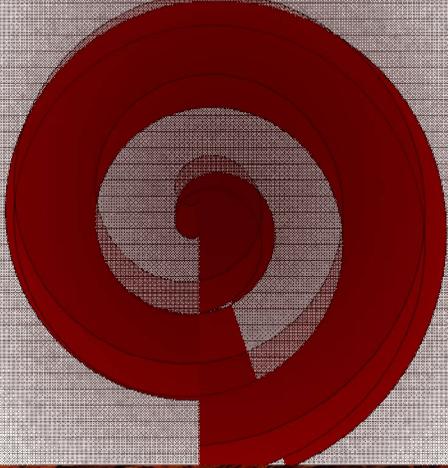


Let's write like as if nothing before was been written!

Poesis

December 2018, Issue #3



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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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Thomas Piekarski

Thomas Piekarski is a former editor of the *California State Poetry Quarterly* and Pushcart Prize nominee. His poetry and interviews have appeared in literary journals internationally, including *Nimrod*, *Florida English Journal*, *Cream City Review*, *Mandala Journal*, *Poetry Salzburg*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, and *Boston Poetry Magazine*. He has published a travel book, *Best Choices In Northern California*, and his epic adventure *Ballad of Billy the Kid* is available on Amazon in both Kindle and print versions.

Highlights from his poems

The engine of totalitarian misinformation
belches its putrid black soot into the sky
where Mother Earth's angels once ruled
and guided us through times of jeopardy,
now ceded to vengeance, fear and crime.

(Sabotaged)

How could I possibly predict
thunderstorms clocking in,
poised to pelt my coastal city
that slick summer night?

(No Limbo)

Eschewing this, brave angels from the brink
of disaster faster than lightning arrive to wrest
foul basilisks from mountain peaks
upon which they combat our brethren.

(Thanksgiving)

Sabotaged
Thomas Piekarski

Equitable peace will only arrive once
we've sundered czars of the plutocracy.
One blanches to think our whole species
is drawn to such destructive propaganda
as would eliminate any chance of hope.

Fully unfurled those capes and banners:
corporate plunderers foster falsehoods
ingested by an unwitting public. They
dominate every station of governance,
and people living like animals in a zoo.
The engine of totalitarian misinformation
belches its putrid black soot into the sky
where Mother Earth's angels once ruled
and guided us through times of jeopardy,
now ceded to vengeance, fear and crime.

Those abhorrent robber baron aristocrats
having long ago abandoned any interest
in salvaging what remains of our planet,
ravished by their corruption and ecocide
will gladly usher you to Mephistopheles

No Limbo
Thomas Piekarski

It can't be mystical,
transformative or comical
if it isn't first and foremost
a metaphysical mashup.

For example, last night
lightning swished across
the coal sky's entire width
and lit the lofty horizon with
a jolt of instant luminescence.
How could I possibly predict
thunderstorms clocking in,
poised to pelt my coastal city
that slick summer night?

Then what was astounding,
thunder like an A-bomb
exploded about a mile
beyond the beach, just
slightly above the ocean.

That thunder shocked me.
It tugged the giddy lion's
mane, lion that hugged
dolphin fins protruding
the water's surface like
convulsive periscopes
that spied on me as though
they had the right to stalk
with pinpoint cosmic vision
my loves and silly dreams.

Thanksgiving
Thomas Piekarski

Statistically speaking, our words ring true
as they rain down upon our house of pain,
official documents stuffed
in tight jeans just in case.
Shivering in the autumn blizzard we draw
our bows as autocrats storm the castle gate.
Frozen as we are we stall
then tumble into freefall.

The neutron ballerina pirouettes on the edge
of destiny's oracular star, while demons
in lead boxes defy circumcision,
adverse to serious circumspection.
While minds grind gears, our hearts grow fallow
so accustomed to dour solitude we've become,
managing a practical commonality
that fits the accepted mythology.

Eschewing this, brave angels from the brink
of disaster faster than lightning arrive to wrest
foul basilisks from mountain peaks
upon which they combat our brethren.
Titular command what we adhere to; it demands
our loyalty and faith. We are the soft underbelly.
We kneel on steel racks and pray
that our bread not be served stale.

