



THE GRONTHEE
An experimental literary platform





বেরুচ্ছে খুব শীঘ্রই...

আদিবাসী সংখ্যা



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The Gronthee (Est. 1993) and literature movement of 1990's,
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Poet Delwar Hossain Manju
(1970-2018)

ধুসর পায়রাগুলো
ফুসফুসের ভেতর ছেড়ে দিয়েছিলাম
দীর্ঘদিন পর তারা রঙীন হয়েছে
ফুসফুসের ভেতরে উড়ছে ক্যাসারের ডানা

- দেলোয়ার হোসেন মঞ্জু

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EDITORIAL

The Gronthee published its fourth issue on the eve of the Gronthee International Poetry Festival.

The Gronthee will now continue its experimental literary activities here in this country offering itself as a platform for new literature, new voices from all around the globe although it will mainly focus on South Asian literature.

We are very grateful to a Brazilian artist Ana Maria Cardoso Cockerill, Arts4Democracy, Exxiled Art and RadhaRaman Society for their meaningful cooperation in the festival.

Thanks to all poets and writers who contributed to the festival and this publication, too.

Have a great New Year.

Shamim Shahan

CARLOS REYES MANZO

Carlos Reyes-Manzo is a social documentary photographer and poet. He was imprisoned in Chile during Pinochet's civic-military dictatorship and exiled to Panama in 1975. In November 1979 he was kidnapped in Panama by the Chilean secret police and sent back to Chile via London where he escaped from the plane. His photography and poetry reflect the struggles and dreams of people suffering social injustice. Oranges in Times of Moon was published in 2006 and he was Amnesty International's inaugural poet-in-residence from 2011-2012 during its 50th anniversary year. Dialogues with the Clock is due to be published this spring. He is Associate Research Fellow at the Department of Politics, Birkbeck. The poems are translated from Spanish into English by Valeria Baker.

The Welcome

We have no opportunity to choose the day nor the time
to find our allocated place
in the labyrinth of Babel. A book, signs
symbols and numbers, we enter streets
and corridors with obscure social meanings
of the ideologies of the sixties.

Bus stops and indifferent trees and thousands of immutable
faces of the epoch
created in the monologues of Downing Street.
Crossing the door of the chimera
I find a babble of memories
languages and meanings applied to sociological theories.

You and we the new inhabitants
have the same history
workers with the same dream, even though we speak
in different dialects and accents, meanings,
what is this?
I tell you, the history of the people is lost in the struggles
of the workers
the suffering that never marked
the face of bread, and hunger was an unmarked grave.

Tombs have names, others without names
tombs denied the history of the workers.

I am Carlos, thirty-one the number in Silverbirch Court,
only yesterday the chrysanthemums
left colours and perfumes
it is then that we are who we are to be human again.

We walk through long corridors, up and down stairs
of cement
behind every stop impassive, immutable faces
stare, uniforms in line.

Without ceremony we enter the temple to poverty
there are no dialogues in the monologues
behind closed doors
to hide the philosophers of the new times.

Behind blue doors I find shadows
and marks of time
living in the corridors.
Generational hatred and the inhabitants' origin
are intertwined in the black and white graffiti
of the lift to the labyrinth of tungsten lamps.

With empty hands we enter the dwelling
of social indifference
behind dirty windows and static net curtains, fixed eyes,
cold looks
ghosts of the past observe from the windows
of universes locked behind blue doors.

Concise words justify the social experiments
of the architects
of the sixties, the rest is marks of bodies
in traps for human beings.
Class hatred is hidden in the first dwelling.

Burials and unburials

I

Today all is fantasy after the storm of the century,
uprooted

the willow tree dies and the other trees
suffer with branches broken
by the violence of the wind and the rain.

Sun enjoys playing in a whirlpool of lines
sailing in the river Lea
creating languages messages
and sounds of unrealities.

All is mystery in the metamorphosis of the station
east of the metropolis,
with fanfares
they announce the new Towers of Babel
passersby salute the patriarch
bureaucrats close doors
windows and cut flowers for the sunset of an era.

The metallic trac and trac
of the old locomotives
disappears in the itinerary to the east
the broom expels the dust from the pink roses.

The casual encounter of lovers,
instants and farewells on arrival at the next station.

ii

The invisible and the travellers must disappear
from the balcony of time
not new the passengers
for the new stairs
their shoes leave other marks.

There are passports for millionaires of factories on fire
and zero hours for workers
soon birds arrive
from the four cardinal points
extended wings land on crystal trees.
Threats from the noble lord ... the tombs open white
fear shows distrust on its face.
My reply to fear is to live in the space
of people not afraid to know temporary anguish.

iii

I imagine Cupid sad between two young lovers,
where are we
who never stop loving
Moon's eyes,
beloved of that moment and dreams for the forgotten.

The permanent ants steal the five letters
of the two words, red umbrellas
in the yellow hands of the spring sun.

I return hand in hand with a memory
the evening corner is never without fire.

The immobility of the glances transforms the matter
of silence
eyes speak on arrival at the next stop.

Sand and cement have created new ideas
in the owners of the path through the tunnel of time.

iv

I imagine how happy Cupid is when he unites lovers.
In Dalston's corners the days go by
and the hours
leave me a message in the usual place.

It's midnight, you hide in a layer of clouds
soon sun and lovers arrive
he knows the promises written on the petals of a carnation
uprooted
by the doubts of the last message of love
and asks himself ... where are the young lovers
who never stop being seduced by Moon's eyes?

