

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY
CONTEST
PAGE 08

THE GOLDEN CHAIN
PAGE 17

MEMBER'S CHOICE
PAGE 13

OWNER'S INK
PAGE 04

— — — — —
ISSUE: 02; JUNE 2015

NOT FOR SALE
HALL OF POETS
<http://hallofpoets.weebly.com>

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

Powered By:

LAVITA PALACE, SECTOR-10, GURGAON, HARYANA, INDIA.
& www.discountsdekho.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed "Attention: Permissions Coordinator," at the email address below.

hallofpoets@gmail.com

Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the author and publisher assume no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

The magazine is not for sale and can be downloaded from Hall of Poets community on Google plus or Hall of Poets page on Facebook, or asked for a copy by writing to us at: hallofpoets@gmail.com

Cover design: Pulkit Mohan Singla.

Interior design: Pulkit Mohan Singla

Logo design: Daipayan Nair

Editor: Dr. Prerna Singla

Contributors: Pulkit Mohan Singla, Daipayan Nair, John K. Martin, Seema Tabassum, Sonia Aftab.

Poems: Members of Hall of Poets Community on Google +, Individual poets mentioned with the poems.

Publisher: Hall of Poets

ISSUE: 02; JUNE 2015

****DISCLAIMER****

.....

Hall of Poets Digital Magazine is the property of Hall of Poets community on Google plus and is protected by the International copyright laws. The poems are published under the name with which the poet/writer is active in the Hall of Poets online community. The publisher (Hall of Poets), authors and contributors reserve their rights with regards to copyright of their work. Although Hall of Poets considers its sources reliable and verifies as much data as possible, Hall of Poets makes no representations, warranties, express or implied, as to the completeness, accuracy, or appropriateness of the information, data, advertisements, graphics, authenticity of profiles/poems, copyright infringement or responsibility of any other content contained in any Hall of Poets digital magazine or webpage, including but not limited to the hall of Poets online community, blogs, and other email newsletters, and any other social networking platform produced, owned or managed by Hall of Poets. Each member/ artist is himself/herself take full responsibility of the authenticity of their work/profiles. Content produced by Hall of Poets may from time to time include technical inaccuracies or typographical errors. The content of each poem is the sole expression and opinion of its writer/author, and not necessarily that of the publisher. No warranties or guarantees are expressed or implied by the publisher's choice to include any of the content in this volume. Neither the publisher nor the individual author(s) shall be liable for any physical, psychological, emotional, financial, or commercial damages, including, but not limited to, special, incidental, consequential or other damages. Readers are responsible for their own choices, actions, and results. The advertisements/advertised Banners on the Hall of Poets Magazine have no influence on editorial content or presentation. The posting of particular Banners does not imply endorsement of the product (so) or the company selling them by the Hall of Poets Magazine or its Editors. Hall of Poets Magazine may contain links to web sites operated by other parties. These links are provided purely for promotional purpose. Such links do not imply Hall of Poets Magazine's endorsement of material on any other site and Hall of Poets Magazine disclaims all liability with regard to your access of such linked web sites. In case of dispute, jurisdiction of Gurgaon (Haryana), India applies.

Excellence of design

LAVITA PALACE

WEDDING DECOR EVENTS

LAVITA PALACE

Sector-10, Gurgaon, Haryana, India

CALL TO BOOK:

+91-9910829529, +91-9818666201

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015



© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015



ANATOMY OF SOUL

Dr. PRERNA SINGLA

My fingers trace the cracks in a shadow
Like apoptotic bodies lie in a meadow
As the soot of life settles in its pore
The indurated scars that were bleeding before
Amidst the crowd walk as a whole
Searching...searching... On a prowl
Veins of experience red and blue
Statistics though may not be true
Glowing with fire or fire burnt
Transformed to something they weren't
As they wait with every exhalation
Their journey to end in salvation
Keep growing like a malignancy
Resulting apoptosis then a new pregnancy
Mutations serving survival's goal
So is the dark anatomy of a soul.

