

# **POETRY PLANET**

## **Voices of the aspirant**

**A collection of outstanding winning aspirant poets**

**ANTHOLOGY SERIES BOOK 1**

**Poetry Planet - Words In Motion: A Collection  
of Outstanding Winning  
Aspirants' Poems  
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Colin W Hill**

Edited by Colin W Hill  
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### **Acknowledgement**

The producers of this manuscript would like to thank, and congratulate, all the winners of the Poetry Planet daily and weekly challenges. The bringing together of this anthology would not have been possible without the collaboration of the (unique and diverse) contributing artists.

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## ***Dedication***

*Dedicated To The Aspiring Poets, The Uncapped Conscience Keepers of Mankind;  
As A Humble Offering of Deep Love And Gratitude With Unconditional Submission  
To The Greatest Poet of all, Omnipotent God.*

*Marites Ritumalta - and – Colin W Hill*

### **FOREWORD**

From The Desk Of Marites Ritumalta,

This first anthology book, aptly titled Voices Of the Aspirants, showcases the poems of winners from my group POETRY PLANET in facebook. With the poetry contests I conduct, weekly Lovely Game Poetry Challenge, the daily Photo-poetry challenge and monthly Contemporary Challenge. I was able to compile winning poems from hundreds of aspirant poets from their brilliant participation from May to December 2016. I am indebted to all of them. In 2016, the group was started with just a handful of friends.

The objective of the group (and my dream) is to promote the art of aspirant poets irrespective of religion, colour and country to build up a common platform that would establish the poetry of our era as a continuation of the flow of unity in diversity. Today, the group is over 11,000 members strong; it is a testimonial to poets and poetry lovers marching hand-in-hand towards a better world.

I take this opportunity to personally thank, Sukanto Roy, who helped me in creating meaningful games that help aspirants in their writing and Colin W Hill who deserves special mention and appreciation from all concerned for making it possible to publish this work. Judges from different countries all over the world have selected the winners of the Poetry Planet contests. I gratefully acknowledge their voluntary literary contributions in this regard.

Readers feedback will enrich us, no doubt.

- Marites Calpito Ritumalta  
POETRY PLANET Administrator, founder.

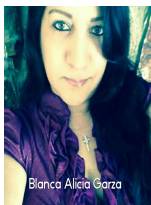



**Poetess Blanca Alicia Garza**

**Bittersweet**

Lonely and sitting by my window  
on a cold winter's night, a cup of coffee  
in my hand, a pen ready to spill my soul  
in the other. Thoughts come and go like  
waves while bittersweet tears wetting  
my  
notebook, craving your kiss saddens my  
heart.

Pieces of paper scattered on the floor,  
the Moon  
shyly peeks trying to comfort me, I yelled  
to her in  
hopes that you can hear the echo of my  
voice,  
so many times I tried to reach out for  
your hand  
to dry my tears, to feel your tender touch,  
I tried  
to ease my pain with a smile, because I  
knew that  
you were on the other side feeling the  
same.





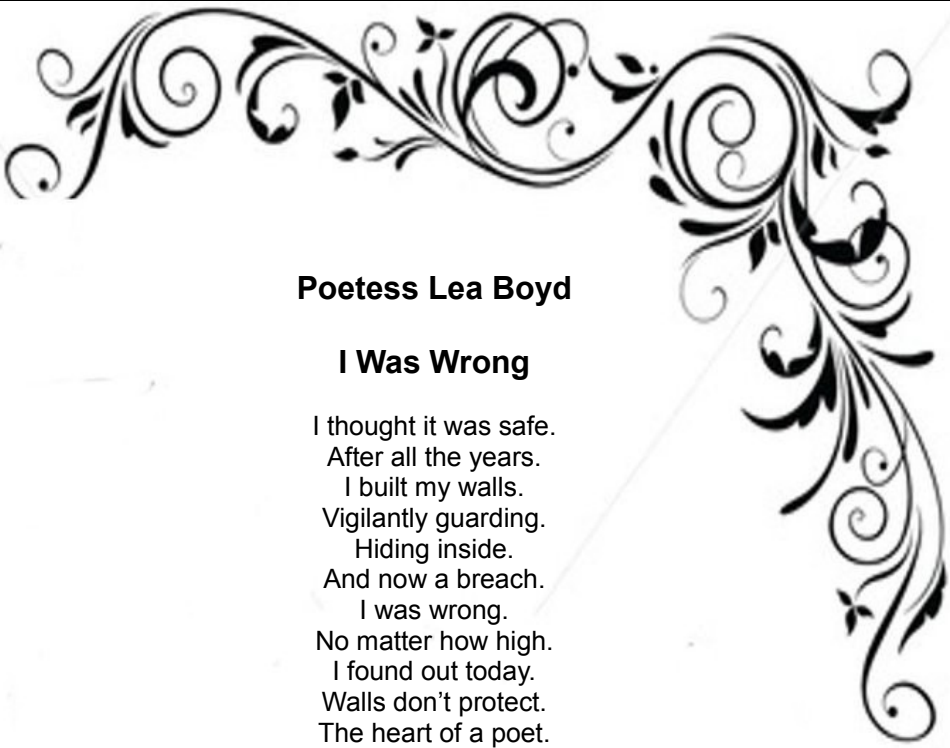
**Poetess Sarmistha Rainy**

**DUSK TO DAWN IN THE DOWNPOURING OF LOVE**

A rainy day today  
overcast my muse to ink more  
Then my ink writes on the clouded sky  
and my story converts into a dark night  
The dusk breaks the dawn.  
Then started the love affairs

O'Love!  
I scream with ecstasy  
You flow within me as a tempting proximity  
The waves of the sea leave  
the signature on the heart of golden sand  
Similarly, he leaves the sumptuous feeling in me  
Between you and me there is only we  
and the glorious night downpours  
the thought of us to live the dusk till  
the breaking of dawn.  
Still, it is raining whole night  
drenching our proximity  
o love hold me tight

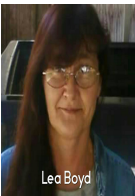




## Poetess Lea Boyd

### I Was Wrong

I thought it was safe.  
After all the years.  
I built my walls.  
Vigilantly guarding.  
Hiding inside.  
And now a breach.  
I was wrong.  
No matter how high.  
I found out today.  
Walls don't protect.  
The heart of a poet.





**Poet Niraj Rana**

**"My Love"**

More sweeter than the sweet berries  
More beautiful than the beautiful fairies  
More colourful than the colourful hue  
More shinier than the shiny dew  
More deeper than the deep ocean  
More bigger than the big portion  
More longer than the long way  
More brighter than the bright day  
More higher than the high altitude  
More fairer than the fair attitude  
More softer than the soft feather  
More lovelier than the lovely weather  
More silkier than the silky hair  
More lighter than the light air  
More richer than the rich almonds  
More precious than the precious diamonds

**Such great is my love**

Oh dear

And it is only for you

My dear.






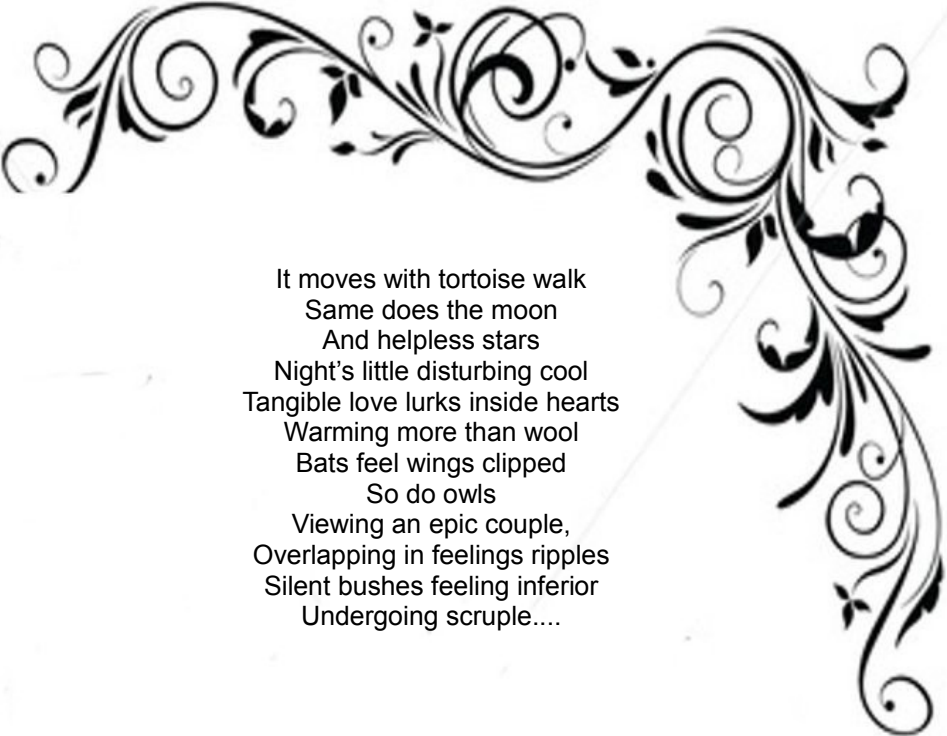
## Poet Parkash Pencia

### Dreams

Beautiful reverie, i see thine,  
In arms pillow of mine,  
Under spring sprang tree which  
Blossoming as thy bloom like  
Milk boiling thou prime time,  
Scarlet juice in copiousness  
Seeps through your glow  
Outsmarting rose  
On full swing of sublime,  
Phoebe's silver light piercing  
Through leaves,ends shying  
At pinnacle of thou charms,  
Clasping as butterfly does  
Seeing flower,bee seeing buds  
Woven in one soul,undying faith  
Now flows in veins so strong,  
Untouched yet touched Physics  
Thine brush fingers in mine  
Arms around you  
Like aroma bewitched snake  
Does around sandal wood  
Sirens of throbs,presence of us  
There reminds,  
Insomniac tree, so does feel  
Gazing grassy florid garth,  
Mirror dew drops witnessing  
A movie of us in romance bathed,  
As the night ripening,  
Love of ours mellowing red  
Reposing in each other's  
Breaths cosy and comfy bed  
Night no more feels to pass  
Before our magnetic glow







It moves with tortoise walk  
Same does the moon  
And helpless stars  
Night's little disturbing cool  
Tangible love lurks inside hearts  
Warming more than wool  
Bats feel wings clipped  
So do owls  
Viewing an epic couple,  
Overlapping in feelings ripples  
Silent bushes feeling inferior  
Undergoing scruple....



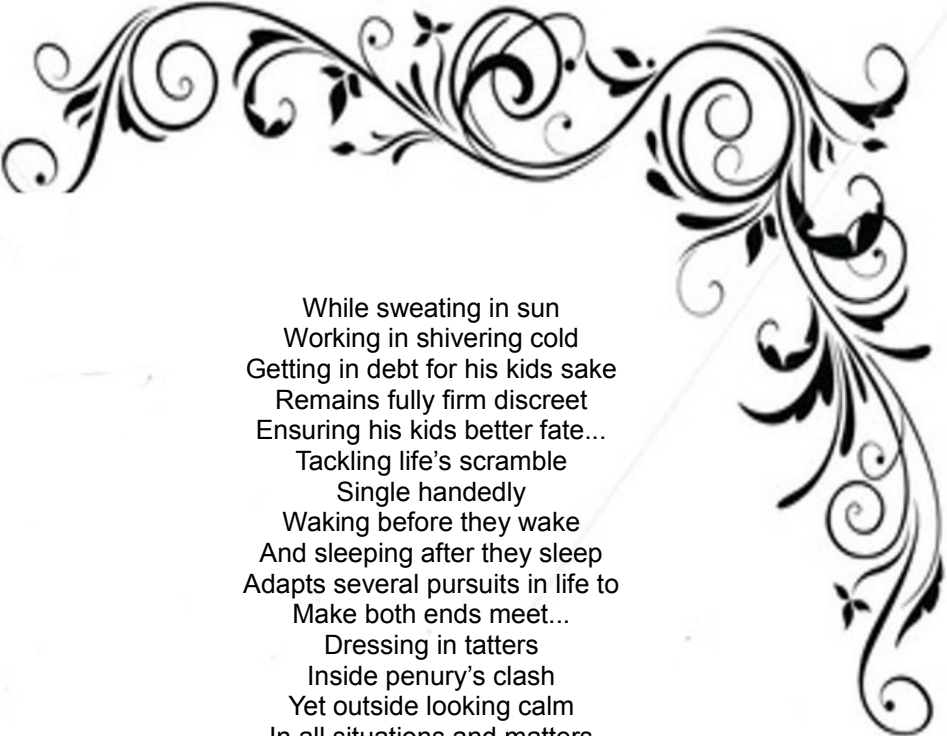


**Poet Parkash Pencia**

**FATHER**

Forsaking his own desires  
Some he nips in the bud  
Some he never lets them see  
Shields his kids priorities  
Even his own abjuring  
Neither he grouches over nor  
From his duties he ever flees...  
Right from the child's birth  
Jumps in run and chase spirit  
Giving up his own pleasures  
Accumulating for kids  
Forgets his own merry making  
Gives shade them forever  
Like evergreen trees...  
Going through hardships  
Or through thick or thin  
Keeping a parental smile  
Hiding all miseries and teens  
Never lets them know  
We going through any  
Lack and calamity's spins...  
Being the first teacher  
Provides them with axioms  
Along with best nurture  
Himself remains unfed yet  
Ensures their well being..  
Inheriting them innate traits  
Prompting them in every  
Walks of life  
Leaves no stone unturned to  
Get his kids in better state...  
Himself living in chary situation  
Saving every penny





While sweating in sun  
Working in shivering cold  
Getting in debt for his kids sake  
Remains fully firm discreet  
Ensuring his kids better fate...  
Tackling life's scramble  
Single handedly  
Waking before they wake  
And sleeping after they sleep  
Adapts several pursuits in life to  
Make both ends meet...  
Dressing in tatters  
Inside penury's clash  
Yet outside looking calm  
In all situations and matters  
He himself burns for glistening  
Kids life's success street...  
Learning walking while holding  
Father's index finger and  
Riding on his back like a horse  
Being his best story teller  
Kids love to sleep listening  
His lullaby at utmost...  
He provides the safest and softest  
Cosy corner for kids  
Which can ever exist  
Father's giving gives smiles  
Fills among them laughters  
Which come inherently sans  
Fictitious mist...





## Poet Dusk Verses

### Dusky Solitude

The curtains of your thoughts drawn together,  
At my table of rough wood solitude,  
And the firelight of memories flickering softly,  
Do I fall to thoughtful mood.  
Flocks of sweet illusions,  
Memories the mind recalls,  
And they softly creep like crazy crickets  
Through time's grey and crumbled walls;  
Or they drop with gentle patter  
On the pavement of the soul,  
About the emotional room in every corner  
Silver webs the spiders sew,  
While among the dusty bookshelves  
Furtive mice soft come and go.  
O, how often have I wanted  
My worn lyre aside to lay;  
From poetry and solitude  
At last my thoughts to turn away.  
But again the mice, the crickets,  
With their small and rustling tread  
Awake in me familiar longings  
And with poetry fill my heart.  
Once in a while, alas too rarely,  
When my lamp is burning late,  
Suddenly my heart beats wildly  
For I hear the latch-bar grate.  
It is She. My dusky chamber  
In a moment seems to glow;  
As if an icon's holy lustre  
Did o'er life's threshold flow.  
And I know not how the moments  
Have the heart away to sneak,  
While we whisper low our loving,  
Hand in hand, and cheek to cheek.





## Poetess Preety Bora


### A MIDNIGHT'S DIARY

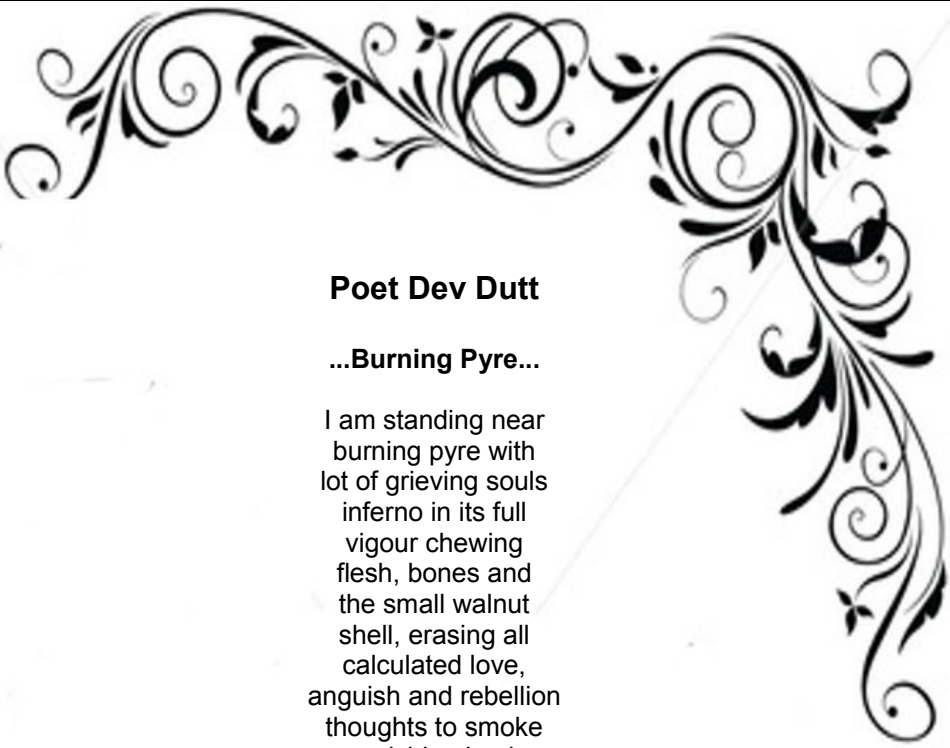
As I hear the roaring sound of a midnight sea  
My dreams wake up from its sandy sleep.  
As I stand alone beside the sea  
The waves Whisper softly into my soul's ear.

A twinkling star from the misty blue  
Appears like a diamond so bright.  
On the other side , the night queen slips gently from her ivory path.  
The happy star begins to glow in her celestial way  
Feeding her loneliness in her unique charm.  
The mighty star looks so graceful and calm at midnight blue.

