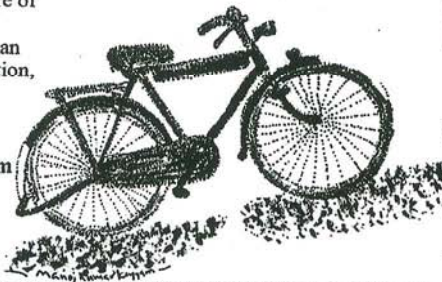


POEMS IN MAGAZINES

Our 7th issue includes work from India and abroad, showcasing more of emerging, regional voices. Submissions (of not more than 120 words) poems, flash fiction, skits, jokes, artwork and irregulars can be sent, with a short bio, to

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A quarterly little Magazine



Indian Ink

• Editor: E V Fathima • Issue 7 • July-September 2013

poem ●

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

Sabina Atul

To be or not to be
quotedun anxiously,
to live with 'to be'
is quite struggling,
arms stretched in vicinity
in a 'not to be' mode,
green becomes grey
ash of hopes
ash of dreams
I, here, IS, dead!

.....
Teaching English at Kannur University, Kerala.

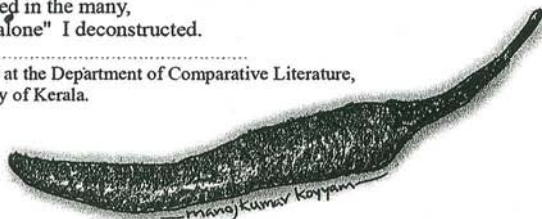
● poem

DECONSTRUCTION

Shijomon K V

It's just a matter of a New Year wish.
Last New Year I awaited a new year greeting from my most beloved friend;
But she did not send me a card, a mail or a SMS.
N hocking!
She might have forgotten. No.
But, some serious reasons.
Recently I found,
She had sent greetings to all our "Ten" friends, but not to me.
Shocking!
Why didn't she?
I applied psycho analytical theory she hates me? No.
Marxism ideology? No.
Feminism reaction to patriarchy? No.
Deconstruction Yes!
Yes! It is her "New Year gift."
She personally chose me from the midst of inclusions.
I am not included in the many,
But excluded "alone" I deconstructed.

.....
Research Scholar at the Department of Comparative Literature,
Central University of Kerala.



● poem

INTERIORS

Vinu Joseph

Appa, from now on,
the southernmost corner is your position;
though the chair is wobbly, take care
to sit quiet.

Amma, from the kitchen
the dining room shall not be
approached, nor crossed.
The straw mattress and pillow
better not be shown the daylight.

Housefly dare not enter!
Cat, do not grow!
March not, ant, to the sugar bowl!
The breeze needn't be so strong,
Let not the daylight be so warm
Drizzle, don't bother to chat,
Don't venture to cross the veranda.

The doors be barred
windows shut. Who's ringing
the bell, at this hour?
No one's here, none at all;
Only the dog that jumps and attacks.
He is not in chains.



.....
Contemporary Malayalam poet and author of three books.
Tran: E.V. Fathima.

● flash fiction

COIR ANGELS

Geralyn Pinto

"With coir", Grandpa said, "you can work wonders."

And he did. With cotton he was a farmer; with coir an artist. So he made Grandma a mat with the harvest moon woven into it and me a magical swing so that I could fly into the evening air under the tamarind trees and touch the clean, polished stars of September.

Then one day he made a rope for himself and flew up too. I don't really know what happened because there were too many people around for me to see, but after they had gone, Grandma said softly that he was now an angel.

There were many coir angels in our village in that year of drought.

.....
Award winning (Human Rights Consortium, Univ.of London) poet and short story writer,
who heads the English Dept. at St. Agnes College, Mangalore.