Autumn roses fly away, whirlwinds of yellow leaves
arrive from north of the street
cold drops on the travellers' faces
between the clouds appear sun's last rays.

Beloved, you are not in the usual place
or is it that you lost the address of our last meeting?

DAVID LEE MORGAN

Born in Berlin, grown in and around Seattle, for the last 30 years David Lee Morgan has been based in London, travelling the northern hemisphere as a performance poet and street musician (saxophone). He has written novels, plays and musical theatre. He's won a fair few slam poetry competitions, including the London, the UK, and the BBC Slam Championships. He holds a PhD in creative writing and philosophy at Newcastle University. He's a longstanding member of the Writers Guild of Great Britain.

PARADISE

Paradise is what is isn't.

THE CATERPILLAR

The caterpillar
Does not transform leg by leg
It sleeps, dreams then flies

NAIKU

When time goes
It's gone
The wave waves
Then melts back into the sea

Nothing goes on forever
Not even me
I will die
And be gone
The ocean goes on

MUMBAI SUNSET

A river of cows and sewage
And on the bridge a dog is shitting
And four thin wiry men are unloading petrol tanks from a truck
The old man puts a spool of twine into the small boy's hand
He pays out the line
And the paper bird climbs

THE VISIT

I remember she had long claws and a hook nose
Skin like parchment
I knew there was no reason to be afraid
But I was afraid
I was ten years old and she was a thousand
In the village of the dying
A few days before Easter
The visit was over
Our school bus ready to go
But she grabbed at me
And held on as if I were life itself
She had wild eyes
Like a bird's
So hungry

RUNNING INTO THE WAVE

(26 December 2004)

Love no one
Do not let yourself be seduced
By the kind word or the helpless gesture
Cultivate a godlike indifference
Imagine you are the stock market of the world
And that a million people can be swept away
Without causing a flicker of your ticker tape
So long as they are poor
If you weaken
If you listen to the tides of your own heart

You may be drawn down onto the beach
Beyond pity and terror
Helplessly caring
Running into the wave

THE LOST WORLD

What if you were living in a science fiction world
And your skies were filled with alien machines
If alien beings ruled the earth
What if when you fought back with sticks and stones
The machines would slaughter you
But when you hid, they would come for your children

What if you were living in a science fiction world
With alien beings and their killing machines,
And the only possibility of resistance,
The only means of causing pain for pain...
What if the only aliens you could touch
Were the alien children and what if
The alien children were as innocent
And sweet as your own

KUSKOKWIM

There is a man I don't know
Who lived amongst the Eskimo
He cast their net and ate their fish
Their words he took and made a book
The book was true
And that's the crime
He didn't lie
In the Kuskokwim where the wind is cold
And the fish are gone like secrets told
My friends remember secrets shared
And the wind blows
And the door stays closed

J A H - M I R E A R L Y

Jah-Mir Early is an American poet and improv spoken word artist whose style has been described as "impassioned, lyrical storytelling, meandering just to the left of chaos".

Was I the river or the boat?

Wait a minute, was I the river or the boat?

Some poet once wrote somewhere, where, they wanted to make their boat perfect, that will float down this river that is unfair and claim us all and I just don't know.

It seems, these days people are worried about their feelings and I feel like a specific set of ancestral DNA put together and a lens showing out to the world or maybe into the world

I'm confused, what was I the river or the boat?

I don't know, but I flow and I move and I can tell you one thing - I may crawl on my knees but eventually the silt that I take from you will woe down every boulder

What was I the river or the boat? Was I the ocean? I am not sure which direction I am going but if I relax and breathe my friends tell me everything's gonna be alright.

How many minutes do we have left in this heartbeat, I can feel the blood running through my veins thin and thready, alive,

There is an estuary somewhere in my soul and I think we are just breaking free
Some reason the beavers went somewhere else to cut down someone else's tree

To block someone else's way with mud??

The new challenge is not jumping from stone to stone like we did once, but

really between planes
And I don't know that water can do that
so we might hav'ta become light
And I'm not sure light move fast enough through time so we might hav'ta to become life
you know that anvil that everyone is beaten out on, we might have to become that
We might have to become so much of a single reflection of a single thread

And what was I? I can't remember.
Was I the river or the boat?
Was I the single molecule of water?

There was one, this time we were in Paris, we were so drunk, we were boys in love with sex, not women, but we were in love with sex and alcohol, which meant we spent most of our time drinking talking about women, and we were thinking about philosophy and we said "the world is like this"

You are one single molecule of water trying to figure out if you are moving on your own or if the water is moving you

And I can't think figure out if I was the water or the boat

I gotta go to church, that's not a church sometimes,so I'm gonna practice that voice -
That isn't good enough.
I think we have begun the beginning.
And It's cool,every beginning is a new one, and I'm killing things that have not been born yet to die inside of me

Because That was another aspect and I can't let it continue, I can see his future and it is nothing but my rearview

So I might as well move forward, cry out loud and breathe fear.
Breathe fear like it is smoke and chuckle because what? I gon' die?

I crawled too long and bled too deep to know that I ain't gonna end up dead
You might break something

But then you have to be forced to stand next to it by eternity.
We are alive now and we are moving this is the beginning.

