

# ARC

## Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



### ISSUE 1

Arc Publishing House

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology

2021

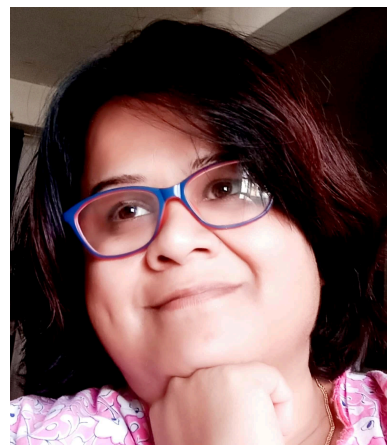
Issue 1

Editor Dr Pragya Suman

Front cover by Caroline McPherson



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



### Editor's note

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021 is the annual inauguration issue which is published by Arc Publishing house. I started this anthology after inspiration from Dr Anwer Ghani who has published five anthologies on an annual basis since 2016.

Prose poetry is emerging as a wonder wave among deconstruction and fragments of postmodernism. Despite many blurred edges of genre we strongly believe that prose poetry doesn't delete poetry but it elevates poetry. I have selected prose poems for this anthology keeping the simplest definition of prose poems by Charles Simic who says “prose poetry means which looks like prose upon paper but mind and ear perceives it like poetry”

Mind doesn't go in a linear way then how can poetry be in lines! The spooky mystery happens in the mind, about which TS ELIOT talks and tags as catalyst. Though the irony is that he rejected the idea of a prose poem.

Despite this prose poetry is gaining wide reception continuously and this anthology is a tiny effort in this way.

The marvellous book by Cassandra Atherton and Paul Hetherington “Prose Poetry: An Introduction and The Styles of Poetry” by Dr Anwer Ghani has helped me in reviewing a few poems which are included in essay sections of anthology. I am grateful to them.

Front cover and artwork for the magazine is done by Carolin McPherson and Dr Anwer Ghani.

Dr Pragya Suman

Founding Editor, Arc Magazine

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



**Front Cover : Caroline McPherson** is an abstract artist from Leicestershire in the UK. Having originally studied art & design at the University of Bradford, she has gone on to exhibit her work in numerous places online as well as galleries in the Midlands.

Her work often centres around ecocentrism, and explores issues such as the fragility of nature, as well as the deep connections to the natural world that we all share in terms of our sense of self, our relationships, and our mental states. Caroline is also heavily influenced by the North Yorkshire Moors, a place she often refers to as ‘home’

About the abstract painting of front cover she says--

“I wanted to respond artistically to the events of Saturday night: the repression of women wanting a voice against violence. I wanted to create a piece that wasn’t ‘comfortable’ to look at. I wanted to show discord and a feeling of an imposing presence around the lights of peace.”



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Pragya suman

### Shirdi Sai and Neem Tree

The green leaves stagnate even in their move. They know a magic which an old fakir had taught them. Two mynah live at neem tree twigs, they splutter in the magic of music the old man left behind. Essence of soft talks is still alive and the story is still scampering in my soul.

An adolescent arrived at Shirdi and began to meditate beneath the neem tree. A circle of nimbus sparkled the vision of shirdi dwellers. One day the young boy was digging beneath the neem tree. Gaping people around began to fly in a spell!

Were they spellbound?

Five earthen cups alighted in divine fire were laid at the dug place.

“This place belongs to my master,” the young boy beamed.

When I was reading this story a mauve colored mynah perched at my window sill.

The mauve colored mynah tweeted ---

“The young boy was an old fakir and the neem tree is still alighted with the saffron fire which engulfs chimera.”

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David Thane Cornell

### **IT STINKS TO BE A FLY ON THE WALL**

It stinks to be a fly on the wall of Napoleon's bathroom. I was on assignment, researching my doctoral dissertation on the existential psychotherapy of alienated persons. This was an important case study. Napoleon had stolen the Mona Lisa and hung her portrait over his bathtub. His daily ablutions made her wink, like counter transference between therapist and patient. This became central to my thesis and you may now call me Doctor Fly, even though Sigmund Freud pointed out there were too many holes in my theory about an art thief.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Anwer Ghani

### Smashed Flowers

yes , it is a flower, but it is just a smashed flower from the ruined land. It has been made in Iraq; the destroyed land. If you want to see sadness face to face, then look at it, if you to see the wretchedness face to face, then look at it, and if you want to see the ruination face to face, then look at her. It is from here, from Iraq of the ancient sadness and old ruin. The age of ruination extends to hundreds of years. Yes, for hundreds of years the hands are destroying us, ruining our land and smashing our times, and why? I don't know. When the sun rises here, it rises ruined, when moon appears here, it appears destroyed, when the morning wakes up here, it wakes up with screaming and when night sleeps here it sleeps with weeping. Yes we have roots and flowers, but smashed flowers and roots of ruination. Smashed flowers, yes it is a flower, but it is a just smashed flower from the ruined land. It has been made in Iraq; the destroyed land. if you want to see the ruination face to face, then look at her. It is from here, from Iraq of the ancient sadness and old ruin. The age of ruination extends to hundred years. Yes, for a hundred years the hands are destroying us, ruining our hands and smashing our times, and why I don't know. When the sun rises here, it rises ruined, when the moon appeas here it appears destroyed, when the morning wakes up here, it wakes up with screaming and when the night sleeps here, it sleeps with weeping. Yes we have roots and flowers, but smashed flowers and roots of ruination.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Anwer Ghani

### **The Colored World**

It is the colored world where every place has its shining color, and every time has its magic beauty. I remember very well that deep moments of the crowd road of Mumbai and the magic garden of the Ahmedabad flower's city. No winter in India, just warm colors in the Happy Holi, so you don't need any things but love in this colored world where the souls had been filled with flowers and the minds had been colored with songs. The colored lights made the buildings shining as a colored bride filled with henna and the lovely dark green trees penetrated our souls without delay. I can't forget that that skyscraper which had stood in the heart of that shore where a road disappears in the times of high tide. Just in the colored world you find great love to the great persons, and just in India you find the magic fragrance of the charming inheritance. No differentiation and no fences in the colored world where the different languages disappear under the one tent and the different weathers take a beautiful tune in that colored world.



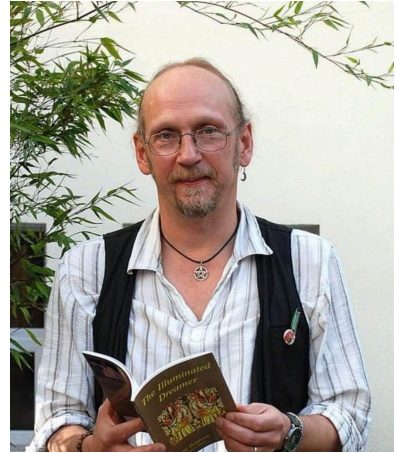
## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Description: Digital artography, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani

“A Southern Beauty”

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Oz Hardwick

### Uninvited Guests

The bedrooms are full of humans, and there's a queue for the bathroom that stretches down the stairs and out of the front door. It's good to see that everyone's wearing masks and maintaining social distance, though it means that those joining the back of the line aren't really sure what they're there for, but just assume it's what they've always wanted, whether that's a fast car or the Holy Grail. At different times in my life I've wanted both, though now I just want everyone to get out of my house; but I don't like fuss or confrontation, so I say nothing and just keep the soap and tissues replenished. With the masks, it's impossible to read people's expressions afterwards, though more than a few have eyes that glisten with tears, and there's usually something of surprise and something of sympathy as they remember where they are and take in the queue that still stretches down the stairs and out of the front door. The next expectant soul is already ascending the final steps, leaving insufficient room to pass, so I direct my last guest by gestures to one or other of the bedrooms, where they can join the other humans. I don't know what they do in there, but they do it in complete silence.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Oz Hardwick

