

OWNER'S INK

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Hall Of Poets
ISSUE 03; JULY 2015

HALL OF POETS

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Cover design: Pulkit Mohan Singla.

Interior design: Pulkit Mohan Singla

Logo design: Daipayan Nair

Contributors: Owners & Moderators of HALL OF POETS.

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

Publisher: Hall of Poets

ISSUE: 03; JULY 2015

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Hall Of Poets

OWNER'S INK

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**Thy lips
Like tasses of wine
I taste
Bitter n sweet
Chilled
By thy very nature
Intoxicated I am
By thou eyes so deep
Strong n heady
Like the touch of thy hands
Taking over mine senses
As I am drunk with thy love so grand
Not staggering drunk, but...
Drunk enough to impair mine judgement
in love.**

Poem © Dr. PRERNA SINGLA, 2015

<https://www.google.com/+PrernaSingla>

ILLUSION OR REALITY?

© PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA, 2015

The World is a huge illusion
Illusion we see with our eyes
we say we believe in reality
but end up believing lies

Camouflage n trickery regulated the world
is the colour of ocean not the colour of skies?

Moon shows off a fake luminescence

People loving faux n artifice

Are we not the same mysterious creatures?

Walking in the crowd in cloaks of disguise

Corruption, manipulation, politics, articulation

Dagger in hands n faces filled with smiles.

FAIRYLAND

By Daipayan Nair

Captured in a murder serene
The bare thighs roll back and forth
Vivid seems the existing red
The rainbow is dead.

Storke after strokes
The tears only provoke
Hormonal -ines and -ones
get newly fed
The rainbow is dead.

Stands the warrior on his
field triumph clad
Rains betray the bed
The rainbow is dead.

Such is the honour
When bud meets valour
Petals are shed
Lost is the colour.

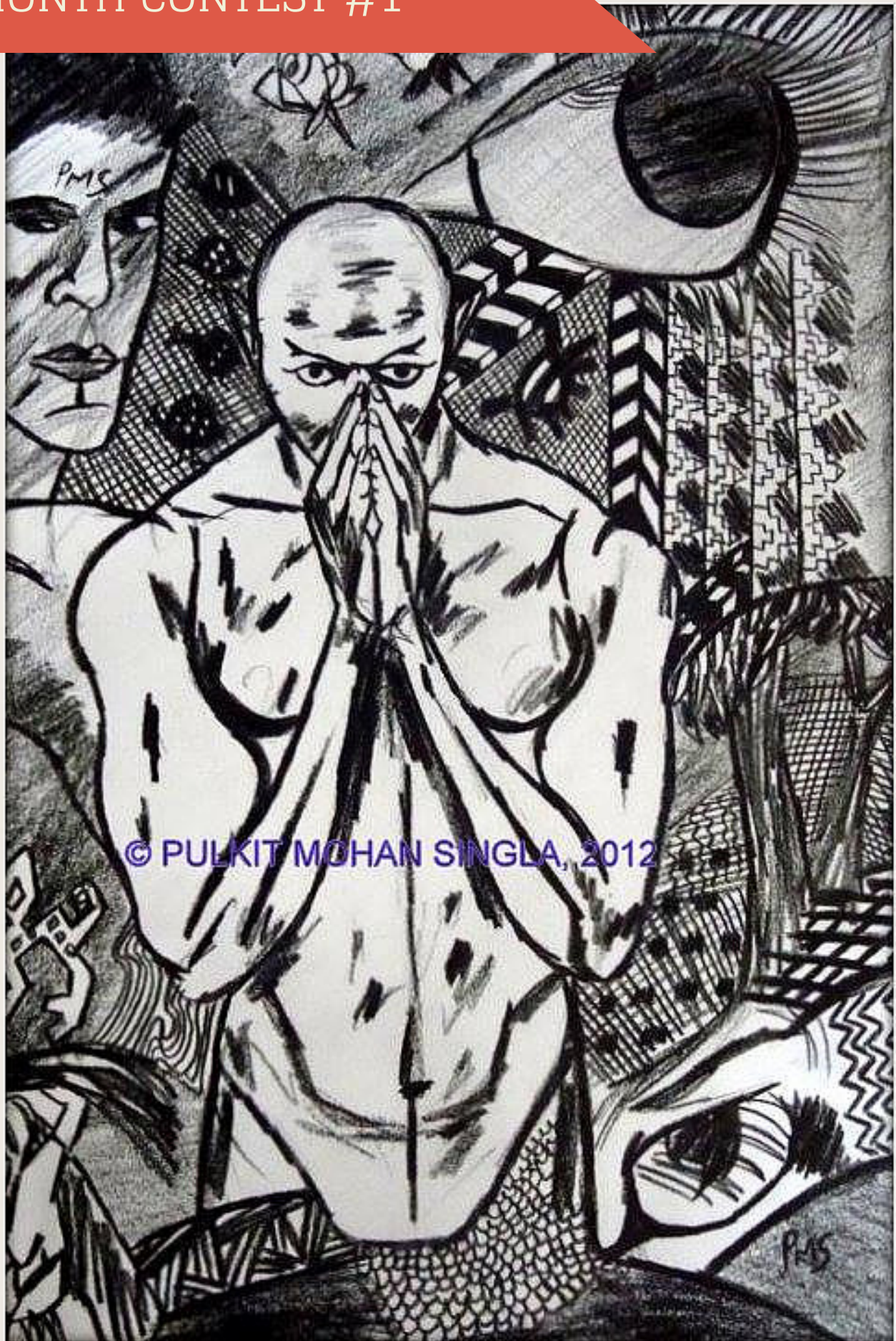
Cries of being sated
Or cries of being rated
Sad seems the newly wed
The rainbow is dead.