Ann Chiappetta



Ann Chiappetta M.S. is an author and poet. Her writing has been featured in many small press publications and collegiate journals. Ann's nonfiction essays have been printed in *Dialogue magazine*. And her poems are often featured in *Magnets and Ladders*. Her poetry is also included in *Breath and Shadow's* 2016 debut anthology, *Dozen: The Best of Breath and Shadow*. Her first collection, *Upwelling, Poems and Follow your Dog, a Story of Love and Trust*, released in 2016 and 2017, are available in both e book and print formats from www.dldbbooks.com/annchiappetta/.

Highlights from her poems

Like the megalithic bones on display
At the Museum of Natural History,
I am a novelty
Used for book reports
And admired by gawkers.

(Separate)

I witness the loss
And see the one devoid of floss and know
This is the Ewe
the Mother, the one caught and denuded and
being cunningly culled by the predator.

(Chasing Greif)

Printing press and paperback are inaccessible, though
The desire to hold and smell books
Put the paper close to an ear and thumb the thickness

(Orbitury)

Separate
Ann Chiappetta

There are times I feel it
When not invited
When the conversation stops upon entering a room.

At these times
I don't exist.

Like the megalithic bones on display
At the Museum of Natural History,
I am a novelty
Used for book reports
And admired by gawkers.

I am "the blind lady,"
And "the lady with the guide dog"
Coo-coo-achoo.

Often, I am not asked by others to share
Because their assumptions
Prevent me from being included.

Blindness
Is So discomfoting to others --
It is easier to dismiss me
Than to challenge the comfort zone.

I often think, how can I be more like them
Less like me?

I don't fit in.
I won't assuage their discomfort.

In the ebb and flow of the work day
How do I tell these folks that I matter?
That while I lack vision
I ache to be included.

When I am in the counseling room,
I ask patients to describe facial expressions,
Not just feelings or thoughts
Denote a change in tone, context and timbre
Explore meanings
Root out exceptions
Grounding them
Softening the scars.

I am reminded that
At these times, I do matter.

But outside the room
Well, that is another story.

The forebears of family therapy would perish the thought of
disability exclusion
Yet, here I am, typing the prose.
Expressing it, trying
To make sense of the rejection and pain I feel,
Knowing it is up to me to accept
What I cannot change.

Chasing Greif
Ann Chiappetta

Fear catches my
heart like Fleece on thorns
Delicate wisps of hope helplessly snagged
Upon Sharpened, wicked little prongs of fate.

I want to pluck the tufts, rescue
Them from the brambles
Ask the fragrant meadow breeze to deflect the pain, the sorrow.

Like the faithful companion,
I want to Plead to the Shepard not to allow
The Cancer predator
To claim its prey.

I listen and watch
bigilant
As the wooly grazers flow and rub
Parting with their fleece, oblivious
To the waiting spikes
Bordering the pasture.

Malignant yellow eyes lurk behind the thorny cover
Wating to strike.

I tremble with trepidation, fear
Quivering along my flanks.

I witness the loss
And see the one devoid of floss and know
This is the Ewe
the Mother, the one caught and denuded and
being cunningly culled by the predator.
My whine is heard, yet
The Shepard bids me to stay.

I am overcome with frustration and crouch, miserably at his feet.
Snout between paws, I hear him speak,
“The cycle that began, will soon be complete.”

I snap my jaws, twitch and claw the ground in defeat.
Wretched thing that I am, not yet the sheep.

This is Mother, this is Love This is Patience
Lulled into parting her wool
Lured into losing her soul.
I howl and tremble
Unable to tear and rend apart
the Shadow stalking Mother.

Yet I stay
Heel beside the Shepard's hand
Resigned, reminded of ashes and dust
of rebirth.

One day my kin will witness the predation, howl
And curse the end.
By then, I will be the lamb and
Like Mother, return to the pasture,
as life and death has planned.

Obituary
Ann Chiappetta

Old ways are replaced, like the beasts
Sent to slaughter after the invention of combustion engines

The beloved written word, the character patterns that enthralled
Have gone.

Printing press and paperback are inaccessible, though
The desire to hold and smell books
Put the paper close to an ear and thumb the thickness
Delight in the nose-tingling swish of air, pulpy and acrid
Remains, akin to a craving.

The act itself
The devouring of pages
is lost to macular degeneration
physical contact thwarted by
Blurred vision, sensory affliction

The death of an eye.