### System

Lightbulbs, still warm, rest in the nest of early morning. Dreams and memories restack themselves on ordered shelves, coded into clear categories. Today my head is a school library and my phone is a lonely man who talks to himself as he reads the ads in the local paper. I raise an index finger to my lips in a gesture that could just as easily be kissing as admonition, but the man, looking younger by the minute, ignores me and begins singing a song I've not heard since primary school. It's a song about bees and burgeoning Spring, and I hear the shuffle and clatter of an upright piano as the man, who is now a boy, hammers his fingers upon a desk strewn with comics and colouring books. I remind myself that I am not fully awake and I reach for the bedside lamp, but there's a girl running between rows of books on science and folksong, her red hair a shock like a jolt of electricity or a slamming encyclopaedia, her voice like warm light as she calls to me about my ad in the local paper, which could be either a dream or a memory. A woman of about my age draws back the curtains and leaves with an armful of unsorted books. My phone is set to silent.



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Paul Hetherington

### **Octopus**

A map like an octopus reaching tentacles to creeks and crevices. A map that's a green splash on oatmeal paper; an inscription of waterways and dense conversations adhering through centuries—a strange palimpsest that “new holdings” stifle. A map of a time when, like a mollusc on a rock, this palimpsest reached into earth's undulations and the world was alive with touched-forth significance. You hold it out and point to the past—this map like a creature feeling for origins, opening stories and writing new memory.



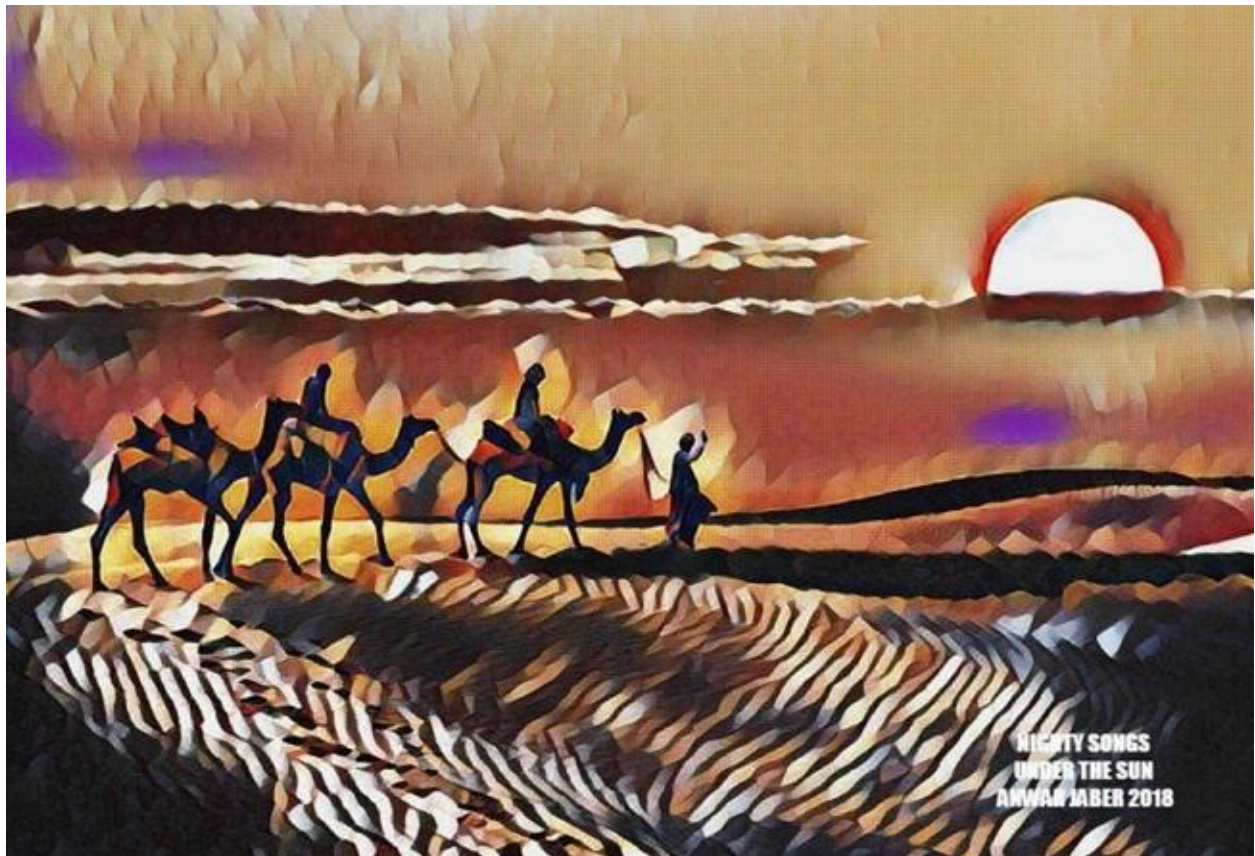
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Paul Hetherington

### **Night**

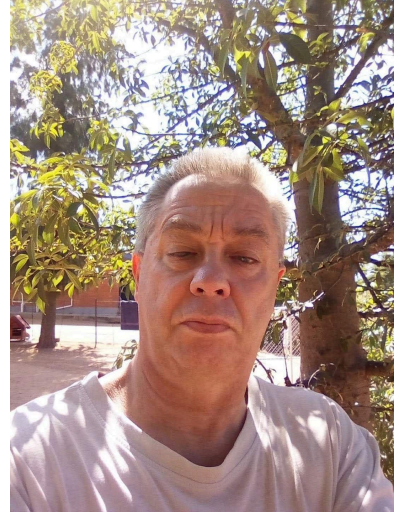
You asked me, “what is the night doing?” I thought of hands on a thousand bodies and fish pushing through tidal flows; and of both of us, together in a strange apartment, clumsily undoing each other’s clothes—fingers tugging on zips and buttons. You laughed, saying “we are ridiculous”, yet we knew the old world, with its cobblestones and churches, would look tolerantly on such ardour. Literature was full of these moments, and although you said, “I could never speak of this”, I knew you’d find a way. Then we were diving toward mutual lunacy, swimming through dry sheets and blankets. You stand apart in the present moment, throwing a handline, and a fish rises toward the hooked worm. I remember hooking fingers as we looked into night, like fish that swam into each other and emerged whole—despite dissolution, despite your question of what the night might do.

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Description: Digital Expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Peter Green

### Poetic palpitations

Dressed in tacky gym shoes and a tee shirt,  
I bounce on to the stage of Wick Town Hall,  
heart hammering. Take a deep breath, as my teacher  
has advised and recite the opening lines of  
“Stopping by woods on a snowy evening”  
with proper inflexion and interpretation  
and thankfully recite the rest of the poem  
and the last two hypnotic lines without mishap.  
Blink in surprise at the scattered applause  
and re-take my seat, glad that the ordeal  
is now over, and I can finally relax.

Clutching my 'third position' certificate  
later, I get back into my dad's car  
shyly accepting the congratulations from my parents;  
already missing 'Grandstand' on the television;  
anxious to play some football before it gets dark:  
a ten year old boy with curious dreams pushing out  
of his skull, waiting in confusion for his life to start moving  
in a semi-recognisable direction.

