



**INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ENGLISH:
LITERATURE, LANGUAGE & SKILLS (IJELLS)**

ISSN 2278 0742 ; www.ijells.com

Volume 4 Special Issue 1

May, 2015

Founding & Chief Editor Profile

Dr. Mrudula Lakkaraju, Department of English, Osmania University is trained from EFLU and a Doctorate from Osmania University. She prefers the designation of a trainer and a writer. She has presented several academic articles to international and national seminars, conferences, journals, and magazines. She also renders voluntary services as an editor to another International Journal. Casual and creative writing is also her forte. She is a prolific reader and writer. Her areas of interest are Post colonial Literature, Feminist Studies, Film Studies, English Language Teaching, Contemporary Literature and Communication Skills.

Board of Editors

Dr. George Kolanchery
Assistant Professor
Bayan University College
Oman

Dr. Thirunavukkarasu Karunakaran
English Language Teaching Centre,
University of Jaffna, Sri Lanka.

Dr. Deepti Gupta
Professor, English
Panjab University
Chandigarh

Dr. Hareshwar Roy
Assistant Professor, English
Govt. Autonomous P.G. College Satna
Satna, Madhya Pradesh

Dr. Ravi Bhushan
Assistant Professor of English
Bhagat Phool Singh Mahila Vishwavidyalaya
Khanpur Kalan, Sonipat, Haryana

Dr. G. Venkata Ramana,
Associate Professor,
BVRIT, Narsapur

Editor's Note

Greetings!

We extend a warm welcome to the poetry special issue of IJELLS May 2015. Keeping up with the tradition of last year which got a thumping response, this year however dint match. But the contributions were none the less very impressive. Read through the various experiences emoted through verse. These condensed words mixed with our experience reiterate the fact that the human experience is same across borders and countries.

We have well established writers contributing to this issue as well as the budding ones with topics ranging from pleasant to stark. It is worth a reading.

Happy Reading!

Dr. Mrudula Lakkaraju
Chief & Founding Editor
IJELLS

Contents

Editorial Board	02
Editor's Note	04
Contents	05
My Time Machine	
Anuthama.....	06
Lady Love	
Chandhini Chenthil Kannan.....	07
Woman thou art!!	
Divya Joshi.....	08
The Heartless Rain	
Sagar Mal Gupta.....	09
Into the Father's Shoes	
Mahesh K. Dey.....	10
Transcend	
Malathi.R.....	11
I am only Human	
Gregory N Osborne.....	12
Ruins	
Sharmila Ray.....	13
The Lost Dream	
Sharmistha Basu.....	14
Masquerade	
Tahsina Yasmin.....	15
Daughters	
Tanushree Choudhary.....	16
The Might of Light- Enlightenment	
G. Vignesh.....	18
Tsunami's Dance of Death	
Zafar Khan.....	19
Author's Profiles	20



Cover Page Picture Courtesy: The images are used for representation purposes only

<http://myphotobag.com/summer-transparent-tumblr>
<http://ishareimage.com/transparent-tumblr-birds-gif.asp>
<http://imgkid.com/antique-feather-pens.shtml>

My Time Machine

B. Anuthama

Eureka! A machine I have discovered!
With the help of which I am empowered!
It travels not from place to place, east or west,
But far into the past or to the future fast!

I first travelled back to the epic periods,
Saw battles of Kurukshetra and Ramayana,
Men fighting with their own kith and kin,
Minds turned into a kind of looney bin!

Slowly and steadily I changed the direction,
To find mankind has done any correction!
Hundred Years' War, World War One and Two,
This generation of people has no peace too!

Disgusted, I travelled to the unknown future,
To find in man a drastic change in nature;
Alas! I found chemical wars and nuclear wars,
A step ahead with star wars and worlds' wars!

Consoling myself, I decided to go to a place,
Where there is nothing but serenity and peace;
War is not at any time my cup of tea,
The disasters and debris, I bear not to see.

I pressed the controlling buttons again and again,
Till my fingers started to pain once again!
My magnificent machine remained motionless,
As if the precious time itself has stood still!