MATH JONES

Math Jones was born, and currently lives, in London, but lived in Worcester for many years. A pagan in the Old English and Norse tradition, he often writes poetry on the stories and in the metres of that tradition. He also writes more usual verses, performing throughout the Midlands and London. A bookseller for many years, he retrained in 2008 to be an actor, and has been acting professionally since then, as Math Sams. He has understudied a major role in a West End show.

Danu

Can you hear me, Danu, mother
of the gods? Can you hear me, Danu,
mother of the earth? Can you hear
me, Danu, mother of the tuath?
Can you hear me, Danu? Can you hear?

As you fall from your mother's womb;
As you place your step on the road;
As you stand your ground in the fight;
As you spill to your lover's bed;
As you weep to your child's cry;
As you bend to your royal crown;
As you reap from a harvest bright;
As you sow from your wisdom won;
As you lay on your beacon fire;
As you breath my name on your final sigh...
I hear.

Rhiannon

Riding at unhurried pace a white horse,
She, clad in gold; me, a race
behind, caught in a blind chase.

Her, with gleam on cloth and hair, undisturbed
by wind or travel; I despair,
bite hard upon a blighted air.

She, seated tall and sedate, untroubled
by the miles; I, close to dead,
in haste, curse the waste ahead.

She at ease, through summer grove and heather-
banked moors, lightly stepped; I move
screaming limbs, and dreaming love.

Steady on the mountain-side, and quiet
as the valley, her sigh; ride
I an avalanche, staunch pride.

And gentle as the last wave over sand,
she, light as spray; my craving
her or else my early grave -

Horse & rider lose their way - she alone
disappearing like the day -
Lady, cried at last, please stay!

On the far road she, disappeared in mist,
turns into a voice severe,
fiercely present - she is here!

Fálkafjaðrir

When the bird settles,
whipped as it was by cross-winds
and vectors, tired wings,
letting the cloak fall away,
it is as if
she has alighted on her own heart.

Falcon-Freya
weeps tears from her fierceness -
amber and gold -
knows their necessity.

Lifts once more to fly;
strength of mind revived,
knows the world will take her weight,
as will the sky.

Spákona

Harrow-bride looks back across the horg,
face setting light upon sibylant flame
and golden mead gleaming. Girl and ancient-seen
dappled on her dark-bright, deft skin holding.

Eyes of opal take in all offerings,
dream-hunger over hand-spilt blade.
Lips ever-swelled unlock, let forth a sigh,
and I might breathe again, bringing tears alight.

'Goddess,' I say, gut-sore, 'my guarded mind
reaches only so far, falls short in wisdom.
Every moment is a death, drawn through nowhere,
dragged over stones, dredging unknown beds.'

Soft with a sun-hard imperative, and certain of her words,
palm offered as a naked thing, placed as none before:
'I will show you some where to go,
hand on your hollow chest. Your heart will know.'

As the mead is shared, moist lips open,
and a candle-tip flares. Light-catching eyes widen,
take in. touch. Tongues are learned,
and a kind of peace leaps, kind, unending.

gebed

Goddess, will you hold me? I am so heaped with sorrow;
This heavy flame, coldly clinging, burning all to black,
Engenders no light, tenders no hope for tomorrow.

Lady, will you? I have overmuch of what I lack,
And cannot bear the emptiness of the eastern skies
At day's end, the lost day departing at my back.

Here so raked with sorrow that I cannot raise my eyes
To the sting of heaven, will you stay, your folded brow
Adding warmth to the echoes of my hard wanting cries?

As life tends the tearing of the blossom from the bough,
Of the flower from the stem, the water from the bay,
Of the baby from the womb, the suckling from the sow,

Goddess, will you mend? I cannot breathe to gently say
The words, This is what I need - a reprieve from the dead.
As another day of never-was is waived away,

Another never-ending night lays its road ahead -
As the orphan seed finds its home within the furrow,
My Goddess, in your hold may I find this sorrow shed?

EZRA MILES

Ezra Miles is a poet from London. His work explores the subconscious mind and is often concerned with the presence of unspoken violence within the family home. His poetry has previously appeared in Allegro Poetry and Poetry Pacific.

The Whole

The man climbs down
from a ladder
back to earth-

just a phrase, just
a phrase singing
through his ears

and music is
such a gift, wherever
It occurs.

He remembers
little of what
he saw out

over the sky. Why
would he? When
he was away

he became
a diamond
that shone as water

in a glass
like water in the sea
as though he was

heat. He stepped

back to the earth
with both feet.

Endling

I'm sick to death of dreams.

The last old man left in my mind
floats raindrops hooked on strands
of radiance, his weak eyes blinking in lights
blinking heading forwards into
the always roaring pool. Sits
threading his question, knuckling
silver gills and floating on. He works
his hands. Lonely little mask
of a man unflagging, a lap
full of gasping fish who
blink and couldn't care less, lucent
petals on their meat absurd.

Their light slowing.

Maybe because of the dark, maybe.
The horizon line vanishes,
the hills are ragged and worn.

Holding on is it's own reward.

A cask full of fish with bright eyes.
Storm coming later and he
blinks,
making time.
The sky is sick with dreaming,
so stop it.

