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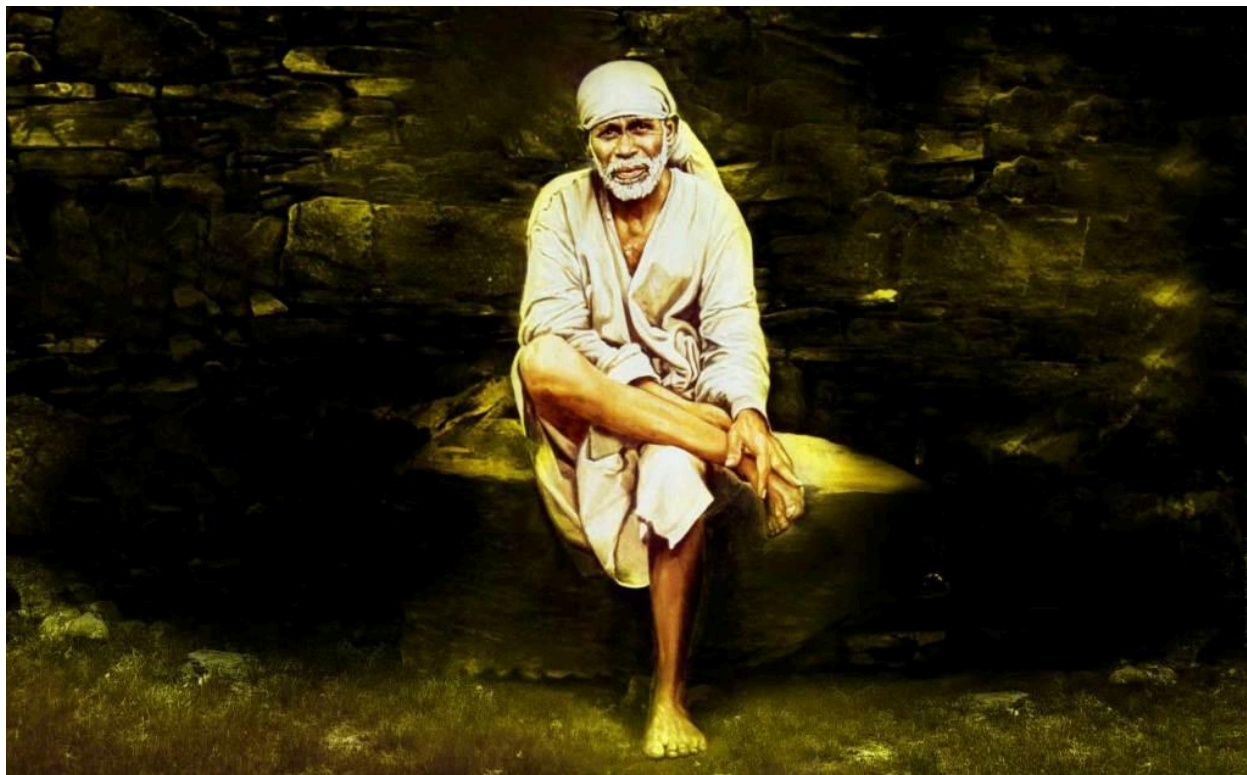
Arc Magazine



Arc Magazine 2021

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Shirdi sai baba : Saint and yogi born in India. My literary journey is dedicated to him.

Dr Pragya Suman (Founding editor, Arc Magazine)

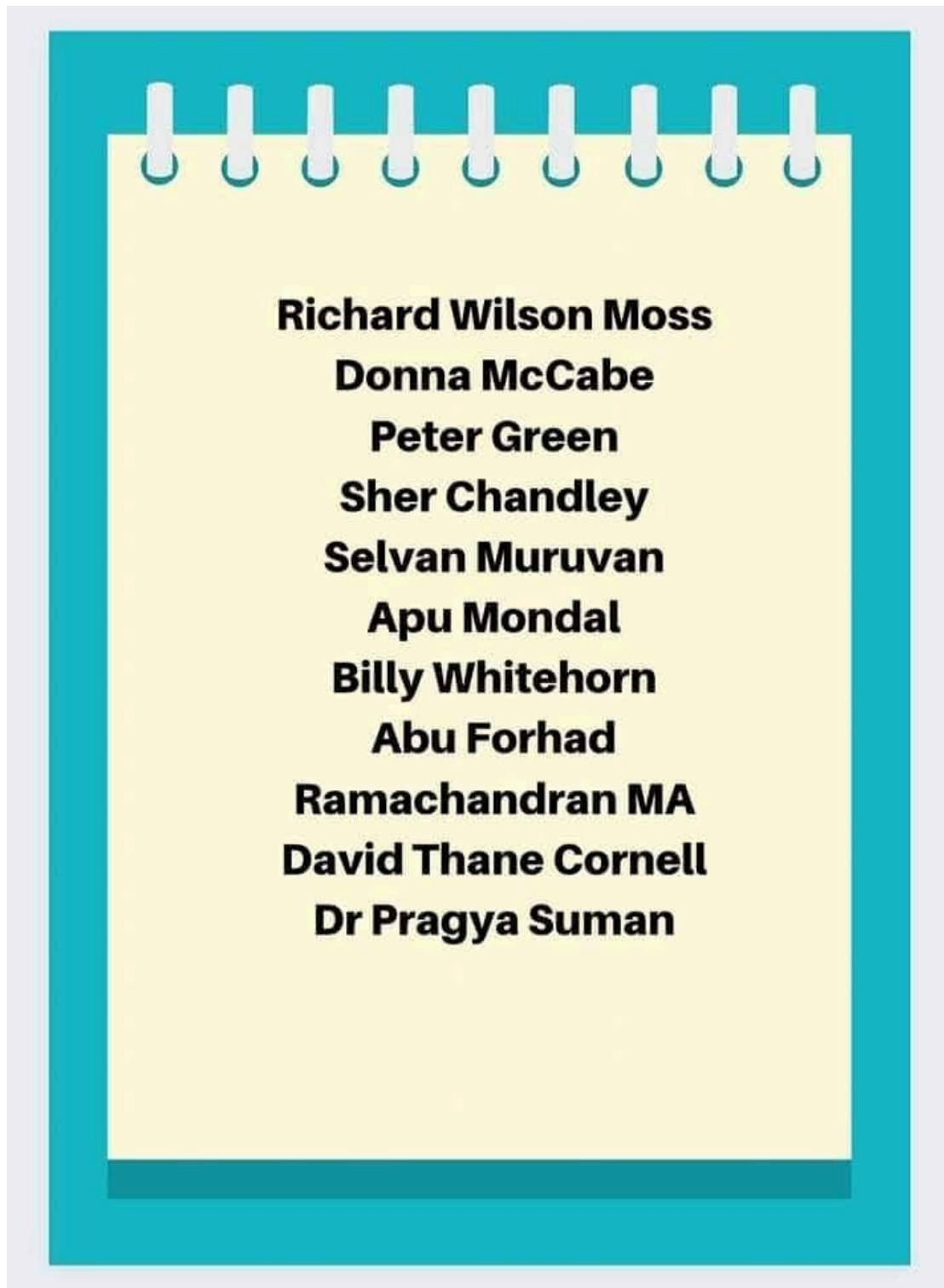
The cover of Arc Magazine Summer Issue 2021 is designed to look like a spiral-bound notepad. It features a teal background with a white spiral binding at the top. A yellow notepad page is centered on the cover, with the title and contributor list printed on it in black text.

Arc Magazine

Summer Issue 2021

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D S Maolalai
William Doreski
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Featured Poet : Gregory Betts

**Featured Interview : Oz
Hardwick**

**Book review of Dr Ramkrishna
Singh**

**Book review of Dr Pragya
Suman**

Editor's Note

This is an ignited inauguration issue of Arc and it's idea came in november 2020. In this era we understand the online power which can make literature bloom in a discreet vase rather than diluting it. Reading , writing and publishing all require considerable time investment . In the end we get artistic satisfaction, though economically insufficient. Arc is dedicated to avant garde though we welcome all forms of verses. For breakage of genre existence of genres are essential. Actually Arc is a cup of avant garde in which lies every varied form of genre imparting its own role, taste and fragrance. Dissolving the individual tastes would always be felt more intensively after tasting the individual form.