As the blue curtain vibrates with the twinkling gems ,  
A gentle breeze blows through the air in darkness.  
My divine longings gently glide across the blue hills ,  
My warm fancy becomes visible through the winter nights.  
As I unchain my thought from its painful path ,  
A canopy of grey shawl hangs on my sorrow's wall.

A heart dissolves in pain  
Never celebrates its fruitful harvest with none .  
At midnight , my dreams crawl to the sandy shore  
And I search and search for the vary light ,  
As the divine sorrows blaze gently in my soul's iron cage.





## Poet Dev Dutt

### ...Burning Pyre...

I am standing near  
burning pyre with  
lot of grieving souls  
inferno in its full  
vigour chewing  
flesh, bones and  
the small walnut  
shell, erasing all  
calculated love,  
anguish and rebellion  
thoughts to smoke  
vanishing in air  
drilling all nostrils  
into lungs of souls  
standing with grief,  
I escaped from the  
dead log body to  
stand among my  
beloveds with pain,  
once I feared fire  
now the body I  
loved and cared  
turning to ashes  
only my rebel bones  
never to surrender  
to inferno will lie  
as a mark to be  
remembered as a  
fellow being in their  
memories till they  
reach to this burning  
pyre and turn to  
smoke and ashes...





**Poet Dev Dutt**

**My World**

Pure serene breeze  
whispering around  
softly touching senses  
soothing soul  
that's my world...  
Sitting under old monk  
banyan tree watching  
falling dried leaves  
little squirrels creaking  
that's my world...  
Lying lazy on meadow  
watching birds and  
moving formless clouds  
tracing destinations  
unknown  
that's my world...  
Whispering, rewriting  
unbound love for you  
like towering mountain  
oblivious to you  
since ages I walked  
that's my world...  
Giving something  
though little  
a smile in eyes  
conceal gifts  
flowed in return  
that's my world...





**Poetess Chanel Kalani Galaza**

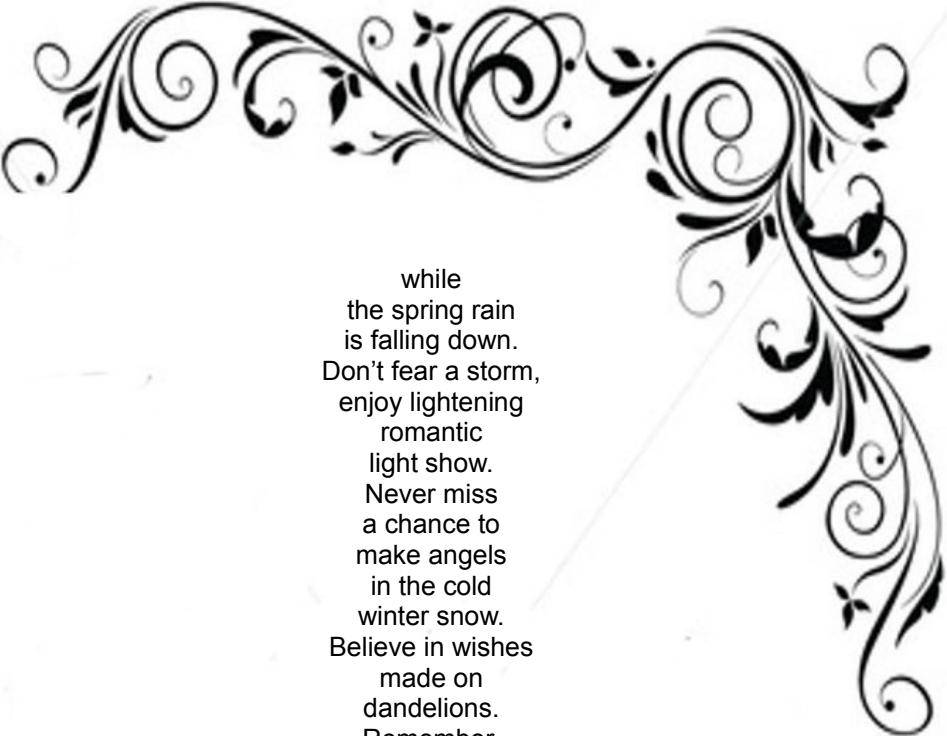
**Simple Wish**

Children  
my wish for  
you is simple,  
always make  
a splash  
and not a ripple.  
Smile when you  
want to cry,  
never stop  
wishing on the  
first star  
in the night sky.  
Take time to smell  
the roses,  
open a window  
for every door  
that closes.  
Love...to the  
moon and back,  
Never lose faith  
when your  
demons attack.  
Dance, please dance!  
You will regret it,  
if you never  
take the chance.  
To spin  
around and around,  
just lose  
yourself  
completely in  
the sound.  
Walk barefoot



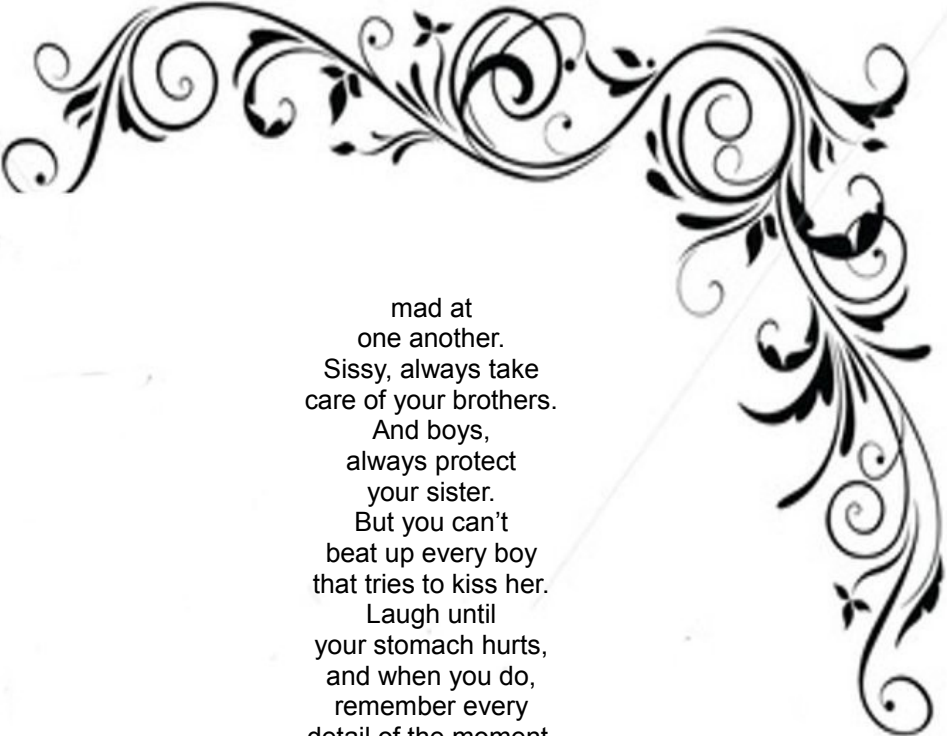
Chanel Kalani Galaza





while  
the spring rain  
is falling down.  
Don't fear a storm,  
enjoy lightening  
romantic  
light show.  
Never miss  
a chance to  
make angels  
in the cold  
winter snow.  
Believe in wishes  
made on  
dandelions.  
Remember,  
you have the  
heart of a Hawaiian.  
And the spirit  
of a Samoan.  
Never forget  
you all  
are my life.  
Without each  
and everyone  
of you,  
my dreams could  
have never  
came true.  
Look for  
four leaf clovers,  
Sleep under forts  
made out  
of covers.  
Never  
walk away





mad at  
one another.  
Sissy, always take  
care of your brothers.  
And boys,  
always protect  
your sister.  
But you can't  
beat up every boy  
that tries to kiss her.  
Laugh until  
your stomach hurts,  
and when you do,  
remember every  
detail of the moment.

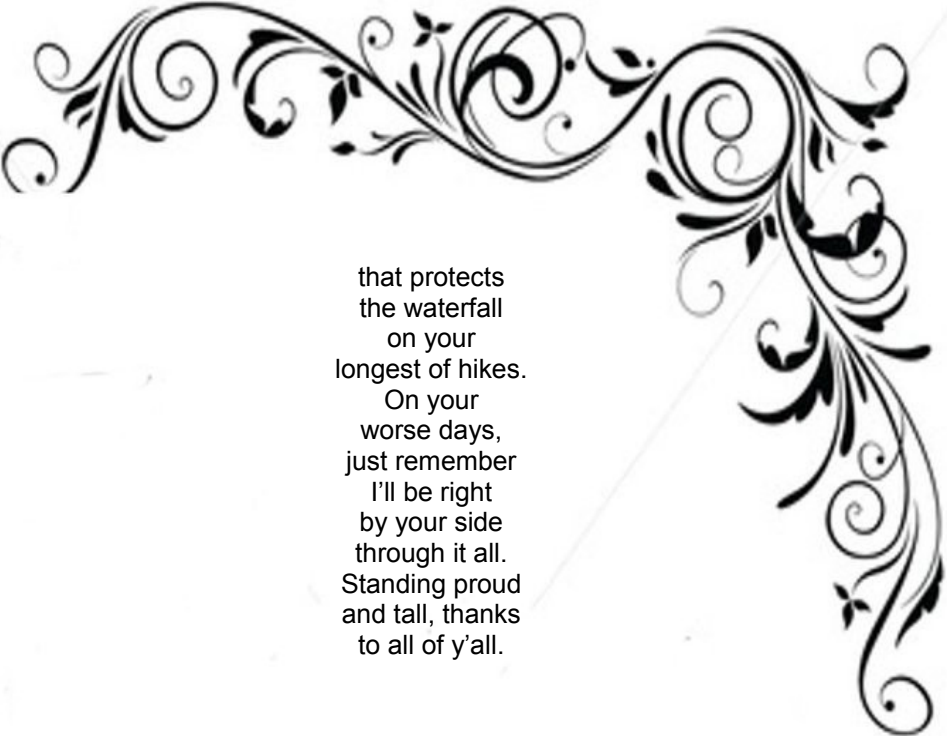
Remember the best therapy  
is playing in the dirt.  
Listen to the sunsets,  
and watch the sunrise.

Think of it as  
candy for your eyes.  
A little bit of advise,  
it's always easier to  
remember the  
truth over lies.

And when that day comes  
that I'm not by your side...

I'll be the hawk  
flying high,  
I'll be your  
favorite song  
we sing to  
on the radio,  
whenever  
you take a ride.  
I'll be the rainbow,



A large, intricate black and white decorative scrollwork design in the top right corner, featuring swirling vines, leaves, and floral motifs.

that protects  
the waterfall  
on your  
longest of hikes.  
On your  
worse days,  
just remember  
I'll be right  
by your side  
through it all.  
Standing proud  
and tall, thanks  
to all of y'all.





**Poet Manmohan Rajbanshi**

**And How I Became A Hero.**

He, my father, used to say  
' Always speak the truth ...'

He placed his hand on my shoulder and  
went on talking like a friend. "Help those people that hate you,  
don't hate them in return."

A hero-like saying that helped me build my life ,and I  
proceeded silently.

Silence isn't the mind's frozen form,  
Exploring reality , each one knows his form ,  
so does the ice frozen.

Laughter draws a wee sense out from the  
depth of the heart,  
that's the close look of the world.

Tears get going silently singing the songs of life,  
he advised me in my despair .

Let the tears flow  
otherwise it get frozen.

Do such a thing that where you'll be in God's Home  
his finale advice.

It's how I learned and He became a hero for me...






## Poetess Manuela Ella Emmanuella

### He Became Her Hero

She was once too young to tell  
The tale of life, she hadn't seen  
Her heart so tender to hurt  
Nor mature to handle pain  
She was old nevertheless a baby,  
But once, an arrow was shot,  
It torn her apart  
And burnt her down to ashes  
She came tumbling down  
Like falling ice on a mountain  
Into a dark hole, she settled.  
As if an ant under the grounds.  
Dark inside yet during the day.  
Grave, even when she yelled for help  
Many heard, none helped.  
Terrified like an a small animal in front of a hungry fierce lion  
Whispers from dark shadows,  
Amidst her worries,  
She heard a voice call unto her,  
She could tell it was, but a man.  
He offered a ladder for help  
Step by step, she climbed slowly  
Until she stood where he stood  
Their eyes crossed  
She was grateful and forever.





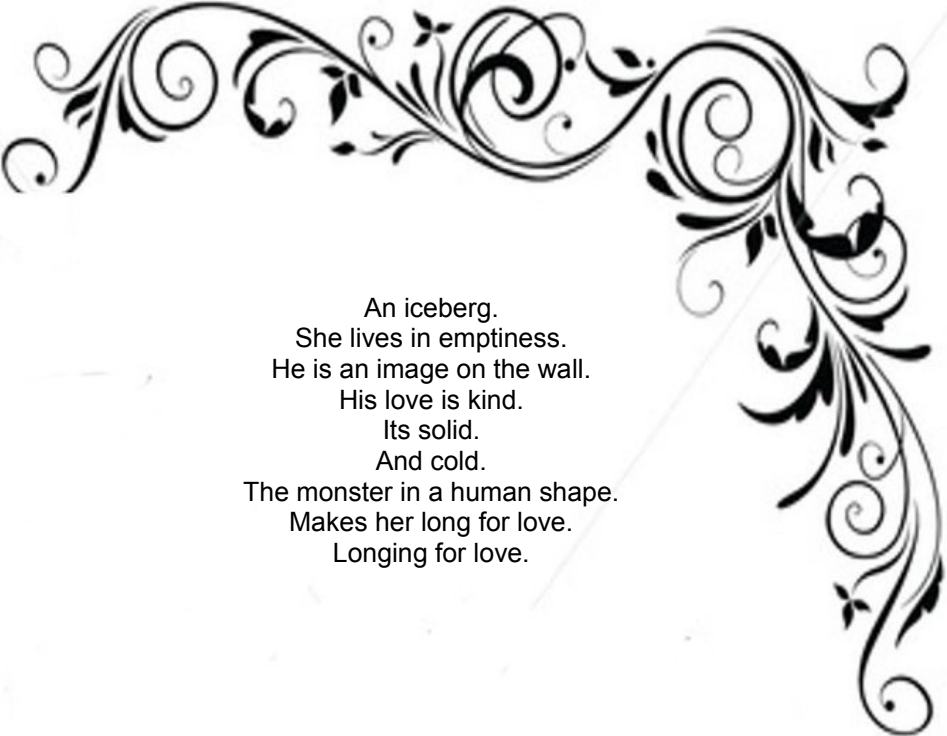
**Poetess Manuela Ella Emmanuella**

**Longing for love.**

Like lightening, he hit the skies.  
He came like a thundering storm.  
That washes away the green fields.  
He came to stay.  
Just like land marks.  
Terrible scars that never disappears  
He is like animal prints .  
Always around.  
But he seems far away.  
A wish inside her heart.  
To listen to him talk to her.  
Quite, grave like a grave yard.  
He never blinks.

He is a statue.  
She yearns to hear him say sweet words..  
Her wish in vain.  
Technically single in her marriage.  
She talks to herself.  
Even with him around.  
He is deaf to respond.  
He makes her yearn for love.  
He says he loves her.  
He never justifies the love.  
He is a coward.  
Cowards live longest.  
They are husband and wife.  
Until death does them apart.  
There is no love.  
She longs for love.  
She is married to a tin if salt.





An iceberg.  
She lives in emptiness.  
He is an image on the wall.  
His love is kind.  
Its solid.  
And cold.  
The monster in a human shape.  
Makes her long for love.  
Longing for love.






**Poet Md Asif Iqbal**

**MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION**

I am standing at the end of the year.  
The last night it is.  
So dark and cold,  
Tomorrow a new Sun will arise.

I am a new born child  
Like a dew drop on the edge of the grass.  
Every breath... pure and fresh.  
O dear God! I have no regrets of the bygone years.  
New year is coming singing the song of music of love,  
peace and hope.  
I'll be the reason of your smile  
I'll be the smile of your face.

New years come and new years go  
And thus goes on the journey of life.  
I am not for myself, but for you.  
And like a blooming flower  
I'll offer fragrance for you.  
A new year ushers me towards intense eternity.







**Poet Zaldy Carreon de Leon**


**WHILE**

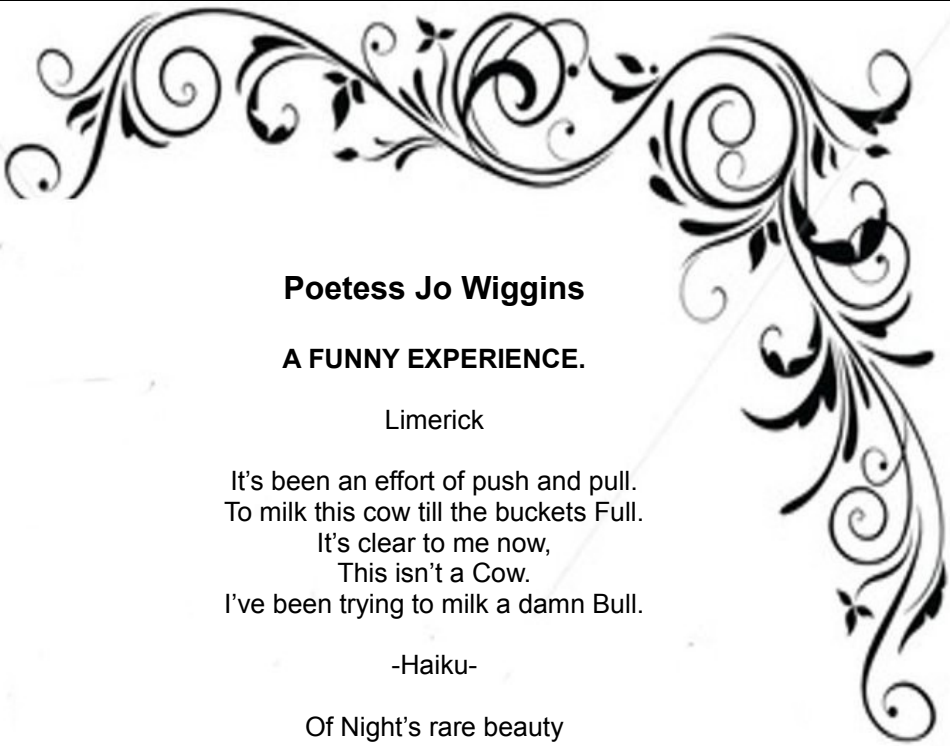
While grief and hell assures me  
No heaven to pull off my woe,  
In darkness, my knees fell astound,  
Only tears fell from my dreary hope.

