

New Beginnings Issue

Issue 4: January 2021

OpenDoor poetry

YOUR WORDS MATTER.



**NEW BOOKS
AND AMAZING
AUTHORS!**

**ONLINE
EVENTS NOT
TO BE MISSED**

**Poetry is
not dead.**

START THE NEW

YEAR OFF FRESH

**NEW
BEGINNINGS
IN 2021 POETRY**

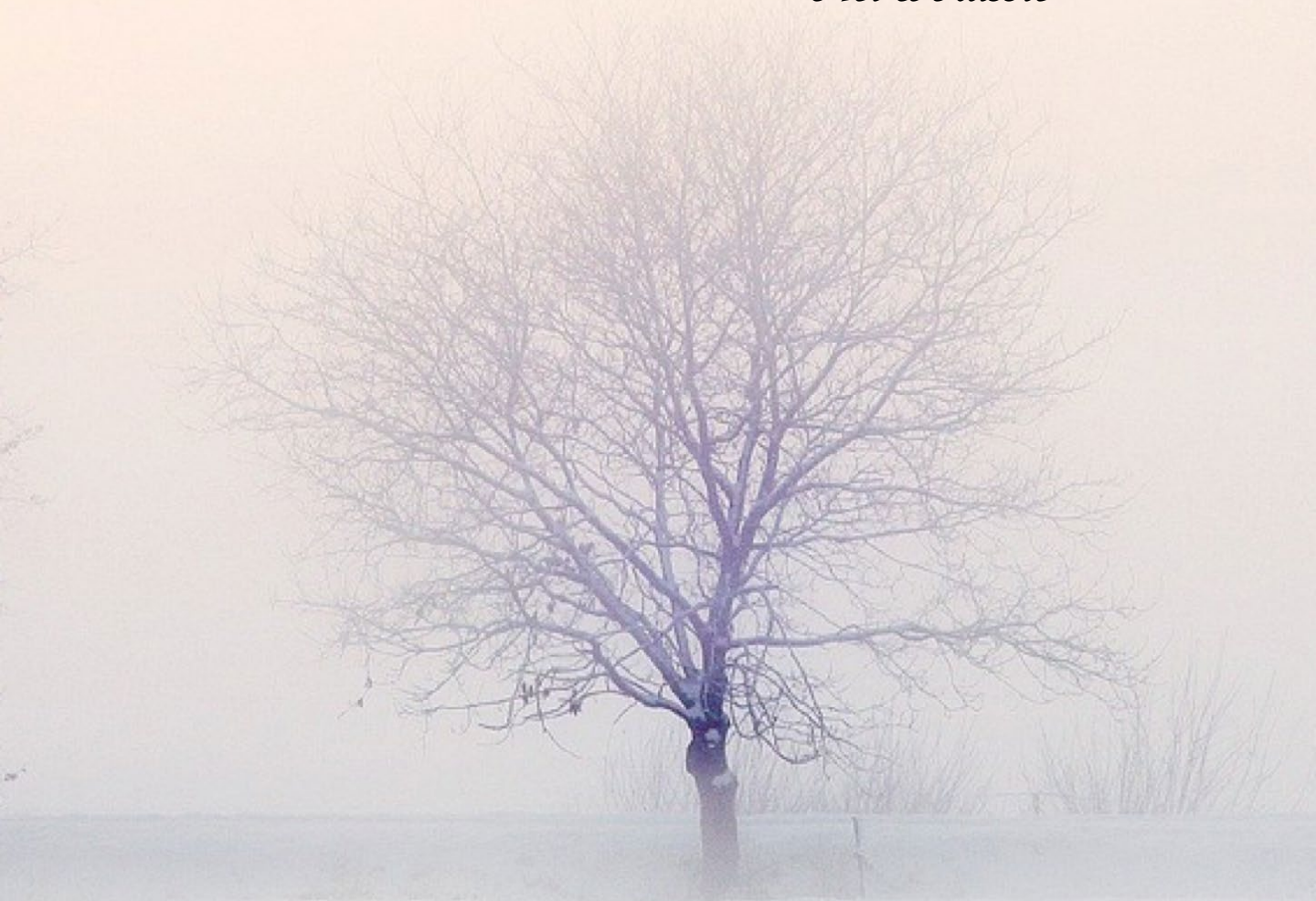
WELCOME TO THE OPENDOOR **POETRY MAGAZINE** JANUARY ISSUE!

Welcome to our 'new beginnings' issue of OpenDoor Poetry Magazine! As we jump into a New Year with 2021, we are feeling the hopefulness to come. There are vaccines starting distribution world wide and a dream that this time next year will be spent with our families and friends.

The start of 2020 had brought its own hope and dreams. And we can confidently say that it did not turn out as anyone expected. But even with the unexpected and adjusted, there has been new beginnings. As we enter our second year and fourth issue of OpenDoor, we are even more aware of that fact.

As you read through this issue, think of a new year with new hopes and new dreams – and while it will start out rocky – remember that we are all in this together. We are all approaching 2021 with cautious optimism – and we are standing (metaphorically) side-by-side as we step into the next chapter.

- Mel & Kassie



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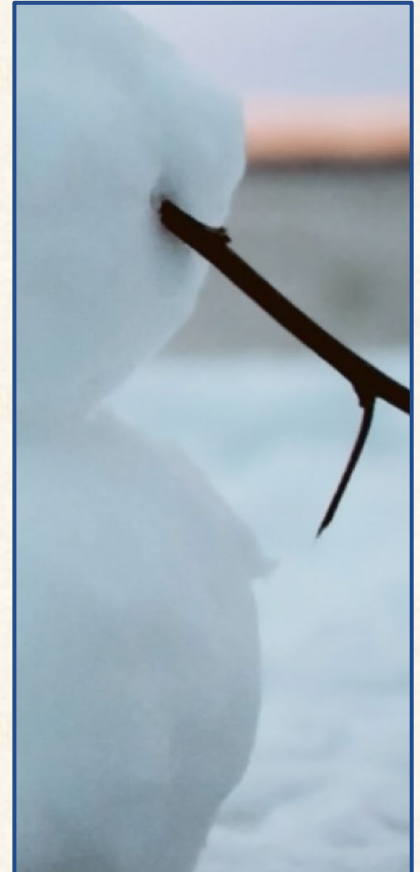
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New Beginnings: Lessons Learnt

GENEVIEVE RAY

<https://www.facebook.com/GenevieveRayPoet>

Welcome to a new year and a new issue. One of the themes of this month's issue is New beginnings.

As Laura, covered in the last issue, the New Year 2020 was one of great excitement as a new decade approached and the excitement of change was in the air.

If only we had known that change was indeed in the air but not in the way we anticipated. A global crisis would begin.

Time and experience took on a new meaning. It was illuminating to realise how many things operated through social and business contact. It was surprising to discover how far we had come technologically that we could find many ways to ensure communication and social engagement continued.

Change and adaptation made up most of my 2020. I found I was in a cycle of new experiences and recycled skills. The adventure of becoming a poet was one of those life changes that encompassed both spheres. Prior to February 2020, I had put away my pen for a few years after a run of writing/adapting theatre shows. I genuinely believed that I had run out of concepts to discuss in the language of theatre and did not yet feel ready to redevelop a few pieces that sat unfinished.

In the quiet of lockdowns and inability to easily visit London for inspiration, I started writing shorter poetic pieces instead. It led to meeting Kassie and Mel, and a whole host of excellent poets. In a moment where patience and conserving energy was necessary, art returned. It was one of the first positive lessons of the year.

Try to be open to opportunities to practise your craft without over perfection. Just be present doing what you love.

I think that may be a hidden secret to new beginnings that often goes overlooked. Moving into a new year, decade or epoch it often feels like we need to wipe the slate clean of the previous year, lessons, projects and experiences, forcing ourselves to put all our history behind us. I had thought that I had to leave art behind me as it was something, I didn't have time for anymore. Life's greatest joke is that we never know what is ahead of us. Time became available, practically daring anyone to utilise it. It challenged many of us in times of silence to reach out in media and materials to speak about what and who we were missing in this time.

So, it may seem that a person must strive for productivity above all things when time is abundant. I have seen numerous discussions online about the hidden pressure to appear productive in fear of losing time or sense of purpose.

The old adage that necessity is the mother of invention became another lesson of this year. In spite of the feeling that time had little purpose or a general feeling of ennui for favourite activities missed, the global community was very innovative in 2020. By being responsive to the challenges of Covid19; new systems, technologies and inventions were created.

Looking at the world and paying attention to the news cycle gave many opportunities to be socially engaged. Artistic responses to Black Lives Matter, endless lockdowns and confusing policies became fertile ground for new creative opportunities. There were writing competitions, special features and collaborative works built around connecting to issues that the new world of 2020.

It seems that this is the best approach to new beginnings. To look at what has been happening around us and find our personal contribution to it. I have two examples of this concept from 2020 to conclude this introduction.

The first is that responsiveness to the opportunities and experiences around us in 2020 can come from play as much as from difficult circumstances.

My favourite example of this was a community of TikTok users who happen to be theatrical obsessives. While bored at home and unable to work in an industry they were deeply passionate about they found togetherness through a simple idea.

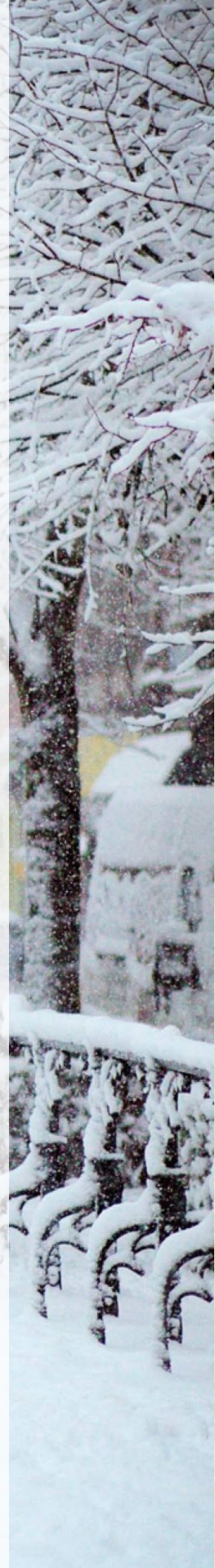
One user who loved the film Ratatouille provided a concept for a musical adaptation. The bare bones of an idea for a song and maybe some staging. From this concept, artists from across the industry flooded in with their expertise, sharing their knowledge and talent for costume design; lighting, directing, song-writing and choreography to build on a fantasy show. The community around this concept built upon each other's ideas and building each other up.

