

# **I KNOW / Sangeeta Gupta**

I know/ you are  
still holding my hand  
I feel you in my palm  
pain loses its intensity  
I am smiling at myself  
your kindness twinkles  
in your eyes  
In your light  
I sail through darkness  
I go deep in your energy field  
soak myself often  
I recharge  
Taking baby steps each day  
towards my passion  
towards life  
I know you are  
Still holding my hand.

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## **The Poetry Page / Alessio Zaneli**

# Who Cares?

*Anyone who believes exponential growth  
can go forever in a finite world  
is either a madman or an economist.*

—KENNETH E. BOULDING

Scientists hold  
the age of the Earth  
is about 4.5 billion years.  
Human civilization  
hasn't yet entered its tenth millennium  
but has already fucked up the whole of it.  
Who cares  
the generations to come,  
the preservation of life,  
the health of the planet?  
To put it bluntly:  
who cares about the future?  
All that occupies our mind is today,  
tomorrow morning at most.  
Who bloody cares  
the species reduced to extinction,  
the savage deforestation,

the toxic air we breathe,  
the sea reduced to a dump?  
All we want to be concerned about  
is the latest in next-generation mobiles.  
To hell with all the rest!  
Why should we care?  
Why us and why now?  
It's *our* turn to spoil the world!  
All in all the Earth is only a fleck of dust  
revolving around a gigantic furnace  
and liable to incineration any moment.  
Who fucking cares  
this doggone solar fart we inhabit?

*previously unpublished*

## A Dispute On Modern Physics

Fairy hands at work—  
unwavering realm of perfection  
claiming room, bliss is what it brings.  
Blank night, after the journey, the price  
to be paid. And the trivial stands as high  
as the peaks of thought. The yardstick's

different, as is what's sought, restyled,  
displayed on stage. The mundane.  
Invisible divide. Cosmology.  
The key to cognizance,  
to all that out of darkness  
can't be accessed. Light appeared  
over one life ago and you're still blind,  
no ... deprived of eyes! More snow collecting  
on glacial basins, new ice forming, but you don't  
belong to ecstasy. The realm has plenty of time, if  
not enough to rescue you from the platitudes of  
certainty. So—Boltzmann, Maxwell, Planck,  
Einstein, Dirac. Their true identity and  
what their blood was really about  
I strive to grasp, wasting ink  
and hours away. I won't  
succeed and—I believe—neither  
will fairies ever speak to me. Yet what  
about your grounds? Is there a point of yours  
or anything consistent beyond what little I can see?  
Indeed, anything you trust in or your erratic soul is after?

*previously unpublished*

# Abscent

She has fled.

Gone like morning breeze  
suddenly dying out  
at the rising of the disk  
above the horizon.

All she has left  
are fragrant silences,  
a speckled looking glass  
and a vintage bottle of champagne  
forgotten in the fridge.

What is taking her place  
is faint light,  
soaked in mugginess,  
barely filtering  
through the shutters ajar.

And heavy air,  
smelling of heated water  
exhaling from the scorching tar.

Her killing scent  
killed by the miasmas

of the mushy streets,  
and by sugary forgetfulness.

*first published in Main Street Rag (NC)*

## Fall

After one has walked in the sky  
higher than the highest clouds  
glorified in the purest light,  
it's hard to find oneself squashed on the ground,  
floundering about through soggy black earth,  
groping in the dark in search of a way,  
whatever way away from shame.

Now that such glare has been your undoing,  
you clumsy beastie puffed up with pride,  
don't swear at the soil you're worming on!

That which is sticking to your hair,  
lodging under your nails,  
slipping into your eyes,  
well—that's no filth at all,  
but your only possible salvation.

So don't despise what may appear the direst place,  
indeed the nastiest one for you to fall onto,

as from such empty height  
there's nowhere else where you could stop.  
And from the earthworms you touch  
feeling around enshrouded in blackness,  
from the tacky grains teeming with secret life  
that cover your body throughout  
have yourself obtain your nourishment.  
Now you have to place your trust  
in your most pristine senses and basest instincts.  
And be sure,  
once you and this mold are one,  
you'll no longer wish to bask in that infinite light.  
Nevermore—in the misleading purity of heady altitude.  
Here you landed, here you belong.  
So weak, so blind, so lost,  
and yet—you still don't know—  
so unprecedentedly strong.