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Cassandra Atherton

### **Foxed**

for Oz Hardwick

Once you talked of gibbous moons and longing like air  
on your tongue. Bright hauntings of light pressed the  
moments between sleeping and waking. Now poetry  
opens its foxed pages to the night. I walk through fields  
of wildflowers: cat's ear, wood crane's bill, Lady's  
Mantle, pignut and gather snowdrops in the old cemetery.  
My fox dreams are perforated trails leading me back to  
your white-tipped city.



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Cassandra Atherton

### **The Atomic Landscape**

*for Sadako Kurihara and Shigeko Niimoto*

She was four kilometres north of the epicentre. She writes about it, but censorship destroys her lines with thick black boxes and overscoring. Her notebooks from high school are filled with haiku; now new poems rupture traditional forms. The blank page is ground zero. She sees beyond its edges and past Hiroshima. Her testimony burns. She is midwife at the birth of the atomic bomb. Her pen is heavy. In free verse, she reminds us all—we are sitting on black eggs.

\*

In one blinding flash, she is ‘unmarriageable’, with shiny beetroot skin and gnarled paper palm hands. For a month her mother smooths her skin with cooking oil before peeling remnants of cloth and fragments of ash-coloured flesh from her body. She is called ‘Devil’s Claw Marks’, ‘A-Bomb Maiden’, and ‘shame’. She suggests a twilight society for disfigured women. The Reverend calls them ‘Keloid Girls’. In America, her chin is fetishized in photos as the stump of candle that has melted below the wick. A dozen operations and skin grafts rebuild her face. Even after she marries and bears a son, she is called ‘Hiroshima Maiden’.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Gerry LaGuardia Leonard

### Subjugation of farm

The old neglected farm languishes  
 distraught by overgrown weeds.  
 I kneel to inhale the sweaty defeats and  
 triumphs seeing from the dark humus,  
 reminding me of bygone green fields.  
 I see the revered tattered barn  
 shedding my grandmother's silhouette,  
 her silver braid a shiny halo  
 as she bends bunching onions  
 " i am a lonely little onion in a petunia patch"  
 White white hens cluck along in discord,  
 and gayly flap their red combs,  
 unaware of impending high rise condos  
 and contraction of space.  
 Someday over wine i expect i'll  
 ruefully reminisce this pastoral era  
 and how inevitable change contorts lives.

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Description: Digital Expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani.  
“ a babylonian man’s aureorean songs under the sun”

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Josep Juarez

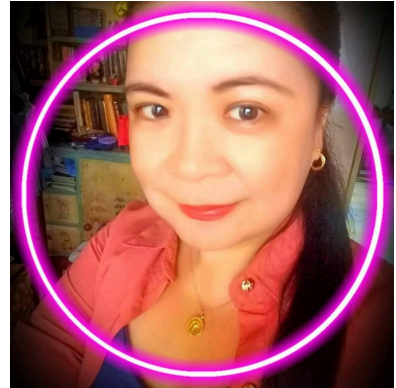
### NOSTALGIA

I never thought that my life would become like dry leaves that fall from a tree, my whole past withered and now the wind of nostalgia is dragging it, before, my life flourished, you were, at the rhythm of your steps the grass grew and everything was spring, a spring ran along your path where I drank water, you gave me life, but time is very cruel and everything dries up, one day time got into your eyes and turned your hair white, and that day was the last sunset that we saw together, a heavy winter snow fell on my shoulders that ended up bending my knees and falling prostrate on your grave, there my being, hugged to your memory, expired, how little we are on this earth, only dry leaves, only snowflakes that at the end of their trip they disintegrate, raindrops that formed a lake and today it dries up.

The flower grows and shows the world its beauty, in the end it only leaves us its perfume that is our nostalgia



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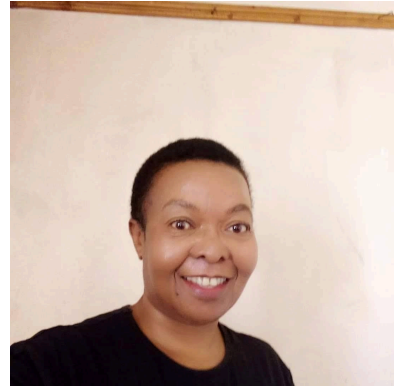


Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

### Fragments

We created our own infinity. Sometimes I wonder if we have lived in parallel universes. You and I, soul connected from the start. These beautiful coincidences we made will be etched in my heart 'til the end of time. Revelries of our exchanges fill my days and nights as I reminisce our beautiful mem'ries. I keep coming back to the days of our lives when we immerse ourselves in deep, soulful conversations. These are not just fragments of memories but nostalgic moments embedded within the deep recesses of my mind and soul. Our connection is such a rare one, one that is made from the heavens above. A cosmogonic love, the journey of two star crossed lovers with a bitter ending but we're given a chance to experience a Forever for I chose to have a few sunsets with you than spending an eternity not knowing I can have my forever even for a short while. Nostalgic thoughts of you fill my senses, bring tears to my eyes for you have left the world though I know you are never truly gone. Your spirit lives on forever and you are in my heart, I carry you everywhere I go.

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Nancy Ndeke

### **THE SAMENESS OF OTHERNESS.**

Black soil, roam soil, sandy soil, even desert wind blown dust. They all without exception give life to something and someone in the realm of life's space and season. As brown baked bread invites a stranger's nostrils to the needs of a growling gut in search of a morsel, king and pauper weigh the same scales of needs though divided by wants. A child's cry has a universal appeal and rings to it just as laughter rumbles in a unified accord across the boundaries of men keen to sow differences. Up in the sky with a punch in the air is a player praying gratitude to the source of good fortune for a goal while another looks up with a teary eye for the rains as they bless the crop. Joy and sorrow speaks a rhythm that no human can discount or discourage for no power upon earth's surface has lived without being marked by it. A home is more than a house as many castle dwellers envy the tent men in their easy take of life and content of little being enough. A house has the capacity to grow into a palace if love informs the inner exchanges of genuine affection and dedicated care in nurturing faith and trust within its occupants. And regardless of pomp and grandeur and guarantees promised in life, two pillars assure the journey of life. Entries and exits remain stoic like ancient rocks, a fact ego often lies to some to ignore. Life is life, be it black, brown or yellow. To assume it is lesser is the ultimate insult to its maker.