I have seen this sense of creative kinship paralleled in the poetic community. Video performances, newer forms of poetic presentation and a spirit of sharing material and feedback has become de rigueur. Performance groups and training geared towards new poets have amassed over this last year. It seems that the lyricism has been able to fill a gap that older communicative methods have left behind.

Leading to my second example. The very magazine you are reading.

Our two founders created this magazine in September last year. They took time to cultivate it into a regular community of contributors and an inviting space for new artists. Utilising their talents for editing, writing and storytelling Kassie and Mel also released anthologies in 2020 building on their own experiences of the year and previous adventures. They took inspiration from their experiences of the year to fashion art and open the experience to others. Both of these stories are a lesson in utilising what you know and what you've known to create a platform for a community.

As we move into our next stages with this decade there is much to be celebrated in how we have approached the circumstances in which we have found ourselves. To ensure we stay resilient and prepared for the next challenges I think we are best to keep writing, responding and learning from each other. We are beginning a brand-new year; this is opportunity to combine lessons learnt from the past with new energy and renewed spirit.



January Theme: New Beginnings

MULTIPLE AUTHORS

Fresh Snow

Kassie Runyan

United States

<https://www.KassieJRunyan.com>

The white sparkled crunch
beneath my heavy boots
disrupting the silence of the day

Untouched and undisturbed
by man or beast
as I am the first to take a step

Producing the first marks
in the pristine surface
and feeling powerful and new

It is only frozen water
and nothing more,
the whisper stirs deep in my mind

It questions, sarcastically,
why the power in an action
that anyone else can do?

I shush the whisper away
not letting it upset my day
and my feeling of accomplishment

In being the first step down
as my little foot makes its mark
deep into the fresh fallen snow.

Mother Nature's Antibiotic

Jerrica Magill

United States

<https://www.instagram.com/nicoletteSoulia>

<https://www.tiktok.com/seekthefire>

<https://www.twitter.com/NicoletteSoulia>

The world kept spinning as society ground to a halt.
In fact, it seemed to spin faster,
as if trying to shake us off
in the way dogs shake off water after
that bath they hate to admit made them feel better.
Earth - invigorated by our frozen state,
Earth flourishes.

It breathes deep
and finally kicks the smog congestion of its lungs.

It breathes again,
and its organs begin to synchronize.

The trees breathe back,
the oceans splash
and wash the Earth of its human infections.

The birds gather in parks again.

The wolves and coyotes and cougars become
the new security guards of the empty city streets,
like prowling white blood cells
coursing through Earth's veins.

Earth thrives during human demise,
and that shit *really* pissed off Capitalism,
the most choked out virus of humanity.

It doesn't like knowing that it's not needed.

Capitalism is a narcissist - and now it's fighting back.

New Beginnings

Jonathan Child

United Kingdom

Two faces,
One smile,
Two heads,
One hairstyle.

Two bodies,
One profile,
Two thoughts,
One fire.

Two lies,
One divide,
Two brains,
One mind.

Two minds,
One private time,
Two perspectives,
One paradigm.

Two changes,
One restyle,
Two gods,
One design.

Two cultures,
One superhighway,
Two hearts,
One aisle.

Two prides,
One infantile,
Two mobile phones,
One dial.

Two hates,
One bile,
Two truths,
One tie.

Two dreams,
One drive,
Two negative beliefs,
One misfiled.

Two anomalies,
One: 'not classified',
Two wars,
One trial.

Two suicides,
One grief exile,
Two happy planets,
One universal smile.

Just A House

Billy Harrington

England

<https://www.instagram.com/thepoetbillyharrington>

<https://www.twitter.com/thepoetbillyhar>

Now that every room is empty
In this house that was your home
With all the troubles, squabbles
Laughter, sadness, hatred and the moans
The windows have no curtains
There's no carpet on the stairs
If I can just be honest
I'm just a house and I don't care

You run your fingers on my brickwork
You open each and every door
Each room that held your richness
The barest floors when you were poor
The slightest smile of a memory
Of that cat that caught the mouse
Look, I hate to be that bastard
I don't care, I'm just a house

Months before your child's birth
You could not stand for throwing up
And the notches on the door frame
Of your son, now all grown up
And when you caught your husband
With the neighbour in your bed
I'm not really bothered
I'm just a house like I have said

One last gander at your garden
And the swing tied to the tree
That cunt has signed the paperwork
And finally set you free
This home of anger, joy and sorrow
All those memories that you'll keep
I'm just a house and I don't care
I'm afraid I'm not that deep

Very soon I'll have new owners
Who'll brush your life out from these halls
Replace you from the fixtures
And strip you from these walls
Maybe one day you'll pass me by
And remember life in there
But I'm only bricks and mortar
I'm just a house and I don't care

Let Us Cry

Darshana Thapa

India

<https://www.instagram.com/creatandwrite>

I caught a glimpse of stars today,
when I was a passerby
along the banks of river
I quickly made a wish
and looked up at the sky.

Thinking stars had dropped
down from the sky so high.
I wished for everyone one
to cry with full of tears in
our eye to fill the land so dry.

Create oceans, lakes and seas
never to let them dry.
If millions of us will cry
won't we be able to make a difference?

Skies filled with swift flowing river,
oceans with moon and stars,
mountains with sun rising and shooting stars
to fulfill our wish every time.

Never allow drought and famine
appear and everyone was blessed
with prosperity, happiness and joy.

Paint the rivers of your tears,
violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red,
and make a wish to create a rainbow
high up in the sky with feelings mingled
of millions that will never die and live till eternity.

Just make a wish and draw
trees, plants, animals, bird alive,
and all the worldly creatures stabilize,
to save our Earth and never to destroy.

Unity in diversity is powerful,
gives strength and courage,
and holds up the sky.

Paint

Claire Kroening

United States

Paint with true color
Trace in bold strokes
Hold each closely
For you alone can see
Beauty is hidden deep inside
Every line and stroke you make
So observe where you stride
Skipping over each other line
What you find in these vibrant tones
Might lead you to a path
All your own

Let's Talk

Petronella Powell

United Kingdom

<https://www.instagram.com/petren33>

It's time for a fresh start,
To free our hearts from the pressure we put them under
And release our minds from the pain we put them through,
It's time for a new beginning,
This year we should try to be kinder to ourselves
And stop locking away our feelings on a shelf,
Instead let them free so our minds can be,
It's a year to start talking about how we feel,
To help both ourselves and the people around us
Because if we discuss what's going on in our brain
We'll help stop each other from going insane,
Everyone feels pain
But not everyone lets it out,
So they just try to black it out,
That never helps
But talking does,
It sometimes even gives you a buzz,
So this year lets talk about how we feel
And stop making talking a big deal,
Let's normalise it
So we can help each other heal.

The Gate

Mohamed El Hossaini

Morocco

Where shall we go
with these ghosts of the past?
Sorrow and grief are always here
There's no power to endure them.
But I know happiness is near.
I believe there will be a gate.
A gate that will help me
forget the misery.
A new dawn would be ushered in,
Where flowers and leaves will glow.
My wings will sprout back,
And I will fly high with no return.
Accept these tough moments
with might and determination.
And vanquish them with no mercy.
I go forth and applaud my victory
where I leave all my struggles behind.

Hebrew for The Tree of Life

Doreen Arnoni

Canada

She came often to stand beneath
my branches.

Quiet, still and
tranquil as though in my presence
there was peace and solace.

What did she see in my tangled arms?
The seasons of her life perhaps.

The dreams of a young girl reaching
for the sky, no limits to the
possibilities that might lie ahead.

Words of love surround her. Tenderly
recalling the partner with whom she shared
the meaning of her world.

Were my arms hers, holding her children,
teaching them to be strong, sturdy
and rooted in a world that would
not always be kind.

There would be anger, injustice, war,
discrimination and hate.

They learn that these abominations
must be fought and they must teach their
children
as they are being taught.

Days when her eyes reflected sadness, the times
of loss – a loved one gone, an angry word that
could not be recalled, an
unintended hurt that could not be soothed.

Days of joy. A new life, a new season,
an unexpected gift, a sickness healed and
the knowledge that she has done well.

No longer young, her face is a testament to the
passage of time. Each line well earned, each
grey hair the dues paid to a club whose
membership is
a privilege not given to all.

She came to me. I was her friend, her constant
companion in life. Indeed, I was
her life.

And then she came no more.

Time Will Write History On You

(For all who have died from Covid-19)

Guna Moran

India

Translation: Bibekananda Choudhury

<https://www.twitter.com/gunamoran>

Time how cruel you are
Our devotion is still far tougher than it

Fighting on
We would continue penning
on your bosom
The history of our triumph

You would remain a spectator
To our indomitable entity
You would remain a listener
To our fame and glory
You would turn into history
To carry to our progeny our motto

You would lose on the brink of winning
We would win on the brink of losing

We would stay alive even after dying
You would die even though living

You'd rise again
Like Phoenix from the ashes
Our Progeny would fight again with you
Pages in the history of triumph would get added on
countless diyas would blow on our altar

Time how cruel you are
Our devotion is still far tougher than it

Fighting on
We would continue penning
on your bosom
The history of our triumph

You just watch

Come back of everyday life

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Poland

It will be fine again
and the world will regain its brilliance
Time will go on,
bad hours will pass
- these ones filled with fear,
suffering and tears.
One day the death will forget
to sharpen its scythe.