The fairy has lost its power.....

© DN 2015

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HOP MUSE OF THE
MONTH CONTEST #1

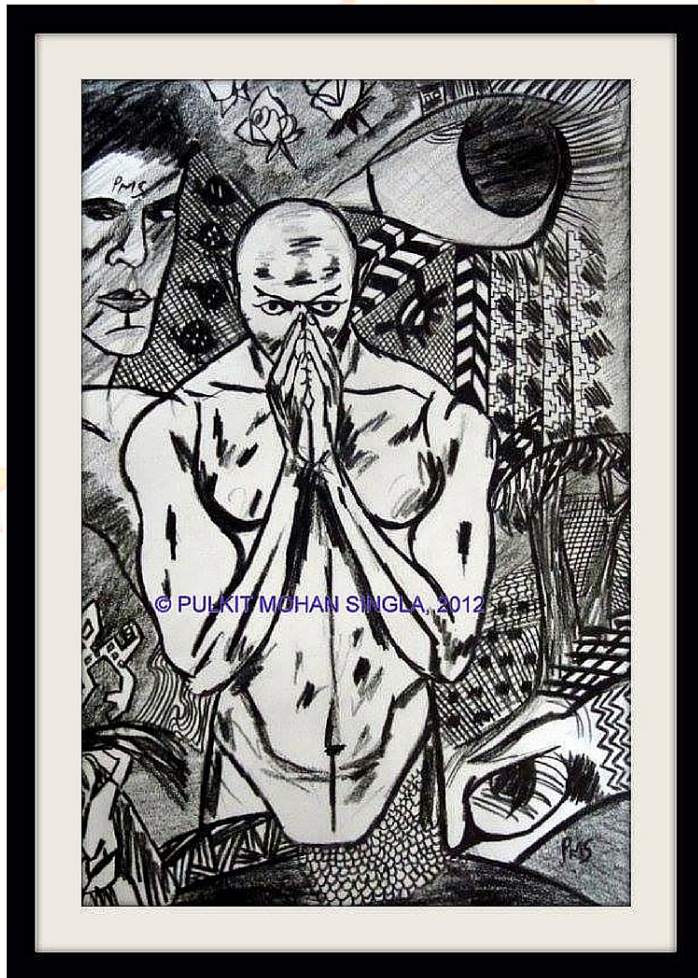


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MUSE OF THE MONTH



CONTEST #1



WINNERS

SEEMA TABASSUM

JOHN K. MARTIN

RACHAEL NEWPORT

Painting © PULKIT MOHAN SINGLA

CONGRATULATIONS!!