Poem © Dr. PRERNA SINGLA, 2015

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015



PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA

INTERIOR DESIGNER / ENTREPRENEUR / WRITER / BLOGGER

WHO MADE THESE MONSTERS?

By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA

They are born for money and they die for money
Always in a serious mood, you can never call them funny
They use people and love objects
They studied meanness in their school subjects
They try to overpower us by their loud and arrogant voice
& Will put you in the worst situation where you don't have any choice
They show double standards and drama every minute
And their only intention is to fetch innocent's hut
They will treat you badly just to fetch money from you
They will play tricks and games to defame your reviews
They don't care what they are doing
As God is also an object for them, their pretence growing
These monsters are in shape of humans around you
In your everyday life you must have found a few
There is no solution to this problem
They are champions of crime as they are not fearsome
This does not mean that they will win
Eventually they will face results of their sin
God is for everyone and that is a fact
No matter whatever you think and whatever you act
Whenever you face rage by these monsters
The only question arises that who made these monsters?
The answer is we the people are responsible for it
Because we have been tolerating these monsters and their shit
We have to show little bit of Bravery and courage
As none else will cure the wounds with medicines and bandage
Monsters are always there but they don't have horns
They cannot give you anything except a bouquet made of thorns
Leaving the path where they exist, is the key solution
Keeping them close is like inviting the dirty pig in your accommodation
Every person has some angels and some monsters in life
Select the best ones in life just like you choose your would be wife.

Headphones working fine
Citylights glowing bright
Feelings held tight
Enjoying the flight
Only the 'T' fails to be mine.

Feathers of new thoughts
Resting in a multiplex
Or placed inside a complex
Popcorns always find their way
Antiques newly bought
From either a store
Or someone's door
Traffic always decides the play.

Governed by the blistering wine
I sit down to dine
Delicacies, sweet and sour
Demand to be eaten more
The mind still dreams the vine
Only the 'T' fails to be mine.

Midnight is approaching
Bright is giving away to dim
Tablets of toxins
Awaiting the touch of the rim
Don't worry! My words are metaphorical
I haven't yet crossed the line.
Just a warning sign:
The 'T' fails to be mine.

The eyes flicker
Along with the unshut screen
One tries to focus
The other offers a circus
Scenes, standard or mean
Desires remain where they have been
No reason left to pine
Gradually the seeked becomes the seeker
The 'T' enters mine.



INTOXICATED

Poem © DN 2015



HALL OF POETS

WINNERS OF

WORLD ENVIRONMENT
DAY

*HOP
CONTEST*

CONSTANCE CANTARA

MAKUMBHA SHANTI

MOON SONATA


HAROLD CLAPSADDLE



Hall Of Poets

YOU, TOO

By Constance Cantara



I think that I shall never see
The Earth as good for you and me.
Pollution fouling our clean air.
Violence plighting everywhere.
People falling to the ground,
Disease and hunger they have found.
Ecology scrapped from the neon mile.
People singing all the while.
Ignoring warnings they have heard,
The dove's become a dirty bird.
Recycle, reclaim, redeem; respoil
For another tanker has spilled its oil.
Landfills overflowing,
Progress keeps on going.
Don't point the finger at one another,
Look in the mirror to see who's the bother.
Decreasing ozone, increasing sun.
Can we undo what has been done?
Impede relinquishing for the almighty dollar.
The rainforest pleads mercy from its annihilating appaller.
Cessation from the ravages commence.
Besiege the downtrodden with benevolence.
Domesticate the dormant with emphatic command.
A fellowship of fidelity to embellish the land.
Abolish hypocrisy with honor and constancy.
Replenish the endangered. Get involved. Act responsibly.
This lucrative business of war made lucid.
Enlighten the naive. Educate the obtusive.
Wipe the tears from the children's eyes.
Give their future a smile by correcting their demise
But what do we give, just hopeless sorrow.
For we put off today what we can do tomorrow.

