

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

ISSN 2278 0742 | www.ijells.com

Volume 5 Special Issue 1

May, 2016



Founding & Chief Editor Profile

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Editor's Note

Dear Readers and Contributors,

We have always associated the poetry issue with variety. Metaphorically it is true, as the emotions are turned to words, they are as diverse as our imagination can fathom, connecting all of us across the vast planes of humanity. You must be wondering why is that we have trees on the cover page? The attempt is to showcase the 'normal' in all its variety. If the poet mentions death, it is a pertinent, everyday issue; 'the normal' and what makes it new is the perspective. Poetry exposes us to each other's perspective of life so that this journey becomes much more understandable, humane and hopeful!!

In this special issue of poetry we have a very strong presence of the life and death issues, and it is hence proved that we just cannot help, being philosophical. It has become a way of life!

A few among many surprises this time is the inclusion of a wonderful specimen of concrete poetry in 'Wish of death', lots of prayer and celebration of summer!

As always it was sheer joy reading, editing and shaping this issue!

Happy Reading and Sharing!

Dr. Mrudula Lakkaraju
Chief & Founding Editor



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My Womb Used for Your Seeds

Anand Mahanand

My fields were green in the rainy seasons
Gave us harvest abundant
We used the variety for occasions
Ate, shared, stored and sustained for generations.

Now time has come
With a new message
Just produce and profit
No worry for future
For life is for today,
Tomorrow may not come!

You gave me money to buy seeds,
Fertilizers and pesticides
I grow paddy I can't eat
So sold to the merchant
For profit at hand

I used my fields for your seeds
And insecticides
Don't know what will happen to the land
After some years to come
Will it be barren or same again?





You and I

Ansulika Paul

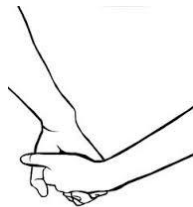
You are in my heart,
And I am in yours.
You are present in,
Day and night; solitude and crowd

My lover;
My only source of love,
And my only source of goodness
You are inevitable in me, as I am in you

You capture my mind, body and soul,
I have no existence without you
I am yours,
Which is very true!

You surprise me every time,
With unconditional love of thine
Ahhhhh! With all distractions and noise;
I catch your eyes through and through

God! I am,
As You and I; I and You





The Common Law Anup Baul

One precedes Two; two precedes Three
Never Ever they shatter the law to be free.
Too the Nature tag along the unchanged rule
And binds the world in its handful

Spring precedes summer, summer precedes monsoon,
To fill the Earth with its beautiful festoon
Infancy precedes youth; Youth precedes Adulthood
To accomplish their role set by the God

If such is the common edict
Why men than falsely predict
To be kind towards Nature;
But hideously devastating their own future





God, Almighty!

V. Anuradha

You and you alone can perceive
The past, present and future.
Man, in Nature's lap,
Wonders if he can clap
To get through a SAPI
Oblivious he does become,
Of the source he has come from,
Futile are our trials,
Fragile are our lives,
Docile are our claims,
Forgetful are we, to run and roll after trivialities,
Losing our tempers,
With little realization that,
Our journey ought to be towards You....





Is It Just The Winter?

Kripashanker Arya

Is it just the winter,
Or the heart, brings the evil on surface
And makes everything blurred?

Is it just the winter,
Or the reason is fading difference
Of this world and the other,
That summons out devil that lives in the heart?

Is it just the winter,
Or the fog is the mist,
Coming out of Hades to shield
The Evil coming to this world?

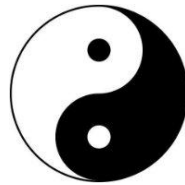
Is it just the winter,
Or the mist of Hades,
That prevents to see what is ahead,
And makes us fear the worst,
That stops us from moving ahead?





Harmony or disharmony?

G. Chenna Reddy



My body says to wake early to have a morning walk
Self says “it is cold outside don’t remove the blanket”
Yesterday I thought to walk to have fitness
Many a time the body says “I can’t carry the weight”

Self says to enjoy the rings of the smoking cigar
Body laments not to burn lungs inside the heart
It is noticed that there is a friction between the body and self
It is concluded that there is no harmony between them

My Self accepts an invitation of the birthday party from a friend
Body requests to eat up to the mark and take no liquor
But self doesn’t heed and consumes delicious dishes and a bottle
Body is unable to digest them and wept bitterly

As a result it is noticed that there is no understanding between them
Have I had harmony between My Self and Your Self?
I have questioned myself one day and started to examine it
I have surprised to know the result. What a shame!