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FARCICAL MINDDRIFTS

For us to have to a love story
I would have to be ancient and old
no guess that it's such a hassle for you to reach out to me
I get that your thick blood doesn't travel till your toes cold

Your blood so thick
in your veins running it has stalled
that must make it so difficult for you to pick
up the darn phone and call

Now I understand why there's no communication between us
your stiff fingers must make it so difficult for you to also type

I was wondering what's the fuss
I understand better now that you can never fly this kite

By kite my heart I mean
to which you've been so unkind
now don't tell me that you'll pass that as unseen
I didn't gather that you were also blind.

Poem © Seema Tabassum, 2015

<http://tab1525.blogspot.in/>

**THE
MERMAN
MADE
HIS
BITTER
PACT**

Poem ©
John K. Martin,
2015

The merman made his bitter pact.
A life on land, his daily act.
His legs now gone his fins were back.

He knew he had 10 years on land.
Enjoying their culture.
Feet in the sand.

He did not know true love would be.
Found on legs not salty sea.
Alas the merman, was not free.


Neptune waited to see debt paid.
The sea god's servant.
A destiny laid.

The merman begged with pleading hands.
Another bargain.
Another plan.

Neptune never known to be kind.
But could see the anguish.
A tortured mind.

'You are free my son. I am not blind.
True love is hard, for even me to find.'

So free from debt and service years.
He sat and wept some happy tears.
His future bright he had no fears.



Those watchful eyes
Judging without consent
Have to fit in
Do as I'm told
Follow those lines
Don't vere off
To find something new...
Actually, for goodness sake
Please do.

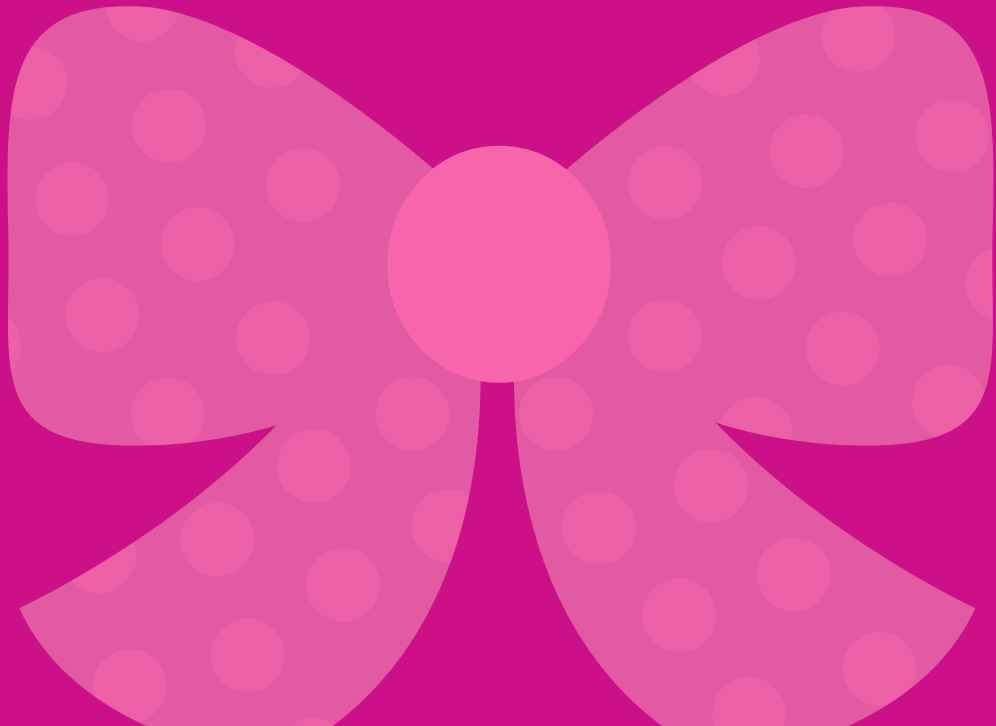
Poem © Rachael Newport,
2015



the golden chain



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WORDS OF HATE

There are words that are
used here in
United States
every single day
that burn
my mouth so
bad that I
refuse to even
ever say
they have been
marinated in
hells fire dipped
in acid and
were only
born in evil
and hate

Words like nigger,
and slant eyes,
beaner, spick and
spade
these words nothing
but pure evil
and I really do
deplore they
were ever
made
only used to deliver
in hurt and for pain
like just now
when they left
my mouth
they felt of acid rain



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Jr.*

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why are they
used and why can't we
erase them
as words just remove
them from the
dictionary, internet,
wherever they are
let's just
forget them

Writing only of
love and
erasing all
hate will make
this world a better
place for raising
our children
and living complete
and utter
peace where
rainbows fall
erasing all
the acid rain

Poem © Richard M Knittle Jr. 2015

**No. 1 BESTSELLING
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NEWSPRINT

I'm jaded.....

