

mélange

a potpourri of thoughts



POETS
CORNER

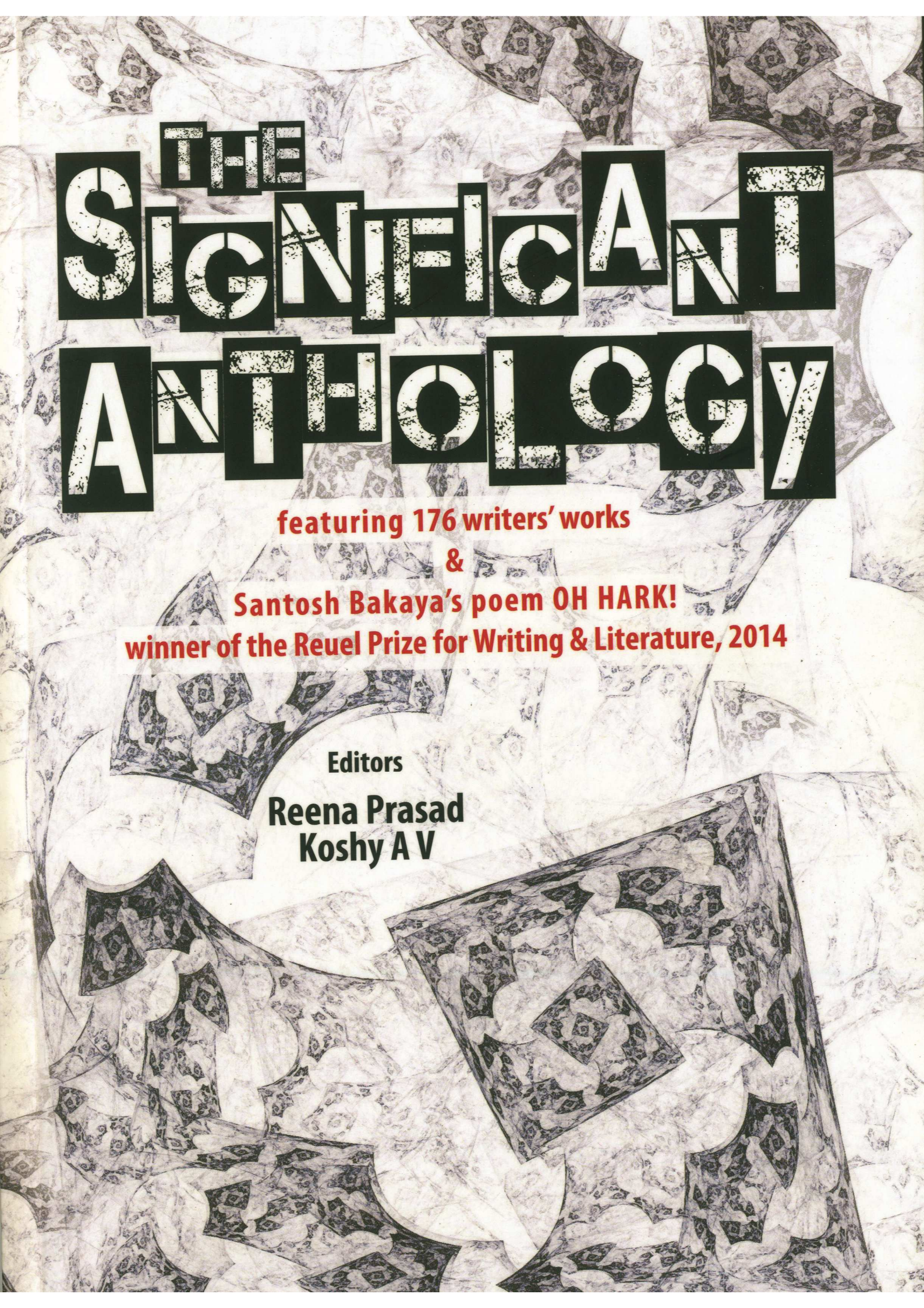
An Anthology by Poets Corner

ZEENATH IBRAHIM

A Mirage

Where camels once strode in staid strides
is now trampled upon by metallic mass
like a pest invested cauldron
flavours licked to the last,
steel on wheels crush the heart
that still longs for that ancient keg
of gentle touch
The callous creatures whiz past
those modern day monoliths
cemented with strident self love,
no vents left for the tender breeze
that lulled the thirsty leaves, once
Dry expanses of golden dust
shoved ashore
seek the lost gleam in a distant dream
The sun sighs from his yet unconquered throne
as Gaia writhes in pain
icicles piercing the warmth of her womb
...and a lonely bard muses in content,
the oasis securely locked in her heart
from the deafening desert around.





THE SIGNIFICANT ANTHOLOGY

featuring 176 writers' works
&
Santosh Bakaya's poem OH HARK!
winner of the Reuel Prize for Writing & Literature, 2014

Editors

Reena Prasad
Koshy A V

Adieu

Zainab Hossain, India

In the darkness of night
when no one's around
I dig the corpse of my desire...
Review it, in its unclad form
i still find flesh on your skeleton...
stubborn! u have not yet perished
into the soil...
So, I fear you...
Thus, I bury you again
in this absence of light.

In the darkness of another night
I will try to unearth you
but will not find you
Not even your bones
no trace will be found
I'll shed a tear or two
and in vacuum bid you adieu.

The Sun and I

Zeenath Ibrahim, India

I:

Today
You are just a yellow sore
Suppurated with putrid passion,
See how the inflammation spreads
Across the burnt sky,
And my body weeps

As your orange streaks seep in
Littering little blisters
All over.

THE SUN:

And today
You are just another cheeky pest
Gnawing at those castles in the air
Boring holes into my heavenly blanket,
A moth-eaten layer of nakedness,
Leaving me infected
With your cold comforts
And am I
the eyesore?