

Ma'y lipi

A Collection of Poems, Short
Stories, Flash Fictions, Interviews,
One-Act Plays and Articles

Edited by Akshay Kumar Roy
Reviewed by Sabuj Sarkar

Hosted by Lipi Magazine
Published by Lipi Publication

May Lipi

MAY LIPI

Edited by Akshay Kumar Roy

Reviewed by Sabuj Sarkar



PUBLICATION

www.lipipublication.com

May Lipi

Lipi PUBLICATION

Lipi Publication, collaborated with Lipi Magazine, is a book publishing platform, is looking for literary works from every part of the World that are thoughtful imaginings, inspiring events, and various facts based on trending topics regarding daily life, nature, love, suffering, pandemic, travels, food, culture, and many more.

Published in India by Lipi Publication
West Bengal, India
Copyright©2021 Lipi Publication

The moral rights of the author have been asserted
Database right Lipi Publication (maker)

First published in India: June, 2021
Cover Design: Akshay Kumar Roy

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction
in whole or in part in any form.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of Lipi Publication, or as expressly permitted by law, by licence or under terms agreed with the appropriate reprographics rights organization.

You must not circulate this work in any other form and
you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

For Magazine – www.lipimagazine.com
For Publication – www.lipipublication.com
For Contact – contact@lipimagazine.com

May Lipi

May Lipi is dedicated to Friederike
Mayröcker, Austrian poet

May Lipi

*“While from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.”*

- William Wordsworth

*“There is May in books forever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May’s in Milton, May’s in Prior,
May’s in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;”*

-Leigh Hunt

*“I cannot tell you how it was,
But this I know: it came to pass
Upon a bright and sunny day
When May was young; ah, pleasant May!”*

-Christina Rossetti

Acknowledgements

We are grateful to the writers across the globe for their support and sending us Poems, Prose, Articles in time for the publication of this E-Book successfully.

We are also thankful to the authorities concerned of Lipi Magazine for giving us permission and helping us in every possible way, technically and financially, to make this project successful.

Finally, we would like to express our gratitude, support and love to our family members. They all kept us going, and this would not have been possible without them.

Contents

❖ ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	6
❖ PREFACE	10
❖ AARON PAMEI	11
➤ THE NEW GARDEN	11
❖ ACHINGLIU KAMEI	12
➤ DEWDROPS	12
❖ ASHOK KUMAR	13
➤ AN APPEAL FROM DIVINE HEART	13
❖ CHRISTOPHER T. DABROWSKI	14
➤ Precisely Calculated Passion	14
➤ Lousy life of Tomaszek	15
➤ Ill-treat the weaker	16
➤ Friends from the old days	17
➤ Home at least	18
❖ GUNA MORAN	19
➤ An interview with Irene Doura	19
➤ An interview with KATARINA SARIC	30
➤ Interview with Abhay K	35
➤ An Interview with Krishna Dulal Borua of Assamese Literature	40
➤ An interview with Khosiyat Rustam,	48
❖ K KISHORE KUMAR	56

May Lipi

➤ SERENITY	56
❖ KOLAWOLE MATHEW OGUNDIPE	57
➤ Politiques in Politics	57
➤ The Peacock (One-Act Play)	58
➤ The Genesis of the Revelation	68
➤ Nature	70
➤ Exists therein, the Old One	71
❖ NAIMUDDIN ANSARY	73
➤ Learn from Nature	73
➤ I Don't Understand Politics	74
➤ Religion	75
➤ Let a Change be Brought	76
➤ A Melancholic Night	77
❖ NDABA SIBANDA	78
➤ May, May Happiness Continue To Radiate	78
❖ ONIPEDE FESTUS MOSES	79
➤ SIX FEET	79
➤ The Lioness' Milk (Short Story)	81
➤ Smuggling and its Attendant Effects	90
➤ If We Part	93
➤ The Innocent Blood, Act 2	95
❖ SAHABUDDIN AHAMED	104
➤ Use of Time	104
❖ SATABDA CHAUDHURI	105

May Lipi

➤ Let's deal with the Surface of Reality	105
❖ SILPIKA KALITA	106
➤ THE GORGE	106
❖ SOHINI SHABNAM	108
➤ 17	108
❖ TANUSHREE DAS	109
➤ Rabindranath Tagore	109
❖ VIKASH GOPE	110
➤ Prelude 2020	110

Preface

The month May in 2021 has proved to be more than cruellest in India during the second wave of covid-19. When there are series of deaths, destructions and desolation, the creative writers of *Lipi Magazine* could do their best to enliven the spirits of hope and aspirations.

As usual, this e-book format of *May Lipi Magazine* is studded with some of the brilliant and unparalleled ideas. The fragrance of the bouquet of poetry, short story, flash fiction and interview will not only enkindle the hearts but also offer food for thought. They speak about the time, people, society and the changed culture. We can only hope that forthcoming issues will be more engrossing and energizing.

Sabuj Sarkar

*Assistant Professor,
Department of English,
University of Gour Banga,
Malda, West Bengal, India.
sabuj Sarkar@hotmail.com*

AARON PAMEI

The New Garden

O come and see the new garden
A season of fresh fiery flowers in bloom
Blossoming in lines aflame in the night
Fed by bodies in a steady stream
Watered by running river of tears
Stoked by the oxygen of the air
You can hear the wailing lullaby
Wafting up with the smoke into the sky.
Oh, won't you come out once
And see the new garden?

The sight will forever stay behind your eyes
The fragrance will ever be steeped in your skin
The memory will be etched in your brain
Rest assured you will always remember ...

The gardener stands
White-knuckled hands
Behind his back
His eyes staring
Off into the distance
Contemplating
What to grow
Next season
Maybe he should dig
The ground
To sow in it
The other variety.

ACHINGLIU KAMEI

Dewdrops

in the soft night
dew drops gather
engulfing the pain, frustration
of not forming, not making, not having
tiny pearl dews that form
in the cool of night
the making, forming,
glistening silver
in the early morning light
as the sun shines brighter
the pearls
hanging on for life
unwilling to let go
begin to melt and drip down
on the buds, leaves, stems
the tiny plants below
yearning for a sip of the nectar
thirsty for the pearls
waiting with bated breath
the floodgates of fate
that eventually must come
the dewdrops roll down
quickenning its pace
onto the grass waiting. quivering
the dewdrops
roll down
and disappear.

ASHOK KUMAR

An Appeal From Divine Heart

I offer you generosity
I offer you integrity
I offer you humanity
In everyone let me see divine beauty

Sweet soul feels your presence
It gives me immense essence
I enjoy his eternity
I offer you universality

I offer you creativity
Let me go hand in hand
For Peace and prosperity
Salute from heart for such true beauty

CHRISTOPHER T. DABROWSKI

Precisely Calculated Passion

They were passionately going through the body theory by analyzing a complex variable function. He was greedily squeezing her polynomials and was kissing her lips over and over. He was measuring acute and obtuse angles. Calculations implied a forthcoming orgasm but there was no certainty. Unfortunately, there were too many unknowns...

He tried to brush her X spot with his rhombus. That was good combinatorics, they found the algorithm. Her Euclidean rings swollen. If everything went good they would have... Ah, they would have beautiful, healthy fractions!

She bent a plane of symmetry of a figure in extasy. Strengthen scopes of similar figures and it happened! And just to think that they were connected by an ordinary equal sign...

Lousy Life of Tomaszek

The creator attached the head of Tomaszek to his body and bedecked with an absurd cap.

Well the head and body when there are no legs?
But the creator thought about it – he attached them.

When they were sitting him down, Tomaszek felt as a passive puppet. He resided in stillness watching all this confusion – as always.

A building of social uselessness was built. Everything was inside but could not use it. Tomaszek became an inhabitant of an empty shell. Anyway, they will soon pull it down. They will destroy also him – the creator has no mercy.

A sadist will pull his legs. He will tear off his head. And then will revive attaching it to another body.

He will give a new name...

It is hard to be a man of Lego.

Ill-Treat The Weaker

Joe walked out of a gym. Though he had been working
out hard he still desired to fuck someone up.

He looked like a three-door wardrobe, he was really
muscled up.

He spotted a frail boy, told him to stop.

He battered the kid hard. Broke his nose, knocked his
teeth out.

He felt better at once – he liked to ill-treat the weaker

He was walking down the street. A car hit him.

Before Jon got up the car was gone.

He limped as he moved down the park lane in pain

Suddenly something hard hit him in the head

A heavy chestnut fell from above

A streamlet of blood ran down Jon's face

Bemused he entered a plaza

It flashed, a thunderstorm began

The first lightning strack Jon...

Sometimes God liked to ill-treat the weaker.

Friends From The Old Days

The year 1494 Seneria – occupied lands:
Hagen came to a guard. The soldier smiled.
– Hagen, it's been a long time! Although I should be
afraid of you. – he said.
They hugged. Haden took out the dagger.
You should – he thought, sticking the blade in his friend's
back.
– Forgive me. – he whispered through the tears.
He dragged the corpse of his friend carefully into the
bushes. He would be unable to bury him with dignity.
Unfortunately, when at war, one cannot be sentimental.
The mission is most important. That is how they trained
him. And yet, he felt terrible about it.

May Lipi

Home At Least

I was born in Krakow. I decided to travel the world. The trip was fantastic. I came back happy and very tanned. I got off the plane at the airport near Krakow. I got on a train to the city centre, which was shattered with smog. Home at least.

Suddenly someone attacked me. I fell on the sidewalk. A bald hooligan stood above me.

– Get the fuck out of here! – he was screaming. – Poland for Poles.

I didn't manage to answer.

– Sieg hail! – He roared extending his hand in a characteristic gesture.

Kicked me and went away.

Home at least...

GUNA MORAN

An Interview with Irene Doura

An interview with Irene Doura– Kavadia, Linguist, Translator, Litterateur, Secretary-General of Writers Capital Foundation, Editor/Anthologist from Athens, Greece

1/ Good morning and thank you for accepting my invitation for this interview. I have had the opportunity to look at your impressive background, but I would like to give you a chance to tell us about yourself in brief. Good morning! It is a pleasure being here with you.

2/ why do you write? Do you remember the first time you wrote something?

The poet is born, they say, not made! The same goes for the author. I tend to believe more than anyone in this saying, as I have actually been writing all my life. As long as I can remember myself, I always wanted to be a writer. At the age of nine, I started writing a children's mystery story. By the age of eleven, I had written several summaries for stories to be developed later on. When I turned twelve, I asked of my parents to buy me a typewriter; my mother in fact left her work and went to the centre of the town to buy me a professional one! Therefore, you could call it an inner urge of self-expression forming an inextricable part of my whole being.

3/ Who or what inspired you to be a poet? When did you start writing poetry?

Inspiration can come from a variety of triggers. From something very simple – a song, a verse, a melody. From a

name, a word or an emotion. From a problem, a memory, an incident or a historical event. Of course, apart from the historical facts, mythology is also a great source of inspiration to me. The heroic events, the epics, the problems of our time. Even a dream that through the subconscious raises an issue that the fast pace of life does not allow us to possibly give it importance during the day. It is something magical, in fact! It is as if words find their way and come out of obscurity into the light, on their own. My first poems were satirical ones and I wrote them while in my teens to laugh with my friends and also criticize little petty everyday things. Yet, real profound poetry came into my life in adulthood. I was inspired mostly by nature and the beauty of the surroundings of my country house by the sea in Attica. Still, the impression made to me by those landscapes was nothing in comparison to the impact of the overwhelming power exerted to me by the seascapes of the island of Lefkas. This was the place I believe that broadened my aesthetic and descriptive scope; it was the right timing of course, as well that played a role. Last but not least, the aura of the house in Lefkas, owned by the family of my spouse, was also a catalyst, since he is distantly related to a world renowned poet, Nikos Kavvadias, a poet who travelled at sea all his life, and during his rare visits he stopped by to see his cousin, my spouse's late grandfather, according to the latter's narration.

4/ What does poetry mean to you?

“Poetry” for me is a friend. A difficult, demanding, but trustworthy friend. And loyal, indeed. On her shoulder I lean at night and whisper my ideas and my concerns. Engaging in poetry fills me, redeems me, lifts me up. It is the passage that connects the outside world with the inside of the soul, it is this passage that releases the emotions and gives them the way to come out on their own and be penned

on a piece of paper. “Climbing words as if an escalator”, according to George Seferis. The road is uphill, but extremely seductive. At the top, the world opens up beyond our dimension and brings us forward to our primordial matter. The one that unites us with the archetypes, those that our Creator endowed us with.

5/ What is, according to you, the role of a poet in Today’s society?

The literary production worldwide, in our era plagued by the pandemic as well as the financial crisis, is quite rich in terms of quantity, that is, inversely proportional to the expectations. That is to say, poetry thrives despite the crisis, or rather against the crisis, and of course because of the crisis. A crisis – whether it is economic in its origins or as a consequence of it, it tends to be a crisis of values – sharpens emotions and experiences, causes greater contradictions and controversies. And of course it is the recipe for inspiration, introspection, and meditation. Pain, especially mental pain, triggers the externalization of respective emotions. The goal is didactic, but utterly personal redemption. After all, in the most painful pages of a country’s history, great talents emerge that produce masterpieces, whether in a period of occupation, civil war, or political unrest. The poet with their pen break the chains of the adversities of their era. Literature – and art in general – has always been the best anti-stress human product both regarded from the part of the writer/creator and the reader/viewer. It is the refuge of every soul that is liberated through the wings of imagination. The role of the poet in today’s society is thus more important than ever. In a world suffering from a pandemic that has been with us for more than a year, the role of the poet is to inspire and enlighten the people so that they overcome their depression, their fear, and their anxiety before the unknown... Yet the most important task of the poet is to perceive the vibes of the

social change and make an effort to inspire and educate the new generations, for they are the future, towards a better more humane world based on solidarity, tolerance, and of course peace. As it is the poet's task and duty to see to it that the future will be a better one, and inspire the rest to follow the illuminated path towards it.