While heaven pulls none my woe,  
I suppose that life there is nay,  
But kneeling, your wings I saw  
Might bring answers to my shame.

While supposing there is nay,  
My head humbled down prostrate,  
Elaud thy beauty against my cry,  
Only joy then relieved in my palms.

While head humbled down prostrate,  
As if heaven pulls none my woes,  
Yet you came to think it wise  
That God never leave me despaired.





**Poetess Jo Wiggins**

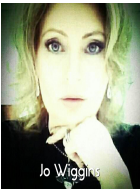
**A FUNNY EXPERIENCE.**

Limerick

It's been an effort of push and pull.  
To milk this cow till the buckets Full.  
It's clear to me now,  
This isn't a Cow.  
I've been trying to milk a damn Bull.

-Haiku-

Of Night's rare beauty  
A true Mistress of darkness  
A unique delight!





## Poet Shailendra Kr Singh

### The best moment

I had held you that high,  
With the same love as ever.  
You had told you are for me,  
And I showed you that care.

The pink sky witnessed,  
My eternal liking for you.  
I made never a mistake,  
Choosing you and loving you.

I had given you all I had,,  
Craved only for you instead.  
Got the whole world in return,  
And Found you just indeed.

Will cherish it forever my love,  
Will relish this moment always.  
Will find you always every where,  
Will never miss you in any case.

The earth stands a witness,  
The pink sky paints our togetherness.  
Never go away, never you do,  
Never make this deadly mistake.





**Poet Shailendra Kr Singh**

**FLOURISHING SMILES**

This ground bears my tiny dreams,  
Grown with time and the the wind.  
It has come from small small bud,  
Which are my thoughts that made my world.

How glamorous it is and how beautiful,  
The patches of golden yellow over the greens.  
This canvas is the picture of thriving life,  
Where things just grow and with no strife.

Well yes it will never never die,  
It will keep the life flying high.

Yonder the hillock and the field green.  
Sun. has just risen making it serene.





**Poetess Nili Sinha**

**ENSLAVED AND CHAINED**

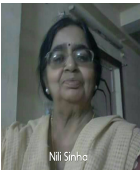
Its been ages I'm in cages  
Within Without out and out  
Shackled, handcuffed, always rebuffed,  
Treated like a misfit,  
Good for nothing, only a plaything

Fit for roving eyes and  
Once being used then re used ,  
Many a times, to be finally thrown,  
Like a piece of rag torn into bits,

As if all imprisoned, tied ,encircled,  
So called garlanded,  
Iron- chained for life....

In silenced existence,  
While deep within  
In the recesses of my  
Silenced- existence,  
A prayer goes up from  
My trembling, thirsty  
Parched lips

A prayer,  
O lord, divine  
I'm only thine,  
Though destroyed,  
You will never ,ever,  
Make me feel defeated..





**Poetess Nili Sinha**

**LOVE OF THE DIVINE**

Nestled amidst clouds  
A peak divine alone  
Of a solitary mountain  
Sleeping and dreaming  
Of a stunning sun rise  
Flashing and tossing million hued colours  
Filling every nook and corner  
Like a frenzied-painter  
All in a hurry to herald  
The dawn of a new day  
My tiny palpitating heart  
Knows no art  
But only admire  
The furious firmament  
Wrapping and unwrapping  
In million myriad ways  
To tease ,to ease  
My naked eyes  
O Lord! my master  
Giver divine!  
Paint our souls too  
With your precious love...





**Poet Philip C Abunyi**

**WHEN EARTH IS YOUNG**


This is how we're when earth is young,  
the lords came through the sea with guns,  
to harvest in our own farm at savannah,  
and deforest our rainforest,  
where our trees grow to the tallest.

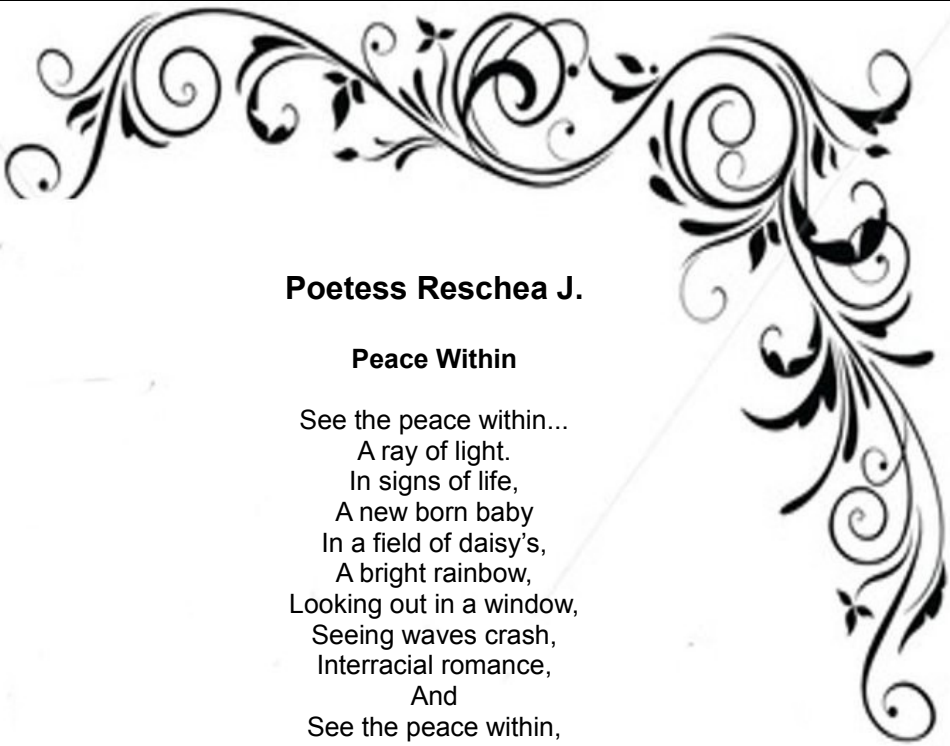
This is how we're when earth is young,  
When our maidens took in on their beds,  
When our mothers Wed them by force,  
and our fathers were jailed without fault.

This is how we're when earth is young,  
when they said we stole our own oil,  
when they said we should rent room in our houses,  
when we're witches of our own bananas,  
time we starved to death like weak hyenas.

This was how we're when earth is young,  
When the moon is our friend,  
when the mountain was low,  
when we embraced nakedness.

This is how we're when earth is young,  
the lords came through the sea with guns.  
they wore us heavy hurting chains,  
And sailed through the sea with our Lands' gains...





## Poetess Reschea J.

### Peace Within

See the peace within...  
A ray of light.  
In signs of life,  
A new born baby  
In a field of daisy's,  
A bright rainbow,  
Looking out in a window,  
Seeing waves crash,  
Interracial romance,  
And  
See the peace within,  
The love of parents,  
People sharing,  
Giving to others freely,  
Singing and dancing,  
A midsummer's breeze,  
A cup of warm tea,  
A lover's glance,  
A proud interracial stance,  
And  
See the peace within...  
The world we let in,  
Let it be a fetish,  
There within all of us,  
We just have to trust,  
The way to making peace,  
Is through the right key,  
Applying the golden rule,  
The simplest of all tools,  
Is love...







**Poetess Reschea J.**

**"Window to Heart"**

They open and close.  
You can see in or out.  
Light shines through  
you can feel it now.  
It's smooth in touch  
yet heavy with its hold.  
You can see through it,  
and can seem to be cold.  
You can feel it's warmth,  
in certain times of year.  
Yet it can cause pain,  
even bring you to tears.  
They are meant to basque,  
and they even invite,  
looking out at adventure,  
keep you held in its sight.  
Warm and cozy is the feel,  
when you stand beside it.  
Cold and distance is the feel,  
when it shatters from a hit.  
You can pick up the pieces,  
and even clean up the mess,  
but it will never be the same,  
and stay in a state of regress.





**Poet Frederick Von L. Ramos**

**All In Summer**

How I miss the sound  
of you falling around  
taking away the pain  
My sweet summer rain..

How I miss your smell  
that I know so well  
fading beauty by the hour  
My sweet summer flower...

How I miss looking above  
for your shape I keep thinking of  
suddenly up there are crowds  
My sweet summer clouds..

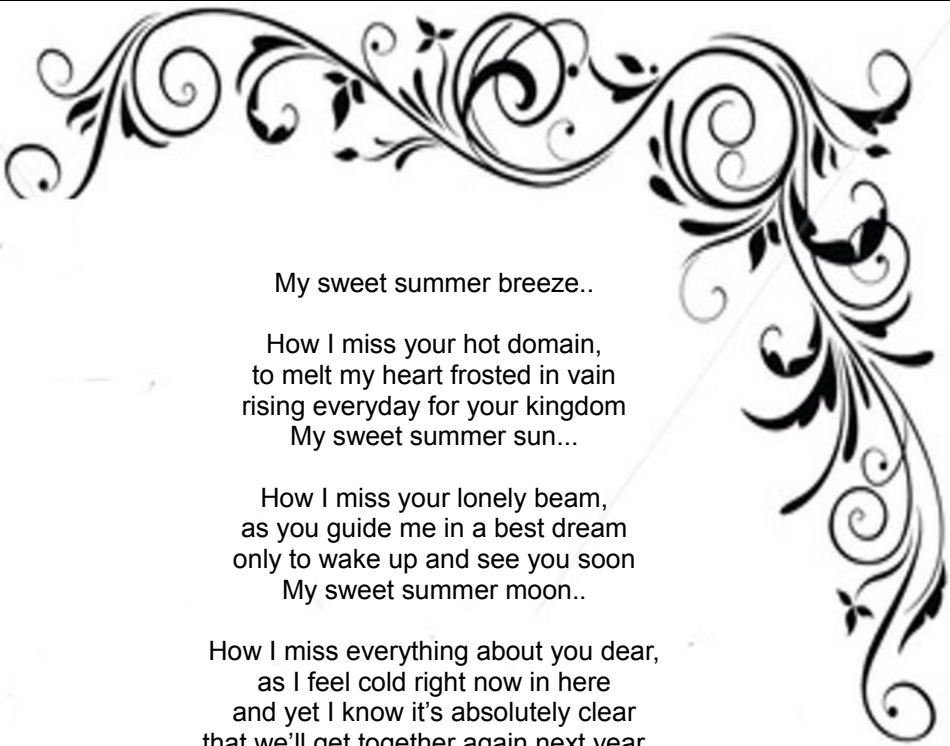
How I miss your view  
always majestic in cue  
staring while I refrain  
My sweet summer mountain...

How I miss your embrace  
be engulfed in your waves  
caressing my whole body  
My sweet summer sea..

How I miss gazing upon  
your twinkle of hope beyond  
shining down on me from afar  
My sweet summer star..

How I miss your very warm kiss  
that I shared with the leaves  
swaying with the big 'ole trees





My sweet summer breeze..

How I miss your hot domain,  
to melt my heart frosted in vain  
rising everyday for your kingdom  
My sweet summer sun...

How I miss your lonely beam,  
as you guide me in a best dream  
only to wake up and see you soon  
My sweet summer moon..

How I miss everything about you dear,  
as I feel cold right now in here  
and yet I know it's absolutely clear  
that we'll get together again next year...





**Poet Frederick Von L. Ramos**

**Memories**

There's a letter left behind,  
by the girl for them to find  
beside the body with her life no more,  
tears of sadness like before..

Upon a table there's a golden ring,  
now it doesn't mean a thing  
But once it symbolized a love so true,  
why it ended? he doesn't have a clue..

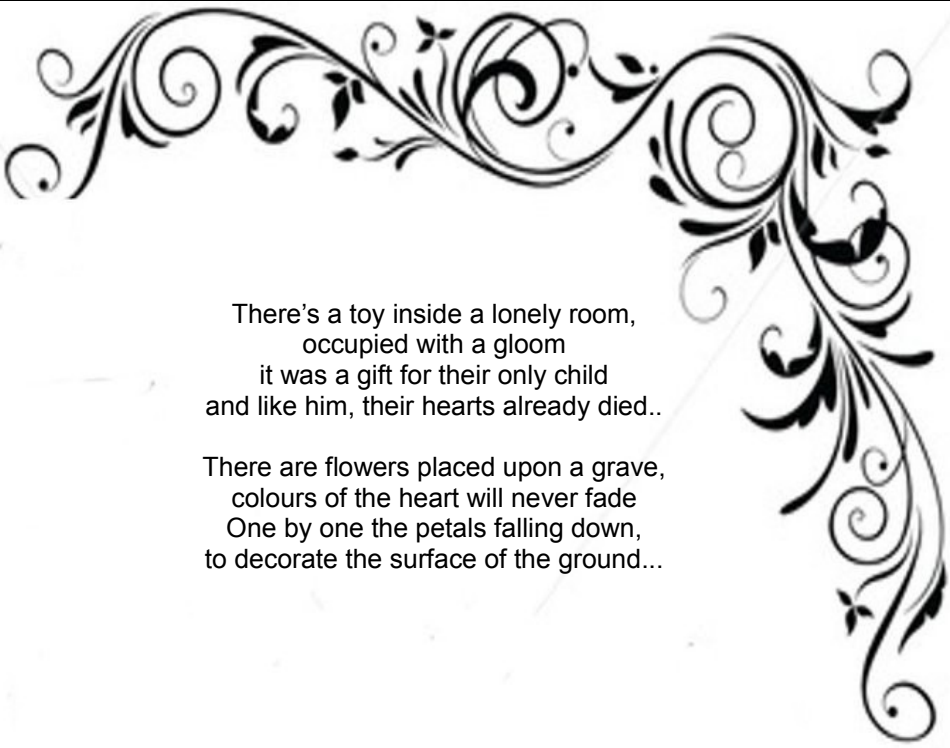
There's a picture kept inside a safe,  
she always bring out when the night is late  
then she'll cry without a sound  
wishing that he is still around..

There's a tree beside a lonely hill,  
many years have passed , it's standing still  
two names deeply carved to it's lower bark  
a vow from long ago that they'd never part..

There's a song that she don't want to hear  
knowing it would only bring a tear  
the memories behind it's melody  
making her miss his company..

There's a diary beneath the bed,  
some dates written in ink of red  
overwhelming feelings once a while  
on the dates and moments , he saw her smile..





There's a toy inside a lonely room,  
occupied with a gloom  
it was a gift for their only child  
and like him, their hearts already died..

There are flowers placed upon a grave,  
colours of the heart will never fade  
One by one the petals falling down,  
to decorate the surface of the ground...





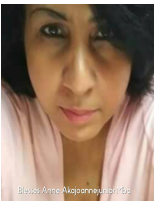

**Poetess Blessed Anne Akajoannejunior Mba**

**The View**

Is it cosmically possible what I see  
The dawn of a new day before me  
Or is it the dusk of a twilight that's ending  
I'm cosmically confused my brain is spinning  
I'm mesmerized by your beauty stuck like glue  
But overall astounded too  
I'll just stand here frozen in time and enjoy its view...

**Today, Tomorrow, Always**

As I look down pass your face into your heart  
I feel so different  
It must be happiness  
On this day, this beautiful day  
Its warm but the breeze makes it just right  
You look at me with all that you are but more than I see  
And I think to myself wow  
He chose me, to be his today, tomorrow, and always.





## Poetess Lorraine Gordon

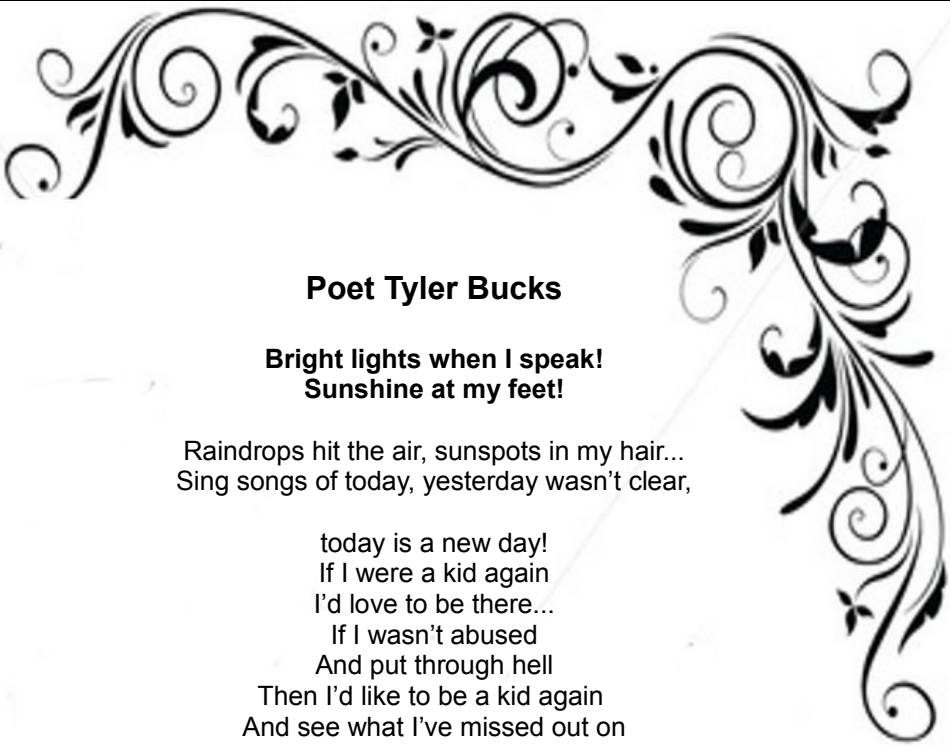
### Peaceful Sleep

Warm thoughts reside in my head  
Sweet dreams of colourful passion  
Mesmerizing thoughts combined  
In my conglomerate mind  
As sleep prevail and thoughts en-rail ..  
While blood surges and calms  
The head in its alpha beta states  
Transcending the thoughts to  
Another world where dreams  
Possess a life of its own

The subconscious prevails  
And heavenly picturesque  
Portrait of thought prevails...