My innocence has faded

It's hard to believe in anything anymore

I'm getting older, with my heart growing colder

Cynicism, is all that I have in store

God Dammit....

Forty four years on this planet, and all you have is
scandal...

Filling up space with the rest of the cattle

The majority as a whole losing another battle

Going through life wearing blinders

Believing everything written for us by sidewinders

Stereotypes live on through what the media hypes

Separating us with violence and crack pipes

Here we go again, another newspaper needing to be
burned

Another candy coated story but I have to give thanks

For you putting it in lamens terms

Tell us everything is fine with smiley faces in your
newsprint

In huddled masses content we will go down with ship

As the ink drips...

Poem © Patrick Harker, 2015

GROWING

Growing

I am learning

The patterns of life

Patiently stepping between

Life's parallel moments

Forever the witness

To actions of the right and left

Good and bad

The unblurred shape of things living

Slowly lifted

Like a poppie leaf pivoting in wind

With thoughts ablaze

I remain in the humble state of a student

Growing.

Poem © Troy B 2015

VOICES

This ship we call earth it rings like a bell
The words that we utter radiate and swell
To think there's no meaning..well that's just absurd
In the beginning, was only the word
Onward they travel your words never fade
farther than light, a timeless promenade
So please have a care for the words that you say
for once they are voiced , they can't be unmade

Poem © Michael Garland, 2015

THE LESSER MAN

So you wear the same medal,I get it,
But what are the chances you been in the shit,
Can you honestly say you've struck a man down?
You've returned to your family no smile just frown,
Funny how the men on the ground forgotten and lost,
In the midst of the victory a unicorn no toast,
Just cause you been there don't make you a man,
When you live with it daily your now a vet - er-ran,
How dare you talk to me like I'm nothing,
You have the ordasity to wear a beret less than khaki,
Stripes in other regiments may mean something,
But stand by when you speak to an infantry soldier,
We only respect the rank that you hold, .
Not your personality nor your ego beheld,
The m o of an infanteer is to strike hard and fast,
Not pansy about on a landing strip teas fast,
Understand your place in the army as such,
Some men kill others just lust x x

Poem © Jon Rabbitsplitter, 2015

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Dedicated to all men who wear medals but who can't back them up x x

AN ODE TO THE SLAVE

Red is where you lay your head
And red is where you rise
Evil deeds can't be erased
And none believe your lies.

Sweat that drips upon dark face
And whip that cracks in air
Blood red - you stain the human race
In wounds you sought to bear.

No thought for one's humanity
Ancestry deludes you well
With brute force - you stole their souls
And bade them all to hell.

Forced to live locked up in chains
And worthy of no name
Who sanctified your lofty goals?
Who robbed your hearts of shame?

Cruelly you tore across their backs
And masses you left dead
For all the horrors you have infused
The earth is bathed blood red.

You attempt to rewrite history
The truth you can betray
But agonizing wounds can't heal
Blood red can't wash away.

Poem © Sumyanna 2015

A CREATURE OF THE SKY

I wish my limbs to be dressed in glorious feathers
and take flight free and unobstructed
like a proud eagle, captain of my own ship.
No longer earth bound, able to soar
freely into the illusion we call sky
and soar through the clouds and reach
as high as my wings can take me.

A free spirit in splendid solitude.
Enjoying the gliding of my wings
as the air drafts that lift me with joy,
with freedom to the altitudes far
above the troubled world below.

I cherish this freedom and I would
sing with gladness, landing as needed
and taking flight at will and glide
with the currents under my limbs
and have no bounds in travels.
But as Icarus, I cannot fly freely.
I am bound to the land.
But I can dream.