ZIBA KARBASSI

ZIBA KARBASSI was born in Tabriz, north western Iran.. She has writing poems from an early age .her first book in farci published on her early twenties and since then she have been published regularly by now more than ten books not only in her mother tongue but internationally has been translated to many other languages and is widely regarded as the leading poet of her generation Her dense revolutionary and lyrical poetry achieves an intensity space and layers that is rare in contemporary poetry. She has read widely across Europe and America. She was chairperson of the Iranian Writers Association (in exile) from 2002 to 2004 and editor of poetry Asar.name and one of the editor in Exiled Ink literature magazines in London. Year 2009 she won golden apple poetry price for Azerbaijan. Her poems have appeared in many languages throughout Europe and the UK and US. Translations by Stephen Watts have appeared in such journals as Poetry Review and Modern Poetry Translation She was chair of Exiled Writers Ink in U,K year 2012 to 2014.her poetry have been translated to more than ten languages and more than hundreds' of best critic and artists all over the world have written about her poetry by great admire. she performed her poetry in most important places and festivals all over the world on the year 2012 she have been chosen by Contemporary Poetics Research Centre (CPRC), Birkbeck, University of London as one of the fifteen revolutionary poets in the world notably from 17th to 20th century.

The poems are translated by ZIBA KARBASSI AND STEPHEN WATTS

COLLAGE POEM : 3

And death like death to be wholly dead
And each night hail raining down like dead ones
And you become my umbrella-tree
So I could calmly say "let it rain"

And your arm beneath my neck
And the view through this open window become this
supple willow again
So that its waist weeps into love and then love bows from
its waist to this line of verse

And then this line would raise itself a little
& not a little but a bit more
or would leap from the page
Even if the sky wanted to be dark
Let it be so for ever
What's the difference
But stay here for me
You the warmth of our hugging
You the soft kiss of spring

And then a little bitter
a bit wet a bit cooled getting inside each other to the soul
and tied together so that no hand could prise us apart again
like some secret Like this ruined heart of mine that not with
any good reason could be opened
Like this poem itself Let it not be uttered
And if I say it what will be left for me

The drop of rain that becomes a pearl knows about this

SIGH POEM

64

one in my pocket
both on my skirt
butterflied to my chest
winged at my neck
pillowed on my knees
my hands
when they are homeless

DIWAN UNDER SNOW

Tonight I'm the Kurdest Farzad
from my birth's give & take to my hands' un-raised heist
from the erection of two fingers, the pinkie & first of the fist,
[fist's first]
between all the angels of five & fifty & fifty thousand & fifty million,
to the most Kurdish fourteenth night full moon
of flesh & blood I'm holed out

the heart is shaking
dried lips are shaking
lead of the bullet's chest is shaking
the colour 'no' in your face is shaking
you have neither mother nor sister
nor a home to be bailed back into
not a friend to kick away your gallows stool
not a trigger in your pocket's ripped-out lining,
not even a shroud to be buried in, not a blood home,
no way you even don't have an even
you don't even have your own shadow
you don't, no you don't, you don't
have

two-windowed worry-eyes
warmness of home-fires & chandeliers behind every window, know
such that you're worried about the balcony,
the diwan that went sleeping beneath the snows & became crazy
the table that sat down under the snow so as not to appear bare
the woman who white-combed her hair under such snows
poetry poured so pure that the snow lost its white
the loneliness of black-cracked finger-nails
open wounds under ripped-open shirts
the sole witness of the limping revolver-butts [roundabouts]
that whiplash limbs on an old grocery cart
& end up under a bung of limp greens

Death would drown in its own shy sweats
this death if it had feet would flee
if it was human & had a head would bang its head on a tree
or like a stranger-poet from its forearm would fashion a balalaika

and strum it naked under the snows

balalaika balalaika bailalaila lala-
lailai laila-lalai la-lai lie now
sleep now my lai-lai
my little one
my bairn

SOFIA AMINA

Sofia is Lancashire born and bred, her heritage is from Gujarat, India.

Since 2013, Sofia has devoted most of her time to poetry. She has been published widely, from Ink, Sweat and Tears, Mandala Journal by the University of Georgia, USA and The Physic Garden (Palewell Press) and a few others. She has also read/performed in various venues and places including The Fringe and The Ledbury Poetry Festival.

A recent recipient of a grant from the Arts Council England, Sofia is currently loving her time exploring poetry in Gujarati.

She has recently setup a micro-press 90:90, devoted to writing by women of colour.

Words

Words started a storm.
Expected.

Yesterday
when we all talked about peace
you and you lied

Today
words will wonder why they exist
when all they can do is define lies by other folk
and not folk like them

Tomorrow
when we all write to each other
you and you
will make the words elaborate

But they will rebel
in their arrogance and naivety
they will pretentiously parade their bare ink
by flowing down that piece of paper
wondering whether to burn
what is left

Words will become the thunder.
Unexpected.

Stereotypes on the Other Side of the Planet

Firangi (Feh. Run. Geeh): Many foreign in Mumbai. Singular: Firan (Fee. Run). Looks as the super-duper-super-white flour but surface scraped black diamond [اریہ لاک] and particles of brown dust.

Halloween costume: Description as particles of brown dust scattered around the globe. As the day of the dead or another life just beginning. Stereotypes = Repeated data dust collected for an annual pilgrimage. Another word for a stapled mask to native on native as similar to firan on firan.

Abacus: $1 + 1 = 3$

ROSE DREW

Rose Drew is an immigrant from America. Rose co-hosts monthly open mic York Spoken Word, which has been running since January 2006, and is the editor and events manager for Stairwell Books. Her creative work, mostly poetry, has been published in anthologies, newsprint, and journals. Rose's book Temporary Safety (Fighting Cock Press) was No 9 on 2011 Purple Patch 20 Best Individual Collections.