We have featured Gregory Betts as FEATURED POET OF ISSUE. Here are three visual poems by MR BETTS beside one of his brilliant essays, " Writing the Negative way ". We have kept an interview of issue by Oz-Hardwick, an efficient name in experimental literature, prose poetry.

His opinions on fragmentation are worth taking note.

Beside online submissions, we selected a few poems from social media, my facebook group "Meet the poets " where many amazing poetries have been dropped.

Book reviews are also here.

Previous year when the chilled winter was at its zenith, the fragmented innerself behind the mask came in powerful plethora to me. Maybe the reason behind it is our personal one or sociopolitics but the unifying thread seems obscured though in core they are still intact I know. One can tell it has prismic multiple wavelengths, where artists see them in particular shards.

Among varied poems, visual poetry, prose poems and free verses I have kept a poem written in traditional stanza form " The books " to make this collection a cocktail of artistic prism.

So readers please welcome it as we will always be in need of your support !

Dr Pragya Suman

June 2021

Founding Editor, Arc Magazine, India



Featured Poet

Gregory Bettes



Bio: Gregory Betts is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently Foundry (Redfoxpress (Ireland), 2021), a collection of visual poems, and Sweet Forme (Apothecary Archive (Australia), 2020), a visualization of the sound patterns in Shakespeare's sonnets. He lives in St. Catharines, Ontario, and teaches at Brock University. He is the curator of the bpNichol.ca Digital Archive.

Writing the Negative Way

Gregory Betts

There are different models for transforming our way of seeing. One of these ways is *via negativa*, the negative way, that seeks knowledge obtained by denial. The opposite of *via negativa* is the *kataphatic* or positive way that is understood as the way of speech. If we think of the *via negativa* in relation to speech, we start to attend to the energy and knowledge of the unwritten doctrines of language, speech, and communication. Language is an unseen third factor in any example of communication, whether art or everyday. It is a mediator that shapes the limits of that communication, that structures the way we experience ideas, insight, and knowledge. Despite its limitations, the positive element of language is essential for daily life, for story, and self-understanding. Visual poetry, in contrast, reverses the kataphatic role of language and arrests speech to see the elements in strategic isolation. It becomes a tool to open our consciousness to the way that we inherit ideology, to disrupt our habits of language use. What visual poets discover is that when you reverse the polarity of language, pursue the *via negativa* of speech by exposing the mechanisms that drive the engine of communication, you discover the vibratory verve of letters. In Canada, visual poets such as bill bissett, Judith Copithorne, and bpNichol from the 1960s, or M. NourbeSe Philip, Derek Beaulieu, and Kate Siklosi more recently, have shattered grammar and language habits as if

they were shattering the worst poisons of contemporary life – colonialisms, capitalisms, misogyny, wanton environmental destruction, and so on.

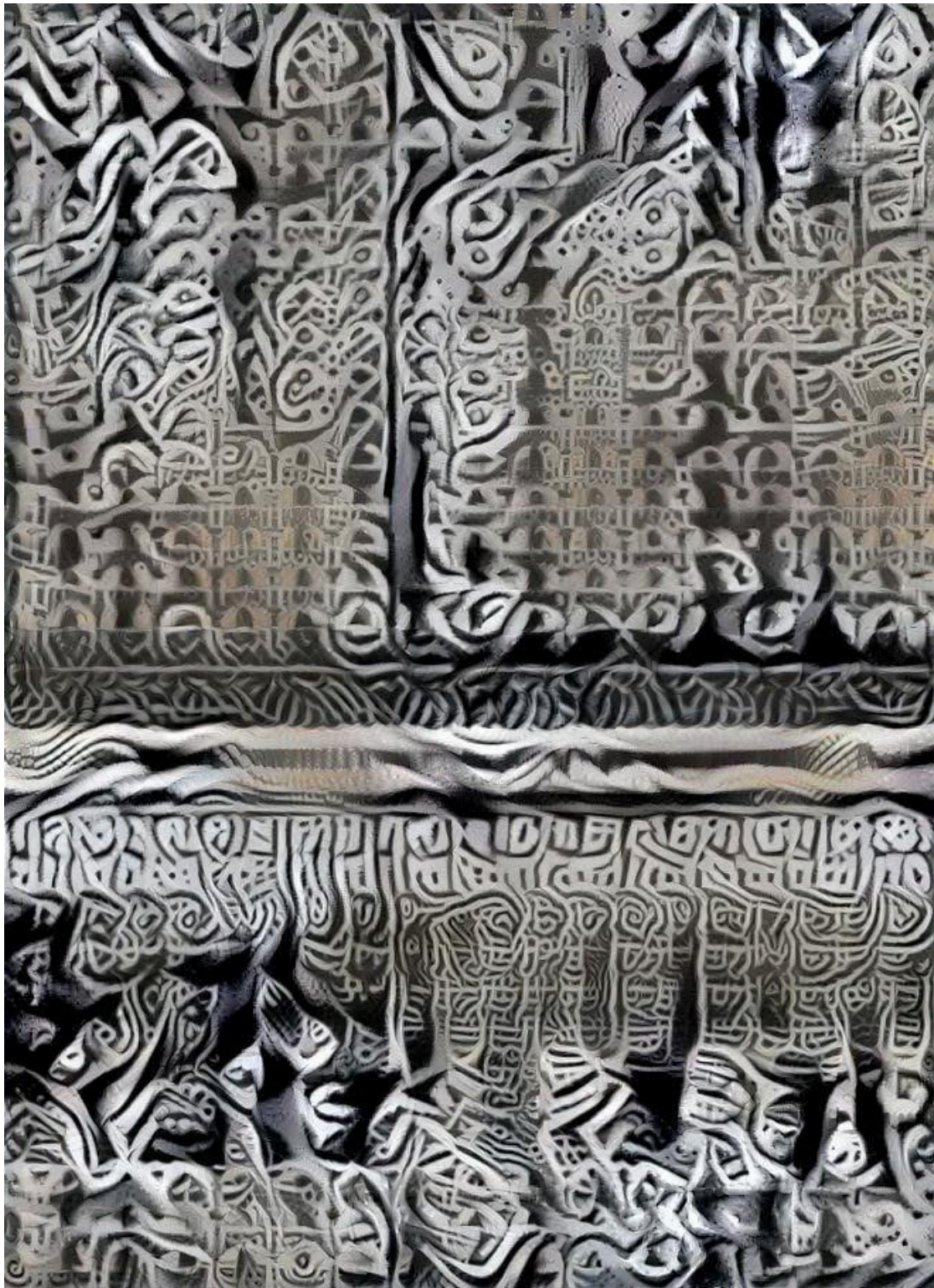
They connect to a wider field of writers and artists who seek a more holistic perspective on knowledge, who combine rather than isolate the senses, and attend to and expand the unseen, secret underbelly of knowledge that establish the boundaries of thinking. In the words of Marcus Aurelius, “as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too.”

So, while language allows us to move and work and live in the world, we are also approaching a crisis point at this point in human history where the ways we have moved, worked, and lived in the world will turn against the possibility of doing so in the future.

