/British one and the Asian/Japanese one; he is a perfect stylist, his details are meaningful, very important in the economy of the narrative; his narrative is premeditated, cooked, thought-over, perfectly balanced from the first page to the last. We can presume he read very much, and is knowledgeable in literature, philosophy, and other domains of the humanities.

Mitiarjuk Nappaaluk is a writer with perfect innocence: she had not read anything before she wrote the book, she had not been able to read at all, her book is only about the experience and tradition of a small population. Her story is given directly, without much concern for form, or narrative, without much artifice. She was a woman of great knowledge, but her knowledge referred to survival in very harsh conditions, with very human and necessary preoccupation. Nevertheless, she is able to transmit a whole range of feelings and her narrative is so impressive, so dense, that everything she writes about,



the reader can almost see happening in front of his/her eyes. Even if there are these differences between the two literary texts, there are two major points of similitude. First, both books are about saving the world, saving humanity, about what it means to be a human being, to build a society, to live and appreciate living. Even if the first is apparently a mere cinematic presentation of facts, with very little insight in human feelings, and the second is a gloomy vision on the super-civilized human being who starts losing his humanity, they are both concentrating on the same idea: the meaning and worth of life, of existence, and of human relations. The second point is more subtle, in a way, but also crucial: literature is a very important phenomenon as it can speak about what is important for us all, it connects people all over the world, it has no geographical or temporal barriers, it is a means of survival, as it is one way for us to preserve and pass on our collective memory and experience. At the same time, writers are the ones who are endowed with the capacity to see beyond the surface, who can penetrate into more than just normality, to witness things and remember their lessons and meaning, not only the mere facts. They are the eyes of humanity, and also the interpreters of what they see. Sometimes, their style is direct, they only seem to describe facts, like the author of *Sanaaq*, somehow not conscious of how rich her stories are, how much the reader can understand from them, and how many lessons about humanity they teach. Other times, with such authors as Kazuo Ishiguro, who is a highly educated person, with the experience of both Eastern and Western views, with his extraordinary and extensive reading, we can see how he is constructing his literary universe deliberately, he is thinking about the interior laws of this fictional world and thinks about such issues as narrator, time of narration, narrated time, message, theme, subjects, symbols, etc. He ponders each word, and there is no interchangeable sentences or words in his stories. But at the end of the day, he is also a conscience, a person who sees beyond the surface, somebody who can tell a story and make the readers understand the message, get the meaning, and learn the morals.

These two novels also show the power of literature to be a civilizational factor, as it shows the birth, the blossoming, and the decay of human civilization; they speak about humanity as a whole, but also about each individual. The more regional, ethnical, and traditional the theme, the more precise the subject, and the more exotic the characters, if the literature is good, the more it speaks to many people. The power of detailed storytelling,



when concentrating on very particular situations, is to suggest a lot of meanings to people who are very far geographically, or temporally from that story: they can find something in it which speaks to them, and they can identify with the message sent. A world without literature, without art, is a world that will perish rapidly, because man will lose his memory, his meaning, and his humanity.

#### WORKS CITED

Ishiguro, Kazuo, *Never Let Me Go*, Vintage, 2006 Nappaaluk, Mitarjuk, Sanaaq,  
University of Manitoba Press; Avataq Cultural Institute, 2014

## **QUOTES WITH THE IMAGES**

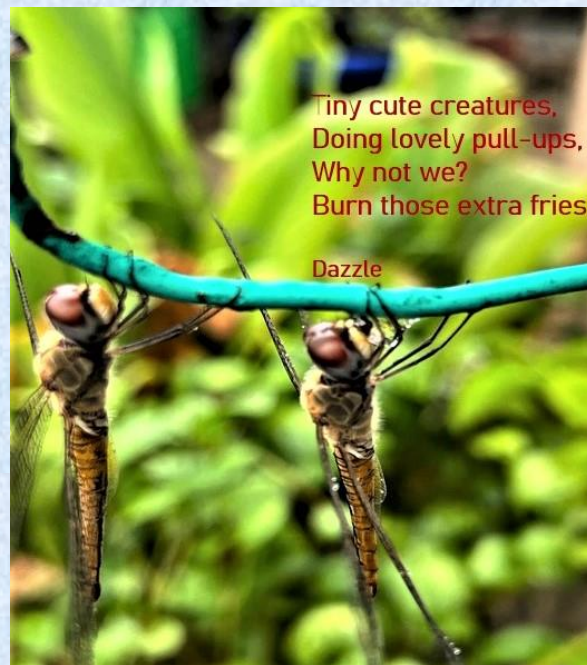


Dr. Thirupurasundari C J (Dazzle)

