

Let 's write like as if nothing before was been written!

Poesis

October 2018, Issue # 2



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***Poesis* is an independent, international, free-access literary journal. We are an online journal, exclusively. Whoever wishes, can list the magazine's pdf file.**

***Poesis* is like a desert where you can build your literary home. Because the acceptance rate for almost all literary journals is about 5%, we decide to open our house for quality work but without quantitative limitations. We are not interested in porn, racial slurs, excessive gore, or obscenity. We are dedicated to discovering and publishing the finest original poetry. We prefer expressive poems that give us a feeling and affect our soul. We publish quarterly, and we accept submissions year-round.**

You must be at least 18 years of age to submit. We are looking for long and short poems, including translations. We accept texts that have already been published, but please specify where they were first published.

Web page - <http://poesis.unaux.com/>



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Taylor Crowshaw



Taylor Crowshaw is a retired Insurance Underwriter. She began her career in the early seventies. Taylor has always written poetry and short stories. Recently publishing an autobiographical book of poetry, depicting her early years growing up in a small fishing port, in the North West of England. 'Shhhh!!!!

We Don't Talk About That'. In the early nineties Taylor relocated to Ireland where she runs a smallholding with her family. Since retiring she has been able to concentrate more on her poetry, which focuses on her life and experiences. Reaching out to share her poetry with a wide audience, who can relate to many of the situations covered in her writing. Now and again Taylor departs from her poetic autobiographical pieces, delving into the realms of humorous observational poems.

Highlights from her poems

We never asked too much... out of fear.

She always would say her memory was vague and unclear.
I will never forget that day the curtain pulled aside,
leaving a gap, just a few inches wide.

(A Gap in a Curtain)

Who could have known the beauty of the wings you would own.

Where do you fly? Elusive butterfly.
I dream of your fragile wings as you soar high, but in truth you only flutter by.

(Flutter By Butterfly)

Waiting to raise their ugly heads just as I settle into my bed.
Shadows crouch in the gloom, waiting to pounce creating a sense of doom.

(Midnight)

A Gap in a Curtain
Taylor Crowshaw

*She stood looking through a gap a few inches wide,
the fear on her face she could not hide.*

*My stomach lurched at this meekness of spirit,
filling every inch of me with a sadness aching and raw,
for I knew that my parents could have done no more.*

*She was my mother, my confidant, my mentor, my adversary.
Now this strong women could barely swallow her tea.
I stood looking down at her daughter asleep in her bed,
unaware of the turmoil and fear she had spread.
The wound on her neck, vivid, angry, crying out to all who could see.*

I don't want to be here, please please help me.

*Father stood ringing his hands pacing the floor,
how could she dismiss her life?
He had no words of comfort for his wife.*

*To want, to need to escape at her own hands,
he wanted answers but there could be no response to his demands.*

*She lay still and silent for two long weeks,
no response to her loved ones who begged her to speak.*

*Slowly she rallied and went to be assessed.
Drs could give no answer she had passed all of their tests.*

*Still they could give us no explanation,
Other than to suggest..It was a twist of the mind, an aberration.
She carried on with life as tho nothing had happened.*

We never asked too much... out of fear.

*She always would say her memory was vague and unclear.
I will never forget that day the curtain pulled aside,
leaving a gap, just a few inches wide.*

Flutter By Butterfly
Taylor Crowshaw

*Perching on the petals of a rose your wings unfurled as you pose.
Tongue unravels tasting sweet nectar, camouflage is your only protector.*

*The chrysalis from which you emerged. An empty shell in which you dwelled.
Where your secret beauty was once held.*

Who could have known the beauty of the wings you would own.

