

INNSÆI Journal

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Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity
(IJCLPH)

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VISION AND MISSION

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 voices from the grass-root contributors allowing them to express human values.

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Editorial Views

Editorial Views

Dear Readers,

Greetings.... !!!

Here's the end of 2023... Fourth year since inception of INNSÆI. The journey stumbled a bit this year. The Executive Board sincerely apologizes for the inconvenience caused to the Readers. Beginning with the First Quarterly Issue January- March 2023, the journal was devoted to Poetry. The poetry was published of the poets who presented their poems in the First Poetry Conclave' 23 at Pune in collaboration with Dr Babasaheb Ambedkar College, Aundh, Pune and KES's Arts and Commerce College, Kasegaon, Dist. Sangli. It was a Grand Event in which the poets from the far corners of India attended it personally and some poets from abroad participated virtually. In the Second Issue April- June 2023 took notice of the major literary events and had heart-warming response from the contributors. Poet, Writer, Filmmaker and Actor Hon. Kalpna Singh-Chitnis (India-America) was interviewed by Ms. Sweta Kumari. The Advisory Board Member, Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra, Odisha left for heavenly abode. He was a strong support for the INNSÆIANS. So, the Third Issue, July- September, 2023 was published as a Tribute to Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra sir. From India and abroad, poets sent their tributes to him. Some pictures also were featured in it. Now, this last, i.e. Fourth Issue October- December, 2023. This issue contains the interview of Dr Chryssa Velissariou, Greece. Under the category of the Literary Maestro, we have S.M.R.I HRH Princess Narzine Bani Hashem, Lebanon. This issue has variety of writings including Interview, Poetry, Short Story, Memoir, Non-fiction, and Published and Upcoming Books.

In the last quarter of the year, we welcomed Dr Lakshmishree Banerjee, a famous and widely anthologized Poet, Writer, Vocalist, Sr Fulbright, Commonwealth and National Scholar as our Advisory Board Member. Her guidance will be visible through the coming literary journey of the Journal.

In 2024, we wish to soar in the sky with new dimension of literature though this journey. Though the sky is darkened with the black clouds of the Wars around and humanity is at stake, we will try to propagate a word of positivity, humanity and peace through literature. We wish all the readers and well-wishers of the journal a very peaceful, prosperous and HAPPY NEW YEAR 2024.... !!!

Let all the human beings crave for the peace and sustainable development of the World. INNSÆI Journal believes in the cooperation, collaboration and construction of a peace-loving society through literature...

Let's pray for the well-being of the whole world.

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...

Executive Board

INNSÆI Journal.

International Journal of Creative Literature,

Art, Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

**An Erudite Conversation with
Dr. Chryssa Velissarou, Greece.**

An Erudite Conversation with the Poet Laureate Dr Chryssa Velissariou (Greece)



Hon. Dr Chryssa Velissariou (Greece)

Poet Dr Chryssa Velissariou is a published poet in Greek and English, has been honored as the 1st International Beat Poet Laureate of the US National Beat Poetry Festival 2017, as Greece Beat Poet Laureate 2019-Lifetime in Connecticut, USA. She is the technical manager of the National Beat Poetry Foundation, Inc. She published in more than 60 International Anthologies and on Literature e-journals and e-magazines. She has more than 3000 poems on her blogs. She was the host at the International Beat Poetry Festival 2015 and the Poetathon in 2013 and 2015 in Greece. She is a Peace Activist, World Poetry Canada International Peace Ambassador, and 100 'TPC events' organizer. A Professor of Physics (Space Physics), awarded by the Ministry of Education, Greece, specialized in STEAM creative learning. She is also a T.E.D. fellow in the European Center of the U. of Illinois. She is a founding member of "Edu-Europe" Social Enterprise where she works as the project manager. She is also an elected Member of her hometown Municipality.

An Erudite Conversation with Poet Laureate, Dr Chryssa Velissariou

By Sweta Kumari (India)

Editorial Board Member *INNSÆI*

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,

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Sweta Kumari: Welcome to the interview chambers of Innsæi Journal, Dear Chryssa Velissariou !

Dr. Chryssa Velissariou: Thank you very much for inviting me.

Sweta: You have remarkable achievements in the field of poetry. Can you share some insights into your journey as a poet ?

Chryssa: My journey as a poet has been a deeply personal and creative one. It began with a passion for words and a desire to express my thoughts and emotions through verse. Over the years, I've honed my craft, experimenting with various forms and styles of poetry. Each poem I create is a unique reflection of my experiences, thoughts, and the world around me. It's a continuous journey of self-expression and growth, and I find immense joy in sharing my poetry with others and connecting through the power of words.

Sweta: What is poetry for you? How do you blend your love for poetry with your teaching physics?

Chryssa: For me, poetry is a beautiful form of artistic expression that transcends the boundaries of language. It's a way to capture the essence of emotions, thoughts, and experiences through carefully chosen words and imagery. Poetry allows for creativity, depth, and connection with others through the power of language.

When blending my love for poetry with teaching physics, I aim to make complex scientific concepts more accessible and engaging. I often use metaphors and analogies in my teaching, drawing inspiration from poetic language to explain

abstract ideas. This approach helps students connect with the material on a deeper level and makes learning physics a more enjoyable and memorable experience.

Sweta: How did you get involved coordinating with educational programs like "Edu-Europe" Social Cooperative Enterprise? What is your inspiration behind these initiatives?

Chryssa: I got involved in coordinating educational programs in two Social Enterprises. "Smiling Sketches" Social Cooperative Enterprise is my second. Through my activity in these enterprises, I aim in bridging the gap between science and art, drawing inspiration from the interconnectedness of both fields. My goal is to show students that creativity and analytical thinking can coexist, enriching their educational experiences and fostering a holistic approach to learning. These initiatives aim to inspire young minds, encouraging them to explore the world of science through the lens of art and creativity.

Sweta: What is your motivation behind creating and publishing innovative teaching practices through various mediums such as blogs, videos, and workshops?

Chryssa: My motivation for creating and publishing innovative teaching practices through various mediums stems from a passion for education and a commitment to making learning more engaging and accessible. I believe that by sharing effective teaching methods through blogs, videos, and workshops, I can help educators worldwide improve their teaching techniques and ultimately enhance the learning experiences of students. It's a way to contribute positively to the field of education and empower both teachers and students to thrive in their academic journeys.

Sweta: You have been recognized with several prestigious awards and honors for your contributions in the realm of education and literature. Have you drawn inspiration from any Indian literary works, poets, or philosophical concepts that have found their way into your own poetry? If yes, how do you perceive the

intersection of Greek and Indian poetic traditions in your creative expressions?

Chryssa: I have indeed drawn inspiration from Indian literary works, poets, and philosophical concepts, particularly from the works of the great poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore. His poetry and ideas on the unity of nature and humanity have deeply influenced my own creative expressions. I find a harmonious intersection between Greek and Indian poetic traditions in my work, as both cultures share a profound appreciation for nature, a sense of spirituality, and a focus on the human condition. This fusion of influences enriches my poetry, allowing me to explore universal themes that resonate across cultures and time periods.

Sweta: Since you are a hardworking woman having a diverse personality. However, I would like to know from you, how do you balance your roles as an educator, poet, and contributor to multifarious projects and programs?

Chryssa: I strive to be my authentic self, acknowledging my imperfections and learning from my mistakes along the way. I approach each role as an educator, poet, and contributor with unwavering passion and dedication, offering my love and creativity to everything I undertake. It's this genuine commitment that allows me to find balance and fulfilment in the diverse tapestry of my endeavours, each contributing to my growth and enriching the lives of those I have the privilege to connect with.

Sweta: You've been active in trade unions as well as societal work. Does this involvement impact your creative approach? If yes, how?

Chryssa: The involvement in social cooperative enterprises for non-formal education differs from trade unions. Social cooperative enterprises often focus on addressing social, cultural, or educational needs through collective efforts, emphasizing community and social impact.

In response to your question, my involvement in such initiatives indeed impacts my creative approach. It exposes me to diverse perspectives and real-world challenges,

which in turn influence the themes and subjects I explore in my poetry. It reminds me of the importance of empathy, social responsibility, and the human experience, all of which find their way into my creative expressions, making them more reflective of the broader societal context in which I engage.

Sweta: You have an extensive involvement in interdisciplinary teaching, using fine arts and the project method. Can you share how you came up integrating these methods to cultivate 21st-century skills in students?

Chryssa: Integrating interdisciplinary teaching, fine arts, and the project method to cultivate 21st-century skills in students has been a result of recognizing the evolving needs of education. By combining various disciplines and creative approaches, I aim to foster critical thinking, collaboration, creativity, and adaptability in students, skills essential for success in the 21st century.

This approach emerged from my belief that traditional teaching methods often compartmentalize knowledge and don't adequately prepare students for the complexities of the modern world. By blending fine arts and project-based learning, I encourage students to think holistically, solve real-world problems, and develop a deeper appreciation for the interconnectedness of different fields. It's a dynamic and effective way to empower learners and equip them with the skills they need to thrive in today's ever-changing landscape.

Sweta: Can you highlight your experiences collaborating with educators and students belonging from different countries and cultures?

Chryssa: Certainly, collaborating with educators and students from diverse countries and cultures has been an enriching and transformative experience. In my journey, I've come to realize that, despite our cultural differences and varying habits, we all share a fundamental human connection through our emotions and aspirations. This realization has deepened my appreciation for the universality of human experiences.

I approach every student, regardless of their cultural background, with the same respect, empathy, and belief in their potential. By focusing on our shared emotions and the common thread of our humanity, I've found that it's possible to create a classroom environment that encourages mutual understanding and promotes empathy. This approach not only enhances the educational experience but also fosters a sense of unity and global awareness among students, transcending cultural boundaries. It's a testament to the power of education to bridge gaps and bring people from diverse backgrounds closer together.

Sweta: What advice would you like to give to educators looking for opportunities to incorporate innovative teaching practices and fine arts into their classrooms?

Chryssa: My advice to educators seeking to incorporate innovative teaching practices and fine arts into their classrooms is to break through the conformism in education and align with the modern needs of their students. Never cease being students themselves, continuously learning and evolving in their teaching methods. While pursuing innovation, respect and listen to their more conservative colleagues, using them as a metronome for their innovative approaches. It's crucial to remember that we can't experiment with children's education; therefore, we must proceed carefully, learning from other teachers' experiences and correcting our mistakes along the way. Don't abandon your dreams, but rather refine your methods to create a transformative and nurturing educational environment.

Sweta: Your involvement in creative and interdisciplinary education is evident through the forum theaters, cinema, clowning and workshops. Have you ever had the opportunity to explore any aspects of Indian performing arts or traditional forms of storytelling that resonate with your innovative teaching practices?