6/ Do you have any particular audience in mind when you write, an ideal reader?

Not really. When it comes to poetry, the verses come out by themselves – no censorship, no target group. The age group is in mind when I write a novel, though, or a children's story.

7/ What do you do as a hobby?

I like travelling, taking pictures, getting to know new places and people, tasting different cuisine, which of course due to the pandemic is impossible, reading and writing. I also listen to music a lot to relax.

8/ How can we experience the infinite mystery of the universe through the practice of poetry?

As infinite is the universe so infinite is language. "Words, words, words", according to Wordsworth. They are like the stars shining in the sky awaiting patiently to be picked in order to adorn a poem – as if it were a precious diadem. The universe is also infinite as love. And poets are bound to be fascinated by all this. The mystery, undeniably, remains. Fortunately, as poetry without mystery would be like the night without its moon...

9/ How long does it take you to complete all drafts and inquiries necessary to complete a poem?

Depending on the poem, actually. It can take me ten minutes, a quarter of an hour perhaps if it is a concept I have already formed within my mind. If I need to research on a theme, this will of course take longer. Still, there are poems I have in different – mostly longer – versions, and a lot of incomplete ones. Like the National, master poet of my country, Dionysios Solomos, the one who wrote the national anthem of Greece, I believe nothing is perfect and I feel have to revise. Again and again. Therefore, many of my poems and stories are yet to be finished – if they ever are that is...

10/ Which book that you have written is your favourite and what are your top three books?

Now it is like asking a mother which of her children to choose among... I like them all, of course, but I could mention a poetry collection that is a compilation of awarded poems entitled “Contemplation”, a detective novel called “Marianta”, and of course my first book, a children’s tale “Milenia” in 2000.

11/ What are you currently working on? Also, what are you reading at present?

A writer never ceases to read or write! I am currently working on the second volume of my novel entitled “Forged by Lava and Steel”, hoping to have finished it by the end of the year, plus a poetry collection of condensed philosophical insight and elaboration on linguistic syntheses entitled “Miracles Within”.

12 /Poetry is the wrath of a person sitting in loneliness. How do you manage your time to write and work?

It is undeniably difficult to manage everything. A day only has 24 hours! Therefore, one has to set priorities, which helps a little. Still, I wait until everyone goes to sleep and

then I start working on my novel or on the poetry collection. However, my duties as the owner of a Language Academy and a Translating Firm, my position as Editor-In-Chief in Writers International Edition Publishing House and as Secretary-General in Writers Capital International Foundation, as well as those of a mother, leave me little time in which to do all the things I want in reference to writing.

13/ Which poets have inspired you? Do you feel yourself ever influenced by the writing style of a poet?

Cavafy, Elytis, Leivaditis, Wordsworth, Wilde, Gibran, Hesse, and other classic master poets of the global community have been a great inspiration to me, though not influence regarding the style in which I write. Lately I came into contact, while translating and audio rendering, with the poetry of mystique by Preeth Nambiar, CEO and Founder of Writers Capital Foundation, and I was impressed by the profundity of the notions in his verses concerning the universe, as well as indulged the verses of a group of contemporary poets I now call family. Therefore, the source of inspiration only seems to broaden.

14/ What is your greatest accomplishment as a poet?

I hope my greatest accomplishment as a poet has not seen the light yet. What a poet currently writes, they wish for it to surpass all the previous endeavours, therefore I aspire my new poetry collection “Miracles Within” soon to be published will be embraced by a larger circle of readers.

15/ What are the books you regard as the all time readable?

Actually, there are many but I would say among many others “Princess Izambo” by Angelos Terzakis, the “Novel of the Four”, the amazing “The importance of being Earnest” and “Lady Windermere’s fan” by Oscar Wilde,

“Pride and Prejudice” by Jane Austin, as well as “The Transformation” by Kafka; last but not least, Conan Doyle’s “Dancers” and Agatha Christie’s “Mousetrap”, since the detective genre is my favourite too.

16/ The poet and authors you like the best?

The truth is that many writers and poets have captured my heart. Among Greeks I single out poets such as Cavafy, Sikelianos, Seferis, Elytis, and among authors Terzakis, Athanasiadis, Karagatsis, Myrivilis, Papadiamantis. From the global community of writers, I would pick Shakespeare, Honoré de Balzac, Hemingway, Oscar Wilde, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Gibran, Hesse. The list could go on and on...

17/ If you could choose to be a character in a book, who would it be?

A child that contemplates the stars in the book series by the Greek master author Menelaos Loudemis. For I believe it is important for us all to preserve the innocence of childhood within us regardless of the age.

18/ What, according to you, is love?

I shall tell you not what I believe of love. Better let me recite what was written on love in the first Letter of Saint Paul to the Corinthians as this is, in my humble opinion, the best definition ever given: “Love is patient, love is kind. It is not jealous, it is not pompous, it is not inflated, it is not rude, it does not seek its own interests, it is not quick-tempered, it does not brood over injury, it does not rejoice over wrongdoing but rejoices with the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails.”

19/ Please let the readers know about your projects for future? And please share any stanza you have written and you repeat it most of the times?

First of all, my big goal is to read as many works of literature as possible both classic and contemporary, and of course to highlight even more aspects of my literary nature, as I like to experiment with new structures and forms. I would also like to help young writers emerge, something we do at Writers Capital Foundation, as I see that there are little diamonds buried somewhere that need to come to the surface. In the same way, I aim to make my students love literature more through literary projects I promote through my foreign language academy and through literary programs in public schools in my country. It is essential that books become more popular with young children being all day long with a mobile phone or a tablet in their hand as its natural extension. And my big bet with time is to complete my unfinished projects and bring their heroes from obscurity to light. If I am lucky enough to be loved by the general public, this is something that time will tell. As for a stanza I like repeating to myself is the following, actually the beginning of the Poem entitled “Two-faced”:

Two-faced Our life is like a coin one face makes you happy
the other makes you sad; no matter which you pick there
always lies the risk. Yet one cannot but toss! For it is the
law of life Always to roll, never to stand still...

20/What is your message to the young poets? Can you at this moment mention a few talented younger poets of the state?

I would prompt them to go on and never cease making efforts. Like I used to repeat to myself when I first started writing poetry, quoting from the poem of master poet Constantine Cavafy “The first step”, it is a major

achievement to even be on the first step on the ladder of poetry... “Just to be on the first step should make you happy and proud. To have reached this point is no small achievement: what you’ve done already is a wonderful thing. Even this first step is a long way above the ordinary world. To stand on this step you must be in your own right a member of the city of ideas.” I am glad to see that my generation has given birth to a multitude of poets. Literary competitions, encyclopedias, literary magazines – print and electronic, presentations of literary events mainly by individual initiatives, is the proof. As refers to poetry, I am even happier to see young children use the pen from an early age and write verses to express their feelings. This fact gives me hope both as a writer and as an educator. As for such brilliant young poets, there are quite many in Greece, but I am afraid of doing injustice to those that I will not mention, so I shall refer to the youngest one I know of, aged 11, Eirini Gisdaki, the daughter of a philologist and a great friend. This little girl writes poems in Greek and English and are impressive.

21/ Please describe life in two lines?

“As easy as a stream flowing, as difficult as climbing a steep mountain... at times. When the stream flows, let it take you along, and gather your strength for the times of difficulty.”

22/What have your achievements been to date?

I do not like mentioning my own achievements, as I am dedicated to promoting other poets’ and creators’ ones, leaving the others talk about me when they wish. Let me just mention a few facts: I would definitely say that my major achievement in life is my daughter, Anastasia-Mary, aged 12. I am a happy mother, and also my students seem happy to have me as a teacher. I have written 15 books of

different literary genre so far and wish to complete all those I have left half on pieces of paper and in several hard disks.

23/ Your ideal person?

Ideal is the person that acts as a real human being... Inspired by genuine, unconditional love for all living beings. One that is not egocentric and their goal in life is to become a better person, in the service of humanity.

24/ Favourite actor, singer? My favourite actors?

Peter Sellers in comedy, Peter Ustinov in drama. Favourite singer Maria Callas.

25/ Favourite month?

My favourite month is August because it is the month of my annual well-deserved summer holidays, in which I try to relax and also finish off a book I write during the year.

26/ Favourite colour?

My favourite colour is light blue, the colour of the Athenian sky.

27/Favourite food?

My favourite food is spaghetti carbonara that I myself make! In my own way, that is.

28/Favourite place?

My favourite place is – as I am an islander – any coastal resort. For the sake of the interview, I shall mention the island of Lefkas in the Ionian Sea where I spend my summer holidays.

29/ Thank you so much for you time and for all the revealed details. Do you want to add some more for our readers now?

May Lipi

I thank you wholeheartedly for this wonderful interview! I prompt all your readers to keep the inspiration high and follow their dreams! For “where there’s a will, there’s a way”...

An Interview with Katarina Saric

An interview with popular poetess, translator KATARINA SARIC from Montenegro by Guna Moran

Questions-

1. Good morning. I have had the opportunity to look at your impressive background, but I like to give you a chance to tell about yourself in brief.

It was when I was very young, almost a girl. But my earliest experience in that respect was with my dad, who actually considered it as unserious, and wanted for me to turn to something else, more economic and useful. As a result, I stopped writing for a long time. When I started writing again, it was like a gift. Subsequently, I wrote more than 300 poems in only two years, and today, I'm blessed to be able to finish 4 poetry books, which have been awarded and translated in more than 13 world languages.

2. Why do you write? What or who inspired you to be a poet?

I again started writing poetry as a middle-aged woman. It was an experience that broke through all my inner fears and insecurities. I liberated myself through poetry, even though I had already published two novels before that. Today I can say that poetry made me into a woman. I was inspired by others, mostly by voices of strong women, such as Marina Tsvetaeva, Sylvia Plath, but also some revolutionary poets, such as Mayakovsky and Lorca.

3. What do you do as a hobby?

The modern scene in Montenegro, is practically nonexistent. One reason for that is because we still have a

strong community of male writers, as well as national communities that support traditional forms with motives from national and epic history. We also don't really have a scene for alternative performances, because we are still a traditional patriarchal society. In the light of that, my hobbies are very serious. I'm collecting unique young women's voices in order to present them and create a women's solidarity community.

4. Which poem that you have written is your favourite and what are your top three poems?

Trojica, Moja Žena, 100 godina sa Aleksandrom Kolontaj (in my native language). But audiences can find them on many portals, translated.

5. Which book have you read the most in your lifetime?

It is probably "The Second Sex" by Simone de Beauvoir.

6. What are the books that you regard as all-time readable?

It is a rather personal choice, but I consider books of philosophy the most readable, because you are able to come back to them any time. Your enjoyment of them does not depend on the familiarity with a plot, because obviously they do not have plot. On the other hand, they are endlessly engaging you with other things.

7. The writers and poets you like the best.

8. If you could choose to be a character in a book, who would it be?

Childe Harold, from the poem by Lord Byron.

9. What do you get your greatest idea for writing?

My poetry is very deeply intimate but also with a very strong social engagement, because I am daily engaged in a struggle with prejudices, such as cultural differences, with lack of justice, freedom of speech, equality of voices of men and women. Most of my ideas come from engagement with social justice and politics, in the particular sens of the society I live in. Of course, part of it is a way to understand myself and place in society.

10. You have earned immense experience as a translator. Have you recently translated any book or poem? How do you determine of a piece of writing is good?

Recently I started translating from English, and that is my new project that makes me very proud, because in such way I can connect with poems from all over the world. I also established the art community Library of Babylon, which primarily focuses on e-books. Very soon, the first anthology of poetry will be available on Amazon. The final goal is, of course, to have it in printed version as well.

11. Do you think of your own translation is definitive? What about yourself?

There can be endless variations of transitions. My translation is just one of those voices, all of which are equal.

12. Do you think that the first requirement for a translator is that she or he should be a good writer in his own language?

Of course, that is the most important thing, because only a poet can feel the other poet's soul and his/her poetry, you can not translate the poetry in a formal way, it must be in the spirit of the native translator's language.

13. Easy or hard, what have been the poems you have most enjoyed translating?

Poetry of strong women's voices, which I have been discovering on the Internet, especially from Latin America and Asia.

14. What are your greatest accomplishment as a translator?

15. What have your achievement been to date?

16. Are you happy as a poet or translator? Why?

These are two very different things. Both give me pleasure in their own way. Translation allows for this connection with other creators that in writing my own poetry does not really take the front place. In that sense, they are like two creative cycles which depend on each other.

17. What do you mean by love and how many time have you fallen in love till now?

Love is suffering that we take upon us. I was truly in love probably only once in my life. *18. What have you learnt from life?* I have learned that I never stop learning. There is always a surprise at the other end of the curve.

19. What quality do you most admire in a man?
Passion.

20. What's is your next step?

I will continue to write and act as a freelancer, for sure, especially because of all those prejudices in my country, I was telling you about, as long it is necessary for women's voices to continue the struggle to become equal to the voices of men.