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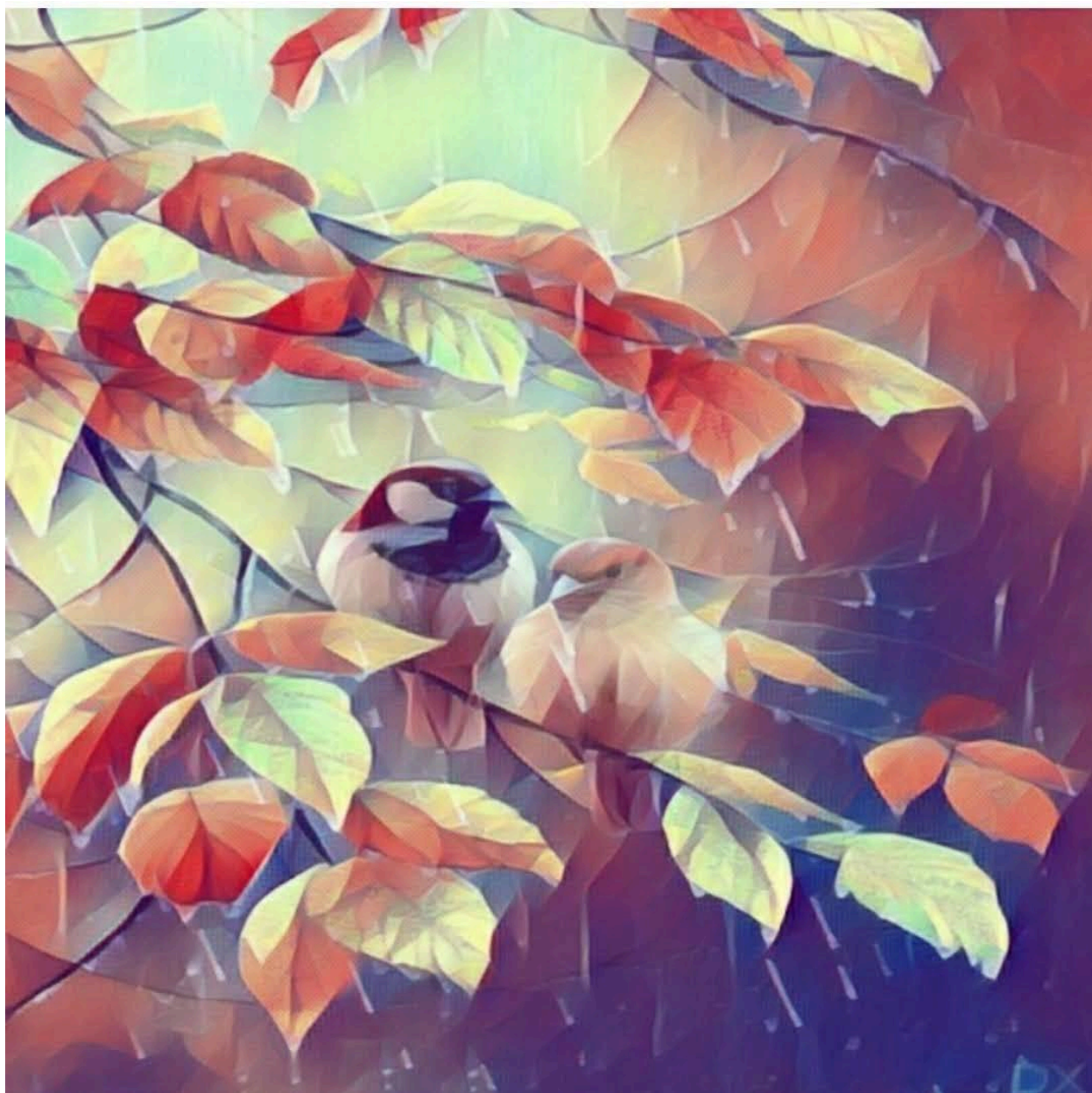


Kareem Abdullah

### **The survivals of Attab**

The children of the Khaybat, the survivors of Attab, have their memories so far been spider-webbed by the perfume of the books of the noble bullets and what they have left behind the frontiers; the rubbles of the lost days mock their barren drops of sperms... The graveyard of the feet hurrying on the mined fields of histories, shatters in strife, gaspingly examines the frantic lies. The broad fronts are bright; therein time retires, scheduling the fall of leaves yellowing, they are pillowing the warm coffins . Blissfully and confidently, the helmets pick up the old age of joy, canning souls in the tins of the disaster of the happy homeland. The vows of salvation are resigned, to gather the children of the sun-burned mothers in queues in front of the generous massacres, their blushing necks are decorated with disappointment sickles. Multitudinous politicized explosions engulf them, harvest after harvest, and brightly devour the badges of dignity, wandering in the veins of the mutilated wars. Flirted by the starvation flourishing are their kaki days, which are on the barrels of the artilleries crouching in the eyeball of the villages of demolished springs. Their busy family, as being touched by the neigh of loss, pick up the shreds of their memories, absent-mindedly overflow with the shrouded genesis / suspicious, surrounded by a massacre whose guts are filled with pages of enthralling widows that sum up the eagerness of the refreshed conflagrations. At the extremes of the world, the echo of the blackness heals; intensifying their grief, exiles without freedom, and their blue sky is wiped out by a renewing travel.

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Description: Digital expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani

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Ramachandran MA

### Night Rain

I tried to write I was walking toward 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 rain -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 to you night after night



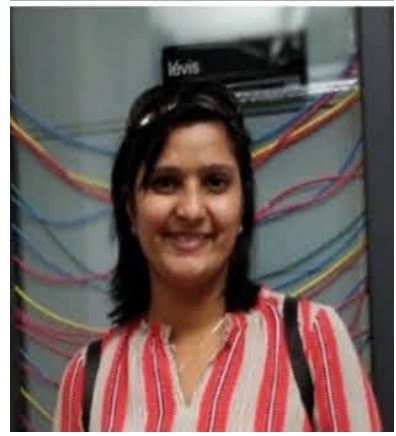
## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Ramachandran MA

### **Just a Fragment**

evening train was leaving-  
leaving the platform in summer rain,  
I told my mother in her absence,  
-we don't have much time to spend-  
a shred of light left behind  
by the old lane still waited  
in the mirror,in the corridor-  
once again my moss covered heart  
searched for you in vain -  
the train was crossing a bridge  
and it was twilight,  
I had already left behind my days  
that had been never mine  
with the river that was ever changing-  
I cast a last look to see you  
to see you as just one  
among the passing shadows

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Megha Sood

### Weeping Willow

The arched back of my granny, stooped as the weeping willow, is precariously picking the rice, sorting through the grain and counting her miseries, and giving it a name. Some of them thrown instantly, some tucked away knotted in the filigreed ends of her thick embroidered Kashmiri shawl she drapes in the chilly winters of the mountains to keep her warm. Slanting sun of winters makes its way through the thick bushes of the mango tree giving apricity to the tender saplings, her rose bushes, in her tenderly loved garden where each stem is pruned precariously loved gently before it turns into a boisterous flower-laden stem. Some have deep thorns, which prick her thick yellow skin leaving blood stains when she goes. The trail of unrequited silence which she never let her wrinkled eyes leave as it smiles through the thin crows' lines and warmth which oozes through her toothless smile.

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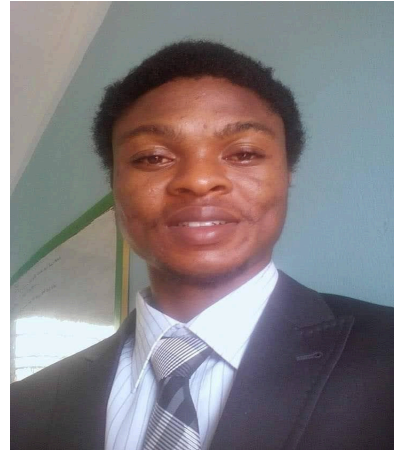
Lorelai Griot

Spring

The Time told me that there is no love when someone makes you cry, then I don't know how to define what we have because you hug my soul so hard in your palms that my tears turned into all the waters of spring and my whispers in all the nightingales songs.

I have only one definition for all this spring around: YOU.