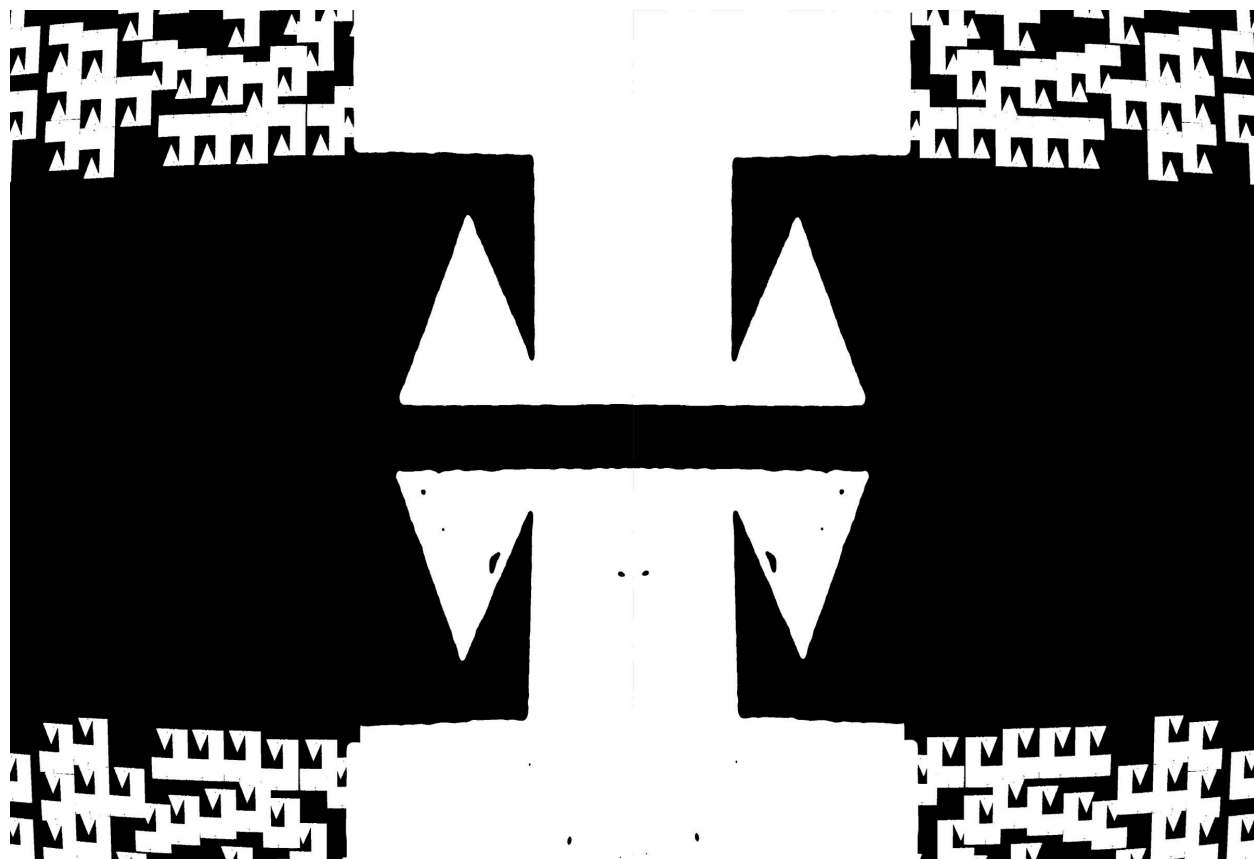
Visual poetry becomes a means of counting our sorrows, consoling grief, by attending to one thing with complete abandon. Instead of being overwhelmed by incomprehensibility, such artists pursue the brutal beauty of language and, thereby, expand its insidious scale. I don’t think the tradition seeks to change the world by itself – the scale of a visual poem is microscopic compared to farming methods, energy sources, and warfare. What becomes of consciousness, though, if we expand the limits of language art to the widest imaginable limits, and gain a tool to help see the implications and harms of human cultures? We might pause in our habits and customs to think about what needs to come next, to come in its place. Visual poetry

is a rich invitation into the pause of habits. It is a recognition that there are entire worlds not known, oceans in the very letters of the words through which we experience and understand the world.

By Gregory Betts

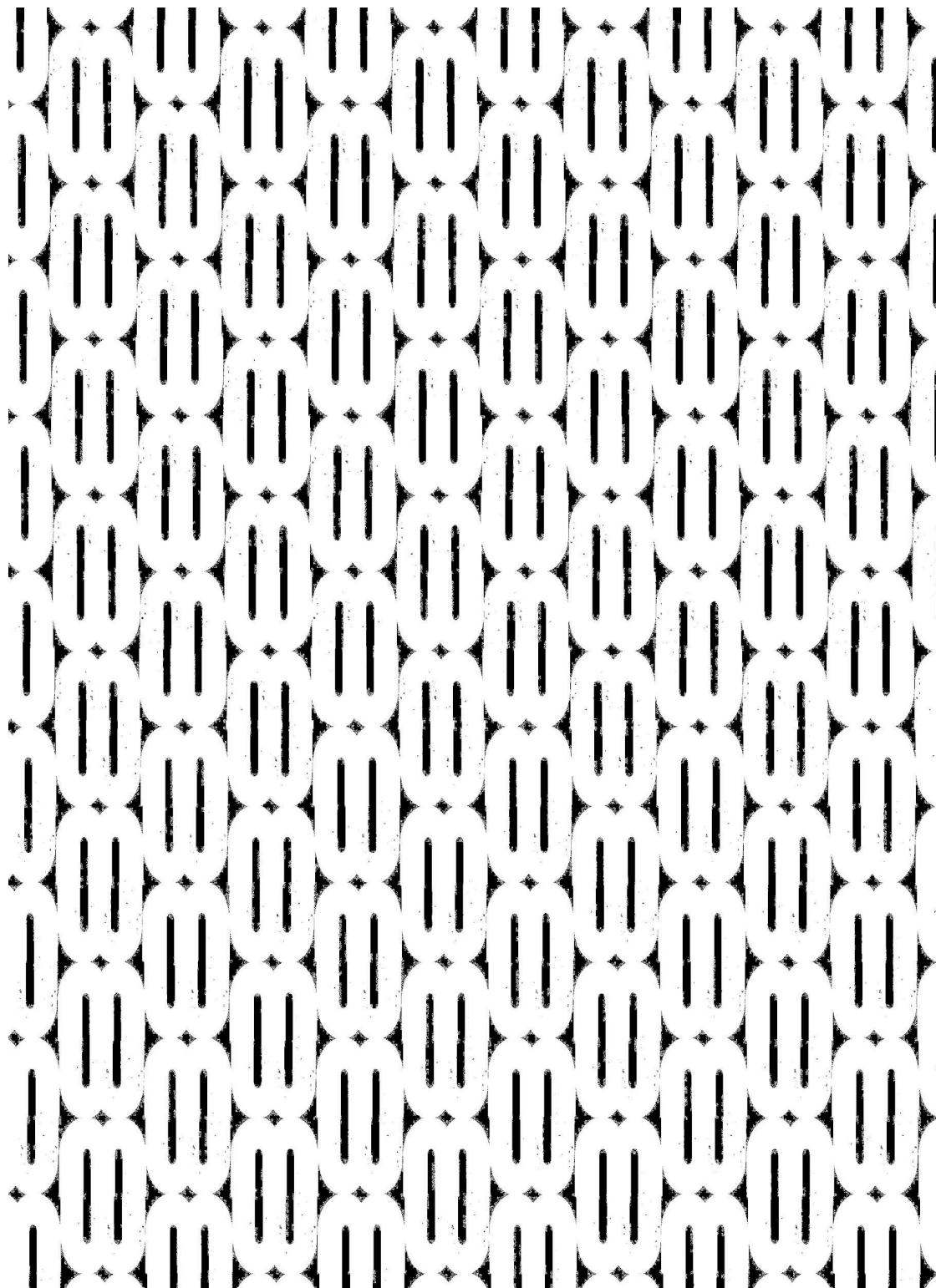


By : Gregory Betts



By : Gregory Betts

The layers of D by Gregory Betts



In Which Obsolete Tries to Rewrite Its Story: The Lost Episode

Master shot:

Tall doors loom open
to black matte walls, room almost
empty except for a long narrow table
and a towering obelisk of a lectern.

Chancellor speaks:

*It's been 5,000 years of the zero game;
once nothing appears, it's here to stay.*

Obsolete enters and declares:

*a lot of me may not be as bad as a lot of them
but now I am a fable that's lost
its imprint in the ever-shifting ground.
Look over there—musty insides of a language factory.
Look over there—can any of your minds snatch me
from this soup of shadows?*

Look over there—over there—Look-
Over-Theres on rewind.