Chryssa: I'm quite knowledgeable about traditional Indian dances and theater, but I'd love to learn more about traditional storytelling and its potential connections with my innovative teaching practices. I'm aware of the rich storytelling traditions

in India, including folk tales and epics like the Mahabharata and Ramayana, and I'm curious to explore how these narratives might enhance my educational methods.

I've also come across forum theater practitioners and educators who are actors in India, and I'm intrigued by the intersection of the performing arts and education in that context. Additionally, I enjoy reading Indian literature and poetry, which provides me with insights into the culture and its storytelling traditions. There's a wealth of material by Indian authors and poets that can complement my interdisciplinary and creative approach to education.

Sweta: Have you encountered any challenges in your education or your creative journey? If yes, and how overcame it?

Chryssa: Indeed, I have faced various challenges in both my education and creative journey, which I've had to navigate with determination and resilience. One significant challenge has been my relentless pursuit of continuous learning. Balancing a passion for learning with the demands of various roles can be daunting. To overcome this, I've adopted a structured approach, setting aside dedicated time for self-improvement and staying updated with the latest developments in education and the arts.

Another challenge has been the aspiration to give back to the community while remaining modest in terms of financial wealth. This has required careful budgeting and resource management, but the fulfilment derived from making a positive impact has always outweighed monetary concerns. Additionally, the challenge of being a serious educator while embodying the roles of a clown and a vulnerable poet can be complex. To address this, I've focused on compartmentalizing my various roles when necessary while also recognizing that vulnerability and creativity are assets in both education and artistic expression. By embracing my own personal mistakes

and choices, I've been able to connect with students and audiences on a deeper level, fostering empathy and understanding.

Ultimately, these challenges have been opportunities for growth and have enriched both my educational and creative journeys, reinforcing my commitment to lifelong learning and the pursuit of meaningful, heartfelt expression

Sweta: Since you are actively engaged in international collaborations and literary projects. Can you share some insights into your experiences with Indian culture and tradition? Do these influence your personal and professional growth? If yes, to what extent?

Chryssa: I deeply appreciate and cherish the aspects of Indian culture and tradition that align with my own values and mentality. My international collaborations and literary projects have given me the opportunity to learn from diverse cultures, including India's, and I approach each experience with respect for different beliefs and traditions. These encounters have undoubtedly influenced both my personal and professional growth by broadening my perspective and fostering a spirit of cultural appreciation and respect.

Sweta: Since you are a well-known activist for peace. Can you highlight your commitment to promoting peace, both locally and on an international scale?

Chryssa: I firmly believe that peace is a collective good, and its preservation requires continuous effort from individuals and communities around the world. My commitment to promoting peace extends both locally and internationally. Through my involvement in various initiatives, I strive to foster dialogue, understanding, and collaboration among diverse groups of people. I firmly believe that by working together, small groups and individuals can contribute to a more peaceful world. It's a collective endeavour that demands ongoing dedication, and I am honored to be part of this global community advocating for peace.

Sweta: With your active involvement in various international projects, poetry, and education, what are your plans and aspirations for the future?

Chryssa: My paramount aspiration revolves around giving back and actively contributing to a more promising future. I'm driven by a strong belief in the transformative power of genuine words, which compels me to persist in writing and performing. I am dedicated to sharing the love and knowledge I've acquired, particularly in guiding and empowering youth to discover solutions. Concurrently, my determination lies in delving into the study of environmental, sustainable management, recognizing its potential for substantial positive change.

Sweta : Thank You So Much, Hon. Chryssa Velissariou Ma'am for the insights you have provided to our readers.

Chryssa Velissariou: Pleasure mine dear !

About the Interviewer



Sweta Kumari

Editorial Board Member *INNSÆI*

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

Sweta Kumari (Gold Medalist, M.A. & NET in English), a bilingual award-winning poet, writer, editor & cultural activist, is currently, pursuing her research on her doctoral project entitled "Dialectics of Feminism in Select Hindi Films and Film Adaptations of Indian English Novels (1960-2010)" at Magadh University, Bodh-Gaya, Bihar. Her areas of interest are Feminist Film Studies and contemporary issues. She has contributed her creative writings to various national and international anthologies, magazines, and journals. She has presented her research papers at national and international seminars and conferences. She has to her credit several of her research papers published in national and international journals, proceedings and in the edited books. She has also been awarded with various literary awards for her creative writings. Apart from this, she has also hosted several Poetic and cultural events including some interviews as well literary Poetry festivals as co-convener and organizing secretary. She is also a member of the Editorial Board of the journals including Global Literati Insight Research Journal and Innsaei: International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation and Research For Peace and Humanity. Besides, she is an executive committee member of Progressive Literary & Cultural Society, India and a Regional Director from Bihar at Suryodaya Literary foundation. Moreover, she has to her credit 12 edited published books.

Literary Maestro



S.M.R.I HRH Princess Dr Narzine Bani Hashem (Lebanon)

Bio:

Princess Dr. Narzine Bani Hashem was born in Lebanon. She graduated in Political Science where she has a Doctorate as well as economics. Dr. Narzine Bunny Hashem is: Entrepreneur and owner of Shadows Hadows Gold Invest & Prod; Partner at SNCP International Trade Company Mediterraneen Imo Exp for Export and Import; Partner in bio Narz factory for the production of all types of soaps, candles and luxury organic essential oils. She is a poet, writer, screenwriter and television producer. She is also the Director of al-Nukhba weekly, Chair of the Board of Directors and Editor-in-Chief. She is the founder and chair of the Board of Directors of the International Federation for Peace. She is also the Founder and Chair of the Governing Board of the Arab Elite Creatives Union. She is the founder and president of the World Federation and Book Administration. She is also President of the International Federation of Lords Hashemites.

(Prime Minister of the Government of the Tartar Khanate of the Golden Horde in Exile).

THE STRING OF MY GUITAR IS MADE OF A STRING
AND THE FIG OF MY HEART

The depths of my
soul rain heavily
And my sad moon sets
On the side
of the sidewalk,
I looked at him furtively
behind my broken glass,
Maybe this window
You won't be repaired again
And maybe his time
comes one day,
After a while or another,
Some female stars appeared
Wondering,
After hours
Of the tender night,
Between the handles
of my half-open door
without opening it,
Women prostrate
on their knees
Without murmuring,
Exhale and inhale deeply
end the punishment,
After a winter flood,
And the fog
and the darkness,
I was waiting for it
So that they
lift their eyes to me,
As they walked down the hall
To reassure myself
and come back,

To the banks
My tender journey,
let myself
be overwhelmed by the perfume
burned wood, And the songs
of this Oud
From my gardener's tree,
Cursed be the flame that
roasted his merciless face,
I will come back,
And my upper body,
We hug each other
As if our orphan
had reached the limit
of our veins,
Above my head And
I sigh to myself long,
slender hands
You take me
in my arms trembling,
And my hair
rings Obscuring
the outline of my
head and neck,
And I roll from
me to me within me,
I fall, then get up again,
Without any external
screaming noise
And in me and
I listen
to myself in myself,
Pressing the heart
and soul I call
from far away
to near me,
Can anyone hear me?

Me, and me
and our third
do we criticize ourselves
for everything, I say
And I refuse and I accept,
And our struggle
will not end
And we will come back
my sun asked me: where to go ?
Where do you come from me,
and where do I come from you???
And for how long ?
Is there anyone who can answer???
When the light calls you,
Break the restrictions
and answer the call,
A smiling joy that wakes up
the starlets Dance and sing
the victory tune.
Besides all the screaming,
I hold my head high,
and looked at me with ecstasy
I am filled with special love
and respect For my being upright,
great and important I walked
and walked hrande is proud of hope
Accompanied by my rainy days
my Moonlight and sunny and I sing,
In all languages
I bring my greetings
On my shoulder and
calling you from afar,
Oh Humans of this time
The Arabs have reached maturity
A means of their safety
And they possessed
and continue to possess,

They occupied and enslaved,
Glory comes from some
and shame also comes from others,
Oh Humans of this time,
I advised you,
And it is to you that
I make this appeal,
History writes its lines,
I recruited pens and journals,
Slogans and flags were raised,
We call you,
Is there anyone who listens and responds?

ON THE EDGE OF LEAD, MY INK IS DECEASED

A, L, H, B,
Ha, waw, and the soul was shaken
M, H, K, Might,
The alphabet was scattered and lost
From me synonyms and meanings,
May your hand die, O pen
What's wrong with your lead that's dull?
I cut it for you
Gardener trees,
And the leaves went astray
Weeping eyes
And the sawwood comes from you
And tooth after tooth
They're giggling,
I quit writing for your sake
Your sticks are recited
Cursed poem
And I took red ink
I wish you could
Stand for a few hours
Let's catch our breath and resume
Journey on our moonlit path
And we roam the alleys
And the roads
On the banks of the ruins of temples
Which was demolished
The impact of our recent earthquake
We bow, holding hands
And we say hello with a shrug,
The way is lost
To you, O hope,
And our poems walk with feet
As if they were human beings in the shape of fingertips,
Then she goes out and becomes well-dressed.
The signs of children's sadness emerged.