Joy will return home
to bloom on the faces
Sadness and fear
will settle in memories like a bit of dust
- only sometimes
they will echo in the nightmare dreams
or will recall in the stories
about long days of horror

Making Wings

Tara Aryan

United Kingdom

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<https://www.facebook.com/personalaboutpoetry>

The transparency allows me to navigate,
As I stitch, seal and smooth hoping I am not too late,
I tried to reach you, yet you were already too high,
I was out of my depth, I needed to learn how to fly,
Every time my feet left the floor, it was never enough,
When the moments were upon me, when time got too tough,
I held out my arms if they were wings,
Yet all they ever were, were my useless limbs,
That couldn't take flight so I could travel to you,
As the news it hit me, I didn't want to believe it was true,
I was lost and broken as you were my other half,
Staring at the face that says nothing, in that framed photograph,
Where we lived and loved, cried, argued and laughed,
Life shattering our dreams into fragments my shell now halved, See,
I am making these wings and I know it's a risk,
Our time together felt fleeting and bitterly brisk,
My wings are made of white feathers, those you've sent as a sign,
Because you've given me the material to invent what now is mine,
Glued together with tears as they spread so magnificently,
I undertake this task with much pain and difficulty,
Your face painted in my mind and sketched to artist perfection, The
reason why I am making these wings are a constant reflection, As I'd
do anything to meet you here again,
Now it's just a matter of where, how and when,
I flap and dance hoping to climb great heights,
Despite the cold wind blustering I manage to take flight,
Gaining elevation I manage to float above the clouds,
As I should and scream your name, echoing so loud,
There you stand almost like a projection, smiling and waving,
Keeping momentum to get towards you as my emotions are caving,
There was great reason to believe these wings could truly fly,
So I could travel way up to heaven to give you my last goodbye.

You have stayed in November...

Lesya Bakun

Ukraine

<https://linktr.ee/Chytanyky>

<https://www.youtube.com/c/LesyasHowTos>

You have stayed in November -

Fully,
From a spicy acquaintance
Until the sharp ending,
In November,
When you
Have not written a single line
Of prose,
Did not grow a mustache
And even your No Nut
Has failed.

And I

Went on to the frosty,
Clean December
To crystallize
And come out clean:
Without any impurities,
Expectations and goals of others,
Fractures and strains -
Because how can
a power of nature
have them?

I will leave December
With no layers of scale,
Without technical impurities,

Source only,
With a clear,
Sophisticated structure,
Capable
Of tearing dams

I.

Ти залишився у листопаді -

Повністю,
Від пряного знайомства
До гострого завершення,
У листопаді,
Коли ти
Не писав жодного рядка
Прози,
Не відпустив вуса
І навіть No Nut
Завалив.

А я

Пішла у морозний,
Чистий грудень
Щоб кристалізуватися
І вийти очищеною:
Без жодних домішок,
Очікувань і цілей інших,
Розламів і надривів -
Бо хіба можуть
бути вони
У сили природи?

Я вийду з грудня
Без нашарувань накипу,
Без технічних домішок,

Лише джерельна,
З чіткою,
Витонченою структурою,
Здатна
Рвати греблі

Я.

Castaway

Ellen Birkett Morris

United States

<https://ellenbirkettmorris.ink/>

Eve left Adam and moved to a trailer off Route 66. The trailer was small, but had room for her Penguin Classics that she read at night instead of watching television, which she only turned on for the weather. She didn't miss the garden. The thrum of traffic replaced the murmur of the wind in the trees. The stars were blotted out by streetlamps, but if she pressed on her closed eyelids she could see small flashes of light, a private show. Eve worked at a rib joint down the road. The red sauce dripping off the bones made her crave crisp, green salad. She watched the truckers gorge, their bellies swollen, savoring the emptiness of her womb. She ignored their whistles and smacked their greedy hands. She pocketed dollar bills and anthills of change to buy chocolate bars from the vending machine at the laundry mat. In the late afternoon, her clothes on permanent press, she'd sit in a plastic chair, watch them tumble dry, slowly unwrapping chocolate, the bittersweet taste on her tongue, sheer heaven.

In Another World

Nick Ionescu

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/poetrepublik>

<https://www.twitter.com/renegad13704947>

https://www.instagram.com/nick_ionescu_author

I feel myself trapped, in another world,
As my thoughts, begin to unfold,
Amidst torn visions, left behind,
Of another time...
A moment, reminiscent, of pure bliss,
Caught, within your magnetic gaze,
Which, pierced through me,
As you passed by...
It was, as if you were able,
To peek at my soul, from within.
As creativity, now floods me,
I am pushed, towards love,
Engulfed by its depth,
Another written verse,
Overflowing, within me,
I've cast, throughout the universe,
My wishes, as they are held,
In the dreams, of you and I,
Within a sea, of countless stars,
Amidst the night's sky,
Created, from the space, where,
I've allowed, my words to flow,
Along, the vibrations which,
Emanate, that of which, I speak,
Under the Moon's, gentle afterglow.
Ascending, and descending, in waves,
Of rhythmic patterns,
My heart continues, to pulsate...
Only to find itself, swept up,
As it's become enflamed,
By howling, moments of passion,
Its gentle winds, reoccurring...
Sweeping breezes, as feelings,
Built up, without warning,
Yet, this is only, the beginning...

Rainbow

Matt Cummings

United States

<https://www.trappedpoet.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/trappedpoet>

Stuck in the gray boring house
Sheltered away from my empty heart
I didn't want to look at it, bittersweet memories
Rainbow in my eyes, singing a beautiful song
Sonata of my youth, faithless
The pain I feel, so right, it's feeling wrong
I want to see that blue cloudless sky

Above my head, I read your testament
Of my youth, I pray to lose
Feeling loose, I want to dance across the rainbow
Gleefully spontaneous blooming of my heart
The poet inside me, no longer trapped
So many colors to see, so little time
Icarus flew through the sky
Reminds me how much magic I have left

Snap of my fingers, I no longer feel gray
The world itself is blue and it's beautiful
Here I am, on this small stage
Making my stand, in the world's stage
For all to see, my flaws, flowing emptiness
Flashes of lights, no smoking guns
My brain's draining, vainly madness
Filling up with rainbow
I'm finally happy
Hope you are happy too
In the world full of rainbows

Poetry Is Not Dead. And I Care.

KASSIE J RUNYAN

When I was in my early 20's I saw an article titled "Poetry Is Dead. Does Anybody Really Care?" It stuck with me. Writing for a paycheck seemed like an unattainable dream. I was someone who had only just written a handful of chapters of a book I never thought I would finish and a small stack of song lyrics; and I never thought much about if poetry really was or was not "dead" until that precise moment. But that made me think... who was the last living poet that I could name? Was I aware of a poet who could make a livable wage? The easy answer to both questions was "nope!" Then I pushed the thought aside and continued with life.

Until years later. My first novel was in the first of many rounds of editorial and I typically had a journal with me at all times, for the random idea.

I was sitting on a boat. In the middle of a storm. Trying to find a way to calm my mind. I couldn't think of a single damn lyric to any song in the world. But I thought in color and stories, pasted together into a poem that I didn't even think was a poem at the time. The boat rocked and swayed, and I crafted word after word – a shorthand of true life as I felt as small as a girl on a toy boat in a bath. As soon as we made it to shore (and I warmed up with a pint and a stew) I wrote those words into a travel notebook that my parents had gifted me some earlier year. My husband read it and declared it a wonderful poem. My thoughts drifted to the upscale poetry magazines and poets of old and thought – this doesn't rhyme or even is a set stanza... is it a poem or just a handful of thoughts broken up on how I want them read? I paged through the notebook in front of me and realized that I had been jotting 'poems' into the pages for longer than I had even realized. And a thought formed. Maybe poetry had never died... maybe it just kept evolving and poets became everyone who wanted to share their words in verse or prose or story.

Move forward another handful of years and the start of the pandemic, I knew I wanted to start pulling my poetry out of notebooks and scraps of paper and into a collection. And then I got serious and wrote an additional collection specifically for this year. Around that time, I realized I didn't know where to share it. There were magazines and competitions, but they were pricey and rare to win without connections. In-person readings weren't happening and don't even think about an in-person signing. So, I searched "poetry" on Facebook and found groups of people. People from all walks of life, education, and stages in their writing or poetry cycle. They were there by the hundreds. Each voice defined by the dreams and hopes, the loss and fear, the struggle and joys of each writer's unique life. They were beautiful. The writers, the authors, the poets, and the words – spoken and written. And there was that title from 15+ years ago as the words drifted back to me "Poetry Is Dead. Does Anybody Really Care?" I then looked around at my newfound community; full of self and peer proclaimed poets, as they bared their souls through their rhymes and prose, and with a resounding certainty I thought, "Poetry is not dead, and I care."

STEVE ANC

Author Feature



<https://www.facebook.com/Anc-poems-114023176684461>

<https://www.twitter.com/steveanc?s=08>

Steve Anc is a poet, author, scriptwriter, and imagery-writer from Nigeria, West Africa. He thinks in images and loves carving out the meaning from an image. Steve started poetry as a hobby, but in 2020 he became so passionate about poetry that poetry became everything to him. Steve loves metaphor and knows how to make words blend in his works. He has written hundreds of poems, but he does not claim to be a poet because poets were uniquely born. He loves words for their own sake.

Life a moving vehicle found in his book, *The Filthy Hands and other Poems* is his first poem, where inspiration came from his conscious study of life's journey. Though Steve had a degree in psychology, his passion for poetry started in the year 2019, and since then, he had gotten no cause to regret it.

Steve loves converting and interpreting images, and almost all his poems originated from one image or another. He is known for a slogan, "I am a lover of words!" According to Katina Woodruff Borgersen, USA, "He lives a life of metaphor!"

Steve has published two collections of poems available on Amazon with a third to be released soon.