I earnestly wait to reach that glorious time,
Patiently, in the travelling machine of mine;
Who can guide me to reach such a time?
I shall give them diamond and gold mines!!!



Lady Love

Chandhini Chenthil Kannan

The thick mist, its smothering me
 Help! Lady love
 My soul it dithers in the edge
 Of a bottomless precipice
 Shards of glass splinter in my veins
 Time and time again
 Fear has hostage my lonely heart
 My tear, it goes in vain
 Soar my way, lady love
 I beseech, your hand
 To graze my soul
 I'll have a breath of life
 Host a thought
 For the rent in my heart
 In the darkness I can't see
 A slender scarred waif
 I plead to you, grant me
 Refuge and solace
 I'm not used to begging
 But the relief is drugging
 From my omnipresent pain
 A touch of your hand
 Is a shot of cocaine!

Stay! Lady love!
 For perpetuity and now
 In the searing heat, my core does freeze
 A sight of you
 Heals half my woos
 Ice thaws in a breeze
 I'm all shadows and darkness, I know
 I have no right to wish, I don't
 For an angel to make me whole
 But I have so much love in my heart
 Don't you want any of that?
 Even though I be cold and distraught
 When I nest you in my heart
 There would burn a fire within
 Which I never will let burn out
 To keep you warm with,
 Oath! Lady love!



Woman thou art!!
Divya Joshi

I saw her sitting on the bench
over the cell phone emotionally alienated
along with her richly blessed grand daughter
seemed she had her ungrateful woes.

I encountered her in the waiting room
a cultural stereotype, a Sitting duck
traveling to meet her son in the hostel
yet, said she Please don't take me out.

I passed by her in the shopping mart
vulnerable, complete in herself
strengthened to soar
from home to the cover pages.

I admired her when she walked the ramp
like a body not so happy amidst the public gaze
inherent sexuality
celebrating objectification.

I observed her speak
standing up for women's rights
and feminization of survival
with a voice not so true.

I hated to see her at the gynecologist
with her husband, lined up for the abortion
indoctrinated
you can't cry because you are a woman.

Said Mao Zedong that you hold half the sky
but not half the earth certainly.....



The Heartless Rain

Sagar Mal Gupta

It was raining incessantly
The cold wind was very painful
The December rain brought
Smile to the peasants
But tears to the daily workers.
The young children of the *safai karamcharis*
Came at the appointed hour
To collect garbage
Not afraid of the rain.
In their tattered clothes
Soaked in the rain
The rain had no merciful
Heart to stop.
At least for an hour
To enable them to
Collect garbage.
The rich motorist sped by
Sprinkling mud
All over their faces and limbs.
My daughter decided
Not to go to school
And the school bus
Left without her.....



Into the Father's Shoes

Mahesh K. Dey

Into the father's shoes,
I childishly made an attempt to put my feet;
Those fit well and I went out, putting them on.
I always tried to imitate my Papa,
As people around me say that I resemble him.
When we were planning to celebrate the New Year
In a grand way with family and friends,
He thought to take his last breath.
What a great loss to his nears and dears!
He didn't bother but left for his Heavenly abode.
God had desired something else.
"Man proposes, but God disposes", say elders.
All had to quit their plans and rush to this ancestral house,
To perform the mourning rituals,
Shradha all offered to his departed soul. All left after a week.
I brought his old shoes along with me,
Tried to again put my feet into them,
But I failed as my feet were grown larger now than the size of shoes.
I have kept them safe and simply remember him,
Looking at his garlanded photograph, with blank eyes sometimes.....



Transcend
Malathi .R

Today I smiled, and all at once
Things didn't look so bad.
Today I shared with someone else,
A little bit of hope I had.
Today I sang a little song,
And felt my heart grow light.
I walked a happy little mile,
With not a cloud in sight.
Today I worked with what I had,
And longed for nothing more,
And what had seemed like only weeds,
Were flowers at my door.
Today I loved a little more,
And complained a little less.
And in the giving of myself,
I forgot my weariness.
To be precise... today I learnt... how to look at Life.....