Copyright Poetry/
October 1992
Copyright Image/ May
2015
Constance Cantara

Young beauty
who hides her face
in clouds mask
and shadow capes
she runs there is no escape
it seems funny to some
who think she's dumb
Why won't she surcum
give up girl you're done
the cage is shut
the lock is tight
give up for the rest of life
There is hope
like sky has rain
for the hard baked desolate plains
there is hope this will all change
From sand to mud
With enough Love
The door is knocking
the folks are coming with chains
what else can I explain
The reality is clear
Do you see
Can you hear
I know one thing is true
That perservence will pull you through
the circus side show
of freaks who glow
and monkeys shaking in neon gold
I know of such things because I am old
The failure of the unforeseen
is lost on the youth in mindfilled dreams
we old ones know it's only things

YOUNG BEAUTY

By Makumbha Shanti

Poem © M. Shanti, 2015

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015



SACRILEGE

By Moon Sonata

**Crazy forest of mine,
alluring birches dancing
to the winds,
frenetically I loved
your crude earth
glittering life
each early spring
and the strong aromas
of rotten branches
in the frost,
never have I cried
in your presence
nor grumbled
at my devious youth,
but rather laid
on the dump ground
and listened to the rustle
beyond thy amber leaves.**

**The Burial Song
was ruthless Gorgon
grabbing
the forest of my youth
in her crimson claws
and with it
the strength to absorb
its green serenity**

POEM © MOON SONATA, 2015

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

Given Enough Time
Poem © Harold Clapsaddle 2015

Untrained, unlearned
yet! Dancing with faith
in temporal dance turned
hour glass on times lathe.

Spinning rotary
in aura backdrop
surrounding scenery
does environmental hip-hop.

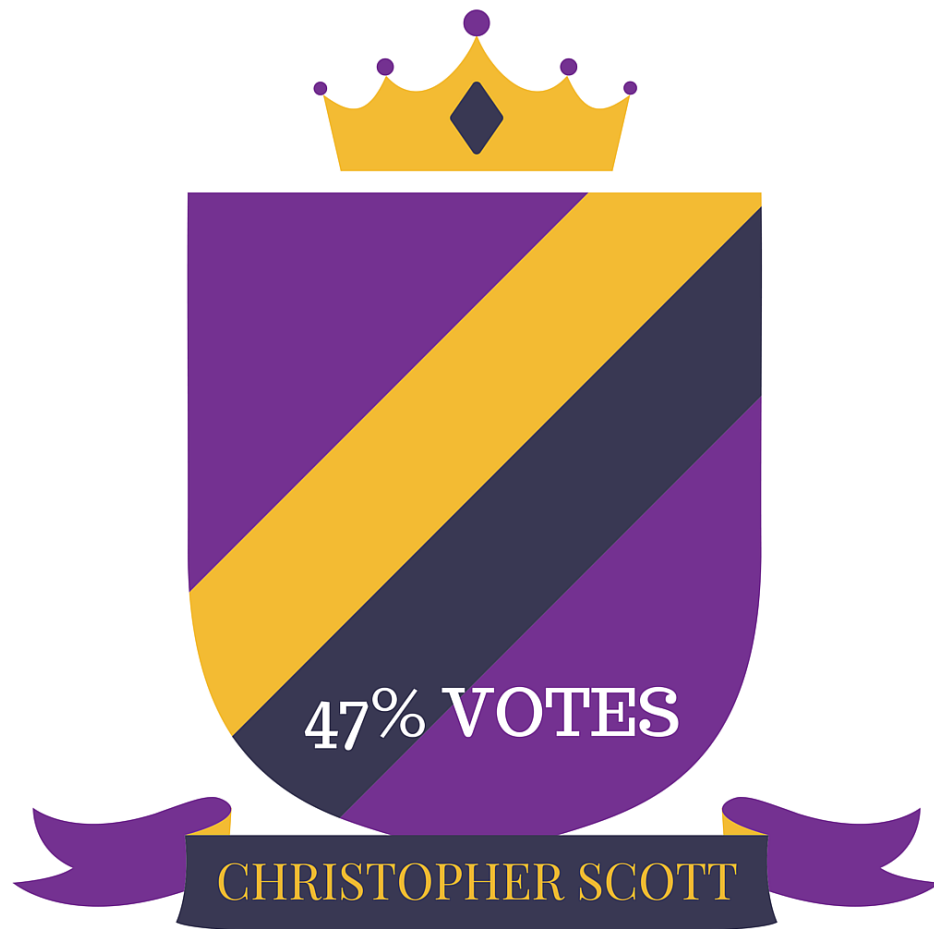
Held to one's own bailiwick
tendency is to confine
within realpolitik
sick is never fine.