Poem © Jorge L. Cervera, June 2015

"UNDER THE TREE"

"Reminiscing on those
Times they were younger
Back down memory lane
Under that tree their under

Songs now old as gold
That tricycle they rode
Full of memories been told

Mom and Dad
Raised them well
Sounds in the distance
Of crisp ankle bells

They both danced well
Their teacher would
Tell

Kathak
Odissi
Kuchipudi
Left a legacy of trails

That childhood crush
That first innocent blush
That kiss on the school bus
Full of sweetness with rush

The sisters now grown
Half of their friends gone
Either married
Relocated
Or friendship torn

The breeze feels cool
Travellers they are
Always on the move
Teaching various dances
In different schools

Reminiscing how far they
Came both have husbands
Children with beautiful names

Times of the past
They'll never forget
So each chance they
Get
They
Sit

Under their favorite tree...
And reminisce."

Poem © Quanell M. Jones/Shiva Shakti™ June
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THE CUP



@TheRaven6825

Image: Donna J. Sanders

**Complaints about
the fading flickers of gold
on your twenty dollar coffee mug
updating your status “feeling annoyed”
when the frosted stein
is not cold enough to chill that beer
hash-tagging FML
when they forget the straw
for your venti Frappuccino
does it taint the liquid poured in
or would you prefer
to drink stained river water
from cusped hands
a cup of a refreshing elixir
is like drinking from the holy grail
for the rest living in a third world**

- ©2015 *Donna J. Sanders*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This was inspired by people whining and complaining about things that don't really matter when there are more important problems in the world.

THE CITY OF FOG

At the midst of great uncertainty
The men with weary feet
Trudge to find security
In the foggy street.

Not long ago, the fog came here
To consume the day's light;
If the day itself is so obscure
How dark is it in night?

In the puzzle of life the days flee,

No one has time to waste;
No mind inside them is alive
To resist the fog's unrest.

Some live their lives like robots would
Along with a bubble pride;
More than the things they tend to show
Are the things they want to hide!

The children's casual eyes catch
The grown-ups' hideous greed;
With a glumly hushed-up smile of a thief
One hides one's own misdeed.

Perhaps, a few, with thirsty eyes
Ask for the lost sunlight
To the blue sky that was once here,
Being fogless and bright.

Poem © Shubhro Sen, 2003.

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Eyes closed so I see nothing
ears open ready to hear
tears fall
but I keep them inside
They help seal the internal pain

My heart gazes toward the heavens
Can't see cause of past shame
All I can do is focus
And call on God's Name

Hosanna in the highest
Jehovah _____
last name blank...can't describe
what I need Him for
Just know I need more
I am laid prostrate on the floor
Heart and soul sore

I see a few like me
"voice of the voiceless"
Fellowship
rejoice-ness
Fellowship like "Taster's Choices"

Hands in a circle
Cup's need unison
The trinity
The whole union wins

Heart heavy
We must share each other's weight
Why be selfish when
We all can be great.

**I.T.M.O.I.A.
for July 15,
2015**

Poem © 2015 M. Bryant





FROM THE WOMB

From the womb, there is a duty to give something,
It is either a wail in the newborn air, or death hemming it all,
And a story never told, as if anyone was dying to tell it.
The exhausting binary fight,
With zillions of side stories leaking through the slots,
Glory, or the lack of it,
And Loss digging new holes for new, stillborn glories.
Negotiation goes on forever, and it aims an annual balance,
But the liabilities outnumber the assets,
Like Cyrano and Christian courting the same damsel;
One holds the verse, the other waste good looks.
Bravery crowns them both, but it is not enough
To stop the wheels and the absence in their path,
Or the soft land in between.
Is there something evil about life?
Or is it just a mistake, foretold in the void?