As if she was born with grey hair
And the pulpit and dignity of the Imam,
I suffered the trouble of crime and occupation
It is as if they were created as offerings
for the dark age,
The Nakba years
And the curse of decadence
Modern content
For the meaning of life,
Among the servants of darkness
And martyrs of light
Where the abuse spread
And revenge
And most humans
Of these generations
Come to the afternoon
Blood and division
They have witnessed evil arts
And the cruelty of fighting
Of extended red color
In their arteries
Even the bristles
Their spinal cord
To the pale light
For the flower of time
It's all in life
One that never ended
Where are the seconds?
You're crawling like a blind child
Some of it collided
With the wall of time
And half of it rolls over
In the fort
Until he fell into it
Fiery swamp
He barely took a sip
Exhale and inhale

Before receiving him
His vertical coffin
There were ululations and applause
And the color of its darkness changed
From black to pink,
That delicate, angelic display
It became a meal
I eat little meat
I have not finished yet
Death festival
Piles of corpses
The bodies were scattered
As if it was about to collapse
Whale Markets
Waiting in line to do laundry
Matrix in position
A feast of carnage
And the buds of paradise
Holding candles
The children will get married
With a smile to the cemetery
Thus the chant turns
On the dance of tears
Cold white corpses
She lived and breathed dead
To become important
Mixed with dark soil
Seeds sprout from it
Revolution and disobedience
Habré was afflicted with pain and illness
When I saw a platoon
She belongs to the outcasts
In the era before that
Moon split
And the revolution of the dwarves
And smoke wedding
I hope love is in my hand

The sky made it rain
On top of the mountains
And positions and staff
And on eagles' feathers
And in the human heart
Do you think my call was long?
Human hearing or a hoarse, distant voice
About touching fate where are you ???
O you, who talk the path
Light and faith
Is there anyone who can answer ?
To invite the groan of death
I will water the walls.
The antidote to forgetfulness
We have passed the nightmare era
Passing won't win
Prepare your equipment
To pray for joy and safety
We will dance and sing
Until early dawn
We are getting closer
In a corner to thank God.
This is how it will end
The hour of doom and injustice
We read verses that make us cry
Comfort and reassurance
We walked into an alley
Long life like
We crossed it with bloody feet
And souls in the diaspora
Our dreams are dangling from us
Like frayed branches
Days pass
And watch the daggers
Time has rebelled against us
We were exposed to the force of autumn
Even fate intervened

And prevent the arrangement
Class details
We lost the rating
We are similar sometimes
With the sun and the moon
And sometimes a bright star
Pure chaste
Until then ??? This is exaggerated
In generating penalties ???
And in search for
Is it possible in the unknown ???
And for how long ?
Spokesman of silence ???
Misfortunes multiply in large numbers
It generates stillness
We just inhale and exhale
And seen from afar
And in our son and in the son of thought
Distances that reveal what is hidden
The Arabs were armed with ignorance
And minds of iron
Cowardice and hypocrisy affected her
She sold the lineage and roots
Our thoughts caught fire
And bodies and even veins
We celebrated our collective failure
We remained on the path of light
A, L, H, B, MAYBE !!!!!
Maybe if it was the arrangement
Our alphabet is much better !!!!
They are random letters
It generates dispersion of the soul.

MEMORY FOR SALE

And who buys?
Disappointed notebooks
And volumes I ate
Spiders and mites
Worms teeming with vitality
 I've never seen anything like it
The ink drank wine
And the texts collapsed
Numbers of days and years
 And letters and their lines
Parasites have increased activity
 In my dry climate
Invaded my gardener
And I ate my flowers
And I drank its nectar
I made holes
In solid wood
In large and small sizes
The size of a pinhead
She sucked out my lymphatic fluid
And swelling of her throat
I swallowed my alphabet
It was a larva and became a larvae
Lycus beetle
The highest degree of sadness
 When you love its reasons
And she enjoys hanging
And the execution of the tangible
And raise the kasra
And the dhamma is established
And silence drags on
We brag and go too far
 In the intoxication of the tangible
And we embrace a torn soul
With tenderness and salty eyes

We appeal to the missing essence
And we heal souls
We have exhausted all feelings of sadness
We no longer have anything to spend
For someone
We write on your walls
Oh life
Our texts were crowded
Heartbreak and pain
We believe that nature
Fate is fickle
And we believed in joy
And what is known as grief
We were nominated for it
In a position of oppression
Dramatic dialogues
And the emotions of illness
And we revealed the location of the disease
And we raised the blisters
We recently realized that...
We heal through tragedies
We compare possibilities
And we strengthen the heart and console
Life forced us to live it
She walks us through her coincidences
And the randomness of its events
No control or wisdom
For the total will
Although our context differs
All our sorrows are similar
We have the same meaning
For all adversities
We are trying to open a new window
On a possible life
Until we give birth to another era
Or perhaps we can return to our origins
In a vision

Abraham sacrificed his son
And we stop the generation of slums
dictatorial life,
We feed it all
With an umbilical cord
Except a map
Tract reflexology
And how to use life
Until the crescent moon
He turned red
In law
Their black forests
Blame then blame
Then wishing
And the groans became deafening
Even screaming
He has no voice
At night we build
Dream bearer
And we become on
Defender brass
We wail and wail
On the martyrs
The dream was pink
For an Arab union
But it's a nightmare
The purity is long
No one will be convinced
With the meat of benefits
Everyone hates it
Our DNA
Streets and alleys
Dyed with blood
A curse has fallen upon me
This land
That I grew up on
Foundations of faith

Unlike
Human being
From our softness to our maturity
And we cheer on
Our stolen kiss
We are pregnant
Arab identities
We travel across
History pages
Yesterday we got an exclamation mark
Our future is in question
Our maps are fake
Below us above us
Above us, below us
And our east became west
And their west became our religion
We are the prisoners
With the execution stopped
We became cards
And serial numbers
Consumed product
We buy and sell us
In a cheap market
Ignorance blurs our features
Our throats cleared
And our pens have not dried up
And our ink is in short supply
And we write intravenously
They are still wombs
Mothers in labor
The earth is watered by gardens
With tears and ululations
He died as a martyr and I was born
Millions of children
Descendants calling from
Her cradle carrying the shrouds
Play bomb ball

In a club that includes residents
On the rubble square
He became the dust of the North
It embraces the sands of the south
From the flood earthquake
And aggression missiles
City signs have disappeared
And villagers
And olive trees
No pillars of light
Not even an animal
It's like the clock
But it hasn't come yet
And you won't even come
He achieves peace
And Islam prevails
His promise and what is left behind a promise
He has hidden affairs
The eyes of hearts see it
We will come back and it will grow
Our wheat is there again
When do we travel?
straight road ???
And we roam our wide sea.
When will we have tomorrow???
In human suit.

I AM THE UNSPOKEN, SHOUT OUT TO ME

Arabism is recessive
Who greets you?
You were an icon
Like the heritage of an entire nation,
We did not inherit anything from you.
Except our alphabet
And messages of pride
Behind the scenes of your soul
Hey Arab,
A deaf and mute scream
The call to prayer is not heard
But he says a prayer
He recites the verses of the Most Gracious
And with the tearful lips of his heart
A tongue that speaks with emotion
And when you listen carefully,
She condemns the sun and autumn
And you curse the season of flood
We plowed and sowed falsehood
In all areas and corners
Thick gunpowder grew from it
Peace and I borrowed
A lamp and two wings
To heaven and towards us
Indefinitely
And not specified
For a long time
Unable to determine
Prevent sadness
With a glimmer of hope
And we curse the waiting
We stayed up for a long time
Under the wishes
We steal the dream
With a little full moon

Without anyone seeing us
Will he see us?
Al-Badr after Ahmed?
Eleven planets?
Where is the prostration of the sun?
And the moon rak'ah?
And the stars are cheering
But I feel
By praising trees
And enlarge the dice
The chrysanthemum prayer
listen to me
The groan of that grave
Which embraces
That body
He will tell you
Talk about betrayal
Listen to the clay
And the stone
They spoke from the tongue
That human
A hundred of me made him cry
By burning and oppression
Hundred of me lists
Poems on it
And thousands of others
And they glorify his killing
And millions of Arabs
Leaning on the pillows
O Arab!
Doubts arose
And it was obliterated
Rational knowledge
I forgot to verify
Of the facts
And I crawled behind
Contemporary secularism

Like a turtle crawling
In long dresses
Until I stumbled
In the pit of tyrants
Until I become
Your certainty is questionable
The doubt is certain
The language is no longer there
Concept of truth
From cradle to end
As an offering for that aqeeqah
Blue in its whiteness
It fluttered in your sky
And I set up the throne of mourning
Your ID is missing
Your culture and geography
And you committed injustice
And plunder and tyranny
We have lost everything
As a result of your representative judgment
Citizenship was taken away
From its roots
It was your decision
Where are those concepts?
For contemporary?
We're just swimming
In a world of challenges
Social unrest
And falsehood and cultural fabrication
Economic collapses
And toxic technologies
this
It's your modern world
O Arab, you are today
In your last confrontations
You die or you win
You have to reconfigure

And analyze the study
There is nothing wrong with believing
Rearrange your papers
Existentialism and emergence
And your knowledge
In deconstruction and analysis
Biomechanism and colonization
Abstraction and liberation
Metaphysics and constructivism
You have to rethink your concepts
O Arab!
Today you face one last challenge
Return to your firm faith
And remove your copying mind from you
And identify your strengths
Shake off the cheese dust.

THE NOISE OF SALVATION

I wonder who we are?
Is it me?

And you?
who are we ?
Are we still the same planting
Did we come from the same seeds?
Why did we disagree?

And why did we move away?
We lost the compass and the link.
We no longer use the same sentence
We no longer mean the same terms
The uterus that carried the pregnancy for nine months ruptured
He gave birth, breastfed, and sang sleepless nights
Songs for a homeland whose sun has not yet risen
And his moon calls from afar with the sound of bullets
Oh man, who are you?
I still have those same bones
And the same vein?
Oh man, where are you?
Is there a box in you?
It contains that tender essence?
Oh man, when will you come back?
And when does dawn come after sunset?
We were lost in doubts and doubts
We were filled with bitterness and behavior was lost
Lightweight butterflies
Or wishes we flirt with hearts
We give this sweet night
The other is tears of joy and sadness.

O human,
Your melodies are no longer in harmony

O coming temple
From raw clay
I became your atoms
Scattered under rubble
The voices are calling you
Oh pile of flesh and bones
Are there no more rings in your heart?
Or even a tremor or a shower of faith?
O dead living dead mortal
You got dust and spiders nest
And what sound can wake you up?
And the choirs sing and the trumpets call.

O human,
Where is that oud singing a dream?
And the melodies of Qais' love for the guillotine of the nights,
We only heard from you the trumpet of David
And human goblins and jinn demons
O man, stop your offspring
The alarm bell has sounded,
And he issued a vow of death
It is too late to recover
Will Hani's death bring relief to hearts?
Expressive green and white mourning
To whom do we pray for forgiveness?
And to whom do we pray for guidance and faith?
Religions mixed with people
And the tongues extended their ears
With conversations and sermons from travel
Ibn Adam mixed the calligraphy
And the opposite of what is forbidden is what is permissible
And what is permissible in what is forbidden
The masters changed the position of the qibla
To glasses of wine and wine.

O cursed human being,

Is it enough for you to plant male breasts?
The boys danced in heels
And the dress and red lips?
O human,
Our souls shook, and our souls were shaken,
And reality brought us together in final terror
We have no escape from the acrid smoke
O fate, carry us to you
A beautiful lamb worthy of legends
Our destiny was written from eternity
They have become the walls of our homes
From the flesh of martyred boys
The smell of musk calls from them
And the call rots in the blood of the nobles
O human,
Where are you from us?

Where are we from you?
Is our kinship still uniting us?
And the breakfast table and Bilal's call to prayer
Or the grandson of Mary and the son of Jesus
Or the grandson of Solomon or Jacob
Who are you ?