*First published in Chitron Review*

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# The Poetry Page / Donia Gobar

## As I Watch

Presenter's power point scans, spans  
As moments un-peel time  
And the words,  
bold and blank,  
bleed  
Slipping in ribbons of  
silence  
Around dark bodies in gray places,  
Tongue-tied brick walls,  
Faces, gazes...  
Around foggy features  
And thousand-tongue frozen gestures.  
As blank words scream in soft silence  
As faded wounds  
bleed  
in dark silence  
Through the valleys of the past  
Through the allies of the cast...  
  
As I watch  
Oh, as I watch in darkness...

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# The Poetry Page / Pallavi Mishra

## No Retakes!

"It tricks, it teases  
It smiles, it ceases

It hurts, its insane  
But they say no pain, no gain

It is love, it is compassion  
It is Jealousy, it is full of passion

It never fails to surprise  
What if at times I pay heavy price

Love the way it unfolds its mystery  
Rest everything is captured in memory called history

Although in this life there are no retakes  
I am profoundly proud of my mistakes!"

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# The Poetry Page / Ute Margaret Saine



## Water on Water

water paints waves  
of water on water  
loops of light spread  
over the gently  
rolling surface  
trembling air  
stirs gentle motions  
threads of luminous  
brilliance collect  
in rainbow colors  
from a distant sun  
to weave a lucid web  
over the blue

bounty and beauty

water ever alive  
there and always there  
at the edges of the seen

## **Bodies**

the wisdom to forestall  
the shattering of bones  
shadows on an X-ray

the naked body  
lying on a vacant shore  
lying on inland soils  
tenderly overgrown  
with apples and grass

the flight of nightbirds  
of seabirds soaring  
over the waters

the wisdom to forestall  
the shattering of bones

## **The Dimension of Desire**

To hold you tight  
finally  
to hold you

with half closed eyes  
scrutinizing the future  
searching for hope  
always searching

Internet and Handy  
as Dimensions  
of hope

To observe  
always more keenly  
disappear  
farther and farther away  
till I reach the land  
following you  
the land of desire  
always following you

Pray to some wise god  
whoever s/he may be  
hidden from us  
and equal for all

and to the angel  
who appears out of focus  
on all the picture  
who mocks me  
hanging from the cornice  
above which there are  
only stares of cold stars

To hold you tight  
finally  
but where are you?

## Forgetting

How easy it is  
to forget you  
your hands your lips  
on my body

How easy it is  
to get lost  
in the daily chaos  
that separates us  
and each from himself

stuck  
in a grey world  
submerged  
in ugliness

A world that knows not  
the trembling  
of glowing bodies

A world  
without an instrument  
to measure the vibration  
of a kiss on my breast

that burns on me today  
with your absence

## **I want a Date**

I want a date with your mind  
want to sing on the roving sands  
where thoughts run rampant  
with desire in a high tide of fun  
spun surf spraying threads of sun

I want a date with your mind  
to laugh at the day's dismays  
indulge in 'come what mays'  
and chant to the sinking sun  
the cradle songs of yesterday

I want a date with our bodies  
till sleep will separate all  
but our thirsty revolving skins  
embracing love-crazy planets  
in dreams uniting us  
again and again

# Red Carpet – A Haiku Cycle

The dreams you told me  
I embroider in secret  
I stitch them in sleep

I stitch them in sleep  
in the middle of a room  
dreams hard to come by

Dreams hard to come by  
since I live you by dreaming  
I crave every word

I crave every word  
and every secret nuance  
a verse from the heart

A verse from the heart  
now a calm reassurance  
the world has vanished

The world has vanished  
I, the magic carpet and  
the dreams you told me

## The Hourglass Moment

This is the moment to  
turn the hourglass around  
time had run through  
it had almost run its course  
now we've found each other  
round the bend lies the new

life made from of the same  
trickling grains of sand  
that viewed from upside down

seem more magnificent

As from a kaleidoscope  
shaken again and again  
emerges beauty and order

unforeseen just like you  
and yet seen as the light  
in your eyes

I will only smile  
and abide by this light  
between us that shines  
at a might of hunger and love

