

ISSUE 01(2)  
MAY 2015

# HALL



Not For Sale

# OF POETS

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Mystery of a Soul

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Cover design: Pulkit Mohan Singla.

Interior design: Pulkit Mohan Singla

Logo design: Daipayan Nair

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Poems: Members of Hall of Poets Community on Google +

Publisher: Hall of Poets

Online distributors: Lavita Palace, Sector-10, Gurgaon, Haryana, India.

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**ISSUE: MAY 2015, 01(2)**

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Photography & Poem © Dr. PRERNA SINGLA, 2015

# O CINDERELLA!

**Dr. PRERNA  
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**FOUNDER & OWNER  
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*Living in India.*

*A Dental Surgeon, an  
Entrepreneur, a Writer,  
Blogger and Poet by  
profession. Working as  
Creative Head at Lavita  
Palace, Gurgaon,  
Haryana. India.*

Why dost thou Cry O Cinderella??

Did you not know your fate already?

How could you expect life so steady?

Why dost thou Cry O Cinderella??

The walls so high of the castle

No rebellion results no hassle

Did thou not know that already?

Then why dost thou cry? O Cinderella!

Why dost thou cry?

If at all thou Run avaunt

On the roads you shalt haunt

Did thou not know that already??

Then why dost thou cry O Cinderella???

Why dost thou cry????



# PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA

**CO-OWNER**  
**(Hall Of Poets)**

*Living in India.*

*Masters in Interior Designing, an Entrepreneur, a Writer, Blogger and Poet. Working as Owner at Lavita Palace, Gurgaon, Haryana. India.*

## BORN TO BE RUINED

I was created in my mother's womb  
Unaware about my journey towards the tomb  
I didn't know what I am?  
My birth for them was not happiness but a shameful scam  
They didn't want to see my twinkling eyes  
My dead body wrapped in blood didn't even bring them cries  
I don't know others but I know her  
Her musical voice and soft touch is now all blur  
I wanted to call you mother  
But you squashed my identity because of my gender  
You wanted a boy but I was a girl  
You ignored me as if I am not an angel but a devilish churl  
I don't feel sorry for others but I feel sorry for you  
You were my creator but you still didn't feel blue  
You are a woman and so I was  
And still you didn't realize the importance of me and went against the laws  
I went back to god with shame and embarrassment in my eyes  
But God smiled and said that I am not alone as every minute a baby girl dies  
Humans are sinners and killers since the evolution  
The woman who is their creator is always considered a piece of auction  
Her roles are set, her duties are defined  
As if she is not a life but a majority which can be confined  
If that's the verdict of humans I said to God  
Being born as a boy makes me seem odd  
I want to be with you oh my lord!  
Let the human species suffer and die in a stinky clod  
When the creator will not be created who will bring the new generation?  
Life will be ending if there would be no daughters but only million sons.

<http://pulkitfacesreality.blogspot.in/>



## DAIPAYAN NAIR

CO-OWNER  
(Hall Of Poets)

*Living in India.  
An Electronics and  
Communication  
Engineer. A poet,  
writer and a blogger  
by profession.*

# JUST GLIDE

Colored tunas dancing with merry tides

My eyes agape, stretching wide

If happiness and wonder together

So peacefully reside

Then by sadness, why tears abide!

A query occurred to many

Who embark on this ride

Don,t stray aside

Travel with the winds

Just glide, just glide.....