Bio:

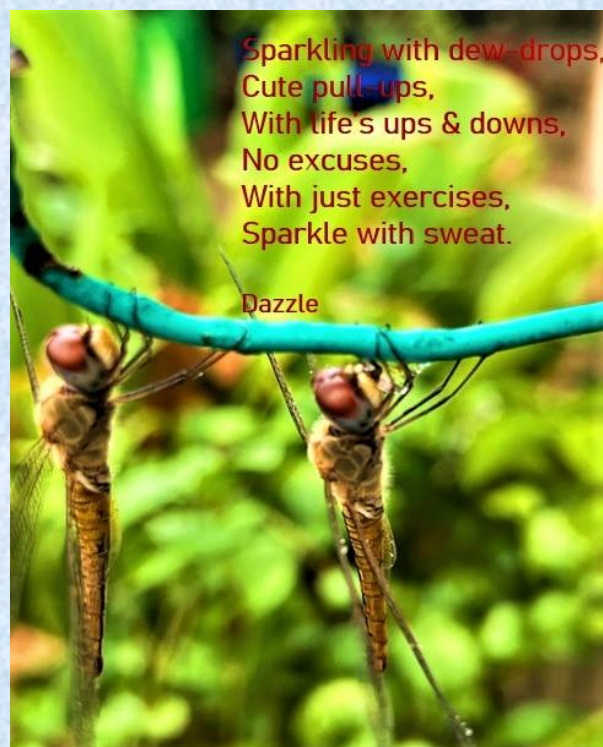
Cheerful Biochemist and Molecular Biologist, Dr. Thirupurasundari C J (Dazzle) own a Gold medal in Life sciences. With PG diplomas in Bioinformatics, Clinical Research and Patent Rights, she has experience in Diabetic Research Hospital, Vector Control Research Centre, Indian Institute of Horticultural Research, and also excelled as Assistant Professor. She has publications in peer-reviewed journals. Her passions include penning quotes, dancing, yoga, sudoku, and sketching. A free-lancer, science content writer, and editor for the “Science Shore” e-zine, she has contributed oeuvres to Chennai Poets’ and Bangalore Poetry Circle, Adisakrit, Positive vibes, Indian Periodicals, INNSÆI, International Writers Journal, and Spillwords.





Tiny cute creatures,  
Doing lovely pull-ups,  
Why not we?  
Burn those extra fries!

Dazzle



Sparkling with dew-drops,  
Cute pull-ups,  
With life's ups & downs,  
No excuses,  
With just exercises,  
Sparkle with sweat.

Dazzle

# PHOTOS



Ana Stjelja (Serbia)

BIO:

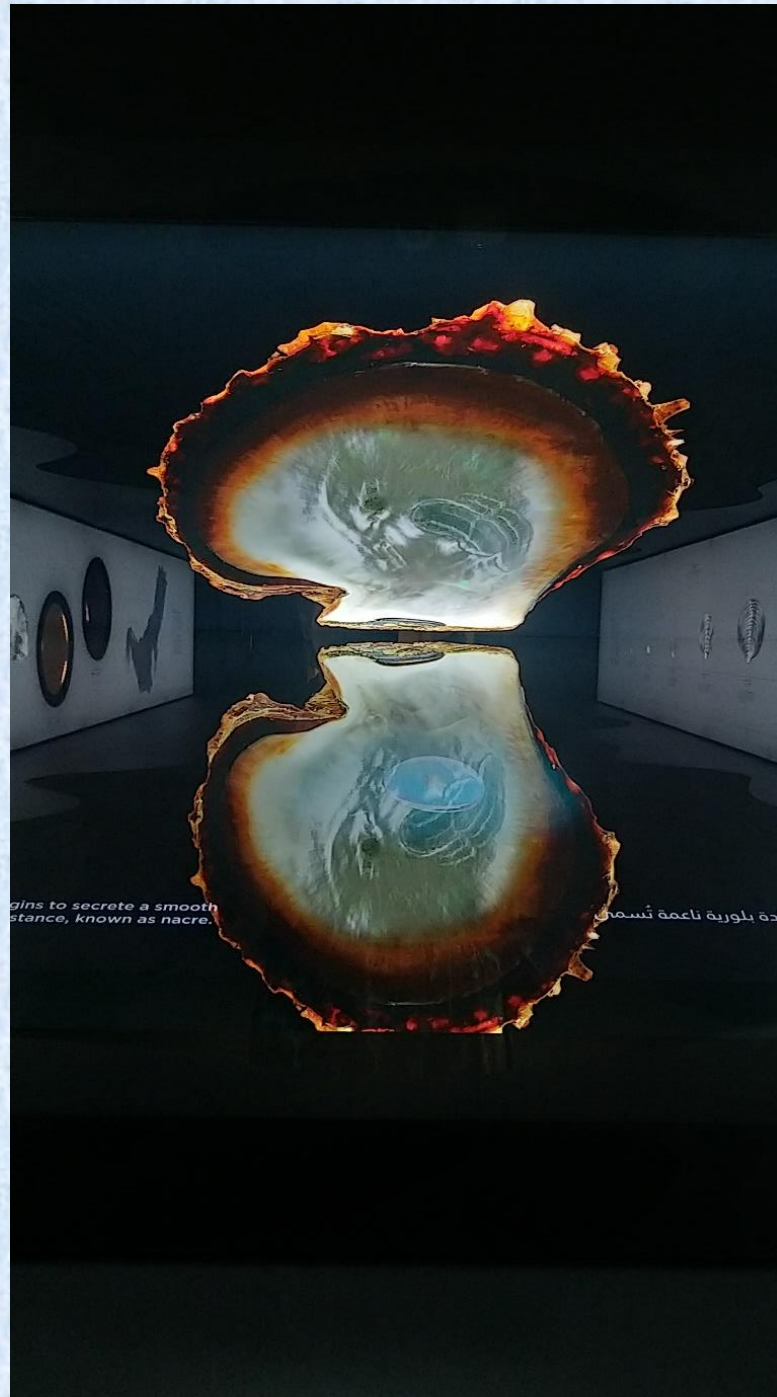
Ana Stjelja (1982, Belgrade, Serbia). In 2012 she obtained her PhD (on the life and work of the Serbian woman writer Jelena J. Dimitrijević).

She is a poet, writer, translator, journalist, researcher and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. She is also a graphic designer and digital artist.

In 2018 she established the Association Alia Mundi for promoting cultural diversity.