O human,
The call became gray remains
And we remained in the warmth of the crematorium
And we walked into our funerals alive
We bear our great punishment
Of that and this hammer
Our new is bloody and our old is in pieces
Our rays and sun shine
She stays in a hibernation lodge

We are the sadness of yesterday and the tears of the future
We nourish the genes of pride and stability

In the invasion of the moon at the beginning of the night
And we run silently in the shadow of the stars
And the harvest of war
Earthworms fight over it
And the poem dances in us
From the gaps of noise
No quiet corner, no quiet corner
Contain us to soften the expressions
And the meanings have not arrived yet
And the features of my words became pale
And the ringtone of my alphabet was formed
The rhyme and sounds committed suicide
The line falls silent and the comma calls out,
My poem is modern to the ear of whoever hears it
But he leads him like a blind man, feeling the tunes
A tone that is yearning and harsh, like a deadly storm
Sometimes he draws near and the idol softens for kisses
And the enormous surf of love occupies it
Rhyme announces meanings through sounds
A poem that was unknown for a while
So you are freed from the filter of prose and woes
And from all the rest of the traditional pillars
Dreams seep through the veins of meditation
And it appears between you and me in a remote space
I resigned from my equipment for a temporary period
And free the chest of my crucified heart
On the second and hour hands
So fall from my white clouds
I beg for mercy with my heartbeat
Climb the stairs of my arteries
I roam corners at night like roads
Take a look at my joy room
And he laughed with a sigh of sadness in the hallways
Rahila smiled in the hallway of memories
Then I reach a balcony overlooking my country
So I weep for him with anguish, like an orphan who fled and is caught
His mother's jilbab was crying for her help, so she slapped him

My ice melted and my fire glowed
And the passion danced in my chest like prayers
My thought prostrates and kneels to him as if it were

My thought prostrates and kneels to him as if it were a belief
When revolutionary blood engulfs you
And those genes wear on you
You and anger become coherent
As a rock that witnessed legends of life.

Poetry



Dimitris P. Kraniotis, Greece

Bio:

Dimitris P. Kraniotis was born in 1966 in Larissa Prefecture in central Greece and grew up in Stomio (Larissa). He studied Medicine at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. He lives in Larissa (Greece) and works as a medical doctor (internist). He is the author of ten poetry books and the Editor-in-chief of an international anthology in English. His poems have been translated in 35 languages and published in many countries. He participated in International Poetry Festivals. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician in Italy, President of the 22nd World Congress of Poets (UPLI), President of the World Poets Society (WPS), Director of the Mediterranean Poetry Festival (Larissa, Greece), Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece, etc. His official website:

<http://www.dimitriskraniotis.com>

HEADS OR TAILS

When I write

I play myself

Heads or tails

I bleed running

With my mind

I stumble

In my heart

I rob emotions

I dance laments

When I am punished

With poetry

I convalesce

With words.



Shafkat Aziz Hajam (India)

Shafkat Aziz Hajam is from Kashmir India. He is a poet, especially a children's Poet, reviewer and co-author. He is the author of two children poetry books titled as the cuckoo's voice and the canary's voice. His poems have been published in international anthologies like wheel song anthology UK based, Prodigy, digital literary magazine USA, CREATIVES MAGAZINE and Inner Child Press International. He is working in a private Secondary school namely Hill Park International school in his native town Handwara. Currently, he is writing limericks for children and a book of poetry for adults, titled as The Unknown Wounded Heart. He can be contacted on +919541794415 and emailed at shafkataziz399@gmail.com.

I LOVE THEE

I love thee for thy soft heart,
I love thee for thy soothing Voice,
I love thee for thy being smart,
I love thee for thy being pious.
I love thee for thy being modest,
I love thee for thy being smiling,
I love thee for thy being just,
I love thee for thy being loving.
When thou art in a grief, I too feel sad.
When thou art happy, I too feel glad.
When thou art away, I am restless.
When thou art near, I am fretless.
As thou art my joy, thou art my courage.
Thou art my calmness when I'm in a rage.
Thou art my light in the darkness.
Thou art the remedy for my stress.
I love thee for thy being so.
Whether thou love me, I don't know.



Mr Prasanna Kkumar (India)

Bio:

Prasanna Kkumar is a widely published, translated and internationally acclaimed multilingual poet and editor. His recent edited international anthologies are Love and Longing, Songs of Peace and Manushatvam: Songs of Humanity. Chief Founder of The Fertile Brains an online successful literary platform he is making a significant contribution to world literature especially poetry. Having Masters' degree in commerce Prasanna is a social worker by profession.

POEM

Well, I'm clueless
as such, been in pensive
space, the distance seems
to be far distant to lay my arms,
I watch the aeons passing by
Still to attain the age of adolescence,
Albeit! I can't imagine kissing the youth,
Later comes the era of mind-boggling
mixture of emotions, odd and even,
Backstabbing with a smiling face,
Breaking promises to keep the light of benevolence,
Opposite it sounds,
The truth always hard to whisper,
Gossip of unfaithfulness talks aloud,
Do you think I should have all this?
Being corrupt and making cheers
Do I derive happiness?
Or deride myself by having
attained the maturity of age?
Well, I'm clueless
as such, been in pensive
Trying to figure out
Whether to grow
or remain the way I am,
Still, I feel
I should see the light of years,

Remain untouched by the insincere times

Says,

The _Unruly_Poetaster

AKA



Anupama Kadwad (India)

Bio:

Anupama Kadwad hails from Mumbai, India. She has completed BSc in Statistics with Diploma in Customer Relations Service Management. She is working for a multinational Conglomerate Organisation since past 24 years. She has been associated with NGO's involved in literary programs. Few of her poems are published in National and International magazines. Founder and an active member of poetry group Poesy Tales. Her poetry book titled 'My world' was published in January, 2016. For her, writing helps relieve stress and spreads positivity through words. Her YouTube channel is- Travel Journey Memoirs

<https://youtube.com/@traveljourneymemoirs8891>

Instagram handle:

<https://instagram.com/anupamapoems?igshid=MzNlNGNkZWQ4Mg==>

WATERFALL

Bountiful flowing water a splendid sight to behold
A breathtaking vision amongst the greenery spread like centerfold.
Free falling with force carrying everything in its stride
Pebbles and stones on its way it carries with the tide.

Spectacular looks the surrounding verdant
Like_in the green necklace a white pendant.
Refreshes the tired mind and rejuvenates the soul
To spread delight and pleasure is its only goal.

Need to learn from the waterfall to go with the flow.
To brighten someone's day and spread the glow.



Sudipta Mishra (India)

Bio:

Sudipta Mishra is a multi-faceted artist and dancer excelling in various fields of art and culture. She has co-authored more than hundred a hundred books. Her book, 'The Essence of Life', is credited with Amazon's Best Seller, and 'The Songs of My Heart' is scaling newer heights of glory. Her poems are a beautiful amalgamation of imagery and metaphors. She garnered numerous accolades from international literary organizations like famous Rabindranath Tagore Memorial, Women Leadership Award, Mahadevi Verma Sahitya Siromani Award, and so on. She regularly pens articles in newspapers as a strong female voice against gender discrimination, global warming, domestic violence against women, pandemics, and the ongoing wars. She is pursuing Ph. D. degree in English.

VOICE OF WILDERNESS

In the Dark Wilderness,
I rest in the breast of a velvety grassland
Quietly, lie while listening to the song of my life
On the altar of my imagination, wishes burn every night.

Calmly, I hear the melody of nature
With my shattered hopes and dreams,
I trace solace in the unknown region
I travel to distant hills to find the reason
To escape from this mundane world
I revisit the murals of unspoken verses

"In wilderness, I fix all that is broken in this pagan world of mine"
I try to amend the withered strings of relations
Divine hymns flow from the birdies
By unravelling the healing spirit of nature
I delve deep into the core of this realm
To sail in life's never-ending stream



Eva Lianou Petropoulou (Greece)

Eva Lianou Petropoulou is an awarded author and poet from Greece with more than 25 years in the Literary field published more than 15 books. Her poems are translated in more than 20 languages. She is President of creativity and art of Mil Montes Por Mexico Association represent Greece, President of Global UHE Peru, Vice President of Cultural Association China, Mexico. She is an ambassador of peace The Global Nation newspaper Bangladesh, World Ambassador of International Academy of Ethics India, Founder Editor- in -chief of ACHERON magazine Greece, Vietnam and Editor- in -chief, Founder of The Pen magazine, Greece, Bangladesh.

MAMA

Mother is the doctor for any sickness
Mama is the country that everyone loves
without conquering
Mama is joy and sorrow Mama the power
Mama the forgiveness
One word was created by God To forgive people
Say it every day
Call her if they put chains on you
To sweeten it the wound
To bring peace
My mom, you're unique
You never told them you were upset
With gold I will cherish you
Chosen person

I crown you My mother
My sun
My compass



Agnieszka Jarzębowska (Poland)

Bio:

Agnieszka Jarzębowska (Poland), a poetess, author of satirical and lyrical literature, translator of Russian language, member of „Anima” and “Desant” Literary Club, „Poets after hours” Informal Group, honorary member of Janów Literary Club, is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw (Poland) . Her works were translated to 20 languages. Guest of many International Poetry Festivals. Published 4 books of epigrams and 6 books of poems. Present in over 100 anthologies and almanacs. Received the award of the Municipal Council of Sieradz for achievements in literature. Awarded the Medal of National Commission of Education for work and social achievements. She was awarded many prizes in poetry competitions.

AN APPEAL TO THE POET

shine forth before you fade deep
shine forth before you fall asleep
tell me, tell me your life story...
about the life full of grovel
about the life - not a novel
about that rat race
hiding your face
how much you've been worth
how many good cards you've had from birth
tell me about people of beautiful minds
of those who love, touch you in all kinds
who paint the world so wonderful
so leave a few words to remember
so leave a few notes to remember
and a few happy photos so tender
shine forth before you fade deep
shine forth before you fall asleep
tell me, tell me your life story...

Translated by: Marek Marciniak



Dr Shrabani Chakravorty (India)

Bio

Dr Shrabani Chakravorty has pursued degree of M.A. English. She has completed her Ph. D.. Her specialization is in Indian Writing in English. She is Research Supervisor since 2014 at Atal Bihari Vajpayee University, Bilaspur, Chhattisgarh. She is working as Assistant Professor in English in Govt. Bisasa Girls College, Bilaspur, Chhattisgarh. She has 32 years Teaching experience. Twenty-eight research papers have been published in National and International Journals and books. Her areas of interest are- Writing and Recitation of poetry in English, Hindi and Bangla; short story writing and writing original quotes.

SUNRISE OF MY HEART

—
The sunrise of my heart
Leads me to faraway places
That connotes my desires to
The ever-lasting chases.

—
The shimmering day, an alluring sky
Calls me often when I am tired
Way up there it's an ideal scene
I walk along
the turning path inspired.

—
The scudding clouds, the drifting blue
The soothing breeze and the golden hue
Brightens my day as I tread along
Humming a melodious folk song.