Poem © Daipayan Nair, 2015



# KRISHNA MOHAN

**MODERATOR**  
(Hall Of Poets)

*Hi I'm Krishna Mohan,  
originally from India, now in  
USA. I seek answers to the  
basic questions:*

- 1. Who am I?*
- 2. Why am I here?*
- 3. What is the I that defines  
my identity?*

## MYSTERY OF A SOUL

I was surprised  
as a sparkling star  
resplendent with the  
fierce energy of Rudra  
snow balled  
into my outstretched palm.  
it rolled onto grass  
and grew into a beauty

Eyes closed  
meditatively I presumed  
laughter arose  
gray moon chuckled  
derisively  
at a  
decidedly inane  
assumption

To right  
the sun and to left  
the moon  
rose simultaneously  
in her mudra palms  
casting an enchanting  
spell on this  
ignorant observer

Fragrance from 3000 years  
ago. who is she -  
the perfumed vapors  
rose

as a question  
and ignited in a blue  
flame; she slowly  
adsorbed its' dance

Effulgent skin  
now with a form and now  
without there  
emerged a quantum  
conundrum  
what exactly could I know  
about her? before,  
now or the here after?

The wind she blew  
turned the moon blue  
amazed as she  
spoke, "come!"  
the moon, a finger tip  
away, a doubt  
arose if she was real!  
appeared a red diamond!

No matter how hard  
i tried  
it remained a stone  
gentle breeze  
with a familiar fragrance  
blew and it whispered  
bring me back here  
tomorrow.

Poem ©Krishna Mohan 2015

Journey to the  
splendid  
reading...



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# EARTHBOUND

By Bruce Newman

Treasure filled vistas, though near  
Remain unseen, untouched  
Whispers of their reality fade  
Amid a cacophony of earthbound chatter

Creative potentials wither  
Siphoned off in amnesic dissipation  
The heart protests credulity's promiscuous breach  
Wearied with earth bound imposition  
Dressed in license's tawdry attire  
Longing for relief from blasé glorification  
Yet once again submerged in blind commonality  
Marring identity by incremental defacements  
Until necrosis wears familiarity  
Death made palatable by the spoonful

Yet a heavenly root remains  
Sprouting quietly beneath the ruins  
Patiently rejecting earthbound makeovers  
Never fully relinquishing the birthright  
In hope that beast will again become man  
On earth but not of it

© Bruce Newman 2015

# A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE

By Graça Costa

A glimpse of paradise hidden within shattered dreams  
that's what I found when our eyes crossed in the starry night.

Teary eyes  
like pearls or diamonds  
my name whispered like a prayer  
and your trembling hands  
when they touched my soft and tender skin.

Desire to catch the world with a poem  
dressed by words not yet written  
but already dreamed.

A glimpse of paradise  
having me so naked  
and using my skin as an unwritten sheet of paper,  
so full of promises.

Powerful the ink of the eyes  
when made of passion and shattered dreams.

Poem ©Graça Costa, 2015

I never knew you,  
Before.... all of this,  
Then my poetry reached your eyes,  
Then it was to late,  
and we became fast friends,  
And now it's to unreal,  
your celestial essence is ready to fly,  
And I'm trying not to cry,  
because of your heartfelt gesture,  
You sent me a poem to say,  
"Don't be sad I'll miss you"  
Your words are so right,  
because all though, you'll be gone,  
I'll have the strength to carry on,  
And forever I'll remember your last words....  
"I'll always be with you, I live inside your heart"

15©MariaW

La Poetess  
a.k.a MariaW

## IMMORTAL

Correlation lost  
Strings isolated  
Gods cry  
Humans smile  
I truly believe  
I am immortal now.

Poem © Bhargav, 22nd April, 2015

NEW RELEASES

# ESCAPE FROM REDEEM

RISE OF AN EMPEROR

WAR IS COMING.

ONLY ONE MAN IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO STEM THE  
TIDE.

HIS NAME IS CALEB:  
CREATED TO RULE HUMANITY.

BUT BEFORE CALEB CAN LIVE UP TO HIS DESTINY, HE  
MUST FIRST ESCAPE FROM REDEEM.

A PRISON WORLD OF ICE, WHERE NO ONE RETURNS.

AVAILABLE NOW ON  
KINDLE

BY JOHN K MARTIN

[www.johnkmartin.weebly.com](http://www.johnkmartin.weebly.com)

John Kenneth Martin, is the Author of Escape From Redeem. As well as writing Poetry, John is an investor and a family man, who lives on an Essex farm in England.