May Lipi

21. What advice would you give to aspiring poets?

Poetry is passion and a way of life. It is not a style of living, insofar as it cannot provide you with a livelihood. If you understand all of this and still keep it doing, you don't need my advice.

Thank you very much for giving us your valuable time and May God bless you and wish to see you again. Thank you.

An Interview with Abhay K

1. Good morning Sir. Thank you very much for speaking with me today. I have had the opportunity to look at your impressive background, but I like to give you a chance to tell about yourself in brief, please. Abhay K. I'm from Nalanda, Bihar. I grew up in Nalanda district and studied there till class 10th before moving to Patna for Intermediate and then to Delhi for graduation (Kirorimal College, Delhi University) and post-graduation (Jawaharlal Nehru University). Afterwards, I joined the Indian Foreign Service in 2003. Since then I have served in different diplomatic capacities in Russia, Nepal, Brazil and Madagascar & Comoros. I started writing poetry in 2005 after arriving in Moscow and have so far published 8 poetry collections and a memoir and have edited 4 anthologies of poetry'. I have also translated Meghaduta and Ritusamhara of Kalidasa into English. My poems have been published in over 90 literary journals across the world and my poem-song 'Earth Anthem' has been translated into over 70 world languages. I also paint and my paintings have been exhibited in St. Petersburg, Paris, New Delhi and Brasilia.

2. Your pen name is Abhay K. Why does, according to you, a writer use a pseudonym?

Abhay K. I wanted to have a slightly different identity as a poet and a writer than a diplomat and therefore I just use Abhay K. for writing and Abhay Kumar for official purposes. I also like the shape of K which begins at a certain point but points towards infinite, eternity, opening its two arms to embrace the whole universe. K is also a symbol of a thousand and that also adds symbolic importance to having K in one's pen name.

I think many writers want to keep their writing/literary identity separate from their real life identities, and having a pseudonym gives them this chance.

3. Why do you write? What or who inspired you to be a poet?

Abhay K. I started reading poetry when I was eight or nine years old. I found a book of poems titled Rashmirathi by Ramdhari Singh Dinkar at my home in Nalanda and started reading it. It is still one of my favourite books. The energy of the lines from this book continues to reverberate in my mind. I started writing poetry much later after arriving in Moscow, Russia, when I was 25. I was overwhelmed with the beauty and grandeur of a new culture, a new city and its warm people and enchanting surroundings. Poetry started flowing automatically out of me.

4. What do you do as a hobby?

Abhay K. I do Yoga, run, bicycle, play tennis, swim, do horse-riding, look at the clouds, stars and constellations, take photographs, listen to bird-song etc.

5. Which book that you have written is your favourite and what are your top three books?

Abhay K. My forthcoming poetry book 'Monsoon' which is a book length poem of love and longing and my own books – The Alphabets of Latin America, The Eight-eyed Lord of Kathmandu and The Seduction OF Delhi remain my all-time favourite.

6. Which books have you read the most in your lifetime?

Abhay K. Rashmiirathi by Ramdhari Singh Dinkar, The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway, Prophet by Kahlil Gibran, Meghaduta by Kalidasa among others.

7. What are the books that you regard as all-time readable?

Abhay K. A Brief History of Time by Stephen Hawkings, The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway, In Light of India by Octavio Paz, Twenty Love Poems and A Song of Despair by Pablo Neruda, Gitanjali by Rabindranath Tagore, Maps by Wislawa Szymborska, Dohas of Kabir to name a few.

8. The writers and poets you like the best.

Abhay K. The poets and writers whose works I admire are Kalidasa, Kabir, Rabindranath Tagore, Ramdhari Singh Dinkar, Premchand, Ghalib, Walt Whitman, T.S. Eliot, Pablo Neruda, Octavio Paz, Gabriel Garcia Marquez among others.

9. If you could choose to be a character in a book, who would it be?

Abhay K. Yaksha in Meghaduta by Kalidasa.

10. How do you get your greatest idea for writing?

Abhay K. By reading a lot of books and relating to some of them.

11. You have earned immense experience as an anthologist of many anthologies like CAPITALS, 100 Great Indian Poems, New Brazilian Poems and so on. You have recently compiled a fantastic anthology named Great Indian Love Poems. We are really grateful to you for including

Assamese poetry in it. How do you determine if a piece of writing is good?

Abhay K. Thank you for your kind words! A good piece of writing is something that touches me at a deeper level, reverberates within me long after having read it.

12. Have you ever received negative feedback on a piece of writing that you have signed off? What was your response?

Abhay K. There is no writing which does not get criticized. Criticism and praise are part and parcel of the writing and publishing process. I take both of them in my stride and move on. It is part of the process of maturing as a writer and motivation to give your best each time.

13. What made you choose to become an editor? What was your greatest accomplishment as an editor or an anthologist? In your view, what is the role of an anthologist?

Abhay K. My quest for finding a poem on each capital city of the world turned me into an editor. Later I wanted to present great Indian poems from various Indian languages to the world. I started editing an anthology of 100 Great Indian Poems. It was followed by 100 More Great Indian Poems and later Great Indian Love Poems. I also translated and edited an anthology of New Brazilian Poems. As an anthologist I wanted to find poems which really moved me and thankfully I was able to find such poems and a publisher and an audience for such poems. I think this has been my greatest accomplishment. In my view an anthologist's job is to find gems from the vast ocean of poetry and present it to the readers.

14. You have also earned a star-like name in the field of translation. Translations of Kalidasa's Meghaduta and Ritusamhara from Sanskrit to English are the best examples in this respect. Translation is also a word-art. What do you say about it?

Abhay K. Translation is an essential art to understand each other, to have dialogue across literature created in various languages. Translation helps to create world literature. Even the translated works need to be retranslated every twenty years as language and literary taste change and the old translations need to be updated. The process of translation involves keeping true to the essence of the original at the same time dressing that essence in contemporary language, style and imagery that readers can relate to.

15. What advice would you give to aspiring authors?

Abhay K. I would say that one should write what one truly cares for and believes in, as writing is not only an act of expressing oneself but also reflects how one perceives the world. Publishing will ensue eventually as long as what you have written is appealing and compulsive. Thank you very much sir for giving us your valuable time and May God bless you and wish to see you again. Thank you

An Interview with Krishna Dulal Borua of Assamese Literature

Q: How did you become a translator or how did you land your first translation job?

A: The beginning was quite spontaneous. After my matriculation I was just going through the complete works (Rasnavali) of Rupkonwar Jyotiprasad Agarwalla and for some unknown reason I developed an intense urge to have his short story, 'Juzaru' in English. I went ahead with the translation and completed it within a couple of weeks. I handed my translation of the story to my father to have a look at it and point out the errors. He went through it once or twice and advised me to change the title from 'The Warrior' to the 'The Soldier' and said that he would like to show it to one of his colleagues at the Assam Civil Secretariat who happened to be a voracious reader with a keen eye on the latest literary trends. A couple of days later, my father handed me a typed copy of the translation along with several cyclostyled copies and said that everyone in his office had appreciated my effort. A year later a similar urge prompted me to interpret Nilmani Phookan's poem 'Kot Asu' which went on to be published in the Cottonian in 1982.

Q : Do you have a consistent strategy or technique that you employ in the mechanics of your translation routine?

A : I try to prepare a frame-work of my interpretation at first following my immediate perception of the source text. Then gradually I try to immerse into the details. With the varied types of complexities and challenges cropping up in different endeavours, a translator has to be innovative and flexible in the application of techniques. Pre-conceived

ideas may turn out to be utterly fruitless. Hence, one's strategies, too, undergo changes according to situations.

Q : How long does it take you to complete all drafts and inquiries necessary to complete a book?

A : It depends on the type and complexity of the text and the time available for me to devote to the work. After all, I am not a full-time translator.

Q : Do you agree with it that a translator of prose has greater latitude than a translator of poetry that the prose translator has less of an obligation to precise shading and nuance?

A : Not exactly – nothing can be generalized. Both prose and poetry have their own distinctive traits and significance. A translator may take his or her liberties at times, but the maintenance of fidelity to the original text along with the desired level of palatability (readability) in the translated version, however difficult to attain, is what he/she needs to strive for.

Q: What's your funniest translation story?

A: Mahim Bora's 'Tup' (The bait) or Rajendra Sharma's Katha award-winning story 'Pratahbhraman' (The morning stroll) are serious stories interspersed with varied elements of wit and humour.

Q: Punctuation difference between languages can pose special problems to a translator. Did your work raise such problems with punctuation?

A: I don't exactly understand this problem about punctuation difference. Signs of interrogation or exclamation, commas or full-stops, hyphens or brackets are used in all languages in the same way with equal signification. In a lighter vein, I may mention that modern

poetry is almost shorn of punctuation to pose any problem to a translator in this regard!

Q: Is it true that few critics possess the requisite skills and background to even evaluate a translation?

A: An evaluator of a work of translation has to be well versed in both the source and target languages as a translator. Intimate acquaintance with the tone, structures and nuances of both the languages is of vital importance. The number of evaluators may be few but among them, at present, the contributions of Prof. Pradip Acharya, Dr Madan Sharma and Amritjyoti Mahanta have been exemplary.

Q : Do you think of your own translation as definitive? What about yourself?

A : Not at all – any text can have multiple interpretations and styles of expression and this should go on and on in quest of newer dimensions. I believe that a translator needs to grow with his experience and find answers on his own along the journey.

Q : Do you think that the first requirement for a translator is that he should be a good writer in his own language?

A : A translator can benefit a lot by being a good writer in the target language of translation whether it be his own language or some other. However good a hand one may have in his or her own language, in translation, what would obviously count is the translator's flair of expression in the target language.

Q : What's the response when you answer " I'm a translator " to the question, " What do you do ?

A : I strive to be both faithful to the source text and as appealing as possible in my renderings though I find myself outweighed most often by my limitations.

Q : How about translation centres? Do you think they are useful or helpful?

A : Translation centres explore the various challenges faced by translators, analyse the features of narrativity and the ways in which these features are negotiated and manipulated in translation. It may be impossible to have a detailed schedule or a complete teaching-learning process within a stipulated period of time, but varied ideas can be gained for developing the skills of translation even by attending workshops.

Q : If you were a teacher of such a centre, what would you emphasize?

A : I would certainly emphasize foremost of all, upon John Dewey's theory of 'learning by doing' – upon practising different patterns of texts with varied patterns of challenges in the narrativity. I would also discuss with the participants about my personal experiences citing interesting instances where I had myself stumbled earlier.

Q : Easy or hard , what have been the books you've most enjoyed translating ?

A : I can immediately mention about Nilmani Phookan's poems – 'Selected Poems of Nilmani Phookan'. I have been retranslating some of the poems of this collection again and again with an intense urge to reduce the rifts of imperfection in each attempt.

Q : What are your greatest accomplishment as a translator?

A: Not anything worthy of mention. However, the significant aspect worth mentioning is that translation exercises have developed my adoration for my mother tongue – Assamese immensely.

Q : What major challenges and problems have you faced at your work of translation ?

A : Translation acts as a bridge between cultures. Translation to or from a foreign language, or even a language within the country with unfamiliar expressions and features, pose stiff challenges. When the text centres round traditional backgrounds with folk or ethnic elements in abundance, the complexities in rendition soar, at times, to unmanageable proportions. In such situations, even a pan-Indian dictionary is unavailable to lend the minimal hand. As a result, even common words like ‘gamocha’, ‘pirali’, ‘thapona’, ‘chadar’, ‘agloti kolapat’, for instance, have been getting compromised with words or terms like ‘Assamese towel’, ‘plinth’, ‘altar’, ‘breast-cloth’, ‘tip of a banana leaf’ as English equivalents where, besides the inaccuracy or incompleteness in meanings, the cultural contexts associated with them get alienated. The ‘gamocha’ is not simply a towel, it is a symbol of honour used even in the sacred altars of prayer-houses apart from honouring guests, respected people and achievers. Male Bihu performers tie it across their foreheads. The front portion of a fresh-grown banana leaf is an indispensable item in Assamese society during rituals. The ‘Naam-ghar’ tradition in Assam, initiated by Srimanta Sankardev in the 15th century, is both a prayer-house and congregational hall unlike temples or other common places of worship.

Foot-noting, no doubt, is a much better option than going for vague cultural parallels, but the frequent use of foot-notes, especially with elaborate explanations, tends to ruffle the reader’s concentration and mar the level of

reading pleasure. Again, there are words like the ‘nongola’ for which the term ‘bamboo gate’ cannot be adequate enough as an explanation considering its typical and uncommon structure. For its proper explanation perhaps a supporting diagrammatic representation would only serve the purpose. Footnoting with illustrations in literary texts would be an over-stretched enterprise, but this very arrangement initiated through dictionaries, first pan-India and subsequently trusted ones in the international circuit, can fulfill the needs of all.

Translation endeavours bring to the fore numerous limitations and inadequacies in the English vocabulary too. For example, there is no reverential version of the word ‘you’ while addressing in English to differentiate between a senior or respectable person from a youngster as prevalent in most Indian societies or cultures. English cannot distinguish between the different types of paternal and maternal uncles and aunts, in-laws, elder and younger brothers and sisters. While translating one of Nilmani Phookan’s poems, I came across a situation of utmost helplessness. In the poem, the funeral pyre’s flames do not get extinguished – the pyre keeps on burning. The situation demands the world ‘unextinguishing’ (or ‘inextinguishing’) to express the continuity of the fire burning in the pyre. But pitifully, owing to the inexistence of the aforesaid word, I had to settle for the term ‘unextinguished pyre’ in utter helplessness and unease –

In the green frontiers a gong breaks into a clangour
It’s evening now over the unextinguished pyre
The inexistence of a word in the target language led to an
unsolicited state of inaccuracy in the translation!