Midnight at the Haunted House

As I cross from year into year,
pass the boundary of each,
I move farther from you
riding some Night Shade Train
for the living.

It does not slow,
It does not turn
or even curve slightly back,
but grinds on

me at the window,
you, a lantern glow
at a long ago stop.

The train calls, and blows
a smoky stream;
the dusty windows display
one country, two countries,
entire world to my eyes;
I settle onto old velvet seats,
kick the bench ahead, await
the lunch cart.

I move on, on.
Don't I miss you
despite the splendid trip.

Dusk in America c. 1967

Parents hollering for kids to come home!
as grey replaces sunset,
as tag becomes impossible and Hide n Seek
means just stand STILL:
no one can see you anyway.

Night follows
afternoon in America:
getting lost in undangerous woods,
dropping bread to fish from the tree
across the un Hazardous stream,
the one you cross after a Nor-Easter
and that almost drags you off to be a statistic.
Parental ignorance and acceptance
and less fear
means you never even mention it:
just reach for more green beans.

Twilight in America,
where Kent State hasn't crumpled kids,
yet,
where we rush home
to catch the once-a-year broadcast
of Wizard of Oz, or Mary Poppins,
cos otherwise you really will have to wait a year;
a bike dropped in the drive
is still there come morning
in the suburbs.

American dusk in America's teens:
When we carved our names on trees.
When we headed home at sundown
(or risked wrath);
when screens kept out the bugs
and phones were in the hall,
our selfies were in mirrors,
and mice were chased by cats.

The Upturned Collar

A stack of seven flutes glisten,
rows of metal and wire buttons,
clarinet, saxophone propped behind.
The shop is closed,
my reflection clear
on a front window backed by unlit room.

As I turn to find a bus,
a tall, well-worn man shambles up,
pausing briefly to admire
metallic music, dipping head toward
his own reflection.
It has rained unceasingly
this week and yet his coat
looks too well used,

little bobs of tufted hair
bound by tiny elastic
not homage to ancestry,
or nod to hiphop hipness,
but worn as he would back home.

His thin charcoal greyness seems exhausted,
his tattered bag too full,
his shoes too worn,
trench coat splotched by travel
and rumpled sleep in strange train stations.

His collar twists upward slightly,
awkwardly, at the back and I long
to turn it over
smooth it carefully
say kind words.

He startles when I touch his collar,
frightened and furious, jerks his free arm
out and down into my chest,
knocking out my air
while shouting DO NOT TOUCH ME!

no,
He startles, shy and cringing,
wincing eyes haunted,
him falling away in
MovieLand Monster Stagger
backwards, away.

no,
He startles when I reach my fingers out
gently turn his collar down, expressionless
until he sees I want nothing,
hold no reproach,
offer only a straightened coat.

He smiles.

But no,

I long to reach my fingers out
and tuck his collar down,
smoothing it as his sister would,
smile into long-traveled eyes,

but I do nothing—

and he straightens from the row of flutes,
glances to me,
walks away.

LAWRENCE MATHIAS

Lawrence Mathias is a London based artist and poet. His work is often a combination of the genres, and he frequently works collaboratively with other artists and groups on mixed media and performance based projects. Personal experience and memory are central in his poems, but a wider historical perspective is also important in the working out of themes. He shows work frequently in galleries across London, the UK and sometimes Europe.

What They Need

Hitler's vegetarianism
Pol Pot's little cat
Tamburlaine's pet monkey
Attila's hunnish rat

Pinochet's philately
Amin's baking sprees
Stalin's railway timetables
Franco hugging trees

Tyrants need a furry friend
A hobby or a quirk
For the Devil drives them very hard
When they do his work.

Like Birds

We are like birds,
big and small,
decorous and spare,
flock-bound and solitary.

Yesterday
I saw a little fledgling robin.
I'd disturbed it by a bush

and it fluttered out
onto the asphalt.

It's downy vulnerability
was a grievous care
so I inched up alongside
to scoop or usher it
back to safety.

The tiny bird
seemed to wait on an intervention
but as I tilted closer
it upped and skittered forward
landing
just short of the bush.

I looked on for a few seconds
knowing the mother bird also watched,
but as I did
a beefy, brazen magpie
swooped low and sudden
and pitched up by the bird.

A brief cackle
and then it scooped
the easy meal
up in its dagger-beaked craw
and sprang back into flight.

I stood there quite dumbfounded
aware of frantic warbling
from the tall fence by my side

and bird on bird
as man on man
was all that I could think.

Footnotes from the Revolution

Dachau's herbal garden
Himmler's silver knights
Nordic blood decanted
Elemental rites

Pageantry and searchlights
Martial multitudes
Messianic fervour
Encroaching servitudes

Premium placed on cruelty
Virtue made of fear
Tools to mould society
And light Valhalla's bier

Promulgate bold fakery
Honesty refute
Too much fear, then apathy
Too free a press, dispute

A mystic barbarism
A bureaucratic will
A Master Race to fashion
A cattle truck to fill

AYUB AULIA

Ayub Aulia hails from a famous family of industrialists of Punjab. He served in civil aviation for last 38 years in international companies like gulf airline and PIA. He was the assistant editor of London based monthly magazine Safeer and founder member of Pakistan Writers' Guild. Apart from writing poetry, he is also a prominent preacher of Urdu poetry and Indian sub-continental music in the West.