He has traveled the world, played rugby for his county and has begun his own property empire. But his real passion is reading and writing adventure, in all its genres.

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

# DROWNING IN YOURSELF

By Stef Kestens

I'm tossing, turning, I can't sleep  
My eyes are open wide  
We're walking down a dead end street  
You know that it ain't right

Another dream has just got broken  
There is nothing left to say  
So many words remain unspoken  
I'm still here, don't look away

Tell me what it takes to matter  
Turn your silence into love  
It could only make us better  
cause I've had about enough

Well I wonder what you're thinking  
Are you drowning in yourself  
you're growing old before my eyes  
Stop blaming me for being wise

I don't know what you're thinking  
but you're drowning in yourself

How long have I been waiting here  
I've lost the track of time  
Sometimes i wish you'd disappear  
But you can't read the sign

I don't know why I keep on fighting  
people say you don't fit in  
Maybe you're a little mighty  
Being loved is not a sin

Poem © Stef Kestens 2015

# I LEFT YOU TWO COINS

By Aphorim

Oh tell me,  
tell me  
Where did you go?  
What do you know?  
Do we still agree...?  
No,  
no, now there is no we  
I have buried all our dreams  
and all the livid screams  
all of what everything means  
but you still haunt me  
where,  
where are you if not,  
not me  
It is something that we,  
we, both let bleed  
when we swallowed maggots in  
the ravine  
when,  
we sharpened our nails and  
chewed off skin  
and now we don't agree,  
yet still you haunt me.  
Where do we go?  
To die?  
We have forgotten how to live,  
to live with a beating heart  
it has been too long  
Why, where do we go?  
And now you are far ahead  
though we have always been slow  
We don't agree  
Y'know, what was it you said?

Poem © Joseph Meneses (Aphorim) 2015

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# IF I COULD

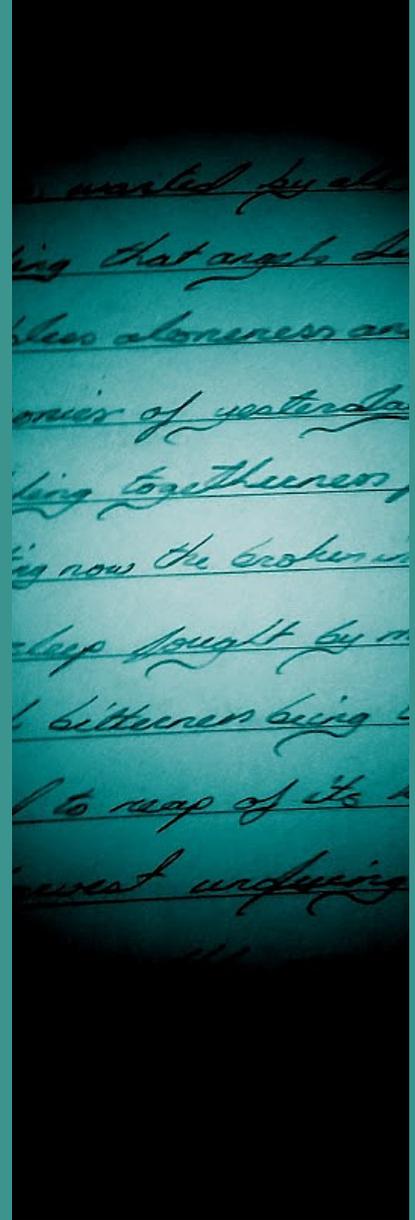
By Dblankportrait

If I could  
Unravel the past you're lost in  
Place your heart in mine let's begin  
A new chapter of love, so surreal  
Dreams of desires, befallen reveal

If I could  
Nurture you with tears of joy and bliss  
With the morning dew of my sunlight kiss  
Your lustrous eyes like fountains of dreams  
Awaken to a journey that joins two steams

If I could  
Walk with you in the gardens scented;  
Guiding the path of bear feet intended;  
Halo the souls upon the wings of doves  
Rose like fragrances of our blossoming love

If I could  
Borrow the harp of Angels, play you a song  
Soft melodies guiding your heart, where it belongs  
Rewrite the chapters of your life, in gifted charms  
A king his throne, a Queen to abide in his loving arms



Poem and Art : Merrill Auguste © April, 2015..

