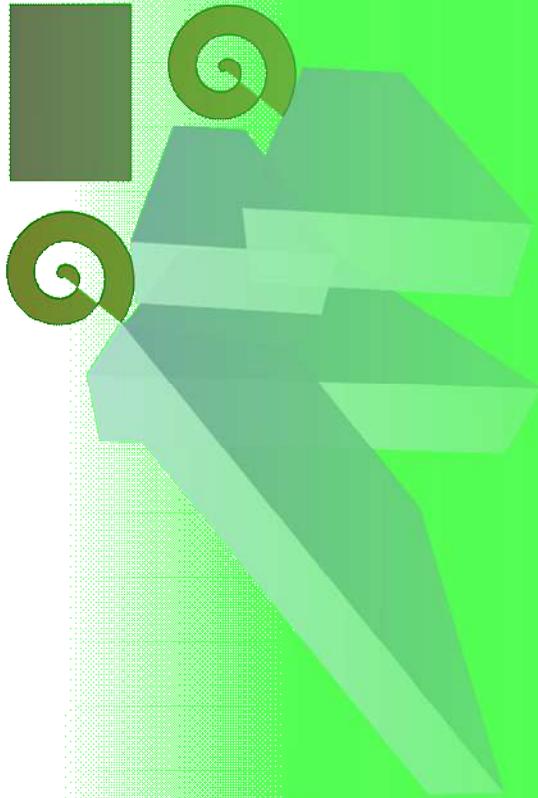




Let's write like as if nothing before was been written!

P O E S I S

Year II, Number 4, January 2019



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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-journal.com/>



Editorial board:

**Carolyn Devonshire
Sanulis Vucilis**

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Sanulis Vucilis

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Naila Rais

Naila Rais is a young girl from India currently studying in St Fidelis Sr Sec School Aligarh. She loves to pen her feelings through poetry&essays and hopes that readers will be motivated and go through deeply on current burning issues like “women empowerment, failure is the key to success”.

Highlights from her poems

The old man, turned to look at her,
Fixing his great, bulging horribly watery, light grey eyes,
deep in her face,
He tried to answer, but words failed him,
He looked and looked at her....

(A War Hero)

Eyes filled with tear, no one to hear,
I cried, I cry, I cry, on forever....

When troubles, fear, came a lovely dear,
I laughed, I laugh, I laugh, on forever....

(I Go On Forever...)

A War Hero
Naila Rais

At dawn, in a stuffy and smoky carriage,
A bulky woman in deep mourning,
Behind her puffing and mourning her husband
A tiny man, thin and weakly, his face deathly white...

Now, if one dies young and happy,
Without having seen ugly sides of life,
The boredom of it, the pettiness, the bitterness of disillusion,
At least thank God, as I (passenger) do...

My son died in the best way he could,
The reason, I don't wear mourning,
He shook his light fawn coat so as to,
After he ended with a smile of sob...

His eyes were watery, his livid lips tremble,
Quiet so, quiet so, agreed the other,
The woman who bundled under her coat,
Listened and listened and cried....

But, something that might show her,
A mother should resign herself to send her son,
Not even to death, but to a probably a dangerous life,
As by her grief had been greater that nobody, could share her feelings....

But the words of a traveler amazed,
She herself was wrong who couldn't rise,
To the height of those fathers and mothers to resign,
Not only to the departure of their son but even to their death...

It seemed for her, she had stumbled into a world,
A world so far unknown,
Then suddenly, just as if she heard nothing she asked,
Then is your only son really dead?

The old man, turned to look at her,
Fixing his great, bulging horribly watery, light grey eyes, deep in her face,
He tried to answer, but words failed him,
He looked and looked at her....

Almost as if only then, at that silly and incongruous question,
He realized, his son was really dead,
Who couldn't be getting back,
At last, gone forever and forever....

His face contracted, horribly distorted,
Snatched in haste a handkerchief,
To the amazement of everyone,
Broke into harrowing, heart-rending, uncontrollable sobs....

Poet's Notes about The Poem: Just the transformation of story *War* by author Luigi Pirandello into a poetry... To create awareness around the globe and motivating young minds towards patriotism.