Until ones sleep is awakened  
To here and now in a blink  
Only the warmth of a memory remains ...





## Poet Tyler Bucks

### Bright lights when I speak! Sunshine at my feet!

Raindrops hit the air, sunspots in my hair...  
Sing songs of today, yesterday wasn't clear,

today is a new day!  
If I were a kid again  
I'd love to be there...  
If I wasn't abused  
And put through hell  
Then I'd like to be a kid again  
And see what I've missed out on

I've heard it's grand!  
Oh, how I'd love to be a kid again!  
I've heard it's fantastically sweet  
Like dreams of layered cake...


I really wouldn't know because mine wasn't great!  
But if it's anything like,  
Bright lights when I speak!  
Sunshine at my feet!

Raindrops in the air, sunspots in my hair...  
Singing songs of today, yesterday wasn't clear,  
but today is a new day!  
If I were a kid again  
I'd love to be there  
If I wasn't dragged and beat!



Tyler Bucks





I'd love to be a child who got to be free!  
If I knew what it felt like, I'd say please!

Instead  
I only know dread  
so I will not beg!  
Man, oh, man if only I could see  
What it would be like to live normalcy!  
If it's anything like

Bright lights when I speak!  
Sunshine at my feet!

Raindrops in the air, sunspots in my hair...  
Singing songs of today, yesterday wasn't clear,  
But today is a new day!  
If I were a kid again  
I'd love to be there.



## Poet Parapudi Satyavenkatavinodkumar

### An Ode Of Love

When I was not so loving and not so good  
When I was just another bloke in the block  
When I didn't know what togetherness was  
When all I knew was my family and friends  
When everywhere I looked I found dry beauties  
When all I did was laugh away the moments  
Life was just another time for me  
Until one fine day your family met my family  
And we saw each other for the first time  
Though it was a family get together  
Yet for me that moment was a point of revelation  
For that moment of looking at myself  
In your eyes in your being in your life  
And then on it has been a ride of a kind  
Life has been so kind to me for bestowing you to me  
And I shall ever remain grateful for this kindness  
All my life from then I thought I in you glittered  
But today I confess it was not I in you  
It was you who held the I all along  
You came you saw you loved and you conquered  
I saw, I fell, got hypnotized by your dazzles  
I was pampered by your care and love  
And I took all that for granted and for sure  
As the I in me rejoiced at your presence  
Not understanding that you were a boon  
Yet today I say yes it was you all the way  
Who could withstand all the naughty me  
I thank you for bestowing us  
With two little replicas of ourselves  
I thank you for being there all the way  
I love you for just being there in my life  
Without you I cannot fathom the life  
I cannot visualize anything else  
You are there with me and that is enough  
We both have walked, galloped, run  
Huffed and puffed and wandered and trotted  
All these years without a hint of letting off  
To you and only you My better half  
I remain your love forever.



Parapudi Satyavenkatavinodkumar



**Poet Parapudi Satyavenkatavinodkumar**

**I Fell**

When the winter was at its peak  
And i saw you for the first time  
I fell

When the summer was young  
And i met you as mine  
I fell

You came like a spring  
In the middle of autumn  
I fell

The spring sparkled like an emerald  
Every time you smiled and beckoned  
I fell

In winter when you served a hot coffee  
Amid the sweaty days of works  
I fell

When i heard of the window sill  
On which you rested your hands  
Waiting for my letters  
I fell

When i walked in anxious giddiness  
Created using Notebooks by Droid-Veda LLP 23  
Outside the hospital and heard a cry  
I fell

When the tender life once again smiled  
In the voice of my child in my hands  
I fell  
I fell I fell I fell






## Poet Dasharath Naik

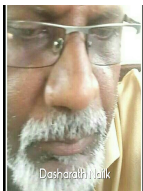
### I AM A POET

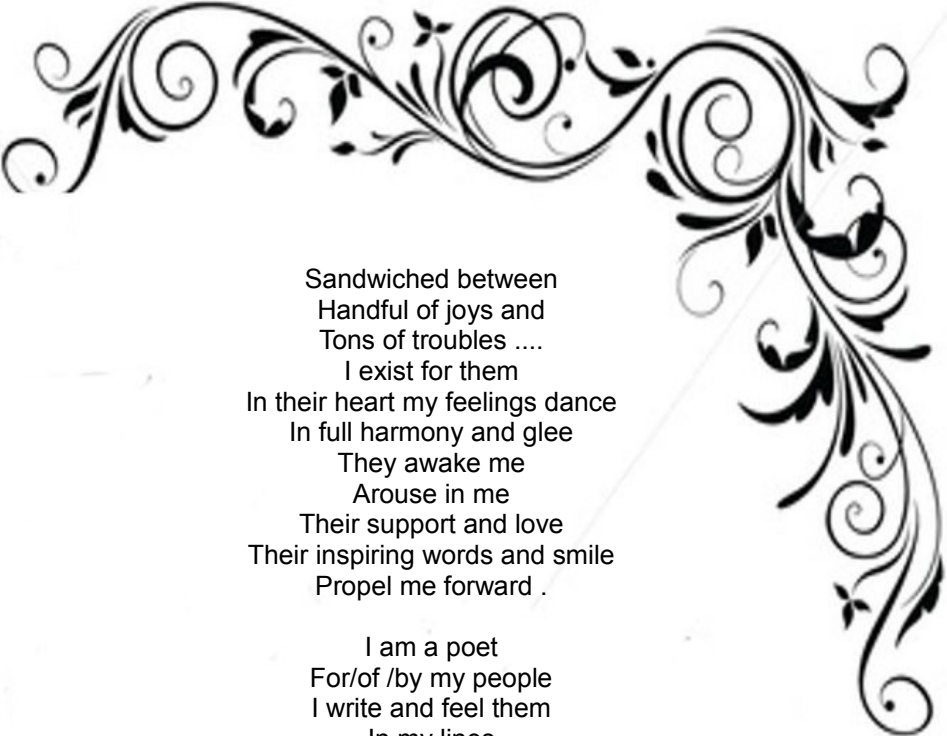
I am a poet  
Playing with my limited words  
But feelings and emotions aplenty  
Inspired by what I see all around.  
What I feel in my daily life  
What I share with others  
My vices and virtues  
My sorrows and joys  
In my hard times and hey days .

I am a poet  
I express my feelings  
Colour them with my blood  
And wipe the stains  
With my warm tears  
Rolling nonstop  
Like rippling streams  
That drench me thoroughly  
To inspire more  
To boost me in my trouble  
To lighten my heart.  
To freshen my mind  
Overcrowded with this and that  
From everyday life.




I am a poet  
From this dirty and infertile  
Soil of my land  
Sharing my all with my readers  
Who are poets themselves  
Generous and sensible  
Considerate and genuine  
In their own world





Sandwiched between  
Handful of joys and  
Tons of troubles ....  
I exist for them  
In their heart my feelings dance  
In full harmony and glee  
They awake me  
Arouse in me  
Their support and love  
Their inspiring words and smile  
Propel me forward .

I am a poet  
For/of /by my people  
I write and feel them  
In my lines  
To make their world public  
Understand their afflictions  
Their wants and hunger..  
Their poverty stricken souls  
I try to appease  
Cry and sympathise for  
Their marriageable daughters  
Who commit suicide  
For no fault of theirs  
The farmers tilling hard  
Yet get nothing in return  
They inspire me to write  
For their rights  
For justice  
Their critical juncture ceases never  
But sticks to their forehead  
Like horns on the heads  
Of the cattle.





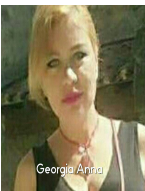
## Poetess Georgia Ana

### Traveller without ticket

Inside my heart  
You are the pain  
I cannot forget

Traveller without train  
Into the dreams of my nights  
You are the storm of rain  
I cannot fight

Traveller without truth  
Into my life  
You are the lie  
I cannot see with my mind eye  
Because I will love you  
Till I'll die .  
Ana





## Poetess Arveena Soni

### MY DAD...

My Mom Is No More In This World..So On This Fathers Day.....  
I Wanna Dedicate A Poem To The One Who Loves Me The Most...  
Yes ...My Dad....

Because For Me....Now He Is My Entire World.....!!  
From The Very First Day..I Was Born.....  
He Treated Me Like His Doll His Princess. ....  
So Saying That He Loves Me Very Much Won't Be Enough.....  
Because He Really Loves Me Just In Excess...!!  
Oh In My Childhood....My Room Was Always Overloaded With  
Dresses... Gifts...Teddy Bears. ..Games And Those Barbie  
Dolls....

Whatever I Ever Asked Or Even Thought...He Gave It To Me On The Spot.....  
As If I Was His Only Dream He Was Working On...As If I Was His Only Life Goal  
He Is Still The Only Man.....  
Who Can't See Me In Tears.....  
He Is My Mentor....My Teacher...My Role Model..  
For He Only Taught Me How To Be Bold And Strong Like Him...  
How To Overcome My Fears.....!!

Over Pampered And Spoilt By His Unconditional Deep Love.....  
Oh....He Is The Guardian Angel...  
Sent For Me By My God Above.....!!  
Hard To Believe But Every Word I Wrote Above is Truth....

You Gonna wonder By His Gestures To Me.....  
But Till Today...When He Sees Me..Or Whenever We Meet....  
He Treats Me Like Divine Angel.....He Worships me By Touching My Feet....!!  
Sometimes I Wonder And It Makes Me Question.....  
Who Really Belongs To A Girl In This Cold And Fake World Except Her Dad .....  
One Great Misunderstanding Or Fight....  
And Your Life Partner Can Leave You.....

Those Friends And Relatives Whom You Trust Blindly.....  
Can Anytime Deceive You.....  
So Oh Beautiful Daughters....No Matter How Much You Deny...  
But In Real. ...There Is One And One Man In Your Life...  
Whom You Call You Your Dad..  
Who...No Matter...Even The Whole World Turn Cruel Or Rude To You ....  
But He Will Never Turn Wrong Or Bad.....





**Poet Smruti Ranjan Mohanty**

**SOMETHING I LOOK AT**

I know not  
How much I love you  
But life without you  
Is like a flower without hue

How can I say  
I love you  
If I say I love you  
It may hurt you

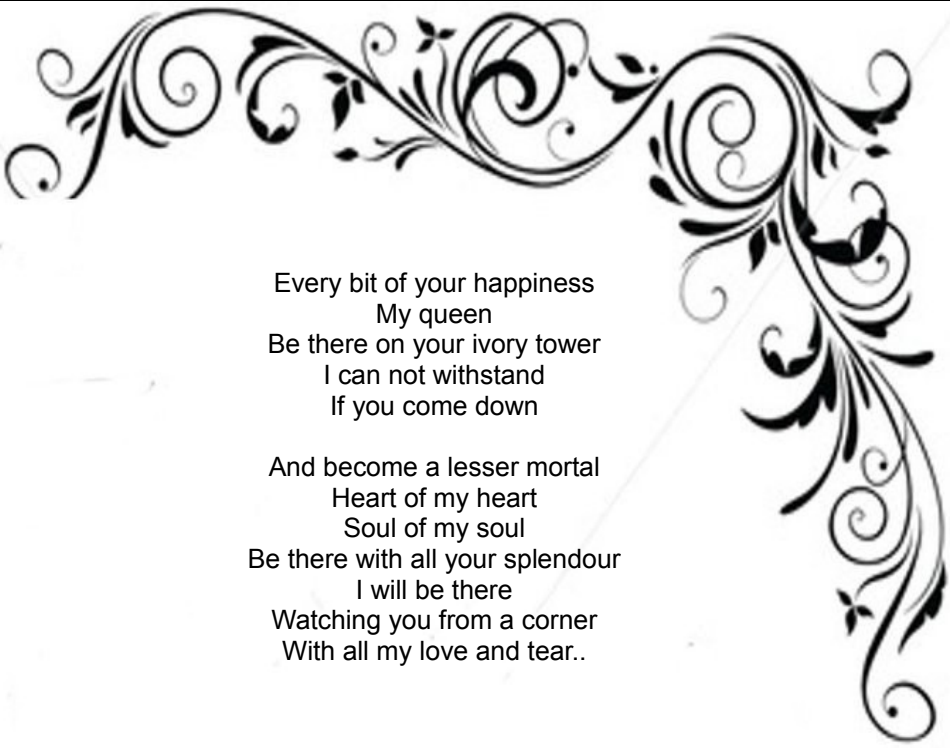
How can I hurt  
Someone I love  
How can I bring down  
Someone I adore  
To this mundane world

Of flesh and blood  
My love for you is  
Like the love of that old man  
Who has lost his wife  
My love for you  
Is like that of the Sun  
Behind the bank of clouds  
Silently witnessing

The blooming Lotus  
I am there at a distance  
Cowardly watching you  
Enduring your sorrows  
And relishing







Every bit of your happiness  
My queen  
Be there on your ivory tower  
I can not withstand  
If you come down

And become a lesser mortal  
Heart of my heart  
Soul of my soul  
Be there with all your splendour  
I will be there  
Watching you from a corner  
With all my love and tear..





## Poet Hemanta Patel

### SUN

A new morning a new life  
always begins with red  
coming out of mother's womb  
or peace after the war .  
Space unlimited ocean deep  
Sun is so far but playing tricks  
throwing the rays like flying disc  
taking the risk to reach long with brisk .

Look from south , down  
a rocket is going up high  
to search a new area  
to create a new era not lie .

Ripples dancing anointing red rays  
see the sun on starting line  
he has to race up and up and up  
the rays will dip and dip and dip .

True happiness is in deepness  
true happiness is in unlimited space  
true happiness is in wide thoughts  
true happiness is in real love .






**Poetess Janzel Nudalo**

**Teardrops On My Wedding Dress**

I may look regal  
I may look proud  
But seeing is not always believing  
For beauty is deceiving  
No one can ever see the Teardrops on my Wedding Dress.

A tale of love  
But love can hurt  
The agony of the bride  
Cant be shown  
No one can know  
The Teardrops on my Wedding Dress

Either a fleeing groom  
Or an unwanted one  
Nobody knows  
What the tears are for  
But still it is fine  
For no one has to know  
The real reason behind  
The Teardrops on my Wedding Dress





## Poetess Fatima Afshan

### Although the light

Although the days were tragic in the past  
And the nights were scary  
Although there was abundance of sorrows  
And happiness was scarce  
Although your heart bore some pain

And some dark, grim scars  
Yet the sun still shines  
And its face joyfully glows  
The trees also sway their leaves

And the cool wind blows  
They welcome the new dawn  
And forget the time gone by  
Come forward you too!

And keep pace with the earth and sky  
Let the gloomy corners of your heart  
Be illumined with this light

Just embrace the lovely morning  
To make your present bright  
Stretch your palms and let go of the worry  
Before the sun gets down, please do hurry





**Poetess Mary Eugene Peroja Flores**

**"Outcast"**

This outcast beauty I see,  
Unloved by the city, rejected by me,  
How deep each being will be,  
If people remain as good as it should be.

Replace by skyscrapers, change by technology,  
Robots can be the new humanity,  
One day, I might be lost in the city,  
Not knowing myself who build up this society.

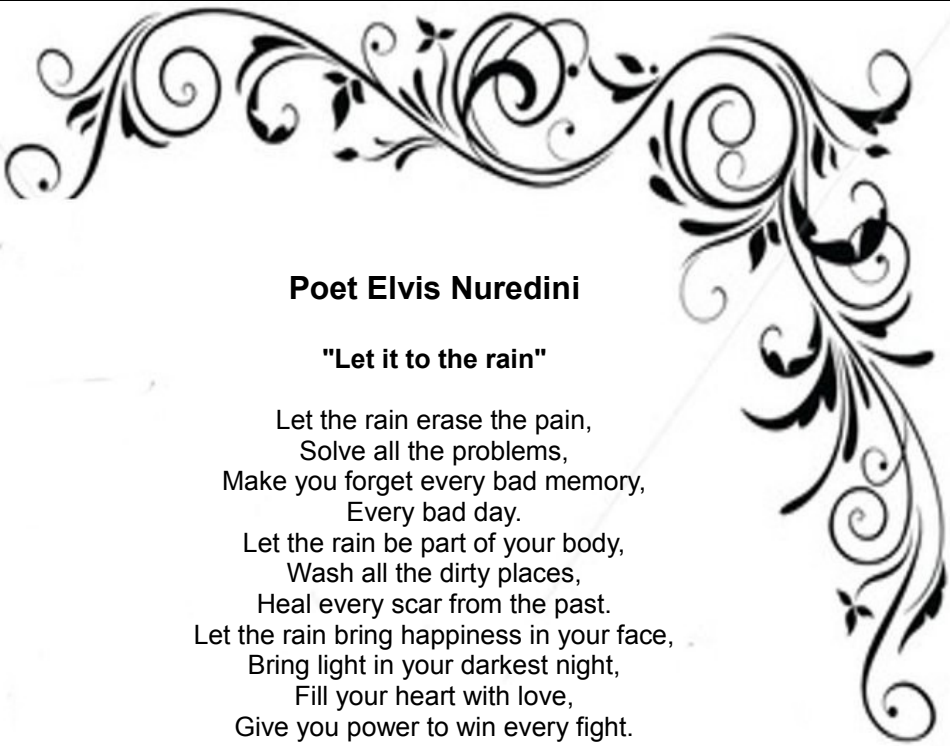
Where is the outcast paradise?  
The lost island that we once had,  
Now time flies really fast,  
I don't even know that I lost my trust.

We outcast beauty that deserve to be seen,  
By our future children, love one's and future family,  
Trees now cut savagely to death,  
No mountains to climb to catch my breath.

Waterfalls and butterflies used to be near,  
I missed the nature sounds back to my ear.  
God might get it back to keep it safe,  
To bring back the lost that we once made.