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# THOUGHTS OF TWO DIMENSIONS

By Sreca Zauvijek

Yesterday, I loved your courtyards  
bathed in moonlight shadows and smiles,  
smitten by wavering stars,  
lanterns of my youth,  
that are reflected as coins,  
in the quiet waters of your fountains.  
Those are my reminiscences,  
arabesque creatures of an old chest,  
sanctified by the lavender,  
and left on the bottom of my wardrobe.

Today, I love your crowded streets,  
pebbled alleyways that breathe  
with aromas of kitchens,  
shouts of children quarreling,  
and naggings of older women  
behind those awnings and windows of life well known.

Tomorrow, I will love your hot paved squares  
that open to the harbors and promising high seas  
while cypresses will send regards to far away winds,  
and seagulls will sing nostalgia cries  
of wandering merchants and sailors.

Poem © 2008 Sreca Zauvijek

# Events Of the Hall

FOUNDED ON:	16 MARCH, 2015
FIRST POET OF THE WEEK:	INK STITUTION JOHN K. MARTIN
FIRST OWNER'S PICK:	"HALL OF BLANK PORTRAITS" BY ROBERT HORTON
FIRST HALL OF FAME:	"A THOUSAND KISS" BY USAID ALI
FIRST MAGAZINE RELEASE:	03 MAY, 2015
DAY OF BLOSSOMING LOVE:	07 MAY, 2015

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# AWAKEN NOT

By Manuelle Augustine

Awaken not...

Promise not love  
If you will just give it away...  
Promise not "I'm here to stay"  
If after all  
you will just slip away...  
awaken not love  
If your heart isn't true  
anyway...

VISIT MY BLOG:

*In*  
*Hopelessness*

BY

**MANUELLE**  
**AUGUSTINE**

<http://inhopelessness.blogspot.in/>

Poem © Manuelle Augustine 2015

## RED BIRD

By Taylor Huskey

Hang there looking at me.  
Nails draped over a soft knee.  
Long and shapely,  
Painted the color of blood and love.  
Fingers long and slender.  
Arms taunt and loose.  
Shoulders set,  
Torso straight,  
Legs crossed,  
Feet delicately placed,  
Toes displaying the same color of blood and love.  
Eyes; so sharp, so vivid.  
Lips; so full and so rich.  
Hair; so lively and long.  
My red bird waits for me,  
As I circle around her like a cat eyeing its prey.

Poem ©Taylor Huskey 2015

# REASON FOR THE SEASON

By Rasma Raisters

This new season  
gives us every reason  
to become like children again  
to fall in love one more time  
to dance in the rain  
and splash about in mud puddles  
what fun it is when spring comes round

This crazy season  
we call spring makes us giddy  
making us want to cheer  
as migratory birds reappear  
smiling at the daisies along the roadway  
always something good to say

Elated sun-filled days  
starry nights  
and southern breezes  
the reason for the season  
is the joy of nature awakening  
the joy of so many wonderful things  
if you see a mad woman  
skipping down the road  
it's just me  
trying to fly with the clouds  
that's the way I like to be  
when spring comes again

© R.Raisters, 05/02/2015

Listening to Paul Horn "Inside (the Taj Mahal)"  
Richard Guimond © 2013

I hear Rama seeking Sita  
The ten thousand stone steps reaching heavens  
The Dharma of an avatar  
From the morning sea side to the evening mountain top  
From the cradle to the grave  
From child laughter to old man tears  
Two lovers secretly enlaced  
"I love you" he said stealthy  
She giggled in all innocence,  
Whirlwind of erased memories  
Rain drop still caressing the hardness of rocks  
Downhill brook the Flow of Time



The paths lead to abyss uncountable-  
Pits of hopelessness and darkness;  
the deceptions unfathomed;  
The gurgling sounds of a deep lake far away surrounds them.  
The wanderer traverses through all,  
He searches for a Messiah.