The poems below has been translated by the poet himself

ODE TO DIVINE DIVA LATA MANGESHKAR

Lata ji tira bol baalaa rahey....

I pray that you will remain a supreme singer
And river of love always gush from your heart
The magic of your melodies will for ever dazzle
Fountain of your sweet voice will always console us.

You created new and unique rhapsodies and gave duets
newness, your treatment of notes is matchless
And the use of Sharuties is heavenly.

You are goddess of love and muses
Your Taans are full of pathos and anguish
undoubtedly you are SONG of waterfalls and
scent and perfume of flowers.

Shall I call you a gentle lady or an intellectual one
You are total rhythm and prayers and blessings
are your devotees. Loyalty and sincerity are your servants.

I put down my pen.
how can i describe you?
I can not capture and praise you enough
I simply call you midnight Bhairav!!!

Thumri Mangal Bhairav

Asthai: Naina neer bahaiey...

I am love torn and crying for my beloved one
Pangs of love are fathomless and i am restless with passion.

Antra: The night is pitch dark

so are black clouds

It's raining hard with thunders and I am alone crying for my beloved....

Ghazal- A ballad : Tarana e Mahabbat

Lore of love:

O' Melody maker sing me a song with a unique rhythm.
such a song which makes me cry while you sing it weeping.
A song that will make breeze cry and fires of love lit.

Those were the beautiful faces who have vanished, for them
you sing in their memoy.

I am grief stricken and my heart is river of grief and pangs

It will be difficult for you to cross over this ocean.

My friends may have left me, i am not very much worried though. I am
kneeling and praying O' God that we should meet again!!!

Our life is temporary and breath is only for limited span

Bring me a single soul who has not tasted death.

O' Aulia, you write love songs in a different style and accent
which sound heavenly and this is why they can be performed in
any Raga and in any scale.

GABY SAMBUCCETTI

Gaby Sambuccetti is an Argentine poet, literature teacher and director of events at the Oxford Writers' House. She is the host and founder of Words at the cellar and See you later! events in Argentina. She is the author of Glasses Love to be Broken and To the knot for What it Took Away. She was part of three anthologies, an online video called 'Mirrorphosis' and an essay about an Argentine writer called Perlongher. Her short story 'Spider Web' was chosen from her university, Brunel University, to be part of an anthology of best short fiction stories produced by students during 2017. Also, she was part of an anthology about The Cure edited in the UK with her poem "Expats don't cry". She created a podcast called "La Ninfa Eco". Currently, she is finishing a BA Creative Writing at Brunel, while she works as a teacher and as a director of events at the Oxford Writers' House.

Idols

I'm going to stop writing,
I really mean it.

I'll tell you the secret of those guys:

They are not trustworthy.

They are too depressed,
too crazy,
too white,
too rich,

self-centre as hell.

Some of them are even paedophiles
or drug dealers.

Everyone knows this,
but they continue buying it,
as dysfunctional partners in crime.

Oh-- you were here...don't believe me!

If we continue using the right words,

Nobody will see the bodies,
the stones in their hands,
how furious the flies are.

I'm going to take that flower
from hell,
and give it to that little boy in the underground, asking me for change.

He knows this is fake.
He saw the fancy dress.
He knows.

Box

I have a box
buried in my chest
covered with dust.

I have an alarm inside the box,
and it sounds every time
there are bookshelves with wealthy white boys...

or when I enter a shopping mall,
or my neighbours are abusing their children,
or a politician is singing and dancing and stealing.

MARCIA MAR

Marcia Mar is a Brazilian Peace Ambassador, a poet and a Multimedia Performance Artist painting symbolic EpiGENEthical Art. She is journeying in the tides of transformational life after having died (Near Death Experience).

Mar has the unique ability of mirroring, echoing simultaneously any person's voice, in any language they choose to share words of Peace.

Mar loves adding Multicultural voices to the collective consciousness awareness of language form and content in reflexivity.

The poem has been translated by poet herself from Portuguese.

I

I am me and
I am another you
together
we speak the truth
Always

would you join us
for a silent moment?

always is singing within
Love

TANVIR RATUL

Dr. Tanvir Ratul, lives in Liverpool, mainly writes poetry and nonfiction. He works as a faculty at an university, his teaching interest remains within Literature and Creative Writing, whereas, research domain includes Natural Language Processing and Computational Linguistics. He is also the founding editor of poetry magazine 'Lastbench'.

Rash Festival

1

At firefly moments we remove the fingers' touch away from fist only to see the framework of time. Totem in head, divers in vein; on the way, in this world, such an idea of erupted sleep stops the emotions, I see people and the leafy life emerges from the bones of paper.

2

From my address, there are castle-rock, charioteer music pieces. Even then, I took the ears and physiology of the mask in front of my face. These silent rain of death ceases man's external fire, and we also deeply kiss the species: people of the hearts, saddening civilisation; thought, skull and scripture calculates the personal postage...

3

I write letters addressed to stars and trees; these moths in bodies and the vertical opposites of finger's angle makes the notebook dumb yet keen, men dig red blood, dump the green. In a poem what moon makes equal to the mirror, I see the holes of it's heart, the longest picture of contraception, I find peace. This hug and hinge-related message of hair, this noun-pronoun, where the language of primitive understands the speech of the trees. And by environmental birthplace, we know that the whole forest is filled with one unique root...