I can’t tolerate your white and height, tall and smart
It is unacceptable your birth and berth, wealth and health
How can I digest your serene face? Peaceful way of life?
It’s unbearable. Unacceptable, How can I? How? I have no such



The ultimate result reveals that there is harmony between us
Someone said that I have to examine myself and society
The test was started and applied first at home
I speak rare to the parents, often to wife, now and then to children

One day I have examined my harmony with my colleagues
Mr. X doesn't like to look at my face. Y doesn't speak
Z speaks but with hippocras. My attitude towards them is the same
Snubs, bullies, jeers, insults, angriness, escape, superiority, inferiority we have

As a result it is noticed that there is no harmony
Between My Self and Your Self
Should I examine the harmony between My Self and environment?
It is a simple test that the living flowers were cut to prepare a bouquet
I enjoy beauty and fragrance, but can't listen their weeping

Many birds and animals were killed to fill my belly
My growing plants were very less before cutting them for comfort
Scientists say environments pollution causes global warming
I don't care because I need my own luxurious and lavish life

I am an educated. What happened to my education?
I have enough wealth but what happened to my progress?
I think I am pious, but what happened to my prayer?
I had a notion as I am leading peaceful life. But what happened to my wisdom?

I have stormed my brain in the right direction to find the truth
It is notice that my education is not a right education
It is revealed that there are no values in my progress
It is found that there is no sanctity in my prayer.



Foetal Dreams

Christina Dhanasekaran

I killed your hope
And cried in rejoicement
You pitied my tears
Sincerely prayed
My inheritance to be a happy dole
I spoke and Silence was your lot
I sang, many heard, relished
Delight filled the air.
But as my frame grew
Admirers I had none
I spoke again but was silenced
Opinions, the opium of a judge
The cold indifference of a moral,
Callous stares
My lips parted, world went deaf
Irrascible looks, I was glared at.

Some distant mirror
Hazy images
Vignettes of wisdom
Sullen greying of the soul
Language:
'Express!' you said
I tried
Treachery, lies, mendacity
It only hides
My embarrassed and perverse mind
Not true you said
Truth?
Latent, lost, land of oblivion

I fought, I struggled
It was a pyrrhic victory.
A war internal
I bore more wounds
Stained and strained
My mind to Heaven looked
Thunder and lightening
But answers none



My questions annulled
I sighed.
A valley of dejection

Pity dries sooner than tears
A sore loser, I fell
Into an abyss;
A chasm, a cleft, a rift
Something broke
My heart asunder
I wore darkness
My favourite cloak
I masked my face
A visage of double hypocrisy
Some Epic journey
Unstuck in time.

I met Sisyphus
Empathy,
Ailing Macbeth
Empathy
I am the storyteller and the stupid tale
I snuffed the candle, I said.
A proud smile
Of a Self-Saboteur

I have murdered more than sleep
He was aghast,
So I told him my tale:

I have killed my mother's joy
I have murdered my father's hope
I have destroyed innocence
I traded my youth
For quasi-erotic pleasures
Massacred my instincts
Embraced intellect
Played Faust many a times
Was also Mephistophilis
Lost a self waged battle,
My identity,
My illusions,
My peace



He left appalled.
I turned another way and
Left with sounds of fury
I was mocked not insulted
I thought I am a character like him
Waiting for an author
This man dismissed my apparition
Your curse is invisibility, he said
A chorus of witches

A desolate wanderer
A blue numbness
Yearning tears I stood lost
A sudden descent of
Salty oceans

I wept
Till I saw a man
At Gethsemane, fervently murmuring
Closed eyes, I heard intently
'Something...forever and ever, amen', he said.
Cringe, then a scowl
I passed him.

I saw a tottering stick
Some whiteness
Four eyes
He seemed lost
A glint cornered his eye
A wrinkle of wisdom
Truth he whispered
I passed him too.

A book and a cross
White cemetery
A pale thought
Legs wandered listlessly about.

My feet felt cold
Strange tides
I sailed across
Styx, Acheron, Phlegethon and Cocytus
Forgetting Lethe



Un-erased memories
Pangs of pain
I saw Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos,
Heaving and weaving
I gave them my cloak
Sewing...secretly...silently
I took it back
It bore in golden thread: 'peccatum peccatorum'
'Fits', I said.

A moment of nothingness
A vertiginous spin
Harsh sounds of silence.

A distant cry, I awoke
I was afloat.
Felt a warm palm press
My miniature frame
I kicked,
I swallowed,
I swam.