Q : What do you do as hobby?

A : Learn, play and listen to music.

Q : Which book have you read the most in your lifetime?

A : 'Health Guide' by M.K. Gandhi.

Q : The authors or poets you like the best?

A : It is a long list.

Q : If you could choose to be a character in a book, who would it be?

A : I have already been made one (in a minor role) in Anuradha Sarmah Pujari's best-selling novel, 'Naharar Niribili Sa' !

Q : What have your achievement been to date ?

A : Nothing worth mentioning.

Q : Are you happy as a veteran citizen of the country ?

A : Yes, amidst the multi-hued diversity.

Q : What is love? What quality do you most admire in a woman?

A : As water, love is the elixir of life. Motherliness.

Q : Do you believe in God?

A : Yes, it is a great source of mental strength. If he doesn't exist, He has to be created. (in the tone of Voltaire).

Q : What have you learnt from life?

A : Sacrifice is the essence of life.

Q : What's your future plan?

A : To serve my motherland in whatever way I can.

Q : What advice would you give to aspiring translators?

A : For a translator, the development of competence for nearing perfection is an evolutionary process. Different experiences provide us with opportunities for self-discovery whereby we can identify our strengths and weaknesses. The varieties of experiences open the doors of our perception and broaden the expanse of our horizon whereby the judicious choice of strategies is simultaneously promoted. The expansion of our vocabulary, imagination and styles of expression need to be constantly developed. We ought to keep striving to grow from strength to strength. Our revered teacher, Prof. Pradip Acharya Sir used to say, ‘When you get something late, you get it with compound interest!’

Q : Thank you very much sir for giving us your valuable time and answers.

A : You’re most welcome. It has been my pleasure too. Thank you.

An Interview with Khosiyat Rustam, The Editor-In-Chief of The Book World Newspaper and Poet From Uzbekistan

1/Good morning and thank you for accepting my invitation for this interview. I have had the opportunity to look at your impressive background, but I like to give you a chance to tell us about yourself in brief.

1. I'm sure you watched my house from the outside! But, I believe that no matter how luxurious the house may seem, it is clear that its interior is in my possession. Many years ago, while sitting at a school desk reading a book by Pushkin, I heard that my grandmother had died. There were no cell phones at that time. My teacher came up to me and said, "You can go home." The next lesson was algebra. I didn't ask "why?" Because I hated algebra, I picked up my bag that was heavier than myself and headed home. And my thoughts were the heaviest ... As I approached the house, I saw that our house was full of people. My mother and aunt were weeping out. I ran into the room where my grandmother's was lying down.

I put my hand to her face. Her face was cold, my body shivered unexpectedly... My grandmother was covered with a sky-blue blanket. I touched my grandmother's breast under the bed, it was hot... Anyway my heart was frozen. My childhood was facing death for the second time. I was very surprised then. My grandmother, who was alive while I was going to school in the morning, suddenly died... What will I do then? Isn't my grandmother, who always stood up for me when my mom and dad scolded, present anymore in this world? Two drops of tears came from my eyes and dripped on my grandmother's face. At that

moment, my mother, who was wearing some cloth as a belt on her back, came in and said, “You don’t have a grandmother who always stood up for you,” and hugged me, then she began to cry. I started crying out loud too ... This time I was crying out of pity for myself, not for my grandmother. Really, who will stand up for me from today on? The cries grew louder as my grandmother was being taken away ... I felt like I was alone in this world for the first time ... It was the second death I had ever seen! The first one is similar, but I was the only participant ... There would be a small ditch at the end of our yard. Water was trickling from this ditch ... One day I took a small bucket and went to take water and was horrified to see a bird stretching out. I held it slowly, the bird was alive ... it opened its eyes slightly. I ran towards the house, thinking in my mind that my parents could help the bird. But no one paid attention. When I went back to the bird, the bird was trembling. I don’t know where my fear went, I took the bird on my hand ... At that moment a tear rolled from the bird’s eye ... I agreed to be in the bird’s case at that moment. It was the most ruthless, the first poem I ever encountered ...

2/Why do you write? Who or what inspired you to be a poet?

2. I don’t still know why I write, but if I did, I knew even that I could not write? These two deaths, in which my childhood collided, turned me from head to toe into a different person. I was scared. Whoever I saw seemed to die tomorrow. Especially when I saw older people, I couldn’t get away in front of them, I wanted to do something good to them. In this life, it was as if they wouldn’t be tomorrow, as if I was seeing them for the last time. My inside was full of tears. In those days, my tears flowed on the papers. I felt relieved and this situation made me live with only paper and pencil day by day. I started living between capital and small letters. I learned to sing in

texts at that time. Commas have become my backbone. Syllables and rhymes refreshed my soul. There were a lot of question marks and exclamation points. Sometimes I hated the dots, I would say if they weren't present. The dots reminded me of death, for some reason ...

3/ When did you start writing poetry? Do you remember the first time you wrote something

3. The day the bird cried and died, I left this world. A drop of tears flowing from a bird's eye was the point set for my childhood. I grew up that day. I saw with my own eyes what life is like. Naturally, the bird had no one but me that day. As I looked around, I realized that the world I was looking at was not worth a dime. And that day I wrote a poem about a bird. That was my first poem ...

4/What does poetry mean to you?

4. Poetry means everything to me! It is love and the only power that can keep me in this world! Nothing else in the world could hold me back. I'm stubborn to death, it's hard to reconcile with me. Life has found a way to reconcile with me, tying me to sharia put. I am connected to it with all my living cells ...

5/What is, according to you, the role of a poet in Today's society?

5. I don't think the poet's position is in society, and I don't believe his/her position is determined by society! Society should not interfere with the poet. I have nothing to do with society! Let the society do its job. Let it live knowingly. The place of the poet is known after his/her death. The place of the poet is known after the world is empty. Then a statue is placed on him/her. They want to fill in the blanks. A poet who was not let be in himself/herself during his/her life will not be let alone with oneself in the grave ...

6/Do you have any particular audience in mind when you write, an ideal reader?

6. When I write, I don't think about anything other than writing faster. I just think about writing faster, very fast, and getting rid of that situation faster. No matter how enjoyable the writing process, I want to move on to another situation as soon as possible. I'm afraid to stay long. In the vein the blood circulation carries out its distance with such precision that you know for sure that the process is absolutely not in your hands. So, in this situation, it is much better to think about survival than to think about the reader.

7/What do you do as a hobby?

7. My hobby is reading unread books! I read what I read before to relax.

8/How can we experience the infinite mystery of the universe through the practice of poetry?

8. This situation is difficult to understand and explain, as if you were interfering in His work. We are ruled only by Allah, we can never rule ourselves, because we are not in our own hands. The pen in our hand also writes with His gesture and obeys His command. I don't know anything else and don't want to admit it.

9/How does it take you to complete all drafts and inquiries necessary to complete a poem?

9. As I said in the previous answer, it is filled only by His will ...

10/Which book that you have written is your favourite and what are your top three books?

10. My books are my living secrets! I refuse to say good or bad about each of them. Because each of them was washed

away with my tears. It was washed with blood in my veins. While this sounds like a bit of a high-sounding statement, I say it because I felt it and saw it with my own eyes.

11 / What are you currently working on? Also what are you reading at present?

11. I am busy with learning English these days. I feel like a child whose tongue is newly being formed now. I am studying every word with great passion and love. I love it ... And at the same time, I'm working on my new book, "We Were in the World too." And just today, I picked up to read Jojo Moyes' book, "Me before you"

12 / Poetry is the wrath of a person sitting in loneliness. How do you manage your time to write and work?

12. It's hard to control my time as much as I can't control myself ... I get all my revenge from sleep!

13 / Which poets have inspired you? Do you feel yourself influenced by the writing style of a poet?

13. I've talked about this before ... And I will tell once again, I have loved Pushkin so much! So far, every morning I wake up with his name. When I was a child, for me only Pushkin existed ... I also read his pictures. When I was tired of the world, I would hide in his voice ... I would live in his hair. I would disappear into his eyes so as not to be seen. I have lived with many poets since then, but, I have not imitated anyone. I had to build myself up looking at them.

14 / What are your greatest accomplishment as a poet?

14. My biggest achievement is that I haven't care anyone, Neither with society nor with people. I have lived with myself and myself again! I have cared about my pure feelings. I have loved my spouse and become a loving mother to my children. I have fallen in love with the trees.

Sometimes I was jealous of the birds, I was jealous of the winds. How many times have I died when they came and fawned over the trees. I have held the edge of the sky, and when I put the moon on my wrist like a bracelet, it was so beautiful that the stars didn't just kill themselves. For my whole life I have caressed my thoughts with my eyes and I have lived by protecting my longing for Him between my teeth.

15 / What are the books you regard as the all time readable?

15. I read Bulgakov to come to myself when my soul is away from my body. Jack London opened my eyes, Rabindranath Tagore taught me silence. I went crazy reading Tolstoy ... Dreyzer taught me to cry, I learned to pray from Rumi and Navoi ... Turgenev stayed cruel for me ... These are so many that I respond to those who are looking behind the wall only by shaking my heart with love!

16 / The poet and authors you like the best?

16. They are quite a lot! And there are so many that I don't want to list any of them in stair form.

17 / If you could choose to be a character of in a book, Who would it be?

17. The best mother in the world!

18 / What, according to you, is love?

18. I cannot answer this question. Because the crackling sound of love inside me prevents from that.

19 / Please let the readers know about your projects for future? And please share any stanza you have written and you repeat it most of the times?

19. I can only say one thing about my future projects, I will be leaving for Iowa soon. My words sound like leaving for another world. I'm in a hurry, I'm in a hurry somewhere. I feel in every breath that I need to write more. The purpose of studying in Iowa is to write rather than study! Concentrating in one place. Managing myself, observing and meeting myself ... And that's a lot!

20 / What is your message to the young poets? Can you at this moment mention few numbers of talented younger poets of the your country?

20. I would advise young people to just value time. They are so smart, they are just too generous about spending time. We can only achieve something if we are stingy with time. And we have to be careful with the word, we do not have right to waste any single word. We have a lot of poets ... When I say poet, I mean only talented ones. Just because we need a translator, we can't present poetry to the world ...

21 / Please describe life in two lines?

21. I once wrote in a poem called "The inscription on my grave", "I lived a whole lifetime ... running and saw all after coming here!"

22 / What have your achievement been to date?

22. Let me give you a biography of mine!

23 / Please tell us in brief about the political scenario of your country.

23. Every area has its own people. I find it very boring. That's why I'm not interested in it , I have a lot more to do. In any case, no one carries a gun to my head and tells me not to write. That's what's important to me. On the other

hand, it looks as miserable as the ragged shirt I once wore and worn out.

24 / You are the Editor-in-Chief of The World Newspaper. What would say about the current status of world poetry as an editor of a world-wide newspaper?

24. There are many poem writers but few poets. They don't have a poem, but they are many who consider themselves poets. As I wrote in one poem of mine, this world is the sea! The sea has everything. Separating the pearls and sinking the empty boats into the water is nothing for this life. The future will do it in one fell swoop ...

25 / Thank you so much for your time and all the revealed details. Do you want to add some more for our readers now?

25/ I wish the same as I do with my own readers. Please don't just be a simple reader!

K KISHORE KUMAR

Serenity

The cool breeze comes from the dense woods
And slow sweet seartherny blow in tone
Tiny pebbles come and go with the waves
These try to please me but my peace is gone.

To enjoy life, nature is endowed by God
But the serenity, which is in all but not in me
Oh God! I demand thou to grow me up with peace
Then I must spread honey among helpless like a bee.

Relaxing from the loaded work is not the actual peace
It is for the body for a short span of time
But ritual bell I need to be rung in my soul
Then I will really gain serenity from that chime.

Want to escape from the worldly illusion
But I find myself returning as wonted
My mind looks everywhere for the innocent life
Tears urge time for childhood that was also erased.

I always fail to feel peace even in my dreams
In my brain nightmares always raise storms
Pushes me into the pit where full of confusions
Can anyone gain serenity with wisdoms?

Finally, I admitted that even I wish to die
I might not be able to face death with serenity
Serenity is found under the yoke of God
By Prayer, Petition and Entreaty.

KOLAWOLE MATHEW OGUNDIPE

Politiques In Politics

Controlling the affairs
of a nation is politics.
Proper management of community
resources, politics.
Prudent use of public funds
by leaders for the good
of all, politics;
But to be surprisingly candid,
To be irritatingly unreserved,
Exist in politics, Politiques:
Selfism in lieu of communism–
Politique,
Causing havoc to populace
in lieu of their well-being–
Politique,
Murdering for personal interest
in lieu of protecting life–
Politique.
Selfishness, destructions, killings
And cruelty initiated by them–
ALL in it!

The Peacock (One-Act Play)

Setting: in a private primary mission school in one village called Masote in a Yoruba speaking/dwelling state in Nigeria

Characters: Miss Folakemi (the head teacher of the school), Mr. Oshinowo, Mr. Faseunfunmi, Miss Ewuoso, Mrs. Shoneye, Mr. Ogunkola and Mrs. Oluyinka (the classroom teachers of the school), and primary one pupils.