—
The road I take day-to-day
Less diverged yet full of challenges
It awakens and endures me
Happily, I walk on it and gain knowledge.

—
Have to cover miles before I give away
And smiles all the day till the stars sway
Assure that the eternal sun is with me.
And tide will fillip me to my opportune bay.



Lan Qyqalla (Albania)

Lan Qyqalla, graduated from the Faculty of Philology in the branch of Albanian language and literature in Prishtina, from Republika of Kosovo. Nineteen books are to his credit. He's been bestowed with following awards: In the International Competition for poetry in Torre Meliso in Italy, he received the 1st Prize of Albanian, on May 2017; - In 2017, he received the CREATIVE AWARD OF THE YEAR in Fushë-Kosovo; - In 2018, the Association of Albanian Writers in Macedonia gives the AWARD OF THE YEAR "Under the shadow of the maple" to Skopje, for the best poetic book. - He is the Director of the Association of Writers "Naim Frashëri" in Fushë-Kosovo, - Member of the presidency of the ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS OF KOSOVO, - Editor-in-Chief at "Orfeu" Magazine and Web ORFEU.AL- Member of the Editorial Board of the Magazine of World Historians based in Switzerland. He is Vice-President of the Union of Albanian Writers and Critics- He works as a Professor of Albanian Language and Literature at the Gymnasium.

IN THE THEATER OF TRAGEDY

Hamlet is shouting on the stage
in the backstage
Romeo and Juliet
burn in the fire of love
caress the stains of the cloth
left from Kanun's time
the intrigues of friends with empty souls
in the museum of memories
in the imagination of Eros in Prishtina.

Juliet
curses Hamlet beyond the scene
that he had penetrated her thoughts
she is seeking the paradise in poetry
why is Romeo lying
about fiery love
I do not have a covenant or ask for the breakup
Juliet feels that he speaks with his heart.

Romeo blesses the love
that remained like a wound
from the years that have passed
trots in the lit cup
the bedbed curses
at the table...



Hasan Nashid (Bangladesh)

Bio:

Hasan Nashid (Md. Hasan Ali) born in the Sherpur district of Bangladesh, is an author, essayist, poet and editor. Fourteen books are to his credit. Recently, his writing 'Communal' was published in the textbook 'Business & Love' of the English Language Education Study Program, Faculty of Language and Literature, Universitas Negeri Makassar, Indonesia, and in a research paper from PNGB, Dibrugarh University, India; University of Malta, Malta, and Jadavpur University, India. His awards for poetry include the 'Golden Eagle Award 2023 from Mil Mentos Pro Mexico International, Mexico' 'Anushilan Award for Poetry, 2016', 'Shishu-Kishor Phulkali, 2008', 'Jhal Award for Poetry, 2016', and a language recognition from Chittagong University and University of Dhaka, Bangladesh for his discovery of animal language patterns, 2023. There are also 20 Plus Research Presentation Awards from different countries. He travels extensively, both nationally and internationally, for poetry collections and research. He is serving as Research Director of the Sustainable Disadvantaged Development Foundation 23 (SDDF). Besides doing PhD research, he has also been working as editor of 'Masik Bhor' magazine since 2016, SDDF JOURNAL and Sub Editor, The Pen Magazine by Dr Eva Lianou Petropoulou, Greece since 2023. The author writes fiction and nonfiction of crime, thriller, mystery, fantasy, historical, western and romance. In his spare time, he writes short stories, poetry, articles, essays, children's books, diaries, journals, and inspiring books with drawing and sketching.

WRONG

Everything that happens in anger goes wrong.

Want to pull your own hair?

How many things have gone wrong in this life?

It was also a mistake to forget that it was a mistake!

Laugh or cry when I'm all wrong,

It's a mistake to forget life!

How many people in a bad situation have no roots?

A big mistake is when you forget!

Mistakes in every move Mistakes in every word,

Get angry whenever you use it by mistake!

Those who commit various mistakes in anger,

If it is not as wrong as murder, it is wrong to catch it!

A mistake is a mistake, like a mistake; life is a mistake!

Wants to make mistakes in words, mistakes like forgiveness,

Forgiving him would be a grave mistake.

Everyone will make mistakes, big and small.

So what mistake will be a deliberate mistake?

There may be mistakes - parents' mistakes.

There may be mistakes in the killing of brothers and sisters.

One can go wrong with the neighbourhood people.

Childhood playmates can make mistakes.

Students make mistakes in their studies.

Workers in all jobs make mistakes in all their actions.

The driver of the carriage and horse make a mistake on the road.

Aviation pilots do not want to make mistakes!

If the mistake is made in the room alone, the mistake is conscientious.

If it is wrong to talk to everyone.

Foolish and madly wrong as they are,

Leaders and activists are mistaken about the state.

A good man is made a fool.

Even cheaters make mistakes when they cheat.

When the time of theft is wrong,

The price of that mistake is eaten in mass!

It is wrong to exaggerate religion.

Communal riots are now the eyesore of the nation!

If everyone makes this mistake throughout life,

In the world, mistakes will be the root of humanity!



Md. Sadikur Rahman Rumen (Bangladesh)

Bio:

Md. Sadikur Rahman Rumen, born in Jamalpur village of Jagannathpur Upzila under Sunamganj district of Bangladesh, is a poet, writer, critical essayist, journalist and editor-in-chief of 'PEN CRAFT' magazine. Co-edited literature: Drishti-Year 2000, Monthly magazine Muktadhara, 2013 (2020) as well as quarterly literary magazine Alokita Daorai. Poems published in the commemorative book "Dhvani" of the International Poet Conference (2013). Poems and biographies published in 15th volume 2023 of Wordsmith Editorial International Magazine and in Multi Art 8-9 volumes of juntos por las letras published from Argentina, poems and biographies of poets with 50 poets from different countries of the world. He is also the co-editor of Biomemo Swadesh Mukh, (2021). Single Editing: Literature, Darpan (2020) and Shabdachasha, (2023). A biographical research article published in Research Literary Journal "Laur". Published Collective Poems: Jagran (2017), Akankha (2021), Independence Mahanayak Sheikh Mujib (202), Haorpar's Poems (2021), Poetry Offering (2022), Single Book of Poetry: Kalpataru (2023). Also, many of his writings have been published in many literary periodicals and online at home and abroad. He is still active writing in various print and electronic media. And locally he is quite popular as a poet and literary critic.

FORGIVENESS IS VICTORY

Forgive, be patient,
in forgiveness there is victory.
Apologies for admitting mistakes.
Forgiveness has the virtue of greatness,
Just like sea water is mixed with salt.

There is no fear in forgiveness,
there is no loss, forgiveness is fearless,
There is no loss in forgiveness,
there is no beating, forgiveness is victory.
Jealousy, hatred, enmity,
forgiveness is the medicine,
There is no forgiveness for oppression
and oppressors, they want revenge.

Forgiveness always favors the oppressed,
There is no forgiveness for wrongdoing, forgiveness is suicide.

The dishonest person
wants the appropriate punishment,
There is no compromise,
forgiveness is wasted.



Anna Korça (Albania and Kosovo)

Bio:

Anna Korça attended elementary school, eight and high school in Peqin from 1973 to 1985. In 1990, Anna Korça finished her studies at the Faculty of Education Medicine, Dental Branch in Tirana. In 1995, she emigrated to United Kingdom with his family and after learning English, she practiced the profession as an Albanian translator. In addition, Anna has been involved in literature and is known to Albanian readers for her books of poetry, as well as involvement in many competitions and literary activities. Anna Korça is also very active on social networks. She has published several books of poetry from publishing houses in Albania and Kosovo.

IT RAINS TONIGHT

There are pieces of the soul
in it.

Lost in the pool of your mind,
like the memories of the past I sway
in the wind.

Crackling wounded lightning
scream,

Loaded over the burning long.

The pierced hut moon
cannot hold them.

Darkness from everywhere.

The stars are afraid of sadness
and are hidden.

The soul
does not see the soul.

Monstrous blindness,
the hymn of sadness
creeps into the soul.

Rivers of tears
flood the loneliness...



Rifat Ismaili (Italy)

Bio

Poet, writer, and translator Rifat Ismaili completed two years of compulsory military service in Berat. From 1991 to today he lived in Italy, initially in the city of Florence, and currently in Savona. Being passionate about art and literature, he has also started publishing in newspapers and magazines of the time. From the periodical press, we can mention numerous collaborations with the newspaper "Adriatic", Durrës, from 1986 to 1990, with literary sketches, cycles of poetry, writings, etc. Other articles have been published in the newspaper It is also published in Italian languages English, Uzbek, in some of the literary bodies of those countries. Rifat Ismajli has written many children's books, poetry and prose, as well as reviewed many authors. Translations of this author; "No love kengē", stories by Carls Bukowski; "Naim Frashëri" Tirana 2002; "Postman of Neruda", novel by Antonio Skarmeta "Ideart" Tirana 2003, as well as numerous translations from XX-th century Italian poets.

MORNING FROM THE DREAM

A tear fell
in the crown of my thoughts.
Autumn brought him back
in a gold leaf...
Without a good sunrise
came back to the word,
some birds like the letters
hatched from the white paper...
Somewhere beyond the horizon
birds became airplanes.
And my longing woke up
a white butterfly.
easy was the dream,
took a while...
It came to me
like an angel without wings.
Some of the flowers smiled
when they saw me
They covered me with petals
and hid again.
With a feather in hand
I became a magician;
I turned the river into a snake,
and the ring bridge.
Together
rain in the air;

after the birds
after the letters,
after the songs...
The sun joined us
with his first ray.
Ah, never end
beautiful dream
Run across the seas
as a ship taken!



Dibran Fylli (Kosovo)

Bio

Dibran Fylli was born in Kosovo. He is a director, actor, poet, writer, Academician, Editor-in-Chief of the prestigious international magazine Orfeu. Dibran Fylli has won many awards. He fought with (UCK), the Army for the liberation of Kosovo from the Serbs who killed many women, children and elderly people. He was seriously injured. He wrote the book translated into nine languages for the Great Martyr Commander of the UCK Adem Jashari. Dibran Fylli has made many films as a director and actor.

HERE, WHERE, YOU HAVE BEEN

(To Mother Teresa)

Was there one saved life
a cured disease Just there
where the tears on youless faces
use to transforme in smilings
for the houseless you were
a roof for the waifs
were bread for the orphans
Mother...

Where you were
has no place for enmity
you loved the peace
and the humanity
loved and love You.

Where you were the God was ...
it is mistake it is a wrong sayin
maybe a lie or a windy word
if someone says
i could not meet greet
pamper even and kiss her hand
her angelic soul...



