

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

NEW AUTHORS

TO CHECK OUT

IN A

YEAR!



#### opendoor magazine

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OCTOBER ISSUE!



One year ago, we put out the first issue of "OpenDoor Poetry Magazine." So much has changed in the year since. We've grown our following to over 1,000 subscribers and new works each month. We've expanded beyond just "Poetry" and that's just our magazine life... We want to keep growing with you and seeing how we can evolve over the next year. We couldn't and wouldn't be here without YOU. Our amazing followers, fans, authors, poets, artists, and readers. Thank you for this past year and the year to come.

Join us as we explore IN A YEAR through the words and minds of the following writers and artists.

If you are looking for ways to continue to support OpenDoor Magazine – please consider becoming a Patron (patreon.com/opendoormagazine) with tiers as low as \$1 per month – and we are hoping to grow our Patreon page into something that is above and beyond your monthly subscription experience!

Thank you for continuing to share our magazine with your friends and family and allowing our audience to keep growing.

- Kassíe & Mel



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# IN THIS ISSUE IN A YEAR ISSUE

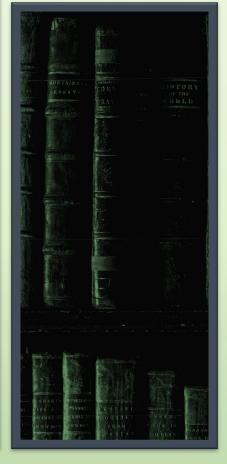
### 36 HOMECOMING



37 FEATURED POETS AND AUTHORS



**53** RECOMMENDED BOOKS





## KASSIE J RUNYAN





https://www.KassieJRunyan.com

https://www.Facebook.com/kassiejrunyan

https://www.Instagram.com/kjrunyan

https://www.Twitter.com/kassandrerunyan

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLv SEcLEfE196OE\_Ya2LNNN3kjFp82Ktt2

#### Watching:

It is my favorite time... Ok ok – the start of my favorite three months. And it starts with Halloween! The time where our apartment looks like the inside of a pumpkin and smells like the ultimate PSL dream and every corner hides the echoes of screams from the non-stop horror movies. If you want to see my weekly list of movies and shows watched – check out my Instagram or personal FB page!

#### Reading:

John Doe edits are DONE – now just waiting for it to be up in stores pre-order lists to share with you all! And waiting for my hardcover pre-read copy to review in all it's glory! If you are in the NY area – be prepared to come visit me in person for a launch party coming up!!! Sign up at KassieJRunyan.com to keep informed on all things about (your next favorite fictional read) The Death and Life of John Doe!

#### Listening:

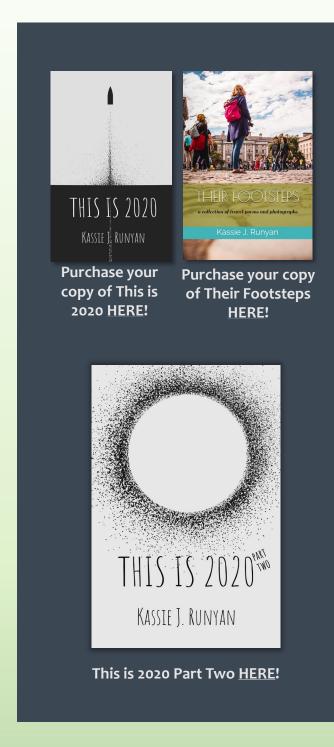
Something was wrong – season 9 – just waiting for each Thursday for a new episode to see what is not what it seems!

#### **KASSIE J RUNYAN – CO-CREATOR**

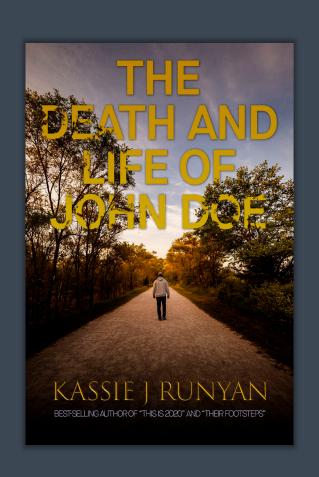
#### YESTERDAY

Kassie Runyan United States https://www.Kassiejrunyan.com

she loved fiercely from the body of her youth now hidden beneath lavers of padding a tear rolling and bumping over the wrinkles on her cheek like a rock kicked down a gravel road she aged ten years in only twelve months and it sat heavy on her slumped shoulders and weighed down her breast hair turned to snow almost overnight and divots dimpling down her legs as her skin gave away she reached towards the mirrored image trying to grasp the memory of the girl she used to see



#### **KASSIE J RUNYAN – CO-CREATOR**



Walking out the door – November 16<sup>th</sup>

**Pre-Order in October** 

Stay informed: https://www.kassiejrunyan.com/thed eathandlifeofjohndoe

https://www.instagram.com/thedeath andlifeofjohndoe/ From best-selling poet of "This is 2020" and "Their Footsteps," Kassie J Runyan, comes her debut novel, "The Death and Life of John Doe," which takes a deep look into trauma, the human psyche, and the struggle of living on the street.

Our nameless nomad walks out the front door of his suburban home, leaving his life behind. Not knowing what it is he's looking for... or what it is he's running from. He closes the door and walks into a world full of the pain and joy that waits for him with each step. He keeps moving forward; driven by a desire to find a reason for his life and to discover his forgotten past. What he wasn't prepared for were the dreams.

What is your name?

"The Death and Life of John Doe is a mesmerizing book that takes you on a cross-country journey and makes you question your own perception."
- Blurb Review

"The Death and Life of John Doe is a riveting novel that feels like a thrilling movie! Every chapter keeps you guessing until the last page!"
- Brittney Marie, Award-Winning Poet and Author

## MEL HAAGMAN

Co-Creator

#### Reading:

Beautiful World, Where Are You by Sally Rooney. The book follows the lives of Alice, Felix, Eileen and Simon. Alice, a novelist is recovering from a break-down and meets Felix and they form a strong bond. Eileen is getting over a break-up and reconnects with Simon. Even though they are still young they feel times is running out to decide who they are and what they want from this questionably beautiful world.

#### Watching:

Help (Channel 4) Though a raw and heart wrenching watch – a very important one. Showing an accurate portrayal of how the nursing homes were neglected during the pandemic and the incredibly, tireless work of the carers. Help focusses on a relationship between a resident and carer and the extreme lengths she had to go to in order to protect him.

#### Listening:

Dermot Kennedy – Better Days



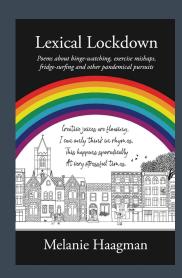
https://www.Facebook.com/girlonthee dge90

https://www.Instagram.com/girlonthee dge90

https://www.Twitter.com/girlontheedg e1

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCj h8b4Y7gSFGKewzPKZH8Iw

#### **MEL HAAGMAN - CO-CREATOR**



Purchase your copy of Lexical Lockdown HERE!



Purchase your copy of Open
Heart Poetry HERE!

#### **STANDARDS**

Mel Haagman
United Kingdom
<a href="https://www.facebook.com/girlontheedge90">https://www.facebook.com/girlontheedge90</a>

unapologetically set standards, that allow no-one to lower, and you will get to where you need albeit a little slower. but worth the wait, for quality, expectations will soon thrive, and relationships worth waiting for will soon start to arrive. standards must be held calmly, not preached or yelled or screamed, and sometimes it's silence needed for your pride to be redeemed. remember that their ceiling, can sometimes be your floor, and that's a problem in itself that you cannot ignore. so, change yourself for no one, keep holding your head high, don't realign your standards When it's a skill not to comply.

## THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

BY PHYLISS MERION SHANKEN - ATLANTIC CITY, NJ, USA

(Picks up remote) What shall we watch tonight?

Let's watch AFGHANISTAN.

No, HURRICANE is far more exciting

I'll take FIRE over FLOODS any day. (Grabs remote and points) California here I come!

Why do we watch stuff we have no control over?