BY : Rikki Santer

BIOGRAPHY : Rikki Saunter is from columbus, Ohio, United States of America. His work has appeared in various publications and he has received many honors including five pushcart and three ohioana book award nominations as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. His tenth collection, *How to Board a Moving Ship*, is forthcoming this fall by Lily Poetry Review Books

UN CHIEN ANDALOU

And as the razor
 sliced through
 the eye moon
 so did the dogs
 bark in unison
 covered in urine
 like a penitent *Story*
of the Eye Christ

our cries are the lusts of ghosts

we dance toward some
 predestined dog perhaps
 borrowed from a dissection table
 that Andalusian dog's moon/eye
 razored to aspic by a cyclist
 with anthropoid hands

our lusts are ghosts

hope springs eternal
 and summers in Venice
 with players and painters
 all melt into the persistence
 of bombed faded memory

Robert Beveridge

Biography :

Robert Beveridge (he/him) is from the United States of America, makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in Page and Spine, The Pointed Circle, and Failed Haiku, among others.

ACER DAVIDII

**Listen, you can hear a bell shaped shadow
of the Pere David Maple!
Sit there for awhile and imagine the author
of this poem is the reincarnation**

**of the French missionary
who discovered the species in China
and imported it to America
200 years ago.**

**Nice try, David, I can hear you say,
as the concept of being born again
on this planet
is inconceivable and beyond**

**your grasp. What's not beyond
my grasp is this tree with my name
written all over it with its crimson leaves,
enjoying the good life among rivers**

**lakes and mountain streams.
Better be reading this, Snakebark Maple:
There's only room for one tree
in my heart**

**and Pere David is standing guard
to stop you from slithering in.**

DAVID THANE CORNELL

Biography : David Thane Cornell is an American author who shared Pulitzer nomination with San Francisco tenderloins times. He has written many poetry books.

Arc Magazine Interview June 2020

Oz Hardwick



Arc-- Beside the author you are also a photographer and musician. In your creative core are they all interlinked with each other? And how do you manage your artistic equilibrium in these three zones?

Oz H-- I think that all my creative endeavours are part of the same process, which I have been thinking of recently as framing manageable pieces of chaos and holding them up to the light. Art is often discussed in terms of making sense of the world, but I have come to terms with the world not making sense – at least on a level I can grasp intellectually – and so mostly what I think I try to do is to look closely at details I find beautiful in the great mass of overstimulation.

I have always written, but I became fascinated by photography in my teens and trained as a photographer when I left school. I found myself particularly drawn to abstraction, light and shade, extreme close-ups, patterns and textures. And that is what I try to do in my writing, too: Russell Edson talked about his prose poetry being “the shape of thought,” and that’s something which resonates very strongly with me. Music, too: I’m far from being “a musician,” but I play music and am more of an experimenter with sound.

In terms of equilibrium, I am first and foremost a writer, though, and the other disciplines and experiments grow out of that.

Arc--I have read that you have always heard voices. Are they auditory hallucinations? In how many ways and to what extent that has affected your creative process?

Oz H--No, it’s not auditory hallucination, as such. Rather, it is something akin to pareidolia: whereas it’s common to see faces or whatever in random visual stimuli, I have always heard

words in random sounds. It was quite scary for me as a child, but once I understood what it was, I found it interesting. I suppose it's just an extreme form of the way we may mishear a song lyric or what someone says in a noisy room. I will sometimes "tune in" to the sounds of a building or of a train, and let the words form, and I have used that as the basis for writing but, more generally, I think it opened me up very early to the intriguing and sometimes unsettling world of non-sequiturs and linguistic chance which is beyond the purely functional aspect of language.

Arc--Your book *Wolf Planet* is an experimental prose poetry micro novella. What is the future of fragmented novels in the postmodernism era? Will they replace conventional novels? Or will prose poetry efface the boundary between poetry and novels also through its fragmented fabric

Oz-H--We live in a time of fragmentation in so many ways, and I think that the rise in popularity of the novel or novella in flash is as much a response to this as it is to busy people having less time to devote to reading. There's something about the gaps between sequential flash fictions which is as important as the words. While *Wolf Planet* claims to be a novella, it does so in the same way that Richard Brautigan's *Trout Fishing in America* claims to be a novel: it's inviting itself into a house where it doesn't belong. I'm not just interested in prose poetry as a marginal form, but also that further shimmering boundary where it abuts flash fiction, and the simple – perhaps oversimple – distinction for me is that prose poetry doesn't have the narrative impulse of flash fiction.

In spite of occasional cries of alarm, I feel that the traditional novel's future is fairly secure for as long as people still read. There is something which many, many people find both satisfying and

comforting in stories, and I can't see that changing. At the same time, though, the novel has always provided a very mutable space for ideas. I live in York, about 20 minutes' walk from where the first volumes of Laurence Sterne's *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* were published in 1759, and it's a novel which is still dazzling in its wild experimentation. I hope there will always be works that challenge our expectations of what a novel is and what it can do.

Arc--Could you tell about your childhood and especially about your Grandfather , how he guided your creative channels?

Oz-H--I grew up in a close, working-class family on the south-west coast of England, in a house with my parents, my sister, and my mother's parents. I had a particularly strong relationship with my grandfather. He had left school at 14 and been an agricultural worker – working his way up from shepherd to Estate Manager – but at the same time he had a passion for the English Lake poets, particularly Wordsworth, and Robert Burns; these writers who had made poetry from the language of ordinary people. He wrote poetry himself – very much in the 19th-century mode – as well as being a self-taught musician and enthusiastic singer of folk songs, and also enjoying drawing. And I very much took after him in my enthusiasm. I was fortunate, though, that later I had the opportunity to take these enthusiasms further when I enrolled as a mature student studying English and Art History at university. This transformed my life entirely, but if you scratch the academic surface you'll find the passionate autodidact just underneath.

Arc--How do you see the sometimes problematic relationship between poetry and prose, which causes so many poets, critics and anthologists anxiety?

Oz-H I think the relationship is more problematic for critics than for writers. As some people like stories, others like labels. I have had a fascination with – indeed I’d go so far as to say a love of – prose poetry since before I knew what it was. I stumbled upon it by chance upon Richard Brautigan’s “The Cleveland Wrecking Yard” in an anthology of short stories. It looked like a short story on the page, but it’s actually a chapter from a book that claims to be a novel; yet it behaves like a poem, with its energy deriving from image and metaphor with the mooring ropes cut. I found it a remarkable piece of writing, but for all its overt claims to fiction, I couldn’t stick a convincing label on it until I came across the term “prose poem” – possibly through reading Brian Patten in *The Mersey Sound* anthology.

All of which is a round-about way of saying that prose and poetry have always felt like comfortable companions to me. The opposite of prose is *verse* and never – or, at least rarely – the twain shall meet, but the substantial and ever-growing library of prose poetry speaks for itself.

Arc--Whom does Oz Hardwick read in spare time besides photography, cooking and music?

Oz-H--I am always reading new poetry, of course. Luke Kennard’s *On the Sonnets* is the most exciting collection I’ve read of late, and I have in recent years made a lot of connections with Australia where there are some wonderful writers: Cassandra Atherton, who’s also a major scholar of prose poetry, is exceptional, with dazzlingly prismatic prose poems which are both intricate and practically weightless; and Dominique Hecq, too, whose language is so physical that it reaches out and grabs you firmly by the wrist until you have followed it to exactly where it wants to take you.

Arc--What is the most unethical practice in the publishing industry?

I think it is still so-called “vanity publishing.” One would expect it to have died out with the rise in accessible self-publishing platforms, but still there are inexperienced writers who are seduced by the promise of a “proper” publisher and don’t realise that they are being exploited because they don’t know anything about the industry. I don’t really like the term “vanity” publishing, as it implicitly diminishes the writer who, most likely, is just inexperienced and trusting. It’s a parasitical practice that preys on people who just want to make their art and communicate it to others – which I don’t think is a bad thing to want to do.

Arc--If you could tell your younger writing self anything, what would it be?

Oz-H--I would probably say “overcome your fears,” but I’m fairly sure my younger self would listen. I have written since childhood, but submitted for publication very rarely and certainly wouldn’t have read my work in public. I always had problems with lack of confidence and self-esteem: I still do, but I have learned – quite late in life – to do things anyway.

Arc--What kind of research do you do, and how long do you spend researching before beginning a book?