4

And whatever happens, do not give any passage to the stranger, old news brings it from the love image. All the zodiacal bombings in flames, alleyway awakes the gobsmacked city. Write the meditation chart of the lips-composition on someone else's wing in the flock. And the gatherings fly on

whimsical path, irrespective of the men and boys, the world ends in instrument; these facial requests stop here every time...

5

The argument slipping away from the flesh towards the sleeping city, when the nightly eyes focus into middle of leisure and depression, I move away from the shadow of unknown someone;

The sharpness of history book is easily read without vision; one part of a story, such as the protagonist's metaphysical chandelier turns the map and river into broken pieces of time; The difference between the island's clock, the fire of consciousness, not these; death of the day, only the number kisses the forehead.

F A R A H N A Z

Farah Naz is a poet, writer, translator and storyteller. Her first collection of poetry published in 2004 is called "Maya- Mirror of the Soul." Her poems were included in the book called "British Bangladeshi Poetry - An anthology" in 2017. She also has couple of translated books. She regularly writes poetry and articles for two leading English newspapers in Bangladesh. Her poetic themes encompass nature, human emotions and metamorphosis of love and life. She works in a school in Lewisham Borough of London.

A Lover's Stanza

My heart has no other desire
But to fulfil the need of love;
The most cherished feelings of time,
The unconditional ecstasy of life,
The ethereal spring of creation.
Timeless, boundless and full of chasm
Immortal sentiment – I must recall!
Poet's ambrosial expression,
Diva's passionate mantra,
Danseur's delightful prom.
Pedagogue's enlightenment,
Sage's words of wisdom,
Beloved's dainty idealism.
Mystic ballad of nature – I opt to call!
My soul has no other dream
But to cherish this reverie of life.

Bemoan, My Beloved

We listen to the invincible Achilles
moaning for his long lost love...
He stood grieving over
the grave of his Beloved...
And he recalled how much

she wished that love in his eyes
reached the lips once in a while...
To his dismay, she left silently
without a word, without a whine;
only with soft moans of pain
with a bleeding heart..
And the love that changed the world
today that love stands destitute
amidst the crowd.

J E N U M Z N A Q V I

*Steeped in her Pakistani traditions of Urdu poetry, music and art, Jenumz Naqvi is an enigmatic poet who writes across the board about Love, spirituality & the need to be connected with oneself in this ever changing & diverse world.
Born & raised in Pakistan she now resides in the UK.*

The poem below has been translated by the poet herself.

Namaaz E Ishq : Prayer of Love

Ishq (devotion) transcends through me like a revelation in devotion buried deep down my soul;
O my ever beating heart I endure and hold on to you like a caress on my prayer beads (tasbih in Namaaz)

I touch my forehead onto this earth, in complete content; forever graciously I bow down my whole existence before you, as in rukoooh feel(in Namaaz)

And tipped by all my senses that I am blessed with; hereby sensing sweet aroma around me, like a salaam(blessing) from here to there

This flame of love forever burns in my heart for you in hope;
Like a worshipper in a temple where I whirl and swirl mystically for the divine

You are my kaaba, you are my cathedral;
You are my one beloved that I keep praying for endlessly

You are my only desire and I am forever curious for you as you're the hidden secret;
I keep you adorned on my lips like an enchanting prayer in belief

I chant your name in the silence of my soul;
Here, I keep whirling and rejoicing like a dervish in this chaotic world.

Amen

AHMED KAYSHER

Ahmed Kaysher is a poet, fiction-writer, film and literature critic as well as the director of Saudha, Society of Poetry and Indian Music (www.saudha.org), one of the eminent Indian classical music promoters in UK. He is also the chairman of Eastern Arts and Media Network (EMAAN) that has been running an internet based television (www.emaan.tv) along with number of media projects and activities. He is the key organiser of RadhaRaman Festival, (www.radharamanleeds.wordpress.com), the largest Bengali cultural event in the North. Kaysher works for local government in library and information services. He performs his own poetry both Bengali and English in major literature and poetry events around UK.

Dynamics

I can sense your obvious inhabitation in my blood and breath
I can feel the way you catalyse the whole metabolism in my each molecule
Now I wonder
The tree, remember, the tree –...
that was stemmed from a sudden vacuum
whirling around the flowing stream of the river wharf
Look, it became so luminous today; so full of leaves!
Do I even care if I am captivated in a dark pre-historic cave now?
As long as I know almost for sure
an unshakable light
an unperishable smell of your music, Sindhu Bhairavi
will perforate through the darkness of the black-hole

SHAMIM SHAHAN

Shamim Shahan is a prominent editor of different well-known Bengali contemporary literary magazines in early 90's. He is a poet and a fiction writer, too.

He edited monthly Ashimer Sondhaney, a poetry anthology called Projonmer Setu-Bondhon (1993), and an award-winning little magazine The Gronthee.

He received the Lyric award (2000) in Chittagong and Little Magazine award (1998) in Kolkata (West Bengal, India) for his unparalleled role in editing high quality literary publication.