Poem © Somava Das, 2015

# HERE I AM

By Wilmer Escovar

You are my addressee  
You stand in front of me  
Your face is full of glee  
But not for what you see

You stand just like a tree  
Or maybe an amputee  
You might just set me free  
If I would disagree

Am I your referee?  
Should I allow a spree?  
Clear all this blind debris  
So I'm your cup of tea

Reverie is a fantasy story written as poetry. The story entails the journey of Hope, the rightful king that thinks himself unworthy of ruling after achieving a coup d'état against his brother. He leaves on a journey of self-discovery to gain a name for himself and become worthy of the admiration of his people, while at the same time uncovering the secrets of the world and a plot to obliterate human life itself.

WILMER ESCOVAR

# REVERIE

A FANTASY STORY WRITTEN AS POETRY

[HTTP://STPOEMS.BLOGSPOT.COM/](http://STPOEMS.BLOGSPOT.COM/)

<http://stpoems.blogspot.com/>  
E-MAIL: [Wilmerescovar@gmail.com](mailto:Wilmerescovar@gmail.com)

# MISTRESS OF NIGHT

By Harleen Kour

Wishful for the searing night  
Succumbing all my darkest delights  
These Haunting bedsheets call for  
The one whose scent here still resides

O Hail to thy shadows of spell  
Enchanting now the hymns of hell  
Come, dissolve and trace my soul  
Drink it slowly like vintage well

Smoke me to the air that breathes  
Traces of your being and please  
You in me or me in you  
Tavern spilling liquors of peace

Evaporate me by your heat of desire  
Condense me on the flames of fire  
Rinse my lust on thy blank canvas  
Paint it with my blood-love mire

Till our screams touch the sky of delight  
And resonance in the times immortalize  
Hypnotized by this cryptically poignant plight  
Dilute into thy mistress of night.

© Harleen Kour 2015

# LIFE'S HUES

By

Seema

Tabassum

<http://tab1525.blogspot.com>

SHADI Y. SHIDRAWI'S

# POETIC MEMOIRS

*A collection of poetic memoirs where you  
can read over a hundred poems with  
images and audio versions.*

By

SHADI Y. SHIDRAWI

<http://shedrawi.blogspot.in/>

Contact: [shedrawi@gmail.com](mailto:shedrawi@gmail.com)

## PUBLICATIONS & BLOGS

*The Poet  
Laureate of The  
Revolution...*

# EROZENO

<https://erozeno.wordpress.com/>

# EYES 2 INK

POETIC BLOG

By

DONALD E  
McKINNON

<http://eyes2ink.blogspot.in/>

# I LOVE YOU

By Hayati Boer

I love you with heart sky  
with all the heart of darkness  
with all the heart the sun  
heart sea heart volcano  
heart of the hill  
fish heart  
heart rivers and fields

I love you with all the lies and  
falsehood  
love you with a dust honesty  
love you with intoxicating lust

I do not love history  
not eager to moon  
not blinded with night  
not catching with a clothesline

I have a warm heart for stabbed  
had a wild head to play on the dance  
floor lies  
had wild eyes to predict the color of  
your head  
had a torn piece of paper for  
i was stringing up plumage into wings  
i was a ghost of a woman in your  
dreams  
do not offer me grains honesty  
because a politician like to violate the  
law  
and a poet like to seduce with poetry  
a sailor make body colds  
wild monkey was able to bite a little  
boy

I love love life offered destiny  
not to be sought of found  
not to be planned or determined by  
your lips

I do not love the secret history  
not excited by the ghost of stone  
do not write poetry to seduce  
do not want to find love to be loved  
no love for flattered and imprisoned  
to the power of words of love  
i love you ... just the  
for no apparent reason  
and no shirt and underwear

© Hayati Boer, 17 April 2015

**LOVE  
PROMISE**  
By Moon Sonata

**Love Promise**

When we make love, the silky sky will watch us  
And thunders will burst out and it shall rain  
And branches of wild roses will be blooming  
And their joy will melt away the pain.