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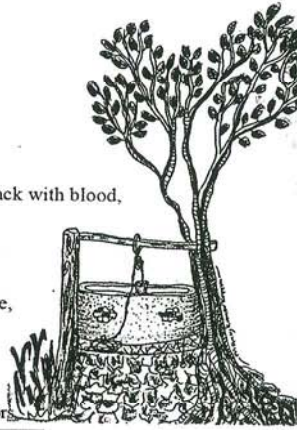
● poem

THIRSTY

Stephanie Martinez

My roots are far from the spring water,
 next to this stone my leaves wonder.
 Questioning the sounds of the freshness.
 Slowly it caresses the dirt,
 The dryness of the memory makes my stems crack with blood,
 Water will sate the thirst with its sweet kiss,
 But as a victim of a love spell,
 All I can ever be is a crying bell,
 And live in this hell,
 That mad man wouldn't bring me the love of live,
 And as I bend and break by this stone,
 My petals are stepped on,
 I am left neglected and alone.

Young Mexican poet and one of our first contributors



short fiction ●

BEST SERVED COLD

Sandeep Shete

Yesterday we buried Victor, our only son. Jerry cried the hardest. He had adored Victor from the day he was brought home. After all it was Jerry who had picked him from the eager brood at the orphanage. That was seven years ago, just before we moved here.

You wouldn't have known Victor was adopted. He looked so much a part of our family as he grew. He had Jerry's eyes that stopped short of hazel. Jerry's tumble of hair. A lopsided smile: Jerry's again. But when his nose began to take after Jerry's, some neighbour just had to point it out. Loudly.

That's when I started researching Jerry...and slow poisons.

Jerry will take a while.

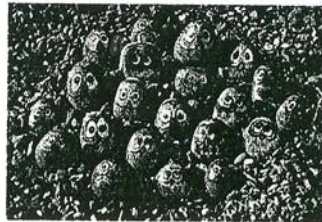
Winner of the prestigious Commonwealth Short Story Competition 2010, and several national and international writing competitions for short stories, poems, essays, and plays, is a management professional from Pune.

● poem

LOST PEBBLES

Anu A.S

She played in that
 guava orchard of her ancestral home,
 then he came with his boots and
 brass trunk,
 and
 stole the pebbles of her childhood.



MA English student at Calicut University, Kerala.

● poem

BEWARE!

Hashmina Habeeb

Beware the wrinkles in the air
 Moisture laden clouds they bear
 One day it shall shower, when you stand and stare
 And drenched in its glory, you will be aware
 To glare at youth that is no longer there

Beware the wrinkles of the elderly stare.

Emerging poet, from Kallai, Kozhikode, Kerala.

● poem

HASN'T PUT IT DOWN

Kuzhoor Vilson

The forgotten umbrella
 Fretted

Did he get wet?
 Cry because it was missing?
 Would his mother have given him a beating?

Benches and desks
 Are dozing

The board still retains
 The day's remnants

Night came,
 The umbrella was in tears
 "Rain rain
 Umbrella umbrella"
 Said the rain outside

"My darling umbrella"
 Only the umbrella heard
 His voice raining over the shower

Crying itself to sleep,
 Headmaster's room
 Came in a dream

Question papers, canes
 Maps, globe, skeleton,
 Chalk power,
 Fat lady teachers,
 Farts and baloney

Startled itself awake
 No, it is not light yet
 Through the darkness
 Nothing other than his embroidered name

Still you forgot me!

Other umbrellas came
 And sat on either sides

Didn't you get wet yesterday?
 Didn't you go home?
 How can it be said that he forgot me?

There he is!
 Umbrella shut its eyes

Let him come running
 Give a hundred kisses

He didn't come even after the bell

On opening the eyes, saw
 His new darling umbrella

Hasn't put it down.

Contemporary Malayalam poet and blogger, has five books in his credit. Trans: Anitha Varma.



poem ●

BARE

Hannah Meher

Face wiped of all emotion
 the frown lines
 the smile lines
 smoothed away by
 invisible hands.
 you are blank.
 and
 i see it through
 eyes tinted, tainted
 with numb disbelief.

XII grade student of Ursuline H.S.S, Kannur, and one of our first contributors.