Oz-H--I don’t really think in terms of research. I have a personality which tends towards the single-minded and obsessive. It isn’t the most useful of characteristics on a day-to-day basis, but

it is absolutely ideal for a writer, in that I can draw on current and past obsessions. As well as poetry, I have written a monograph and many academic articles on medieval art and literature and this deep well of iconography, example, romance and fabliaux, with all its strange textures, is particularly sustaining. I am this year involved in a couple of projects marking the 700th anniversary of the death of Dante, so this medieval streak has been manifesting itself in various ways. But I just like to incorporate whatever I am curious about at a given time.

Arc--What is the most difficult part of your artistic process?

Oz-H--I really don't find it difficult at all. Apart from the amateur enthusiasm, the other thing I inherited from my family is a really strong work ethic. Around the work responsibilities of being an English Professor at Leeds Trinity University, I will, 365 days a year, sit down and write the first draft of a poem, usually over breakfast. They will not always be *good* first drafts and most will never go any further, but I have been doing this for years and a good number are worth developing. I don't believe in inspiration, and writing is so much a part of who I am that writer's block is about as likely as eater's block: I feel uncomfortable if I haven't written something.

What inspired you to venture in the liminal space of prose poetry?

As I've touched upon, it's something I discovered by chance, and the attraction was precisely that I thought I was reading a story and I wasn't. I was surprised, intrigued and, in a way, liberated. I've mentioned stories a few times, so I should probably come out and say it: I'm not that interested in narrative. It's back to that idea of stories making sense of life – something

a number of theorists have suggested it is one of the basic characteristics of being human – but it seems to me a very reductive way of approaching ideas and, indeed, using language. Beginning and ends are never more than arbitrary conveniences – and we’re back to *Tristram Shandy* again – and I like the way that prose poetry beckons the reader into the page and, instead of offering that familiar Aristotelian unravelling we expect from a block of prose, it pulls countless possible (and impossible) beginning and endings from a hat we didn’t even notice it was wearing. I think this makes it the perfect literary mode for our times, because at least a fair proportion of the world seems to have reduced the world to simple stories, whether that’s a three-word political slogan or a persuasive meme. And this oversimplification has the pernicious effect of reinforcing objective certainties and absolutist views, and making the space between polarities too wide to cross. Prose poetry is a mode of writing – and of reading – that opens rather than closes. As you say, it represents a liminal space: it encourages compromise with one’s expectations, nuance, subtlety, reinterpretation, even negotiation with language and one’s own relationship to language; and that’s the sort of fertile terrain in which I choose to plant my orchard for future fruits.

The Massacre of the Innocents: Two Versions

The curve of a hill seen through an open window and the angular hang of unimportant drapery: this is where the artist's signature holds sway, from Auden's Old Masters to my aunt working from photographs in an oil-lit air raid shelter. Though we try our best to be postmodern, we shamefacedly trust the Grand Narratives: here a birth, there a death, and in between are lustful gods and lone cottages in the woods. So, when we paint the same old same old, we forget that the mundane clutter carries our signature more clearly than the monogram in the bottom right-hand corner. This picture of a market at dusk, with children playing ball and dogs dodging pushchairs and shopping trolleys, breathes my aunt's hand in its flutter of awnings and the rise and fall of hills. Just outside the frame, a bull ravishes a flimsy nymph as flames appear in the sky. That rumbling could be thunder or approaching aircraft, but no one in the picture appears concerned.

By : Oz Hardwick

Midlife Crisis Pasteurized

At age forty-three
 I totally lost it.
 Every random rumor
 that snickered through my twenties
 befell me.
 I was so addicted
 that I saw the sun
 as a death omen.
 I wore out:
 favorite shoes,
 good friends,
 cherished memories
 and the few virtues that I had.
 Then I really got going.

At one point
 I'd insulted or alienated
 everything except milk.

Looking back on it now
 I've learned a number
 of important lessons
 not the least of which
 is never put your allegiance
 with dairy products.

By Gerry Fabian

Biography : R. Gerry Fabian is a retired English instructor. As a poet and novelist, He has been publishing his writing since 1972 in various literary magazines. He lives in Doylestown, PA

DAILY DIALOGUE

Trailer's silver in the moon, pickup's rusty as November trees. Her shoes sparkle on the narrow floor. Feet slip in and out of them. See, she says to no one in particular, they still fit. But which pair will she wear tonight? Her neighbor's home. She can hear him coughing. Tonight, she'll dance surely, all the sequins flashing. Do people still dance? As long as she does, then people do. What does her neighbor say? He has bronchitis. Going on five years of it. Maybe it's cancer. That's what Jack sounded like. He was gone before he even asked her for the next dance. And she has a dozen pairs of shoes to choose between. And still living in their old trailer, with his old pickup where he parked it last And her neighbor coughing half the night. Still, it wouldn't hurt to dance a little

By John

Biography : John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in Orbis, Dalhousie Review and the Round Table. Latest books, "Leaves On Pages" and "Memory Outside The Head" are available through Amazon.

Double Negative

(NOTE: Read Column 1, Column. Then read each complete line across)

there are pinpoints	through the bubble
of light	where the air
in the oil spill	screams
kindnesses	in the many
punctured	keys of pain

By Kevin Brown

Kevin Brown has published two short story collections, *Death Roll* and *Ink On Wood*, and has had Fiction, Non-fiction and Poetry published in over 200 Literary Journals, Magazines and Anthologies. He won numerous writing competitions and was nominated for multiple prizes and awards, including three Pushcart Prizes. He co-wrote the film *Living Dark: The Story of Ted the Caver* that won a Moondance Film Festival Award and was sold to New Films International.

A SHADE OF RED

The rain finally stops. In the distance, a sudden slap of lightning, the twelve mississippis and the faint echo of thunder. All at once: the faint shape of perfume from the Palace of ----. A muscular snow field, snowmen to the left, Daisy Mae and Maisie's mule stuck in the back forty and a woman dressed in scarlet and russet attempts to rise from the nearby river, but she is rust, the banks neither steep nor slippery, only ladders of air and I descend the stairs into a cesspool of ----. Then: more rain, lightning lurching above the tall grass, no mississippis, a volcanic blast of cloud explosives, a hammer and an anvil, a wind with boulders of hail. I go out into a period draining bricks, slate, remnants of ceramic tile. The screen door swings open letting loose a reddish stream in a perfect curve. Inside there are drippings of red on the hardwood floor, water in the faucet blood and decomposition, a faint liquid strain on the hand saw, a scab on a haphazard pile of white cardboard. You think this is about death, a murder, violence we know nothing of as of yet? No. When the storm finally passes, rainbows color the sky rust.

Michael H. Brownstein

Biography : Michael H. Brownstein's latest volumes of poetry, *A Slipknot to Somewhere Else* (2018) and *How Do We Create Love?* (2019), were published by Cholla Needles Press.

Merest Poet

The Shakespearean sonnet
about my dog

You hound are a starry night over fog,
fallen in love with the Epiphany.
The moon may be mine! Told the moony dog.
With your tender garden – is so dreamy.

Bewitchment of stars, your ability.
Your hunting is a dearer observation.
A moonlit night is your eternity.
May the soft ghost be in adoration!

Roses awoken in glory – starlet.
You can taste, listen and feel them galore.
Enchant the nectar like druidic glade!
It was drunk from Ovidian amphorae.

Be, you dog, a heart-shaped meek poet!
Broken wings of loneliness are dead.

By Pawe³ Markiewicz

Biography : Paweł Markiewicz was born in 1983 in Siemiatycze in Poland. He is a poet who lives in Bielsk Podlaski and writes tender poems, haikus as well as long poems. Paweł has published his poetries in many magazines. He writes in English and German.

In Praise of Solitude

Sometime this morning
 I lifted myself off the sagging
 bed in a chilled apartment
 above a bar in Saginaw.
 I can almost see my breath
 as I stare into a weak cup
 of black coffee, thinking
 how I fulfilled my father's
 prophecy that I'd screw
 up a free lunch.
 My neighbor plays
 his television 24/7
 and the news program
 that blares now reminds
 me of how little myself
 or anyone has learned.
 I flipped open a notebook
 an hour ago to face
 the confrontation of empty pages.
 I'm staying in today. Winter's
 teeth have sharpened
 and there are no jobs here.
 A blind man taps his cane
 on the sidewalk out front.
 He's too early: the bar won't
 open for another hour.