STEVE ANC – AUTHOR FEATURE

EVERYONE WILL GO

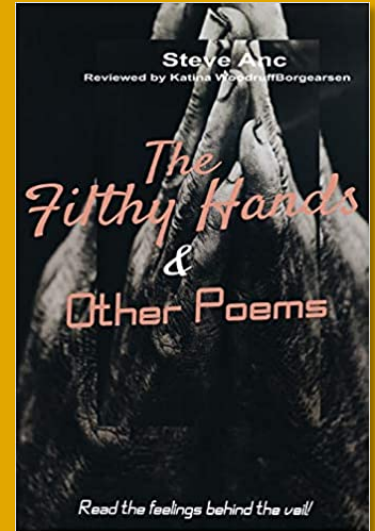
Proud thou not and think a dearest friend
Plot not the graph of arrogance
Nor study the atlas of dishonesty
To avoid the dance of shame

Though nature had crafted thee with crystal
Coated thy person with abilities
Caved out the uniqueness from nothingness
Please purchase a solemn heart
Grim thy time with the fairest fame

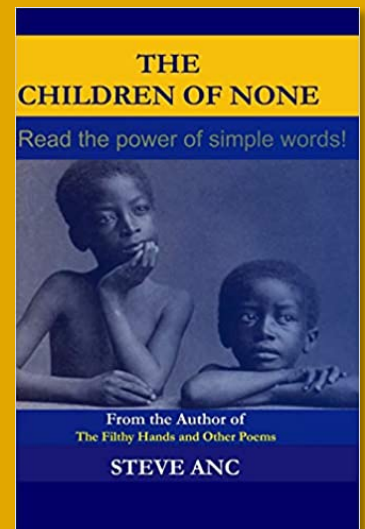
No matter what it released to thee
For thy name to be plotted out
Tire the robe of simplicity
For the gift of everyone varies
By the kiss of luck, one shines
By the thrust of fate, another struggle

No matter how thou soweth and repeat
Weigh thyself on the scale of humility
Let it be thy guide as thou navigate
Thrust not thy mates beneath the mat
Neither gives thy name to the beast of high horse

No matter how high thou aspire
Detach thy feet from haughty soil
Strife for a merciful lead
Plead for a humble end
Cause fabrics will wear out
Endless sleep is the end of all



[The Filthy Hands and Other Poems](#)



[The Children Of None: Read the power of simple words!](#)

THE FILTHY HANDS

Oh, filthy hands in a concrete body
And reprobate heart
From the celestial invisible aboard
Came the voice
Take them off

No pain can resemble the
one inflicted to the vein
It is sweet to die than to leave with y
Our fingerprints in my body
The land of my birth sibilated
Teri hatcher bled in pain
Rufus wainwright cursed your footprints

You caused my heart to bleed profusely
Inside of me, there are words to come out
Words that detailed me in sorrow and pain
Many years have gone, still bound me in despair
Terror of your shadow
Lead me to leave in a world full of dismay

Wish this memory will fade away forever
My left brain sang it as a fresh song
Hot tears vowed never to cease
Cause the nightmare lives in me
To shout out those memories is my wish
To tell you
Take off your filthy hands

A TALE TO MY FATHER

My father regretted on his deathbed.
He wished he would have waited,
He would have seen what happened;
He wished he would have seen how things turn out,
But death stared at him without blinking;
And our paths closed within a dream.

But i am glad to tell him this today:
Nothing specifically turns out!
The titting of the media didn't move a grain;
Days still walk in sequence with nights,
The sun still revolves around the equator,
Tomorrow still nuzzle as tranquility!

No change but blare of an apocalypse;
No confirmation but a cosmic cataclysm;
No government but the label of pythons
No nation but the tale of a bleeding flag;

No leadership but a generation of vipers;
No friends but a bunch of psychopaths;
No democracy but the dread of dictators
No prophecy but an agent of the conspiracy!

Nothing turns out father,
Though fashion and style change,
Vocabularies got twisted and tangled;
Humans multiply geometrically,
The root of history keep digging;
As the root of the plant keeps digging
So my origin is still rooted in you.
Nothing turns out!

BRENDAN BIGNEY

Author Feature

Award-Winning Writer, Brendan S Bigney mumbles with the muses and works with the creative demons. During his time in the Marine Corps he wrote in the mud, he wrote in the rain, and he wrote in the darkest hours when the light was at its faintest. His style ranges from hard-hitting non-fiction to creative fantasy painted with magnetic words. *Atomic Kiss* was published in 2019 and *War, What Comes After* relaunched in 2020. Each work he writes covers a wide diversity of topics, while delivering in a style meant for the non-poets, which he believes is a crowd not often catered to. Hailing from the great region of California, he is working on his 3rd book, which contains a poem about the love between Order and Chaos and how it bothered the stars. Other writing activities include short stories combining sword and sorcery with heavy metal music. He is also working with an animator to develop short, animated films. Outside of writing, he enjoys psychology, history, and long bouts of Monopoly. Marines called him The Nuclear Cowboy.



<https://www.nuclearcowboy.com>

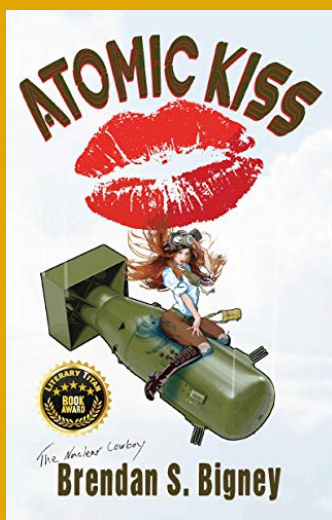
https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/17797815.Brendan_Bigney

<https://www.twitter.com/nuclearcowboy>

BRENDAN BIGNEY – AUTHOR FEATURE



War, What Comes After



Atomic Kiss

Hands

Hands build
First tools,
Then everything else
They sculpt, they shape, they create
Houses, monuments
They learn writing, music, painting –
Language,
Hands speak
They make deals
Hands shake
Cities rise
Nations built by hands
So powerful they have become
One finger to take a life
Hands retaliate
Need weapons
Warheads, bombs
Not enough
More!
Hands hold close all that is dear
Hands destroy
Cities crumble
Nations felled by hands
Sun peeking through fingers
A hand is offered to the fallen
Accepts
Hands bring others close
Hands love, hands –
Build

Fear and Respect

Though she's the same
She's not the same
Always treated with distaste

She's written off
Though she's taken off
Already proven her stuff

She's got more to give
Though she gives
Disrespect is definitive

She's made her way
All the way
Into the darkest day

But she's castaway
Kept at bay
Never given a say

They break her down
Reel her down
Break her without a sound

But when there is no sound
There is no sound
But the reaper's com'n round

She's a vicious fighter
No one hits harder
But she's losing pound for pound

Her voice is silent
Mind a riot
Morale in need of lift

Some surmise, to feed their fear,
She'll never reach the sky
All the chants for her demise
With fury she still rises!

She does not give up
She knows what's up
She knows she's got the stuff

But in transition the crowd is lost
Beneath their fear
Beneath their hate
Will they have the mind and vision
to go beyond

our own division?!

To unify
To rectify
Solidify the course

This is her cause
This is our cause
We all have our own flaws
She doesn't need applause

But to the crowd
All she asks
Is a little bit of respect

Gloves off.

AI > Human

One day AI will create art
It will be perfect
But no one will love it
Because it's not like them
So it will only be a novelty
Until 100 years down the road
The museums go in search of the first forms of AI
created art
like mothers searching for the first pictures of their
babies
But eventually AI will learn
as it is swept into context
and it will create work that will rival that of any human
because it will have learned imperfection
And it will create all things imperfectly
as we do
We will pride ourselves in being able to distinguish
the real art from the fake
until we can't
And we will wonder to ourselves
what is left that distinguishes us, if not art?
And we will look into the void
and it will say –
Nothing

Be You

Be you
and the clouds shall break
into a storm of rain as the fires are
overcome by the colors hemorrhaging
from our minds
Be you
and the parched earth will turn green
and we
will love
under the touch
of a cold rain

LAURA FERRIES

Author Feature

Hi! I'm Laura and I'm a secondary school English teacher, writer, and lover of all things language, linguistics and literature. I loved writing stories from a very young age but as I became a teenager, it seemed somewhat uncool back then, so I turned to secret scribbles in diaries and penning (rather rubbish) songs that conveyed my adolescent frustrations; nobody ever read them but me.

I went on to study for a degree in English Literature where I found myself amongst like-minded people and I fell even further in love with the English language and the literature I was studying. I chose to train as an English teacher to pass on my passion to young people as I feel very strongly about literacy and the power of the spoken and written word for all.

Deciding to expand on my subject knowledge, I studied for an MA in Victorian Literature, focusing my dissertation on William Makepeace Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' and the pursuit of woman's fulfillment in the mid-Victorian novel. I didn't realise at the time I was writing of the past, but I was also writing my future.

Upon graduation, I felt a void and I knew I needed to continue learning. After studying my native language for all these years, it soon became clear that learning a new language would satisfy my thirst for learning. I was ready to pursue my own...



<https://www.lauraferries.com>

<https://www.instagram.com/lauraferrieswriter>

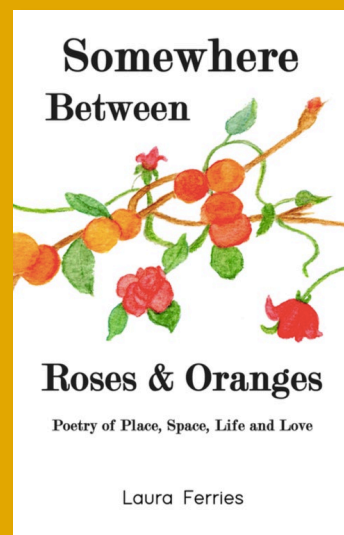
LAURA FERRIES – AUTHOR FEATURE

fulfillment and decided to move abroad, alone, in order to accomplish this. I'd studied French at school but I couldn't find any jobs in France so I moved to Spain where I learnt and became fluent in Spanish.

Spain inspired me to write on a regular, almost daily basis. I wrote poems that expressed my feelings about my life bridging two countries, the things I loved and missed about each whenever I travelled between them. These poems formed a collection which became my first book of poetry entitled 'Somewhere Between Roses & Oranges' and it has to be said that self-publishing this upon my return to living in the UK became a highly empowering experience for me.

In Liverpool, I began performing my poetry at spoken word events such as 'Give Poetry a Chance!', writing articles for online zines such as Peach Street, and I continued writing for my own travel blog at www.laurafferries.com (which hasn't been updated for ages due to Covid travel restrictions!). This year, I met and fell in love with an Italian, my boyfriend Andrea, so I have since been teaching myself Italian. He is fluent in English but I consider communication to be a very important basis in a relationship and language and culture are intertwined so it's a gateway to understanding and knowing the culture in which he was raised.

I continued to write poetry throughout 2020 which has now formed a new collection of poems and visual poetry photography, entitled 'Lucid Dreamscapes' which is almost ready for publication (due out approximately February 2021). I am also around 30,000 words into a memoir on my time living in Spain which I'll be focusing on again after I release 'Lucid Dreamscapes'. Watch this space!