Act One Scene One

At the school which bears the name, ‘Christlike Generations Nursery and Primary School’, and whose frontage has a locally made fence, consisting of sliced bamboo trees, sticks and rusty tattered iron net; but its buildings (one separate and two joined buildings) are well coloured. The head teacher summons an extemporaneous staff meeting.

Miss Folakemi: It is of great pleasure and happiness that we have a new teacher in our midst (introduces the new teacher to others), his name is Mr. Ogunkola. He will be taking primary five from now on.

Other teachers: (Welcome Mr. Ogunkola) Nice to have you in this great citadel of learning.

Mr. Ogunkola: Thanks so much!

Miss Folakemi: (to Mr. Ogunkola and others) Well, I want to tell you this Mr. Ogunkola, and to reiterate this same thing to other teachers as well, that this is a religious initiative (which is free of school fees payment) to the children of this village and the contiguous villages. So, there are rules that guide every teacher. Among these rules are: not requesting gift or collecting money from parents,

not asking pupils to buy certain textbooks or exercise notes (as these are available for them free of charge in the school), all teachers are to involve in extra-curricular activities, and teachers are not expected to make or receive calls in the school environment. Also, teachers are expected to always write their lesson notes.

Other teachers: (in astonishment) Making/receiving calls in the school environment OR during the classroom activities?

Miss Folakemi: Both, in the school environment and during the classroom activities: from morning till the closing, no one is expected to make or receive calls. It's absolutely forbidden.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: But is this among the teachers' code of conducts because I've never heard of this before?

Miss Folakemi: Yes, it is.

Mr. Oshinowo: What if one has an urgent call during the school hours?

Miss Folakemi: Not permitted, law will always be law.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: (to Miss Folakemi) Please can you make the issue of don't do this, don't do that, these and those more real by bringing a documented paper of them all, so that all teachers will be reading them on paper; rather than reading them in your speech every time. But as for me, making/receiving calls in school is inevitable to teachers in as much as it is not during the classroom activities.

Miss Folakemi: This is really a rule that all the teachers must not flout anyway. Light fades.

Scene Two

Mrs. Shoneye and Miss Folakemi are having argument in primary two.

Miss Folakemi: Your lesson note is not well written; I got to your class and noticed, again, that you are not using appropriate instructional materials for the explanation of the topic.

Mrs. Shoneye: (with retort) What or which instructional material could I use that will be appropriate to teach the topic ‘noun’ apart from the buildings around the school, tables, chairs, desks, pupils, villages around us and others?

Miss Folakemi: (stammering) Eehm eehm you can, as well, draw things on a paper and show it to them. You know, when you use variety of things to elucidate the topic being taught, pupils understand you better.

Mrs. Shoneye: Under how many minutes of teaching do I want to be using all these things you mentioned? Is it within the forty minutes allotted for a subject?

Miss Folakemi: Yes of course, as a teacher, you must know how to manage time. You can come to my own class, primary one, and observe me when I am teaching my pupils. I must tell you, God do take control; my pupils do grasp the topics I do teach them with ease. This results from proper management of time and use of appropriate instructional materials.

Mrs. Shoneye: I don’t know what to use again to present the topic to them oo.

Miss Folakemi: You must look for pictures to buttress these ones you are using.

Mrs. Shoneye: (angrily) Why do you always counteract me Miss Folakemi? Why is it that you always condemn my effort in teaching these pupils Miss Folakemi? Why! Why! Why! Miss Folakemi? I am fed up, I am fed uuuuup.

Miss Folakemi: (calling Mr. Oshinowo) Mr. Oshinowo, come please.

Mr. Oshinowo: (Enters primary two) you called me, Miss Folakemi?

Miss Folakemi: Yes yes, see o, I am trying to explain to her, how effectively she can teach the topic; but you see, she didn't want to listen to me.

Mrs. Shoneye: (to Mr. Oshinowo) I am teaching nouns, meaning and examples of nouns, see books, pen, handset, chairs, ceiling fan and so on I used as instructional materials, yet Miss Folakemi said that they were not enough.

Mr. Oshinowo: (to Miss Folakemi in a low voice) I think these are enough for the topic.

Miss Folakemi: No! No! No! Don't tell me that, Mr. Oshinowo.

Mr. Oshinowo: But

Miss Folakemi: (Interrupted angrily) But what? I don't like your judgement on this issue. You can't even reason with me: you don't see it the way I do, and the way it should be.

Pandemonium in the class before light fades.

Scene Three

Miss Folakemi is making a call behind Miss Ewuoso's classroom.

Miss Folakemi: Hello, hello, eehn, help me to buy three sachets. I will refund the money as soon as I arrive...

Miss Ewuoso: (Hearing Miss Folakemi's voice while making the call and deliberately went out) I hope there is no problem Oga?

Miss Folakemi: (shakes her body as a result of the unexpected visit of Miss Ewuoso at the place) No no aaaactually it's an official call.

Miss Ewuoso: Official call?

Miss Folakemi: Yes.

Miss Ewuoso: Okay, I am going back to my class (soliloquising as she is going) offiiicial, hum, official indeed. You must not make calls or receive calls in the school. So, the law that is made for the sheep is not meant for the shepherd? The law that is made for the cattle is not applied to Fulani?

Miss Folakemi goes back to her class after the call, trying to open an old lesson note used by a former class teacher (as she does not have lesson note written by her), and to start teaching her pupils while Mr. Faseunfunmi drags his tallest body and height among other teachers to her class to collect white board marker.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: (Hurriedly walks into primary one) Miss Folakemi

Miss Folakemi: (Quickly hides the lesson note and answers with a high pitch of voice) Yes yes.

Mr. Faseunfunmi Observes her action) I need marker.

Miss Folakemi: Okay, this is it.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: (Mr. Faseunfunmi collects the marker and moves his body away from her class).

Light fades.

Scene Four

The staff are having meeting with a new female teacher amidst them who replaces Mrs. Shoneye in primary two after her resignation.

Miss Folakemi: (to Mrs. Oluoyinka, the new teacher) you are welcome to this school.

Mrs. Oluoyinka: Yes ma.

Miss Folakemi: Actually, today biweekly meeting will be basically focused on the need to be using instructional materials, and the use of textbooks during the explanation of the topic being delivered to pupils is also compulsory.

Mr. Oshinowo: It's a good idea. But it's not all the topics or lessons that need textbooks for their explanations, except in a situation whereby there is a picture, relating to the topic which can be shown to pupils. To discuss points that have been written on the board, I think, it is not necessary.

Miss Folakemi: No, that's not true.

Mr. Oshinowo: You see, Miss Folakemi, why I said this is that textbooks at times distract the pupils' attention while teacher's explanation is going on; most of them do open from one page to another page, looking at the pictures and diagrams that are not related to the topic they are learning.

Miss Folakemi: ALL, I repeat 'ALL' topics need textbooks while explaining. You see, Mr. Oshinowo, saying that

shows a sense of being mediocre in one's field. It's a sign of one having shallow knowledge. If I offended you, Mr. Oshinowo for the above statements, pardon me. I have to say the truth anyway.

Mr. Oshinowo: No problem my boss.

Miss Folakemi: Yea, thank you for your understanding of what I said.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: On instructional materials, as you often accuse us, I think each and every teacher is using instructional materials for the explanations in the classroom now.

Miss Folakemi: But they are not enough.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: How do you mean?

Miss Folakemi: Thanks for that intelligent question. Mr. Oshinowo last week for instance, he was teaching 'The Role of the Holy Spirit in our Lives' in Christian Religious Studies. He only used the picture of the Holy Spirit when He descended upon the disciples of Jesus Christ, and pupils in the class as instructional materials.

Mr Oshinowo: (Cuts into the discussion) If I may ask, what else could I use besides those that I used?

Miss Folakemi: (Remains silent for up to one minute) Eehm, actually you are a teacher, you suppose to know what you should use in addition to the ones already used.

Mr Oshinowo: But I have used the ones I think are good for the topic. Now that you complained, you are in the right position to mention the ones that are 'appropriate' as you used to say.

Miss Folakemi: Well, you can use anything that will make the lesson more interesting to pupils. For example, I wanted to teach my pupils ‘Harmful Farm Insects’ in Agricultural Science yesterday, I brought in cockroach to explain the topic.

Mr. Faseunfunmi: Cockroach?

Mrs. Oluyinka: Cockroach! How could that be possible ma?

Mr. Ogunkola: Does cockroach live on the farm or in the house/toilet? Please Oga, try to get it right o. We are not talking about ‘Harmful Domestic Insects or Toilet Insects’ that destroy things at home or patronise the toilet, but we are talking about ‘Harmful FARM Insects’ which destroy farmers’ plants/farm produce.

All the teachers burst into long lasting laughter and light fades.

Scene Five

At a particular period of time when the school changed from classroom teaching to subject teaching (rotating teaching) due to an emergence of a pestilence after the period of Ebola’s living, and the government declaration of morning and afternoon classes. Mr. Ogunkola is in primary one teaching letters of alphabet in English language, pairing the letters with their corresponding figures/numbers for pupils’ easy memorisation and comprehension.

Mr. Ogunkola: (Pointing at the letters with the numbers on the board) A 1 B 2 C 3 D 4 E 5...

Pupils: (Read after him).

Mr. Ogunkola: (Starts calling pupils, pointing to letters and asking questions) Peter, what is this?

Peter: Z 26

Mr. Ogunkola: excellent! What is this, Biodun?

Biodun: H 8

Mr. Ogunkola: Clap for Biodun.

Other pupils: (Clap for Biodun).

Miss Folakemi: (Walks slowly to where Mr. Ogunkola is) they can't understand this system (method) Mr. Ogunkola.

Mr. Ogunkola: But which method could I use at this level, because most of them cannot read or identify letters of alphabet, let alone writing them down.

Miss Folakemi: If you will not mind, I want to use a method to present the topic to them.

Mr. Ogunkola: Okay, no problem (going to the back of the class to learn from his boss).

Miss Folakemi: Thanks. (to pupils) Good morning pupils.

Pupils: Good morning ma.

Miss Folakemi: Today, I want to teach you letters of alphabet and I want you to listen attentively (calls two pupils, one (Lateef) represents letters A-Z whilst the other (Tunde) represents numbers 1-26; after a lot of struggle in teaching the topic, she intends to ask questions from pupils) if Lateef is M, what will be Tunde?

Pupils They are looking at one another).

Miss Folakemi: I am talking to you, can't you answer?

Sola: (Raises his hand).

Miss Folakemi: What is Tunde o jare?

Sola: 9

Miss Folakemi: You are wrong.

Mr. Ogunkola: (Soliloquising) that's good, a person that studied teaching methodology in university does not know how to teach. That is what she is trying to pass across to me. And thanks to God, she that studied public information presentation took my place and did it effectively that all the pupils understood the topic.

Curtain falls.

The End

The Genesis of The Revelation

Proportioned with the start
of man's assiduousness
Toward accomplishing his desired
ambition in life, are despair, disappointment,
hunger, pain and sleeplessness;
However, needed of him to combat
The above misfortunes is patience
in conjunction with determination.

The pot that intends to eat pepper,
The bottom of which will be hot.
Perfect good things
Manifest not from merriment,
relaxation and impatience.
Take a look at
a farmer in the beginning of a year:
Clears the land He,
Plants on the land He
after the droplets from heaven;
If heaven drop them not again,
He waits in patience and in hope.
Days of sorrow, hunger and pain,
Mouth and mind incapable to account;
But at the end of the season,
Happiness of the heart,
Comfortableness of the stomach,
And tranquillity of the body
Accompany the appearance
of the ripe farm produce.
Take a look at
students in the beginning of a semester:
Huge amount of money

May Lipi

They spend on school fees,
textbooks, assignments and lot more
Sleeplessness in the night they have
In order to study,
Disappointment they get from
Lecturers during preliminary evaluations;
Still, to those who tighten their belts well,
With determination,
for the examination
Sleep in the day time
After checking/seeing
their good performance
That assures them of their studentship.
The Genesis, therefore,
Determines the Revelation.

May Lipi

Nature

The beauty compared not
To other things is nature
The undiluted one
Among other things, nature
The only one thing uninfluenced
By man, nature
The only one thing
Whose ownership cannot be claimed
By man but GOD, nature
The only one thing
That amazes man
Despite all his intelligence, nature
The only one thing
Corrupt not our being, nature
Nature is beautiful!
Nature is attractive!
And nature is incomprehensible to man!

Exists Therein, The Old One

Is it not the image of the same man spotted in a photograph that is seen in reality? Is it not the real image of a woman standing in front of a mirror, seen by the woman herself? Absolutely YES it is: the content of one thing is a factor and/or manifestation of the other; and the first thing (material or human) gives the outlook of the next thing to come. In addition to the above statements is that the degree of the sincerity of one's declarations (i.e. one's promises to others) is a yardstick to measuring the product of such declarations. A mere mouth-declared promise will certainly have little, light, or no product at all. Thus, I want to say, at this juncture, that in the New Testament of the Holy Bible, the Old Testament exists.

There is the realisation of the contents of the Old Testament, particularly those places in the Testament where God made promises to His precious children, in the New Testament, which shows the unfailing love of God to His children. A few evidences of the above assertion can be drawn from the books of Joel and Acts; Genesis and Matthew; Isaiah and Matthew respectively. In the book of Joel 2:28-29 for instance, God, through prophet Isaiah says, "And afterward I will pour out My spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see vision".