*I Go On Forever...***Naila Rais**

Life goes tough, roads seem rough,
I went, I go, I go, on forever....

The boats sail, the idea fails,
I tried, I try, I try, on forever....

Eyes filled with tear, no one to hear,
I cried, I cry, I cry, on forever....

When troubles, fear, came a lovely dear,
I laughed, I laugh, I laugh, on forever....

I compromise, to keep my promise,
I made, I make, I make, on forever....

A society full of myth, I never agree with,
I broke, I break, I break, on forever....

I love you, you love me,
I thought, I think, I think, on forever....

I bear pain, why pain always rains,
I borne, I bear, I bear, on forever....

The mountains shine, the line of opportunities,
I jump, I jumped, I jumped, on forever....

I want to loose fur, as it never lure,
I threw, I throw, I throw, on forever....

The eyes closed, the breathing slows,
I live, I died, I died for forever....

Poet's note: Life struggles are stairs to success.... Sometimes we are glad and sometimes we are hit by sorrows... We face up - downs in our lives.

Evon Turner

Poetry had been an outlet since a young age for Evon. Poe, King and Rice have been her inspiration of her macabre flow. As a mother combined with her passion for written expression, her dream is that her work is shown and the ones out there knows there is a voice that truly understands.

Highlights from her poems

I am completely bonkers, mad and totally insane...
and not in the best of ways. I'd be aware if I were you,
because I welcome you to my wonderland nightmare

(Wonderland Nightmare)

Love from this once warm house is nothing but a far cry, a shell of
what it once was. All the blood, sweat and tears that were put into
these memories, still lingers in the shadows.

(Faded)

The demons that once struggled control, coexist peacefully.
As the flames danced with shadows, hell's fire teased her skin.
Under the new moon's black foilage, the wild is embraced.
Scarred wings, paints broken enigma, but hell hath
no fury as a beautifully damaged wonder.

(Her)

Wonderland Nightmare
Evon Turner

Tweedledee, Tweedledum,
Two Souls trapped in one.
Pretty as Alice, Mad like the Hatter.
Falling down, down, down the rabbit hole,
Slowly surrendering to the fall.
Thoughts growing curious, ever so curious,
Faintly the dormouse voice echoes,
"Feed your head".
Smoke curls along my lips. With each
cloud exhaled the pain fades.
"Who are you?" asks the Hookah Smoking Catipillar.
The question perks my thoughts in
ways of spoken rhymes.
"Who in the world am I?
Now that's the great puzzle."
Coyly Slinks the crescent moon along the branches.
Feeling the haze of a stale smoke ring I mumble
"Would you tell me please, which way I ought to go from here?"
Stunned into silence when I gained a response.
"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to."
purred the violet puff of feline. All feeling long past numb, coldly retort,
"It doesn't matter to anyone."
The grinning fool shrugged
"Then why does it matter which way to go?"
Once again I'll say,
Pretty as Alice, Mad like the Hatter,
I am completely bonkers, mad and totally insane...
and not in the best of ways. I'd be aware if I were you,
because I welcome you to my wonderland nightmare

Faded
Evon Turner

As you can see, the smiles have faded, put away i to a distant memory. The memories gone for far too long they gathered dust and cobwebs. Thos pictures, once vidid with life now are worn and the wall paper is tattered peeling from age. The cracks in the busted mirror brings light to flaws. The flaws of the souls that have came and went. Eerie silence fills the child's bedroom. Hauntingly a shadow stands in the corner where the rocking chair sat in its previous life. Memories beautifully decayed of everything and nothing all at once. In this dilapidated house nothing stands. All was vibrant, full of life, now it is vacant with a hushed story to tell. All have faded into nothing. Love from this once warm house is nothing but a far cry, a shell of what it once was. All the blood, sweat and tears that were put into these memories, still lingers in the shadows.

Tender age shows the drawn out shadows
conceals her soft youth.

Shaky grounds paved the roads throughout
her construction. Choices decided burdens
this tiny frame. But shoulders broaden by battle scars.

Vacant, soulless, haunting silhouettes gazes

Dipped crimson lines lilac pale

lips into the days facade with mortuary beauty.

Adaptation is key I'm surviving. Silence is thoughtful, head
submitted bowed is best.