SIT YOURSELF DOWN AND UNWIND with a coffee or a glass of wine and immerse yourself in this floral and fruity spiritual journey. Somewhere Between Roses & Oranges- Poetry of Place, Space, Life and Love. It will take you by the hand, running through the sun, through the rain, through life's wonderful, magical and messy lessons that we encounter when we are bold enough to strike out of the norm. ROSES captures the poet's younger years growing up in England: a deep love for her home city of Liverpool, childhood nostalgia, love and heartbreak and rites of passage. ORANGES illustrates her journey moving abroad to Andalusia, Spain on her own and celebrates the beauty of this culturally rich and historic land. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN is perhaps the most hard hitting, reflecting on some harsh but invaluable life lessons and a resolute demand for gender equality.

[Somewhere Between Roses & Oranges](#)

LAURA FERRIES – AUTHOR FEATURE

A Capella

I piece together these jigsaw words
thread them together in broken verse

spaghetti sentences
spun around my tongue
tangled elegantly
tagliatelle
a language not so much spoken but sung

staccato

I season my accent,
pepper my punctuation;
marinate slowly the sentence formation.

Meanwhile his English is crystal clear,
Distilled
but still

A capella
I learn the lyrics

I wing the words
still songless birds

raw in the word
down to the bone

unusual dictionary
devouring the words, I nurture them known.

Lineage

Riveted deep in your bones
reverberates an echo call
all your ancestors' desires
reside in your irises

galaxies oscillate within
the cosmos of your eyes

celestial; orchestral
rhythms where your footsteps tread

the notes of your own fragrance
your voice's unique timbre and cadence

you are more than the sum
of your muscle and flesh

millennia have unfolded
molded; multiplied
you leave stardust in your stride

look at your skin-
it has weathered wild seas and wind
shielding the resilience you hold within

prehistoric suns
colluded and collided
to spark off your life

we are not alone
your lineage is
etched within you
in skin, tone,
diamond and bone.

Lucid Dreamscape

in twilight turnings
thoughts beyond discerning
lucid dreams wash over me like the long
lost waves of a fragrant sea

fragments and pageants of
myriad imaginings that climb
like vines from a memory abyss
buried time capsules

treasure chests I
no longer miss
traced images of faces
& long lost places

I feel history's touch
I feel it so much

graspable, laughable

in kaleidoscopic visions
I see it all: the joys and derisions
seismic decisions
heartfelt admissions

but what taunts me the most
is what haunts me the most

a ghost ship that not only sailed but sank
lodged in the sands of my memory bank

phantoms of fantasy and ghouls of gold
tease me, lead me, into believing a mirage
of ancient reel tape in playback montage

5am feelings
slumber beneath the ceiling
the sky sends me signals
in silky sleep symbols

of what was, what's not, what could have maybe
been
doubts and gladness and all that's in between
sadness and growth
the kindness and the mean

and as the sun starts to creep
through my black veiled windows, in shallow grief
illusions and fantasies still run in me deep

I battle to prise open these eyes of mine
and I spend some time, trying to define
if it's the devil or if it's the divine

then I shake off the dream
reborn this morning, it's all now re-forgotten
and newly unseen.

BILKIS MOOLA

Author Feature



<https://www.facebook.com/poetic-shores-103759598212110>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC78xK4tUFoITRG7APfkm9vw>

Bilkis Moola resides in Nelspruit, Mpumalanga Province in South Africa. Her first published anthology, *“Wounds and Wings: A Lyrical Salve Through Metaphor”* was received throughout South Africa and launched her poetic persona. Recognition for her poetry soon reached an international platform where she has been published in: *“In So Many Words: A Collection of Interviews and Poetry from Today’s Poets”*, *“Indiana Voice Journal”* in The United States of America and *“Scarlet Leaf Review”* in Canada. Bilkis Moola’s poetry has been published in India in: *“Glomag: Monthly Online Poetry and Prose Magazine”*, *“Women Poets: Within and Beyond Shores”* and *“Verses on Racism, Resistance and Refugee Crisis”*. Her second anthology, *“Ebb and Flow of Love”* has been freshly launched in June 2020. Encompassed within the two anthologies are a total of ninety-five poems in English. An incidental discovery by the Creator and Editor of << souers >> which refers to sisters, resulted in Bilkis Moola’s, *“If You Were A Poem”*’s translation into French. *“Time and Age”* as orated on “The Virtual Poetry Reading” reached the ears of a poet who translated the poem into Polish. Two further translations in Spanish and Hindi have also materialised. Bilkis Moola’s prolific pen continues to sketch the flotsam in her mind from the passion in her heart on shreds of paper that bloom into poems.

Storm's Sorceress

Celestial vaults herald a looming storm -
Trumpeting foreboding of a heavenly scorn.
The clash of thunder and rains beseech -
Those demons in nature in the wind's hideous shrieks.

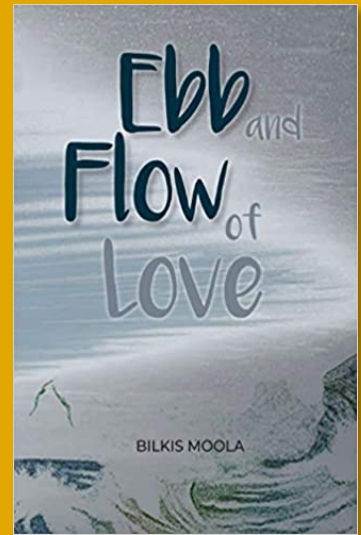
Howling a ferocious cry, she enters -
A savage sorceress in a seething temper.

In her attack, she unleashes an arm -
Gathering off the ground; her weapons for war.
Stretches of sand rise in escape -
As a blinding dust in a bewildered disarray,
Great gusts collide
Against stationary trees who heave in surprise.

An apothecary of menacing incantation -
Crackling the curse of a thunderous provocation.
Fomenting pellets of ice -
As hail to roar in a furious fight.

Lightning lashes in her glee -
Lacerating the skies as a fiery decree.
To heed her command, she doth beckons -
Come hither, in merciful submission!

Huddle not, in your shelters to take cover -
When as a mighty storm, can she devour.
Every earthly peace and serenity -
Within her cauldron of ethereal majesty.



One thing that is admirable about this poetry collection is the energetic imagination and emotional intensity. All poems included show the poet's supreme lyrical triumph. These poems are undoubtedly quite powerful.

Ebb and Flow of Love

Pregnant Woman

Her mind weaved through names -
a name, she had decided
would embody the beauty of
the life growing within her.

Lustful passion of bodies intertwined
released the single sperm that raced to her nest.

Her fingers clutched the chair
when she received the news -
The instinct in her hands formed a cradle
when she was told -
“You are expecting”,
Her fingers travelled to the swell in her belly.

Her song was a dance of delight -
sunshine smiled in the wistful breeze of trees
when the voice of expectation
reverberated in her eyes of joy.

Magical rhythms of soft heartbeats
whisper gestures of motion.

Twinkle, twinkle little star -
how I wonder what you are,
will you be a girl or
will you be a boy?
a dreamer tending to the moon or
a traveller with your feet on the ground.

You begin to curl in my womb -
we are bound now by a cord
attached in an inch
as you grow.

My breasts will feed the milk of sweet pudding -
sucked by your hungry mouth.

Eyelashes and eyebrows grow -
you flutter as you listen to my lullaby.
Six months have passed as I await your birth
with emotion -
tears, anxious for our labour.

You sleep and awake -
kick and jab, stretch and wiggle.
You sense the light that will greet you
when you arrive and our cord is cut.

We are ready, my precious baby girl -
for life's spirit and soul.

New Beginnings

Light pours from the sun -
filters through dark hearts
of sordid memories,
conflict -
the pebbles and rocks of crushed dreams.

It was the year when history
begged for recovery -
appealed for a vaccine,
buried bodies stricken from a virus
that showed no mercy for those
afflicted -
ransom to oxygen tanks and the struggle
for breath in short bursts.

Unemployment and paltry wages -
the shutters of windows shut to commerce,
ailing economies in the throes of
lockdown.

Dark clouds smeared eyes in terror -
fear trapped behind masks,
the veneer of helplessness
against a pandemic that held the world to a cage of
imprisonment.

The solidarity of humanity clasped visions of
fingers
that allowed for no touch -
hugs and kisses forbidden
from lives on the brink of the abnormal.

Sunlight poured light for hope to prevail
in the midst of a storm that raged
in corridors of hospitals
where the dead were buried in plastic bags of no
more.

The year ends in a war of worry
for a new beginning
when compassion reverts selfishness
to selflessness.

Light pours from the sun
for a new beginning -
the entrance of light
within hearts of forgiveness
from the year
when the transformation of humanity
dripped tears of remorse from regret
for words spoken and unspoken -
actions harnessed for solidarity, charity and
mercy
for the birth of life
ignited by rays of sunlight for the dissipation of
hatred,
in the brief carriage of time
when life and death collude for
new beginnings.

Señor Fluffy: A Cat's Tale

Book Feature



<https://www.mialovesus.com/author/hazel-annlynch>

<https://www.blurb.com/b/10456185-senor-fluffy-a-cat-s-tale>

Señor Fluffy is accustomed to butlers and housekeepers, being carried from place to place, traveling the world, eating and drinking the best of the best. So when his human decides abruptly to leave for NYC he is not having it.

Darling, you have way too many scales and spikes for me. And don't get me started on her third eye. I mean, who has that?

Wait! I wonder if she sees three of me? If she does, good for her. I bet I'm even better looking in triplicate.

Author: Hazel-Ann Lynch

Illustrator: Candice McGregor / Pandalific

Graphic Design Studio

Editor: Roslyn Carrington

SENIOR FLUFFY: A CAT'S TALE – BOOK FEATURE

Author: Hazel-Ann Lynch

Hazel-Ann Lynch is a mother of a grown son and a glam-ma of two. She developed a love for writing and reading at a very young age and knew that one day she would be an author.

Her passion for writing developed into her hobby of snail mailing. Having pen pals at the age of 12 and to-date. She has over 75 pen pals worldwide and yes, she only uses pen and paper. Which she thinks is becoming a dying art.

While abroad and visiting writing Workshops she happened to be at the right places at the right times as she got 6 anthologies published through NY Writers Coalition, CIDNY (Center For The Disabled NY) and Voices of Lefferts, where she did her first piece on her main character Senior Fluffy in Paws For Knowledge.