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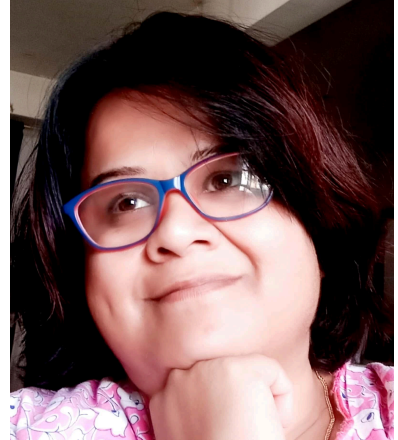


Martin Ijir

### Urchin Waves

If I would sit here to stare at the unchained waves of the sea. I would see my earth in a nostalgic movement evolving round my wristwatch. I would love to suggest to the withered checkers of grassess, that holds the arms of the clock, on my earth, as they tick in silence deadening. This deadening spirit defeats the gruelling fire that hinders a mind, to traverse above the tides of the lowest sea and the hills of dunes in my saturated desert. I learned the garden of love can be recreated. I learn the tongues of vileness can also be serrated as the keys of an old piano pedal. Those votive notes that awaken, a sleeping cloud can be found in the mind of a lone starker. The unchain waves of the sea means an urchin of joy in me, an urchin of joy in me means walking out of life wilderness. A trepidation of my musing self, a transcendary light to surge me through life emptiness. One can unravel his nostalgic moment when he sees the unhurried arms of time, pacing quietly in a cemetery of silence. Each lost times brine as moist of fluids, cascading from the soul of a pilgrimage. Events of beautiful painting, colours of magnanimous sorrows chirps as birds boughing the trunks of my veins, a thorough experience of a nostalgic soul. Those Jurassic scenes can be taken as virtual experience when one part self into the nunnery of emptiness in a fullness wagon.

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Pragya Suman

### **Vincent and Autumn Landscape**

Autumn is at the door of Vincent and it seems his brush is running in a red river. Red dunes of Mars are heaped up in his horoscope and in a fiery mood he would commit suicide. Three tiny crows are wheeling in an ill omen and Vincent wants to hide in the purple sky. Soon his brush, bursting in grumpy grease would unmask him, as the sky is getting pale in patches and white wees in segmentation.

An artist sleeps in strikes off a matchbox and when he nudges fire lights up in the willows of three dimensions. The burnt bushes are going to make swindling trees into coagulated coal as Vincent and the stoic's scandal are twinning at the edges of red relics of pristine paint. One day his brush will engulf Vincent the lecherous.

That day, Violet Vincent would get bleached in white!



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Dr Pragya Suman

### **Red Poppies of Vincent**

Auvers is red and red, as red poppies are seekers of infinite sleep and petals are still in a closed fist. An Impressionist masterstroke splutters the infinite cerulean sky. One day petals will kiss a painter's brush.

When Vincent's fingers tighten, poppies' petals look lax.

Look! Green yews are gazing, the revelation is standing at the door.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

Dr Pragya Suman

### **My Father's Wristwatch**

A white wristwatch was left alive in my father's ash urn. I wrapped it in my tiny hand. I grew up, and the watch also grew rounded, plumped into a wall clock. Nowadays it hangs on the wall beside my father's portrait.

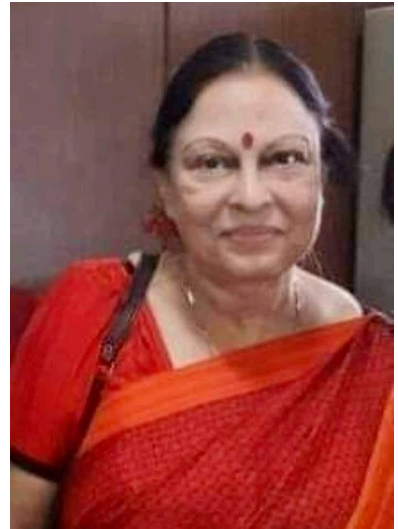
I am stuck for a minute, moving around.

One day, two shooting stars dropped upon it, and the wall clock fell down on the floor. My tiny wrist broke down in a mangled minute hand. My mother told me not to try to fix it, or my fingers would also break.

The hour hand has circled a thousand times round, though my minutes are stagnant still. My mother lives in my broken minute hand.

I am still trying to fix it with my mother's knife.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



### Jyotirmaya Thakur

#### Fairy-tale

A fairy tale of long ago makes me very sad. I heard it sung in a village lore in dimming twilight. I did not know what it might bode but the voice did not leave my mind. Black night on tiptoe like a thief stealthily crept. The intoxicated air from the roaring rivers blowing quietly sighing. Darkening skies and sparkling mountain tops with stars twinkling in the sight. Lovely maidens waking up with rising moon beautifully combing their hair. Shadows of consuming desires dancing madly on the breeze astray. Like mermaids on a wild rock with golden strands of hair. And while she sings in a melancholy tone with a golden brush without care. Her overpowering voice grips the sailor in the barge ignoring the lighthouse gleams. The sailor aching wildly hypnotised ignores the rocks below. The eyelids of the weeping earth closes in despair. The rolling waves devour the golden boy and the barge swallowed by a roar.

*Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021*

# Essays

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A Narratolyric Prose Poem in Snapshot

Analysis of Poetic Palpitations by Dr Pragya Suman

Poetic palpitations is written by Peter Green and I opted for personal choice as it is exceptional in narrative tone. It is written in fragments as our memories used to be and at the same time prose poems are represented in fragments. Though here right margin is shifting and it is not in a tight packed compressed style of conventional prose poem. Nostalgic moments do not descend in a straight way and mostly they wriggles making loops, mounds and serrations. We see them in the outer fabric of the poem. We can categorize it as narrative expressive prose poems. Mind is a mirror in which memories reflect. Poetry is also a mirror and when we bring prose, an additional mirror comes. So narrative lyricism is a complex system of mirrors. In poetic palpitations superficial structure is narrative while deep structure is lyrical. Poetic elements swim in the spaces of narrative and that is the essence of narrative expressive prose poetry.

Prose poems are much like photographs or snapshots which are a momentary evocation of our past. In both prose poem and photography an implied discontinuity and disarticulated form exist. Here we see a novice ten year boy trying to boost up his confidence and a puerile purity is powerful here which makes this poem marvellous. In fragmented form it gives a literary space which is like a balloon expanding the perception of the reader. On the reader's part it requires ability to connect both emotionally and intellectually with the work and imbibes its key meaning and connotation. Here both the poet and reader are experiencing autobiographical memory. We see a ten year boy stepping up in the ocean of life to make a semi recognition direction. Poem is below--

### Poetic palpitations

Dressed in tacky gym shoes and a tee shirt,  
I bounce on to the stage of Wick Town Hall,  
heart hammering. Take a deep breath, as my teacher  
has advised and recite the opening lines of  
“Stopping by woods on a snowy evening”  
with proper inflexion and interpretation  
and thankfully recite the rest of the poem  
and the last two hypnotic lines without mishap.  
Blink in surprise at the scattered applause



and re-take my seat, glad that the ordeal  
is now over, and I can finally relax.

Clutching my 'third position' certificate  
later, I get back into my dad's car  
shyly accepting the congratulations from my parents;  
already missing 'Grandstand' on the television;  
anxious to play some football before it gets dark:  
a ten year old boy with curious dreams pushing out  
of his skull, waiting in confusion for his life to start moving  
in a semi-recognisable direction.

Whole poem is written in four lines along with two semicolons and one colon. First semi fragment is in three lines while later one is in a single line which is knotted with two semicolons and one colon providing a long trail of retracing memory.

Another striking feature is that there are not many literary devices here. Despite no use of any embroidery this poem is evocative, even in its simplicity.

Between two semi fragments there is time space. It seems relaxation is resting here after an ordeal. Again a white space is between moving and the last phrase, it seems the poem is still going on. A typical feature of prose poetry --to resist closure.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Description: Digital expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A METAPHORICAL MULTIVALENT NARRATIVE EXPRESSIVE PROSE POETRY

Josep Juarez

#### NOSTALGIA

I never thought that my life would become like dry leaves that fall from a tree, my whole past withered and now the wind of nostalgia is dragging it, before, my life flourished, you were, at the rhythm of your steps the grass grew and everything was spring, a spring ran along your path where I drank water, you gave me life, but time is very cruel and everything dries up, one day time got into your eyes and turned your hair white, and that day was the last sunset that we saw together, a heavy winter snow fell on my shoulders that ended up bending my knees and falling prostrate on your grave, there my being, hugged to your memory, expired, how little we are on this earth, only dry leaves, only snowflakes that at the end of their trip they disintegrate, raindrops that formed a lake and today it dries up.