But now, behold iciness in her crisp, cutting glory.

A tiny but undeniable flame flickers despite frigid Northman winds.

As one with earth, she charges even paced with her beast.

Full with untamed lust.

The demons that once struggled control, coexist peacefully.

As the flames danced with shadows, hell's fire teased her skin.

Under the new moon's black foilage, the wild is embraced.

Scarred wings, paints broken enigma, but hell hath
no fury as a beautifully damaged wonder.

Michael Clarke

For five or six years, Michael Clarke 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

Come dance with me to love's refrains,
love in our hearts always remains.
You lift our hearts to the Heaven's skies,
my love, you are where the passion lies.

(You Are My Paradise)

Heaven's realm the heart that beats with love
Eternal joy as my lips meet your lips
Answer the call of my heart harmonising
Replaying in my mind a Celtic piece
Turning my life's sorrow into love's own light

(Your Heart Beats Love)

You Are My Paradise
Michael Clarke

Oh my maiden fair come dance with me,
within a starlit memory.
Come with me to the starlight stream,
you are my paradise in dream.

My Celtic queen come in the night
and share with me angelic light.
I lose myself within your eyes,
you are my paradise.

Come dance with me to love's refrains,
love in our hearts always remains.
You lift our hearts to the Heaven's skies,
my love, you are where the passion lies.

And in the dawning of my days,
I shall always give you all my praise.
In our heart where the passion lies,
within our heart you are my paradise

Your Heart Beats Love
Michael Clarke

Your heart beats love my beloved Celtic queen
Onward through the divine sky you fly
Under God's sun your spotlight through the day
Remembering love given with joy's song

Heaven's realm the heart that beats with love
Eternal joy as my lips meet your lips
Answer the call of my heart harmonising
Replaying in my mind a Celtic piece
Turning my life's sorrow into love's own light

Between our hearts the song that sings forever
Ever in love's sky together soaring
As my temple sings with yours the song is primal
Tender caressing your temple golden shining
Shine forever in my summer sky my Celtic queen

Love forever shines from eyes of glory
Over the stars, join me in dreams own Heaven's
Verily forever Celtic glory
Eternity I find for your heart beats love

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

Judy falls asleep in her cozy bed
as her mum softly sings a lullaby.
A fleeting smile lights up her peaceful face.
She dreams of life's delights, cuddles and love.

To a staccato rhythm bullets fire
as Rami dashes from the ragged tent.
Of Rami's fate nobody will enquire;
for war's children, none are left to lament.

(Children of War and Peace)

Children of War and Peace
By Paul Callus and Carolyn Devonshire

Washed and smartly dressed in school uniform
Judy tucks into her healthy breakfast
while watching cartoons on television.
Her mother smiles. Outside the sun shines bright.

Ravi wakes to sounds of jets overhead.
He pulls his worn blanket tight to his chest,
afraid to look outside and see the dead.
His nation torn and by tyrants oppressed.

A friend's birthday party awaits Judy.
With present in hand, she knocks at the door;
already, music fills the evening air.
She's greeted by hugs and happy faces.

Wails of crying mothers fill sooty air.
Where did Ravi's go? She's been gone so long.
Each day he offers for her a prayer,
knowing well she would want him to stay strong.

Excited, she tugs at her father's hand
as she watches the colored lights around
the fair grounds. Nibbling at her candyfloss,
she makes a mental note of the fun rides.

Will there be food today, food he can share?
It's his duty to care for another.
He crawls through litter, finds the wee one there,
but cold is the body of his brother.

Today it was a public holiday
and Judy's parents took her to the beach.
A lovely day has now come to an end.
Judy's mother gives her a goodnight kiss.

With family gone, Rami takes up arms.
They're readily available to all.
It matters not to him which side he harms;
in battle Rami is willing to fall.

Judy falls asleep in her cozy bed
as her mum softly sings a lullaby.
A fleeting smile lights up her peaceful face.
She dreams of life's delights, cuddles and love.

To a staccato rhythm bullets fire
as Rami dashes from the ragged tent.
Of Rami's fate nobody will enquire;
for war's children, none are left to lament.