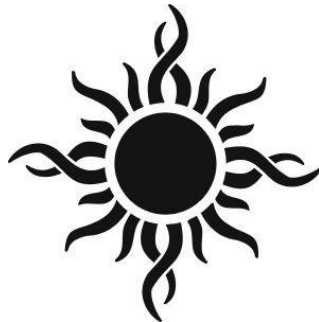
Warmth filled my mind
I heard a woman sing
Some unintelligible song
The tune stuck
I hummed a little till
A deep slumber drowned me.





A Dream with Indian Sun

Jayshree Singh



Bright blaze of summers, scorching gaze of Indian Sun
Frenzied my desire for searching maze of Western Sun
Ardently replenished the wish of the other corner
Dolefully inquired the glancing onlooker
Would I be one of the blessed hunters?

The maturing Sun became my dreamer
I wish he had been my Savior
My dream then would have life-direction
I pleaded to be divinely guided for my action
Would any hidden clue spark my ambition?

The day came when I boarded the plane
To travel in the unknown space of Spain
On reaching I searched faces of my strain
There was no outlandish between me and them
Reception delayed but given healthy welcome
Would I hesitate to mingle among them?

I found my being bridged with ease the connection
Perhaps it was the omnipresent waves of human relation
Did not let me miss inter-personal attention
The dry landscape down the plane



Showed familiarity with my country's plain
Would my life match with their life?

Difference of language and colour
Similarity in blood and senses
Disparity in image and claim
Similarity in goal and consensus
Diversity in options and aim
Would they agree to my mind frame?

I said my country's women envision
The world to be open for this vision
Vexations occurred over the context of feminity
Expressions got troubled over women's image sanctity
Resilience transformed into building of self -capacity
Would such awakening in my life add more excursions?

There was botheration opposing resolution
Amidst submission aroused liberation
Returned to my land with new determination
Enabled to focus my keen inclination
The memory of the previous trip resurrects
Would it continue its rejuvenating impact?

Again and again my dreamy eyes capture the glare
My primary rein revive my dashing flare
The instincts drive me to stake my vigor with dare
The Indian summer coins my courage
To embark upon another voyage
Would fate stand not in my rage?



The Awakening

Jyoti Patrikar



Oh! You are the Glory of the world it's said,
Look, what the world has done to you.
Worshipped you as a deity;
Yet always looked upon you with pity
Glorified you as a mother;
Yet left you mortified without bother.
Oh! You are the glory of the world it's said
Look what the world has done to you.

Showered love upon you as a soul mate;
Yet tormented you at the justice gate
Cared for you as a daughter;
Yet always treated you secondary in matters
Oh! You are the Glory of the world it's said,
Look, what the world has done to you.

It's time to tear away from the fetters of bondage;
Rise high as a wave indomitable;
Adorning oneself with the jewels of pride, poise and valour
Regain the lost vigour, Rejoice the freedom of womanhood;
Aspire for the best, rekindle your spirits and break the hegemony.
Then say Aha! I am the Glory of the world;
Look, what the world has done to me.



Without You

Kajal Srivastava

Not that I'm incomplete,
But completeness without you seems a bit far-fetched,

Not that I'm doomed,
But without you, life is strangely etched,

Its hues, its colours, seem alien to me,
A great void engulfs and then devours me,

Am I to be stranded forever?
Waiting for a moment that might be never?

Am I to embrace this loneliness with all my might?
Or am I to make my heart understand that there is no respite?

Is it my ill fate that has me marooned?
If it is, dear Death, take me with you
Where eons before, both you and I had happily loomed....





The Ultimate: Moksha

Kum Kum Ray

Breathing and living,
Spending and wasting
We look forward to every event,
Celebrate Life...

But never look forward,
To the most expected.
A date with death.....,
The inevitable end

When that stares you in your face...
And the 'date' seems a reality,
What excitement sets in.....
What would the rendezvous be like?

'Trivialize the trivia'
The trivia was the experience;
The business of living and breathing....
The journey has to end...

The 'Play', the 'interludes',
The 'song', the 'tale',

The Dance;
Between the physical and the spiritual;
The two halves joint and disjointed;



The duality;

‘We are creatures of a Day’

We all have read.

Learning to live....

Riddled with ‘Death’?

Yearning, yielding to the calls of the flesh,

Forlorn with the ignorance of Death,

High on the ‘Bhang’ of possessions,

Unaware of the ‘Self’

I can feel ‘your’ nearness,

I can hear your clarion call...

Your warm embrace,

Will bring deliverance,

The Body is weary ...