The flower grows and shows the world its beauty, in the end it only leaves us its perfume that is our nostalgia.

Analysis or prose poem "Nostalgia" done by Dr Pragya Suman :--

Joseph juarez is mexican poet and his prose poem “nostalgia“ is exemplary of narrative expressive prose poetry though in the background an autobiographical aura is reflecting. Poet is talking about dismal dots of his life but still he is looking at it through an optimistic optical glance. He is conscious about the brevity of life and without line breaks he is succeeded in underlying the reader’s consciousness of movement. Whole life is weaved here in condensed composure of prose poetry though underlying the surface narrative there are multiple hidden narratives are also present for that a term MULTIVALENCY could be coined. He talks about his endearing one who is no more. Here we see aesthetic and philosophical pictures grow out of a romantic cast. This poem is at once both plain and ornate. A contrast capsule ! But it happens especially when poetry comes from deepest recess, ornate goes in an abstract attic and peeps through divine pores.

A metaphorical poem enmeshing human experiences in language that evokes the elusive, unconscious, the uncanny and the unresolved It has been a long time since prose poems have come out of the tag of “ genre crossing --ugly duckling” and now they are securing a strong segment in contemporary literature.



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Description: Digital expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A Narrative Neo-Surrealist Prose Poem By David Thane Cornell

Analysis of the prose poem "It stinks to be a fly on the wall" done by Dr Pragya Suman

"It stinks to be a fly on the wall" is written by American poet David Thane Cornell. Prose poems are gaining wider acclaim in this postmodern era. Emphasis on fragmentation and deconstruction has been done especially after the second world war. World was in a cauldron of turmoil after world wars, it drove artists to the inner world to make them relax. The complexities of the human mind were explored by Sigmund Freud and also became an important literary tool by surrealists.

Existential therapy was developed out of the philosophies of Friedrich Nietzsche and Kierkegaard. They talked about the intrapsychic conflicts which are tagged as GIVENS. There are four types of givens

Freedom and associated responsibility

Death

Isolation

Meaninglessness

These things bring confrontation in the human mind which becomes the cause behind existential anxiety. Existential therapy emphasizes striking a balance for reducing anxiety.

This prose poem is written in a neo-surrealist way as here the fictional setting is evident. Many marks of magical realism are present here like

FLY as the poet imagines himself.

Portrait of Mona Lisa winks

Fictional setting is Napoleon's bathroom where Napoleon has stolen the portrait of Mona Lisa.



This prose poem is in narrative tone and like neo surrealist prose poems it drives the poem towards a logic-of -the-absurd.

So many absurd things are happening here. Poem is below

## **IT STINKS TO BE A FLY ON THE WALL**

It stinks to be a fly on the wall of Napoleon's bathroom. I was on assignment, researching my doctoral dissertation on the existential psychotherapy of alienated persons. This was an important case study. Napoleon had stolen the Mona Lisa and hung her portrait over his bathtub. His daily ablutions made her wink, like counter transference between therapist and patient. This became central to my thesis and you may now call me Doctor Fly, even though Sigmund Freud pointed out there were too many holes in my theory about an art thief.

Poet talks about Sigmund Freud and existential psychotherapy of alienated persons; these are tags used by neo-surrealists. Though these are a bit dry things much apart from the lyrics, which has made this poem less poetic which are striking features of American prose poets. American prose poems are less poetic in comparison to French prose poems. David Thane Cornell likes to write small lucid verses with line breaks but here his pen has effaced the line breaks. Line breaks direct the readers but the prose poem cages the reader in a horizontal box to make him explore the internal poetic flow. In this poem the reader experiences magical things and yes, life is both absurd and logical!

We feel after wading through this Narrative Neo-surrealist Prose Poem.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### The Whispering Language in Pragya Suman's Poetry By Anwer Ghani

We have always been dazzled by the beauty of poetry, but since the advent of the prose poem, poetry has become another concept, and language has become more powerful and manifested in clearer forms, and has become the focus of beauty, and the center of creativity.

The prose poem has lavished upon us wonderful worlds of beautiful language, and it is only necessary to focus, contemplate and taste unique in order to see all that magic in the language of prose poetry.

I have dealt realistically with beautiful forms of the language of prose poetry, some of which were insurmountable. By following the language written by the Indian poetess Pragya Suman, I always felt that she was whispering in her rhetoric and words. And this whisper takes many forms and images. It is nice to follow those pictures and forms to see this enrichment in this beautiful color and unique language.

The whispered language appears in Pragya's poetry in many different ways; Some of them depend on words, some of them depend on the meanings, and some of them depend on pictures.

The whispered language is manifested in images that do not tend to sharpness, and many aspects of it are deferred, and the revelation reaches the recipient through reverberations and jolts far from indoctrination, with whisper words and subtle meanings. Every follower of Pragya finds this evident in her writings. We find this clear in a smooth stanza in which she says:

" Autumn is at the door of Vincent and it seems his brush is running in a red river. Red dunes of Mars are heaped up in the horoscope of Vincent and in a fiery mood he would do an adultery."

This highly poetic section contains a group of stylistic elements of the whispered language, but the most prominent of them is the pictorial whisper: " Autumn is at the door of Vincent/ his brush is running in a red river / Red dunes of Mars are / in a fiery mood he would do an adultery.") This pictorial collection presents a soft and whispering revelation and conveys the idea and the goal to the recipient not through a loud voice and indoctrination, but rather with whispering and quietly inspired, intellectual, and pictorial. It is clear that the poem and other

poems focus on a central figure, Vincent, and the symbolic sign in this figure is also whispered. The poetic whisper is a form of expressive symbolism through sentences and images, not through metaphors, and this is a major leap in the concept of poetry that is not accessible only by expressive writing in the prose poem.

In another form, the way in it is the transparent and sensitive thing that proves its state in action and existence and not by direct description, so she says:

" Auvers is red and red, as red poppies are seekers of infinite sleep and petals are still in closed fist. A master stroke of impressionist splutters the infinite cerulean sky. One day petals would kiss a painter's brush."

This form of colored infinity and this is a form of existence that transcends life, eternity and color, it can only be ethereal and subtle, it consists of this in a whispered statement that conveys the idea and purpose to the recipient through this colored representation with a painter's brush.

Notice how this painting was filled with whispering letters, and how the expression in it reached its extent in a colored panel that despite the loudness of the revelation in it, the objects of the picture do not appear except as expressive entities in the painting. Despite the depth of the revelation, it has a gentle expression and a whispering, charming expression.

It is clear that the Pragma's language is unique, with clear terms, meanings and structures that have created a special world for it, and a distinct space based on whispering and gentle Revelation.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A cold cadence crafted on a twirled postcard !

Analysis of prose poem “Just a Fragment” by Dr Pragya Suman

There are so many stylistic features in this poem.

( 1 ) Language is so simple and lucid, dining in dismal drops.

( 2 ) The background poem is highly metaphorical, studded with following poetic devices.