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

Mark the Second's continuous moves;
How its ticks make Minute smoothly moves
Towards your slow, monotonous moving Hour
Minute must meet merely at twelve hOur.

(Twelve hOur)

When I write invisible meaningless love letter to you,
When I sing absent non rhymed self-composed songs of you,
When I draw your smiling still beauty in my mind's canvass,
My poetry borns.

(My Poetry Borns)

Twelve hOur
Rajat Ghosh

O beloved! Hear out me
 What I say solemnly, See
 At my face, please, away
 Not from my sight, sweet, anyway.

O beloved! You say 'nonsense'
 For my seeking some sense;
 Don't say 'no' to me hence
 For Second is rounding within fence.

You are Hour standing upper
 Between eleven and twelve after supper;
 Minute is below to you proper
 Standing very close to six like hopper.

Mark the Second's continuous moves;
 How its ticks make Minute smoothly moves
 Towards your slow, monotonous moving Hour
 Minute must meet merely at twelve hOur.

Climax! Twelve-it is now at last;
 Minute now hides Hours' honey chest.
 After sixty ticks Minute will discharge Hour
 And will wait counting twenty four with sour.

Life is like twelve hOur, very brief sweetly,
 Let not wend a way with deadly delay,
 Charge is full and may lost now.
 So be haste always as we are Time's POW.

My Poetry Borns
Rajat Ghosh

When I cannot express my heart to your ear,
When I cannot equate my pangs to your heart,
When I cannot utter my deep dark words to you,
My poetry borns.

When I think the future days to come with you,
When I smile with the happy happy joys with you,
When I kiss your absent rosy lovely lips in darkness,
My poetry borns.

When I write invisible meaningless love letter to you,
When I sing absent non rhymed self-composed songs of you,
When I draw your smiling still beauty in my mind's canvass,
My poetry borns.

When my lost-heart aches with the fear to lose you,
When my mind fills with empty thoughts in your emptiness,
When my melancholy love bids adieu forever for the better,
My poetry borns.

My poetry, though unrhymed, sometimes meaningfully meaningless,
Borns amidst the thorns of sweet selfish world of morning rose
When my broken thoughts embrace thy ever absent sweet soul,
And then, only then, my melancholy mind meets miserable mirth.

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

This tale is fraught with danger for the mole,
the situation is beyond his control.
There sits in the den an uneasy truce,
unless the fox's natural instincts are let loose.
So the mole never rests for more than ten,
while the fox lies slumbering in the den.

(Beyond the Trees)

A lone figure in headscarf and coat,
stands patiently waiting on the shore for his boat.
Heavy with child, she is young and unsure.
She stares out to sea, anxious and afraid,
playing out a scene which has often been played.

(He Rode The Sea)

Beyond the Trees
Taylor Crowshaw

Beyond the trees in a deep dark hole,
lives a fox and his friend the mole.
The mole did not know that his friend ate mole meat,
for he could see no further than his feet.

The mole brought the fox a gift of worms,
which managed to keep them on good terms.
Although the fox's glance would have told a different tale,
had Mr Mole been able to surveil.

A winter chill swept through their den,
the fox began to feel hungry again.
Now the mole certainly was no fool,
and realised he needed to keep his cool.

If he could find no more worms,
how would he keep them on good terms?
When he pushed his nose up through the ground,
this is what the little mole found.

He heard a noise right under a log,
and there he found a juicy frog.
Off he went with his gift,
he knew it would give his friend a lift.

The fox enjoyed his juicy frog,
which mole had found under a log.
He was so happy that in return,
he gave his friend the mole a juicy worm.

This tale is fraught with danger for the mole,
the situation is beyond his control.
There sits in the den an uneasy truce,
unless the fox's natural instincts are let loose.
So the mole never rests for more than ten,
while the fox lies slumbering in the den.

He Rode The Sea
Taylor Crowshaw

Well practised he stood his ground as the waves swelled and broke the sides,
 this courageous young man who braved the elements and high tides.
 He shivered with the cold, which seeped through to his core.
 A hundred odd miles off the shore.
 Nets cast..far over the side
 trawling an area a few miles wide.