Smaragdi Mitropoulou (Greece)

Bio

Smaragdi Mitropoulou was born in Athens. She has studied history and archaeology in Greece and UK. She serves in secondary education. She has attended seminars on creative writing, theater writing and directing. She has received awards in Greece and abroad for her poetry and prose. Also, she is Programme Coordinator of Writers Capital International Foundation. Up to now, she has written five books, which have been published and launched in Greece. One of them, “One moment just an eternity”, has been translated in English and was published in 2020 by Ontime Books in Great Britain; it has become best-seller in eight countries. Her poetry has been translated into English, Chinese, Taiwanese, Bengali and Spanish language.

THOUGHTS

Without frills
And lent ornaments
On early sunrise
Words were stripped.
Mirrors cracked
By the weight of shame.
Crowds remained silent
Under the light.
For centuries now
Poetry goes the narrow path uphill.
On a proud rock
The shadow of Holy Mary embraces her.
White tunic
holy grail
the sound of bell
the song of the waves
redemption time...



Nasir Aizaz (Pakistan)

Bio

Nasir Aijaz, based in Karachi, the capital of Sindh province of Pakistan, is basically a journalist and researcher having spent over 48 years in the field of journalism. He won Gold Medal and another award for best reporting in 1988 and 1989. He has worked in key positions for newspapers and news agencies. He also worked as a TV Anchor for over a decade and conducted some 400 programs. He is author of ten books on history, language, literature, travelogue and biography. One of his books 'Hur – The Freedom Fighter', a research work on war against the British colonial forces, also won a prize. Further, he translated a poetry book of Egyptian poet Ashraf Aboul Yazid, into Sindhi language, which was published in Egypt. Besides, he has written around 500 articles in English, Urdu and Sindhi, the native language of Sindh. He is editor of Sindh Courier, an online magazine and represents The AsiaN, an online news service of South Korea. His articles have also been translated in Arabic and Korean languages. Sometimes he writes poems in his native language. Nasir Aijaz is one of the founding members of Korea-based Asia Journalists Association AJA. He has visited some ten Asian countries and attended international seminars.

DREAMS OF REVOLUTION AND FREEDOM

What is the significance of dreams

seen after sleep?

Dreams should be those

that do not let you sleep.

I also keep seeing such dreams,

like an old saying,

Dreams of economic,

social revolution and national unity

that have not allowed me to sleep all my life.

But despite not realizing it in seven decades,

I have not stopped seeing such dreams.

Some of them are lying under the bed in my place,

on which I sleep with my head every day,

Some of them are kept in the small

cupboard next to it,

And some of them are lying

between the pages of books.

Every night by opening the closet,

laying my head on the bed or opening a book,

I go back to the world of these dreams.



Misna Chanu (India)

Bio

Misna Chanu is a bilingual poetess, writer, author, humanitarian, translator and an editor from Assam (India), currently living in Gurgaon. Writing is not her hobby or passion but a call of her soul. She writes in her mother tongue Manipuri and in English. She has published three poetry books; ***“A Little Piece of Melancholic Sky”***, ***“Many Shades of Love”***, ***“The Silent Whispers”***, one short story book for children named ***“Once Upon a Time”*** and edited six anthologies of poetry and short stories. Her poems have been translated into 13 international languages and published in journals, anthologies and magazines worldwide.

LIKE THEIR FAKE WORDS

They talked of compassion
Concern and kindness.
They acted like carrying
The weight
Of the whole universe
And they don't miss
A single
Chance to sing the slogan
To show their value
More than what they are singing for.
But when the time comes
To prove their words
And
To show a little spark
Of their light,
Only few of them
Come forward
And others just fade away
Like their fake words
That speak from their mind only
Without even touching
A single string of the heart!



Angela Costa (Albania and Italy)

Bio

Angela Kosta was born in Albania in 1973. She has lived in Italy since 1995. She has published 9 books: novels, poems and fairy tales in Albanian and Italian. Angela Kosta is Director of the newspaper DRITARE E RE - New Window and Deputy Editor-in-Chief of the international newspaper Albania Press

She is a translator and her publications can be seen in various literary magazines and newspapers in Albania, Kosovo and Italy. He writes articles for the Italian newspaper "Calabria Live", translates for Gazeta Rrënjët - Le Radici", International Magazine "Orfeu", writes for Alessandria Today, collaborates with the International Magazine Atunis - Belgium, etc.

THE HERO SOLDIER

Flare of light passes through the window
of this world,
stopping on the half-closed eyelids
of a young soldier,
that lies on the ground
with hand on heart
where he brings the photo of his beloved
who awaits his return without return
from that remote country,
where the dawn no longer knows the sun,
and on withered trees
the crows get their fill
of many warrior corpses.
Everyone was fighting for a better world
dreaming of Peace.

Flare of light passes through the window
of this world
on the half-closed eyes of a young soldier,
than abandoning oneself to youth
he heard the dove singing:
No more War and Weapons
But only Peace and Freedom

(Translated by Dilip Mewada)

Short Story



Tasneem Hossain (Bangladesh)

Bio

Tasneem Hossain is a multi-lingual poet from Bangladesh. Her wanderings in other areas of literature include fictions, translations, columns and op-eds. Her writings appear in different magazines and dailies of different countries. Her publications: *Grass in Green* (published by Southern Arizona Press in USA), *The Pearl Necklace*, *Floating Feathers (Poetry)* and *Split and Splice (article)*. As an op-ed and column writer she has published 60 articles in different news dailies and magazines. She is a member of 'Gantha' a Bangladeshi group working to popularize women's literary writers in Asia. She runs a project named 'Life in Lyrics' to popularize literature and help young writers and writers of marginalised communities. She is also a story teller. She majored in English Language and Literature from Dhaka University. She is the Director of Continuing Education Centre, a human capacity development organisation.

She worked as faculty of English Language in Chittagong University of Engineering and Technology, Bangladesh. She also worked as newscaster, commentary reader and radio presenter in radio Bangladesh for 10 years. She resides, sharing time, both in Canada and Bangladesh.

THE VOW

-Tasneem Hossain

Julekha was almost at the gate of the police station. She felt a cold shiver run down her spine. The whole incident ran like a movie trailer in front of her eyes. She looked back far towards the horizon at the small little village with huts surrounded by tall green trees. That was her home. But she had to leave that home twenty- two years back. Tears rolled down her soft white cheeks. She wiped the tears away. She had fulfilled her vow last night.

It was a hot summer afternoon. She was a 16 year old teenager. She was tempted to steal a few mangoes from the neighboring mango farm. Picking mangoes from the trees had greater appeal than buying. She asked her friends Tropa, Kanti, Sohel and Faizul to accompany her. But they were too scared and tried to persuade her not to take the risk, because if caught by the zamindar's sons and caretakers they would be doomed. Being a rebel, Julekha took it as a challenge.

Everyone in the house was busy. Mother was cleaning and washing in the kitchen, father had gone to the neighbouring market to buy some crop seeds for the coming season. Her grandmother was taking a nap. She tiptoed out and stealthily entered the farm. Her heart was pounding. She had heard of the punishments meted out to the people of the village by the zamindar on petty issues. The trees laden with ripe mangoes were irresistible.

She had an uncanny feeling of being watched. She stopped and looked around. No one was there.

"It must be my imagination," she whispered to herself.

Kuddus, the youngest son of the owner was picking mangoes when he heard the sound of rustling leaves. He hid behind a **mango** tree to catch the thief. His heart started thumping as he watched a beautiful girl tip-toeing. She stopped for a while looked around and then climbed a mango tree.

He has been to brothels and roamed around the towns in Dhaka but he had never seen such a beauty. He couldn't resist himself. Shaking with excitement, he waited for the opportune moment.

The girl jumped down from the tree and lost her balance. Immediately he pounced upon her and shut her mouth tightly with his left palm.

Julekha was shell-shocked. All the ripe mangoes in her dopatta rolled away. She struggled to shout **and resisted with all her might**.

A **murder** of crows flew cawing with their shrill voices. Suddenly there was silence except the heavy panting and distressed bawls of an injured fawn in pain.

Julekha flinched in excruciating **pain for some time**. **Then** She limped back home.

After reaching home she stealthily used the bathroom outside and changed.

She needed to confide with someone. She was very close with her grandmother and shared the horrific tale with her.

A doctor was called **behind closed doors**. It would be a family secret forever.

Tomorrow there will be a 'punchayet' and she will be punished for being lustful and enticing the zamindars son. She has seen it happen before. She must flee the wrath of the zamindar and villagers.

Julekha had to plan wisely. She stayed in her room and requested not to be disturbed.

At midnight, she took the bundle of clothes she had gathered and the money she had saved in her piggy bank. She wouldn't be able to say 'Good bye' to her parents and grandmother.

It was dark. Sobbing quietly, she **staggered** towards the forest and started following the path leading towards the overlooking town.

'Stop! Who's there?' a female voice called. "Don't try to run girl, I won't harm you.'

Julekha turned around and saw a middle-aged woman in fine clothes and jewellery.

'Who are you? What are you doing here?' quizzed Julekha.

'I'm the owner of a hotel in the town you can see from here. I'm returning from the city with some essentials that I need for my business. My attendants are waiting a little further. What's your story girl?'

Julekha burst into tears and told her story refraining from any names.

'I'm Sultana. My parents were very rich and I was married in a rich family. Unfortunately, I'm infertile so they sent me back. When my parents passed away, I inherited all the property. You can be my daughter from now.'

Both the women held each other.

The news of Julekha's parents' misery reached her. She couldn't contact them because of repercussion from the zaminders. No harm should come to her parents. The villagers assumed that she had fled with her lover. Her parents led a miserable life in sorrow and died several years later.

Kuddus was on a business trip and rented a room in a hotel. He saw the owner of the hotel in the hallway and was struck by her beauty. He sent one of his men to tell the lady that he would love to meet her.

She sent a message, 'I will be there at midnight. Please keep your door unlocked.'

Kuddus took a shower and put on some 'atar'. He dimmed the light and waited impatiently.

'Come in,' gushed Kuddus as he heard a silent knock on the door.

As the door knob turned, a beautifully curvaceous damsel in red stood at the door. Her eyes were sparkling in the dim light; her long auburn colored hair flowed down her bosom. Smiling, she entered the room and closed the door. A beautiful fragrance filled the whole room and left Kuddus intoxicated with excitement

'Am I dreaming, or is it Aphrodite herself?' thought Kuddus.

She smiled and locked the door. As she came closer, the look in her eyes made Kuddus uneasy. He sat up.

Smiling mischievously, she poured wine from the wine bottle she had brought.

'Don't you think it will be a little more fun with this? Have some.'

Kuddus was in a trance and drank the wine as she held it to his lips.

A burning sensation left Kuddus gasping. He couldn't breathe.