*Where do you fly? Elusive butterfly.
I dream of your fragile wings as you soar high, but in truth you only flutter by.*

Midnight
Taylor Crowshaw

*I would often sit and ponder
what would it be like to have a mind that didn't wander.
To be at peace with myself,
not the internal wars that sit ready on the shelf.*

*Waiting to raise their ugly heads just as I settle into my bed.
Shadows crouch in the gloom, waiting to pounce creating a sense of doom.
I shuffle and turn this way and that. Perhaps that shadow is my hat.
Cursed with an imagination that runs wild, my unfortunate gift even as a child.
The dark shadows.. the mist that swirls those tendrils that make my mind unfurl.*

*The shadows retreat as daylight dawns fears set back down, hope reborn.
My mind still racing far ahead, fearing the inevitable return to my bed.*

John Short



John Short was born in Liverpool, England and studied comparative religion at Leeds University and creative writing at Liverpool university. Later he spent some years in Europe doing a variety of jobs such as agricultural worker, factory operative and language teacher. His travels in France, Spain, Romania and Greece have been the inspiration for many stories and poems. In 2003 he was included in *The Pterodactyl's Wing* anthology of Welsh poetry (Parthian Books). In 2011 he began submitting work on a regular basis and since then has appeared in several magazines in the UK, Spain, France and the USA such as *Frogmore Papers*, *Dream Catcher* and *The French Literary Review*. He has self-published a collection called *Composting for All*, available online, and is finalizing a second collection: *Those Ghosts*. He's a member of the *Liver Bards* poetry group in Liverpool and reads on *Vintage Radio*.

Highlights from his poems

I once read that
hatred is merely a lack
of imagination.

(Condition)

...
while up above, strangers
played chess with living pieces.

(Living Pieces)

One of the bread-baron's men, you saw
Bosnian style shoot-outs over pizza
and he eventually died in a spray of bullets
up against the casino door.

(Deserter)

Condition
John Short

How could this race
have sunk so low?
So this is it –
the human condition.

Pure and simple hatred
for being black,
yellow, white,

Christian or Muslim,

because it's easier
than making a mental effort,
just stay inside the box
of your own stupidity.

I once read that
hatred is merely a lack
of imagination.

Living Pieces
John Short

The family continues
its daily routine,
but she's quiet as death,
doesn't talk much these days
since losing a brother,
one arm, the side of her face.

Consigned to shadows,
squatting in a corner,
her eight year-old mind trying
to make sense of it
so what is there to say?

Robbed of a future
left with only photos to recall
how they used to be:
him in his Spiderman T-shirt
balanced awkwardly on rubble,
smiling at the camera

while up above, strangers
played chess with living pieces.

Deserter
John Short

Athens 1998

War memories disturb sleep, you wake
at four and dress, limp all the way
to the bakery where they take advantage
of your overwhelming qualifications.

One of the bread-baron's men, you saw
Bosnian style shoot-outs over pizza
and he eventually died in a spray of bullets
up against the casino door.

At two you're home to our regular mess.
There's a huge bed in the middle
of the room for one thing; old suitcases,
and a pile of junk filling the yard.

I reckoned it was destiny to find this place,
but now sit impotent with vodka,
sorry that you cried once when telling
how you left her at the border.

Rajat Ghosh

This is Rajat Ghosh. He was born in a village named BALINDAR, about 70 km west from KOLKATA. It is in the district of BURDWAN, WEST BENGAL, INDIA. He has completed The Master of Arts (M.A) Degree in English Literature and Culture Studies from The University of Burdwan. Now he is teaching in a Govt. Primary School. He said, " I started writing poetry in my mother tongue Bengali when I just started my English honours. One day, one of my respected teachers, SK NURUL HUDA, a poet and a regular contributor in poemhunter.com, asked me to write in English. Through his inspiration and guidance I, for the first time, wrote my first English poem, *BLACK INK; ABOVE DEATH* . Further, I do believe that I am not a poet. I am one who has just started to express my feelings in words. For me, poetry is nothing but a painting of feelings in words".

Highlights from his poems

When the day breaks
With the broken morning memories,
The secondary morning mind
Laughs with dropping eyedrops.