Mary Eugene Peroja Flores



## Poet Elvis Nuredini

### "Let it to the rain"

Let the rain erase the pain,  
Solve all the problems,  
Make you forget every bad memory,  
Every bad day.

Let the rain be part of your body,  
Wash all the dirty places,  
Heal every scar from the past.

Let the rain bring happiness in your face,  
Bring light in your darkest night,  
Fill your heart with love,

Give you power to win every fight.

Let the rain be part of your life,  
Be child again,

Let the rain remind you how's the feeling to feel loved,  
how's the feeling to love again...



Elvis Nuredini



**Poet Elvis Nuredini**

**"Man without face"**

Don't try to meet him better,  
He is out of touch with every human,  
Don't send police to find him,  
He is invisible for everyone,  
Don't judge him because of his choice.  
He is not a bad person,  
Just a person who is disappointed,  
From people's jealousy,  
From people's hate,  
Everything he thought it's real,  
Now is fake.  
He is a person who wants three things,  
Freedom from everything,  
Peace in every soul,  
Love in every heart.  
But the world is too cruel,  
His simple wishes were impossible to be realized,  
So he decides,  
To walk away from everything,  
To walk away from everyone,  
Far away, alone,  
He build his own home,  
He created his own world to hide,  
He is not a new man,  
He is same man with good soul and heart as before,  
Just away from this disgrace,  
He lives life without face.





## Poet Arijit Bhattacharyya

### --- Memory Of That Very Christmas ---

The nature had dressed itself up like a queen,  
Trembling the leaves and branches of the sal  
and teak trees,  
And caressing my skin ,  
Freshening my soul,  
Was blowing the cool northern wind.  
And the nature was chanting a rhythmic hymn.  
It was just the winter afternoon,  
The nature had ornamented herself  
With greeneries and sceneries,  
That it seemed like  
It would be heaven soon!!  
I returned from the playground  
With my hound,  
Having my body and soul sound.  
The day was very special,  
It was 25th December, 2007!!  
The Christmas!!  
The day of Jesus!!

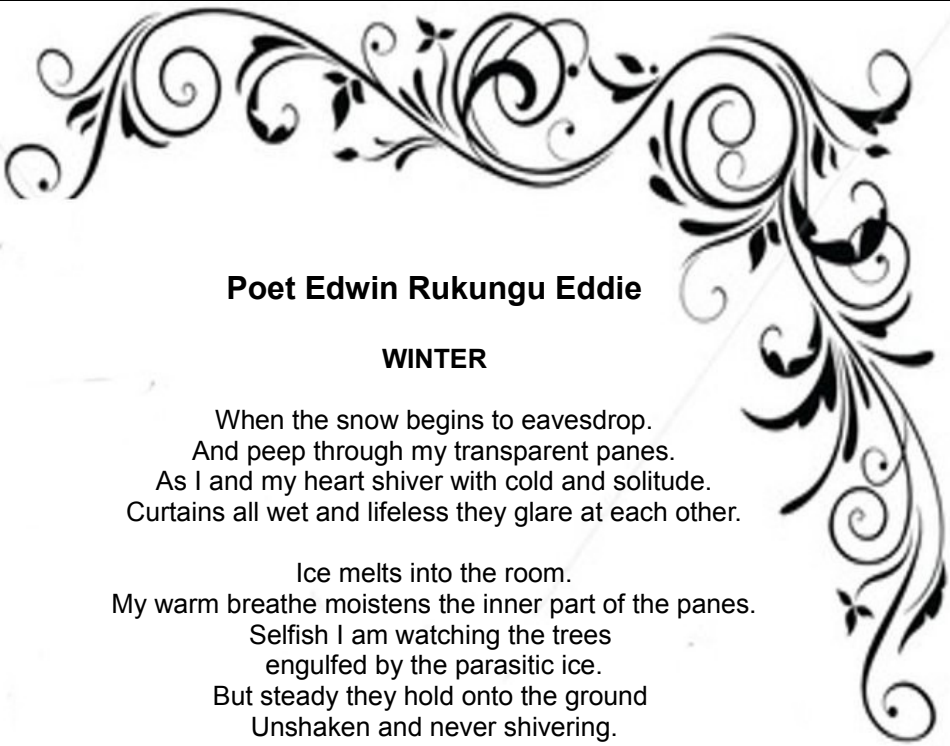
The weather was enthralling and fantastic,  
Enough to make a person ecstatic.  
On the roof top of my house,  
There was the beautiful Christmas tree,  
Covered with chocolates and fruits,  
Made me gee.

The evening was just awesome,  
Spent time with friends and relatives.  
Whose camaraderies were awesome.  
At the night, the surroundings became  
Overwhelmed by happiness,  
Joy, sharing, laughter and enjoyments.  
Till the midnight, we waited for Santa,  
That he would come and shower his  
Blessings and love over us.

But alas!  
He didn't come  
Despite our strong desires!!  
The day was just a memorabilia!  
Nine years have passed, but still  
I am obsessed with its sweet nostalgia !!







## Poet Edwin Rukungu Eddie

### WINTER

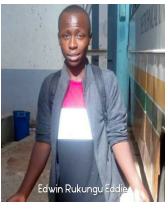
When the snow begins to eavesdrop.  
And peep through my transparent panes.  
As I and my heart shiver with cold and solitude.  
Curtains all wet and lifeless they glare at each other.

Ice melts into the room.  
My warm breathe moistens the inner part of the panes.  
Selfish I am watching the trees  
engulfed by the parasitic ice.  
But steady they hold onto the ground  
Unshaken and never shivering.

### WINTERS LOSS

All I want are my sentiments.  
The wind is sweeping you away from my reach.  
Hard have I tried to cry.  
Far I have stretched my hand that you may cling onto.

I barely cannot feel the connection.  
All I do is thrust a bare hand to you.  
For all my emotions are all with you.  
My hand, a beggar, drop alms  
Of love that may help me strive.  
To seek a sincere heart to revive my dull heart.



Edwin Rukungu Eddie



**Poetess Sumana Bhattacharjee**

**Aflame**

Kindle a candle  
Just for me  
Hold my wistful hands  
Sit for a moment before me !  
Tell me I am yours  
You are only mine !  
Love is love  
May not be divine !  
The place is always darker  
Under the very flame ,  
I want to be your desire  
Always aflame !  
We are two little lamp enlighten  
Together can make darker night brighten !





## Poetess Dominique Barton

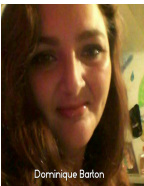

### Feeble

On this one task I used my might.  
To open your eyes to my loves plight.  
But since my appearance was unkempt.  
It ended up being a feeble attempt.

So alone I tread this life.  
Knowing never will I be a wife.  
And solo I will walk with pride  
Feeling lower still with every stride.

In the middle years I grew to love  
The perfect child my gift from above  
And I prayed til all my prayers were spent  
To have her life go smoother than mine went

Now I've made it to my elder years  
Through lots of smiles and lots more tears  
I've finally realised what life meant  
Its nothing more than feeble attempts.



Dominique Barton

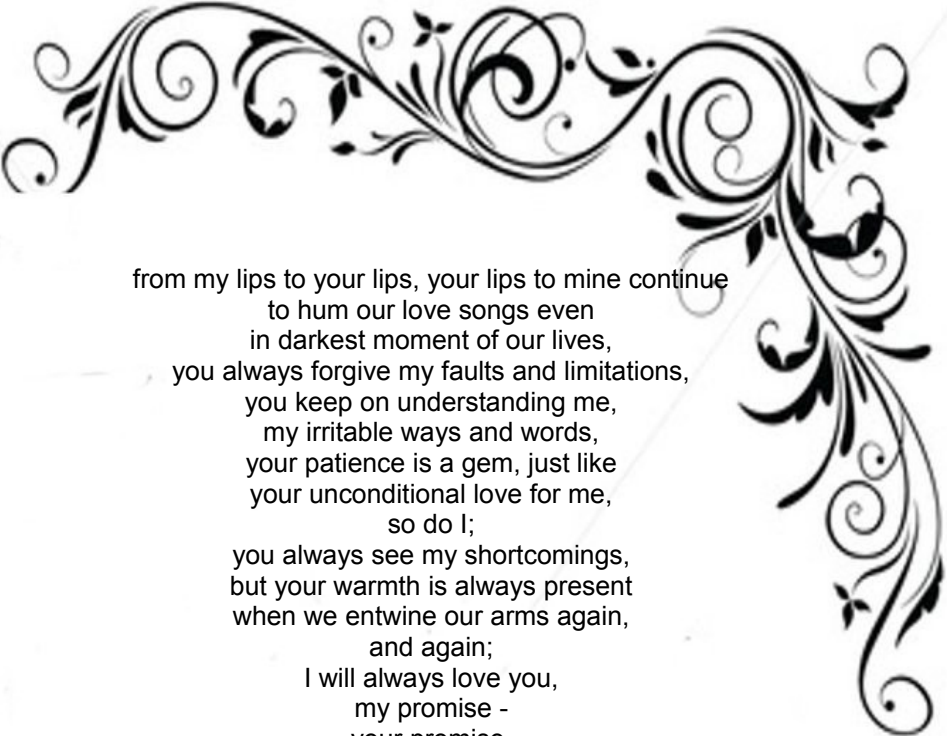


**Poet Crisante E. Igama**

**STILL ENTWINED DESPITE  
RUINED CASTLES & PIERS**

I breathe you,  
you breathe me,  
our breathe as river and sea  
meet , then  
we entwined our hearts this very day,  
just like your arms in my body,  
and my arms in your body,  
your soul - my soul,  
as we face our love destiny, we can see  
rainbows and scented flowers welcome  
us to a paradise  
for the two of us;  
Storms have subsided in challenging us,  
but for sure, giant waves will come  
and break sandcastles and piers  
we explored long time ago,  
to this very day, we can feel  
embers of our love, fire of our hope -  
raze all doubts that hurdle our way,  
we will reach every shoreline that our seas  
have developed;  
no depth, no distance can hinder us,  
no ocean can fathom the love we developed,  
only us can fathom the depth of ocean floors;  
we may be chased by the fleeting hours,  
our skins will wrinkle like petals exposed  
from the wrath of heat but our love  
still moist from morning mist  
continue to weave verses of kisses





from my lips to your lips, your lips to mine continue  
to hum our love songs even  
in darkest moment of our lives,  
you always forgive my faults and limitations,  
you keep on understanding me,  
my irritable ways and words,  
your patience is a gem, just like  
your unconditional love for me,  
so do I;  
you always see my shortcomings,  
but your warmth is always present  
when we entwine our arms again,  
and again;  
I will always love you,  
my promise -  
your promise,  
our misty eyes  
as we  
look each other,  
how far have we gone,  
too many storms,  
too many giant waves;  
we are still entwined,  
despite ruined castles  
and piers washed away  
till our last breathe,  
if death is cold and  
our bodies part, continue:  
warmth of those memories,  
we both shared till  
coldness come as we rest,  
we part - but with love eternal  
promise





**Poet Kailash Magar**

**A MOMENTS THOUGHT**

Holding your soft hands with mine  
Its so nice to feel the cool air breeze in the summer night

The daily seen moon.  
Seems to be a new one today.  
The daily winds and the daily seen stars  
Have been now transformed to a new beautiful world.

Its due to miracle of your lovable touch.  
Just as shadows develop and glow

In still water in a moonlight night  
The heart and skin has glown in the moonlight.

This unique moment has come only once in several ages.

It leads to the stars in dreams.

The moon has melted.

Flows out through it is the red blood.

Holding your soft and gentle hand in my hands.

Its nice to feel the cool air breeze in the summer night





**Poet Kailash Magar**

**SunFlower**

Sunflower, splendid and brightly flower  
Which many people dream to be owner  
And each has a theory about your manner  
To watch always the sun now and forever

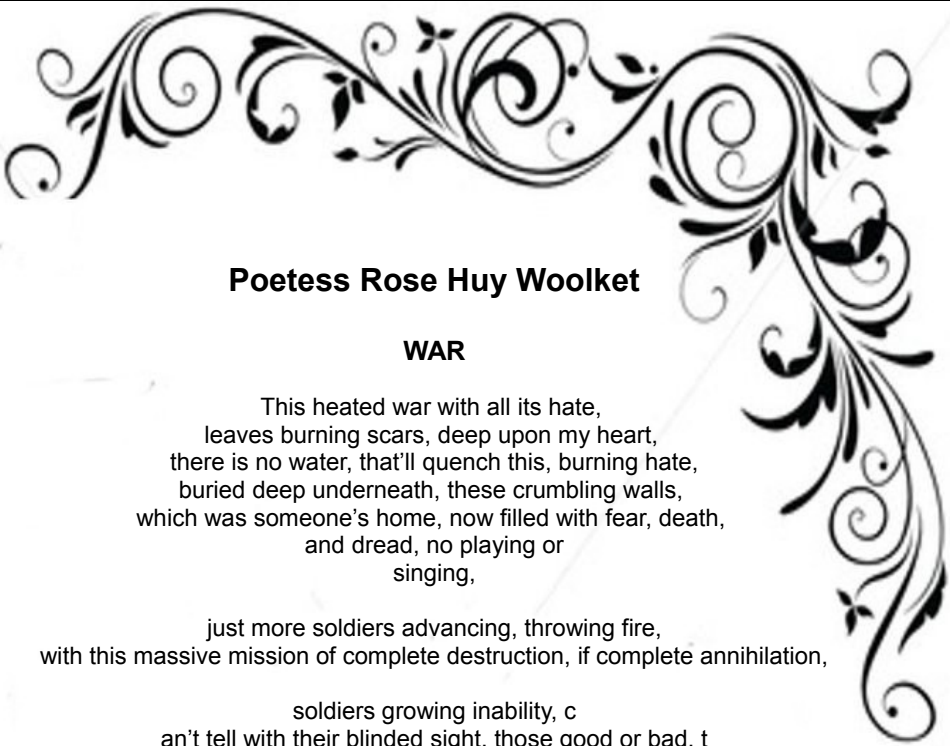
Sunflower, splendid and brightly flower  
How could you accept to become loser  
Because a girl, nice model, comes here  
Beside you to take many nice pictures

Sunflower, splendid and brightly flower  
How could you accept the beauty of her  
Hides your own beauty intensive, inner  
Don't be upset by her, she's not invader

Sunflower, splendid and brightly flower  
Appreciate her coming to make picture  
to To promote as could do good illustrator  
Accept that the girl and you are the better

Sunflower, splendid and brightly flower  
Never see more beautiful pictures of her  
Because you are, Sunflower, together  
Splendid images, wonderfully, forever





## Poetess Rose Huy Woolket

### WAR

This heated war with all its hate,  
leaves burning scars, deep upon my heart,  
there is no water, that'll quench this, burning hate,  
buried deep underneath, these crumbling walls,  
which was someone's home, now filled with fear, death,  
and dread, no playing or  
singing,

just more soldiers advancing, throwing fire,  
with this massive mission of complete destruction, if complete annihilation,

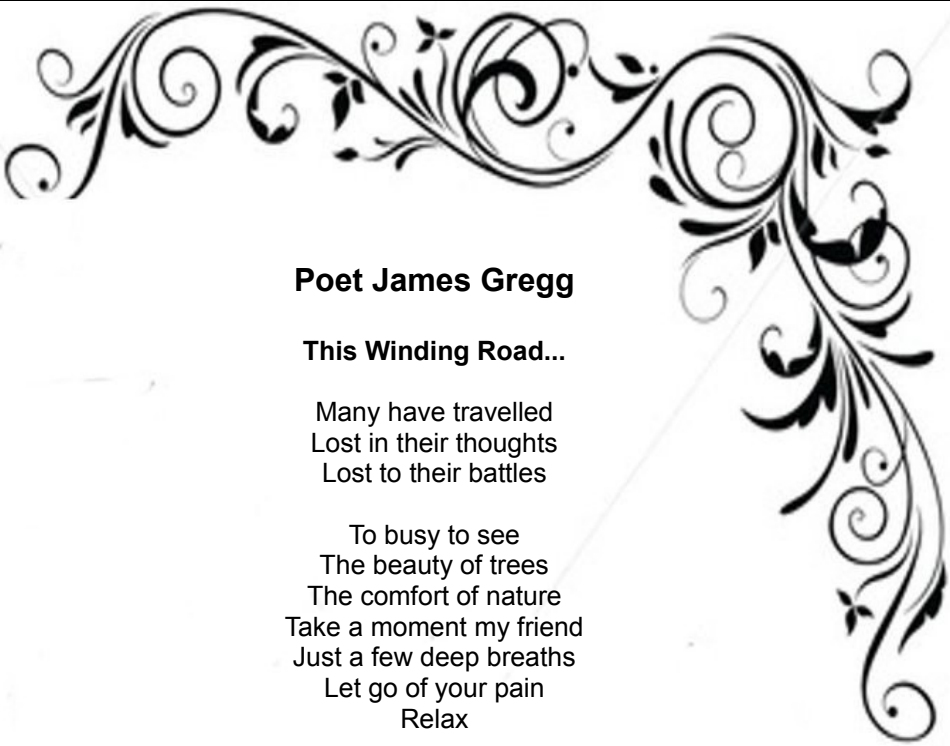
soldiers growing inability, c  
an't tell with their blinded sight, those good or bad, t  
hey forget who is young or old, their eyes are filled  
with hot moist tears, closed with dread,  
many just shoot away, hoping no one,  
sees their sad tears, and showing they have fears,  
anxiety regret,

they only do what they're told, if it moves,  
don't give a damn, shoot IT, shoot IT, before IT shoots, ye,  
the heat of war, no water can quench the flames of hate,  
of deceit, no woman, child, is safe, no soldier young or old  
hopes, linger in these souls,  
one day these bullets will run out,  
then heated fear and hatreds can and will be replaced with cool  
soothing love,

WAR fires of hate no longer needed,  
peace can grow, amongst opposites, both young,  
old, child, woman or man, close your eyes  
not from fear, let's rebuild together  
squench the burning pains, buried,  
children learn to live without FIRERY WAR!