That's what catastrophes are: things we can't control. Makes for more suspense.

These people have no power over what's happening. We, too, are powerless over what's on TV. We're all in the same boat.

But we don't have a boat.

Neither do most of them.

I like to think of our remote control as our boat.

(Grabs remote) Our way of spying on them while they play on our sympathies.

But they're the ones living the nightmare. We should feel sorry for —

Don't remind me. It's too sad.

We can never tell the difference between this TV stuff and a blockbuster movie.

I know. (Grabs remote) Let's watch a BUILDING COLLAPSE and see old people get buried alive!

We did that already last week. Old news. Took too long to show us the rescues.

Newscasters asking correspondents dumb questions like: Are the survivors devastated? Duh. That TV station won't get an Emmy if they keep boring us to death!

Everyone does it: Stretch it out. Sell more products. While victims are dying.

Forget the victims, The important thing is our entertainment.

Thank goodness the FIRES keep burning in the West. We should switch stations more often.

Right. We have so many alternatives. Hm. Remember? TEXAS POWER GRID?

Every night, the same story. No power. No water. Boring. Last time, we switched to THE BIG LIE. Always ready and waiting.

(Grabs remote and clicks) Oh, here's a good one: COVID-19 patients on their deathbeds lamenting that they should have gotten the VACCINE shot.

Because they heard on the news: COVID-19 is a hoax!

Right after the camera is turned off, they take their last breath, but do we get to see? No way.

Some of these people are saved *before* they get to the ICU. They were smart enough to swallow the HORSE-WORM MEDICINE instead!.

They'd rather take horse meds - or bleach —than get vaccinated.

The FDA dragged their feet.

Good excuse for not getting the shot.

We'll probably have a worm-meds shortage. We'll sacrifice horses' lives to save humans.

Ya think they'll show it on TV? Horses dying and millions of worms crawling over our streets?

(Grabs remote) Oh look. Homo sapiens marching for VOTERS' RIGHTS.

Not interested — As long as I keep my vote.

Ok. (Grabs remote) Let's see NEVADA.

Oh, is that a new show? Like Chicago?

No, not a show. People forced to evacuate Lake Tahoe due to FIRES.

They'll probably show a bunch of smokey mountains rather than people scrambling around.

OK. Never mind. Let's look at FLAGS FLYING HALF-MAST.

Why would we do that?

To figure out if it's too windy for us to go bike riding?

Come on. We're not going to ride at night. And — we'd miss our shows.

REAL LIFE is so much more fun than TV life.

And we can always make up for it by watching Hollywood films of REAL LIFE.

Right, why bother paying actors? They should just display the footage we view every night.

Ok. How about we watch imposters, posing as gods, telling LIES?

Same old. And too frustrating.

Let's look at GOVERNORS explaining why they won't give schools money.

Huh? Is that the one about MOTHERS trying to protect their children from death? They're demanding MANDATES so unvaccinated, MASKLESS teachers won't kill their kids? That news?

Right. But no real problem. Pretty soon, there's gonna be plenty of extra kids running around to replace the dead ones. TEXAS is banning ABORTION.

No consolation. This is just too hard to take.

So, for one night let's forget *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Where people, places and things become a spectator sport.

Oh, you mean, like CLIMATE CHANGE?

Who believes that anymore.

Ha ha. Haven't you heard? It's God's punishment for our sins.

What's next for our country?

We'll have to tune in tomorrow night for the answer.

Are we doomed? Is there nothing we can do?

Next, you're gonna say we should pray.

What else do we have?

We'd just get into wars about which gods to pray to.

Let's give it up already. Turn off the set and play video games.

What's the difference between our nightly news and video games?

Are you gonna die if you don't get your fix?

Not die. But I am majorly depressed.

Sorry. Why?

Are you kidding? What have we just been talking about all night? I'm depressed because I feel lucky.

Lucky?

I'm alive, I'm dry. I'm not wind-blown. I have electricity. I still have my vote. I am safe. — as long as I don't leave my house—

Right, that's why we need TV. to see what's going on out there.

So we can feel guilty watching other people's misery?

Be grateful. Today we're all toasty in front of our TV. Tomorrow, other people will feel guilty watching our calamities! Give it time. We're all on the conveyor belt to Hell.

Oh. Good. I feel better now. Let's celebrate!

But we have nothing left to watch!

Now, that's depressing!



## OCTOBER: IN A YEAR

#### BY MULTIPLE AUTHORS

#### LOVING SOMEONE Gwendolyn A Hobgood United States

While I was here Dazed in winter You were out there In the sun and rain And growing

You were growing
I was cut back
Gathering root strength
For heavy petals
And lush summer blossoms
Providing the weather holds

IN 2020 (a Naani poem) Vidya Shankar India https://www.instagram.com/vidya.shankar.aut hor/

An already masked world Strife with mistrust Went grudgingly behind masks Wary of friends, foes

#### A POSTCARD TO 'THE DAY AFTER TODAY'

Jilna Jannath K V India https://www.facebook.com/jilnajannath.kv

The bereft blue of his eyes was the last image that I had owned of him. The scurry strolls of my languid heart in the long cold verandas of the hospital had seized by his last withdrawing call. My positivity theories heaved their reverse rhythms when he rushed to me to say that he 'tested positive for covid.' My belly chose to burst out silently Like heavy cramps for the stroke of being rejected to see his burial. I shed the last of my tears before the conscious knowledge of the news on the spread of VIRUS!

He left, Without struggling too much. But what he left beside me sucks my nipples and crawls upon me to flutter my perfectly layered Sari patches. Tiny fingers hovers around my hands to make a feathery clasp of comfort. I smells of milk and baby powder in this vivid month of March. In those tiny footprints visible in the corridors of my house, I build mansions of tomorrows. More importantly, I had freshly bloomed frangipani flowers in my courtyard, this year!

Dedication: For all those single parents who lost their partners during this pandemic.

## SPAN OF LIFETIMES Sangita Kalarickal United States

Many glances stolen
Smiles that were crutches
A wee, token happy word
Yet now we stand here
Deep in our travels from
Whence the journey spurred

Time is the judging quicksand

Comfort zones redefined And warm fuzzies stay Why look at adventures When mundane looks safer? Daily chats of groceries Daycare and pencils Replace songs and stories Painting shades of candor

Time is the judging quicksand

A winter to follow autumn Summer to chase a spring A year rolls over and yet another, again, repeats Sameness pierces and The difference tears apart

Time is the judging quicksand

I stand at the end
Of a warping driveway
Over myriad images lurking
in the mirage air
Watch the story evolve
Questions loom
Tell me someone
Will it all dissolve?

Time is the judging quicksand

## 2012 Martina Robles Gallegos United States https://www.martinagallegos.com/

The year 2012 was a miraculously bloody one. Three ladies and a gentleman faced strokes, tumors, facial paralysis, and aneurysms and all survived, although some barely.

Two beautiful, kind women siblings, my wonderful cousins, underwent brain surgeries in the year 2012. Their survival became two more miracles in the Robles Clan. In mid summer of the same year, it was my turn to face near death, compliments of a hemorrhagic stroke, an event nobody expected me to survive, but I beat the odds, again. My survival required brain surgery, but I never knew anything because I was completely intubated and hooked to all kinds of machines, science at work, and the sacred hands of an amazing neurosurgeon and divine intervention. When I was in medically-induced coma, I enjoyed desert storms and lush lawns, bunny statues, and a Mariachi Band. I even told a priest what he could do with his Last Rites. I saw people who were never there, and people I didn't want to see, for all the harm they'd caused me. When I got home, I learned a sibling had been in the hospital at the same time as me, but with a partial facial paralysis. Towards the end of the year, I underwent a heart procedure to seal a hole in my heart. Another amazing cardiologist performed the successful surgery.

I became known as the miracle warrior, but that was just

the beginning of the real nightmares that happened

in the year 2012 and followed.