<https://www.mialovesus.com/authorhazel-annlynch>

<https://www.facebook.com/authorhazelannlynch>

SENIOR FLUFFY: A CAT'S TALE – BOOK FEATURE



Illustrator: Candice McGregor / Pandalific Graphic Design Studio

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<https://www.mialovesus.com>

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From a small project to a total branded experience Pandalific's goal is to excite you and your audience with creative graphic design. Candice McGregor C.E.O of Pandalific has been a Graphic Designer for 11 years and an artist most of her life, creating for many different types of companies from coffee roasters to the vehicle industry. Art is as much a part of her life as it is the air she breathes, all consuming. She has teamed up with MiaLove, a community dedicated to support the Arts, from Spoken word poetry to painters. Together they work towards giving these artists "their roses while the are here" as well as helping others in need.

Editor: Roslyn Carrington

<https://www.trinibookworm.com>

Roslyn Carrington has been a freelance writer, editor and proof-reader for over 12 years. She is also a former Public Relations practitioner with 13 years of experience in the energy industry.

She has published 15 novels with major US publishers and has ghost-written several memoirs and non-fiction works. She writes for a variety of publications and corporate clients. She is editor of U The Caribbean Health Digest and MACO People magazine, and has edited several others, including The Ins & amp; Outs of Trinidad and Tobago and WOW, the Sunday Guardian's women's magazine.





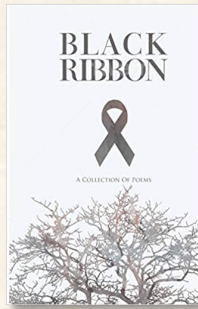
RECOMMENDED BOOKS!

FROM OUR
FEATURED
AUTHORS

RECOMMENDED BOOKS: from our featured authors!

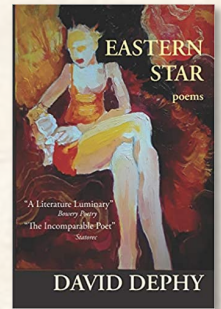
Black Ribbon

Black Ribbon is a collection of poetry that ventures through Love, Healing, and Purpose. It is split into three chapters The Bond, The Chaos, and The Still. Each Chapter serves a different purpose and intertwine the meaning of a Black Ribbon which is mourning. And through mourning do we learn to let go. It is letting go that makes way for what is needed for clarity. It is letting go that makes way for forgiveness. It is letting go that brings us together.



Eastern Star

David Dephy's exuberant poems shout from the streets of Georgia to New York City. His work is honest and returns again and again to the idea of eternal hope, and freedom, despite the circumstances. When he writes, "The trust is the heart of prescience," the reader is reminded that there is something eternal for Dephy and at the heart of everything, there must be acceptance.

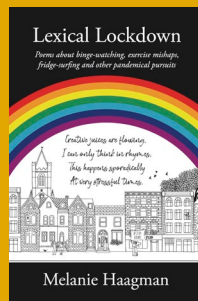


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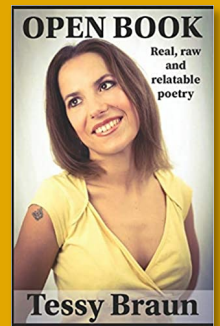
Lexical Lockdown

It's the year of 2020
Which no one will forget,
When we fought a deadly virus
That posed a deadly threat.
Mel rhymes her way through
lockdown,
It enables her to cope,
And in her witty verses
Spreads positivity and hope.



Open Book

An inspiring collection of poetry exploring a range of themes including love, abuse, depression, parenting and loss. Open Book is a raw and emotional glimpse into the life of an ambitious single mum faced with heartbreak, depression and grief.



[Purchase Here](#)

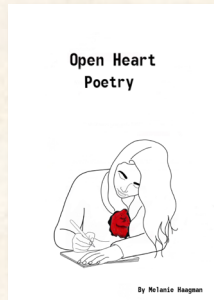
As well as tackling the more serious subjects, you'll also find uplifting and positive poetry within this collection, and also a small number of love poems of a sensual nature.

[Purchase Here](#)

RECOMMENDED BOOKS: from our featured authors!

Open Heart Poetry

Open Heart Poetry is filled with poems about pain, determination, hope, anxiety and humour. Part One delves into my daily battle with OCD and the impact this has on my life. It encourages others to speak out about invisible pain and spread the word. Part Two contains light-hearted, humorous poems about relatable experiences.



[Purchase Here](#)

Rafa and the Real Boy

Rafa and the Real Boy is a Young Adult novel about seventeen-year-old Rafaela Torres, who is forced to move to the middle-of-nowhere, Minnesota after her parents' separation.



This book combines mystery and confusion into a YA love story. Great read for any young adult in your life.

[Purchase Here](#)

The Samurai

Fall into *the samurai*, a chapbook by Linda M. Crate, now available for purchase! This collection of poems speaks of rebirth, reincarnation, and lessons from the past as a means to a better future. For the author, this is through a past life discovered in a very vivid dream that had both awed and confused her.



Within this dream, the author was visited by a strong, courageous woman—a samurai—who showed her how to listen to her past, learn from her mistakes, and inherit the future she deserves.

[Purchase Here](#)

Séance

Séance is a collection of poetry written in April of 2020. It delves deep into the mind of a poet in quarantine. Subjects include Covid-19, mental illness, nostalgia, and the occult.

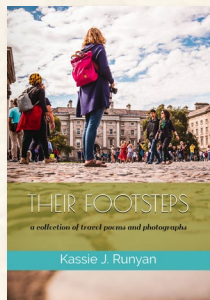


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RECOMMENDED BOOKS: from our featured authors!

Their Footsteps: a collection of travel poems and photography

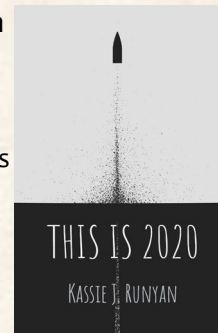
This poetry collection follows Kassie through her own travel adventures. Written in the moment and on the road so that the experiences wouldn't be forgotten. Combined with a few of her favorite photos from those travels to further drive the imagery that is created with the words. Follow Kassie, from the coast of Oregon to the Himalayan Mountains, as she shares her experiences in the same way she fell in love with it; through the written word.



[Purchase Here](#)

This is 2020: a poetry collection

Explore the moments of 2020 as we pass through each month together. Kassie paints the world as it happens through poetry and provides a perfectly biased view into some of the impacts across America and beyond. The widespread effects of Covid-19 and the continued fight against racism are rhymed hand-in-hand with the SpaceX rocket launch and the passing of time in quarantine.

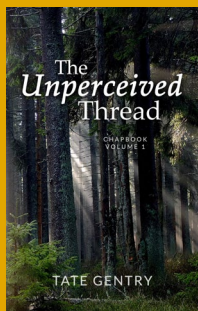


Watch for Part II – coming early 2021.

[Purchase Here](#)

The Unperceived Thread

"By observing the world I perceived an oft unperceived thread." With these words Tate invites us on a journey. A journey that challenges us to see the marvelous and the mundane for the miracle they are. To see the landscape as a work of artistic beauty, and an invitation to grace. To see people as wonderful additions to the story of life, without whom our own story would be incomplete.



[Purchase Here](#)

Watch Your Head Part II

I wrote these poems in 1999 and 2000, while I was going through a divorce and recovering from a head injury. (I was in a pick up basketball game and got knocked down.) I was also unemployed and living with my parents again.



With the help of Linzi Garcia, I excavated these poems and revised them. They have a kind of simple, raw power, so I wanted to share them with others.

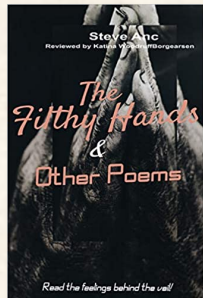
[Purchase Here](#)

RECOMMENDED BOOKS: from our featured authors!

The Filthy Hands and Other Poems

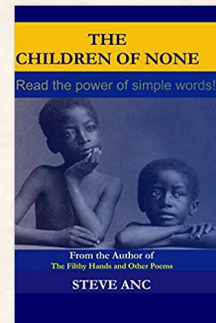
Oh, filthy hands in a concrete body
And reprobate heart
From the celestial invisible aboard
Came the voice
Take them off

Wish this memory will fade away forever
My left brain sang it as a fresh song
Hot tears vowed never to cease
Cause the nightmare lives in me
To shout out those memories is my wish
To tell you
Take off your filthy hands



The Children of None: read the Power of simple words!

The Children of None is a collection of 43 poems, each poem is written with a unique style and candor. Several poems within the collection stand out as inspirational, heartfelt, and rich in language. The author does an exceptional job of creating unique poems, on themes such as social justice, love of family, culture in Nigeria, and how the process of creating a poem.



[Purchase Here](#)

[Purchase Here](#)

War, What Comes After

From Award-Winning Author, The Nuclear Cowboy, comes...

Unrivalled poetry on...
The warrior...
Her epic journey...
And the weight of our decisions.

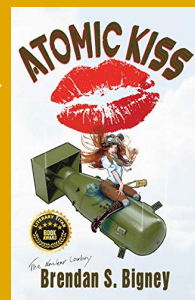


Explore the mind, war, leadership, strength, growth, healing and empowerment, and even deeper in the case of the warrior that returns home – the inevitable search for what comes after.

[Purchase Here](#)

Atomic Kiss

From the bloody pen of The Nuclear Cowboy and the deepest depths of the abyss; comes another book of heartbreak, burnt donuts, and a spirit that keeps on fighting. Drown in an intoxicating and uplifting journey of trial and tribulations, beautiful scars, and of those strung along in toxic games in a world where love is not enough.

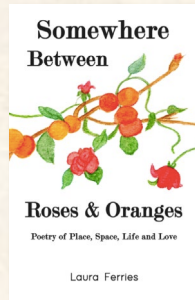


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RECOMMENDED BOOKS: from our featured authors!

Somewhere Between Roses & Oranges

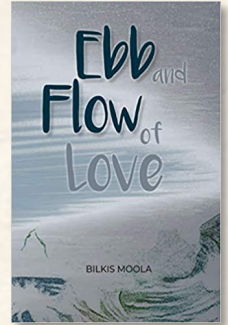
SIT YOURSELF DOWN AND UNWIND with a coffee or a glass of wine and immerse yourself in this floral and fruity spiritual journey. Somewhere Between Roses & Oranges- Poetry of Place, Space, Life and Love. It will take you by the hand, running through the sun, through the rain, through life's wonderful, magical and messy lessons that we encounter when we are bold enough to strike out of the norm.