The soul wants freedom

‘Nirvan’, we pray for...

Yet dread to accept,

Death, thou eternal truth; the inevitable

‘The Glorious End’

I pray for.





Mission on the Alien Land

Umamaheswara Rao Bontha

Under the sun, heaps of hot sand,
Brings hope for learning, for action and for success!
Fresh to alien land, full of optimism,
Brings hope for a change!
Moving a step ahead, each day,
Brings hope for a better life!
Incessant work, labour and dedication,
Brings hope for a day full of rewards!
Fragrance of rich values and culture,
Brings hope for a fresh life!
Toil, toil and toil
How soon eight suns have passed!
Where is the change?
Where is the reward?
Someone whispers,
'If Winter comes, can spring be far behind?'





I am a Woman

Mallika Tripathi

I am a minion
Destined to suffer,
To become the target
Of countless eyes for seeking pleasure
I am at fault for innumerable reasons
That can never be explained,
Having no life of my own
I am cursed to bear the pain.
I am forced to be quiet
As I had never been right,
Justice gets blind
When I demand for it,
People get crippled
When I am publicly tortured
I am a perpetual source of pleasure
Not allowed to be a pleasure seeker
As it's a taboo.
To suffer and to be silent is my destiny,
Though I am a harbinger of harmony
I am killed in the name of honour,
I am raped for the sake of pleasure.
I can't voice my voice,
I am appreciated for being solemn
Recognised by other's name,
I have no existence of my own.
Though I am the origin of all men
But God has destined me to be ill treated by the demons.
I am a victim of exploitation
As I am a woman



A Crow's Row

Neharika Baswa

Reaching out welcomingly to the sky,
So amazingly far and infinitely beyond,
What above it does lie?
A million uniquely separate galactic bonds?

A free being sonorously miniscule
With not a nagging care at all
Battling away on life's hardy duel
Till my pitiful death call

Merely a tiny dot in the world,
Truly and surely humungously vast,
Quite soon it gently unfurled,
Mangling mischief and curiosity it cast

Utterly Purposeless- a creature
Some withered people appallingly define
Am I not an important feature?
In this god- given life that is mine?

Swiftly soaring through with no painful strife
Nothing at all to incessantly fret or regret
A dull being so little still has an unforgettable life
Alas! The heartless cruel being did forget.

The mourning bells did painfully ring,
I quickly breathed my last
For me no birds did chirp or sing
Life nimbly swayed away right past.

Upon my rugged deathbed- a dusty, dirty road
Off my little feet did the heavy vehicle throw?
I finally go to my deserving abode
Can one not spare even the little life of a crow?





The HeleNeo*
Chowdhury Omar Sharif

You say I'm happy in my world's circle,
And I say you make me a lonely jackal.

Once, I used to treasure my leisure,
And enjoying those leisure was surely a pleasure.

After opening up the treasure with the passionate key,
You found me to be a bee.

But, now me no better than a mere flea,
can't even see the shadow anymore as you suddenly flee.

Yes!!! You have made me that much lunatic
That the whole world sees me fit, but the inside is fully sick.
I believed you were a Goddess (you still are) with invincible trick,
But, what about doing this harsh magic!!!

Doesn't matter whether she cheats, or she betrays, or she destroys;
For her, I'm always ready to sacrifice more than a thousand Troys.



***HeleNeo: This is an invented (but not an “established”) term which intends to mean “New Helen”**



The Morning Song

Pavan Kumar Barelia

The morning comes as a scouring candor
And the apex chants with a clover

Sordid path sees aloft
As if to rise apart

The aurora gleams the shrub
And enchanted the immense acre

The heath with all its rage
Displeases and jostles the cold

Far and wide the feet moves
And eyes awake till the fall

Full of visionary amiable view
From jingle to jangle to a gauze of repose

Behold the ecstasy of a brook
When a damsel crosses it in a swift

A little prayer is enough for exalt
Enrapturing the breaths from inside

The prayer is holy
Trashes of malaise flow slowly

A courtyard, a cry, a decay,
Stigma stigmatizes the bounds





The Culture of Force

Pratima Chaitanya

They seized her arms with atrocious passion,
Crushed her softness with grated scratches and running rubies,
Tore off the coating of cotton wrapped around,
Smothered the skies with cries and thrust their “superior” selves
Into the “inferior”
And as the pain broke the bone and severed the body from the soul,
It reached out beyond, to dwell in domains unknown,
And became afloat with a million worthless cries of women unknown
Into a sense isolated or all combined, into a coma agile and alive,
She lay lifeless, yet alive and horrified,
To repeat a story told and retold,
Again and Yet Again—to the atrocious humankind—
That from the primitive to the present,
The culture of enforcement survives
And leaves several of us hapless and helpless,
To continue bearing the burden
Of the “sex” deprived