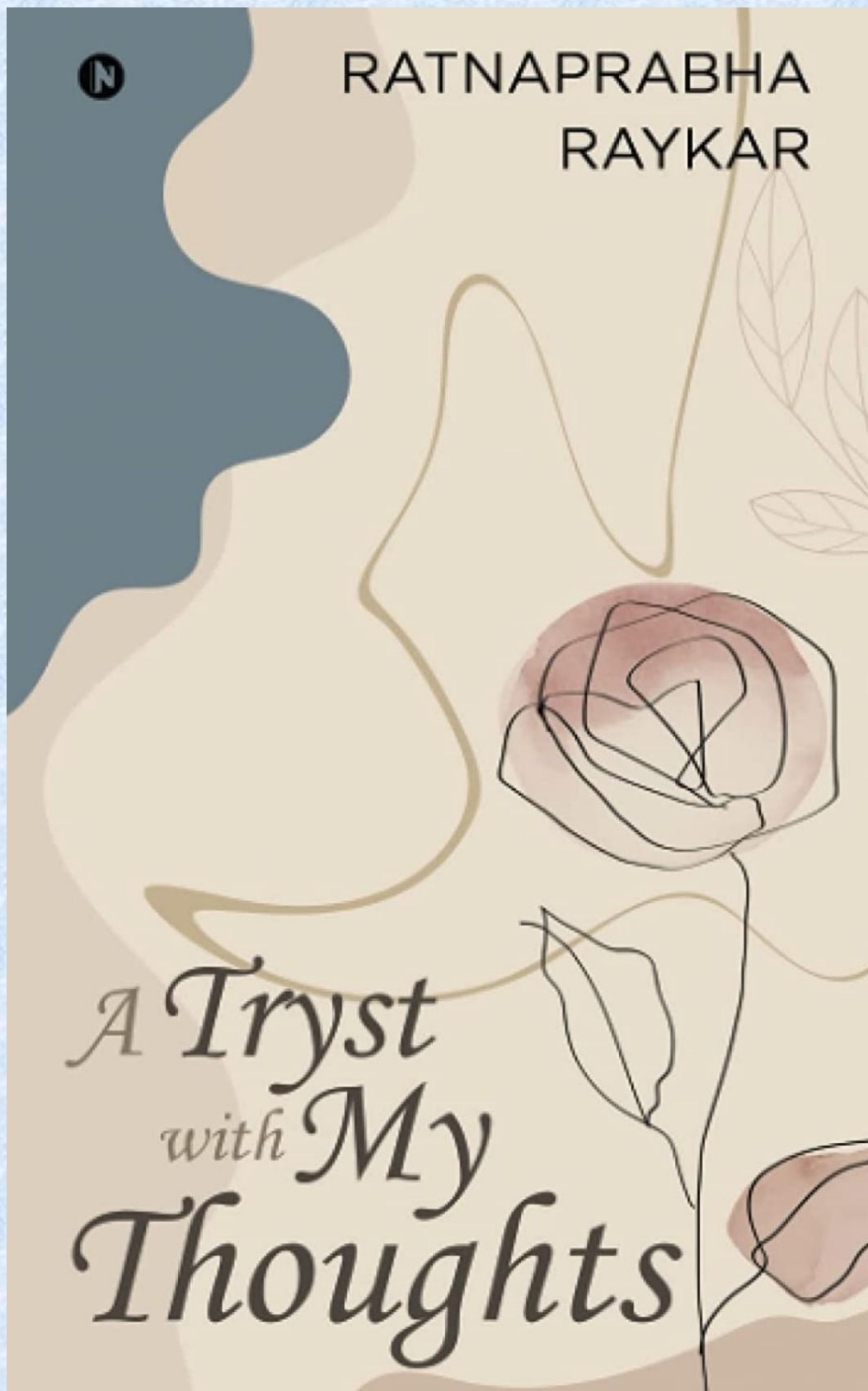
She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia, the Association of Journalists of Serbia and the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ).