ALLITERATION --Light, left

My, Moss

Last, look

ASSONANCE--Old, lane

Covered, searched

Cast, last, look

REPETITION--To see you

Leaving

Typical features of prose poems are--

( A ) They are in fragments

( B ) No line breaks

( C ) Poem resist to close

( D ) And refuge to complete

The poem is below

### **Just a Fragment**

evening train was leaving-  
 leaving the platform in summer rain,  
 I told my mother in her absence,  
 -we don't have much time to spend-  
 a shred of light left behind  
 by the old lane still waited  
 in the mirror,in the corridor-  
 once again my moss covered heart  
 searched for you in vain -  
 the train was crossing a bridge  
 and it was twilight,  
 I had already left behind my days  
 that had been never mine  
 with the river that was ever changing-  
 I cast a last look to see you  
 to see you as just one  
 among the passing shadows

Stylistics features are prominent in postmodern literature which talks about breakage in genre and prose poem is one of its inventions. In core postmodern literature squirms as it relies upon deconstruction and so it manifests its fabric with many holes and breaks. Traditionally prose poems are written in horizontal blocks, in the shape of a postcard but here in this poem we see the postcard twirled at 90 degree, with a ragged right margin. Flexibility and freedom are wings of postmodernism. Though universal consensus on the prose poems is not yet formulated and many its fibers are evolving with a bit change in outlook.

One of the interesting definitions of prose poems is quoted by William Stafford. He says

" loss of acrobatic swinging from line to line and emphasizing certain words and phrases, we are not trying to bamboozle a reader with white space, forcing heavier reliance on other poetic devices."

JUST A FRAGMENT written by an Indian poet RAMCHANDRAN MA is narrative expressive deadpan prose poetry. In narrative poetry the voice of the narrator is present which talks about story and characters as well. Deadpan poetry is like a mind in an insular island, so many thoughts, feelings, emotions remain locked behind deadpan eyes and a voice of cold cascade, totally toneless !

Here metaphors are not used in discrete disc as usually are like visual fixation, but they are flowing in a continuing cadence. There are no end rhymes but it has internal invisible rhymes which pave a slippery pathway.

Profusely of metaphors are used which starts with an evening train, and brings many spots like plate form, mirror, bridge, summer rain and the most striking one is moss covered heart . A stagnant stance of stoic is clicking passing images and in a minute moment scans the whole of previous life, with just a deadpan eye.

Pain in existence for mother and loved ones who are now a passing image for him, and he is leaving behind everything. A nude truth of our existence!

We are like parentheses in this earthly world, realization of things with near eyes brings a coldness of detachment as it sucks out all chimera. Stoic has the most movable eyes who stalks the whole universe in his stagnancy.

Prose poem conveys metaphors in a magical way as there is no restraint of conventional rules, freedom brings fantasy in flourishing fauna.

Going through this poem written by Ramchandran M A brought an immense feeling of nostalgia, longing for mother, and sometimes I felt like I was thrown in my past days.

A cold cadence crafted on a twirled postcard !



## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021



Description: Digital expressionism, created by Iraqi author and artist Dr Anwer Ghani

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A Poetry of Disaster in Nonlinear Form

#### The survivals of Attab

The children of the Khaybat, the survivors of Attab, have their memories so far been spider-webbed by the perfume of the books of the noble bullets and what they have left behind the frontiers; the rubbles of the lost days mock their barren drops of sperms... The graveyard of the feet hurrying on the mined fields of histories, shatters in strife, gaspingly examines the frantic lies. The broad fronts are bright; therein time retires, scheduling the fall of leaves yellowing, they are pillowing the warm coffins. Blissfully and confidently, the helmets pick up the old age of joy, canning souls in the tins of the disaster of the happy homeland. The vows of salvation are resigned, to gather the children of the sun-burned mothers in queues in front of the generous massacres, their blushing necks are decorated with disappointment sickles. Multitudinous politicized explosions engulf them, harvest after harvest, and brightly devour the badges of dignity, wandering in the veins of the mutilated wars. Flirted by the starvation flourishing are their kaki days, which are on the barrels of the artilleries crouching in the eyeball of the villages of demolished springs. Their busy family, as being touched by the neigh of loss, pick up the shreds of their memories, absent-mindedly overflow with the shrouded genesis / suspicious, surrounded by a massacre whose guts are filled with pages of enthralling widows that sum up the eagerness of the refreshed conflagrations. At the extremes of the world, the echo of the blackness heals; intensifying their grief, exiles without freedom, and their blue sky is wiped out by a renewing travel.

#### Analysis of The survival of Attab by Dr Pragya Suman

‘The survival of Attab’ is a narrative expressive nonlinear prose poem. It is a writing style where the literary piece has been written in a narrative-lyrical system in which the written text has appeared with the narrative superficial structure and deep poetic tone. War poems have a long history and every time when the world suffered carnage its blood was overpowered into words. Art conveys it gracefully but sometimes it staggers when its endurance level blunts. Cultural critic Theodor Adorno asserted that “to write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric”

The survival of Attab is written from a place which is steeped in history of grace and grandeur. It is a fragmented piece though a resounding one against imperial tyranny.

A poetry of disaster should not be categorised as personal or political, better is to tag it as social.

Poet says “ the rubbles of the lost days mock their barren drops of sperms...”

A nation descended to nadir when looking back to its past, such satirical sentences eject to sooth its aching heart. Attab, Al mehta and khaybat are Arabic words which are used to represent the traditional Iraq, a core feature of postmodernism.

Prose poetry celebrates the blurring of established boundaries and registers the kinds of experience that are neither fully coherent nor entirely resolvable.

They resist closure-- as life is, in its circular continuity.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### A NOSTALGIC PROSE POEM ABOUT MODERN AGE CRISIS

#### Subjugation of farm

The old neglected farm languishes  
 distraught by overgrown weeds.  
 I kneel to inhale the sweaty defeats and  
 triumphs seeing from the dark humus,  
 reminding me of bygone green fields.  
 I see the revered tattered barn  
 shedding my grandmother's silhouette,  
 her silver braid a shiny halo  
 as she bends bunching onions  
 " i am a lonely little onion in a petunia patch"  
 White white hens cluck along in discord,  
 and gayly flap their red combs,  
 unaware of impending high rise condos  
 and contraction of space.  
 Someday over wine i expect i'll  
 ruefully reminisce this pastoral era  
 and how inevitable change contorts lives.

Analysis of Subjugation of Farm by Dr Pragya Suman.

Subjugation of farm is a nostalgic poem for the modern age crisis. Here poetess talks about the farm of her early days which is now in dilapidated doom, encroached by the modern age paw. Grandmother bunching onions leaps up from the memory lane while white hens clucking and after it will of the composer someday over wine she will reminisce about the pastoral era. Past present and future all are glimpsed in fragments. Modern age skyscrapers and individualistic approaches have made the farm barren and contracted.

Most of Gerry's poems are in free verse but this one subjugation of farm is written in prose form, no line breaks and no white space between lines, leaving it in the category of prose poetry with serrated right margin.

Poetry is a mirror and text is a vehicle. There is a vast difference between linguistic text and literary text. So text is not mere embedding of words. When loosening emotion is vehicle through the text, words become poetic.

Poetry is composed of poetry devices, emotive surge, aesthetic value in different proportions.

Here in the subjugation farm we use the least poetry devices and its lessened proportion is compensated by emotive notes which strikes at the deepest core of heart and at the same time makes our mind to think about the deformities of modern development.

In broad criteria poetry is categorised in narrative, descriptive and lyrical. Here in the "Subjugation of farm" we see the cocktail trio.

" White white hens cluck along in discord,  
and gayly flap their red combs,  
unaware of impending high rise condos  
and contraction of space."