(Thorns of Life)

When you go to school to study,
I study nature in the field with the cows.
When you read books behind teachers,
I read the scorching sun shine bright.
When you take "mid-day-meal" in mid day,
I take only water to feed my Himalayan hunger.

(I am the Odd "Other")

I and you, so close, yet at a distance,
Fingers touch with lonely, lovely dance.
The more intimate we are in the mind,
The less hearts connected me and thine.

(Virtual Love)

Thorns of Life
Rajat Ghosh

When the day breaks
With the broken morning memories,
The secondary morning mind
Laughs with dropping eyedrops.

Days pass by and
Heartbeats beat the hammered chest.
Red shaped heart turns pale
With the ecstasy of running time.

Night comes in the west and
The owls scream somewhere in dark.
An empty cage hears their sorry songs
And none to unlock the closed door.

Nights pass by and
Heartbeats rest upon the thorns of life.

I am the Odd "Other"
Rajat Ghosh

I am too odd to be fitted with you.
 When you go to school to study,
 I study nature in the field with the cows.
 When you read books behind teachers,
 I read the scorching sun shine bright.
 When you take "mid-day-meal" in mid day,
 I take only water to feed my Himalayan hunger.
 When you play cricket at tiny tiffin hours,
 I, too, play, not cricket, but with time to collect wood.
 When you come back home and take rest,
 I, too, come back and forget to take rest.

I am the "savage", one who has no education.
 I am the one who has a heart led by "emotion".
 I am the "proletarian" who works for you few.
 I am the ~~the~~ penniless who hates your wealth.
 I am the wretched sinner in your rulling eye.

I am the "other", you are the superior brother,
 I am the dazzling dark, you are apparent alight,
 I am the beautiful black, you are the faintly fair.
 I have a huge heart, you have only a narrow mind.
 If my heart loves, can your mind understand it's beats?

Virtual Love
Rajat Ghosh

Solitary we are with many friends,
Virtual love is now our modern trends.
The reality melts in obtuse obsession,
To pass time thus is infant's infatuation.

I and you, so close, yet at a distance,
Fingers touch with lonely, lovely dance.
The more intimate we are in the mind,
The less hearts connected me and thine.

Vague virtual love that is about to mature,
Immature recurring forebodes its failure.
When fixed connection a little interrupted,
Momentary "mind-game" mournfully nucked.

High time now for youths to twice think,
Can love throw away virtual solitary link?

Carolyn Devonshire



Carolyn Devonshire's interest in writing began during her childhood at the New Jersey shore and she had written several short stories before her high school years. Carolyn is a graduate of Monmouth University in West Long Branch, New Jersey, where she studied communications. Carolyn's poetry has been featured in numerous anthologies and in her own book of poetry, *Visions of Devonshire*, published in 2009. Her novel, *Colonizing Atlantis, the New Earth*, was published the same year and addresses her deep concern for the Earth's environment. After teaching creative writing to high school students, Carolyn turned to print and broadcast journalism in a career that has spanned decades. She also served as a speech writer for two Florida Cabinet officers and as editor of two trade magazines. She now resides in Ormond Beach, Florida, where she enjoys fishing and swimming.

Paul Callus



Paul Callus, married to Sheila née Ackland-Snow, was born in Hal Safi, Malta. He is a retired teacher, and has been active in the literary field for around 50 years. He writes poetry, short stories, and lyrics (for songs, hymns and oratorios). His preferred mediums are English and Maltese. His work has been published in various anthologies, magazines, newspapers, and online sites, mostly in Malta, England and America. In recent years, apart from a poetry ebook, he wrote and published both historical and children's books. He is also a proof-reader and translator. His main hobbies are reading, painting, swimming and travelling.

Highlights from their poem

*She took the lonely winding road
towards the hills in purple haze.
The weary sun took one last look
then cast away its fading rays.*

Were you watching the sun go down?
Did you grasp the consequences?
Did you see sunset's halo crown;
did waning light stir your senses?