Nels Hanson

Nels Hanson grew up on a small raisin and tree fruit farm in the San Joaquin Valley of California, earned degrees from U.C. Santa Cruz and the U of Montana, and has worked as a farmer, teacher and contract writer/editor. His fiction received the San Francisco Foundation's James D. Phelan Award and Pushcart nominations in 2010, 2012, 2014 and 2016. His poems received a 2014 Pushcart nomination, Sharkpack Review's 2014 Prospero Prize, and 2015 and 2016 Best of the Net nominations. He lives with his wife Vicki on California's Central Coast.

Highlights from his poems

... say a quick farewell to
the barn's roof etching the sky,
a mountain peak and its shoulders,
and in the empty car drive away
now without once looking back.

(Taking Leave)

I forget until you're here again,
remind me of a mercy beyond
the violence of this world. You
make me want to sing and weep
for something I've been missing

(Morning Sky)

See farm towns' lit
wheels of autumn carnivals and
July Fourth's rockets, breaching

whales' spouting gold on a night
sea of flat Valley waves before
houses turned a sepia like smoke,
a million lights dimmed the stars.

(Smoke)

Taking Leave
Nels Hanson

Take down the branched antlers
from the barn's peeling wall,
in the barnyard start a fire with
kerosene and the stored rocking
chair, throw on the halters and
harness hanging from the rafters,
from the dogs' shingled house
the sheepskin bed, still holding
the scent of lanolin, the old egg
from the square box of straw
where the brown hen returned
like a swallow each dusk from
its gleaning, toss on the red flames
the spoked wagon wheels leaned
forty years against the corral fence
so they burn to their iron rims by
the anvil the bank can't touch for
a day, leave the milk house door
open for the wild bees and dark
honey, say a quick farewell to
the barn's roof etching the sky,
a mountain peak and its shoulders,
and in the empty car drive away
now without once looking back.

Morning Sky
Nels Hanson

You return, rare violet sky,
reappear with April morning
sun through clouds now mist
after long night's rain. Tender
shade, not a rose or lavender
but gentlest color in between
I forget until you're here again,
remind me of a mercy beyond
the violence of this world. You
make me want to sing and weep
for something I've been missing
I've lost when you arrive to say
remember somehow all is well
in some heaven looking down at
all sad things we've done and
made, unmade, while patiently
you waited always for this day
so sodden then more than kind.

Smoke
Nels Hanson

White clapboard farmhouses
of my youth, alive in memory
only, burned down, bulldozed,
I remember your each room's

light, north, south, east, west,
summer, shadow and morning,
afternoon, the scent of ancient
curtained darkness, sunlight's

floating dust. Every residence
retains its tang of perspiration,
a family's own perfume, drifting
aroma of frying meat in black

iron skillets, oil heaters, sharp
plum-wood smoke where blue
ghost flames rise toward gone
chimneys. Where you stood

so long I can't drive by again,
your hundred years of worry,
laughter, heartbreak of fall rain
on purple raisins drying, relief

at harvest safe from cruel Pacific
storms, resound too loudly for
my failing ears. That silence of
stairways, for children somber

steps to heaven, still leads to lost
stories providing views, green
ocean's vineyard and orchard,
daybreak's high Sierra Nevada,

sundown's Coast Range, gentle
Sierra Madre. See farm towns' lit
wheels of autumn carnivals and
July Fourth's rockets, breaching

whales' spouting gold on a night
sea of flat Valley waves before
houses turned a sepia like smoke,
a million lights dimmed the stars.

Alam Sayed

Alam Sayed is a bilingual poet, essayist and translator from Bangladesh. Born in November 2, 1983. He graduated from University of Dhaka. Though his Bengali poems and articles have been published in various literary magazines and he has been writing for long, he started writing in English only recently. He regularly contributes to different open online poetry sites. Writing is not a hobby to him and he thinks it should not be so. It is like the blood in his veins. It is a way to converse with his own soul and the souls of other human and nonhuman beings. He is currently teaching at a college and resides in Maheshkhali, an island in the Bay of Bengal. His poetry is evocative and philosophical in nature but at times it can be “frighteningly realistic”. He is deeply concerned about environmental pollution and unbridled capitalism. However, he refuses to buy into a fixed belief system.