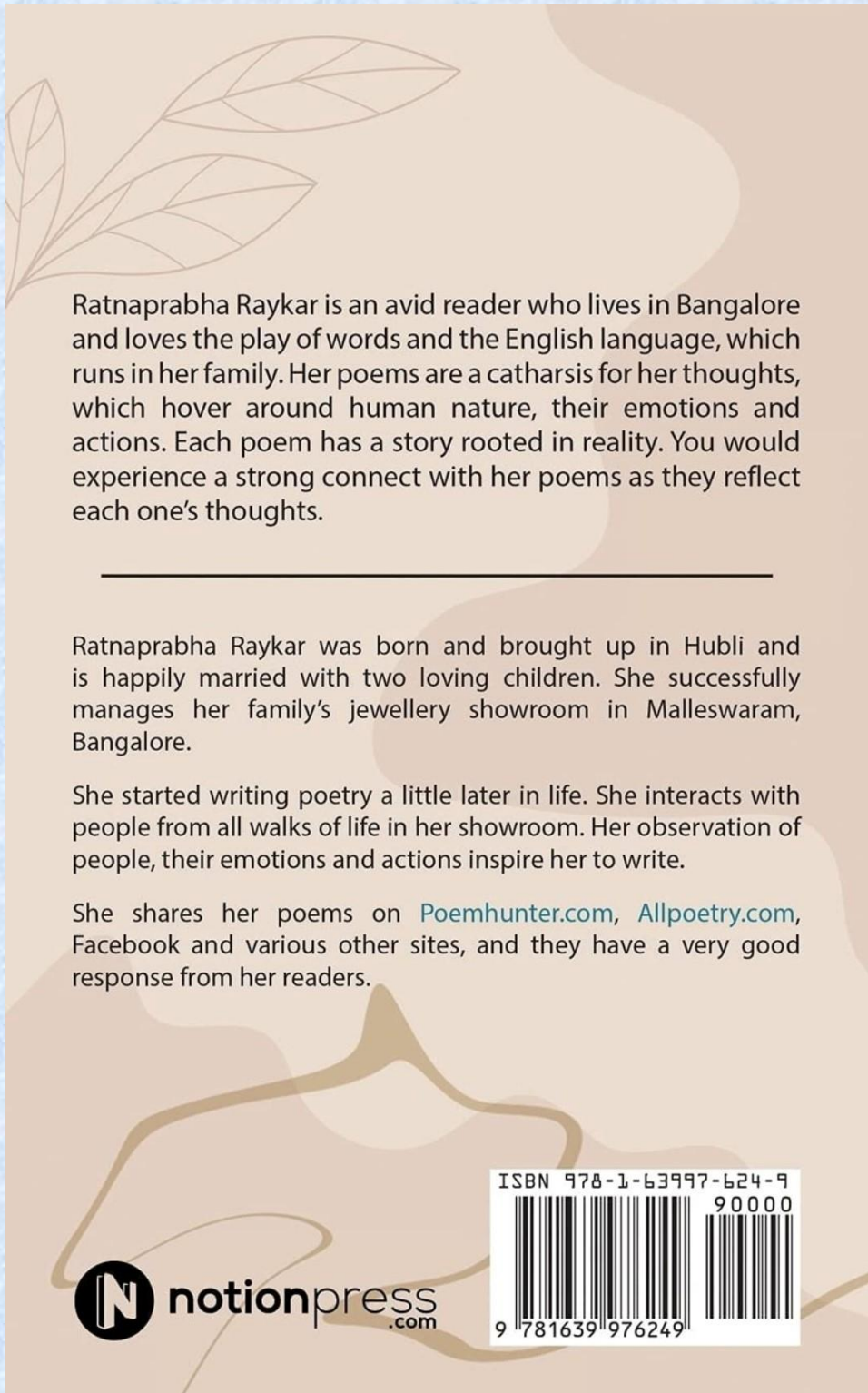


**Giant Shell**, Shindagha Museum in Dubai

## **PUBLISHED AND UPCOMING BOOKS**







Title: Headspace, The Mind's Realm. Aaron Pamei and Achingliu Kamei

Date of Publication: 26 September 2022 published by Hawakal









Aaron Pamei



Achingliu Kamei

*Headspace* is a collection of evocative poems by a husband-wife duo, Aaron Pamei, and Achingliu Kamei. Both deal with a wide range of topics, from personal to social, political to cultural, nostalgia to lamentations, and local to global. Aaron deals more with the unrelenting city life, including the pandemic scenes, while Achingliu dwells more on roots and wistful look back to a wiser people's past. *Headspace* is interspersed with lyrical weaves and staccato of power verses. The book lifts the veil of the hidden mind and takes one into the dark interior of the unspoken heart of a bystander against the headwind of a drastic change.



**HAWAKAL**  
publishers  
private limited

INR 300



9 789391 431747

Poetry



2.