This is moment  
time has been found  
a time that was run through  
this is our moment  
to turn the hourglass around

## Afternoon

The sun puts the clouds  
on the table  
between the glasses  
and the crackers  
a piece of luminous sky  
between floating smiles

bits of today's heaven  
come down to us  
as a light  
right here looking into  
each other's eyes

# Fingering

What I had under my fingers  
Third down over the thumb  
Though it didn't at first make sense  
Is still under my fingers  
Decades later as I listen to  
Glenn Gould playing  
Bach's Italian Concerto

My fingers remember  
The lonely contemplative  
Voice of the second movement  
Ranging in small second steps  
And big sixth or seventh jumps  
With my fingers not jumbled  
But behaving sagaciously  
As though the music  
Had been written for them

And it was

# How Animals Move

Placid or doomed  
nervously pacing the fence line  
swishing their tails  
the chewers the sighers the scratchers  
those who bicker and fuss  
and those who just stare  
those who roll in the grass  
those who cry out curdling the air  
who seem to lug their bodies  
home to nowhere  
all the way home

And some



who in their strange tongue  
call out to me

## Going South

Do I know the way home  
when the way home for me  
is to go far out  
into the world

of summers and springs  
holding onto a suitcase

I carry all that's mine with me  
says the philosopher  
and it means  
carry very little, only

for the humblest needs  
of body and mind

Mining the world  
with mine eyes and ears  
and other given senses

Mining friends' eyes and brows  
the knowledge of their town  
their laughs  
and meeting their friends

Mining the world  
maybe  
with a sixth sense  
and maybe even going south

# Haiku

the morning rising  
on the edges of the seen  
asks us for the dream

~~~

I write always write  
I'm writing to remember  
writing to forget

if it flies, let it  
sing in rain and shine, let it  
fly out of your hands

you see some red leaves  
and you think of fall before  
summer ever came

small world an absurd  
cage of words, my rattling bones  
haunted by desire

we are like mayflies  
like insects caught in amber  
happy one moment

your shadow when you  
arise dances on my walls:  
the house is happy

~~~

we can't see the moon  
it has not reached us yet  
and would be useless

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# The Poetry Page / Laxmi Shanker Bajpai

## Those People

Those were the people who  
with tiny boxes filled with fine sugar  
would go in search of anthills  
They would scatter seeds on terraces  
for birds to feed on.

They would get troughs of water  
made outside their houses for  
thirsty animals passing by.

and before eating their own meal  
They would set aside a portion for cows and  
other creatures.

They wouldn't let anyone pluck a single leaf from the trees  
after sunset  
lest the resting trees be disturbed.

They would start conversations on their own  
and ask strangers for introductions  
They would heartily help those in need

and if someone asked them for directions  
they would gladly  
escort the person to his destination.

and if at some odd hour a lost traveler  
happened to come to their  
door they would provide him with  
food and a place to rest

maybe such a species does still exist  
in some remote village or hamlet  
I wish it were possible to create a museum for them  
So that generations to come would learn that  
This too was a way of living.

## Quelle Persone

Italian Translation of L.S. Bajpai's poem by an Italian Poet: Antonio  
Blunda

Quelle erano le persone  
che con minuscoli cassettei  
colmi di zucchero a velo  
andrebbero in cerca di formicai

spargerebbero i semi su terrazze  
per nutrire gli uccelli.

metterebbero trogoli di acqua  
costruiti fuori dalle loro case  
per gli animali assetati che transitano.

e prima di mangiare il loro pasto  
metterebbero da parte una porzione  
per le vacche  
ed altre creature.

Non lascerebbero che nessuno  
cogliesse una singola foglia dagli alberi

dopo il tramonto  
affinchè il riposo degli alberi  
non fosse disturbato.

Inizierebbero le proprie conversazioni  
chiedendo a stranieri di presentarli

Aiuterebbero di cuore coloro che lo necessitano

e se qualcuno chiedesse loro di guidarli  
essi lo farebbero volentieri  
conducendo la persona a destinazione.

e se all'ora più casuale  
ad un viaggiatore disperso  
capitasse di giungere alla loro porta  
essi offrirebbero cibo  
ed un posto per riposare

Forse una tal specie ancora esiste  
in qualche remoto villaggio o borgo

Vorrei che fosse possibile creare un museo per loro  
così che le generazioni venissero ad imparare  
che anche questo  
era un modo di vivere.