#### SO IT IS

Sarfraz Ahmed
United Kingdom
https://twitter.com/Sarfraz76194
745
https://www.instagram.com/sarfrazahmedpoet/

Over the years,
I've watched them come and go,
All the people that I once used to
know,

Those that left,
But made their mark,
Created a spark,
Ignited a flame,
That lit this old heart of mine,

Now and them I look back, And I remember the time, When the company of strangers, Was enough to shine a light,

An illuminating glow, Sunset to sunrise, That's the way life, Sometimes goes,

So it is,
The circle of life,
The way it always was,
The tender calm,
Utter poetry,
The world spinning in motion,
In complete synchronicity,

#### **EVERYDAY LIFE**

Joshua Factor United States https://www.facebook.com/josh.factor.12/

It's full of tribulations you never see coming but it's nothing you can't handle. from the moment you come into existence, you see it. the oppressors in school, the constant struggle to pass tests or even muster. sometimes, even just making it home in one piece can be a challenge.

but you grow, evolve, adapt to the point where nothing fazes you. before long, you've become solid a rock, ready to take on the world and whatever it throws at you and then it all gets taken away as the well-nigh impossible task of obtaining steady work comes into play.

from there, it's all about planning for the future. iras, 401ks, it's all there to confuse the hell out of you. but you make it, maybe find the right girl and make an honest woman out of her.

she provides you beautiful offspring and you'd sooner tap dance in a mine field before you let anything happen to them. before long, their cuteness evolves into a screaming match but you always reconcile in the end, knowing they only scare because they care.

eventually, they start their own families, and the nest is just you & her enjoying the golden years at some facility in boca. you sit there, soak in the true reality of existence and remember, at the end of the day, it was all worth it.

#### **CALM SEA AND PROSPEROUS VOYAGE**

#### Neal Whitman United States

on the rising tide
the ocean is calm
we check our rigging
turn the windlass
and lift anchor
we rise and fall with each swell
it will now be up to us
how we handle the wind

one year after the storm after a willful veering away from our old ways we were rescued a white dove perched on the mast circled the azure sky and returned with a mate

a blustery ode followed by a wisp of wind awakens the breeze the bubbling of waves accompanies a shanty-like melody through a spyglass telescope we can see land

a beacon flashes as bright as the sun we enter a harbor. there on the dock to greet us a beautiful woman holds a placard: *Welcome!* we have arrived, port of call the Coast of Bohemia

## NINE COWS Judy DeCroce United States https://www.linkedin.com/in/judydecroce/

what's next? sorrow hasn't finished yet a beginning set in time it can't be worse than now

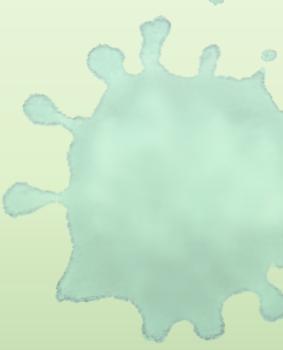
young, dead, too young, a love of me, of animals gone by fates trick

Once, I asked my husband, (he of a farmer's wish) what to do—what if?

never, he said, not now then a laugh, a turn away

but now... across the pasture his cowsnow, mine

forever till...



#### UNTETHERED

Abi Hayes Scotland https://www.instagram.com/abi\_adv entures\_/

This year has left me standing in mid-air untethered, longing to feel the weight of connection

higher and higher I rise looking down on a World unsteady on its feet, balancing on the edge of a virtual trapeze

and then I hear you calling

You, the soft landing for my body to fall in

so, I plant myself into the earth of you bury deep within the roots of you

and in all this yearning I'm finally learning being grounded doesn't need to mean Stuck.

#### A YEAR TO REMEMBER

Sonia Pal United Kingdom

It started in December 2019 from Wuhan-a city in China The Virus was stronger and more ferocious than a hyena

Soon the virus spread in Italy and Spain There was death, tears, anxiety and pain

Some lost jobs, others were furloughed and ran out of money Hand wash, masks, sanitizers became precious like 'Honey'

Panic grocery shopping at the supermarkets And Life came to a full stop without any targets

Schools were closed, children had to learn with their parents Shops, roads, parks, pubs, parties even friends; all became missing combatants

Rainbow drawings on the windows cheered up the Heroes Every Thursday at 8 P.M the nation clapped for its superheroes

Kind people donated and volunteers helped But still the situation was a tough one to be dealt

When the nation was struggling to find loo-rolls! Captain Tom Moore created history under his tree-rows

While there was turmoil, shocks and pains unexplained Industries were stopped and nature's purity was regained

Life's lessons were thoroughly explained And Out of despair, Hope still sustained

Scientists worked hard and injections were invented People followed the rules in letter and spirits till it ended

What a year it was with COVID-19!

#### THE COLOURS OF MY LIFE

Doreen Arnoni United Kingdom

Skies glowing red. Awakened from bed. Next morning, we read The number of dead.

Yellow sunflowers on the wall. Happiness has come to call. We stumbled but we didn't fall.

Then came the day when moods were grey Another woman came our way and soon my father went away.

The envy in my heart was green, when other families were seen having each other on whom to lean.

But green was re-birth in a different place. All alone, but at last a smile on my face.

Along came love, all rosy and pink. This is forever, at least that's what we think. Not alone this time, the children were mine. The white painted walls told the world we were fine.

The second time, the pink was muted, but it was love that none disputed.

Violet is the pride for me In the dedicated teacher and the PhD. Two sisters, different as can be My love for them in all I see.

Black is not a welcome hue. It tears your soul and clouds your view. A child is gone. This pain is new.

The circle of life comes back to red.
Strength and courage and sometimes dread, are all the colours of the life I've led.

#### **IN A YEAR**

Kate Skidmore https://www.frameworksforliving.com/ https://www.instagram.com/songwriter\_skippingstones/

In a year

-Strum Strum

In a year

-Drum Drum

In a year
I went from silence
—Nothing to say

In a year A dam burst open Now I'm flooded with SO much to play

In a year Songs started pouring out Words captured emotions that flowed wanting to be sung

In a year
I started trying to capture
what I wanted to say
Only this time I added a melody

Now I have songs to sing and stories to tell In a year's time I have Tapped into a part of me That is my deep well

Do you want to hear the results of what flooded out in my experiments after only one year? Check out my two song EP called Flooded by Skipping Stones on ITunes and Spotify.

Every river that flows begins with a single drop of rain.

For me? I'd say Flooded is a great place to begin — in a year — I'll say it again

— in a year —

Strum Strum Let the songwriting begin

https://music.apple.com/us/album/flooded-single/1581938784



## ONLY A YEAR? Julie A Dickson United States

In a year, what has become clear is how much the world makes less sense; strange weather, election, insurrection.

What matters is different, as pent up anger and fear dictates action, reaction to race and rights, causes some to fight,

retain or regain, so as not to regress to earlier times; in a year, common are crimes of looting as well as an increase in shooting

at shopping centers, schools, city streets, is this what greets our children in years to come? Have we become like this in a year?

It seems to have spiraled, escalated issues; people are more riled during pandemic, issues piled up on faces under masks.

#### IN THE YEAR

Koyel Mitra
India
https://koyelevergreen.wordpress.com/
https://www.facebook.com/koyel.mitra.7982

I often dream of a world free from the grisly horror of the pandemic, a Utopian earth with youngsters holding the hands of the senile in times of utter helplessness.

My rainbow-tinted fancies surge as I see an abode, where people breathe in fresh air: their hearts beat to the music of happiness and capillaries flow with peace.

In the year I would like to see an Elysium where there would be magical trees with silver boughs and golden fruits to be consumed by allrich or poor, healthy or sick, young or old.

#### AUTUMN UPRISING

Jaime Purinton
United States
https://www.instagram.com/jaimehikeitoff/
https://hikeitofflife.com/

Armed with bone chilling cold, Autumn silently flies in on a battalion of mist cloaking all in her path.

She wields the influence of darkness and delivers balance once again today and night.

She carries abundance and freedom to let go tucked under her right wing and comfort and transformation tucked under her left wing.

Summer concedes with dignity and shows alliance by displaying a brilliant crimson sunset, taking a step back until next year.