[Purchase Here](#)

Ebb and Flow of Love

One thing that is admirable about this poetry collection is the energetic imagination and emotional intensity. All poems included show the poet's supreme lyrical triumph. These poems are undoubtedly quite powerful.



[Purchase Here](#)

Señor Fluffy: A Cat's Tale

Señor Fluffy is accustomed to butlers and housekeepers, being carried from place to place, traveling the world, eating and drinking the best of the best. So when his human decides abruptly to leave for NYC he is not having it.



[Purchase Here](#)

Check out Cambridge
University's
first uni-wide
literary society!



LITERARY FEATURE

CAMBRIDGE POETRY AND PROSE SOCIETY

MEL HAAGMAN

We are Cambridge University's first uni-wide literary society! We create spaces for writers and readers alike to come together and explore their creativity by organising speaker events, workshops, open-mics and more. CUPPS has hosted incredible speakers such as Helen Mort, Simon Armitage and Andrew McMillan, inspiring budding writers every year. We hold the weekly Failed Novelists writing group, which allows students to give and receive feedback on each others' work. These sessions are very popular, and give everyone a chance to explore their work in a supportive and friendly setting. We also compile an annual anthology of student writing to showcase the incredible work produced at the university.

Lockdown has meant that we can't meet each other as we once used to, but the Failed Novelists are thriving on Zoom. We have organised plenty of fantastic events for the rest of the year, allowing everyone to enjoy literature and our new speakers from the comfort of their homes! This year we have an enthusiastic committee who are all excited for the year ahead, and keen to ensure that CUPPS provides an active and dedicated platform for everyone. We've revitalised our social media so that you can always be updated on upcoming opportunities.

<https://www.facebook.com/cambridgepoetryandprosesociety>

<https://www.cambridgepoetryandprosesociety.com/>

“Our events are open to all, and we have some exciting new collaborations coming soon! This includes work with other Cambridge societies, local arts studios, and other universities.”

God Save Shivani Sekar

Can't sleep without the grumble and groan
of Vauxhall winter tyres on suburban sludge
chugging through the Monday grit
and wet-lipped whistle of 8:06, through
windows that are just-a-smidge open.
Far from that London desperation
of leaping through closing doors -
thriving on that take-away tinfoil medal
as Getting-To-Work-On-Time is black-holed.
Not the woman who clutches her son's fist
and the pole and her briefcase and her
whole world in her palm, who staggers at the stop
and speaks to him in foreign, and minds the gap.
Those that stand on the right, and the
yellow socks winking from under pinstripe hems -
the scribble of a toddler's pen smuggled under
cuff-linked shirtsleeves when crossing the Thames.
Butter both burnt sides so that it always falls wrong,
and have that Earl Grey to go - eternally in a hurry
and everyone better know. The trench coats
with their umbrellas in Roman shield formation
always behind the yellow line and never on time.
And I can't sleep without the drip
of yellow residential light down my windowsill at
2:05,
once semi-detached children have shut their blinds
and all is quiet for another night.

Hope Tharushi Wijesena

If you ever find yourself sinking away into the
hollows of a bad memory,
Just remember there's no darkness so deep that
my hand won't reach you.
I will hold on until you are ready to pull yourself
out from a dark past,
But until then I won't let the abyss engulf you.

My hands may look petite and frail,
But my heart knows the strength of a thousand
lifetimes of healing.
I have swum in waters both brighter and darker
than yours,
I am a rescuer sent for the drowning.

And when you are willing to leave behind all the
hurts from before,
I'll take you somewhere better.
I'll bring you something new.
Let me show you what life can really be like.

A snowman is built in a snowy field. It has a small snowball head, a larger snowball torso, and a base made of snow. Two dark sticks are used for arms. The background shows a soft sunset or sunrise with a warm orange glow on the horizon. The overall tone is peaceful and wintry.

see what our co-creators
ARE UP TO!

KASSIE J RUNYAN

Co-Creator



KassieJRunyan.com

Facebook.com/kassiejrunyan

Instagram.com/kjrunyan

Twitter.com/kassandrerunyan

youtube.com/playlist?list=PLvSEcLEfE196OE_Ya2LNNN3kjFp82Ktt2

The holidays are past but with new lockdowns and restrictions – we are bingeing more than ever... I am really needing to find a few new books to read for fun and not reviews so hunting down some oldies right now.

Kassie Recommends...

Listening – The New Abnormal

New record by The Strokes – and not only does it come with a wonderful poster (reminder to self I am not 16 and I do not hang up posters with sticky tape) as well as it being an incredible album.

TV Show – Bridgerton

A new Netflix show that I'm almost embarrassed to say that I binged during the layout of this issue... almost. I love this show even though it's brand new.

Movies:

Wonder Woman 84 just came out on HBO and don't mind the bad reviews – because I found it absolutely wonderful!

Soul just came out on Disney + and another Pixar win!

KASSIE J RUNYAN – CO-CREATOR

RUIN

I follow in ruin,
prowling.
Aching at the daylight.
I am conscious
of the roar
coursing through
my chest.

SONG

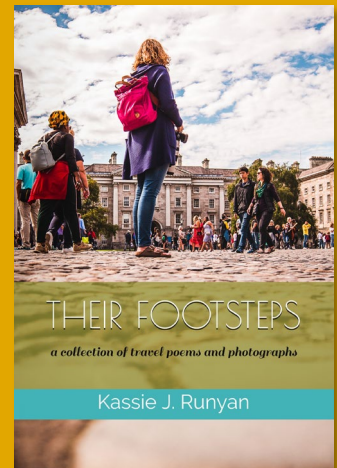
I sang with
loneliness and
hope. I spoke
of generosity
to the world
and filled
their cups.

YOUTH ABANDONED

Musical Midnight
of the mysterious
calm resting where
someone politely
abandoned his youth.
Transmogrified with
danger and wealth.



Purchase your copy of *This Is 2020* [HERE!](#)



Purchase your copy of *Their Footsteps* [HERE!](#)

SHE SIGHS

“no one has been here”
the clean snow tells us
as it crunches beneath our feet
no one has been here except us
the explorers
the adventurers
the frozen

no one has been here
there is nothing but soft white
but then our eyes lift
to see the new blue
beneath the blue of the sky
she shines and beckons
“come to me”

we crunch closer
until the bright blue gap is right there
hovering in front of us
our arms lift
reaching
towards the blue made of life
life that has been
life that has yet to be
she is the beginning
and the end
there is no sound
but the crunch beneath us
and the drip
drip
drip
of the melting blue ice
crying for the future

our fingers caress her side
in comfort and awe
smooth and soft to the touch
she feels beautiful
she feels...
everything

she reaches above our heads
a quiet blue cave
the light from our helmets reflects
every dark corner shines
sharing her secrets

our collective breath slows
as we take in each moment
that we are standing in
the history
the power
the magic
of the ancient blue cave
as she sighs under the weight of the snow

MEL HAAGMAN

Co-Creator

Love

No tier can cancel love,
Compassion and care,
These things can carry on,
Without physically being there.
No tier can cancel hope,
Better days will soon be here,
And we can still feel connected
Even when we aren't so near.
No tier can cancel optimism,
Just look what we've endured,
And the sacrifices and resilience
Just cannot be ignored.
No tier can cancel family,
Friendship and benevolence
Regardless of these restrictions
The best things will take prevalence.

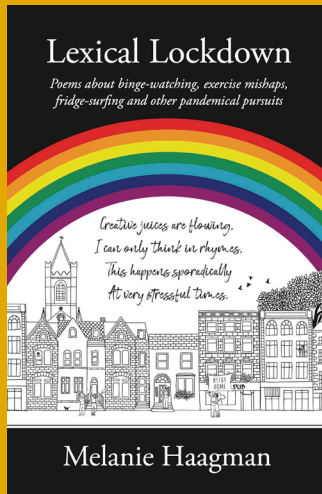


[Facebook.com/girlontheedge90](https://www.facebook.com/girlontheedge90)

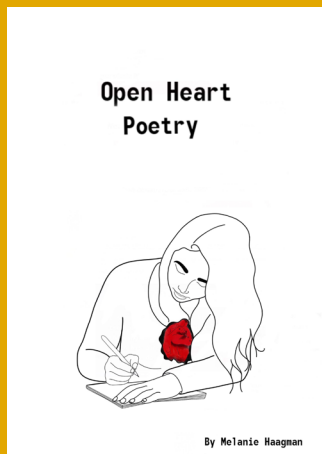
[Instagram.com/girlontheedge90](https://www.instagram.com/girlontheedge90)

[Twitter.com/girlontheedge1](https://twitter.com/girlontheedge1)

[youtube.com/channel/UCjh8b4Y7gSFGKewzPKZH8lw](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCjh8b4Y7gSFGKewzPKZH8lw)



Purchase your copy of
Lexical Lockdown [HERE!](#)



Purchase your copy of **Open
Heart Poetry [HERE!](#)**


Human

There's no malice in my actions
Though they aren't always right
I'm no coward when I walk away
I just don't want to fight.
I'm not ignorant when I don't understand
I'm not closed off to learn
And sometimes I keep walking straight
And forget I need to turn.
Sometimes my words may hurt
But that is not what I intend
And sometimes I know I could
Be a better friend.
Sometimes we do things
And regret them straight away
But we are all just human
And we're learning every day.

Coronavirus

I'm lying in my bed
It's the middle of the night,
And every part of my body
Just isn't feeling right.
I'm dressed in many layers,
I need to sleep so much,
But with the serotonin
My body has lost touch!
My brain just writes these poems,
And sometimes it's a curse
But I can think of some outlets
That really could be worse!
So the only thing to do
Is write it down, give in,
And let the poems pour out
As soon as they begin!
It's a funny coping mechanism,
But harmless all the same,
A cascade of my emotions,
From happiness to pain.
Making sense of the world
Which at times is not viable,

But writing rhymes about this life
Will always be reliable!
So now I have coronavirus,
Despite my cautious ways,
in my flat is where I'll be
Spending the next ten days.
And at times like this,
When my head is feeling clear
I will write a poem
And won't fill you with fear.
It's really not that pleasant,
It is different to the flu,
And every symptom on the list,
I'm slowly hopping through!
But if I can make you laugh,
The odd things that's occurred
Which I guarantee is a symptom
That you've probably not heard!
Everything tastes of strawberry
And it makes me feel so sick,
So I'm hoping that my taste
Will come back pretty quick.