The environment
needs no help
from mismanagement
from manhandled skelp.

If given enough time
and man wasn't around
the environment and clime
would return safe and sound.



CONGRATULATIONS!!



25% VOTES



SUDARSHAN GOPAL



13% VOTES



JON
BLONDYN



MAGAZINE ENTRY POLL
Hall Of Poets MEMBERS CHOICE

HOW MANY COINS...

How many coins...

To join this man and really listen to his whisper?

**Just a quarter for two coffees,
a few dimes for his time**

To hear what it really means to be free

**From heedless looks by the grimy
Grievous hooks from the spineless**

**Some pennies to rustle the memory
two sincere ears to regain some dignity**

**A dollar or three
and the lesson is complete**

**Not for him, but you
and me...**

**Everybody has a story
but we all don't survive the fall**

**The price paid by the ignorant,
not one of us could afford it**

**It's simply grace -
an invaluable gift of the sou**

Poem & Photography © Christopher Scott 2015

COLOR MY LIFE

I remember the rose was red,
In full blossom, crowning your head.
Now that you've gone far away,
Its just another shade of grey.

I yearn to see you emerge,
From the ocean, sparkling blue,
Its turning into an insatiable urge,
Without you, the sea's lost its hue.

Will I kiss again your ample lips,
Pink as a newborn's fingertips.
Whenever you're out of sight,
My world's just black and white.

Surely your mind is with emotions rife,
So don't think I'm being unkind,
You didn't take away color from life,
Quite contrary, as I was born colorblind

Poetry & Art © Sudarshan Gopal. 2015. All Rights Reserved

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

**Awake of the Sun,
Beam down the Earth,
Soul unto Self
Harness New Birth**

**Envision the Rhythm
Of Aeternal Dawn
Enlighten the Way
Via Action, Ever ON**

**Watch Winds, Test Waters,
Motion is Practice—
Perseverance Beyond Failures
Sharpens Skill Unto Talent—**

**Focus!
Faster!
Motive Power Unfurl!
Stronger!
Super!
You're Turning the World!**

**Don't Slow—Don't Stop!
Clock got Ya Caught?
Don't Wait—Meditate!
To Put the Orbits on Lock—**

OM

(Hold that Thought)