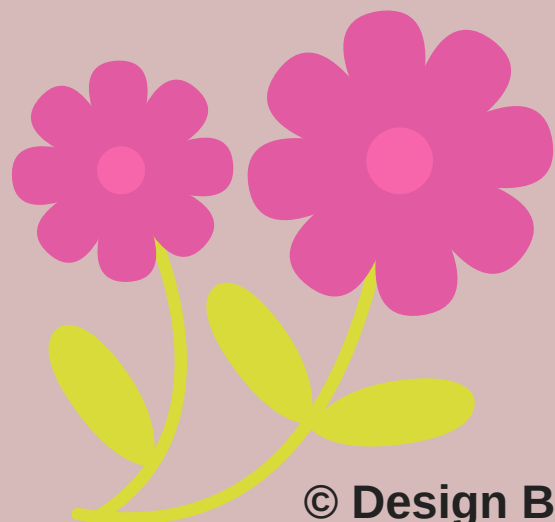
Poem © Marcos Henrique Silva 2015

CLOUDS ARE SCREAMING

clouds are Screaming outside Calling Your Name ,
Winds are upset , slowly waves , gives me shakes ,
can connect my soul n talk to u.
Im painting dreams in rain , tress are getting naked , summer is
long
, time was never wrong .
Promises we made they were never fake , Il not let you no I l not let
you erase ,
You and me will never fade ..
as I Burn another Cigarette ,
Reminds me the drags we he had together ,you are the only one in
my my
eyes forever

And spring took to much from me , why my own shadow becoming
my enemy

Poem © Aaron James Mascarenhas 2015



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POEM FOR THE PRIVILEGED

Poem © Le Hornet
The ones who say:

"death to the poor,
leave them too the floor"
Rich kid, silver spoon born,
need a rusty fork,
ignorant tongue
need tetanus,
before you speak on the poor
you better keep a lockjaw.

You work in a
high rise building
and
go home to your
inherited kingdom;

act like you work hard,
you got the easy life,
I had to take the bus
at 16, whilst your
mummy and daddy
taught you to drive,
then brought you a new car,
so yes you do have the easy ride.

When all is given,
other attributes are lacking,
like the simple things of helping
others if you can,
you lack human compassion,
the fact you can share,
but would rather ration;

Not for food,
but certain accessories,
to separate yourself from
those you would see as lower entities,
seems like once your rich
all poor are the enemies.

Poor people don't vote,
because it does nothing for them,
but make their hopes more broke,
promises for a equal economic society
is a serious matter, but to politicians, a
joke;

Privilege love politics,
because they get all the benefits,
Whilst shit on people on benefits,
never to realise the conflict with
a lower classes universal credits...

But the universe will not give you credit,
because you make those below
you feel rejected,
but remember money does not
keep you protected,
if anarchy were to come in the
war would be first victims to be elected.

I do not feel under privileged,
I come from London's village,
said to be lucky...

Nothing worse than seeing selfish;
acts in a developing country,
where the only "M" that Matters is
not the one of Moral but the one of
Money.

Tell me I am too lazy to get a job,
one of the real reasons I can't get a job is
because I don't wear a suit and tie
and
wear my dreadlocks,
non conformist attitude,
so will never talk like a snob;

Rick folk,
always take a poke,
finger pointing at poor triers,
rather see him with an ounce of dope,
than an ounce of hope.

Yes...

You may have abundance,
never to understand
how it feels to be redundant,
poor blacks own both courts,
successful ones in the garden
and
the inferior ones in the one
they get summoned;

Law is not for the penniless,
poor practice from lawyers
that are nameless,
the cases are only to make
certain poor fathers
be more shameless.

Privilege life,
so shall never know true strife,
never know the true meaning
of being kind as they think
they are one of a kind,
so forget about mankind,
never to meet kind men
as they spend, mostly
around those who pretend,
so shall rarely meet a real friend.

So shall never walk alongside
Anubis
Heavy heart; weighed down by all
the gold,
they never shared, hell is what
you get,
because earth you never shared,
people you never even cared...

Some may say I am privileged,
based from an outside perspective,
I am not one to say I hate where I
live,
but where I live is no picnic,
none the less we share from our
baskets,

poor
they may seem,
rich,
because we work as a team,
as we encourage each others
ambitions and dreams;

I guess I am more thankful
than privileged,
as where I live is like a
modern day village,
everyone looks
out for the elders
and
young kids.

At the end of the poem...

Just letting the few wealthy know,
toward god you will never grow,
ignoring your fellow man is an instant
failure,
and you have failed rightfully so;

So in your short rich life,
do something rich,
or
settle with expensive spouses,
who take your houses
or
black widows who await your ditch,
where all that wealth will go on
another hitch.

My unprivileged,
stay strong,
keep singing
the poor mans song,
I will dance and dance,
busk until dusk,
until this mind-set is gone.

Poem © Le Hornet

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