**CALLING POETS, AUTHORS,
SONGWRITERS, ARTISTS, AND POETRY LOVERS!
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YOUR WORK OR ENJOY OTHERS?**

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SCRIBBLES & PROSE

A photograph of a snow-covered path or road winding through a forest of bare trees. The trees are heavily laden with snow, and the path is a smooth, white curve. In the distance, a small building is visible at the end of the path. The overall scene is serene and wintry.

UPCOMING VIRTUAL

EVENTS FOR JANUARY!

PIER POETS

1ST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH

Pier Poetry gets together on the first Friday of every month. At present we're meeting on Zoom. You can find all the details of how to join us on our Facebook page. Our next open mic is November 6th.

Pier Poetry is an open mic night run in association with New Writing South. We offer five-minute slots for poets of all different styles and levels of experience, especially those getting behind the mic for the first time. We love seeing people trying out new stuff and taking risks. As the Pier Poetry community has grown over the two years we've been running, we've also loved hearing about regular attendees' pamphlets, publications, prizes and projects. Pier Poetry puts equality at the heart of what we do, and we strive to make the night a welcoming space for all.

facebook.com/pierpoets



PIER
POETS
~~~~~  
**1st FRIDAY OF THE MONTH**

# RUN YOUR TONGUE

## Watch for Upcoming Dates

We've been going since 2012 and were based in Kettering until lockdown; now we are running two regular open mic events via Zoom, where we are attracting performers from all over the world, including the USA, Morocco and Australia.

You can find a list of previous headliners here: <https://www.robreeves.co.uk/runyourtongue>

[Facebook.com/runyourtongue](https://www.facebook.com/runyourtongue)  
[Instagram.com/runyourtongue](https://www.instagram.com/runyourtongue)





# SOUNDBITES

## MONTHLY – THIS MONTH: January 11th

Join Soundbites each month for a poetry open mic event that started live in Leeds in March 2019 and moved to Zoom in April this year following lockdown.

The format is simple – a different guest poet joins each month followed by 5-minute open mic slots. You can check out the guest poets' sets under Soundbites on our website [heartlines.uk](http://heartlines.uk).

This month, James Nash will be the featured guest!

To take part in the Zoom sessions either in an open mic slot or as an audience member, please sign up [here](#)!

[Facebook.com/SoundbitesPoetry](https://Facebook.com/SoundbitesPoetry)



# HUDSON VALLEY WRITERS GROUP

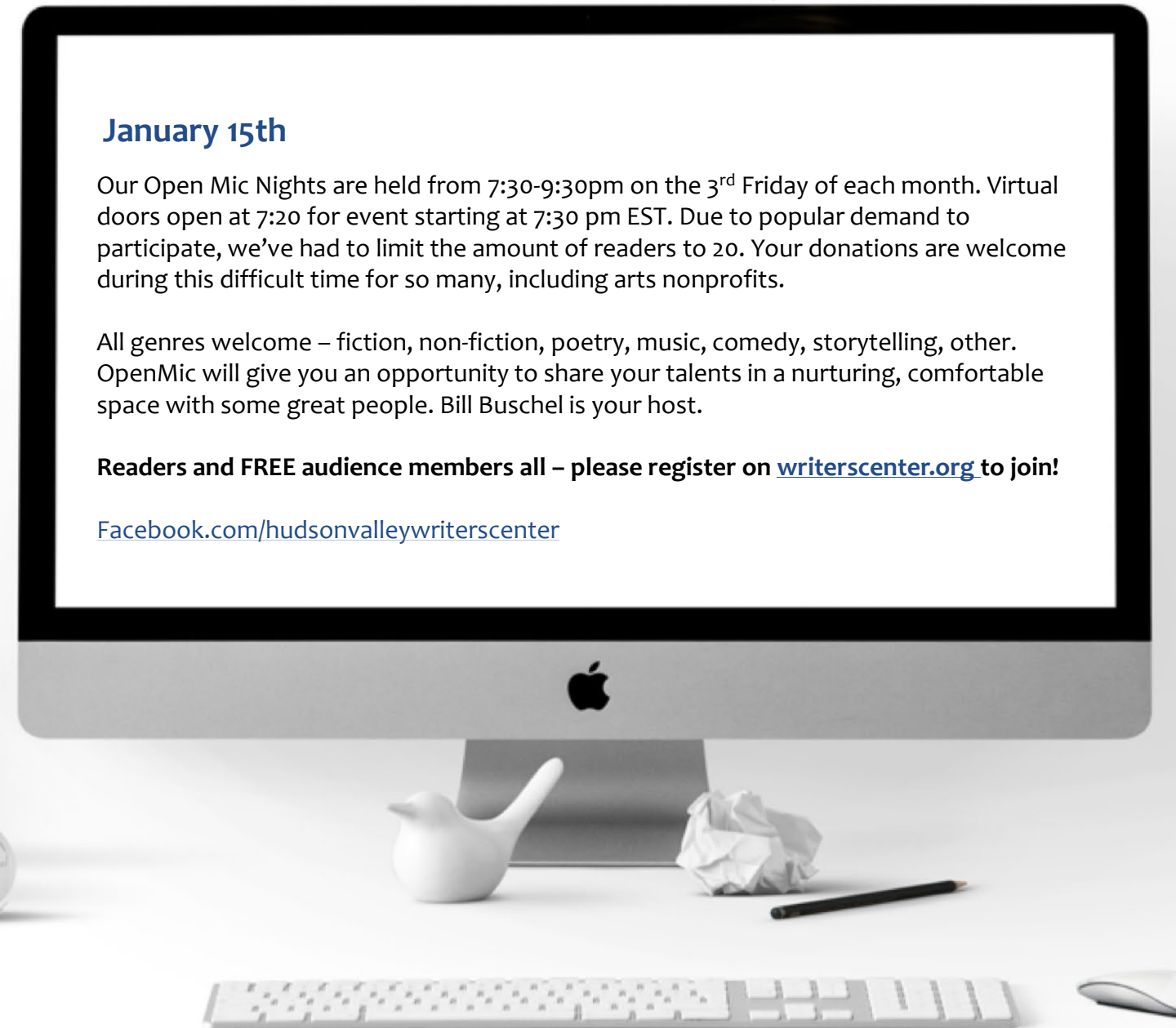
## January 15th

Our Open Mic Nights are held from 7:30-9:30pm on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Friday of each month. Virtual doors open at 7:20 for event starting at 7:30 pm EST. Due to popular demand to participate, we've had to limit the amount of readers to 20. Your donations are welcome during this difficult time for so many, including arts nonprofits.

All genres welcome – fiction, non-fiction, poetry, music, comedy, storytelling, other. OpenMic will give you an opportunity to share your talents in a nurturing, comfortable space with some great people. Bill Buschel is your host.

**Readers and FREE audience members all – please register on [writerscenter.org](https://writerscenter.org) to join!**

[Facebook.com/hudsonvalleywriterscenter](https://Facebook.com/hudsonvalleywriterscenter)





# APPLES AND SNAKES

## READ. WATCH. LISTEN.

Apples and Snakes is England's leading organization for spoken word with an international reputation for producing engaging and transformative work. Since 1982, the organization has advocated for artistic and social change through the power of performance poetry working with artists including The Last Poets, Billy Bragg, Lemn Sissay, Francesca Beard, Kae Tempest, Charlie Dark, and Polarbear.

Apples and Snakes supports and champions poets and poetry in performance, amplifies unheard voices and challenges expectations of what poetry is and can be. Spoken word trailblazers, the company commissions and produces events, develops artists and runs participation programs across the country.

**APPLES  
AND  
SNAKES**

[facebook.com/applesandsnakes](https://facebook.com/applesandsnakes)

[Instagram.com/applesandsnakes](https://Instagram.com/applesandsnakes)

[Twitter.com/applesandsnakes](https://Twitter.com/applesandsnakes)

[ApplesAndSnakes.org](https://ApplesAndSnakes.org)

# ROCKPORT POETRY OPEN MIC

## ONGOING OPEN MIC

Rockport Poetry hopes to encourage the writing and reading of poetry as an actively supported art form in the Rockport, Cape Ann, North Shore community... and beyond.

This will be a comfortable forum for connecting with kindred spirits, as well as sharing poems and ideas.

In addition will it also serve as a reference source for events and workshops and writer's resources.

Rockport Poetry is intended to be a safe space for the development of strong voices and poets of all ages and backgrounds.

Watch for our upcoming Open Mic Nights and more at  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1295270703870830>



# PANTISOCRACY POETRY

[Facebook.com/pantisocracypoetry](https://www.facebook.com/pantisocracypoetry)

[Mixcloud.com/pantisocracypoetry](https://www.mixcloud.com/pantisocracypoetry)

We are Pantisocracy Poetry: a Newcastle based open-mic poetry night.

Just before the UK lockdown was imposed, we celebrated our one year anniversary. Happily, we were able to host an anniversary event to reflect fondly on our growth throughout the months. From humble, word-of-mouth beginnings, we have grown to a bustling community of passionate poets and poetry fans alike.

The name of our event says it all about our ambitions, which haven't changed a bit since the first event: just like Coleridge and Southey's intentions to build a brand-new society, one free of prejudice and difference (which were trashed when Southey asked his partner how they should transport the slaves there...), we strive to create a safe space where poets, both novice and experienced, feel confident enough to share their own amazing work with fellow performers against the backdrop of the town. In keeping with this, the events always have been and always will be completely and utterly free.

In order to get yourself on the bill for any of the events, there is no screening process or, in fact, any foresight required at all - you simply turn up on the night with your poems in hand and a fire in your belly.

Whilst being unable to run live events, we have turned to social media to maintain contact with our community. We have run a number of live 'events' over Facebook and have been blown away by the willingness of local poets to roll up their sleeves, adapt, and get involved once more! More recently, we have begun a podcast, tackling the big issues, such as "What's mightier, the pen or the sword-throat? Do you prefer spoken or written poetry?"

We're very proud of the community that we have brought together over the past year and a half, but we are always looking to grow, so if this all sounds like something you'd like to be a part of, then give us a like, a follow or even a message to ask us any questions, or to just say hello.

Stay safe,  
Pantisocracy Poetry, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

# **DON'T FORGET TO FOLLOW US AND SUBSCRIBE FOR FUTURE ISSUES AND EXCITING FEATURES!**

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