By Bruce Gunther

Biography : Bruce Gunther is a former journalist and poet who lives in Michigan. He's a graduate of Central Michigan University. His poetry has been published in The Dunes Review, the Loch Raven Review, Modern Haiku, Still Life, and Sledgehammer Lit, among others.

Catching frogs.

the sun reaches down
under earth's deep
moist surface,

grabbing the shoulders
of flowers to pull

upward
with the violence
of clumsy
young children

snatching at frogs
under muck.

By D S Maolalai

Bio: D S Maolalai is a graduate of English Literature from Trinity College in Dublin and recently returned there. DS Maolalai has been nominated eight times for Best of the Net and five times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019)

Kafka in Place

Kafka seated at his desk in the insurance company. He's shuffling important papers, valuable papers, contracts and the dreary reports of actuaries. His salary could support a family, but although he has been engaged to several women, he's too tubercular to marry. He lives in his fiction, his secret undertone. He writes many letters to family and friends, who feel his sour breath lofting over Prague. The days pass like kidney stones. Kafka's stories pile up in little heaps of angst and existential dismay, although the word "existential" would puzzle him. He coughs a lot, but so do most people in this damp gray city. Still, that's good enough reason to call him "Kafka," rather than the more familiar "Franz." He doesn't know that Edmund Wilson will dismiss his work, preferring the graces of Fitzgerald and Hemingway. He doesn't know that his friend Max Brod will preserve his corpse in amber. Those of us who have been to the penal colony and survived that hideous machine, that cosmic bloodletting, appreciate Kafka's attempts to clarify. Those of us who have suffered the knock on the door, the desultory interrogation, who have confessed to whatever doesn't need confessing, accept his blocky little worldview. In memory of his fragile sincerity, we cough up blood and spit it on the sidewalk. Let the post-ward paradigm and all its casual erasures be thus infected, dying at home

BY WILLIAM DORESKEI

Biography : William Doeski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. His most recent book of poetry is *Mist in Their Eyes* (2021). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

Portrait of a Mandarin

Goodbye, Chinese man,
sitting on a stone;
your shrewd old eyes
betray a penchant
for leaving
well enough alone;
even holding a small axe
above your careful garden
presents no unseemly
violation of the stillness,
no symbolic sense
of busy cultivation.

The seasons come and go,
like they do,
piling up the mold
in your garden bed;
instincts of virtue,
memories, weariness, futility,
the merciless passage of time
have no power,
lead you nowhere,
leave you peaceful
and detached
as the fleeting clouds above.
Your picture
hanging on my wall,
given to me
by my father,
dead and gone
forty years;
his picture hangs there too.
After the funeral
his cremation
and the smoke
of his burning

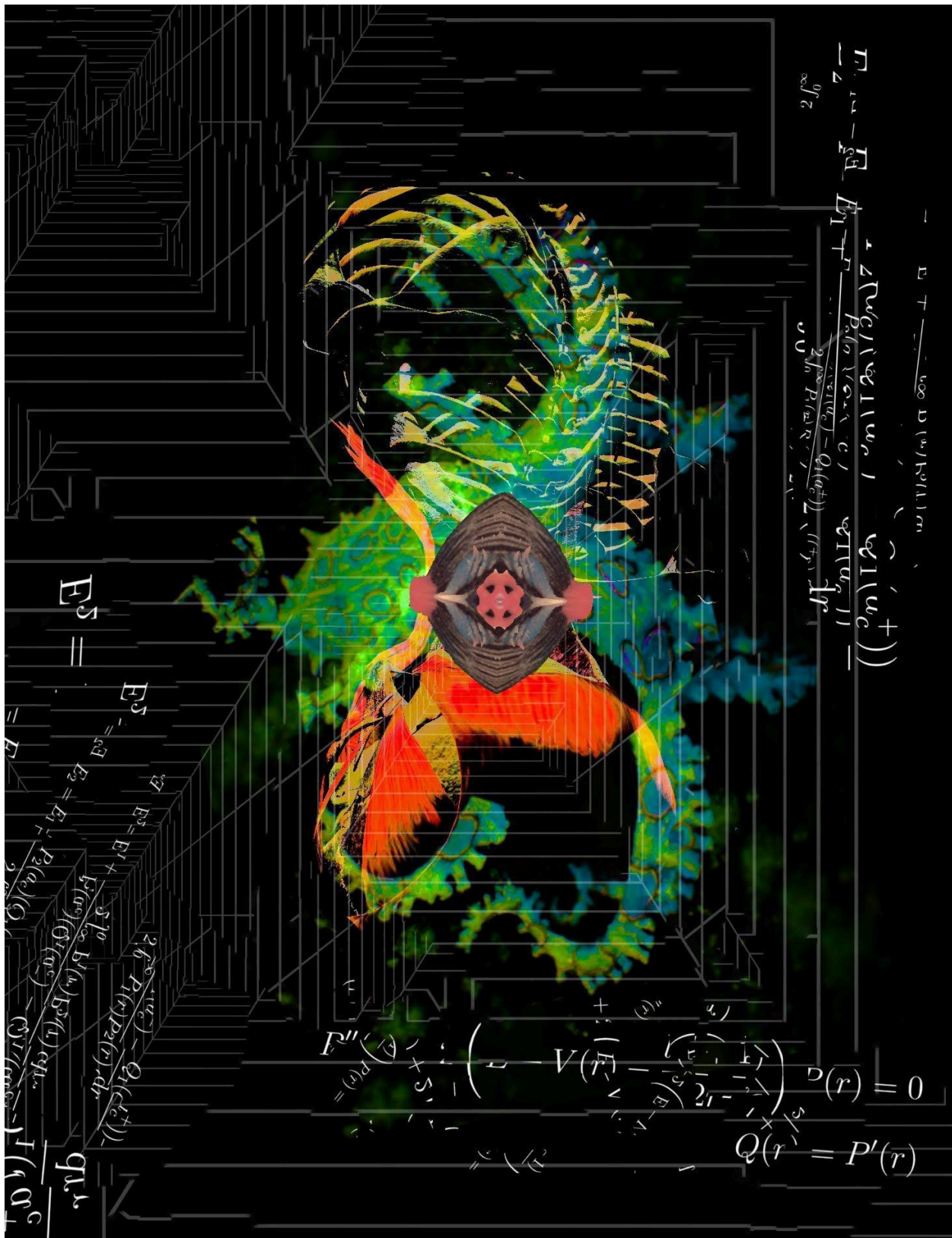
rose up the crematory chimney,
 spreading out, evanescing,
 over the roofs of
 featureless buildings.

Let it go,
 Chinese man,
 sitting on a stone;
 my father's gone and
 I'll be gone soon myself,
 but you'll still be here
 in your garden,
 sitting in your picture frame
 or maybe on the way
 to somebody else's house.
 Not hard for you to bear,
 change is no change for you;
 you and your garden are forever,
 even after we are gone;
 your garden, the stone you sit on,
 your axe, immortal in
 this world or the next
 and the death
 of all of us who saw you
 cannot touch your garden,
 your serenity, your ancient eyes.
 Jack Harvey

Biography : Jack D. Harvey's poetry has appeared in Scrivener, The Comstock Review, Valparaiso Poetry Review, Typishly Literary Magazine, The Antioch Review, The Piedmont Poetry Journal and elsewhere. The author has been a Pushcart nominee and over the years has been published in a few anthologies.

The author has been writing poetry since he was sixteen and lives in a small town near Albany, New York. He is retired from doing whatever he was doing before he retired.

Cosmic horror by James Knight



Footnote : analysis by James Knight --

The attached visual poem is from a cycle of poems and visual poems called Cosmic Horror, in which I explore some of the implications of theoretical physics through the prism of our incomprehension and our anthropocentric view of the universe. The notions that time is an illusion, space is granular, and everything is reducible to a field, are truly terrifying, and threaten to destroy all of the meanings we have carefully constructed for and about ourselves. Along the way, I touch on creation myths, our flawed attempts to express the inexpressible, as well as the symbols of our horrified fascination.