I am only Human **Gregory N Osborne**

I am only Human
been here
a million years
taken a beating, lost many a battle
stand here now
before this precipice
which is upon us
Lucifer descends in all his power and glory
commander-in-chief!
Nothing more we can do
to alter this destiny
we have lost earth
to this aberrant radiation.
A thousand years
will have its way
turning humans into something
we can't recognize.

But, we, who make it thru,
Portal Evolutionary.
Reincarnate
a different galaxy
a far away land
without control and domination
from alien dimensions.

A time and a place for us
unencumbered, undamaged
unfettered freedom flowing,
creative expression unbounded
evolving humans,
in the Torus of the heart,
logarithmically accelerating
light years into our future..



Ruins

Sharmila Ray

Naked and immense
The ruins stare at me.
Here the evenings are still born children
And the rain if falls at all is
light as a grasshopper.
I have my notions about other ruins,
but this one makes me search myself.
Each cry I utter is lost in the limitless space
then it gathers speed and hits the
frozen walls breaking into an echo.

Perhaps, the story I'm looking for
is buried beneath the mosaics and
in the whispering of the lizards.
Perhaps, it is there when the
first star shines and the
gods of night draw their curtain
over moon-drenched pillars.....



The Lost Dream

Sharmistha Basu

On a moonlit night, by the riverside
With the wild flow of tide
No one by her side
She set alone for a ride.

The moonbeams shone
And her face was lit up,
With a profound smile
Her mind raced back fifteen summers
When life was like blooming flowers
Free from hustle and bustle
She built her dream castle.

The boat struck the bay
The sun bade farewell to the day
She felt like a trapped bird in the azure sky
Caged in her own heart but cannot fly.....



Masquerade**Tahsina Yasmin**

They were going to a
Masquerade
All wearing masks.
All happy masks.
She put on and took off the happy mask.
She was wearing makeup.
Wasn't it enough?
She looked into the mirror.
Couldn't see herself in the reflection.
She rubbed her cheeks, her forehead,
Her nose, her chin. . .
She had a mask on.
And she couldn't take it off.....



Daughters

Tanushree Choudhary

Need help and advice dear friends
On things universal and personal
No, dont get me wrong, I am looking for ways to fend
To deal with volatility, rapidity and effervescence.

I wonder how you (Ma) dealt with the four of us
Each at an interval of 2 years, as such
How you poured us with love, not creating much fuss
Maybe the contentions and demands were not much.

Here and now I try to rise up to the occasion
Give and try to understand the problems and discomfitures
Did someone say it was better to have begotten a son?
Girls are quite quiet(not everyone) creatures!

It is a sheer pleasure and delight to rear up girls
To be a part and parcel of their growing up design
To grow with them and see them with bangs and curls
To look at them thus and proudly call them mine.

Life is full of activities, constant coming and going
Including pick ups from the metro stations
All the trips and plans hurriedly organised on half hours' going
All of them packed from point to point and many such sessions

Now a movie, now an eat out
The first with one set of friends and the second with some other
Life is hectic and indeed a sell out
Did I ever imagine my life could be exhausting and free from bother?

While at home life is busy with internet and phone
No ! Dont be mistaken, not the landline phone
Life has changed, and not in bits, moan!
Where is the traditional pen, copy, book, and the phone?

Today is a new hairstyle, tomorrow a newer,
Let's buy this and this: it's trending y'know
Who cares if the dresses, hair and colour look queer,
It is our day, seize it then, for what may come, you never know

Life is not measured in teacups, sigh!
Rather in number of outings in search of friends, clothes, posts and what's up
Go for it woman, get up, rise!
Life's too short to be wasted in thoughts or teacups.

Hurry is thy word today woman!
Freedom from shackles and traditional ways of dressing and thinking
Who says there is no time amen?
Time's a plenty, so no worries man!.....



The Might of Light- Enlightenment

G. Vignesh

Ah! What an interesting sight!
All of them straight upright,
Under the influence of Might;
Always full of eager to work,
Through the long run of the clock.
Such a strength of wisdom,
Such a power of Ecstasy,
Such an attraction throughout;
Energizing the sunflowers to work,
The rays of Sun, doing the trick.
Alas! What an awful sight!