**Back to the Future—
Work to be Done!
Humanity To Save—
Destiny To Be Won!**

**Discover the Fine Line—
Connect with the Youth—
Nurture Their Innocence
Via Summits of Your Truth.**

**Be—Do—Illumine—
The Best You Can Bloom.
Come—Go—Yonder—
Flower Rising For You.**

**Poem
© Blondyn
CC
2015**

The Golden Chain

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

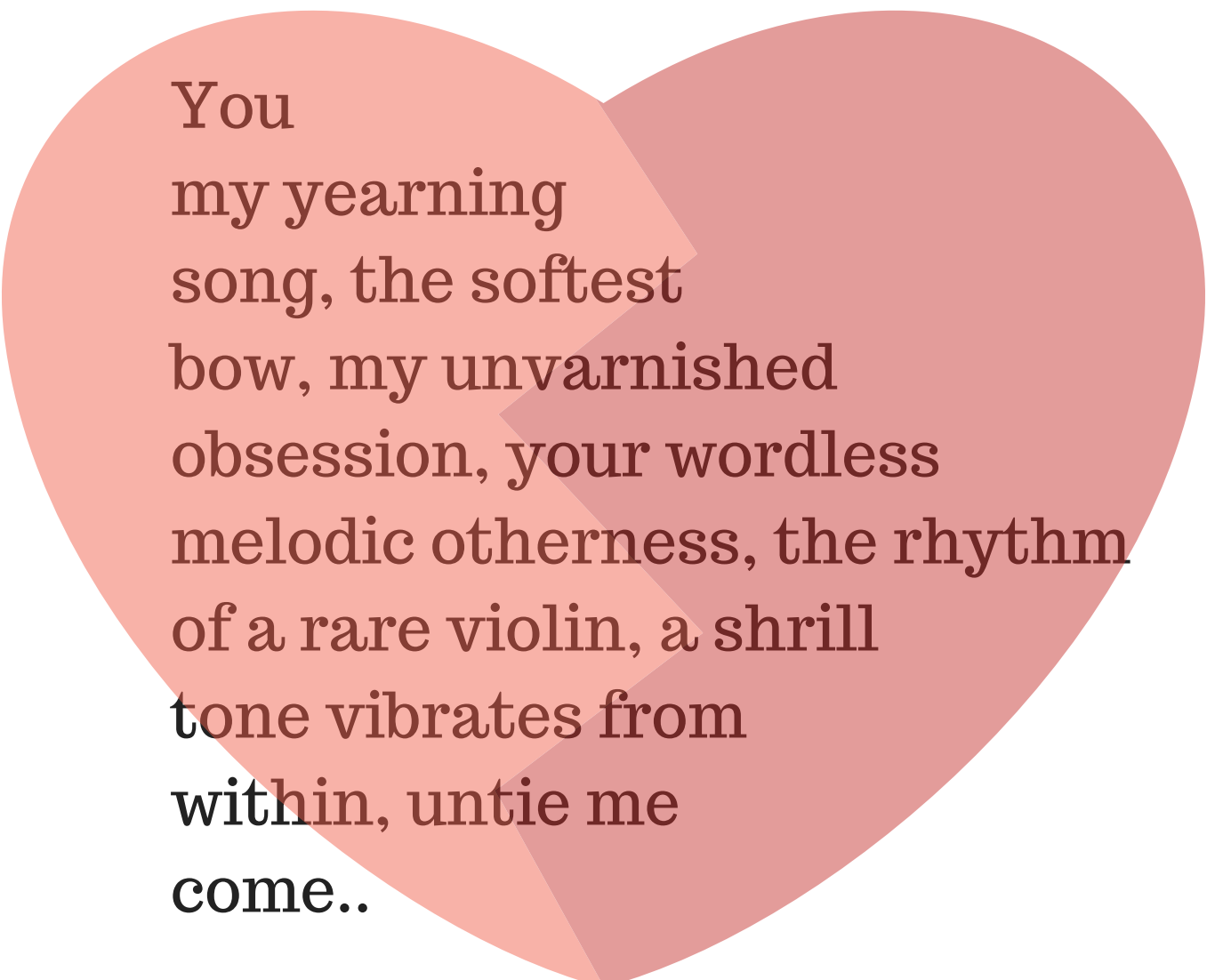
Advertisement



Get your daily inspiration and
encouragement in the form of poetry.

www.martinspires.com

STRIPPED LOVE



You
my yearning
song, the softest
bow, my unvarnished
obsession, your wordless
melodic otherness, the rhythm
of a rare violin, a shrill
tone vibrates from
within, untie me
come..

Poem © by Elin Emelie 2015

Is it the echo's that never answer...

Why the bridge ...

alerting on coming trains

With vibrations from an inside treacherous domain..

Maybe the holistic city view...

Silences the mood..

Noted a bit shrewd..

An environment orchestrated , intent to allude..

By sound, site, smell..

Surging a heart to swell..

Is it light, clouds freedom of shrouds...

Dissipating the voices awaiting so loud..