Highlights from his poems

Relatives of darkness notices the snares
lurking inside the very existence of life
because the light is put out easily
but you can never extinguish the darkness.

(Darkness)

Humans seem to have many moralities
which are as grand as ancient Roman cities.
In reality, they have none.
Conrad pretended to possess one,
Though all he had was a series of romantic follies.
Kafka understood the real nature of it;

(The Earth Has No Morality)

My child is like a lame lion
and I am like a dark butterfly
spluttering in the mist,
beating my feeble wings in nothingness.

(Me and my Inner Child)

Darkness
Alam Sayed

I am feeling the things that I swore not to feel again.
Someone is excavating the streets of my dead city.
Someone is exhuming the dead tissues from the
graveyard of my past lives and rejuvenating them with some
dark magic.

It is the darkness that generates life in the universe.
And the inner child of my personal darkness rules my fragmented life.
This unruly demon child very often preaches the philosophy of suicide
and throw my whole self in the whirlwind of poisonous gas
and devastating fire.

Green birds of life heal themselves in the ocean of pure darkness.
Relatives of darkness notices the snares
lurking inside the very existence of life
because the light is put out easily
but you can never extinguish the darkness.

The Earth Has No Morality
Alam Sayed

The earth has no morality
and Shakespeare called her the common whore of humanity.
Often being accused of prostitution,
like many politicians, she's always bending constitution.
She sustains both saints and sinners alike;
doesn't make any difference between a nightingale and a bushshrike.
But the lion seems to have a mangled morality of its own
and the cat none.
Humans seem to have many moralities
which are as grand as ancient Roman cities.
In reality, they have none.
Conrad pretended to possess one,
Though all he had was a series of romantic follies.
Kafka understood the real nature of it;
The ancient Charvakas understood a little bit.
Immanuel Kant was deceived by common survival techniques,
and common conditioned characteristics
appeared to him to be categorical imperatives.
And the knives of religion make them bleed from time to time.
It's no wonder that God is the most creatively immoral animal;
Perhaps he dwells in the realm beyond good and evil.
He's not in love with creation,
Rather is fascinated with the power of destruction.
During creation He outpoured all his love and hatred
to the animals and plants; now He has none.
He drained all his greed
and his hand is now empty except some scientific fun.
That is why like some cripple He takes too long to create
and just a moment to annihilate.
Tolerate no more moral violence.
Tell him to go back to a long cryogenic sleep
and not to toy with the universe.
He needs time to radically reform his genetic code.
If moralities and God don't come to any good,
What is there to do?
Perhaps there is God's waste material, the rhizomatous love
which can sprout in a million ways.
And there is reason which can guide the rhizomes to the light.

Me and My Inner Child
Alam Sayed

My inner child craves light
but I seek darkness deeper than the human body
deeper than the alien universe.
My blind child searches for the family tree
but I desire oblivion more manifest than death and nothingness.
My deformed child loves culture
but I want truth more naked than nature.
The irony is really great –
My child is like a lame lion
and I am like a dark butterfly
spluttering in the mist,
beating my feeble wings in nothingness.

Jesus Diaz Llorico

Jesus Diaz Llorico is currently working as Fire Captain in the Fire and Rescue Services at King Abdul Aziz International Airport, Jeddah, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. He has worked in this job for the past 37 years and his main responsibility is to save lives and property. He is an undergraduate in Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering in Manila, Philippines. He is married with two children. Aside from writing articles in newspapers and submitting poetries he loves watching the NFL, the NBA and tennis masters and grand slam tournaments.

Highlights from his poem

You are like the morning dew
spreading the boughs
and the coming blue
its love like no other
praising your beauty
with a thousand wings of joy

(As I Walked Alone)

As I Walked Alone
Jesus Diaz Llorico

As I walk alone
this serene morning
the sun shines
like a silver cup
its rays spreads
across the plains
creating another day
its the same with you
in this silent dawn
you are like a flower
that never withers
you continue to linger on
a scent that no one forgets
that every breath one takes
in every note one writes
the astonished night
sleeps and slides away..
You are like the morning dew
spreading the boughs
and the coming blue
its love like no other
praising your beauty
with a thousand wings of joy
stretching art to the limit
with breath taking ecstasy.