With difficulty he uttered, 'What have you given me, you b****?'

"Do you remember your adventure in your mango garden?

Kuddus started puking. He had difficulty in breathing. After some time he lay motionless, white foams covered his pillow.

Julekha stood in the dim light. She has fulfilled her vow of making Kuddus pay for his wrongdoing which had led her to this life of exile and the miserable death of her parents.

A mocking smile spread all over her face. Her nostrils twitched in hatred.

Her eyes moistened. She knew what she had to do.....

Julekha was now free. She looked up at the drifting clouds in the sea blue sky and calmly entered the gate.

Fiction and Non-fiction

INNSÆIAN'S VOICE



Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul

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

Bio

Sanju Paul is her pen name, original being Sanjeev Kumari Paul. She is a veterinarian by profession and a poet and an artist by passion. She belongs to Himachal Pradesh (India) and has been involved in multiple projects of artistic as well as scientific temperaments ranging from very local to global ones. She has also developed an artistic technique of carved and washed paintings using discard PVC sheets as the canvas. Pen sketching is another art form she uses to express herself. Besides, she also has a short film named “*Catharsis*” to her credit.

“VET DIARIES OF SANJU PAUL”

(Episode 1)

"Hashtag Malana"

One fine morning, I received a call from my boss, "Dr Sanju you need to attend a disease outbreak of goats in Malana pastures."

Malana, a place you all might have heard of or if not earlier, then I would like to brief a little about it.

(Malana is an ancient village in Kullu district, Himachal Pradesh said to be inhabited by race of the soldiers of Alexander the great. It has its own kind of judicial system and traditions still in practice. They consider outsiders as untouchables and impose fine upon them if they try to touch specific places in the village. Villagers claim it to be the oldest democracy of the world. Malana is also famous and infamous for "Malana Cream" which is extracted from Cannabis plant growing in the area.)

Experiences from the other vets who had visited the place earlier were kind of shivering to the spine, how the locals behaved and misbehaved with them, the maltreatment and tough circumstances they came across, so actually neither the staffers at head quarter nor the ones at concerned veterinary hospital were quite willing to visit the place. At district head quarter, it was decided that as a veterinary medicine specialist, I should attend the outbreak immediately. Duty is duty, so I tried to know who else has been asked to be in the team, but finding no such exercise, I decided to set on the mission with girl interns at polyclinic. Most of the girls agreed to that. One of our helping male staff and pharmacist volunteered to be in the team and we all set up for the journey where all of us were going to be treated as untouchables irrespective of which caste each one belonged.

There were many apprehensions, as to what kind of rough behaviour we would come across, how rude would be the trek, and the conditions we will have

to work upon thereof. We had a quick meeting and brief as to how we would proceed, act, treat the animals, arrange for food, stay etc. and tackle the difficulties imposed. Despite all discouraging anecdotes and the hashish stories, we were excited to deal with every kind of challenge.

I leave this episode here with some pictures of Malana clicked during this trip and will get back with rest of the stuff soon ...!







Memoir

INNSÆIAN'S VOICE



Dr Tejaswini Patil

**Founder Director,
INNSÆI Journal**

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

Bio:

Founder Director, INNSÆI Journal, An International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity and MatruAkshar, International Journal of Indian Languages for Creative Literature, Translation and Research. She works as Associate Professor, Dept. of English in Arts and Commerce College, Kasegaon, Dist.- Sangli (Maharashtra). Her Marathi, Hindi and English poems have been published in 33 national and international anthologies including from South Africa, Romania, USA and UK in more than 50 anthologies. She's been awarded as an Ambassador for Peace of Karad, India from Peace PAX Executive Committee, Argentina; Diploma, Nominee for the World Award from Rahim Karim, Kyrgyzstan; Regional Director, of Suryodaya Literary Foundation, Bhubaneshwar. Her collection of poems: English- 'Talons and Nets', 'Verses of Silence' and 'A Glass of Time', the same translated into Romanian language; Hindi poems, Kaainat; and a reference book: 'Relations and Relationship'.

PAGALA GHODA BY BADAL SIRCAR: AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE...

The performance of Pagala Ghoda, a play by Badal Sircar, by Sugun, Kolhapur proved to be a milestone in my memories. The title didn't suggest anything about the content. It began with the event of four friends getting together at cremation ground for the cremation of an unknown girl. Actually, a rich contractor has given them free wine just to stay there till the body is completely burnt. As per Hindu rituals, if the body is half burned, the soul doesn't get salvation. It takes hours for the process. They start discussion about the reason of death of the girl being cremated. There are four stories that unfurl themselves one by one. "The play revolves around four men who have gathered at the funeral of an unknown young woman who has committed suicide out of love. The play focuses on man-woman relationships and emphasises women's subjugation in a patriarchal system. It deftly examines the relationships of men and women from four different socioeconomic groups. Sircar implies here, rather obliquely, that regardless of education and background, men are the same, that is, rough and indifferent in their handling of passion, love, and women." Talapatra, Ruchira (2017-05-29). As pointed out by Talapatra, Ruchira, their discussion excavates their own stories of failure in love. They had a passionate love story which they mishandled. The spirit of the girl being cremated stimulates each one of them to speak about their past. The liquor plays its role in unburdening them from the social stigmas. The spirit of the young, nameless girl laments over the total lack of love in her life in between. This emotional sterility, a barrenness has led her to commit suicide. Shashi, a middle-class gentleman, loves Malti who is supposed to be marrying his childhood friend Pradip. She genuinely urges, him to marry her further telling him the fact sincerely that she cannot marry a person whom she does not love. Shashi is unable to break his friendship with a person who is cruel, but socially upper-class person. She shows him of the evidence of physical abuse, Pradip has given her for telling

the fact that she is in love with Shashi. During arguments with Malti, Shashi remains helpless. Her questions- ‘You reject me just for this— for Pradip?... Just because you will lose face with him?’ remain unanswered. Among men, friendship, the older relationship between the two men— the brotherhood, is more important than his love. He tries to console her saying: “Not with Pradip Malti. Myself. I will lose respect for myself. If I lose to myself like this and marry you, I will never be able to be happy myself and neither will I be able make you happy.” He refuses to marry Malti and compels her to marry Pradip. Unable to change his mindset and to remove his ego, she gives up the relationship and returns to her hellish abode just to end herself. After her death, Shashi comes to the conclusion that not Malti’s cruel husband but he himself is responsible for her death. He lives with the guilt and remorse. Himadri is the youngest of the four men and worked as a tutor to the Milli’s brother. Himadri and Milli fell in love with each other. Class-consciousness remains the greatest barrier in their love matter, the culmination of which is marriage. Milli has come from a wealthy, Westernised family. So, ‘Tennis, swimming, driving, party-picnics’ is her life. Himadri cannot accept her with her positive and negative traits. Instead, he remains highly critical of her habit of drinking. Their cultural differences result in his keeping him away from committing fully to her. Her pleads and assures that she will try her best to change herself as per his expectation but it comes to nothing. He leaves her forever even resigning the duty as a tutor. Broken-hearted, she meets a tragic accident for driving a car too fast under the influence of liquor. The love story again ends with the feeling of guilt and remorse. The third story is of Satu, who is a road-Romeo, He’s always ready with gross and daring comments. He is a contractor by profession. Having a profession, full of travel, hassle-bustle, he neglects socio-cultural norms and has remained a bachelor. He boasting, “Why bother getting married when I can get the benefits without it?” shows his supremacy in his field and his surrounding society. He also unveils his love-story to his friends. He rescued Lachmi from enslavement.

Influenced by his act of bravery, she has fallen in love with him and wants nothing but to serve and look after him. But he finds her a job in the house of a rich person. However, she comes to him for protection one night, clearly terrified, and pleads him to allow her to stay with him. But he refuses her so, being scared of ‘what people will say’ and sends her back. He’s afraid of the responsibility and commitment, a married life requires. The next time he sees her, she is a corpse. She has died destitute, sick, alone. He could recognise her only with her pet dog. He is left with question— “Was it wrong to rescue her in the first place and raise her expectations? Or Was it wrong to entrust her to others? Ultimately, what happens is the loss of love, his defeat. The last one among the four is Kartik. He is a chemist, a compounder by profession. Early in the play, he tells an imaginary story about a man who spent his whole life loving someone from her childhood to grown-up age. It was undeclared love that remained hidden even from the girl he loved. Later, he mistakenly expresses that the devoted lover is no one but Kartik himself. He loved the same unnamed girl who is being cremated. Once she declares to Kartik her longing for death as she had nothing to live for. Not knowing Kartik’s love, she thinks that she neither loved nor is loved by anybody. So, there is no reason to continue such type of barren life. He is shaken by her decision, he takes a promise from her that she will wait for a week. However, within the week, he gets the news of her suicide by strangling herself. Kartik feels his double loss as he has lost his chance at love and making her feel to be loved. She dies without a satisfaction that someone was genuinely in love with her. Kartik is a person with a positive mindset. He thinks, “if there is life, there is always some possibility”. As the dead body is in the last phase of being fully burnt, the spirit is eager to know the secret of Kartik’s life. When the body gets to ashes fully, the spirit must leave. During the last moments of departure, the girl realises the passionate lover of hers and feels fascinated towards life which is not in her hands. She expresses her strong wish to live, to continue her life... But alas...!!! She’s taken away forcefully and Kartik who’s

brought poison to drink, mixes it in the liquor. The audience had heavy heart for the positive soul committing suicide. At the last moment, he pours the glass down saying his favourite line- “if there is life, there is always some possibility”. And I was relieved that at least one man has courage to live, love and take responsibility. All four women in the play, performed by Anuja Pednekar, touched the cords of the heart of a woman in me. Their situations, their straight forward expression of emotions and social restrictions to follow the norms quenched the heart. Being women, secondary status creatures, they dare to take risks of their lives. They don’t expect any social bond from the men they love. But men are not “Men” to accept their urges even in the patriarchal society. Sircar here denounces our high sounding moral stance that is totally hollow and hypocritical. (Wadikar, Shailaja: Pune Research: 2018) Describing his mental state while writing this play, Sircar states: “Malti, Milli, Lachmi are living people for me now, I can see them in front of me. Have I ever really seen them as separate individuals? But little bits of them were there in all those others— Malti, Milli, Lachmi, and the women without name, who is all three of them in one. Himadri, Shashi, Satkari, Kartik— have I seen them? No. Are they coming through as men, as individual persons? Probably not. There’s no need. I am not writing this play with the purpose of creating characters. Then what is my purpose? No purpose. No facts. No theory is being provoked here... Still I’m writing. And being able to drown in the process of writing, I feel as if I’m writing what is known to me. I know all this.” And a month later, after completing the play, he writes: “Pagla Ghoda will remain one of my most favourite plays. I was totally immersed in it while writing it”(Sircar; Qtd. in Anjum 74) The performance of Pagala Ghoda was so powerful that it created ripples after ripples in the mind. It underlined the sacrifices of women for men’s egos. And it also spotlighted every MAN bound by the social norms created by himself. The legal acceptance of the ‘Live-in Relationship’ could have solved this problem, if implemented properly. The social document shows that this has created more complications. The satisfaction

is that these deep-locked layers of human emotions have been brought to the surface by Badal Sircar.