When we make love, huge stars of light will wrap up  
And in the fields the earth will hide its crop  
There will be snow to cover all the mountains  
And whirlwinds of lust will never stop.

When we make love, the stormy sea will listen  
And will abate its fury from the shore  
Along the coast will gather merry sailors  
To drink their mugs of beer to the core.

When we make love, the house flooded in candles  
Will be our secret shelter in the bay  
And overwhelmed by such a sacred passion  
We will not scare the miracles away.

Poem © Moon Sonata 2015

Finally, finally  
we touch  
I breathe the scent of your skin  
warm musk  
I do not resist  
as I have so successfully  
all these years  
Tonight is only for us  
Time stops  
There is only your taste  
the feeling of your quiver  
The shuddering of your skin  
responds to my expert mouth  
You thought it would be good  
But you had no idea  
I will knock you out  
Literally.

Poem © Kiku Koibito 2015

**US**

**By Kiku Koibito**

# THE SEA OF LIFE

By Stormy Seas

Like a wreck, lost  
and stranded  
on the rocks of disillusionment  
and grief  
the old man fell asleep  
he dreamed of a different life  
he dreamed of love  
the kind of love  
that is written in the stars

He awoke from his dream  
with a dreary feeling  
that he will never again see  
the woman he loved  
her eyes, and her smile  
that made him feel alive

Ever since he saw her  
in his dream  
he despises his fate  
and, with a bitter longing  
in his heart, he cries  
for, he knows  
that the winds of destiny  
ceased blowing  
into the sails of his  
dreams

With eyes  
blurred with tears  
the old man  
silently asks the sea  
"Why, why did you not  
have mercy..."

Poem © Stormy Seas 2015

What once wasn't said  
Now, laid waste in the wind  
Of the past

What once wasn't said  
Left an empty space in this satchet  
Of "should have done"

What once wasn't said  
In that empty space, also left  
Stories of "if only" and what would  
happened now?

What once wasn't said  
Will never be answered  
For we have passed that fork in  
the road of life.

## IF ONLY By Dung Tran

© 2015 Dung Tran



A treasure of dreams and desire of Heart  
These are what eyes hold in their depths  
I don't have to speak or reveal any secret  
They understand every unspoken word  
When your eyes rain down on me  
My heart changes it's beats  
Who can resist the power of these eyes  
Such as yours..

© Priyanka 2015- Poem and Painting

# THIS SMELL

By Arkady Sandler

This smell,  
soothing smell of a cucumber lotion.

Same lotion that my mother used to put  
on my skin, when I got sunburns,  
after me and my dad were coming back  
from the fishing trip.

(I was young and the sea was big.)

This smell,  
I met later when I was exploring in kisses  
my first sweetheart's skin.

This smell had my dead friend's sister hands  
whom I pulled out burnt in pieces from the hit tank.

(the sky was too close not to sense the stench.)

Afterward I forgot this smell.

Until this morning  
when a young girl sat next to me  
in the bus.

She was pregnant and happy,  
with a fragrant scent of a cucumber lotion.

Poem © Arkady Sandler, 2015

# Richard M Knittle Jr.

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A journey through my life in poetry

## Out of Darkness: A Poets Journey

Out of the Darkness: A Poets Journey Award winning pieces like #Colors - Richards Take on the Pledge of Allegiance and #Demons - A Tribute the men and woman who suffer from #PTSD #Depression #Robin Williams and Hope (A prayer for Ryder) This is dedicated to the thousands of parents who have lost their children to #PAS