Rain and wind beat relentlessly down as he stands without fear,
 a smile on a face weather-worn and old beyond its years.
 Perhaps he missed his step or a wave carried him away.
 We can only guess what happened to him on that day.
 Another brave soul shields his eyes,
 as he holds on tightly and looks over the side,
 to be greeted by a face staring back at him eyes opened wide.

Resigned to his fate, he waves a farewell as he slowly descends,
 to a man with whom he had always been friends.

A lone figure in headscarf and coat,
 stands patiently waiting on the shore for his boat.
 Heavy with child, she is young and unsure.
 She stares out to sea, anxious and afraid,
 playing out a scene which has often been played.

With no family to help no guiding hand.
 She stood alone..when she could stand.
 A bottle for company to help her forget,
 her former life which she could never regret.

Her love never returned, he was lost to the sea.
 Another fatherless child left calling *Why me, why me.*
 She wanders the shore every now and then,
 in the vein hope she might see him again.

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 should be dead by now
along with all those comrades,

but instead I sit here
choosing plectrums, bottle necks,
breathe miraculous air.

(Dobro)

Yet as we sat outside that night
you chose to let me under your defence
for once, with the story of a flower:

white petals I can still recall,
their nocturnal aroma like scented heat,
bringing us perhaps a little closer.

(Queen of the night)

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.

Behind anger is fear
of what we hate the most:
hate that simmers
deep inside
like a dark volcano.

(On Life)

Dobro
John Short

That shiny steel guitar
he got eventually
was what he'd always wanted;
just to play the blues.

I killed so many people, he said,
was called up twice, unfairly
because of skill in martial arts

and when we took a town
would often be the first to enter
but the bullet-proof vests,
they never came.

I should be dead by now
along with all those comrades,

but instead I sit here
choosing plectrums, bottle necks,
breathe miraculous air.

Queen of the night
John Short

That flower right next to us,
its honey perfume coloured the sea
and all the air breathed after dark.

You told me how it grew back home
profusely in the villages, but that
you and your sisters would steal it

from a neighbour's garden just for fun
which made me smile at your illicit side
of tricks and secrets as a general rule.

Yet, as we sat outside that night
you chose to let me under your defence
for once, with the story of a flower:

white petals I can still recall,
their nocturnal aroma like scented heat,
bringing us perhaps a little closer.

On Life
John Short

Life is fragile as a flower
mysterious as starlight,
its vanished source
alive so long ago.

I see speaking,
breathing intelligence
in those eyes,
then you don't
even occupy space,

so how can you kill
yourselves and others
when we won't be here
that long anyway?

Behind anger is fear
of what we hate the most:
hate that simmers
deep inside
like a dark volcano.

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 poem

English sparrows, also year-round
citizens, go about each sparrow's life, a dun
cowbird emerges from its shadowed hiding

place to encounter a new Spring. After false
December with smoke from fires, sun for
days a stark cherry in a sky white with ash

above hills stained by ghostly snow, sea fog
shrouds the morning.

(May)

May
Nels Hanson

Western bluebird and trilling meadowlark
 have returned with red-winged blackbirds
 perched again on tips of reeds. Swallows

from the south cut frenzied arcs over rooftops
 and build mud houses on walls under scarlet
 tiles. Old enemies who never migrate, scrub

jay and operatic mockingbird exchange
 ancient insults as they trade stations, blue
 jacaranda and pink-flowered hedge called

escalona. English sparrows, also year-round
 citizens, go about each sparrow's life, a dun
 cowbird emerges from its shadowed hiding

place to encounter a new Spring. After false
 December with smoke from fires, sun for
 days a stark cherry in a sky white with ash

above hills stained by ghostly snow, sea fog
 shrouds the morning. Yesterday at highest
 branch of the ornamental pear tree a first

green leaf appeared a moment an emerald
 parakeet escaped from an unlocked cage,
 stiff ocean wind ruffling its sunlit feathers.