The outset of the book of Acts accounts for the coming of the Holy Spirit upon, first, Jesus' disciples, and second, to as many that listened to the preaching of Jesus' disciples then, and accepted Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. The Holy Spirit, after He descended upon them, made certain strange things happened to them. For example, the book of Acts 2:1-4 says, "...and they were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues (languages)". Also, Acts 10:44, informs us the coming of

the Holy Spirit upon multitude of people that were listening to Peter while preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. Finally, Paul's vision is told in Acts 16:9.

God, in the book of Genesis 12:3; 15:4-5 and 17:2, made promise of many descendants to Abraham, who happens to be the ancestor of all Christians today. "I will make you a great nation, and I will bless you... (Genesis 2:3)". To our dear knowledge, Matthew 1:17 announces forty-two generations from Abraham down to the birth of Jesus Christ; all the aforementioned generations in the quoted bible descended from him. This shows the reality of all what are contained in the cited chapters in Genesis. Even till today, all Christians are referred to as Abraham's descendants.

Furthermore, Isaiah prophesied the birth of Jesus in Isaiah 7:14, "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: behold, the woman who is unmarried and a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel". The fulfilment of this is found in Matthew 1:18-21. So, with a critical look at the instances given from the Holy Bible (both in the Old Testament and New Testament), and explanations, one can say that the reality of the contents of the Old Testament is in the New Testament. Our God is sincere: He does not make unfulfilled promises as humans do. One bible verse says that if earth passed and heaven passed, a bit of God's word would never go unfulfilled.

NAIMUDDIN ANSARY

Learn From Nature

One day the dawn will depart slowly,
Darkness will disappear gradually,
Birds will chirp on the trees,
The sun will also peep beside the hills,
Peasants will walk to the field,
Cattle will gather and sit still,
Morning bell will not stop to ring,
The seasons will not stop from gyrating.
Nature's course will have no end,
But human differences will not mend.
Oh God! how I can make them understand,
Where they do actually stand.
Why are they so boastful of their existence?
They are not rivers,trees or seasons,
But a mere group of hapless humans,
Roving without knowing their own lot,
But,many a battle they have fought,
Dizzy destruction they have sought,
Only to maintain their domain of power,
Which is nothing but a mere false tower.
It falls down and crumbles into dust,
When they do receive lifeless bust,
They pose themselves often as God of their inferior race,
Without thinking even of their Supreme Superior's face.
Why do they savour immense sadistic pleasure,
By making their fellow bow before their false blazer?
Tell them to be like a tree,a dale or a river,
So that they will not have to always shiver,
To help those who are in need and distress ever.

I Don't Understand Politics

I don't understand politics of the day,
I don't know what the politicians say.
What I know is their dirty mind ,
Which I have no difficulty to find,
In their artificial appearance and false speech,
Which amongst commons dig a deep racial ditch.
Do they really harbour deep love for the masses?
Do they follow rules and regulations their state passes?
My brain doesn't wander in the air to find an answer,
As I know them to be nothing but each a trickster.
They pretend to love the humble only to gain power,
By promising a heap of wealth and happiness' shower.
They administer rules and regulations for all,
But they prove to be nothing but mere doll,
As they never try to know of their own moral fall.
Do the politicians fall out amongst themselves?
As we do so often amongst ourselves.
No,they hurl abuses against each other in fields,
Privately do they share secret talks and meals.
They don't fight physically like public in a bar,
They are engaged in the intellectual war,
As how the public can be conquered.
I don't understand politics of the day,
What I would like to love and say,
Is that we,the humans,should have only one politics,
And that is of as how we can stand with stick,
Beside of those whose heart trembles and is sick.

May Lipi

Religion

People throng the temple or mosque,
Some of them are real devotees of almighty,
Many of them are fake devotees of God.
But, fake devotees are very clever people indeed,
Though they observe religious rituals.
They try to show outward devotion,
With their prayer and religious dress.
They don't even protest against religious vices,
Why do they do so?
Because they know that they are human beings,
And they need dress, food, shelter and peace.
To have peace in mind is to follow religion,
They know that if they protest against ill practices,
They will be categorized as atheist.
Once, they are called so, they will have no peace in mind.
All of their relatives will look down upon him,
Even their parents are often found to rebuke,
For being someone who transgresses.
To keep themselves, their parents and relatives Happy,
they are forced to become fake devotees.
Society should allow individuals to have their own
religion,
Which may be Humanism, Hinduism or Islamism.

May Lipi

Let A Change Be Brought

It's really a daring matter to think of,
What is different from the tradition.
Whenever you contemplate of changing,
The established order and belief of society,
Your mind is obstructed by an invisible force,
Which is nothing but the apprehension,
Of getting strategically blocked from the access,
To the necessary sources required for life.
That is true indeed to many people of the society.
But what is the remedy of this panacea?
It is nothing but to make everyone think of,
something new, something different.
Can we think only of the arrival of groom on the wedding
night to the residence of the bride?
Why do only man pour vermilion out on woman's head?
Will the household chores be carried out by only woman?
Will women be detained from discussion of important
matters of life?
Will only the sisters draw water from the well?
Will only they be ordered by their parents to give a glass
of water?
Will even today women be given meal, after their service
to men in a family?
Will still women be raped when they walk alone?
Will only sons instead of daughters be educated?
Issues will have no end like these as,
We don't think of change, we don't think of change.
Why? because of ignorance and fear in the mind.
What is the fear in the mind?
Let not fear grip your shirt's sleeve,
Let a new dawn be brought by some of, your fearless
activities in the society.
Let a change be brought in your family first,
Let your neighbours think of what you, have done and
then and then.....

A Melancholic Night

It was a stormy night in summer,
People had slept peacefully,
Because of the pleasant weather.
Some frogs were croaking continuously,
Outside the window of my dark room,
The roof of which was covered with tin.
A Beetle was heedlessly droning,
Perhaps from a safe place during rain.
It had been raining incessantly,
With sudden slow thunder and lightning.
I could not think of sleeping peacefully,
Many perplexed thoughts crossed my mind,
What I contemplated I cannot give vent of,
With a few mere words of my language.
Suddenly, I noticed the shrill cry,
Of every drop of water falling from,
The sky to the tin roof of my room,
With a sad rhythmic and steady tone.
Melancholy left her spell on me,
And I heaved a deep sigh and.....

NDABA SIBANDA

May, May Happiness Continue To Radiate

She had been hounded, headbutted by strife,
Cheated by the moods, sparks & spins of life

Her challenges were many and various—spiritual,
occupational, environmental, mental and financial

She was named May since that was her month
of birth, but what evaded her life were funds

It was in the month of May that she set out
on a life-changing path and gave it her bout

She sought happiness, health and holismism
in spite of a hail of hellish winds and criticism

It was a daring, deserved and dynamic stride
to wellness that saw her life enjoy a real ride

Her life realized and relished a love for oneself,
hence she recovered her purpose in life, herself

Hers was a life metamorphosed into meaningfulness,
characterized by regular exercises and liveliness

and a balanced diet, a good sleep, a positive thought
and a holistic way to health that made her less distraught

ONIPEDE FESTUS MOSES

Six Feet

I am this, I am that
Isn't that we all claim?
When we get to this planet Earth,
I want to be rich,
I want to be wealthy
Forget not empty handed you came
How long will you tarry in that la-la land?
When your la dolce vita ended
With you nothing shall depart
Remember six feet.

Civilization makes us wiser,
But not the wisest,
Our complexion may reject our sense of belonging
No matter our knowledge of cosmetic,
The new colour shows no identity
Chemicals may change your complexion;
When the melanin is adulterated
But the blood in you remains the same
What claim has a plebeian?
When the dust remains dust
Dust we are, dust we shall return
Remember six feet.

Vanity upon vanity,
All lie in vanity
One thing we all owe,
But just because we are goats
We feign to be guilty,
That call is clear to all,
By the time the ringer jingles the bell,
We all must answer the call

May Lipi

You may be wiser,
God remains the wisest
What shall it profit you?
If on Earth you gain all the fortunes,
But lose your spirit
As you gather wealth like that man,
Who remains an ingrate
Remember six feet.

How do I climb up?
When I have no ladder
Some have but do not bother
'You do not belong'
The song they chant,
Failed them to assist
Must I remain a reprobate?
When in my presence you hold a ladder
Must I belong before parti pris comes my way?
If your ladder remains with you,
And my eucatastrophe takes me up,
With what eyes will you see me?
At the pool the disabled got no assistance,
But the ubiquitous one met him,
He regained his well-being
Mr/Mrs Parti pris!
Won't you, in your opprobrium,
Be ashamed to see the disabled of yesternight?
At the zenith of his feat
Willy-nilly, your casuistry will deny you
In His numinous majesty
When you owe no casus belli
Remember six feet.

The Lioness' Milk

What happened to a man or a woman who lacked good character, would s/he be loved or hated?

The time was 5 0' clock in the morning. The muezzin was still calling prayer and the cocks in the neighbourhood had started to crow one after the other. This early morning cock crow used to wake Pa Gbádé from his slumber. Pa Gbádé had already woke up ruminating on the future of his only female child, Omolegé. Pa Gbádé still in the same dress he wore when he rushed away from farm the previous day, called on Omolegé. As he was calling her, he stretched himself, yawned and rubbed his eyes with the back of his right hand. He then looked at his wall clock which was firmly hung on his room. He felt angry. He had slept beyond the time he had wanted to wake up. He furiously stood up from bed; a knock at the door forced him to change his clothes before heading to the door.

‘Ah, dad, it’s 6 0' clock,’ Omolegé declared.

‘Are you telling me that I woke up late?’ Pa Gbádé asked and continued, ‘you know I woke up at 5 0' clock and started brooding over your future.’

Mrs Àgbéké, Pa Gbádé’s wife and mother to Omolegé, was partially awake. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her left hand and looked in the direction of the wall clock in the room. When she saw that it was 6:30 a.m, she sprang up and said: ‘Where are you, Omolegé?’

This question about Omolegé whereabouts alerted Pa Gbádé and Omolegé in the sitting room. He therefore ordered Omolegé to invite her mother to join their discussions. As Mrs Àgbéké was trying to brush her teeth in the bathroom, Omolegé knocked at the bathroom’s door

to notify her mother her arrival. Immediately Mrs Àgbéké finished brushing her teeth, she moved out to get the message sent to her.

‘Good morning, ma’, Omolegé greeted her mother.

‘Where have you been since?’, the mother asked.

‘I was with Pa in the sittingroom, and he instructed me to call you to join our discussions’, Omolegé replied.

As they got to the sittingroom, Pa asked Mrs Àgbéké and her daughter to sit on the same couching chair.

‘My daughter, the product of our thirty years marriage provides you. I know right from the time I got married to your mother, nobody has ever come to settle disputes for us. Though the tongue and teeth do bite each other at times, but the moment it occurs, they settle it amicably. I know by now you should have had your future husband’, Pa asked with a smiling face.

‘Yes sir’, Omolegé replied.

As Pa wanted to continue with his discussions, Mrs Àgbéké wished to talk but she was told by her husband to hold on.

Then Pa continued: ‘Omolege, if truly you have had your future husband, kindly invite him to see your parents. You know we are elderly people and we know what will be good for you. Don’t waste time. We need to see him.’

Omolegé knelt down before his father and started crying. Her mother moved closer to her and asked her why she was crying. Each time she tried to talk, her parents found it difficult to hear her. Therefore, she was given some minutes to compute herself.

‘Tell me, my daughter, why are you crying? Your father has told you the fact. Marriage is like a lotto game,

only God can choose for you. You are our only daughter, and I don't want you to suffer when you get married. Tell me what is bothering you.', the mother encouraged her.

'Well, pa and ma, you have been so caring. I had planned to inform you about my suitor but I had little disagreement with him', Omolegé explained.

'What is the cause of the disagreement?', her mother asked.

'I have to confess. One day, he gave me an appointment to see him in his parents' house. When I got there, I met only him. Thirty minutes after we started conversing, his mother was carrying bundle of firewood on her head coming towards where we sat under the tree. Káyòdé, fondly called Kaykay, ordered me to help his mother with the bundle of firewood on her head, but I refused to do that,' Omolegé disclosed amidst tears flooding her cheek.

'You can see what we are saying', the father enthused and continued, 'you see, life is full of challenges and the more it increases when you get married. My advice for you is to apologise him, and if possible, apologise the mother,' her father advised before leaving for his room.

Immediately Pa left for his room, Omolegé stayed behind in the sittingroom. She remembered how she insulted her fiancé and thought of how Kaykay would react if she approached him. A week passed by, and she kept on meditating what she could do to win back her suitor.

A month after her parents had conversations with her, she set out to see Kaykay since she could not reach him on his phone number. Each time she called his phone number, the response she got was: 'The number you are trying to reach is not available. Please, redial this number and try again.'

The following day, around 8 0' clock in the morning, Omolegé had already ironed her clothes, plaited her hair and adorned her face with befitting make-up. On getting to Kaykay's house, she met him and his parents sitting under a cycamore tree. She greeted them but refused to go on her knees. A boy was asked to bring her a chair. She was also given a bottle of chill zobo to refresh herself. An hour after, she knelt down to apologise both Kaykay and his mother for her misbehaviours the other day she came. Kaykay's mother smiled and said: 'Young lady, you are forgiven, but don't try that next time.'