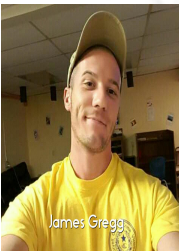
## Poet James Gregg

### This Winding Road...

Many have travelled  
Lost in their thoughts  
Lost to their battles

To busy to see  
The beauty of trees  
The comfort of nature  
Take a moment my friend  
Just a few deep breaths  
Let go of your pain  
Relax

Don't stress  
Change will come  
As the seasons themselves  
Just live in the present  
For its your gift to yourself





**Poetess Bernadette Reyes**

**Winter**

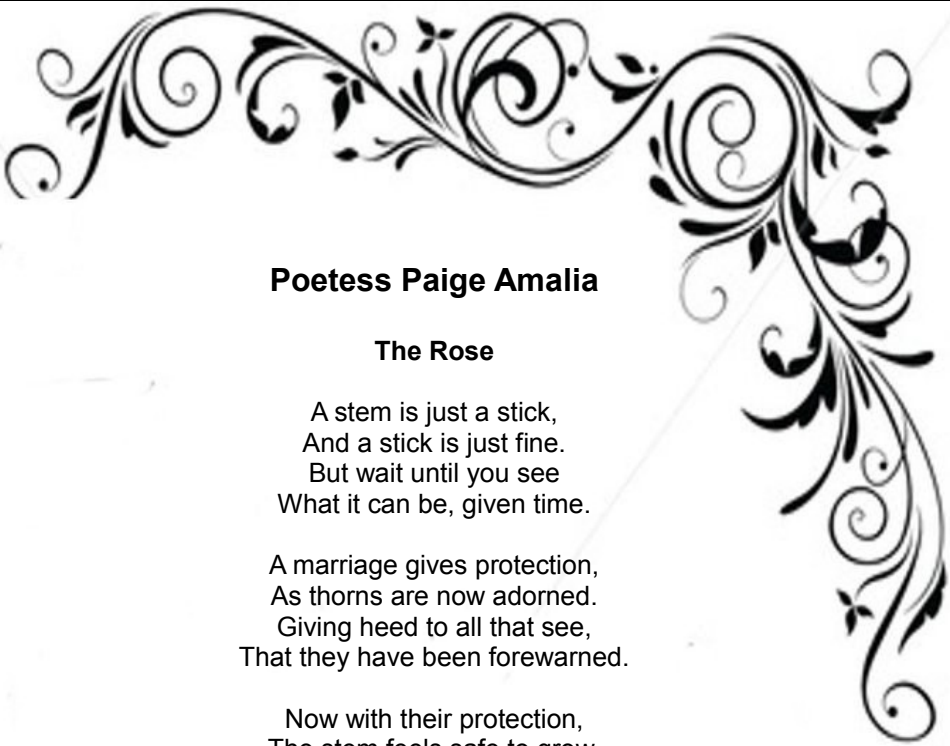
Snow by the window pane  
Cool outside, my flesh was frozen  
Hurting deep, deep down

Whiter than snow  
My soul trembling in coldness  
Missing the warmth of your embrace  
I can't go out  
To be with you tonight

Let's wait awhile  
Till winter is gone  
Soon the sun will shine  
Like your love  
So hot, I'm melting...

Guard my heart  
I don't want to stop  
Love you till it hurts  
Believe me,  
You cannot resist my charm...





## Poetess Paige Amalia

### The Rose

A stem is just a stick,  
And a stick is just fine.  
But wait until you see  
What it can be, given time.

A marriage gives protection,  
As thorns are now adorned.  
Giving heed to all that see,  
That they have been forewarned.

Now with their protection,  
The stem feels safe to grow,  
Safe to nurture another limb,  
Safe to finally sow.  
With blessings granted down,  
God gives the rain and sun,  
The stem now has what it needs,  
For what's about to come.

The petals finally bloom  
And give beauty to the stem.  
An outward manifestation  
Of the love held within.

Alone the stem, thorn and petals,  
Would lack the strength to survive.  
But together they aren't just living,  
They'll grow, blossom and thrive.



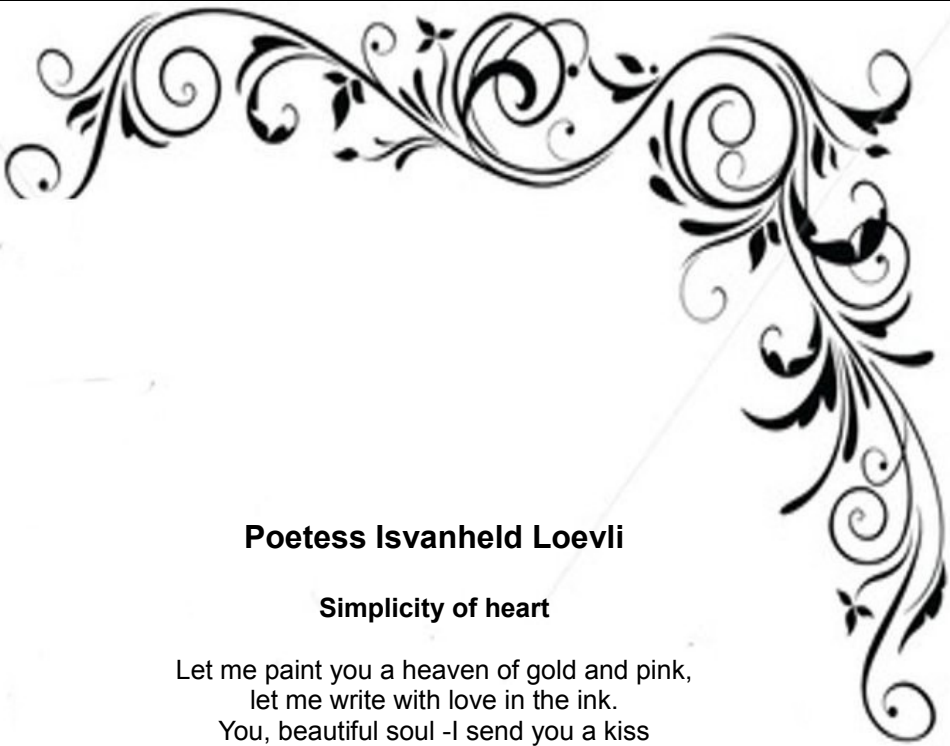


## Poetess Sarala Balachandran

### The Mantion

I had left this mansion  
When I was just a kid  
With my parents to a place  
Where they worked !  
My memories are vivid  
this was a beautifully  
painted castle years ago  
When we enjoyed our life  
With nature around !  
Now it looks like a haunted house  
With only rocks n mud around !  
No one cared to paint it  
Everyone slowly departed  
To different lands  
Leaving this castle alone !  
My heart aches to see the faded  
Castle where I was born and want to  
reshape and paint again  
With my favourite ivory colour  
I am going to stay there  
With my children and  
Grandchildren  
Planting many trees  
And flowering plants !  
A lot of love will be there  
With all of us around  
Singing and dancing  
To make this house  
Come alive once again  
making this ancient castle  
a tourist attraction and all  
will enjoy the beauty of this manor !

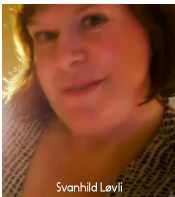




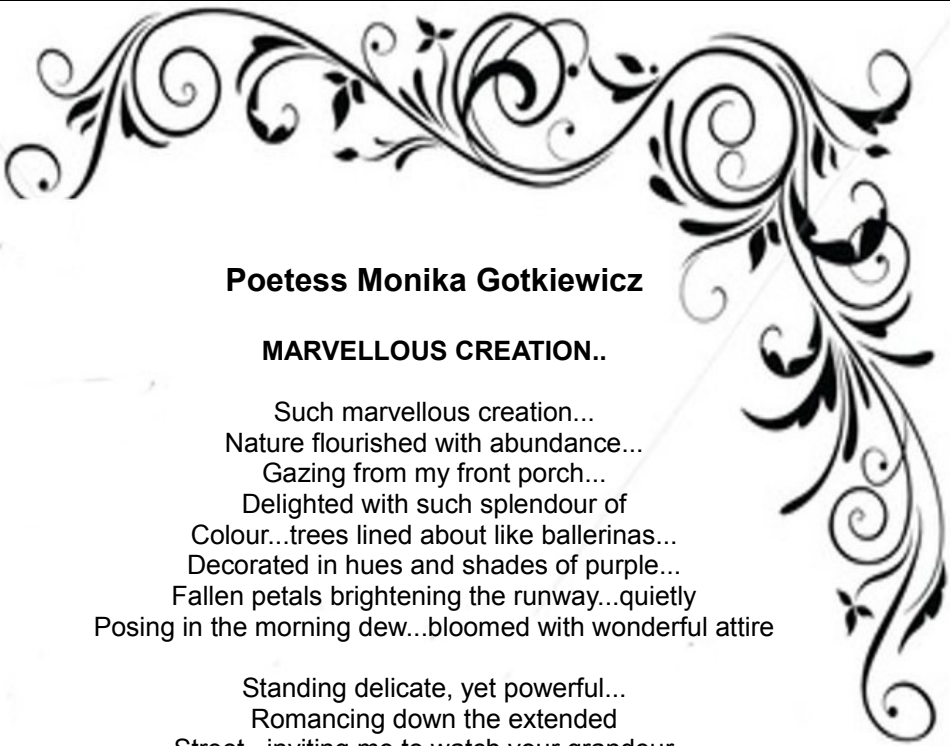
## Poetess Isvanheld Loevli

### Simplicity of heart

Let me paint you a heaven of gold and pink,  
let me write with love in the ink.  
You, beautiful soul -I send you a kiss  
on a velvet cloud,  
Our love is heavenly made,  
and will last forever.  
My love, let me paint  
you a heaven.



Svanhild Loevli



## Poetess Monika Gotkiewicz

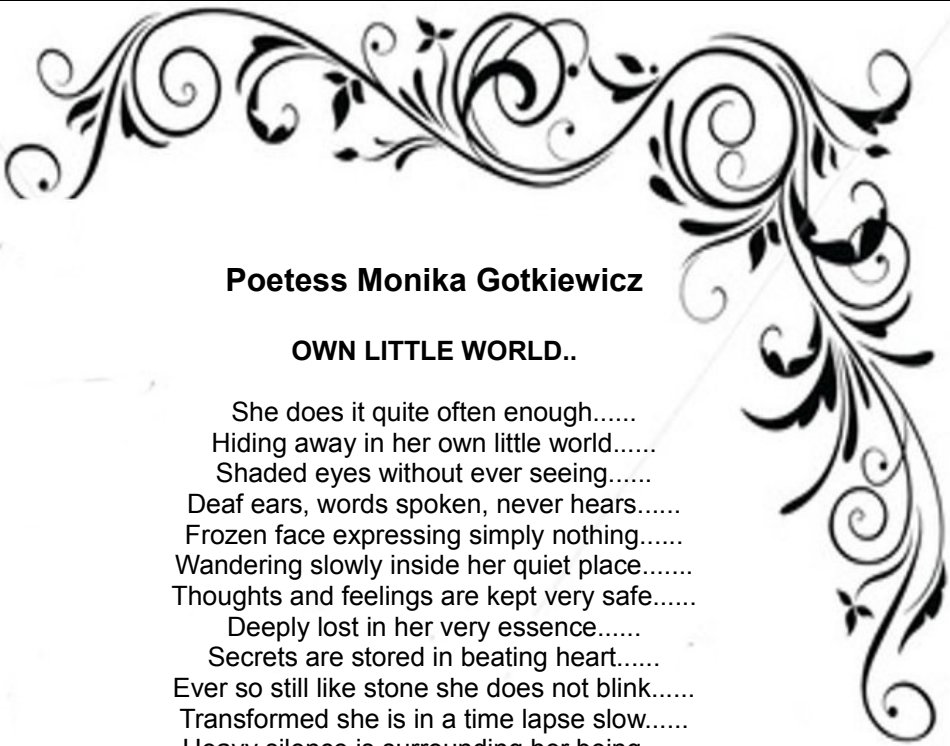
### MARVELLOUS CREATION..

Such marvellous creation...  
Nature flourished with abundance...  
Gazing from my front porch...  
Delighted with such splendour of  
Colour...trees lined about like ballerinas...  
Decorated in hues and shades of purple...  
Fallen petals brightening the runway...quietly  
Posing in the morning dew...bloomed with wonderful attire

Standing delicate, yet powerful...  
Romancing down the extended  
Street...inviting me to watch your grandeur...  
Magnificent beauty summoning all...  
Partake in a paradise stroll...  
Renew and refresh  
Your soul with peace...  
Together, intone, in dance,  
In love...with such marvellous creation



Monika Gotkiewicz

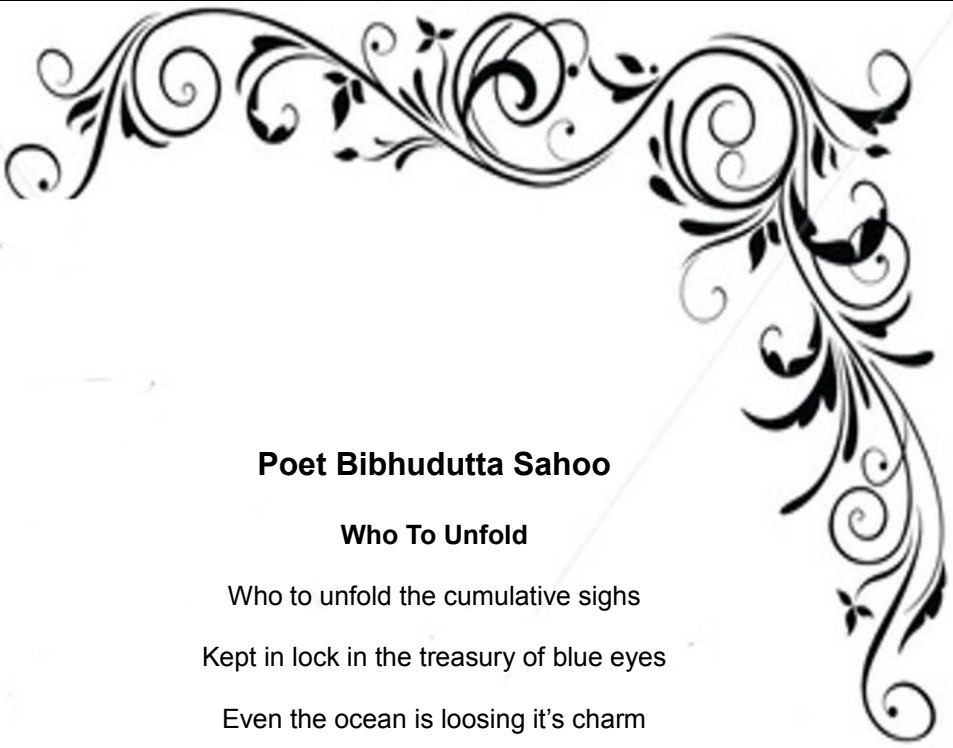


## Poetess Monika Gotkiewicz

### OWN LITTLE WORLD..

She does it quite often enough.....  
Hiding away in her own little world.....  
Shaded eyes without ever seeing.....  
Deaf ears, words spoken, never hears.....  
Frozen face expressing simply nothing.....  
Wandering slowly inside her quiet place.....  
Thoughts and feelings are kept very safe.....  
Deeply lost in her very essence.....  
Secrets are stored in beating heart.....  
Ever so still like stone she does not blink.....  
Transformed she is in a time lapse slow.....  
Heavy silence is surrounding her being.....  
She is not asleep or day dreaming, I think.....  
Always remembering, thinking and hoping.....  
That is where she travels when she has need.....  
No other to bother, just her alone.....  
Sometimes she finds peace with delight.....  
Another day will bring demons to torment.....  
No matter, she has lived through it all.....  
Peace and happiness she only wants to seek.....  
Tough and hard life has given her much.....  
Very thankful that she has lived.....  
A rebel all the way, lessons learned.....  
This is her own special haven, it is.....  
Visiting often she will, disappeared moments.....  
Replenishing her soul with prayer she does, amen.....  
Tucked gently in her own little world, just home.....  
Flowing like the ocean in her lovely heart.....





## Poet Bibhudutta Sahoo

### Who To Unfold

Who to unfold the cumulative sighs  
Kept in lock in the treasury of blue eyes  
Even the ocean is losing it's charm  
Before the intoxication of blue eyes warm  
It can overtake a diamond mine  
With mysterious glows and eternal shine  
A sublime blue eyed fairy came from array  
To mesmerise , to enthrall with sacred blue glory







## Poetess Saraswati Poswal

### HANDLE WITH CARE

Whole earth is a big ball of natural assets..  
Treasure of life lies in this nature's delight..  
Keep clean and pamper with love and care..  
Do not destroy this environment..  
With interrupting your careless acts..  
It's a treasure to the whole human tribe..  
We must devote our efforts to keep safe from global warnings  
With junk and heat-producing elements.  
Which melt the glaciers..  
Damage the ozone layers with smoke..  
Do not let this beautiful planet be damaged  
Because of your small faults  
Make it clean and tidy..  
To let nature survive..  
If nature survives..  
The whole human tribe survives..  
If you do not interrupt nature, you will not interrupt your lives  
Let the planet live..  
We too will live...





**Poet Eddie Awusi**


**A LONE WALKER**

He is a lone walker,  
With gloom spattered heart:  
A lone walker;  
Courting a jar of hurts,

Among deserted hearts.  
He pushes himself on;  
Stalking dissonant hour,

And forfeiting his self-esteem.  
Lost within self-pity,  
He is swept by insolent tides  
Of gnawing emotions.  
Courting trinkets,

Of wounded pride.  
He is alone! He is alone!  
And every hour  
Is laughing at him.