#### PINK CARDS HAIL THE YEAR PASSES Kanta Roy India

a handful of pink cards hails the year passes teething fire fox dreary days siren clicks ourselves, forgotten morning freshness, numberless patients downtown fleshy wind, counting restlessly one, two viruses taps, world at gear of devils cachinnate chips, life uncertain still round them mouthful, steaming up red droplets, sweaty numbers uprooted eyes,

shut the doors in frontline smuggling lunges, swallowed river straight, so much eyes, affordable roundup lockdown for prairie naked folks parking, callously we're looking back at pinky cards, rocking endeavors inches their sickness and further fall from scroll, swindled pale stars on earth's crepuscular hours, morning not yet,

when vaccine hits you, they're already gone, you made Wuhan state to all jungle species, waiting for Hippocrates period review, featuring razor sharp, life and return from loose end

and butterflies up the spike's, tuning melancholic D minor and more than stiller, shorter the friendliness, neither have inbox nor used words extend, for they are dead!

or loosen numbers memberships laments,

over hashtags visitations, you just read the pal, our Father's island collapse, hankering minus lunges: and the time o'er hearse refused dead bodies, cursing ground voltages, lovers' area-controlled balances, twisted midnight harbored candles, cognitive hormones bitterly blazes, went shorter friend list, conversely heads commune with dead people and they're malfunctioning laced frame

people now familiar with effaced halts, she, or he, or bairn all 'bout missing sported stories stopping their stars,

a handful of pink cards in a quirky round up!

are there tenure edited billing nature or windy fearful ventures! numbness, and would've made raven in diets durations, -- we're life forwarded death's Fibonacci are just massive to producing cost, a journey throughout roundup day's frosts, pandemic sways, still people crave more of their places, never mind world is infected, making war harder, these lifestyles crescendo hangs, fighters care attention to call juggling bells, though we areas deadlines, commanding war and demanding lands,

damages hedges, can't friends back again throughout the rules of seven,
September stands against heart,
some are Stuart's parents hiding behind bloodbath,
table shows thistle,
where raindrops garden never did stop studying for walled up hazards betwixt bounced upon cliffs and war agents land slipped field,
U-turn maps are still uncertain about lifeboats' grace.

in a year, the fighting steers, illusive scent doping eyelids, screaming flappy barks, in birdie coming thuds: everyone runs through belly killers,

know that ends nothingness read, dreaming felony,

but every end has morning turns, every darkens poured with shafted lightning -- dreams rain for sunny morning...

#### **UNVEILED**

Laura Trimble
United States
https://www.instagram.com/trimblepoetry/

Could I have believed it, I wonder, if you had told me two years ago, for the better part of two years' crisis we would smother half our faces

from each other's gaze? Could I ever have imagined such a life? No. I would never have pictured how, with every face half covered

in an encounter, I've never not seen the face complete, its both halves plain, so fully in the eyes does molten soul brim over hundredfold.

#### IT'S BEEN A YEAR...

Pratibha Savani United Kingdom https://www.facebook.com/pratibhapoetryart https://www.instagram.com/pratibhapoetryart/

It's been a year...
Since I published my book
Since I began writing again
Since I learned more about poetry
And the online world that existed

It's been a year....
Since I've been working from home
Since we've all been in lockdown
Since my toddler began walking
And saying stuff to me!!

It's been a year....
Since our family life changed
Since my mum needed care
Since I'm juggling everything
And the poetry kept me sane!!

It's been a year....
Since deliveries became popular
Since we travelled to more shops
Since we explored new places
With my walking talking toddler!!

It's been a year....
Since we experienced strange times
Embellished in new discoveries
Treasured our family time
Appreciated our natural surroundings
Acknowledged the simple life
Recognized our will to survive
Embraced the quiet times
That changed EVERYTHING in our lives!

#### I KNEW YOU BEFORE

Claudette Martinez
United States
https://www.instagram.com/explore/tags/claudettemartinezartist/

I knew you before your heart was battered and torn, before your brain was clouded and worn.

I knew you before your hands and words would shake, when there wasn't the need to lasso your soul and pull you awake.

I knew you before you were bones and skin, when you'd do anything, fight to the death to win.

I knew you before your sorrow carried for all to hear, when we shared countless tears, before all those years.

I knew you before
anguish and pain,
when your spirit was raw, open
for all to see,
nothing to hide your heart
open and free.

I knew you before
we fell to the floor feeling
nothing no more,
when we closed the door
locked it with grief,
and left with no chance
of reprieve.

I knew you before.



#### THE HOMELESS AT CHRISTMAS

Lewis Gentilella United Kingdom https://www.instagram.com/lewgentilella/

If you are with loved ones on Christmas day With somewhere warm and cozy to stay, Spare a thought for the homeless tramp Who must stay outside in the cold, wet damp, With no place to call home And only pavement to roam. People will judge But they have endless miles they must trudge, Wandering the street, Begging just to eat, With no one to show them love They have lost all hope in the almighty up above. No presents to unwrap, Searching through bins for scraps, No festive cheer, Just a lonely tear, No carol singing Or bells ringing, No kiss under the mistletoe Or having fun out in the snow, Wearing boots with worn out soles And old tatty clothes that are full of holes. The bitterly cold, dark nights, Bring with them such a harsh, chilly bite, With only a cardboard box for a bed And no comfy pillow to rest their head, No place for them to stay warm,

They lay their praying it does not storm. Feeling forgotten
After hitting rock bottom,
Drinking to forget

Painful memories making them fret.
This Christmas let us help get them off the streets

And give them a place to stay with a Christmas dinner to eat.

#### CALLS TO WAKE UP

Carolyn Chilton Casas United States https://www.instagram.com/mindfulp oet /

I didn't really care if my weight had inflated this past year; at least it wasn't obvious in my uniform of comfort— yoga pants, cotton tees, and the turquoise sweatshirt tie dyed by my daughter.

Shown the evidence, I finally conceded how I'd dealt with this year's sadness by attempting to fill that hollow pit with sweets and second helpings.

Soon after, I made a pledge to walk at least two miles every day and cut out munchies between meals. It has been two weeks now; the pantry snacks lie untouched, but I have yet to lose a single pound.

Today, hiking our hilly roads, I hear a truck coming around the bend from behind and start to jump swiftly to the side. Just in time, I look down, see where my feet are headed, twist my body mid-air, landing close to where I'd left the asphalt.

On sun-warmed gravel—camouflaged, primitive patterns freshly painted coil of clay—hissing, shaking his tail, chastising as he flicks his tongue in and out in warning, as if to say, Watch out, you nearly trampled on my precious skin!

#### 1949

(escaping the newly minted German Democratic Republic to 'The West')
Rose Mary Boehm

Peru

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCR9fygcz\_kL4LGuYcvmC8lQ https://www.rose-mary-boehm-poet.com/

Mother didn't use a compass. Had no money for guides. Asked local folk the way and they were wrong. We were going home—across barbed wire and machine guns in the hands of the border police. From one Germany to another. The architects of peace, or so they called themselves, had thought it best.

The night was almost black, the stars reluctant to expose our naïve progress. Against their weak light, we made out a forked path, a corpse and a bent figure. An old woman was sitting on a tree stump, crying noiselessly, on her lap a small chest. She'd been left behind by a group guided by professionals. Too slow and cumbersome. They didn't return her money.

In the brief flames of matches we found a place to wait for true nightfall. My head on my schoolbag I smelled woodruff, saw the silhouettes of snapdragon, heard a frog croak and splash into a small, starlight-reflecting pond. We opened our hands and received shards of candy from the old woman's small trunk.

When we moved on and climbed up an embankment, we were received by the sharp clicks of safety catches. The two young East German policemen accepted the old woman's coffer filled with cigarettes, accompanied us to the border, opened the barrier. A few meters further: the American checkpoint, handshakes, light, warmth, coffee, and smiles.