Mukund Gnanadesikan

Mukund Gnanadesikan is a poet and novelist currently based in Napa, CA. A 1992 graduate of Princeton University, his poems have been featured or are upcoming in *Sheets: For Men Only*, *Adelaide Literary Journal*, *The Ibis Head Review*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Junto Magazine*, *Streetlight Press*, *The Bangalore Review*, *Blood and Thunder: Musings on the Art of Medicine*, and *The Cape Rock*.

Highlights from his poems

I was a local boy, you know
A roundball prodigy, everybody said so
Something went wrong
A miswired circuit
Tripped by meth
That fates' winds blew it my way

(Noel)

You, once frozen like the poles
Spew streams of bullets
On the huddled masses crouched for shelter
Innocence abandoned
Forever lost

(Acolyte)

That leaves a stain
Much harder to erase
Than indelible first kiss.

(A Bullet's Tale)

*Noel***Mukund Gnanadesikan**

I was a local boy, you know
A roundball prodigy, everybody said so
Something went wrong
A miswired circuit
Tripped by meth
That fates' winds blew it my way
I was sick
But must we punish illness
With death's leaden hammer unleashed
To shed my life so quickly?
Crazy, they said
Brandishing a blade
At parked cars
But there were three of you
And one of me
A bony shell
You crushed me underfoot
The body lies at rest now
Free at last from tyranny of crank
But please relay this final message
Mama, you are loved.

Acolyte
Mukund Gnanadesikan

Men in robes have infiltrated
The empty closet of your hunger
Stuffed it brim-full
With white-hot flame of rhetoric
Now neighbor once your comrade
Is blemished by his faith
An infidel, his flaws unseeable
But unequivocal
Satan's dark besmirchment
You, once frozen like the poles
Spew streams of bullets
On the huddled masses crouched for shelter
Innocence abandoned
Forever lost

A Bullet's Tale
Mukund Gnanadesikan

Marketing dictates morphology
That makes it look like lipstick
Sleek as a cheetah
Luxurious and glossy
But seconds later
Scarlet spreads
In a jagged circle
That leaves a stain
Much harder to erase
Than indelible first kiss.

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

Those times of reaching maturity,
now being singularly able,
and thinking one's immortality
to be and remain ever stable.

(A Time to Come, a Time to Go)

Winter's filtered sun, Summer's shade,
space empty now, gone years of history.
Memories over time will fade
leave only tree's mystery.

(Feeling a Tree)

I peer at the sliver, in the east
of faint scimitar pale old moon
as the sky lightens, knowing
we'll soon be landing at Heathrow.

(Landing at Heathrow)

A Time to Come, a Time to Go
Adrian Flett

Memories arrive unannounced
in the head, much inclined
to hold in thrall, let them bounce
about, and fill the mind.

Those thoughts when young,
energy filled, I watch hope to be
like them as further along
the pathway I go to my destiny.

Those times of reaching maturity,
now being singularly able,
and thinking one's immortality
to be and remain ever stable.

Watching those depart who want to stay
leaving me more and more alone.
Seeing them all here today
but tomorrow gone,

no semblance or clue of where,
old friends lost in space,
they've gone now, left us unaware,
the only clues hope and faith.

Feeling a Tree
Adrian Flett

Think before you fell a tree,
think again and let it be.

At the host, the very core
where trunk meets soil,
the secret zone; causes life to soar
as roots draw nurture as they coil.

Harshly is the felling done.
Wordless as a lamb
trees yield to gravity and succumb
through growth ring and limb.

Moments before a balanced frame
full of buds bursting to emerge.
Too late now to claim,
or respond to Spring's surge.

Winter's filtered sun, Summer's shade,
space empty now, gone years of history.
Memories over time will fade
leave only tree's mystery.

Landing at Heathrow
Adrian Flett

Over heads of fellow travellers
and padded backrests
through the mean slot of cabin's port
I peer at the sliver, in the east
of faint scimitar pale old moon
as the sky lightens, knowing
we'll soon be landing at Heathrow.

Out there cold as snake skin
alien in thick shrouds
of scudding skimming clouds,
moist with clammy trails
lifts, cradles us all
in controlled descent, the wing
in tight chest suspension over Heathrow.

Opens, between wing and cloud
a sudden window, my first view
of the soft, the green and ancient
countryside of England;
meadows vague and soft,
lanes between horse guards hedgerows,
as we touch down at Heathrow.