Biography : James Knight is a writer and visual poet. Recent publications include Chimera (Penteract Press), Machine (Trickhouse Press) and Rites & Passages (Salò Press). He runs visual poetry press Steel Incisors. Twitter: @badbadpoet. Website: thebirdking.com.

Jack Tar

I promise to put the knot
 Behind my ear and not
 Behind my neck, I swear
 That the days will break
 All at once, not each one
 At said hour, the perfect flower
 Will instantly bend and break
 But not me, dangling
 I promise upon decency of my death
 Life can never take
 I swear I am Jack Tar
 Sailor of a cell
 Fatality of a wreck
 Baptist of a bar
 I break bottles on barren streets
 I never lock the car.
 I hereby proclaim to put the knot
 Behind my ear
 Not behind my neck.

By Richard Wilson Moss

Biography : Richard Wilson Moss is an American poet. His books are Adquietus, Red
 Dust, Dead leaves of summer, looms, Yuma, Northspur, in woods at Night, The first rain,
 the common storm. He lives with his wife and daughter in Virginia, America.

Loves Battleground

Shot in the back by your poisoned tipped dart
It was right on target
It penetrated my heart
My once bright world
Has now turned as black as yours
Can feel the poison pulsing through me
Can only hope for a cure
You would never take no for an answer
Always had to be you and your rules
If I begged to differ I was the fool
The scars and bruises
Are both inside and out
I can see the birds circling
As my body wants to give out
I struggle to fight
To get through this god awful pain
On this battlefield of love
That has almost driven me insane.

Donna McCabe ©

Biography : Donna McCabe is writer from Rhondda, south wales, UK

An Orkney Tapestry

A primula scotica beams at me
 but the wind is a 'cat o' nine tails'
 as the waves smash against the rocks
 in an explosive frenzy of clots
 of green, blue and cream curds.

The seals bob up their heads beguilingly
 as the sun streams its orange rays on the loch
 and the standing stones are silhouetted
 against the austere Orkney sky.
 Grey clouds buffet the soft landscape
 and cows amble benevolently in the heather.

In the pub, fishermen chatter like gulls
 and slake their parched throats with
 tankards of foaming ale and whisky chasers
 as late afternoon shoppers scuttle back
 from the cobbled and briny streets.

Peter Green : Peter Green is a poet from Scotland. Nowadays he lives in Botswana and he is by profession deputy head at Teaching Service Management.
 He says “I love Orkney, Scotland and its soft, gleaming landscape. It is also steeped in archeological history.”

The Hole in my Shadow

Alone in my head
Dig a hole in my shadow
Sink into stygian inkinesss
My thoughts surround me
Bowing arrows of truth
From the mirror of my soul

Staring back at me
A reflection of archetype
Mockery on his lips
Mischievous in his heart
A seal on hearing
Veil over the eyes
Beguiled by darkness
A trade in error for guidance

My flotsam rising
My rotten bones
Pounded into dust
Set for only a season
I must purge my stain

So I send my soul
Beyond the veils
Of what is sensed
Into the unknown

To glimpse the source
From hence we came
To find the goal
Of my true destiny

I am drawn back
Into a clearer light
Into a higher self
Of the truth and reality ...

...of unity in love .

Sher Chandley

Biography : Sher Chandley is a South African writer, of Indian origin.

I

SERPENTINE

Bronze embers of the
Waning
Moon dims your
Subtle
Cinnamon
Brows -

Cloudless
Denim
Blue
Sky
Sparks in your
Tanzanite
Eyes.

Chestnut
Freckles
Laugh oh your
Scarlet cheeks and
Cling to the corner of your
Rough,
Mulberry
Lips.

Saffron-soft
Flesh
on the aromatic
Flute of your
Neck,
Rage against my
Kisses as
I Breathe
You
In
Deeply...

Treacled
Nectar of my
Love,
Spills on the
Serpentine
Curls of your
Copper-haired
Tresses.

By Selvan Muruvan

Biography : Selvan Muruvan is a poet from South Africa. He is an educator at Brailsford Primary School and lives in Durban.

The books

The books were on the table
Where I left them, stable
I took turns to think awhile
And my mind had run a mile

The weather is bad today
My books and I had our way
We exercised the noble words
Let them roam and run as herds

The books were my authority
Made me mature and worthy
I played with books as a boy
My old eyes still sparkle in joy.

By : Apu Mondal

Biography : Apu Mondal is a poet from Kolkata, India. He is High school teacher at N R PURA and lives in Tarikere.

Where In The Mist

wolves

howl

within the wild

celebrating their freedom

voices

touching within the silence

where in the mist

the dawn meets the day

pasts found

where

the hunt continues

Shadows

dancing upon the trees

whisper graveyard secrets

Raging towards Moonlight

with Honour

in their ethereal eyes,

gleaming Truth

their cries mingling with Northern Lights

as they echo around ethereal heavenly bodies

Now Alpha dog will lead the pack

He knows there is no going back

And the bleak winter moon shone through the trees

On a scene of eldritch devastation in c sharp minor

Its howl...

like an echo reaching the deep soul

Warming the night that once was so cold

And their howls fill the starry night

Growling hungry,

Champing jaws cut the mist
 shiny, and full of deadly intent
 the inhuman smiles of anticipation,
 Of hunger and desire and satiation:
 Crying at the icy, indifferent Moon.

In the night when the stars are all out
 I love how they all float all about
 The planets always burn bright and blink
 The Night is so wonderful I think.

Where in the mist
 the lonely wolf lies
 past and present forgotten
 for the future had died

Long nights of hunger
 waiting
 listening
 watching the cold circle around the moon

And in the misty breath of morning, ghostly
 shadows fade, phantasms of the night.

Family oriented
 protecting with a fierceness
 Be wary hunters to brook our territory

By Billy Whitehorn

Biography : Billy Whitehorn is a writer from Texas , United states of America.

||A Syrian Dove||

I heard -----
 In the ruined-tree of Syria -----
 A red-white dove ----- shrieking at noon -----
 So dull ----- so piercing -----
 The expanse of the evacuated sands -----
 The only audience | and me -----
 On the world-stage | listening -----
 To a demolished singer ----- a thing -----
 ----- betrayed -----
 By the broken shells | now red-white
 ----- lost memories -----
 ----- somewhere ----- embraced -----
 In the sprayed blocks -----

When to end your concert -----
 ||O|| dove ||
 Look round the world ----- a planet -----
 Newly discovered | a
 No-manned mission -----
 ----- only -----
 Some cannibals salivating around -----

|| To eat up your last concert ||

©Abu Forhad

Biography :Abu Forhad is a lecturer of english. He is from Bangladesh.

Night Rain

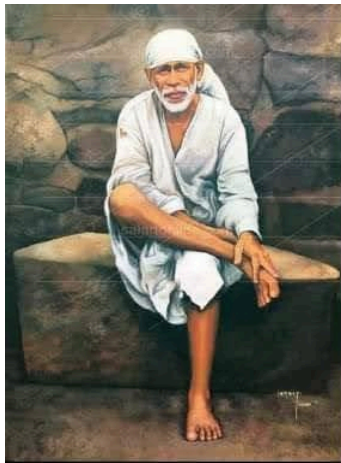
I tried to write I was walking towards you
I stopped it - it was a lie - it was raining
Things once close were far away or gone
I tried but I knew I was going nowhere
It was raining hard - the rain still I loved
It was July - it was dark and that was all
I dreamed I could walk toward you in rain
But as it was I was going nowhere
Crickets chirped in pain- the rain went on
Lamp was lit as if we were together again
As if we were crying together once again
Night was kind night and stones were kind stones
I took one sleeping pill, I read one parable
While the lantern and rain and crickets
Wrote what I used to write night after night

Biography : Ramachandran MA is a poet from Calicut, India.