## Poet Brianah Mascara

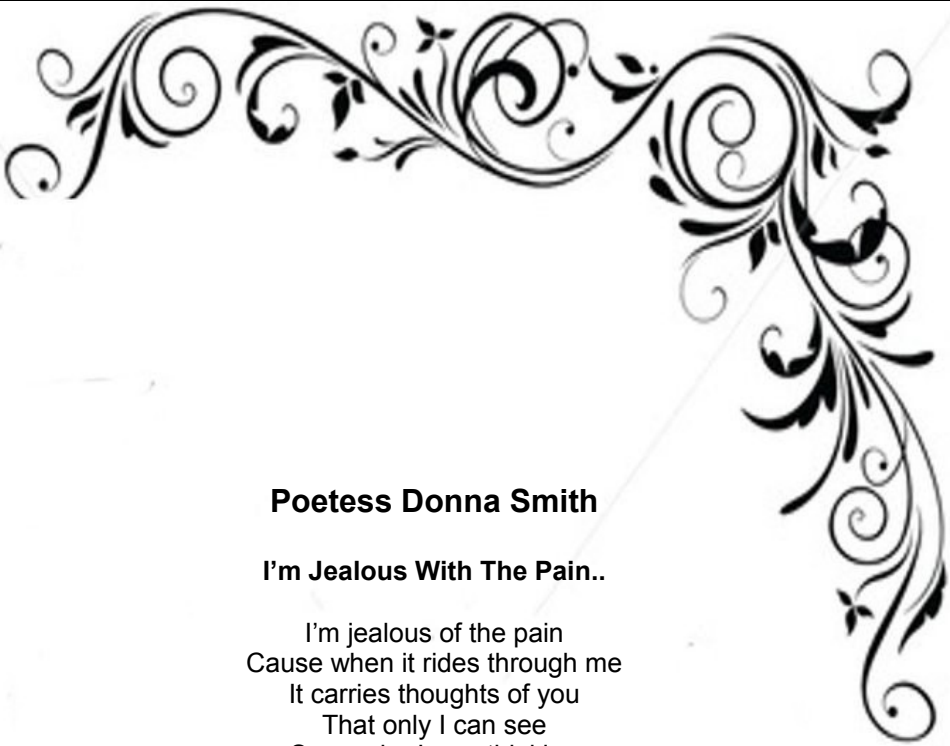
### HOUSED WITHIN

I was born of stone and brick  
and mounted on solid sea rock.  
Back when white bearded beasts  
Owned and prawled cotton plantations...  
Back when black brawns  
were auctioned to be burdened  
In this tear flooded fields...  
But I stood for them.

I house the Lord and His saints  
This walls defend a divine creed  
To him black and white are just paints  
And good reigns over any evil deed.  
It's the reason I have none  
For I stood for everyone.  
I stood for them.

Time testifies my strength  
Tide glorifies my depth  
Air,  
Water,  
Fire,  
And Earth are mine...  
Tell it to that saint named hurricane,  
Tell him that this is my refrain:





**Poetess Donna Smith**

**I'm Jealous With The Pain..**

I'm jealous of the pain  
Cause when it rides through me  
It carries thoughts of you  
That only I can see  
So maybe I was thinking  
I could team up with the pain  
So I can feel you too  
If only in a dream



Donna Smith



## Poet Akshaya Kumar Das

### The Window View...

Lots of mist in the weather,  
Snow dusts spread on the canvas of winter,

The rectangular transparent view,  
Watching the nature from the window ,

The chilling weather,  
Cooling the temperature,

Dew Drops condensed to dense fog,  
Dense clouds swimming in air rolling to hog,

Waiting for the sun beam to arrive,  
The radiant beams arrive to drive,

Drive away the dense fog & moisture,  
The Dew Drops that rained on the grass in winter,

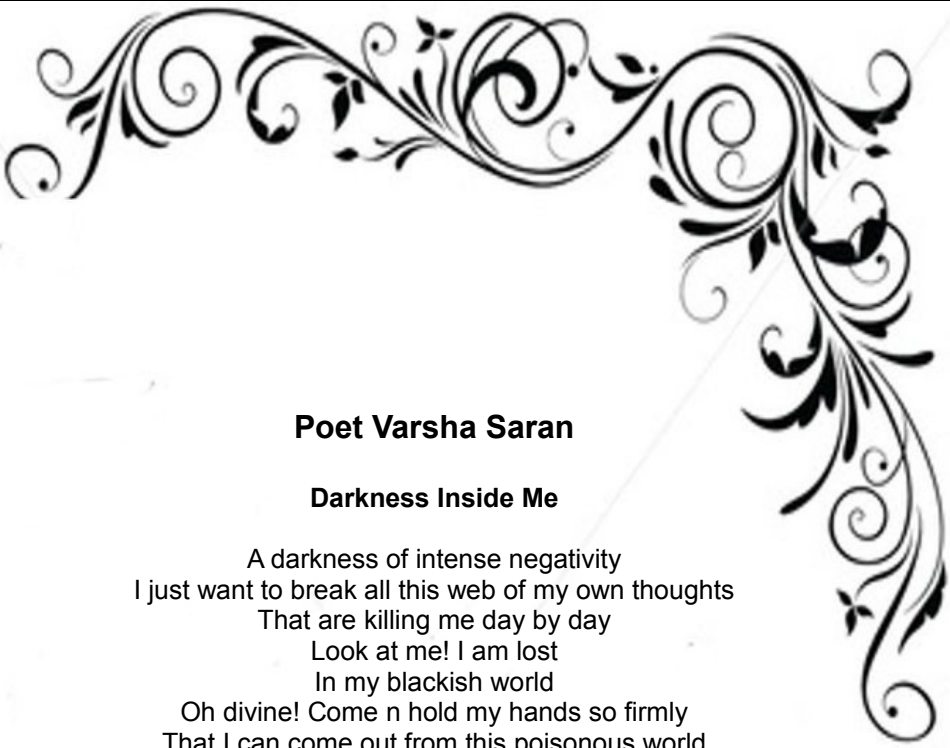
The gaseous mist & moisture packed weather,  
Showing the winter's seasonal character,

The Snow powder cover creates a beautiful seasonal wonder,  
The Mother Earth decorated

With snow dust on the grass and the trees cover,  
Creating a scenic view for the poets & thinkers,

Chilled thoughts scribbled  
With genuine feelings of the mother nature.,





## Poet Varsha Saran

### Darkness Inside Me

A darkness of intense negativity  
I just want to break all this web of my own thoughts  
That are killing me day by day  
Look at me! I am lost  
In my blackish world

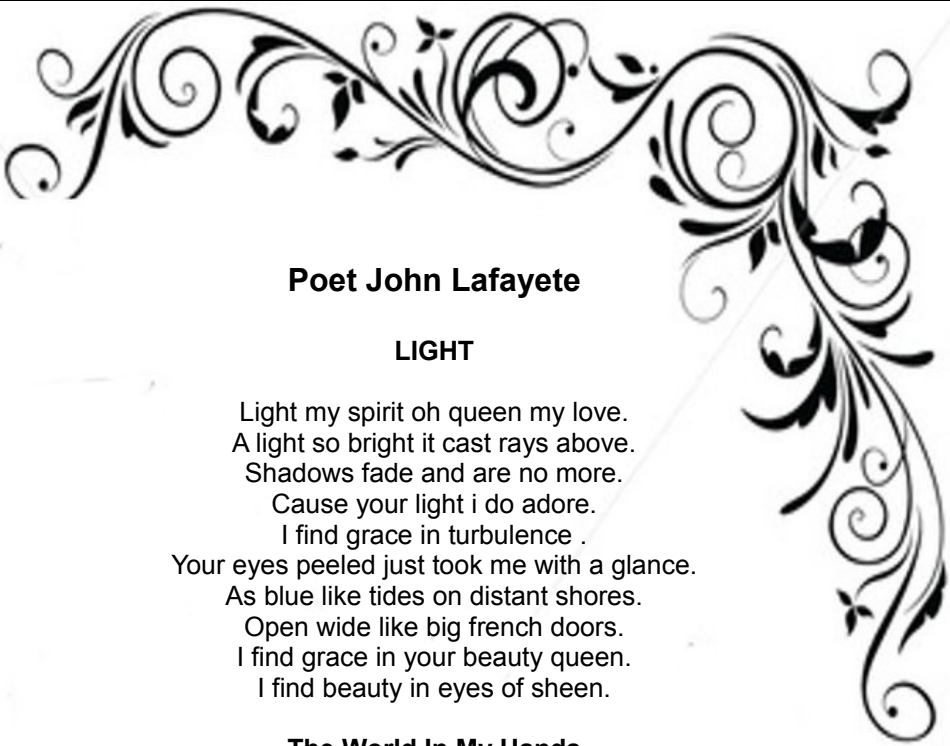
Oh divine! Come n hold my hands so firmly  
That I can come out from this poisonous world  
Where I am not able to breath  
Continuous suffocation  
Can murder my soul

Come!

Come!

And take me to another land of positivity , love and peace!





## Poet John Lafayete

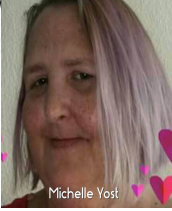
### LIGHT

Light my spirit oh queen my love.  
A light so bright it cast rays above.  
Shadows fade and are no more.  
Cause your light i do adore.  
I find grace in turbulence .  
Your eyes peeled just took me with a glance.  
As blue like tides on distant shores.  
Open wide like big french doors.  
I find grace in your beauty queen.  
I find beauty in eyes of sheen.

### The World In My Hands

I'll build an empire.  
The world in my hands;  
I'll spark a new fire.  
The world in my hands;  
To all I would inspire.  
The world in my hands;  
Can't get any higher.  
To all the children lost alone.  
I'd build them a family to call their own.  
To all the men broken from wars over oil.  
I'd make them whole on their beloved soil.  
To all the ladies broken in heart.  
I'd build them an empire from which they never part.  
The world in my hands;  
I'd sing some new songs.  
The world in my hands;  
It's where the world belongs.





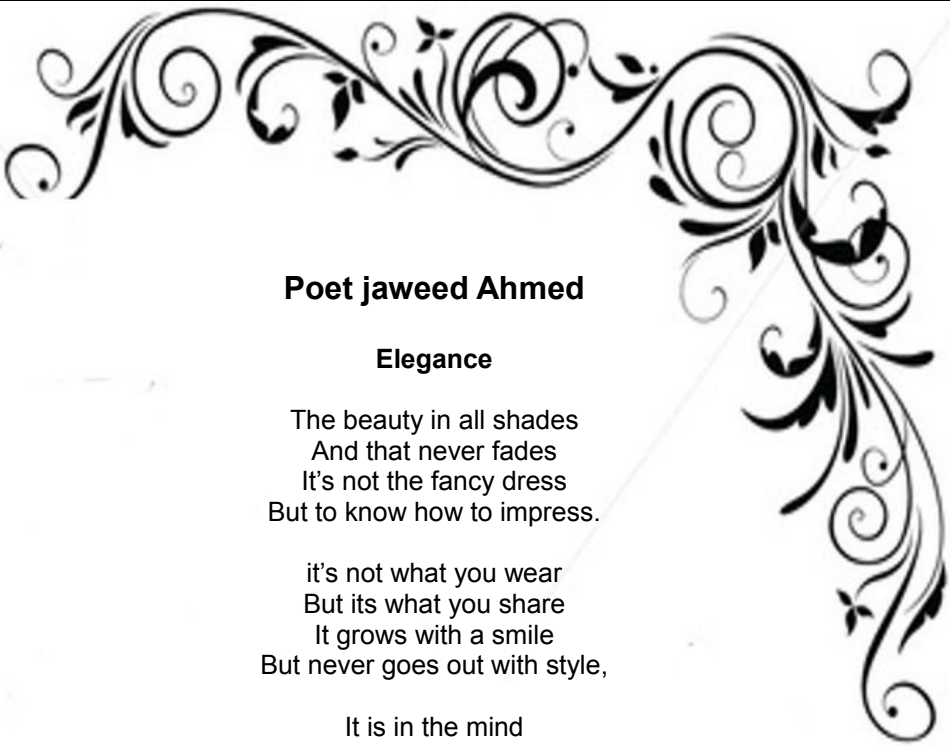
## Poetess Michelle Yost

### This Road

This path could lead anywhere!  
Shall I follow it and find out where?  
I am excited to find out what lies ahead  
This road has many twists and turns to follow in my head  
But should I fear?  
I could get so lost down there!  
The beauty of the trees will surely distract me,  
But I want to go so much!  
I will go I will follow the road!  
The possibilities are too many to stay no, I must go.  
Adventure awaits!  
Who knows what I will find or see?  
Will I meet interesting people?  
Danger or something bad?  
Does not matter I am prepared for that.  
I will not let fear keep me in one place!  
Exploring life, mysterious and full  
Too hard to describe!  
This road fills me with joy no need to explain,  
just look at all that fun I can have along the way!  
I can not wait another day  
I must start this new journey now!  
The road pulls at my soul beckoning me to come down.  
Welcoming sounds of birds, rustling  
Creatures on the ground, nature in all of me!  
Oh, what a lovely place!  
I will bring a journal and write everything I find along this road.  
This journey could be one to behold  
And the story will need to be told.  
Oh my, it is getting late!  
Time to head out, it is not straight.  
That is the best part of the road, I get to be surprised as I go!  
See you soon friends or maybe not  
But someday it may lead me back to you again.  
Do not worry, this road is for anyone.  
Come when you are ready, it will be here for you too.







## Poet jaweed Ahmed

### Elegance

The beauty in all shades  
And that never fades  
It's not the fancy dress  
But to know how to impress.

it's not what you wear  
But its what you share  
It grows with a smile  
But never goes out with style,

It is in the mind  
If one could find  
It is a work of art  
Just to impart....



Jaweed Ahmed



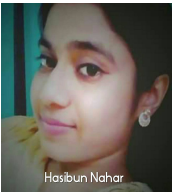
**Poetess Hasibun Nahar**

**WONERING QUESTION**

Walking alone on this way,  
This unfrequented way.  
Nobody is watching me,  
Nobody to welcome.

Only these superstructures are my companions,  
They are like giving me ovation.  
Where is my destiny, where to go,  
I do not know.

What i have, the pleasure of rambling.  
Astrayed are those who have not started yet.  
Unaware are those whose sails are yet to set.



Hasibun Nahar



# JUDGES SECTION

## THE TALENTED JUDGES

Vera Drosdova- Russia

Agatha Ambrose- Nigeria

Gavin Hill – Sweden

Phumla Zusa- South Africa

Lan Writes – Indonesia

Dede Hawkins- USA

Santiago Ali- Pakistan

Noel Rai- India

Sutanuka Ghosh- India

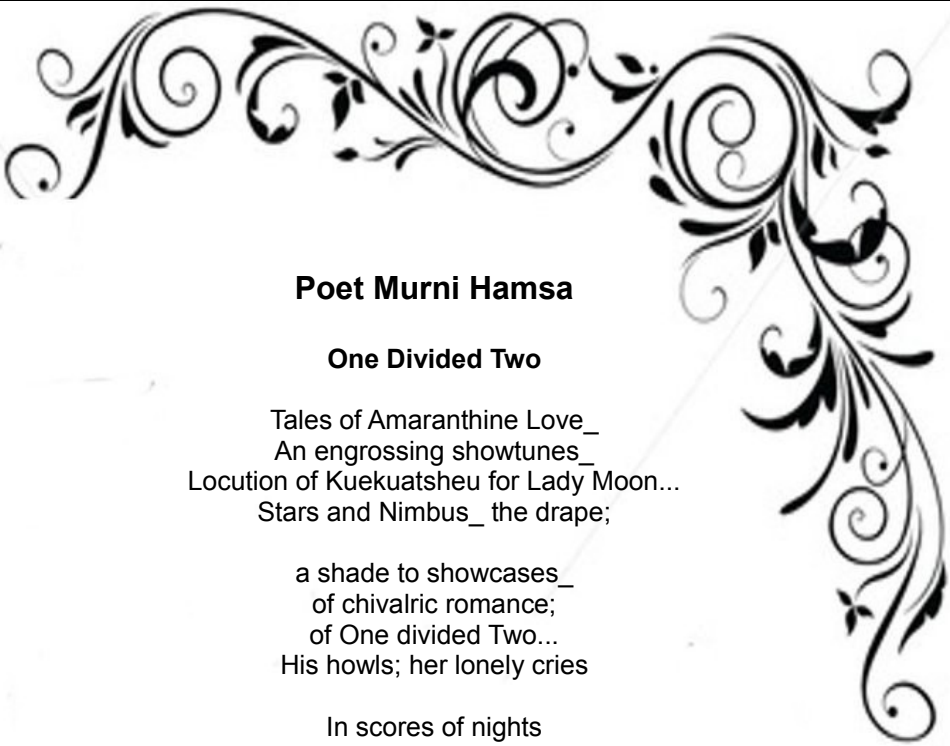
Mateo Escalante – Philippines

Robyn Hancock- New Zealand

Murni Hamza- Malaysia

Colin Hill- Enland





## Poet Murni Hamsa

### One Divided Two

Tales of Amaranthine Love\_  
An engrossing showtunes\_  
Locution of Kuekuatsheu for Lady Moon...  
Stars and Nimbus\_ the drape;

a shade to showcases\_  
of chivalric romance;  
of One divided Two...  
His howls; her lonely cries

In scores of nights  
An orchestra of melody  
of melancholic strike  
When the stars shine brighter

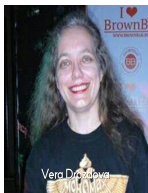
It's them\_ singing\_  
Their song of Love...





## Poet Vera Drozdova

Only white, white waterspout,  
Thunder - ringing all around,  
Wall of rain is jingling down  
With the silver, silver sound,  
And beyond this cold, cold marvel  
Everything seems far from me  
All my life that comes from nowhere,  
Poems from eternity  
Starry chill, white downpour,  
Woods in cloudy disguise,  
Only bitterness and hunger,  
Only silver-colored skies,  
Is there something more to gain?  
Everything is found again  
Cold, cold forest, garden, rain,  
Window. big and transparent  
That's the door to fall from summer  
Opened with a little ding  
Need it more than any other  
In the world, than anything  
And this stormy, rainy doorway  
Miracle of miracles  
Opened into heart so thorny,  
Into silver colored bliss  
To remind me after dreaming,  
To recall me after rain  
That reality is here  
To exalt, not to betray





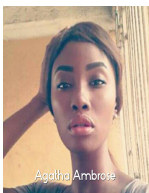
## Poet Agatha Ambrose

Linda

There are ways to kill a man...  
She said...  
And there are ways to hunt the wild...  
She sang...  
Her world was made of barrels and bombs...  
Rifles and shells...  
And only her was the detonator...  
  