Kaykay on his part advised her to respect every personality that comes her way. Omolegé then moved closer to him and hugged him.

Before she left Kaykay's house, she asked Kaykay when he would be visiting her parents.

'I will think of it and get back to you on my new phone number,' Kaykay replied.

The next day, Kaykay called her to inform her of his coming.

Few days after the heart-to-heart talk, things went on well. Kaykay as usual, called Omolegé to know about how she was feeling. All along, Kaykay called Omolegé that he would be coming to see her parents the next day. He also enquired from her the kind of gifts to present her parents. And she suggested him to buy palmwine and schnapps.

It was a bright new day in the month of July, there was heavy rain and the hold-up was very terrible.

Yes. Igbóbi was place that people could get to within a stone's throw. People walked and got there within thirty minutes. Furthermore, since it's thirty minutes walk from Kaykay's home, he had to leave home early since he had to

May Lipi

beat the usual traffic jam to get to Omolegé's home on time and still get some time to talk with her personally after seeing his parents.

Five minutes to allotted time, Kaykay got to Omolegé's house.

'Good morning, sir and ma,' he greeted Omolegé's parents and he prostrated.

'You are welcome, young man. How are work and your parents?' Pa replied.

'They are fine', Kaykay answered.

'Young man, I learnt that you are planning to marry my daughter. There's no problem but I want you to love each other so that whenever you have any altercation, it will be easier for you all to know how to settle it', Pa remarked.

'Thank you very much, sir', Kaykay replied with smile.

'Dad, thanks for your support and I promise not to disgrace you', Omolegé replied her father.

'Kaykay and Omolegé, the two of you should keep to your promise. Marriage is about perseverance. Do bear with each other's lapses. By so doing you will have a successful house', Omolegé's mother advised them.

Few months after, Omolegé could no longer hide her mind from her mother. There had been strange changes in her body. She frequently passed urine and started vomiting every morning. This happened one day when her mother asked her to prepare breakfast. When her mother saw her vomiting, she quickly approached her.

'Omolegé! When last did you observe your period?', her mother asked.

‘Two months ago, ma,’ she replied her mother.

‘Omolegé! You are pregnant! Who is responsible?’, her mother asked emphatically.

‘Kaykay’, she replied quietly.

‘No problem then. You have to get your dad informed,’ her mother suggested.

Pa came back from farm one day to sharpen his cutlass. Mrs Àgbéké did not go out that day, having known about her daughter’s pregnancy, she was in haste to disclose the news of her daughter’s pregnancy.

‘Pa! We can’t be annoyed just because our child becomes two. Our daughter is a-two month pregnant,’ she disclosed.

‘Who is responsible?’, Pa asked in surprise.

‘Let us hear that from her’, the mother answered.

Mrs Àgbéké quickly summoned her daughter and she asked her daughter to tell her dad the person responsible for the pregnancy. Omolegé, who did not know what could be her father’s reaction, quietly knelt down before her father and whispered Kaykay’s name into his right ear. Pa laughed and ordered her to move to her matrimonial home.

The following day, Omolegé called Kaykay to intimate him on her father’s reactions to her pregnancy and she discussed the possibility of packing her loads to his house. Kaykay advised her that she would need to stay at her father’s house until he settled the necessary dowry. Omolegé discussed Kaykay’s response with her father and he told her to pack to his house that he did not need any dowry. Three days after, she got back to Kaykay and he sent a car to pack her loads.

After Omolegé left for her matrimonial home, things did not work well for her anymore. At times, when she was with her mother, hardly would you see her fetching water for their domestic use. Her parents pampered her to the extent that she could not wash clothes for them. One day, Kaykay had gone to farm in the morning and returned in the evening. When he arrived, he could not get him water to take his bath. He had to move to neighbouring house to beg for water. As if this was enough, all his clothes were dirty and he could not boast of wearing clean dresses. These odd behaviours of Kaykay's wife had made people suggested that he married second wife. Kaykay could not show the real love he had for Omolegé anymore. All he could do was to give her food and denied her his marital right. It got to a point that they started quarrelling and people in the neighborhood had settled various forms of disputes between them. Omolegé refused to report her husband to her parents just because she knew that their judgement would not be in her favour. She then planned to seek her friend's opinion.

One day, after her husband had left for farm, she visited her friend, Dàbímotidà, who she thought would be in the best position to grant her her will. When she got to her friend's place, they shared pleasantries before they sat down. Fifteen minutes after her arrival, she narrated to her friend that her husband did not love her anymore. Her friend therefore calmed her down that they needed to see one of her *babaláwos*- the medicine man, in Igbóògùn. Omolegé in her merriment, stood up and thanked her friend.

The next day, they set out for the journey. They got to Igbóògùn at 2 p.m. When the *babaláwo* asked her to tell him what he wanted him to do after she had explained her challenges in her matrimonial home, she told him to give her *ìmòjú*- a love charm so that when she put it inside his food he would be able to love her more. The *babaláwo* then

told her that he would do as she requested. He went inside his hut and picked some pieces of charcoal which he ground into powder and wrapped it in a paper. When he returned to her, he gave her the charm and instructed her to put it inside her husband's food, and that if he ate the food, then, his love for her would have no limit. Omolegé quickly collected the charm and applied it as she was instructed. After putting the charm in her husband's food, she expected a change but she couldn't see any. A week passed by, the only change she got was a beating of her life when her husband returned from farm, she could neither greet nor fetch him water. This made her to return to the *babaláwo* the next day. When she got to *babaláwo*'s house, she explained what happened when she applied the charm he gave her. The *babaláwo* then told her to get him a lioness' milk for another concoction. She was surprised when the *babaláwo* mentioned lioness' milk. She wondered how she could get a lioness' milk. She knew that it would be very dangerous to move closer to a lioness let alone talk of extracting her milk. The *babaláwo* told her to get the milk by all means if truly she wanted to be loved by her husband.

Thought of how to get the lioness' milk kept on ringing in Omolegé's mind. Hardly a day passed by that she would not think of the possibility of getting the lioness' milk. The following day, she left home with two small bowls – one full of *àkàrà*- beans cake and the empty one. When she got to the thick forest, where lions and lionesses live, around 6 0' clock in the morning. She got to a place where a nursing lioness was breastfeeding her cubs. She started throwing *àkàrà* to the lioness and moved gently towards her. Each time she threw the *àkàrà*, she noticed that her presence was welcomed. She tried throwing these *àkàrà* for good seven days. On the seventh day, she quietly moved closer to the lioness and extracted some milk. Immediately she finished extracting the milk, she headed to the *babaláwo*'s house. When she got there, the *babaláwo*

laughed and said: ‘Young lady! The first time you came here. I did not give you any charm. I picked some pieces of charcoal and ground them to powder. This is the remaining one. You see, for you to have succeeded in getting the lioness’ milk, it took you some times. You endured and persevered the pains in the forest. Therefore, what you need now is patience, perseverance and endurance. Go back to your husband and demonstrate those features that fetched you the lioness’ milk’

‘*Baba*, are there any other things that I can do?’ she asked the *babaláwo*.

‘Nothing else. But whenever your husband returns from farm, quickly go out to welcome him, get him water for bathing and wash his clothes’, the *babaláwo* added.

When Omolegé got home, she did what the *babaláwo* told her and her husband then loved her more than before. She later realised that she was the cause of the calamity befalling her matrimonial home.

‘It takes patience for one to extract lioness’ milk’, she affirmed.

Smuggling And Its Attendant Effects

Smuggling is an unauthorised movement of goods into and outside a country for making money. It is also concerned with the clandestine importation of objects, substances, information or people, such as and/ or exportation of goods from one place to another (Oladeji, 2010). There are various motivations to smuggling. They include illegal trade, such as in the drug trade, illegal weapons trade, exotic wildlife trade, illegal immigration or illegal emigration, tax evasion, among others.

Much has been said and a lot has been written about smuggling in our society today. There is no doubt that smuggling has left us with different problems. The causes of smuggling are many. What are they?

First and foremost the graduates are unemployed and the self-employed people are not making enough money from their various businesses. Many of the graduates have no job after graduating from the universities and other higher institutions. They now see smuggling as the best way of making money. While some prefer to be distributors of foreign rice, others smuggle rice with their cars or motorcycles. Some of them not only smuggle rice but engage in exportation and importation of arms and ammunition. What is the consequence of all these things? – Untimely death!

Another reason why people engage in smuggling is love of ‘quick money.’ Most self-employed people and unemployed people are too desperate to harness wealth within a short time. They do this by engaging in smuggling contrabands, weapons, human trafficking, rice, arms and munitions, among others. People believe that their possession of charms is enough for them to do smuggling and this has made many of them to die young.

The government itself is the bane of smuggling. The government has the right to provide the security agencies such as customs with sophisticated weapons to restrict the movement of smugglers at its various borders across the states. The government fails to provide all these weapons and most of the officers at the checkpoints either collect bribes from the smugglers or kill innocent citizens through their stray bullets.

The economy of the country is a responsible factor for smuggling. The economy is so bad that many people have been lured into smuggling. This occurs as a result of inflation. Most people that are unemployed find it difficult to cope with the skyrocketing price of goods.

As smuggling has causes so also is its effects. Accident is one of the effects of smuggling. What do you think will happen to a smuggler that loads his motorcycle with ten to twelve bags of rice, if such a person falls down while he is being chased by customs; what do you think will happen? Death or disability! Many of these smugglers have their legs or hands amputated because of accidents. Some of these smugglers are shot dead by the customs officers. Innocent citizens are not left out of this effect. Some of them are knocked down and this leads to their untimely death, and some are disabled.

Trauma is another effect of smuggling. Whenever there is a clash between smugglers and customs the entire societies are in chaos. People are seeing running helter-skelter for dear life. Most people are traumatised as a result of sounds from the sporadic shooting, which leads to hypertension.

What is the way out of these nagging problems? One major solution is the provision of employment for unemployed graduates and empowerment of those that engage in entrepreneurial trades.

Individual search for ‘quick money’ should be reduced if not totally discarded. They should shun the habits of taking charms as their means of protection, because if this continues many lives would be lost on a daily basis, and an individual’s family will bear the risks. They should remember that “those who desire to be rich fall into temptation, into a snare, into many senseless and harmful desires that plunge them into ruin and destruction” (1 Timothy 6:9). Therefore, they should be content with what they have.

The government should provide all security agencies with sophisticated weapons that will be sufficient for them to prevent any attack while discharging their duty.

Another way of tackling the effects of smuggling is through government legislation. Government should legislate against illegal movement of goods and services into the country. Any person found smuggling goods into the country should be made to serve prison terms with hard labour.

If these measures are taken smuggling will be drastically reduced.

If We Part

In those days,
Things used to be okay
When we all agreed,
To be our brother's keeper
We wined and dined together,
We're tied in one tongue
Just to understand ourselves
If we part,
Will unity and faith, peace and progress remain?

Economically we're united,
When the ruling Lord Lugard,
Championed the 1914 amalgamation
Just to avoid economic manipulation
Then, together we owned the oil boom;
The backbone of giant of Africa
But now that we claim:
"Carry your mother's breast
I'll carry my mother's breast"
If we part,
Will the prodigal sons/daughters not resurface?

In unity we all stood,
When in 1960 we gained our independence
We all shunned TRIBALISM,
We all claimed brotherhood and sisterhood,
Our heterogeneous cultures then,
The reason for WAZOBIA,
Strengthened our economic unity
If we part,
Won't there be any imbroglio?

When things fall apart,
And the centre can't hold
Then, we meet to part,

May Lipi

We part to meet
But let's come together
And redefine what sets us apart
So that what makes us united,
When we form our new Jerusalem,
Will not set us apart again.

The Innocent Blood, Act 2

Act 1 in April 4th Week

Act 2 Scene 1

(Procession to the police station with individual carrying placards with inscriptions: End police brutality, End Customs killing)

(Actors- The police, D. P. O, smugglers, sergeant Kolo, the army, colonel Ahmed, Bólájí, Kòtófò)

Smugglers: Àwa ò fe áwa ò fé o, áwa ò fé (singing) We do not agree, we do not agree.

Smugglers' Leader: End police brutality (shouting in front of the police station).

Smugglers: End Customs killing (replying their leader)

Smugglers' Leader: We are here for the release of our members in your custody. We give you five minutes to do the needful, otherwise we will destroy this place.

The Police: Hands up! (started shooting in the air).

Smugglers: We are ready for you. Continue shooting.

Smugglers' Leader: Destroy the gate (He orders when the police ran out of arms and ammunition).

Smugglers: Where are your axes (They all started cutting the iron gate).

D.P.O: Protect yourself (He orders his colleagues).

Sergeant Kòlò: Sir, we are running out of arms and ammunition.

Smugglers: Where are they? (Chasing the police out of the station).

Smugglers' Leader: Our members are here (pointing at the direction).

Àselà! (Calling on one of the smugglers in the cell).

Àselà: Yes Sir! (He replied).

Smugglers' Leader: Everybody come out! It has come to our notice that those Customs ordered the police to incarcerate you. We can't close our eyes and see our people suffering here. Now, the war has not ended. We need to continue with our struggle. End police brutality

Smugglers: End Customs killing (They all replied).

Smugglers' Leader: Now, I charge you people to cooperate with me. We need to get ourselves prepared because we don't know the Police and Customs next action. Make your charms potent every day. In unity we shall overcome these brutality and killing. Since our government cannot provide us job, we need to make our living from smuggling.