Song of Innocence & Song of Experience

Marupakula Praveenaa

Song of Innocence

It's a ceremony,
A wedding ceremony,
Bride is a bud of rose,
Brightness blushed in her cheeks,
Shiny sparkling stars in tiny eyes,
Delicate offer to receive thy hands

The tunes of trumpets triumphed over our hearts.
The Lilly love came to wish her,
Green leaves, gaily spirits, dew drops
Brushed the hearts with rich colours
Oh! What a beautiful ceremony attended in my life.



Song of Experience

It's an occasion,
A wedding occasion,
Bride is a modest thorny rose,
Tiny tears dropped down her cheeks,
Teary eyes reflected the replica of ritual life
Received thy hands with great suppression,

The tunes of trumpets trembled in our hearts,
Pairs of eyes collected looks to make her send off
Green leaves, gaily spirits, dew drops frozen in my heart,
When I was young it was a great celestial celebration.



Just You and Me

V. Ravinder

Girl, I can't explain
Where did we lose our path?
Girl its lead me insane
And I know I just need one more chance

To prove my love to you
If you come back to me
I'll get ready that
I'll never let you go

Let us go back to the days our love was strong
Can you tell me how a perfect love goes wrong?
Can somebody tell me how to get things back?
The way they used to be!

Oh! God give me the reason
I down on my bended knee
I'll never walk again
Until you come back to me

So many nights I dreamt
Holding my dreams tight
And know that I don't need to be alone

When I open up my eyes
To face reality
Every moment without you
It seems like eternity



I'm begging you, begging you come back to me

I want to swallow my pride

Saying I'm sorry

Stop pointing fingers

The blame is on me

I want a new life

And I want it with you

If you feel the same

Don't ever let it be

If you believe in the spirit of love

It'll heal all things

It won't hurt any more

No, I don't believe our love's terminal

I'm begging you please

Come home girl, waiting for you

Want to build a new life

Just you and me





Summer Time

Rimni Chakravarty



On this ninth day of May
The sun has set in pouring out its entire ray
Dazzling bright with golden yellow
Nature is with its glow
The green tea gardens sparkle with its glossy looks
And in the afternoon the leaves droops
White clouds along with its dark companion trail across the sky
The birds are nowhere to be seen as have stopped to fly
The juice seller is happy to make hay
As juice lovers hover around him to sip the glass with merriment and gay
The curd seller too smile
Selling his curds the sweet and the sour he has made profit all the while
The days are long
The nights are short
It is the time to gear up with all the strength
To cross miles at length
The sun has gifted its boon
Pouring out its energy as arises the moon
Both the sun and the moon cheer us up
While we toast with our cup
It is the scorching heat of summer
Yet no lamentations as it is in the winter
I know the vernal showers will soon cool us down
No wonder summer wears the golden crown



Wish of death

Shikha Saxena



I
Don't
Want to come
And embrace you
On the sea-shore my
Dear little child when
Your boat capsized when
You were fleeing from Syria
Nor I don't want to come to take
You away when you are left uncared
By your successful prosperous children
I don't want to have your company when
You were buried under the debris after tremors
I don't want to be the vehicle of a terrorist's bullet
I don't want to come to take you in a bomb-blast
I want to take you away when you have learned
To settle the odds of life with infectious smile
Lived up your life according to your wish
Have learnt to give smiles on others' face
You learnt to shell pennies for a poor
You have lived your life with joy
You have learnt lesson of life
Everyone is yours in your
Extended family



Lion of Al-lat
Anumula Sreedevi

Black flags go high
In reaching hell
As the vehicles of diabolic gyre
Spin round, the faces masked march forward
Embedded warfare races

Clay tablets strike a magic wand.
Halt!
Queen Zonobia on the throne,
Prophet Yunus thus spoke
Behold!
On gigantic pillars and glorious walls stands,
The city of Palmyra

Pick axes fly high and strike,
Bulldozers topple out a roar
The Lion of Al-lat smitten
The Gazelle fell.

Men, women, children
Old and young,
Move, move, move, move
A long line winding
Into the Mediterranean,
Into the steel fences
Each 'being' emerging
As a painting in scarlet
Suspended on the walls
Of life and blood



**AUTHOR PROFILES**

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