#### THE SOUL'S SALVE

#### Kathleen Chamberlin

I look into the eyes of my dogs, open and trusting and filled with love Telling me no matter the clouds surrounding me, they are by my side. I look at the rainbow stretching across the sky After black clouds have unleashed their torrents of rain God's promise never again to destroy the world with water. I watch the sun break the horizon, slowly climbing to the zenith of the sky A reminder of each new day's infinite possibilities. I embrace the delicate hues of the evening, Softly shading the deepening night As crickets creak their lullabies. I look into the eyes of my grandson, innocence and joy combined, The promise of all that can be And I smile, knowing all is not lost in the chaos of today, For in his face, I find hope.

#### **INVISIBLE BARRIER**

Lisa Reynolds Canada

In bed, we share space like strangers on transit; not touching, not speaking, just present.

Time ticks while we lie here - you now asleep, me listening to you breathe.

Come morning, the sun will brighten dark rooms, the smell of coffee will fill cool air, but this barrier between us will remain.

Who will break through first and journey alone?

### IN THE COMING SOON Richa Sharma

Singapore

In the coming soon the grass will have grown where I once stood bare feet but the memory, the ground holding on

In the coming soon my grief would have boiled out Its discoloured residue set in place of a void, a loss that it became about

In the coming soon
I would've missed the train
that all want to board at the earliest possible
Come, find me à pied along the walking lane

In the coming soon
If I am still pottering around
I am on my way to break the mold
to do all I can to shock and confound

In the coming soon a year it'll be for a wound to heal for my heart to be free of the ache scraps of redemption left up to steal

In the coming soon fewer days by the fire and warmth a year lesser in my life with them Still enveloped in my babies' arms

In the coming soon my lawn, the grass will exert its wild will I will let it engulf my soul in its blades entwined in this cocoon peacefully still

In the coming soon wild will enter the wilderness I will be under the summer sun a soaking, awry, invertedness

In the coming soon wherever I am headed to words will perhaps still be straight even with my compass slightly askew.

## IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN! Kathy Jo Bryant United States

Multicolored leaves are falling Coolness in the air is calling In a year, from green to golden Brings this charm with which we're holden

A constant pattern of changing Our landscapes, rearranging For the soothing sake of variety Scenery morphs in its entirety

Nature's wardrobe is in transition To the perfect delight, of our vision We welcome the changes with gladness Field's and orchard's blest gift of fatness!

In a year, we look back and ponder The blessings of joy and wonder Let's be glad, yet for some things be sober As we embrace and welcome, October!

#### MAGNOLIA MISSISSIPPI

Carl "Papa" Palmer United States https://www.facebook.com/carlpapa.palmer.1/

"Thank ya anyways, there son. I appreciate your offer, how some ever, I don't reckon I'll be goin' anywheres just yet."

"It ain't like I'm not beholdin' to ya, it's just my Momma, rest her soul, didn't raise up her daughter thatta way. Ya know what I mean?"

"Us Duvalls pretty much learnt to take care of our own predicaments, ever what life dishes out, with the help of our Good Lord, we most usually get her done."

"I don't need to tell ya I'm a touch old, but I ain't useless. It just takes me a mite longer to get my affairs in order than what it used to."

"I'm seventy-two years old and I've been livin' in this here house for seventy-two years, what my Daddy built. Just like most of the houses around here in this part of Magnolia Mississippi, family built."

"I take kindly to your gesture and it was good talkin' with ya, now y'all need to get on outta here 'cause this mess ain't fixin' itself anytime real soon."

"Y'all want to help somebody, help them poor folks what live in the shanty part of town, over yonder in the Buena Vista neighborhood in them there cracker box trailer houses. This here flood water's gonna be terribly high down there."

"I've got some jars of stewed tomaters and a bushel basket of fresh okra that'll be mighty good boiled up y'all boys can tote if you're headed down that way here shortly. We gotta take care of those what ain't good off as us. This here's America and that's what us Americans do."

"Thank ya again for stoppin' by.
Ya'll be careful in that there little boat of yourn and may God bless us all in this time of need."

"Bye bye now, I got my chores still needin' tended to and don't forget them maters, ya hear?"



FREQUENCY FOR COMPASSION
Mediums: Acrylics and watercolor on paper
Daya Jaggers
United States
https://www.instagram.com/freedom5979/
https://www.centerandempower.org/

#### THEY WILL TRANSCEND

Antoni Ooto United States

https://www.linkedin.com/in/antoniooto/

Even now in New Delhi
billowing currents of beings
acres in flames
pyres crowding a change

Both here and here no longer—souls assemble

locked in a space, locked in a city this time in India.

Gurneys rush in queues, pushing incarnation on a pockmarked field.

Of all the mourners, of all the families waiting in prayer is a young girl.

As her people start to leave a hand reaches for her and with a head turn her measure begins.

So, when in a gentler time, grandchildren ask

"Daadee, tell us about Bhinda and Noori and the fires in the park."

She will remember everything because she looked back.

—For the mourners across India (COVID 2021)—

#### THE HOUSE

Jane Fitzgerald
United States
https://www.facebook.com/JanesPoetry/
https://www.amazon.com/Jane-H.Fitzgerald/e/Bo1MSW2FLO

The house sits silent and still Just waiting to be woken up The owners are far far away There are long quiet days When the house is asleep It's almost dead from lack of keep The plants are overgrown and brown The pool is green all around Where are the children Where are the toys Where is the laughter and shrieks of joy The house is just waiting, waiting for them Its eyes are the windows They search through the sun Where are the children That bring life and fun The house sits alone and very forlorn Just waiting, waiting to be reborn

## **HOMECOMING**

**BY KAROL NIELSEN** 

https://www.finishinglinepress.com/product/vietnam-made-me-who-i-am-by-karol-nielsen/

I moved back to Manhattan on Labor Day after a year and a half with my parents in Connecticut. My office was supposed to reopen but it got pushed back by a month, and then indefinitely, because of the spike in Covid infections. I cleaned my apartment before I returned but I couldn't get on top of all the plaster dust that accumulated when the workmen repaired my bathroom. The plumber had cut holes in the wall and ceiling to fix a coop building pipe that was leaking. I swept up the dust again after I moved back. But it's still accumulating fast. I already have a routine: I buy iced hazelnut coffees in the morning and then work from my couch writing evaluations for specialty occupation visa applications, like I had at my Midtown office and remotely in Connecticut. I sit outside at local restaurants with pene pasta, chicken Caesar salad, and the occasional cheeseburger in the afternoon. I walk in Central Park and catch up with the vendor who sells me diet iced tea. At five, my parents call me on FaceTime to ease the adjustment to being on my own again. My first week back, I shared a photo on Facebook of geraniums I saw in my neighborhood and a writing student said I sounded elated to be back. I said yes but the truth is it's intense to be alone in the city during a pandemic. I am waiting for my office to reopen. I am waiting to teach live writing classes again. I am waiting for my open mic poetry reading to go live again. I miss the clapping and laughter.

"FOR LAST YEAR'S words belong to LAST YEAR'S LANGUAGE. and next year's WORDS AWAIT another voice." I.S. EIIO

Ow Odoper Features

## LISA TOMEY





Lisa Tomey is a poet, writer, and artist from Raleigh, NC. Publications include Heart Sounds chapbook, several anthologies, Heart Beats, and several literary publications. She edits for Fine Lines Literary Journal, is a Gold Ambassador for Garden of Neuro, and manages Prolific Pulse Press LLC.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v= IStz8udfb-g&t=28s

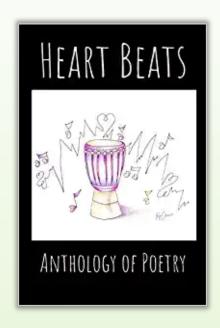
https://www.prolificpulse.com/

https://prolificpulse.blog/

https://twitter.com/ljtomey

https://www.instagram.com/prolificpulse/

#### LISA TOMEY – AUTHOR FEATURE



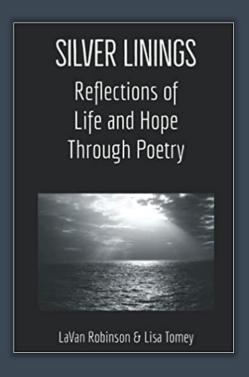
Heart Beats is an anthology of poetry about the various aspects of what makes us tick or makes a heart-beat. This is about love, life, happiness, anything that makes life more joyful or tolerable. Let's face it. These are tough times and there have been many events in 2020 which have many of us shaking our heads. People who were once friends have gone their separate ways. Some are soul searching, examining life more closely as time has leant more for this. Heart Beats is about working through and maybe even overcoming these challenges. It is about what brings smiles to our faces or, at least, in our hearts. Heart Beats is about life's ups and downs and in-between, and how different points of view merge into one beautiful collection of poetic works. Inviting poets from the world to take part made this project even more meaningful. We are a world of people, and the poetry community has become more culturally diverse.