Smugglers: Àwa ò fé áwa ò fé ò, áwa ò fe ... (Singing as they are leaving the Police Station).

Smugglers' Leader: Wait everybody! (Addressing the members). It's like these police have invited the army to

attack us o! I can hear them shooting towards this place.
All I know, be on alert. They will meet us here.

The Army: Stop everybody! If you move we go waste you
(Addressing the smugglers).

Colonel Ahmed: Fire! (He ordered his people).

Smugglers' Leader: Kíló nǝ sójà, kíló nǝ móbà níwájú
òrùka níwájú ìgbàdí re kíló nǝ sójà?... (Who is a soldier,
who is a mobile police in the presence of your magical
rings and ìgbàdí (a kind of charm).

Smugglers: Kíló nǝ sójà.... (They repeat the song).

Smugglers' Leader: Attention! (Addressing both the
police and the army). You all think you are holding arms
and munitions. But see what you are holding, they are
sticks! Igi lásán lásán! Ordinary stick! Collect the sticks
from them (He ordered his men).

The D.P.O: Run for your dear lives (He ordered the other
police and the army).

Smugglers' Leader: Why are you people running? So you
people are cowards. You only think that you can
intimidate us with your rifles.

Act 2 Scene 2

(At the road linking the state to the border area).

Smugglers' Leader: Today, we are going to surprise the
Customs. We are going to attack their checkpoints and

May Lipi

after this, you people should start smuggling rice through the highways.

Smugglers: We are ready.

Smugglers' Leader: Set the checkpoint ablaze (Pointing to the checkpoint).

Customs Officer: Shoot them! (He ordered his colleagues).

Smugglers' Leader: Aìgbókú okó, aìgbókú àdá. Kò séni tólè ya omi ní kókó; àyàfí tí ó bá díí sínú òrá. Enìkan kii mú aféfé so lókùn (Incantation). Nobody hears the death of hoe, nobody hears the death of cutlass. Nobody dares tie water; unless it is sealed in nylon, and nobody dares tie air (He ordered his men to start attacking the Customs).

Customs' Leader: Hello! Please instruct your men to join us here. The smugglers are attacking our people (Making a phone call).

The Army: Where are they? (Shooting).

The Farmer: Yeepa! Mogbé o! Àwon sójà to yìbon fún mi o! (Groaning).

I'm dead. The soldiers had shot me in head.

The Smugglers: Oh my God! This man is dead.

Smugglers' Leader: Who kill him?

Smugglers: It's a stray bullet.

Smugglers' Leader: These people are shedding innocent blood. Why can't they kill us?

May Lipi

Smugglers: They can't!

Smugglers' Leader: We can't fold our hands and see our people dying every day.

Smugglers: Yes Sir!

Smugglers' Leader: We are not going to kill these Customs officers but we will make them disabled. If you see any of them, cut their hands and legs. They will live to tell their stories to unborn generation.

Smugglers: Yes Sir!

Smugglers' Leader: Here they are. Do the needful (Directing his men to act on his advice).

Smugglers: Yes! We cut off one of his legs.

Smugglers' Leader: Really?

Smugglers' Leader: Yes! We also cut off one of his hands.

Smugglers' Leader: Kudos to you people!

Curtain falls.

Act 3 Scene1

(At Kòtófò's house)

(Actors: Àselà, Bólájí, smugglers' leader, bàbaláwo, captain Dan, Customs)

Àselà: What happened to my father? (Crying)

May Lipi

Bólájí: Our father died a month ago.

Àselà: Who killed him?

Bólájí: Customs

Àselà: What did they come and do here?

Bólájí: He was killed by stray bullet on his way back from farm.

Àselà: Ah! I am finished (Crying). Those Customs will see fire. So they incarcerated me to kill my father. I won't take it easy with them. I must retaliate.

Smugglers' Leader: Good afternoon (Knocking at the door).

Àselà: Who is there?

Smugglers' Leader: It's your boss.

Àselà: My boss!

Smugglers' Leader: I am Kátamì, the Jagaban of fàyàwó.

Àselà: Bólájí! Please open the door.

Smugglers' Leader: Àse- là! Orí lómo isé àselà.

Àselà: You are welcome, Jagaban (Prostrating). Sir, the man that was killed when I was in the police cell was my father.

Smugglers' Leader: Really? (In surprise).

Àselà: Yes of course.

Smugglers' Leader: Winner never quit. No retreat no surrender. We must retaliate this time. I will order my boys to waste them this time.

Àselà: I only inform you before I personally take action. I am going to deal with them severely.

Smugglers' Leader: Ok. Let me instruct my boys about the new development.

Àselà: All right Sir. Good to see you.

Act 3 Scene 2

(At bàbaláwo's place)

Àselà: Àborúboyè o!

Bàbaláwo: Àborúbosíse!

Àselà: Bàbá, I am in agony o. I lost my father some days ago. It was those Customs that killed him.

Bàbaláwo: What! Where were you then?

Àselà: I was in police detention.

Bàbaláwo: Oh! We must pay them back in their own coins. Àselà, touch your chest (He ordered Àselà). Don't worry. Though your father is dead, you still have fathers. I will prepare some concoctions for you. But do not reveal your secret to anybody.

Àselà: I will not tell anybody, baba.

May Lipi

Bàbaláwo: I will give you àfèèrí, ògùn ondè, kánàkò, ayeta and so on.

Àselà: Bàbá, I will be grateful.

Bàbaláwo: (Directing him to move closer) You will need to use this one now. This incision is for bullet proof. This ìgbàdí is for killing your enemies. Whenever you hit anybody with it, the person will die instantly. You can also use it for kánàkò if you wish to cover a long distance within a second.

Àselà: Bàbá, I am grateful!

Act 3 Scene 3

(At stores in the market loaded with bags of rice)

Smugglers' Leader: (Dialing a phone number on his phone) Good evening, Àselà.

Àselà: Good evening, Jagaban.

Smugglers' Leader: Get yourself kitted and meet us at the market. The Customs are there packing the bags of rice smuggled inside the stores.

Àselà: Ok.

Customs: (Shooting sporadically) Fire! Fire! Fire!

Àselà: You mean you can shoot? Today is your last day (He hits the Customs Officer with ìgbàdí).

Smugglers' Leader: Good of you, Àselà!

Àselà: Where are others?

May Lipi

Smugglers' Leader: Some of them have run away. Àselà, there is one over there. Waste him.

Àselà: I think I need to set their vehicles ablaze.

Smugglers' Leader: Better.

Àselà: I heard that their oga has invited the army to join them. No problem, they will meet us here.

Smugglers' Leader: They have arrived.

Àselà: Ok. I will finish them.

Captain Dan: Where are they? (He immediately saw Àselà). Stop there. You are under arrest.

Àselà: (He hits him with ìgbàdí). Today is your last day.

The curtain fall.

.

SAHABUDDIN AHAMED

Use Of Time

Life's short, our struggles
Futile besides graves and pyres
No waste of this time.

SATABDA CHAUDHURI

Let's Deal with The Surface Of Reality

We are living in an era where your occupation matters over your mentality, where you shall be prioritized by the sexual affection not at all any romantic feeling, sympathy and all. In college or workplace none will be there to say you are perfect or ask you what are the problems in your life.

Even some so called intellectuals are also not at all interested to respect your profession may be you are a professor, may be you are a doctor, may be an engineer, none respects each other. Even now a days we are such a mean minded that we are not at all interested in relationships without benefits, maybe physically, may be for our academics whatever.

And the problem is, at least if you don't want anything emotionally bonded relations with us at least respect us, but no "Only we are the human beings (so called)..others are rubbish". And you know it's same for everyone in our society.

I think Corona is at least better that it doesn't even differentiate human beings according to their religion, profession. It only differentiate that whether you are breathing or not and that's all.

And at last I wanna remind that, May be someone is there who knows how the world started, but now we all know that how it will end ".No no it's not Corona. It will end for your " Materialistic Greed and it's benefits" and so on.

SILPIKA KALITA

The Gorge

I saw a gorge, a remote vision from distant, far far away
from the surface, how sharp, how precipitous, how deep!

A singular, unsurpassed, cavernous cleft; a crevice among
two gigantic hills, how intense and steep!

The rocky walls of the mountains though withering,
canopying the remote sight from the brink of the rugged
cliffs.

The highland though barren, is pampering the rivulet
flowing, emerald- azure, though erosive from shrink!

It's ages disposition, the geologic uplift and abrasion,
elevates it's surface to fabricate it's tapestry inch by inch!

The diverse, vivacious habitats in it's bosom, in seclusion,
are dozing, remote, far from the tainted world in miff!

The robust gorge, all of a sudden, for it's persistent
profoundness, a rare attribute in mortality, became my
cause of envy,

Was pondering" where is that Gorge like once perceived
devotion, allegiance from human inclination has gone? "

Nowhere the professed ones, stands near it's awe-
inspiring abiding supremacy, the Gorge, the mighty!

May Lipi

The demons' have taken away humanity's infallible
dedication for substantiality and unfathomed depth,

Only to be as hollow as floating cotton balls, with no eye,
no reverence for sublimity!

The Gorge is the apostle of Almighty's emblem of
constant flow of unplumbed steadfast solemnity, beyond
earthly folly!

Aeons ago, God's supreme contour, silhouette against the
brilliant encompassing sky,

The persistent Gorge, determines to flow distant,
diligently, from the lavish absurdity, from the sheer
mundane idiocy!

Human devotion, so fragile, so freckle, self-centric, wish
have an inch depth of the perpetual, perennial Gorge, the
mighty!

No composition can comprehend, neither approach the
grand Gorge, in contemplation so tiny,

As insignificant as the fleshly beings existence, in the face
of the abiding Gorge, the exalted composition of the
Almighty!

SOHINI SHABNAM

17

Now it's 17 again.
It's time to weep
from the heart core,
just to make myself burdain-free,
burdain of my longings,
needs attached with you.
But I'll not weep anymore
as it hurts you also.
I don't wanna hurt you.

I am optimistic enough
to get your sweet touch
in my dreamy world.
Atleast I'm very close to you there.
I can feel your breathing
and realise your painful position
just like me.
So no more sadness, weeping.
Only love me like you do

TANUSHREE DAS

Rabindranath Tagore

Great poet, writer, playwright, social, reformer, painter
Rabindranath Tagore,
You are that person whom we all adore,
Popularly known as the “Bard of Bengal,”
You are an inspiration for all.
For Gitanjali he got the Nobel Prize,
For freedom he made many tries.
He reshaped music and Bengali literature,
And was sharply inclined to our culture.
He composed National Anthem for India and Bangladesh,
Many of his stories got published in the magazine
‘Sandesh’.
He founded Visva Bharati University,
His writings are full of diversity.

Today on the day of his birthday
Let’s cherish his works and fight,
Which brought our Country from darkness towards light.

VIKASH GOPE

Prelude 2020

The darkest season settles down
with the throbbing knell of dreadful sound.
Rotten fruits and withered leaves
lie everywhere the eye perceives.
The spring has lost its way
And winter's trapped the brittle soul,
Weary with the whirly wind that
Cuts through like a virgin blade.
Brutal beasts sing the high requiem
while the hackneyed soul stands stunned
with the sudden toll, shambles on the lands dead.
The voyage began in search of a recluse
But wine, woman and word
All turned out to be a frail refuge.
The world's changed into a gory den,
wherein lie the lifeless forms of our brethren.
What eerie time is this, man can't fathom?
What pensive darkness, dearth of light?
What revelation is at hand?

May Lipi

Week	Title	Genre
May, 2nd Week	THE NEW GARDEN	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	DEWDROPS	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	AN APPEAL FROM DIVINE HEART	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	Lousy life of Tomaszek	Flash Fiction
May, 3rd Week	Ill-treat the weaker	Flash Fiction
May, 4th Week	Friends from the old days	Flash Fiction
May, 5th Week	Home at least	Flash Fiction
May, 1st Week	Precisely calculated passion	Flash Fiction
May, 2nd Week	An interview with KATARINA SARIC	Interview
May, 1st Week	An interview with Irene Doura	Interview
May, 3rd Week	Interview with Abhay K	Interview
May, 4th Week	An Interview with noted translator Krishna Dulal Borua	Interview
May, 5th Week	An interview with Khosiyat Rustam	Interview
May, 1st Week	SERENITY	Poetry
May, 1st Week	Politiques in Politics	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	The Peacock	One Act Play
May, 3rd Week	The Genesis of the Revelation	Poetry
May, 4th Week	Nature	Poetry
May, 5th Week	Exists therein, the Old One	Article
May, 1st Week	Learn from Nature	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	I Don't Understand Politics	Poetry
May, 3rd Week	Religion	Poetry
May, 4th Week	Let a Change be Brought	Poetry
May, 5th Week	A Melancholic Night	Poetry

May Lipi

May, 4th Week	May, May Happiness Continue To Radiate	Article
May, 1st Week	SIX FEET	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	The Lioness' Milk	Short story
May, 3rd Week	Smuggling and its Attendant Effects	Article
May, 4th Week	If We Part	poetry
May, 5th Week	The Innocent Blood, Act 2	One Act Play
May, 4th Week	Use of Time	Poetry
May, 4th Week	Let's deal with the Surface of Reality	Article
May, 1st Week	THE GORGE	Poetry
May, 4th Week	17	Poetry
May, 2nd Week	Rabindranath Tagore	Poetry
May, 3rd Week	Prelude 2020	Poetry