(Traduzione in italiano: Antonio Blunda)

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**This Home of many wonders /**  
**Madhup Mohta**



Great Joys and little sorrows  
Yesterdays and tomorrows  
Shall now be just a memory  
Of snow, flowers and shadows  
Of friends that held hands often  
And loved us, prayed and hoped  
When we like light in darkness  
Just groped, groped and groped  
And now that time is here  
To kiss and say good bye  
I will miss this little garden  
And days of Roses and wine  
But home is where the heart is  
And in my heart you will remain  
And my heart shall be home to you  
With all the pleasures and pain  
We'll know what were our losses  
We'll know what was our gain  
In this home of many wonders  
We will sit and then talk again

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# Walking Away – Rajesh Kanoi

## Walking Away

The little things that incense us so,  
The seemingly big things that make us go  
From here to there and in circles too  
Will walk away one day like thieves do...  
Suddenly, that which grips  
Our poor beings so hard now  
Will shake themselves off from the brow  
And roll down some unseen cliff,  
Disappearing for ever, and without a bow.  
Why, then, must we allow ourselves  
To be besotted by that which is nought?  
Why do we our joys become hostage  
To thoughts and ideas, desires and rage?  
I shall walk away before they walk in,  
I shall not let my head spin –  
And though I might walk a lonely path  
I will glow with joy, I will win  
A war in which I alone shall fight  
The demons of thoughts and ideas with might.  
I'll head into a world that is bright  
Sometimes and sometimes I'll walk  
Into the night...

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## Siesta at Charles De Gaulle Airport by Shanita Vichare

Siesta at Charles De Gaulle Airport !

Down The Memory Lane....

( my flight was delayed )

No hurried spaces, to foot fall

I sat;

Raising my hopes, for the next flight

On Time..."Qui ".....

Feeling for my dimes; I finally had a fancy.....

At Cafetie're

Had some quickbites Chargrill & Cappuccinos....

Croissants & puffs...not forgotten my penchant

For

Caramel ! ...Irresistible....!!!!

Such 'Delicacies' on my palate....!!! ( I think, every thing  
had gone well then on the contrary)

Meal...was a Deal !

...What next ?...

I skirted on the 'Vogue' stands....

Now; nothing more would I have ever wanted,

Out of The Blue ! I had Missed The Flight...( next was after 7  
hours)

Now It was Calling.....

Perfect ! Timing.....

I made rounds at .... 'Christen Doir ' N 'Gucci 'Perfumes

Bought A Freaking 'Poison'...a Duffel Bag !

Those Were The Days! My Friend.... ( when you have no worries )

Sheer ! Delight ...

To smoothen my ruffled feathers , I bet !!

...The Lounge ! Was the best place....now... I perched On the  
seats,

By Jove ! I saw a beauty...

Jolie Belle femme ! ...from Cypress ...

A Royal Persona....

Picture Perfect ! Well,

We soon got ...talking ...and of lands far, across the seven seas  
!



It was a day...Out of The Blue !

“Qui “

Princess; Treated me .....

....Wafted scents and aroma....Spread over

The Tableau

For a Lavish Dinner;

Holding The Long Trimmed Goblets....

Of Chardonnay N Champagne !

Vintage And

Signature Dishes ! Well Famished .

Well,

Long after, the days have set I still ...

Carry The Memories ...of the day !

Some Days are Blessed !

But The Journeys are Destined !

(Scribbled at Paris Airport when I was stranded for more than  
10 Hours – Shanita Vichare)

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## **TWO-FACED MASK a poem by Adriana Scanferla**

Behind the first feature

blood is filtered mixed with sweat

a consequence of the effort

over a mouth twisted by an eager grin

hangs an indignant forehead.

The other mask is sweet and passionate

sharing and merciful in God

one who has learned suffering and absence

Sweet kisses lavished on tender flesh

in the fragments of instants  
stolen from life's cares.

Translated by:

Ute Margaret Saine & Scanferla Adriana