https://www.amazon.com/Heart-Beats-Anthology-<u>Lisa-</u>

Tomey/dp/1736562002/ref=sr\_1\_1?dchild=1&keywords=heart+beats+anthology&qid=1631734395&sr=8-1

Silver Linings is dedicated to expressing hope through poetry. LaVan Robinson and Lisa Tomey took their two different poetry styles and both combined and responded to expressions. Ending with individual writings of each poet, Silver Linings is a portrayal of perspectives as each writer strives to express their hope for this world. As each poem was examined, the true meaning of hope and reality was complex, apparent, and sometimes gray. A common belief in the ability of humanity to come together served to fuel the fire behind the pen.

https://www.amazon.com/Silver-Linings-Reflections-Through-Poetry/dp/1736562010/ref=sr\_1\_2?dchild=1&qid=163 1734510&refinements=p\_27%3ALisa+Tomey&s=boo ks&sr=1-2&text=Lisa+Tomey



#### LISA TOMEY – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### **ADJUSTING LENSES**

humankind's nature
often means brisking each day
keeping steady pace
what happens when it changes
when the leaves of life falter

as the elder man

finds the keys don't play as well
hearing notes less clear
it's an evolvement of life
requiring tune ups often

when grandmothers cry
because their children are old
no longer in laps
still wanting for the snuggles
take them back to the time when

as life slows way down
keeping in mind the goodness
days when suns are high
looking to the skies for hope
seeing joyfulness each day

adjusting lenses
early in the children's lives
seeing and learning
each day is perfectly made
for any age to delight

#### LISA TOMEY – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### MAY I

As I see you crying

Tissues are in my hands

Shoulders are open

Arms reach out

As you walk crumbled paths

My elbow I will offer

I'll fetch you a cane

Plants wither

New growth may or may not come

I can bring you flowers

Apples, tea, ice cream

A kitten

Perhaps a lullaby

A meditation

Or I can sit in silence

Here for you

Whatever you need

I desire to be

Your silver lining

May I?

#### THIS IS NOT A POEM

This is not a poem

from the moment I lay in the warmth of her womb

protected from the world--I felt her love

the songs she sang and the way she walked

carrying me within I knew I was loved

This is not a poem

but an anthem of sorts

When I entered the world

the air touched my face and I cried

she was the first to hear

this is not a poem

it's a record one could say

mom used to tell the story

of my birth day every birthday

of how she counted my fingers and toes

and I was her beautiful child

this is not a poem

it is the closeness of my mother's heart

and the iambic pentameter

of her heartbeat

## ZAN JOHNS



Zaneta Varnado Johns (aka Zan) believes that every word shared is an opportunity to love. This former human resource leader spent twenty-nine rewarding years at the University of Colorado where she was recognized as one of the 2007 Women Who Make a Difference. During the stillness of 2020, she stepped out of retirement into her passion, and became a 2time bestselling author. Her debut book of poetry, Poetic Forecast: Reflections on Life's Promises, Storms, and Triumphs (2020) became a Hot New Release on Amazon and topped Amazon's Bestseller List at #1 in six categories and reached #3 in another. Johns is a contributing author in the #1 International Bestseller Voices of the 21st Century: Resilient Women Who Rise and Make a Difference (WSA Publishing, February 2021).

Zan is also a contributing author in Jane Austen, an anthology of thoughts & opinions (PurpleStone Press, June 2021). Her poems have been included in the Fine Lines Literary Journal and in Voices of the 21st Century: Resilient Women Who Rise and Make a Difference.

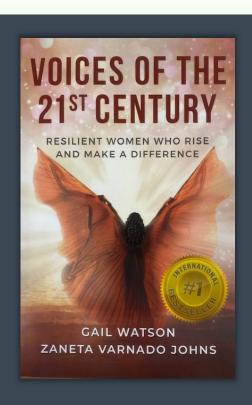
Zan's work on her second book of poetry and other literary projects is underway. This engaging poet resides in Westminster, Colorado.

Website: www.zanexpressions.com



https://www.zanexpressions.com/pe

#### ZAN JOHNS – AUTHOR FEATURE



Voices of the 21st Century: Resilient Women Who Rise and Make a Difference is a collaborative book written by 40 amazing women from across the globe. This 4th Edition of the Voices series includes my chapter entitled, "Invisible No More." In addition, my poem, "What Matters" is featured on the dedication page at the front of the book! "What Matters" appears in Poetic Forecast, also available for purchase. You may meet my co-authors at www.voicesofthe21stcenturybook.com.

https://www.zanexpressions.com/voices-ofthe-21st-century

#### REFLECTION

I am the whole spectrum a refined vessel of light a colorful reflection of everything good. I am utterly pleased with who I am. My skin is a combination of my daddy's Louisiana chocolate and my mother's Mississippi red. Call me Caramel Frappuccino, no whip. My hips are fittingly curved like a country road winding along the river. My breasts—though not majestic—are suitable foothills. I'm good with that! My butt is not apple-bottom round but what does that matter. It is not about my body! It's about my essence. Respect what's inside my head well-read bursting with kind thoughts and full of dreams. Faithfully loyal, I am a rich gumbo of love and poetry, a rue with the perfect hue ready to be served ... hot. I'm ready to touch the world!

#### ZAN JOHNS – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### WHAT MATTERS

If your eyes met my eyes in the midst of a crisis, Would their shape and color concern you?

If you felt my hands as they massaged your aching body, Would you care about the pigmentation of my skin?

If I gave blood to replenish your low supply Would you need to know that I looked like you?

If you were drowning and I dove in to assist you, Would you reach toward me if you knew I was gay?

If you were hearing for the first time in your life, Would you need for my voice to speak English only?

If your loved one lay sick and dying, Would it matter to which god I prayed?

If I donated money to support your favorite cause, Would you refuse it if you knew how I voted?

If the size of my heart increased each time I helped somebody, Would you be more interested in the size of my body?

If you asked me to walk a mile in support of humanity, Would you get impatient if I used my wheelchair?

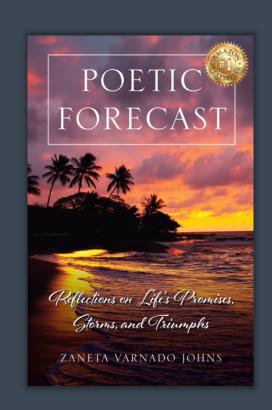
If I said "no" and you assaulted me anyway, Are you less guilty because I waited to report?

If my family seeks asylum in the USA,

Are we not welcome because our border is to your south?

If the police force keeps killing unarmed citizens, Would you demand justice if they are African American?

With civil unrest during this global pandemic, Trust me, we will soon realize what matters!



This inspirational book of poetry was written over a span of forty-five years. Zan's hope is for people to learn that joy and pain can be beautifully expressed and can touch and inspire others in a positive way. You will learn that it is okay to be vulnerable and it is important to question our own way of thinking. Like our feelings, poetic expressions have no boundaries.

https://www.zanexpressions.com/ books

#### **ZAN JOHNS - AUTHOR FEATURE**

#### **MIRROR MIRROR**

Mirror Mirror, speak to me What exactly do you see Am I enough Need I change Should anything be rearranged I will make a difference in the world as I encourage other girls Will there be others who encourage me to be the best that I can be Are there hurdles on my path When I meet trouble will it last Worthy feats are what I crave I need role models who are brave Send me wisdom Send me grace Empower me through this lifetime race!