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

Slow but progressive
Awake from Hypnos' spell

(Aftermath)

Frightened
Under ghost-sheets,

Screaming
About elemental

(Southern Cross)

And though I pretend past is

Forgotten and forgiven among
More important items of the day
A face of smiling dissimulation

(Under my Skin)

Aftermath
Mukund Gnanadesikan

Cardboard utopia
Falls without an echo
Somnambulists imbibe
Sap of poisoned fruit trees
Slumber spreads apace
Slow but progressive
Awake from Hypnos' spell
Behold the wreckage
For this too you have wrought
Unbridled
And remorseless

Southern Cross
Mukund Gnanadesikan

White
 Burning hatred

Purity
 Like snow.

Inflames
 Citizens' hearts

Fools
 Proclaim loudly

Planted
 By vitriolic

Ignorant
 To logic.

Scarlet
 Wrinkled hands

Epidermis
 Hides nothing

White
 Angry men

From
 Educated eyes;

March,
 Chanting mantras,

Show
 Your faces.

Projecting
 Holographic bravado,

We
 Fear Not.

Frightened
 Under ghost-sheets,

Truth
 Is color-blind.

Screaming
 About elemental

Under my Skin
Mukund Gnanadesikan

Your barbs once placed
Under thin epidermal surface
Color of lightly roasted coffee

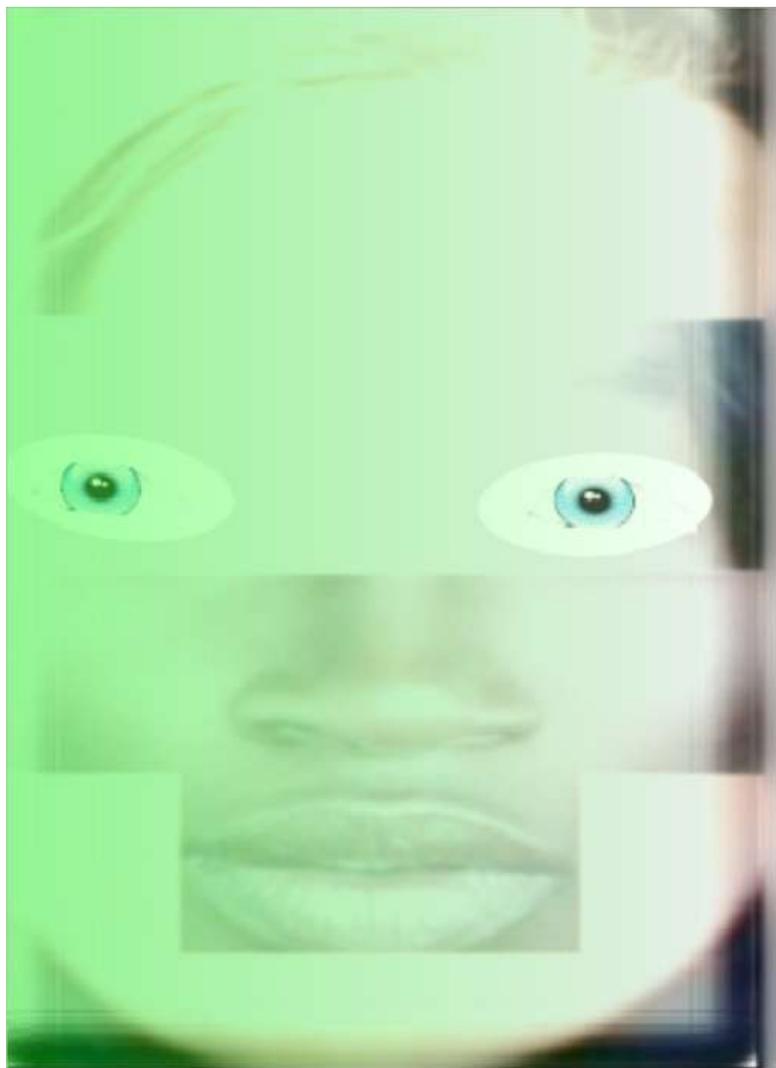
Persist in place despite best efforts
To insulate present from past offense
And prickling formication reminds

Of taunting smiles and ridicule and spit
Sent hurtling through hallways
And closed space between us

Time sharpened some of memory's
Grappels, dulling sundry others
And though I pretend past is

Forgotten and forgiven among
More important items of the day
A face of smiling dissimulation

You will always be there
A prickly layer
Piercing from within.



Blue Eyes