There are ways to hurt the soul...  
She said...  
There are ways to pluck out the mind...  
She sang...  
Her stilettos were razor sharp...  
Her sleeves were the knives of tomorrow...  
She was the hunter and she never failed to prey.

A woman...  
A beast...  
A tongue of wits...  
A face of mischief...  
She flailed...  
You failed...  
She beckoned...  
And a captive you'll become.

She is her temple...  
She is her wish...  
She is her Amen...  
And woe to those that are "her men"...  
For she's Linda...  
A beauty...  
A curse...  
A paradise...  
A fresh frozen hell...  
You'll never know...  
Oh you never will...  
Not until she gives a smile.



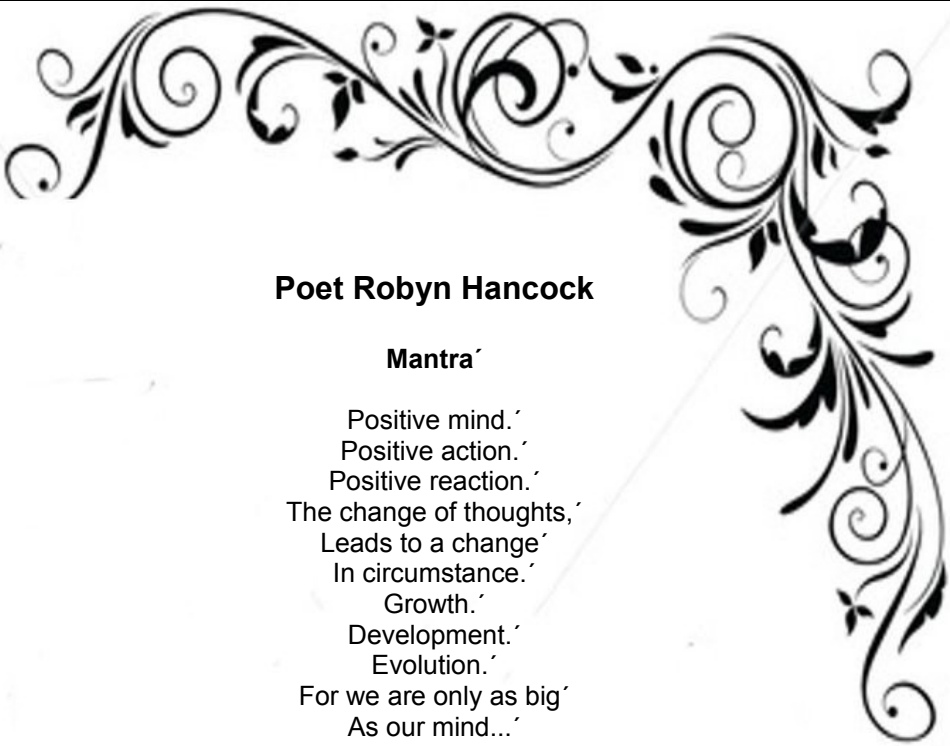


## Poet Noel Rai

### GENERALS BLUE EYED DAUGHTER

The wintry wind was torrent  
The moon was ghostly tossed with mist  
Amidst the whisper of gusty tree  
A soldier secretly escapes out of his barrack  
A brave soldier, who'd, vowed to be martyr  
But he loved the generals daughter  
Generals red lipped daughter  
He had assured to his sweet heart  
By the mid night of the moon light  
For the sake of love he would be risking his life  
Sweet heart, the generals blue eyed daughter  
Would be waiting for him at her window  
Impatient she is tonight to meet her soul mate  
Tonight she wouldn't go to bed  
Watch for me by the moonlight he'd assured  
One kiss lovely sweet heart he'd yearned  
Before his platoons march to another station tomorrow  
Crawling and bumping reached he  
Beneath her faintly lighted window  
With all his effort he rose up right, toe on a pipe  
Hardly could he touch her hand  
To meet his lips she too bowed down out of her windowpane  
Beneath her lingering silky hair they quenched their awaited love  
To caution securities move abruptly the moon dimmed her light  
But alas!  
The securities flash light caught him hanging on officers residence  
Suddenly a loud bang goes on in the silent dark night  
Precisely the bullet pierced through soldiers heart  
The heart that belonged to generals daughter  
Amid ecstatic meet feels she hot blood in her mouth,  
And the two lips get apart  
The brave soldier falls flatly on the ground





## Poet Robyn Hancock

### Mantra´

Positive mind.´  
Positive action.´  
Positive reaction.´  
The change of thoughts,´  
Leads to a change´  
In circumstance.´  
Growth.´  
Development.´  
Evolution.´  
For we are only as big´  
As our mind...´  
Mantra.







## Poet Sutanuka Ghosh

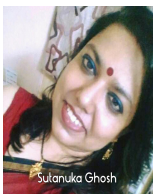

While memories simmer deliriously  
in a brazen pool of ecstasy

you creep -slowly , fondly ,  
Deliciously across my parched senses  
Quenching the thirst of my  
desire , longing passion  
-strewn across the expanse of July nights..

random, subtle yet yearning ....!  
And your thoughts?  
Your thoughts engulf my sanity ,  
making me crave for you more than ever .  
Distance in between ....

should it matter? Did it ever matter ?  
Wake up ! Resurface , Respond Rise  
-from arid world of loneliness  
-from the frozen moments of timeless togetherness ,

Tear apart the dead sheath of lifelessness ,  
Touch life ,feel love  
Drench your senses in the mesmerising shores  
of "elusive forever"  
Taste the eclectic poison of the rejuvenating  
"eternal elixir" !





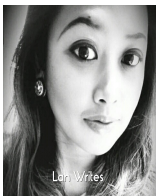

## Poet Lan Writes

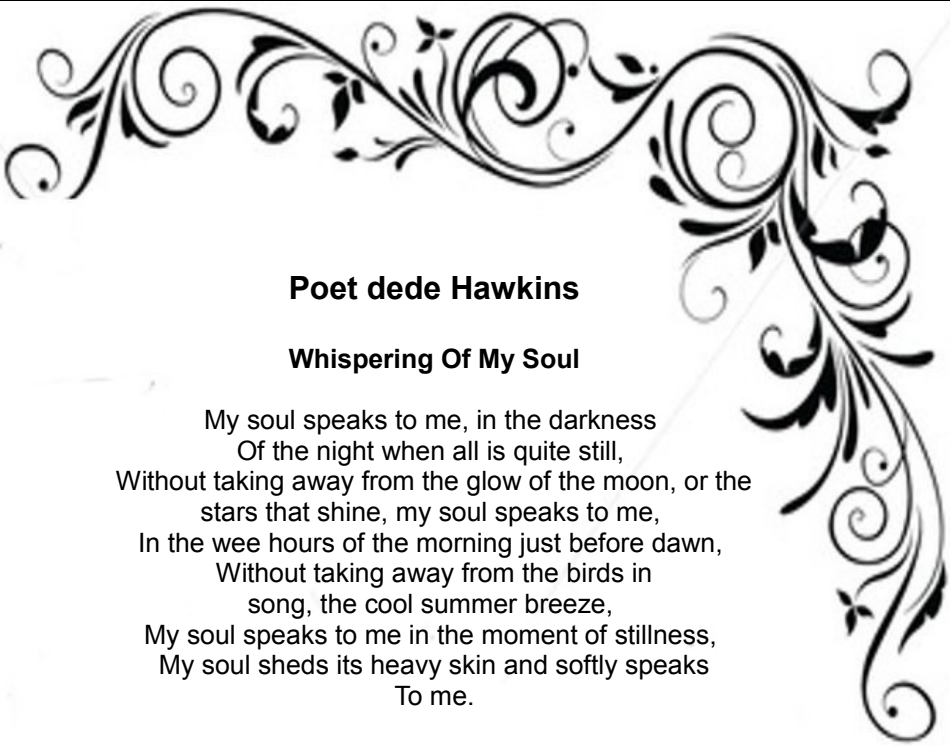
### -Writing You-

Writing you is like dancing in the rain,  
where the soft melody of it, the pitter-patter on the street,  
has made my feet couldn't resist to follow the tunes,  
letting them to embrace the tears from above,  
makes me not to realise,  
how broken the sky might be.  
That's how the ink has let my sadness be in disguised.  
Drop by drop, the sound of it has let my fingers to dance, a  
long with the pen,  
all together embracing the tears of my broken heart.

Writing you is like dancing in the rain,  
nobody realises how broken this heart is.  
But what could be felt is beautiful drops.

Drops of rain,  
drops of ink,  
creating silhouette of sadness."

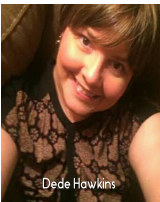




## Poet dede Hawkins

### Whispering Of My Soul

My soul speaks to me, in the darkness  
Of the night when all is quite still,  
Without taking away from the glow of the moon, or the  
stars that shine, my soul speaks to me,  
In the wee hours of the morning just before dawn,  
Without taking away from the birds in  
song, the cool summer breeze,  
My soul speaks to me in the moment of stillness,  
My soul sheds its heavy skin and softly speaks  
To me.





## Poet Santiago Ali

### Had Norma Jeane been a Poetess

Ghastly deep frozen  
in a gashed nitch inside  
-the wailing Wall of a Hellenic Tragedy  
Is liquefying drop by drop  
Into

A character immersed in the heat  
Of a silver moonlight as the lunacy of full moon  
night is burning red in the melting moon  
A struggling life ruptures its cocoon  
And a myth unfolds its wings making  
a giant leap in the sun, followed by thousand dragonflies  
Donned in macedoine of contrasting  
hues and a montage of emotions  
She fell from the sky like an angel  
In spotlight with broken wings

Every kiss she made in Technicolor Sun setting  
Every promise she vowed in the Scripted story of a love  
In every character she drew her self-portrait  
For she was the only one she knew very well  
"Wail-a-ree.....wail-a-ree....."

Only parts of us will ever touch  
parts of others ,  
So one is for the most part alone..."

She wrote.  
"I lost my love on the river and forever  
my heart wil yearn ,  
Gone forever down the river of no return "  
Had she been a poetess  
Norma Jean would not have sung  
"Happy birthday Mr.President"

But then ,  
Who would have bought her a  
Emilo Pucci attire  
Who would have bought a  
Cadillac casket ?  
Had Norma Jean been a poetess  
not wearing Chanel Number 5 in her coffin..





#

## Poet Phumla Zusa

### My desire to love

Like a sore that refuses to heal  
My desire to love oozed  
It drained my waters, it drained my blood  
Yet it kept swollen with my puss

My desire to love bended my knees  
It refused to let go of the need  
It laid me flat like a trodden mat  
Upon which I helplessly lost my pride

I became silent in my quest to please  
All my NOs were now his YES  
Under the shadow of his will  
My own I forfeited

My desire to love and be loved  
Kept me a prisoner at will  
With my bare hands I held the key  
Towards freedom I refused to go

He had me under his leash  
His words caught me still in his web of deceit  
I have no one to blame but me  
I held on tight to his tied knot

Tis me I should have loved more  
Not his needs above my own  
I should have chosen me  
Not the desire to love that betrayed me

If we choose ourselves, we opt to love ourselves more,  
we will have less tears to share. I choose me, I love me!





**Poet Mateo Escalate**

**WORLD PEACE**

Oh, peace! These are some requests,  
For this place we call world  
We can't reach it enough,  
God, please hear our concerns  
To organize our any purpose.

This generation of our development  
Is just like a flower in bloom,  
Where both science and reality rove  
May it see what's good and bad that roams.

The nation's conflict among nations,  
May it fade away voluntarily,  
Bring people together through diplomacy  
And stretch their hands for unity.

Unity can't be a barrier ever  
In achieving that most sought-after peace,  
Carry on with optimistic view,  
That this can be a world, bright with love and hope.



Mateo Escalate



## Poet Gavin Hill

### Please Hold Out for Me

Hold out for me, my love,  
please hold out for me,  
everything's a blur right now,  
I find it so hard to see.

Take this gun from me, my love,  
my blood runs so free,  
I see the end and fear the pain,  
please hold out for me.

I see that big black cloud, my love,  
slowly coming down on me,  
everything's a blur right now,  
I find it so hard to see.

My life is at an end, my love,  
it's time to set me free,  
every man must die, my love,  
Please hold out for me.

Say goodbye to our friends, my love,  
and our unborn child who I shall never see,  
say goodbye to everyone,  
a big goodbye from me.

Soon I will be dead, my love,  
tell them to bury me  
where once we carved our names, my love  
in the bark of the old oak tree.

Everything's a blur right now,  
I find it so hard to see.  
hold out for me, my love,  
old out for me.





**Poet Colin Hill**

**WHEN YOU GIVE ME YOUR HAND**

My hearts a little tired  
Of remembering everything  
But you make me feel so alive  
You want to set me free


And I tell you something  
You mean something to me  
I don't know how you did it  
But you got to the heart of me

I know I've got problems  
But they don't hold me down  
You are in my heart  
And you love me somehow

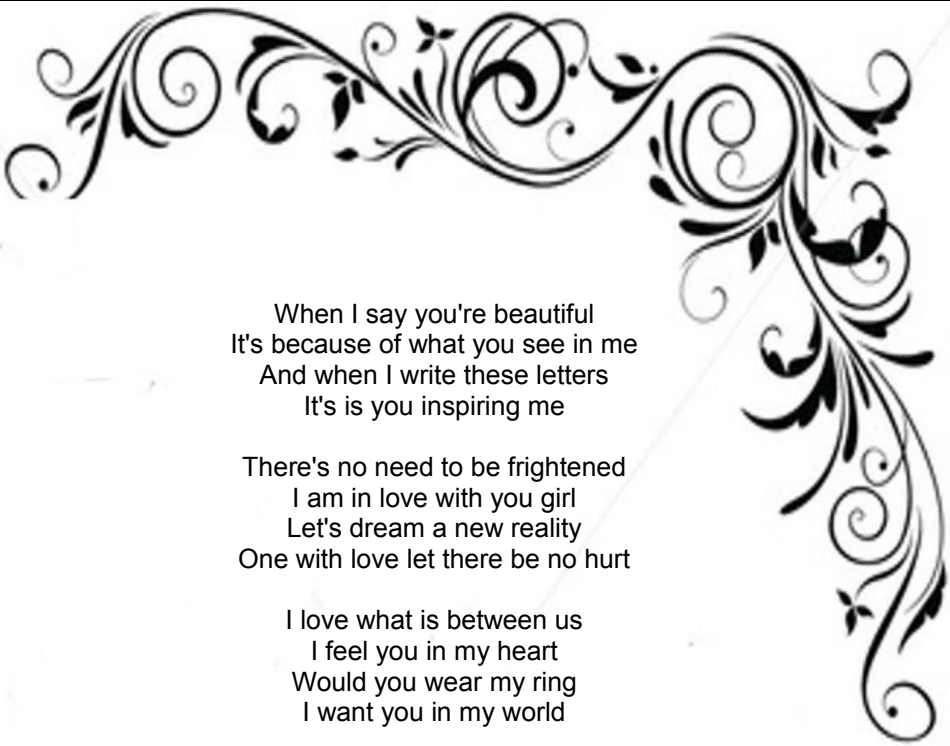
You give me your hand  
I've been pray  
ing for this day  
I know your loving  
Makes me open up this way

Yes my love, you just take my hand  
Although that I am broke  
You love me somehow  
I am meant for you  
There is no doubt in my mind  
Life seems bright  
when you give me your hand

My sweet lover  
Tell me what do you see?  
I tell you how you touch my heart  
You have a hold over me







When I say you're beautiful  
It's because of what you see in me  
And when I write these letters  
It's is you inspiring me

There's no need to be frightened  
I am in love with you girl  
Let's dream a new reality  
One with love let there be no hurt

I love what is between us  
I feel you in my heart  
Would you wear my ring  
I want you in my world

Yes my love, you just take my hand  
Although that I am broke  
You love me somehow  
I am meant for you  
There is no doubt in my mind  
Life seems bright  
when you give me your hand

I feel you deep in my soul  
Do you feel this too?  
Before I was heading down  
But now a dream comes true



Yes my love, you just take my hand  
Although that I am broke  
You love me somehow  
I am meant for you  
There is no doubt in my mind  
Life seems bright  
when you give me your hand





***POETRY PLANET FOUNDER***

**Poetess Marites C. Ritumalta**

**I Am A Poet**

My heart is like a screen  
With melodramas unseen  
To write for others to read  
A pen inked with tears.

My paper is a canvass  
Where I paint my desires  
My aches and sorrows  
My happiness and hopes.

All the poems I create  
Has my spirit, my heart  
It beats for those who reach out.  
And lives to inspire a life.

I am a poet  
It resides in my veins  
With ideas overflowing  
To scribe with my pen.

Every time I note a word  
It's filled with emotions  
That flows from my soul  
In a paper drowned by passion.

I'm a poet by heart  
Its not a choice that I write  
But it is the reason I'm alive  
To compose and reach a heart.





**Poetess Marites C. Ritumalta**

**Don't love a Poetess**

Her aim is to be free.  
Like a wind dancing,  
You can feel her,  
She embraces you,  
Kisses you,  
But you can never touch her.

She is the star,  
That you gaze  
as she glow in the sky,  
She is the moonlight,  
That stays as you dream,  
In the middle of the night.

She is the bird,  
So free to fly,  
To reach her dream.  
She is a water from a fall,  
that never stops ,  
From flowing ...

You can embrace her,  
Feel her,  
Dance with her,  
To a romantic music,  
Feel her heartbeat,  
But you can never love her.

She is caged,  
By a so called fate,  
Feel her spirit,  
By the poems she created,  
But never love her,  
She is taken,  
By her destiny.

Embrace her in her poems,  
Love her in your dream,  
Let her reside in there.  
Own her in her fantasy,  
Marry her in there .  
But never in reality.  
Her heart is caged..