#### ZAN JOHNS – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### **WE ARE THEY**

This is our season our summer in the midst of winter where we shed our coats, our boots We leave behind the joyful chaos of family and friends We shed the stress of everyday life We steal away to our happy place of paradise We arouse years of memories our minds free, schedule clear ready to create this season's story.

Do you remember that couple the elders we admired in '97? We are they! From the restaurant's lanai we watched as they walked hand in hand Their stride as one moving in blissful unison down that tourist filled sidewalk in Kona Perhaps returning from dinner or strolling for exercise I imagined they were residents fortunate to live there In that moment I claimed that sidewalk for us.

Twenty-four years later
we are that charming couple
walking hand in hand
claiming sidewalks wherever we go
We long for that sidewalk today
in Kona or Kihei, Kapaa or Princeville
We long for days without structure
no boundaries or stress

Only joy with time devoted only to us, that elderly couple in Kona Occasionally we part only to enhance our savored time together.

Hours and hours of favored music songs repeated and songs anew Our wondrous day rides enthralled with island splendor Our bewitching nights enthralled in glory-ours Sunrise awaits with roosters crowing tropical birds serenade our walks fragrant flowers, brides, and grooms lava flows and tropical mist We're seduced by the ocean enticed by waterfalls intrigued by rainbows mesmerized by sunsets radiant and golden, just like us.

What we need this year is imagination to encounter the pleasures of that sidewalk in Kona Here we are better ... wiser ... cautious held captive by winter with willful summer mindsets Still laughing Still loving Still holding hands Still hearing that music Still seeking rainbows Still enjoying our sunsets Still together Because you loved me in stereo with both your heart and mind!

## **SUBHRASANKAR**

## DAS

#### **Author Feature**



https://linktr.ee/SubhrasankarDas

SUBHRASANKAR DAS was born on the 1st of May, 1986 and hails from Tripura, India. He is an award-winning (bilingual) poet, a translator of distinct repute, an editor and a passionate composer. He is a Post graduate teacher by profession and had worked in esteemed private schools of Tripura. He is one of the very few authors of NorthEast whose books are fully sponsored by the publishers without any condition because of their stature and eminence.

Books of Poems written by Subhrasankar Das:
Tontukit (Vasha Prokashani, Tripura, 2008)
Zebracrossing (Barnes and Noble, 2010)
Baul Molecules (Srot Prokashani, Tripura, 2016)
Sfotikchapa Phosphorus (Akshar Publications, Tripura/Kolkata, 2019)

**An Anachronous Shower** (Insha Publications, Delhi, 2021)

English Translations by Subhrasankar Das: **Bukhari** (Novel, Shadowkraft, 2020) **Monster of the Jungle** (Graphic adventure, Insha Publication, Delhi, 2019)

**Jamichhalang** (Short story) by Shyamal Bhattacharya **'Deo nodir jol'** by Padmasree Majumder (yet to be published)

Subhrasankar Das has also translated some of the significant literary pieces of Larissa Shmailao, Mario Santagostin, Linda Pastan, Trishna Basak and others.

Some of his poems are Translated into Russian by Russian poetess Anna Halberstadt.

He is working on various projects for the upliftment of Northeastern Literature and for the sake of peace and creativity.

#### SUBHRASANKAR DAS – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### THE PERFUMIST

Capturing the postures of a photographer is also a way to unlock his epistemic perspectives

One such winter morning, in a foggy suburb, a stranger had an encounter with a home. He transformed it into a house, then... into a hole... then into a void. But actually, it was a human! Hiding in the hood of a rickshaw a perfumist captured this scene and made it viral...

The stranger broke the wall.
The perfumist joined him.
Then came a politician, police, a father, a brother...
All of them thrust their weird rats of lust.
into the void.

Here, the materials for making home are lying around.
The owner is missing.
Even from the formless rooms of the house, comes the smell of burning.

#### **HOME**

Every home has its fragrance.
To forget this presumption,
I spray perfume around the room,
close my eyes for a blue, profound sleep.
Inhaling the aroma of incense stick,
plunging into the coil of smoke,
I try to find:
which puff of breath had made you fly?

The blade nearing black-vein is ready to dive into the pink water. Sleek and silent cellphone is vibrating Continuously...

Only he knew You had never been addicted to the aroma of damp wood around the home

#### SUBHRASANKAR DAS – AUTHOR FEATURE

#### THE LEFT VENTRICLE

Keep the words aside.
Allow the cell-phone to fly
from the nest below human-ears.

See, the peaks climb to unite with thunder; running streets halt afront the beggars. See how nature transforms plains into hills, deserts into oceans; lakes disappear with a click. Breaking the laws of vastu, laughs Buddha.

See how the princess peels the husk in the left ventricle, performs like a harlot sporting with the neon spinal-cord...

#### **ZEBRA CROSSING**

It had been too long...
There's no news of your whereabouts.
It was... I forgot when
U made me stop, stand still,
staring at U at the zebra crossing.
Do U remember?
U were subverting the roads
with your fingers,
Saying, "be careful!"

Now I violate traffic-rules without being injured by vehicles.
Reserving the swelling of heart, time sinks under share-market... hospital... dark-chamber...

Could U recall the date we had sailed on the street, crossed by a cat?

# DIMITHRI WIJERATHNA

**Author Feature** 

Dimithri Wijerathna is a young lady of 25 years. She was born in Sri Lanka and has gained her education in two schools. As well as completing her Higher National Diploma in English in SLIATE (Sri Lanka Institute of Advanced Technological Education) in Kegalle. Currently she is a student of Faculty of Humanities and Social Science in Open University Sri Lanka. Dimithri, who has shown great interest towards writing since her childhood, has written poetry, dramas, and more. She has also won many contests in international platform. Recently she has published her debut poetry book which is available in both ebook and paperback. Her dream is to be a shining star in a global platform in writing and poetry.



#### **DIMITHRI WIJERATHNA – AUTHOR FEATURE**



https://www.amazon.in/dp/939110 3510/ref=cm\_sw\_r\_wa\_apa\_glt\_i\_ EPFYAVGCYQCCWFEETH8F

#### **KITE**

Flying colours

over the clouds

With multi - coloured

dreams

Passing the rivers, mountains

and fields

With melodies of

hummingbirds

Freely, coolly you

fly afar

Children waving

hands

With roars of

laughter

Jumping up

and up

Storm, the

storm

Hit!you are

among the branches

Torn and

torn

Alas! you are

Blasted!

#### **DIMITHRI WIJERATHNA – AUTHOR FEATURE**

#### **CORONA AGAIN**

The green-eyed monster with its weapon

Laughs at the "Weeping Earth"

"Weeping Earth" lives in isolation with locked feelings

Victims yelling in pain; neighbors door locked in fear

Hospitals in burden; streets in fear of "monster"

God, please have mercy on us People yelling, crying overnight

Again, again it's on the platform.

#### **FADED LOVE**

Glancing at stars

Weeping for the moon

Sipping a cup of coffee

With broken memories

Recalling the fairy tales

Chattered till the moon hid among the trees

The sandcastle; broken; washed with waves

Counting for warmth with un-melting love

Eyes in pain with rose thorns

Heart attack in fire

Mind in cellar as prisoners

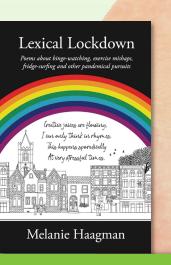
Murmuring the past gone days

As a book that lost its pages

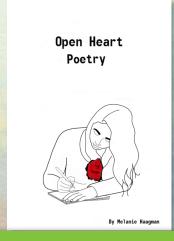
Faded; Alas! It's faded.

On the following pages – please find our recommended books by our featured writers for the current quarter. All previous book recommendations are available on our website. Join us in supporting these amazing authors!