All of them dull to fight,
Turning away from the light;
Sad & Dull to do work,
Through the short run of the clock.
No strength in the reflected,
No power in the replicated,
None facing it to attract;
Tiring the sunflowers to work,
The rays of moon, doing the trick.

A complement of effects by light,
Though same are different in Might,
Influencing the creatures with traits;
Energizing the Students to work,
The Might of Teachers, doing the trick!



Tsunami`s Dance of Death**Zafar Khan**

We watched helplessly your Tandav
as you lashed ferociously
and destroyed everything, we could boast of
Who are you?
Are you the wrath of the Almighty
or just a holocaust
or an atonement of our sins.
Did you strike to humble us
and break our Ahankar
because we proudly strut and dance
on the sands of Time
and challenge the power of God
Or did you arrive to remind us ahead of time
that an impending flood
will soon engulf us all, so Beware!
Your fury is a wake-up call
but don` you know
that we are children of Time
who wake-up, laugh and cry
and return to sleep again.....



Author's Profiles

Dr. B. Anuthama is a Doctorate in ELT from Anna University Chennai and has a rich experience in teaching for 30 years and has recently retired from University College of Engineering Tindivanam.

Chandhini Chentil Kannan is 12th Grade student of PSBB Millennium School, Gerugambakkam, Chennai. She started writing Poems and Songs when she was 9 years old inspired by Nature. She also writes adventurous Short Stories and Novels. She has an exemplary ear for musical keys and is a natural at playing the piano.

Dr. Divya Joshi has been teaching English for the last two decades. She has published extensively and her areas of interest include Indian Philosophy, Aesthetics and creative writing.

Prof. S.M. Gupta earned his M.A. and Ph.D. in Linguistics from the University of Hawaii, USA. He has written ten books on literature, linguistics and ELT. He has 46 years experience of teaching English to UG and PG classes. Currently, he is leading a retired life and writing poetry.

Dr. Mahesh K. Dey is professor of English and at Veer Narmad South Gujarat University, Surat, Gujarat. He has attended many international conferences and seminars on Canadian Studies and likes to compose poems.

Malathi.R is working as the Head of the department of English at Nehru Arts and Science College. She has by nature the ability to transfer her emotions into poetry and has written many poems. So far her personal diary alone was filled with her creations now that is being shared too.

Gregory N Osborne is an international refugee in Cambodia producing art out of hotel rooms. He just finished an album, *Armagedon Songs*. Next, is an Apocalyptic stand up comedy, but it's going to have to be really funny. More about him at www.jumptime.gallery

Sharmila Ray is an Associate Professor and Head of the Department of History, City College, Kolkata under Calcutta University. She writes in English and has authored six books of poetry; *Earth Me and You, A Day With Rini, Down Salt Water, Living Other Lives, It's Fantasy, It's Reality, With Salt And Brine*. Her poems are available in a CD- *Hello*.

Sharmistha Basu is an M.A, B.Ed. (Calcutta University), PGCTE (EFLU, Hyderabad) is presently working as an Assistant Professor, Department of English at Narula Institute of Technology, West Bengal. She has over seven years of teaching and three years of industry experience.

Tahsina Yasmin is working as an Assistant Professor at Dept. of English at Daffodil International University, Dhanmondi, Dhaka, Bangladesh. Her areas of interest are psychology, gender roles and Latin American novels.

Dr Tanushree Choudhary is presently teaching English to undergraduate engineering students at Netaji Subhas Institute of Technology (NSIT), Delhi University. Among several papers in English Language Teaching and English Literature and creative writing, she has to her credit the debut book 'Five Short Stories: Translations from Munshi Premchand' which is a fledgling step in the world of translation and publishing.

G. Vignesh is CEO of Nextify Inc., one of the biggest IT Company in Hosur. He is an active contributor in Linguistic Research for the past 6 years. Being a Literature Enthusiast, he has several Short Stories, Poems and Articles published right from his Childhood.

Prof. Zafar Khan is based in the US. He taught Literature and Applied Linguistics in Indian & Nigerian universities. He is the Founding Editor-in-Chief of the West African Journal of Lang & Lit., Creative Writer, ESL Expert, & Motivational Speaker. He has retired as the Principal of Austin Peace Academy, Texas State, USA.