Book Title: Songs of Raengdailu, A Book of Poems

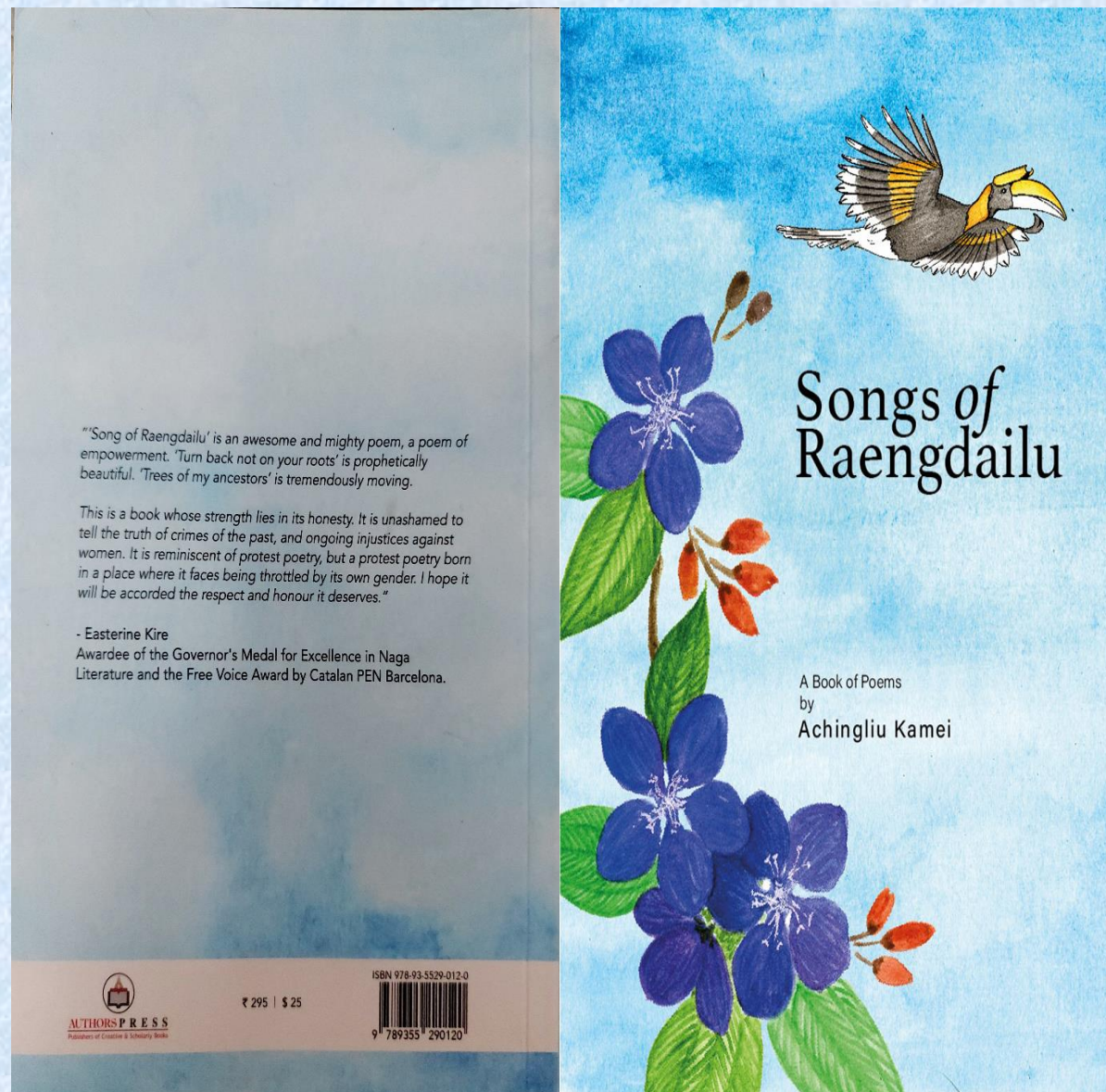
Author Name: Achingliu Kamei

Date of Publication: 1 October 2021

Published by Authorspress









## The Sea, Within INNSAEI

FOUNDERS AND LITERARY EDITORIAL DIRECTORS

Mr Orbindu Ganga (India)

Tejaswini Patil, Ph.D. (India)

LITERARY ADVISORY BOARD

Shri Jayanta Mahapatra, Fellow, Sahitya Akademi (India)

Shri Basudeb Chakraborti, Ph.D. (India)

Hon. hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. (USA)

Shri Kallol Choudhury (India)

DIRECTOR OF CONTENT

Dr Savita Patil (India)

Mr Ayush Sinha (India)

PUBLIC RELATIONS MANAGER

Ms Mousumi Kalita Sachdeva (India)

LITERARY EDITORIAL MEMBERS

Jessieca Leo, Ph.D. (Germany)

Ligia Tomoiaga, Ph.D. (Romania)

Ms Sanjeev Kumari Paul (India)

Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur (India)

Dr Savita Patil (India)

Dr Shaleen Kumar Singh (India)

Dr Farah Naqvi (Kuwait)

Ms Rini Valentina (Indonesia)

Ms Meera V Barath (India)

Ms Emmanuel Mettledah John (India)

Ms Madhu Jaiswal (India)

Ms Renette Dsouza (India)

Ms Sohela Chhotaray (India)

Ms Shristy Sinha (India)

Ms Iuliana Monica Todorean (Romania)

Ms Sweta Kumari (India)

Prof S. I. Rosy Lidia (India)

#### LITERARY PROOFREAD TEAM

##### EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dr Indrayani R Kuduchkar (India)

##### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Ms Jayashri Mahesh Patil (India)

#### STRATEGY CONSULTANT MANAGER

Mr Abhishek Mohapatra (India)

#### STRATEGY CONSULTANT MANAGER AND CREATIVE CONTENT MANAGER

Ms Aarya Desai (India)

#### CREATIVE CONTENT MANAGER

Mr Om Nair (India)



TECHNICAL CONTENT MANAGER

Mr Mayur Mali (India)