Thanks and Salutes, Badal Sircar....

Published and Upcoming Books



S. Afrose (Bangladesh)

Bio:

S Afrose (Sabiha Afrose) from Bangladesh, educational credentials-B Pharm, M Pharm, Jahangirnagar University. Poetry is her best friend. She loves to write in different poetic form whether free verse, rhythmic, short stories etc. Her writes are published on many anthologies. Recently, her 1st solo English poetry E-book "Spirits--- Lively Life" has been published from PRODIGY PUBLISHERS, USA.

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Thanks Dear GOD!

(WITHOUT GOD'S GRACE, LIFE IS MEANINGLESS)

S Afrose

Life is the beautiful gift from ALMIGHTY GOD.

It seems so wonderful but still there are so many stones, those want to hurt all times, for moving onward. It helps to lose all hopes; Dreams also hide. Mind can't dare to face any challenge. At that time, the most important thing is - Prayer! Yes--- Pray to God, for His utmost blessing shower. God is the best friend. He is always ready to hear us. At each time of Prayer, we must seek His blessings. Definitely, God will help, bless us. He will never leave our hands. He is everywhere.

Poetry is such a wonderful way to express any kind of emotion. This Poetry Book reflects each and every part of life, as per the perception of Author. Every word is expressed heartfully and showing her gratitude to dear God. Let the world know, the magic of her Poetry. Here or there, each word will touch any of the sight of your dear life. But, don't take anything personally. It's all about the emotional flow of love for Poetry, which helps to revive the beautiful life on earth, as God's Boon. That's why-- "Thanks Dear God (without God's grace, life is meaningless)" is ready to its mystic ride.

Author S Afrose (Sabiha Afrose) has been showing her gratitude to God, for helping her all times, at each platform of life. May God bless all of us. And we must accept all things and definitely show our gratitude with sincere Prayer to dear ALMIGHTY GOD.

This is her 1st PUBLISHED Book!!!

Connect with author: afroswritings@outlook.com





Children are angels. They are heaven's flowers.
Parents feel it. They love children always and try the best, for
their happiness.

It's such a poetry book, acts as a mirror to show the children,
their themselves. They see themselves with their thoughts and
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Hope anyone will enjoy the book, if can try to see at a glance.
A glimpse of love will be scattered from each word of this
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S. Afrose enjoys each of the part of this writing
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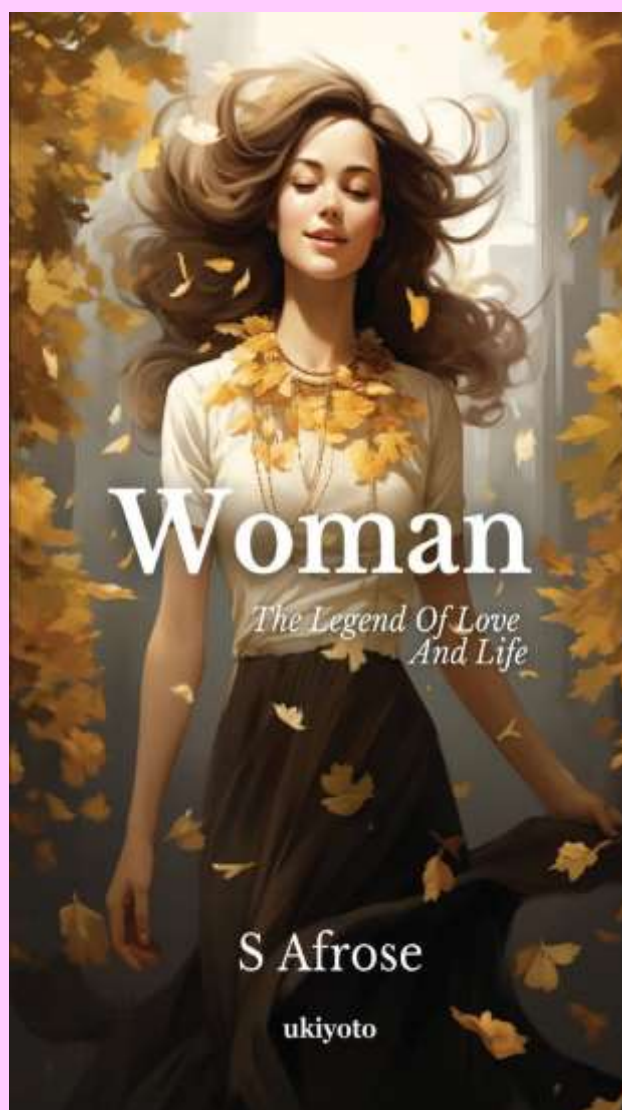


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Women are wonderful creations of Almighty. They are divine flowers, spread fragrance of heart, at each platform of the life. They play multiple roles, using vibrant ways.

They want only respect and love. But there are some barriers, always try to captivate them, as the caged birds. It's not right. Give them freedom. They have also power to make the lively & lovely tower. Without them, the universe is the spiritless one.

Need to make the equal platform for them, on this earth. Man and Woman, both are equally important; to strongly hold on, the pedestal of the universe.

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Misna Chanu (India)

Bio:

Misna Chanu is a bilingual poetess, writer, author, humanitarian, translator and an editor from Assam, currently living in Gurgaon. She writes in her mother tongue *Manipuri* and in *English*. As an author, she has published *three* poetry books; “*A Little Piece of Melancholic Sky*”, “*Many Shades of Love*”, “*The Silent Whispers*” and one short story book of children named “*Once Upon A Time*”. As an editor, she has published *five* anthologies of poetry and *one* anthology of short stories for children. Her poems have been translated into 13 international languages and published in journals, anthologies and magazines worldwide. She has been participating in national and international poets’ meets time to time, including “*All India Women Writers’ Meet*” organized by Sahitya Akademi in 2021, 1st and 2nd edition of “*UNMESHA: International Literature Festival*,” 2022, 2023 organized by Sahitya Akademi, Ministry of Culture, Arunachal Literature Festival organized by Arunachal State Govt. (2022) and “*FOSWAL Literature Festival* organized by SAARC (South Asian Association for Regional Cooperation), 2022.

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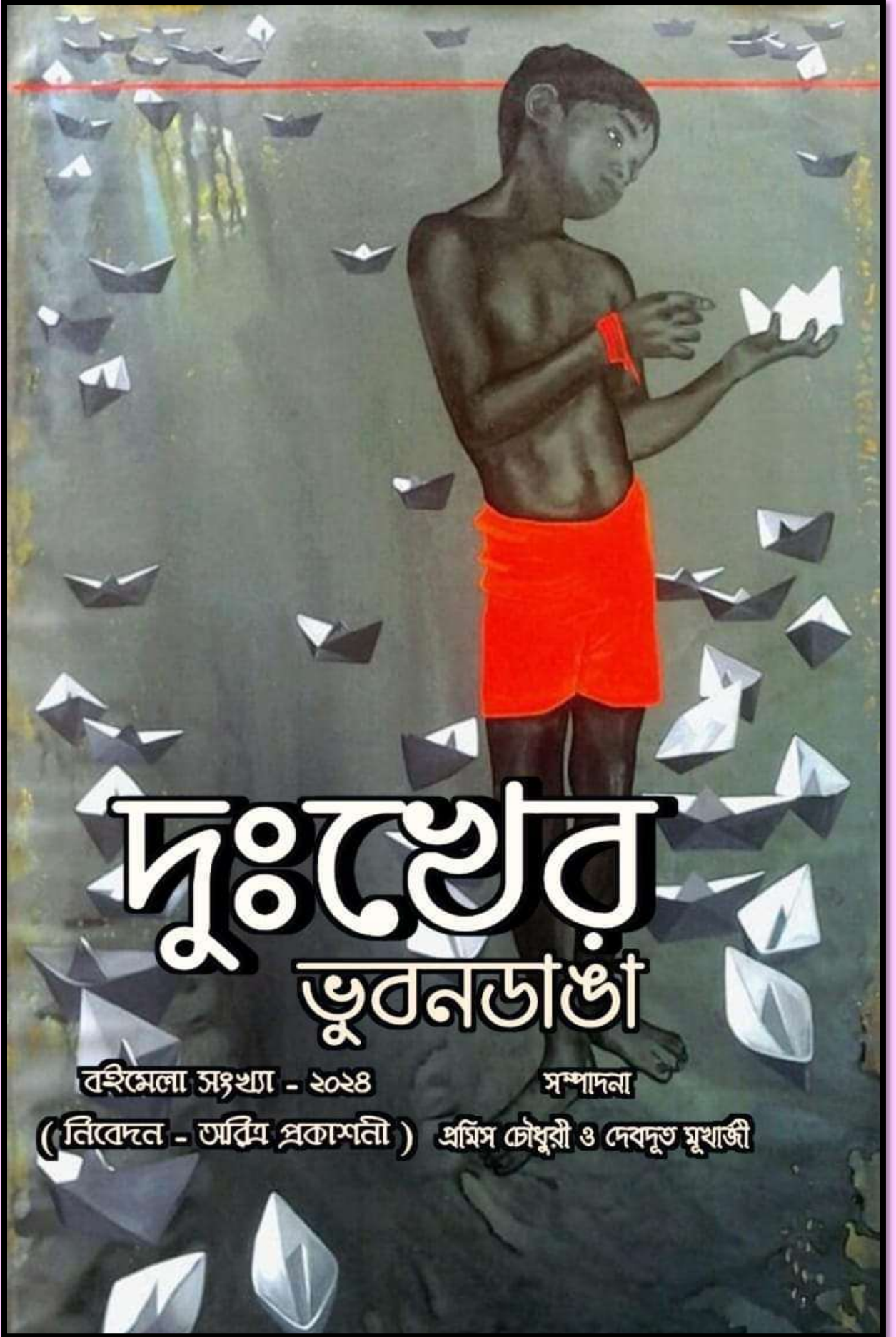
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Debdoot Mukherjee (India)

Bio:

Debdoot Mukherjee teaches English in the Department of English, Bhargar Mahavidyalaya, University of Calcutta. His poems are his pieces of thoughts on life. The present poem is dedicated to such people who fight for the sake of an uplifted existence in life, never accepting anything false and misleading.



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