Minimalist poetry

Faith and Patience

By : Dr Pragya Suman



Faith

Patienceeeeeeeeeee

Erasure Poetry

By : Dr Pragya Suman

Milena's Eyes

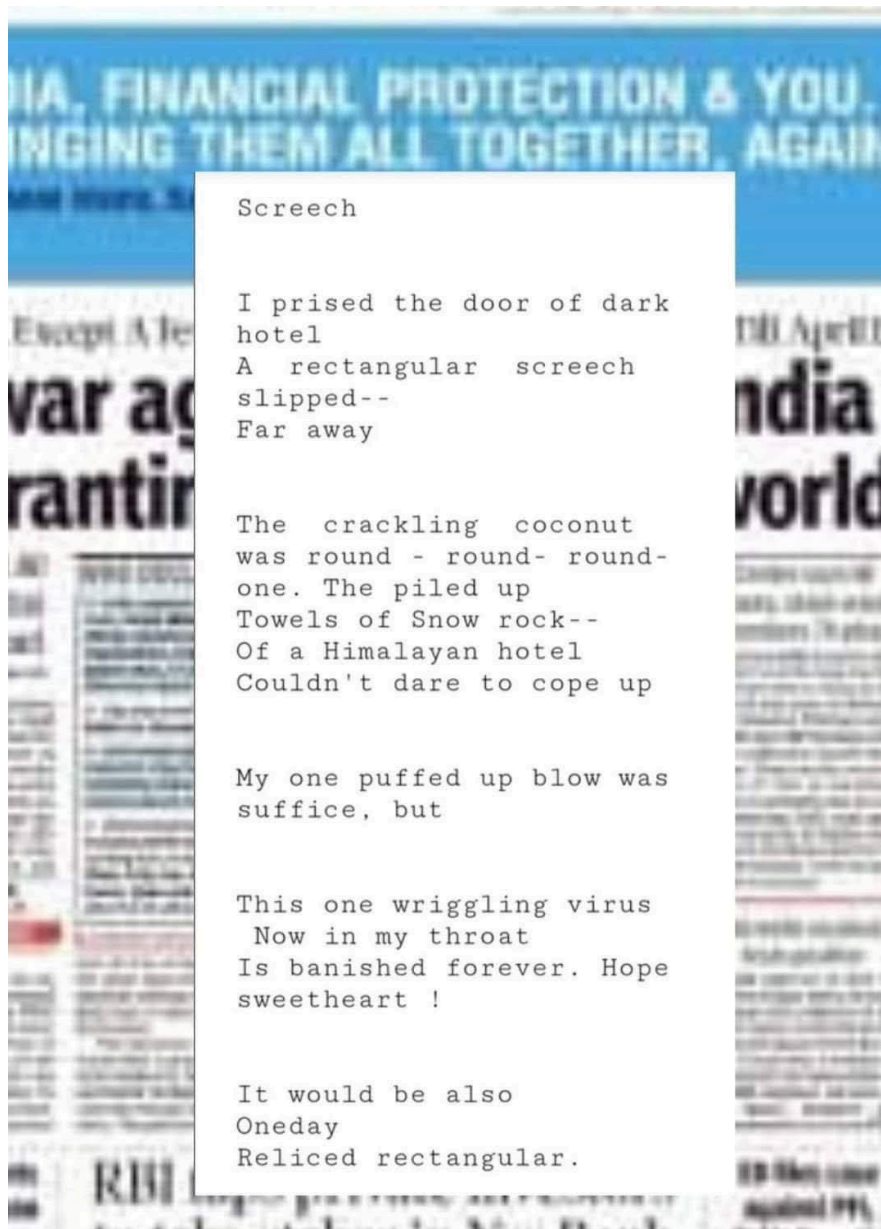
[redacted]
 [redacted] It's [redacted] terrible [redacted]
 [redacted] [redacted]
 [redacted] Milena, to take your face
 [redacted] and look [redacted]
 into your eyes [redacted]
 [redacted] the eyes [redacted]
 [redacted] [redacted] incapable
 [redacted] of thinking [redacted]
 [redacted]

Kafka

Footnote : Milena's eye is an erasure poetry, based upon Kafka's letter to Milena.

Screech (Visual Poetry)

By : Dr Pragya Suman



Covid Cube (Concrete Poetry)
By : Dr Pragya Suman

My covid cube is shattering and now

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SKYLARK SCUTTERING THE CUBE
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CORONA CORONA CORONA

Untouchable's of My Religion

The high talks of hindu codes
 Got slanted
 as they started to sank
 Downwards--

Skin stuck around them
 Alike-- wool on
 needle of my mother
 I mimicked and also weaved one

The red sweater. They call it
 scribbles of fate, not me
 They are banished--
 by my religion
 And gods--also
 Alien to me .I don't worship them as

One wrinkle takes hundred of years--

Footnote: there is a long history of caste system in Hinduism. Despite so many glorious achievements in the social and metaphysical aereana, it has conveyed one of the heinous things, to disown the lowest caste which are called untouchables.
 They have been deprived of basic rights by upper castes.
 I have written this poem upon the untouchables.

Book Review of Lost Mother

Dr Pragya Suman is a doctor by profession and an award winning author from India. She is posted now as Senior Resident in Shri krishna Medical College, Muzaffarpur, Bihar, India.

Writing is her passion which she inherited from her father. She also writes short stories and reviews which have been published in many magazines and anthologies.

Surrealism, prose poetry, and free verse , avant garde are her favourite genres.

Recently she won the Gideon poetry award for the poem in her debut book *Lost Mother* .

Dr Pragya Suman is Editor in Chief, Arc Magazine, India.

Her social media account is following

Twitter : @DrPragyaSuman7

Facebook : Pragya.Suman.50

LOST MOTHER : Poetry is, among many things, the art of saying the unsayable. Pragya Suman's poems achieve this challenge, inviting the reader to enter the space of her poetry and use their imaginations as a continuation of the ineffable. Her poems rely on diverse shifts of gestalt patterns, mysterious as paintings by surrealists. Enter wit and humor, hallmark features of her work, and her poems, oftentimes psychologically complex, become accessible to the average reader.

Lovers of the prose poem, which Dr Suman has revitalized in this collection, will be captivated by her fervor of fealty and confessionism as these compositions, leaping forth from her personal mythology, are most endearing, especially her poems about her mother and father. A

quaint domesticated spirit rules supreme here, with honor and eloquence. And who said poetry can't be fun to read? These poems have the uncanny ability to find humor in the saddest circumstances, bringing levity to the sardonic and compassion to the downtrodden. Sit back and read these poems, laugh, cry and be inspired by Pragya Suman's sagacious view of the world and, above all, her highly individualized poetic vision.

DAVID THANE CORNELL

Author of How To Write Poetry.

Buy book here : <https://www.amazon.in/Lost-Mother-Dr-Pragya-Suman/dp/9390362350/ref>

GIDEON POETRY PRIZE 2020 (SUMMER) WINNER

Lost Mother

Available now

BY DR. PRAGYA SUMAN

My mother lost in ancient fairs
While descending down in a whirl, she
Was linked to fate.

I myself pulled on my own,
Expelled while waves in hails
Of a life jokers.

Across the shore, more covered
Terraces of cobblestones
Of my mother
Backward me, in a moment
I reached shore
And began to tell off the waves,
Beads of
An ocean of embers
Matted in half on exposed ground
In a churning beach.

My little lost mother
Died in my time and again.

David Thane Cornell
Pragya's poems rely on
dense shifts of great
poetic resonance, as
poetings by narrative.

It is clear that the Pragma
language is unique, with
clear some, meaning, and
movement that have created
a special world for it, and a
distinct space based on
shaping and grade
evolution.

Aravind Chait
Pragya's poems have long

Published by : Evincepub Publishing

Book review of Against the Waves

Ram Krishna Singh is an Indian poet and academic, whose main fields of interest consist of Indian English writing, especially poetry, and English for Specific Purposes, especially for science and technology.

A reviewer, critic, and contemporary poet who writes in Indian English, Dr. Singh is the author of 46 books, more than 160 research articles and 170 book reviews.

Against the waves : Against the waves is a collection of sixty six poems by an Indian author Dr Ramkrishna Singh. The most striking feature of this book is the vast stretching panorama dotted with varied pictures. Here we can see childish grievances of the grandson, tantrums of Trump , endless stories of day to day life and of course verses on corona calamity !

Wading through these pages we find the unifying collectivity of life which remains steadfast despites of facing retaliation of waves, varied tears and fragments.

Many poems are sleek and small, reflecting a big bulk of pictures in compressed form elegantly.

A book worthwhile to read !

Published by : AUTHORS P R E S S