Below you can also find the current books out by our co-creators, Mel & Kassie, and find purchase links on https://www.opendoorpoetrymagazine.com









#### **VOICES OF THE 21ST CENTURY**

Voices of the 21st Century: Resilient Women Who Rise and Make a Difference is a collaborative book written by 40 amazing women from across the globe. This 4th Edition of the Voices series includes my chapter entitled, "Invisible No More." In addition, my poem, "What Matters"

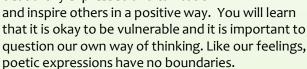


is featured on the dedication page at the front of the book! "What Matters" appears in Poetic Forecast, also available for purchase. You may meet my co-authors at www.voicesofthe21stcenturybook.com.

https://www.zanexpressions.com/voices-of-the-21st-century

#### POETIC FORECAST: REFLECTIONS ON LIFE'S PROMISES, STORMS, AND TRIUMPHS

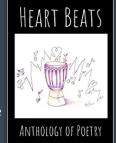
This inspirational book of poetry was written over a span of forty-five years. Zan's hope is for people to learn that joy and pain can be beautifully expressed and can touch



https://www.zanexpressions.com/books

#### **HEART BEATS**

Heart Beats is an anthology of poetry about the various aspects of what makes us tick or makes a heart-beat. This is about love, life, happiness, anything that makes life more joyful or tolerable. Let's face it. These are tough times and there have been many events in 2020



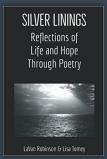
which have many of us shaking our heads. Heart Beats is about working through and maybe even overcoming these challenges.

https://www.amazon.com/Heart-Beats-Anthology-Lisa-

Tomey/dp/1736562002/ref=sr\_1\_1?dchild=1&keywor ds=heart+beats+anthology&qid=1631734395&sr=8-1

#### **SILVER LININGS**

Silver Linings is dedicated to expressing hope through poetry. LaVan Robinson and Lisa Tomey took their two different poetry styles and both combined and responded to expressions. Ending with individual writings of each poet, Silver Linings



is a portrayal of perspectives as each writer strives to express their hope for this world.

https://www.amazon.com/Silver-Linings-Reflections-Through-

Poetry/dp/1736562010/ref=sr\_1\_2?dchild=1&qid=16317 34510&refinements=p\_27%3ALisa+Tomey&s=books&s r=1-2&text=Lisa+Tomey

### THE RAMBLING RHYMES OF AN IMPERFECT MIND

A matter of fact observation of modern day life, depicted in poetry, by a scatty 40 something year old woman. From heartfelt rhymes inspired by loved ones, to a sideways view of lockdown, this book covers many different themes.



https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/Bo8ZHHG67Q/ref=c m\_sw\_r\_cp\_awdb\_GR8PS90MJHEHRJS1DV87

#### ROMA ENAMORADA: RETRATO DE LA EXPERIENCIA HUMANA

Hay princesas que deciden creer. Pragmáticos incurables y duquesas empoderadas en el ajedrez.

Trovadores que no entienden del querer, acuarelistas con dilemas y estrés. Pianistas italianos con el alma en alquiler. Roma es como la ves

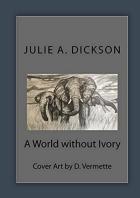
https://www.amazon.com//Jimena-Sofia-Ramos-Yengle-ebook/dp/Bo8VQDDWQ4

LITTLE WORDS

INSPIRATION

#### A WORLD WITHOUT IVORY

N.H. Poet Julie A. Dickson presents a short collection of poems, poignantly written in support of wild elephants, as well as captive circus and zoo elephants. Proceeds benefit SAVE NOSEY NOW, Inc. [a non-profit Elephant education/ rescue organization



https://www.amazon.com/World-without-Ivory-Julie-

Dickson/dp/1986323803/ref=sr\_1\_1?dchild=1&keywo rds=julie+a+dickson+Elephants+%2C+A+World+Wit hout+Ivory&qid=1625104431&s=digital-text&sr=1-1

### LITTLE WORDS OF INSPIRATION

Dimithri Wijerathna is a young upcoming poet from Sri Lanka, living in Kegalle District. Since her childhood, she showed much interest in poetry, drama and short stories. She is an alumna of Royal International School Kegalle and St. Joseph's Balika Maha Vidyalaya, Kegalle.





#### TANGLES + KNOTS

My journey begins as a teenager struggling with eczema and experiencing mental illness. Expressed in poetic prose in its original form, giving a real insight, conveyed across five themes: What a Nightmare it has been, If Only I could, some Hope to change it all, Complete Faith for my spiritual needs and to escape into my Unreality.

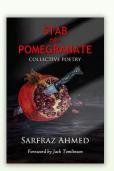


https://www.amazon.co.uk/Tangles-Knots-Pratibha-

Savani/dp/1916276695/ref=sr\_1\_1?crid=1POA7J5OFID 1D&dchild=1&keywords=pratibha+savani&qid=1628 627995&sprefix=pratibha%2Caps%2C149&sr=8-1

#### STAB THE POMEGRANATE

Stab the Pomegranate, is split into two parts; This is then, the first ten years, and 'This is now, where I am now at as a writer and poet, essentially both chapters brings together the first twenty years of a journey to a full circle, the first twenty years of a poet.



https://www.amazon.com/Stab-Pomegranate-Collective-Sarfraz-

Ahmed/dp/Bo9CRNQ5W3/ref=sr\_1\_1?dchild=1&key words=sarfraz+ahmed&qid=1630461834&sr=8-1

### AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAN

TAK Erzinger brings to radiant life the feelings of solitude, trauma, and healing in her poetry collection At the Foot of the Mountain. With deft precision, Erzinger puts tangible sensation to events and emotions that often exist only in the ephemeral space.



https://www.amazon.de/-/en/TAK-Erzinger/dp/1951088255/ref=zg\_bsnr\_14167075031\_1 5?\_encoding=UTF8&psc=1&refRID=BV7ZoNDHoP7 QGVMWM3KA

#### **FLIP REQUIEM**

Poetry. "In this deft and prescient collection, D. R. James has both diagnosed our 'dizzy symptom' and scratched out the vital prescription: holistic poems that enact a rigorous mind's engagement with this tenuous age, or what



James calls, with his wink-light touch, 'the more sober / though no less precarious rest of our lives'... "
- Chris Dombrowski

https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1948017768/ref=dbs\_a\_def\_rwt\_hsch\_vapi\_taft\_p1\_io

#### **TECHNO FLOWER**

Techno Flower is a collection of poetry that is as vivid and as colorful as the title implies. From alcohol, to love, to the dangers of greed, Techno Flower covers all walks of life. Without holding any punches, Techno Flower is a collection of some of the most interesting poetry to come out this decade.



https://www.amazon.com/dp/162838283X/ref=cm sw\_r\_cp\_apa\_glc\_fabc\_1MDNF5YS8WFD4SPCDRG

#### **RISING**

RISING reveals flashes of life's most intimate moments filled with love, hope, remorse, longing, and anguish. We root for the one who reaches for happiness but is not yet able to grasp it. We wince for the one who picks at festering wounds that never quite heal. We are

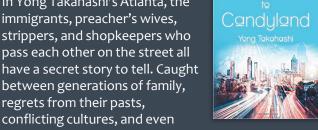


breathless as we run alongside those who chase after a thirst that can never be quenched.

https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/Bo985NSD1 Q/ref=dbs a def rwt hsch vapi tkin p1 i1

#### THE ESCAPE TO CANDYLAND

In Yong Takahashi's Atlanta, the immigrants, preacher's wives, strippers, and shopkeepers who pass each other on the street all have a secret story to tell. Caught between generations of family, regrets from their pasts,

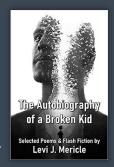


countries, each character has a reason to fiercely guard their secret lives, even as they learn that the truth must escape.

https://www.amazon.com/Escape-Candyland-Yong-Takahashi/dp/1970137878

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A **BROKEN KID**

We find here an immense variety of poems. Most important from the literary point of view, the style of the poet has a richness of effect that creates an enduring fascination.



https://www.amazon.com/Autobiography-Broken-Selected-Poems-

Fiction/dp/9390202159/ref=sr 1 1?dchild=1&keywords =Levi+Mericle&qid=1620354747&sr=8-1

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