Remembrance

Uzoechi Nwagbara
Wales, United Kingdom

Journeying from a sense
Thoroughly overawed
By frittered earth & clobbered space,
Streaming from memory –
Draped with incendiary shells by SHELL:
By the unsolicited foragers of our heaven,
And –
Invoking a panoply of mnemonic snapshots
Melancholically sated
With the cruel hangman’s snare & noose,

Our space
Reminds all of the generational war
Between good & evil;
The freshness of the dairy
Is crowded out by clabber;
The field is barren
From the globalists’ handiwork,
His alibi for evil is
Like the priest’,
Preached behind the pulpit of “boundryless” earth;
A metonymy for brigandage!
Our earth
Spins the yarn of might & ‘weakness’;
The alluvium is barricaded thickly
By the explorers’ wrath:
The pluvial record
Mediates a million testicles
Not germinating the earth,
His dear mistress
In dire straits of insemination!

Our sanctuary
Is hewed down
By nationalist maniacs,
Who banished
Our primeval neighbours –
In the time past, our staple:
A reminder of our unspoiled universe!
They will pay for this!
Here, I am with my
    begging bowl in hand,
that only I can see.

I am in the heart of Manhattan,
    dressed in a Canali double breasted suit
walking from St. Bart’s to the

Waldorf, it’s only one block and
    a world away from home. A young
lady passes by, smiles and that is all it
takes you know, one solitary smile, and
    my begging bowl is full once more.
Such riches come rarely, such joy

is known as Shantideva teaches, by
    wishing joy to others first. Did you know?
That a single smile, like this one, can

save ten thousand worlds, across ten
    thousand universes, as if the first light
of creation has turned back upon the world.
Silent Witnesses

Kushal Poddar
West Bengal, India

Two old men sit at my beginning and my end,
closed eyed, descending down their blind staircase.

What does blindness mean if they do not see me
staring into their eyes, salvaging the moment they saw-
my mother tilting her head toward my father's shoulder
as her water broke then and there at our steps?

At the beginning.
At the end.
Every day.

There, the banyan tree sprawled over the old heads
and an elephant cloud disturbs the new building tips.
I dig; dig until I am born again,
a part of me deciding to come and another to return unborn.
Oh Paladin

Golden tresses tumble
From beneath the shimmering helm
Chiseled chin barely visible
behind the visor
Above which peer a pair of
steel grey eyes that see right through
Piercing any man's armor

Like flash of blade
sharp and true, mirrored
In her polished panoply
Commanding presence
A stunning charisma
not one can resist

Fierce warrior
Battling ever on
Demons, dragons, any enemy
Vanquished, dispatched
but more than that

A gentle healer too
Protector by virtue
of both
knowledge and magic
Binding wounds, restoring strength
To ride and fight again

Adventure with me
Oh Paladin
Let us share in the spoils of
our journey
Filled with treasures and glory
and pleasures untold
While we create this legend
Our story...
An Orchestra

K Pankajam
Tamil Nadu, India

Breeze blows music
sift itself
through the bamboo shoots.
While trees rustle their harps,
the earth starts to sing.
Watching the leaves playful
tufted feathers of thistles
take to dancing.
In the ensemble
ambiance exulted
A conglomeration
Symphony perfect.
I realize
I have become
a song in the concert
a rondel.....but not for you....

{variant form of a rondel}

Mamta Madhavan

i wanted to write a rondel for you

but my mind is in one of those blank halls

where sounds of solitude bounce from the walls

my penumbra has always been in view

charcoal dart ricochets askew and falls

i wanted to write a rondel for you

but my mind is in one of those blank halls

seduced in the cobwebbed lanes that i drew

muffled voices sigh in the vacuous stalls

the echo achingly trails out and crawls

i wanted to write a rondel for you

but my mind is in one of those blank halls

where sounds of solitude bounce from the walls
Memorization

Michael Dickel
Jerusalem, Israel

Clove memory lingers,
jasmine overwhelms,
the half moon in a blue sky falls
and a hot sun rises.
You stand over by the railing;
jazz musicians play.
I stand watching a river
through a camera;
hikers stream by.
A rainbow over the highway
holds a flock of storks in its arch;
our hands touch. And touch again.
We read a book, watch a movie.
From these, we braid
a narrative thread:
You and I live.

Agate remembers light,
limestone recalls salt,
anemones represent red
and lemons recollect rain.
My coat slips over your
shoulder; we sit to listen.
Your timbre warms
the lens’ view;
our feet grow tired.
The dissolution of now
re-deems its essence
when haunting memory;
our hands touch. And touch again.
We watch a movie, read a book.
From these, we weave a cloak
of identity: we are.
The moon is down

I breathe the last days

To the breaking relation

Let’s hang the self

Contained earth…

Let’s swallow the growing silence…

I can feel the cold faith of a warm skin

The shallow deep desire of mine

Counting steps to the bright destination.