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**Corridor colours**  
**When the soul is set to flames,**  
**Make romantic hours.**

- By Mohammed Fakhruddin

Photo by : Mohammed Fakhruddin

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**ADULT**

Engulfed in scorching flames of "angst",  
 To retrieve the self-  
 From entwined creepers of priority,  
 The rains of responsibility  
 Descend,  
 And sweep me off my feet. -  
 Enmeshed in life's fevered race  
 The warp and the weft of humdrum ways,  
 Tumultuous is my mind  
 As it gallops from a child  
 To, now, an adult!

**Tessy Anthony C.**  
 (Kochi, India)

**MISCHIEF IN ME**

Silence is my New Identity.  
 Though, I had mischief,  
 That of a free sparrow,  
 Wandered like a cloud,  
 Burnt like fire.  
 Flowed like brook,  
 I too blossomed and bloomed.  
 Enjoyed paltry argues,  
 And now,  
 I fight still, but with new weapon,  
 Called-Silence and so struggle,  
 Bit by bit, second by second,  
 And enjoy this transformation.

**Niyatee Ayyar,**  
 (Rajasthan, India)

**OLD AGE OF THE BEGGAR WOMAN**

From underneath the youthful covers  
 Turned a desert long ago  
 Birds of memories fled far away  
 Each in a direction disparate  
 That strength which fought with dogs till yesterday  
 Befriends now helplessness  
 That scarcely can protect the clothes on the bottom  
 With the life left in the withered body  
 On the road edge she covers herself  
 With a sheet of flies  
 Arraigns death merciless  
 With strength she does not have.

**Potlapalli Srinivasa Rao**  
 (Hanamkonda, India)

**TOMBS IN THE WIND**

Different from the messy  
 quivering of the weeds,  
 which faced the sudden wind  
 He waited for a long wind  
 Lying flat and quiet  
 He stared at the dark blue sky  
 Was there the promised?  
 It was still a dark blue sky  
 He felt that his body was slim  
 and graceful day by day  
 Only with a little wind  
 He could fly  
 In the grasses on tombs  
 Flocks on faded flowers  
 swayed slowly,  
 Caught the wind to turn into  
 thin white clouds one after  
 another  
 They floated and flied  
 He didn't hear her prayer  
 He could not push away  
 mounds

**Ming-Keh Chen**  
 ( Taichung, Taiwan)

**DRAMA**

True drama never end  
 Just intervals in between  
 By accidents it starts  
 And it ends unsatisfied

So be it!  
 Let's call it a day  
 Drama

**Bming Gyao, (Taiwan)**

**HAIKU**

Waves of memory,  
 Display faded images;  
 Some still make me cry.

**Mohammed Fakhruddin**  
 (Bangalore, India)