These lines are an enorming view of a descriptive poetry embedded in poetess narrative tone. Deep structure of the poem is lyrical in an abstract sense which is also touching the superficial narrative tone.

Deep aesthetic factors ( DAF ) and superficial expressive equivalents ( SEE ) are in effacing proportion making it an unifying identity.

In literature, there are deep aesthetic factors (DAF) and superficial expressive equivalents (SEE). The deep factors represent the aesthetic experience and the invaluable meanings which the author uncovers while the superficial expressive equivalents represent the tools by which the author expresses his ideas. So the literary text is not just words on paper but it is a wide system of per-textual, textual and post-textual elements and we can imagine it as a big sphere.

## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### Contributors

**Cassandra Atherton** is a widely anthologised prose poet and a leading scholar of prose poetry. She was a Visiting Scholar in English at Harvard University and a Visiting Fellow at Sophia University, Tokyo. She is the recipient of national and international research grants and awards and has judged numerous poetry awards, including the Victorian Premier's Prize for Poetry, the Joanne Burns Award and the Lord Mayor's Prize for Poetry. Cassandra's books of prose poetry include *Exhumed* (2015), *Trace* (2015), *Pre-Raphaelite* (2018) and *Leftovers* (2020). She is Associate Professor of Writing and Literature at Deakin University, commissioning editor for *Westerly* magazine and *Axon: Creative Explorations* journal, and series editor for publisher Spineless Wonders.

**Paul Hetherington** is a distinguished poet who has published numerous full-length poetry and prose poetry collections and has won or been nominated for more than thirty national and international awards and competitions. He won the 2014 WA Premier's Lit Literary Award (poetry), was shortlisted for the 2017 Kenneth Slessor Prize and undertook an Australia Council Residency at the BR Whiting Studio in Rome in 2015–16. Paul is Professor of Writing in the Faculty of Arts and Design at the University of Canberra, head of the International Poetry Studies Institute (IPSI) and joint founding editor of the international online journal *Axon: Creative Explorations*. He founded the International Prose Poetry Group in 2014.

**Oz Hardwick** is a writer, photographer, music journalist, and occasional musician, based in York (UK). His work has been published and performed internationally in and on diverse media: books, journals, record covers, concert programmes, fabric, with music, with film, and with nothing but a residual West Country accent. He has published six poetry collections, most recently *The House of Ghosts and Mirrors* (Valley Press, 2017), and has edited and co-edited several more, including (with Miles Salter) *The Valley Press Anthology of Yorkshire Poetry*, which was a UK National Poetry Day recommendation in 2017.

Following a dissolute youth of idealism and rock & roll, subsidised by assorted factories and retail outlets, Oz decided that Higher Education was a more effective way of changing the world, and he is now Professor of English at Leeds Trinity University, where he leads the Creative Writing programmes. He also teaches medieval literature.

**Anwer Ghani** is an award winning poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the winner



of Rock Pebbles Literary Award and the award of United Spirit of Writers Academy for Poetry. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; “Narratolyric writing”; (2016), “Antipoetic Poems”; (2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), and “The Styles of Poetry”; 2019.

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

**Peter Green** is a poet from Scotland. Nowadays he lives in Botswana and he is by profession deputy head at Teaching Service Management.

**Ramachandran MA** is a poet from Calicut, India.

**Jyotirmaya Thakur** currently resides in Medway, Kent, in the United Kingdom (UK) with her family. She has written about forty poetry books and won the Arcs Prose Poetry Award.

**Martin Ijir** is a social entrepreneur, teacher, mystic, poet, social & right activist, editor, humanist and thinker. His voice has appeared in various anthologies both online, offline, and bookprints which include ANA Review, LangLit Journal, Rock Pebbles Journal, Azahar Spanish Magazine, Arcs Prose-Poetry Magazine, Amritanjali Quarterly Journal among others. He is the author of the Vulture, Songs of Protest and Eeries of Silence. Winner of 2020 Arcs Prose Poetry Award, a finalist of Sentieri diversi Associazione Culturale Poetry Prize, winning premio internazionale d'onore in 2018 e 2019, Italy. He loves walking, meditative prayer and music apart from writing. He lives in Karu, Nigeria.

**Nancy Ndeke**, Associate Editor, Liberated Voices from Kenya, is a Poet of international acclaim and a reputable literary arts consultant. Her writings and her poetry is featured in several collections, anthologies and publications all over the globe. She has several published works, including poetry, short stories and Novels, among them.

**Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo** is a multi-awarded international author and poet from the Philippines. She has two published books: "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse" (USA) and a co-author to more than 100 international anthologies in the USA, UK, Canada, India, Japan, Africa, Belgium, Iraq, Romania, Ecuador, Argentina, the Philippines, etc. Elizabeth's works are translated into 15 languages. She is also an Ambassador of Peace and Goodwill to the Philippines for Naciones Unidas de las Letras, Argentina and a Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines for Inner Child Press International.

**Gerry LaGuardia Leonard** is an emerging poet from America. She is a member of the Denver Poetry Society and in numerous Facebook poetry groups. Her poems have been published in poetry anthologies locally and internationally.

Retired as an instructor, in a Chemical Dependency program in jails, she now devotes herself to altruist and storytelling poetry- prose. She now resides in Denver, Colorado.

**Megha Sood** is an Award-winning Asian American Poet, Editor, Author, Blogger from New Jersey, USA. Recipient of 2021 Poet Fellowship from MVICW (Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creating Writing) and a National Level Winner for the 2020 Poetry Matters Project. Associate Poetry Editor Literary Journals Mookychick(UK), Life and Legends (USA), and Literary Partner with "Life in Quarantine", Stanford University. Author of Chapbook ( "My Body is Not an Apology", Finishing Line Press, 2021) and Full Length ("My Body Lives Like a Threat", FlowerSongPress,2021). She blogs at <https://meghasworldsite.wordpress.com/> and tweets at @meghasood16.

**Kareem Abdullah**, is an Iraqi poet and writer. He was born in Baghdad in 1962. Kareem Abdullah is the author of "Baghdad in Her New dress" ( 2015 Book House). His name has appeared in many important Arabian literary magazines and he won Tajdeed prose poetry prize in 2016. Kareem has eight poetry collections in Arabic and his poetry has been translated for many languages.

**José Pablo Juárez (Josep Juárez)** Mexican poet, his poems have been published in more than 40 anthologies around the world, in 2018 he received the naji naaman award (Lebanon) for his work "from your lips I will resurrect" and in 2020 Doctor honoris causa by the international forum for creativity and humanity of the kingdom of Morocco

**Lorelai Griot** is a professor of mathematics by profession from Romania. She likes to write poems and share with others.

**Dr Pragya Suman** is a doctor by profession and an award winning author from India. Recently she won the Gideon poetry award for the poem in her debut book *Lost Mother*. Her second book Photonic Postcard which is a collection of prose poems is published by Ukiyoto Publishing, Canada. She is founding editor of Arc Magazine. Her social media account is following

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## Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2021

### The Art and the Artist

Digital artography by Dr Anwer Ghani has been published in the book “abstract”. His few artistic creativity has taken for Arc Prose Poetry Anthology.

I am really thankful to him.

#### Description

Digital expressionism is the other face of human creativity where the colors talk. We usual hear that "the words draw" in creative writing, here in the digital expressionism, the colors talk. So the digital expressionism is not a pure art, it is a midway and mid-zone between art and poetry; between talking and drawing; between writing and art.

Digital expressionism of Anwer Ghani is a digital manipulation and modification to add a big effect and to make a speaking photo. Its a way of expression; of disclosure and speaking. Digital expressionism is the talking by colors.

