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Issue 76 (Nov-Dec 2017)

Poems -

Editorial
Ambika Ananth: Editorial Note:

Poems by

- Aayushree Garg
- Abishake Koul
- Mandira Ghosh
- Ndrek Gjini**
- Ram Yeggina
- Riti Sen
- Sambuddha Ghosh
- Sarita Chouhan
- Srinivas S

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A GOVERNMENT OFFICE

*The carpet here is tired and worn
as my neighbor's old winter coat.
The dead legs of the officer's desk
like four exclamation marks '!!!! '
In the middle of them his two legs
as two capital 'L' letters.
Above them his two furtive hands
move over and under that desk, constantly.*

*Over the desk;
the mask is never lifted.*

EPITAPHS

*The weight of misfortune has stooped my shoulders
But I don't intend to stop for a good while yet;
I afflict my own destiny
And don't want anyone to mourn for my fate.*

*I've made peace with God on my losses
And agreed with him on the epitaphs
That should be written about my senseless wars.*

STEPS

*My son,
I forgave you
For not remembering the moments,
When you walked your first steps,
Clinging to my hand,
Smiling and crying at the same time.
After those moments
All your life was not a normal walk,
It was a sprint.
And my hand, a speed restriction sign it was
In front of your eyes,
Every moment.*

*I forgave you my son.
...Because you will forgive me too,
For not remembering
Making my last steps,
Clinging to your hand,
Smiling and crying at the same time.*

SENILE GAME

*Once I saw my father
wrapping up two big mirrors
and hiding them in the attic*

*Why are you doing this?
I asked him politely.
Because
I want to hide these ugly wrinkles
he said,
as two little tears he shed.*

THE DEATH OF NIGHT

*The day is dawning.
My insomnia and I
are gazing at this night's body and eyes
waking its last moments of life .*

*Lamps glow inside and outside houses,
and neon lights on the roads and squares
are like bandages on its injured body.*

*The sun starts opening
the gates of light, bit by bit,
and the night's last breathing
ends as a blissful spirit.*

*The night just died.
Let its soul rest in peace.
Amen.*

THE BALKAN VIEW

*I have just passed
the old city of Dubrovnik.
The beautiful hill of Cilipi
like a green hand, waves at me.
Then a small river near Gruda
guides me towards Herceg-Novi.
A checkpoint appears here,
like a mouth of a gigantic bear.
then, after just 50 metres
another checkpoint
and then, another one.
After that, sheep grazing in peace,
like small white flags,
moving on the stunning lawns of Bijela.
On the roads of Radovici
drunken soldiers and police officers
chew up war with their nonsense talk.
Near Kotorr, a wonderful waterfall
stretches its hands towards the sea.
In Mjastori, a cloud of gunpowder
swims slowly in the sky.
Then, while passing through Budva,
the blue face of sea appears and hides
and then appears again, as in child's play.
On the roadsides of Ulcinj
shadows of murdered loves emerge,
walking slowly, in silence.*

*These rare beauties of nature
can make not only the humans
of every race, nation and religion,
but also birds, flowers, rivers and lawns
feel like reaching towards eternity;
all together, in peace.
Yet, the war is the most ruthless
and powerful King
of this beautiful land.
The killings and the death
are the air, the drinking water,
and the daily bread and butter*

of the inhabitants.
The only resident of the Balkans
enjoying full freedom is THE HATE.
It is rich, powerful, and immortal.

It is the only citizen
living here with no fear.

THE PARENTS DO NOT DIE

Mainly the parents do not die.
They just feel lonely
when their children leave the nest,
and they start to miss their own parents.
They go to meet them
and forget to come back.
That's all.

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but the love for Indian literature
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FEATURE - JNANPITH LAUREATE SANKHA GHOSH
Sumanta Mukhopadhyay & Sandipan Chakravarty

The Feature curated by Angshuman Koc, Contributing Editor, covers the life and works of the Jnanpith Laureate. Of special interest are - a conversation with the literary giant, and articles by his daughter Swarnali Bhattacharya and other eminent writers, besides 20 of his poems in translation>>>

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Highlights

A "Story of the resilience, love and patience of one woman as experienced through her relationship with her son who is none but her own "daughter" in the Sahitya Akademi Award winning novel *Mat - Gidley Mother* by Gourangalal Sen. Recommended by Parvinita Sengupta. (BOOK REVIEWS)

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