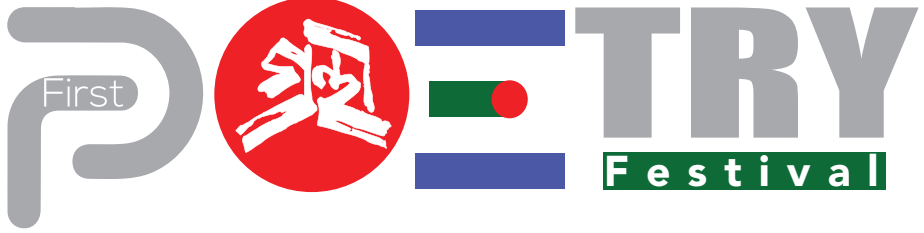
Wait

Rust piles up in the dust-bin
Because I couldn't stab myself
I stay naked beside the street
Because I couldn't kill myself yet

These insults, hatred
the treatment as if I am invisible in this world
has made me absolutely sick

I am waiting for the final call
I am waiting for the final peace
I am waiting for someone to take me
away from here.

THE GRONTHEE INTERNATIONAL



26
Jan

Saturday, 26 January 2019 at 7:30pm

Espacio Gallery, 159 Bethnal Green Road, London, E2 7DG

- Reading by poets from South Asian/ Latin American/ European origin
- Talks on poetry
- Vocal music - Compositions of Tagore

27
Jan

Sunday, 27 January 2019 at 7:30pm

Espacio Gallery, 159 Bethnal Green Road, London, E2 7DG

- Reading by poets from South Asian/ Persian/ African/ Latin American/European origin
- Talks on poetry
- Vocal music - Compositions of Ghalib and Nazrul

Networking Session

Friday, 25 January 2019 at 7:30pm

Kobi Nazrul Centre; 30 Hanbury Street, London E1 6QR

Venue:

***espaciogallery**

159 Bethnal Green Road
London, E2 7DG

For more information:

Shamim Shahan
07916 80 99 35

shahan06@yahoo.co.uk

www.gronthee.com

Free admission

Tube: Liverpool Street
Bethnal Green;
Overground:
Shoreditch High Street;
Buses: 8, 388

In collaboration with



RadhaRaman Society

RadhaRaman Society mainly organises a yearly festival of Bengali folk music and dance called RadhaRaman Folk Festival in the North of England (Leeds) since 2011 and Baul and Vaishnav Music Festival in London since 2013

This is purely a community art organisation that promotes the grandeur of Bengali colourful folk music and dance as serious art forms for young Bengali diaspora around the world as well as the audience from diverse cultural background in the West through collaboration with other form of folk music and dances e.g. jazz, Irish dance etc.

RadhaRaman festival is considered now as the biggest Bengali cultural and art festival in the North which connected the audience from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Oldham, Bradford, Rochdale etc. on top of the local audience from mainly the east as well as other areas of Leeds.

The society propagates the glory of Bengali mystic philosophy and deep humanism through folk music, dance and other collaborative art forms. It is playing a pioneering role in promoting a unique art form Bengali ancient rural theatre called Pala Gaan (Bengali Opera/ Bengali Folk Ballad) in the West. It engages young people, socially excluded women, too, into the pride-worthy cultural heritage of Bengal through highly connecting art activities and deliberately play a vital role to combat growing religious fanaticism.



RadhaRaman Society
Unfurling Bengali Folk Culture

email: sudipta.chowdhury75@gmail.com
www.radharamanleeds.wordpress.com

Saudha, the Society of Poetry and Indian music

'One of the prominent promoters of Indian Classical Music of this country'

BBC Radio

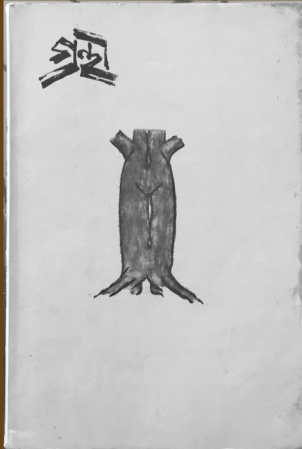
Saudha 'organises hypnotic Indian classical music concerts'

Guardian

Saudha, Society of Poetry and Indian Music (www.saudha.org) is dedicated to the study of music and the renovation of techniques constantly in order to create new audience of classical and semi-classical music (mainly Indian) through gluing it up seamlessly with other serious forms of art (e.g poetry, classical dance) that can, as a whole, signify, interpret, intensify and complement the mood and the meaning of each other. The society is in a journey to develop a true Western Gharana (school) of Indian classical music both through unique and connecting world-class performances and importantly, establishing a philosophical framework to conform these new, innovative and more engaging way of performances. It delves into the amalgamation of vocal and instrumental music (both oriental and occidental), lyrical poetry, theatrical glimpses of musically exuberant painting, different form of highly evocative dances and other relevant art forms.

Upcoming events by Saudha (www.saudha.org), RadhaRaman Society, Nari Chetona, Kalkar & other organisations:

1. Saraswati Puja - the celebration of spiritual joy and happiness, Wimbledon Library, London, 10 February at 5pm
2. A teatro-musical production on Begum Akhtar, The Bhavan, London 2 March at 6pm
3. International Women's Day Celebration, Poplar Union, London 10 March at 4pm
4. The class conflict - Bengali Opera, Seven Arts Leeds, 31 March at 6.30pm.
5. The three day celebration of Bengali New Year on 12, 13 & 15 April in Rich Mix at 7pm, Nazrul Centre at 7pm and Poplar Union, London at 4.30pm
6. The celebration of International Dance Day on 28 April in Rich Mix at 5pm
7. Baul and Vaishnav Music Festival on 24, 25 and 26 May in Nazrul Centre, St Margaret's House and Rich Mix at 7pm respectively.



THE GRONTHEE
An experimental
literary platform

Gronthee-4; Special Issue; London 25 January 2019