With a playlist just now..

Selected only tunes to howl...

Is it living the moment..

Awaiting to drive to succumb it..

This Friday routine known to numb it's sit..

But oh God allow me to overcome it..

Why is it always naked..that silly spot,

Where wildly at sunset I'm not..

All I'm to lay upon a captured shot..

Why.. Am I drawn to concrete plots.

Why do I care and bare such snares..

Do I dare share souls that flare..

The layers that would scare..

Those so timid, debonair...

So I retract these emotional chairs..

No music to dash in a seat playing ..

It's just me exploiting all who are saying..

Watching and hoping..

One day we'd share.. It..

We would share it

..♥

WHY IS IT BUILDINGS...

Poem & Photography

© Lynn H Terry.



If Im speaking hypothetically
Rearranging life alphabetically
Its like writing my own dictionary
So technically, medically, my brain vesicles
Burst, chemically, poetically
Unbalanced, unethical, Im unsure of
Evangelical most certainly
The festival is plentiful
You're ininfinitesimal

Poem © Joe Shmo

MY LOVING MOMENTS

Why the Air has started to dance with Passion again
Bringing back Warmth & Remembrance of Love again

Why has Someone started coming in My Loving Life again
The Loving Memories which had slowly & slowly left Me
Someone nearby has once again started to bring Life in Me again .

The destination of My journey with Love had already been lost
The path on which I walked together with My Love too had faded away

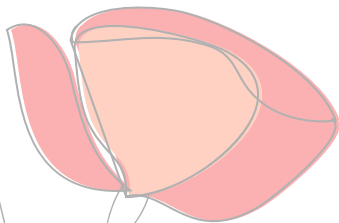
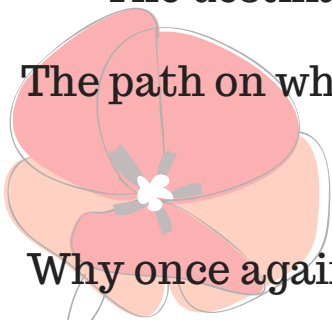
Why once again the Vibrations in Air is making my Life restless again

Why Someone who was My Life has started coming in My Life again

.....

(my loving moments)

Poem © Rajiv Dube ..May 2015



LOVE

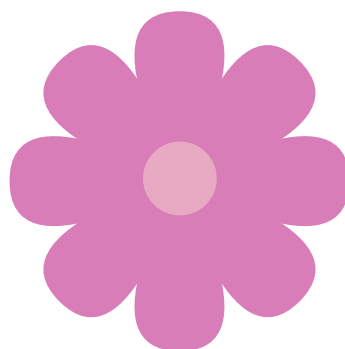
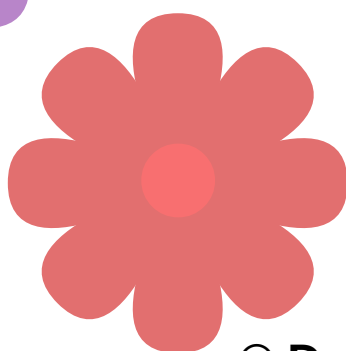
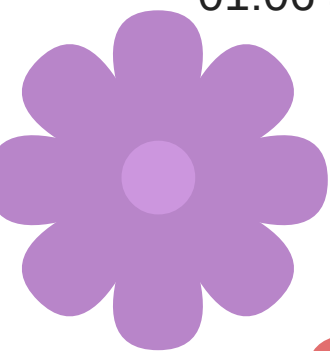


Gently stirs the crystalis .
The wind is softly entreating please!
Harmonious spirals do a dance
hearts and spirits joined romance,
Giving love another chance .
redeemed forgiveness
Perfection At last.

C.A.Anderson

Poem © 2015 March 24

01:06 am EST USA



GHOST

"I am
So lonely
I feel like a ghost
The love that surrounded me
I miss the most.

An apparition, am I?
But I don't know why,
Do not comprehend
This condition whereby;

This realm is surreal
Vague and strange and difficult to deal.