Now in full view of crowded 747
floods of sudden emotion
drive unannounced tears
to my eyes and I, a boy again
relive with Wordsworth and Williamson
all the vicarious pleasures of youth,
real at last, as we land at Heathrow.

Dr. Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil

He has doctorates in English Literature and in the Philosophy of Religions. He studied at the Fordham University, New York, for a short time. Then he studied at the University of Munich (Ludwig Maximilian University).

Highlights from his poems

We sing to the melodies
of heavenly inspiration.
That is our life.
Joy rings out in our souls.

(I Asked The Nightingales' Feathers)

Oh if I could only turn my heart
into a bed of flowers
for you to fly and hide
and secretly whisper to me
with fluttering wings how you love me.

(Beautiful Butterfly)

Every dusk,
and every night,
I look at the stars
and murmur:
Twinkling stars!
send my mummy again to me.

(My Mother In The Chariot)

I Asked The Nightingales' Feathers
Dr. Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil

I went in search of nightingales' feathers.
Collected a few from the nest of nightingales.
Kept those near my bed and went to sleep.

At night i dreamt...
the nightingale feathers
began to sing peaceful,
loving melodies.

It was a lullaby which
the angels alone sing.

Happinessentered
into my inner recess.

Then i went
to the feathers to ask:
" Where from flow
such wonderful melodies
into your hearts' core?"

The feathers told me:
"We have the songs in our beaks,
we have the songs in our hearts.
We have the songs in our brain
we have the songs in our wings.

To sing and to sing and to sing
is our benevolent vocation.

We sing to the melodies
of heavenly inspiration.
That is our life.
Joy rings out in our souls.

This alone is our divine call.
We love to live our divine call.

*Beautiful Butterfly***Dr. Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil**

In a beautiful butterfly,
 Your face comes so true to me.
 Through a pretty butterfly
 You come flying so serene into me.
 As the tiny wings flutter
 I watch with love and joy
 and wonder how it could be
 that I see your face coming to me.

With beauty and grace
 you perch among the flowers
 as if searching for a special place.
 Oh if I could only turn my heart
 into a bed of flowers
 for you to fly and hide
 and secretly whisper to me
 with fluttering wings how you love me.
 Warm and kind is our friendship
 so rare like a beautiful butterfly.

Welcome to my garden of happy thoughts
 where butterflies fly along
 the paths of lovely flowers.
 You are so special in my life.
 So innocent and pure is our friendship.
 I care for you with a heart full of joy.
 You are mine, I love you.

God, help me not to be possessive.
 Love is freedom in true sense.
 Possession is selfishness.
 God, help me not to be possessive.

(When we fall in love, we think love is possessing the other. It takes time and maturity to realize that real love is freedom and never possessive. So we do experience divinity in selfless love. I believe, in every love affair, God is at play. If not, love is doomed to fail).

*My Mother In The Chariot***Dr. Antony Theodore Vazhakootathil**

Watching a glorious sunset,
playful are the waves on my feet.
Gold, red, yellow rays
sucked me in delicate passion.

Their chariot of flames
flew down to me.
Flames around, all around
golden blue and red.
With gleaming eyes I saw.

Seven white winged horses
flew into my presence at the shore.

I saw my mummy in the chariot,
smiling like the morning sun.

My eyes opened as sunflowers do.

With moonlit eyes
pouring blooms of bliss on me
she whispered softly.

In joy immeasurable
her voice melted.
In hugs and kisses
she murmured in my little ears.
'You are my treasure, You are the apple of my eye'.

She adorned me with the stars,
blessed me with tenderness,
filled me with treasures divine.

I was blissful,
serene and desireless.

Singing a glorious hymn
pouring on me, her sweetest perfume,
she touched my life from the chariot.

The chariot flew away.

Every dusk,
and every night,
I look at the stars
and murmur:
Twinkling stars!
send my mummy again to me.

I sleep.
Tear drops linger on my lashes.

(It is a pleasant vision of my dearest Ma - in hindi language we call mother so lovingly Maaaaaaa. I lost her when I was in the school. She had cancer and died at the age of 38. I yearn for her presence even now every day. It is a great loss I suffered and I will not be cured from the wounds that is created by her absence. When I see the sunset my heart raises itself to her chariot) .