(The Day She Disappeared)

The Day She Disappeared
Paul Callus & Carolyn Devonshire

Where were you when she disappeared?
 Is the moment caught in your mind?
 Were you nervous as the day neared,
 or to its approach were you blind?

*She took the lonely winding road
 towards the hills in purple haze.
 The weary sun took one last look
 then cast away its fading rays.*

Were you watching the sun go down?
 Did you grasp the consequences?
 Did you see sunset's halo crown;
 did waning light stir your senses?

*She walked ahead; not once looked back
 nor did she pause or hesitate.
 As shadows fell to twilight's touch
 she came at last to heaven's gate.*

Did you imagine her entry
 to God's heavenly, lasting life?
 Could you see the guarding sentry
 as the joy in heaven was rife?

*She left behind no next of kin,
 no faithful fans or floodlit stage.
 The only ones who mourned for her
 were a few friends of ripened age.*

If no one recalls her passage,
 does that mean she did not exist?
 When the reaper sends his carriage,
 do our thoughts of loved ones desist?

*More autumns came and winters too
 remaining leaves withered and fell
 since her soul rose into the blue.
 Is there no more story to tell?*

Adrian Flett

Born in Pietermaritzburg (1936) and grew up on a farm in the Richmond area. Farm schooled in early years and then Richmond School, from age 8 years. Maritzburg College, 1950-1953. Self-employed Accounting and Tax Practice from 2001-2015. Now living in Howick. Studied through UNISA majoring in English. Widowed with four children and seven grandchildren. He started writing at an early age, short stories, poems and three novels to date. Now an active member of Poem Hunter and poems have been published in various poetry journals.

Highlights from his poems

So bleak, so empty is the beach to me
as I walk its lonely sand soughing length
in an aura of sunless disbelief,
for while yet you fought for life under theatre's
harsh light

(Addington Beach 1)

as a wild animal's coat
spotted and blotched so haphazardly neat
as I feel the load of my grief.

(Addington Beach 2)

I remind him as the heel of each
iambic foot rises in my face,
“Ah! Runner, you may not know it,
but you just passed a poet.”

(When I Jog)

Addington Beach 1
Adrian Flett

So bleak, so empty is the beach to me
as I walk its lonely sand soughing length
in an aura of sunless disbelief,
for while yet you fought for life under theatre's
harsh light and knife in rubber gloved hand,
I was killing time.

At the tide's high line of fragile crust
I find a water smoothed stone and tomorrow
when you see me at the door I'll say,
"I gathered it while you were in theatre."
In stead I waited 'till tomorrows ceased.
Now I return it to the deep.

So sterile seems salt sea and sand to me.
Barren wards and carbolic corridors
where trolleys trundle pulling green gowned
awkward-slippered surgeons and masked nurses,
while we in foetal sphere, about your bed
are saying our inadequate farewells.

We stand at the window of ICU
easing eyes tired from the green line vigil
in luminous spike telling your life away;
each bleep of the monitor seers deep
until the straight line silence riveted
us into the future without you.

Addington Beach 2
Adrian Flett

Hear the surging lift
of water weight sheer and clear
in wave's lip hover and spume,
until the foam dance white sparkle
at the thin top edge
of sensuous lip so finely carved
bowl edge of crystal delicacy
in the sun's rays and the breeze flighted spray
ridges, cresting with my hope.

But gravity's crush crashes
down and down into white flat foam;
leaves the surface
as a wild animal's coat
spotted and blotched so haphazardly neat
as I feel the load of my grief.

When I Jog
Adrian Flett

When I jog, each metred foot is thrust
one after the other in rhythmic procession.
For with each iambic pentameter must
the mind jog in obedient succession.
The body locks into a steady tread
a treadmill for the mind to follow;
for the heroic line is the neural lyre,
the measure for the mind's voice to borrow.
A runner bustles by with disdainful ease
striding passed me with graceful pace
and I remind him as the heel of each
iambic foot rises in my face,
“Ah! Runner, you may not know it,
but you just passed a poet.”

Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil

Dr. Antony Theodore studied at the Munich University (Ludwig Maximilian University of Munich) and has his doctorate from there. He is active in Poemhunter, the famous Poetry site in the Internet.

Highlights from his poems

Have a good relationship with the
almighty intellect which remains in you

(Almighty Intellect Is In You)

I see the presence of the white moon
and the white fire.
The fragrance of the blossoms
falling down like white feathers

(Almighty Thou)

Almighty Intellect Is In You
Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil

Happiness is a conscious choice.
Be simple.
Be humble.
Kill your ego.
Just enjoy the simple things of life.
You will then be happy.

Have a good relationship with the
almighty intellect which remains in you
and is present in every single
little thing in the universe.

Almighty Thou
Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil

I see the presence of the white moon
and the white fire.

The fragrance of the blossoms
falling down like white feathers,
the emerging gold of the white fire,
and the slow dance of those flames:

All that kindles in me
the sharpening presence
of an almighty thou.

Michael Clarke

For five or six years, Michael has been writing romantic poetry. He loves to share his romantic thoughts. he took up poetry to try and make friends, to try and relate to people. Now he just loves to sing.

Highlights from his poems

My Celtic queen gently flows into my soul
All my tomorrows they will sing to you
Stay in my arms as the stars gently shine
As we dance to the song with love in our hearts

(Dance With Me My Celtic Queen)

I hear the song that your heart ever sings.
The song is love,
eternal
in its
joy.

(Sing Your Song)

Dance With Me My Celtic Queen
Michael Clarke

Come dance with me my Celtic queen
Into the night that sings your song
On a breath of desire I hold you so close
We shall dance through the stars singing
Oh glory divine your beauty does shine
Your heart I do feel gently beating
It is the music of love serenading
My Celtic queen gently **flows** into my soul
All my tomorrows they will sing to you
Stay in my arms as the stars gently shine
As we dance to the song with love in our hearts
I lose myself within your soul
Come lie with me in chasms of light
My beloved harmonise with me
In our dreams we share passion's desires
But dream as I hold you so close to me
Come dance with me my Celtic queen

Sing Your Song
Michael Clarke

Love,
a rose
in your heart
that sings divinely.
My Celtic rose your beauty shines so bright.

I hear the song that your heart ever sings.
The song is love,
eternal
in its
joy.

Join
with me
in God's sky
harmonising.
Dancing to the song we sing together.

Besma Riabi Dziri



Besma Riabi Dziri is a teacher of the English language in high school in Tunis. She was born in Tunis, Tunisia on September 20th, 1966. She graduated from Manouba University of Arts. She has a great passion for creative writing. She writes short stories and fables. Poetry has gripped her very ink and captured her heart and soul. Through her poetry, Besma Riabi Dziri expresses her thoughts which include serving and enlightening Humanity, tolerance of beliefs and the importance of Love, benevolence, forgiveness in the soul's renewal and growth. She avidly believes in the ability of poetry to transcend the limitations of human beings, beautify and elevate the soul and shine Love and Light into Humanity.

Highlights from her poem

Deep into a distinct essence
gorgeous voices started resonating
one secret is leaked!
Hills and mountains carved my air
what a flair!

(The Tune Of My Heart)

The Tune Of My Heart
Besma Riabi Dziri

Beyond prevailing heart songs
I yielded to fashion a tune of wonder
pulses and beats that do not belong.
I pondered over and over
decoding layers of mystery
a speck of awe within is reached.
I roved about along the fields,
expanding beauty, nurturing my touch
a rush of melodious breeze flooded my fancy.
Deep into a distinct essence
gorgeous voices started resonating
one secret is leaked!
Hills and mountains carved my air
what a flair!
I drifted out to the lake
lost for words in my world
I reached for a sip
an aura of magic wrapped my core
brimful, but wanted more.
Wide my heart
I leafed through abundance of scenic allure
Supreme fascination beheld!
A puff of relish is breathed
my tune of wonder is conceived!



Lost in September