I dreamt of riding an elevator
Alone, front facing towards,
I, did not push the button
Yet it stops, but no one boards.

I'm forced to get off, afraid to the core!
Forced to walk through the cold steel door
Into a dank and dark corridor;
I am banished there
To the thirteenth floor!

I stare into a black abyss
It is uncanny, how I got to this?
This abyss, is the blackest of night,
I cannot see, cannot find the light!
I stumble, with my arms stretched out;
As I reach,
I beseech! "How did this come about?"

I am so alone, I am ice cold,
In a place, that is out of my control,
I am outside in, that's why you can't see me,
Inside out, I would once again be me.

This strange dimension is frightening and
eerie,
Eyes look through me, mocking and leery,
You peer at me, through this mass of ice
And jeer at me, my contempt you entice!
You gaze at my loneliness, frozen in time,
Buried in this glacier, I am so cold, and I'm;

So
Lonely
I feel like a ghost
The love that surrounded me
I miss the most.

I am locked inside of my own mind,
I wish you could see me, feel and find!
Rescue me, and release my confine;
Deliver me, and set me free
Free!
From this haunt, that you cannot see.

Here!
I'm here! Before your eyes!
I cannot make a sound, cannot utter cries
Helplessly trapped in another world,
My only touch is the ice cold whirl
That gives you a chill as I come near;
Trapped here forever, is my dreaded fear!

Trapped In perpetual darkness of night
I cannot seem to find the light!
"Where oh where, has my body gone,
And left me here like this, alone?"

"Is it that,
oooOOOooo,
Is it that,
I am a ghost?"
The love that surrounded me
I miss the most,
This chill, I fear
Is forever my host!

Am I dead?
Is death the reason why,
We cross over, after we die?
Then, the crossing over for me is surreal,
This wandering in darkness, an endless
ordeal!"

Poem © Isabella George
All rights reserved



THE HAND

Numb , would be Me, If, I Let you Fall My Nimble Friend;

Dumb would be Me, if I shadow you My Colorful Friend;

Let me help You, my Small Friend, For, In this Unforgiving World.

Might may Be Might, But, Might Barges to be Right;

I have No answer If You ask me Why ?. But,

By Grace, I have these Soft Hands, To,

Lend You a Hand and Give you a Heart My Tiny beauty.

Poem & photography © Prem Kumar Guty

No person
No diamonds
No silver
no platinum
No pearls

No rubies
No gold
No money in this world
Could never make a
dedicated, Humble person
Change from achieving
All he wants in this world

© copyright
Romaine A Davy

*The moon is a guest, at my window
It nudges my attention
With the warmth of its glow
I look into my empty room and feel
The darkness end at the pane on my sill
When i turn off the light
And let her come in
Your love is a guest in my heart
Nudging my affection
With the warmth of its glow
I look into my empty life
And feel the darkness end,
the pain of my will
When i turn off the light
Letting you right in....*

Poem © Jason Niven



LOVE AND ANGER

And the wind is still whistling about the broken promise
About the loneliness and anger that pervaded the heart,
the wound that swept the smile and about the youth being
wasted in vain.

Perhaps,

That love is just as thin as the morning mist-

Love and anger.

*And the wind is still whistling about the broken promise.
About the loneliness and anger that pervaded the heart,
the wound that swept the smile and about the youth being
wasted in vain.*

*Perhaps,
that love is just as thin as the morning mist-*

©Poem & Photography by Kartika Atmadja 2015

Poem & Photography © Kartika Atmadja , 2015

© Design By PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

You don't have to rely on print media or ask your friends to know about discounts.

Simply log on to discountsdekho.com

FOR DETAILS CONTACT
SHEETAL ARORA

+91-9971082333 / +91-9990336466

 Shopping se pehle
DISCOUNTSDEKHO.com

DiscountsDekho.com is an online platform which brings all the information on discounts, sales and offers running in your nearby stores throughout Delhi-NCR.

