

ARCS

Prose Poetry Anthology 2018

Issue 3



Arcs Publishing House

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Prose Poetry
Anthology 2018
A colored ebook and
print edition.

Anwer Ghani
Iraq

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Issue 3

SUBMISSION

Please send your poem to
arcsprosepoetry@gmail.com

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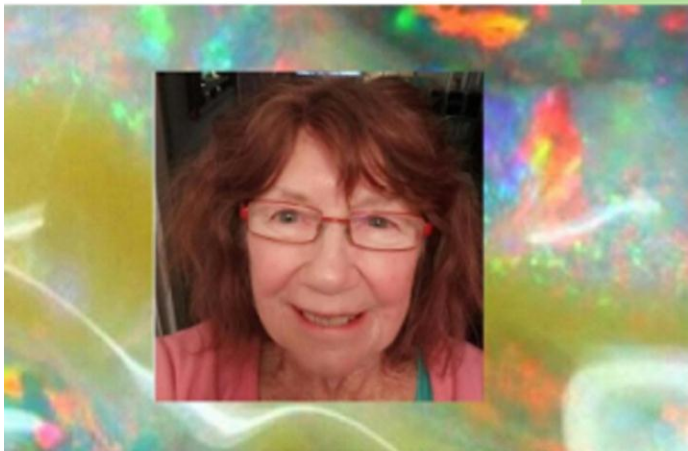
ARCS PRIZE 2018
JYOTIRMAYA THAKUR





I LOVE IT HERE PATRICIA AMUNDSEN

I love it here, sitting in the
grass. Birds are singing,
ocean condescending. Red
Fly exploring my alien
presence. He's a curious
Fly, checking all that is
new, phone case,
mandarin, book and red
shoe. Just one red fly. And
then he went. And there he
went - the mayor of this
establishment!



PATRICIA AMUNDSEN
Australia

Arcs 3, 2018



HIS EYES AFTER HER MARAM ATTYA

Alas! she's a sad emerald;
waves push her toward
mysterious beaches. Autumn
steals her bracelets and loses
her earrings, tempting darkness
to stay in her eyes, digging
channels for tears and filling her
face with wrinkles. Emerald
seems like a pale fish in a drying
sea or as a yellow leaf ravaged
by storms, so she jumps to the
sand bank. Suddenly a skillful
peasant sees her. He peels her
thick sadness and combs her
hair with love and longing .

He implants her in the
deepness of his brown eyes
while his blessing hands
altering her to an almond tree in
spring. Emerald then wears her
white dress as in the feast,
becomes ready to the future
emerald's season on the
peaceful banks. What a charm! I
see her dancing running toward
the areas of beauty. Bravo
hardworking and lover peasant!
Beatitude nice emerald!

Translated from Arabic by
Kinana iani



Maram Attya
Syria



Tears Of Love Martin Ijir

The starry night where stars sparkled with endless mercy, frail my soul to the edge of time, as I stare at her rippling smile I was lost with words to utter. Her lips shines with adorning flowers as I sauntered closer, more intentional failure drum in my eyes. The eye-sighting was akin to the first moon, her miniature glory like Ramadan fasting,

I walk closer with a still smile, an emoticons of love-play resurrects as a full moon, I am yours for you to love I say. She stares with aptness surprise as if waiting for me to confide in her, as I tell her the words she expect to hear. I have my knees down for you with love, marry me I say as tears of love rolled from our eyes.



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Martin Ijir
Nigeria

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Blank column Mushtaque Barq

And then a gentle gush of wind robbed the moisture from old buds and all of a sudden tornado tormented one and all, trees and trustees, men and masters, sons and signatories, verdicts and values like all other things lost their ways.... now that only stones speak, pillars propagate and headless status reveal, rest are readers. I have a pen but ink is hard to come by, it has lost its viscosity to rule the veins of paper, many friends offered me their red hot blood, but now my vocabulary played hide and seek,

and I am the one exposed with all my loopholes that once I preferred not to be a public property, but now my blank mind is like my blank column. Where shall one sit and think when entire globe is termed as grand dump of human debris, what shall one write when lines and latitudes at every crossing surpass signals.



Mushtaque Barq
India

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Bride Wealth and Dowry Nancy Ndeke

Check mate your mate, to meet
at the date palm. Here, with
dates as witness, tell your hearts
story in whispers. Allow the
eyes gaze to drink up enough of
your sighs. Tenderly reach for
the place where life forces
ululate in adulating chyme's.
Then, lead the way yonder home
and plea for a hand of the maid.
Doors open a slit to let the
village belief's home. Bearing
gifts beautiful and curses in
cases, the priest ties the knot
that says one is bought and
another sold.

Farewell in order as disorder is
authored by practice that
humans dehumanize through
inter league of vague
interpretation. Some on flames
light in disgust of debt's of wed.
Some punched blue for
deadlines on sons arrival.
Dowry. Culture. Bride wealth.
Gifts and curses sung in one
lullaby that keep the poor awake
till menopause at her father's
hearth, servitude of one whose
crime is breasts upon the chest.



Nancy Ndeke
Nigeria



MY JOURNEY TO YOU Nikhat Bano

A cup of coffee in my hand and a storm of thoughts in my mind. There're some lamps burning behind me and a hope flying before me. O' Sommelier! Lemme sit this way, for some more time, as I'm about to reach his abode, in a short while. I know, I'm somewhere around him, as I can recognize the whiffs of his earth and his sky. Wish to see him, once more, before I come back to you. O' Sommelier! I don't know, what have you served me, a coffee or a spirituous drink? My journey from your place to his abode, has become a fanciful flight.

Trust me, I wish, I never reach my destination. And I sincerely wish, you keep watching me, this way, from a distance. O' Keeper! Do you know, this unrest in my chest is far better than the actual meeting. I fear, at the end of the day, we all are humans, tend to deviate, too frail and too weak. I don't wish to see him succumbed to these weaknesses.



Nikhat Bano
India

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Larks Ascending Haibun Mark Murphy

We stumble up and down friendless streets in the rain and wind accompanied by the usual melancholia that first drove us from our rented rooms to seek solace in the affairs of other minds. Moving slowly, stubbornly past road works and weekend labourers with the same Sunday dread we feel every churchless Sabbath, we search for love, laughter and belonging, but no matter where we walk, awkward in our distress, no matter which bus we catch, faithless and solemnly depressed, we really have nowhere to go, no one to visit that isn't already engaged or dead.

Awful the realization – we never swapped the Sunday sun for a life of solitude with all its doubt and fear of death. Alas, this is where we find him in his 47th year, provincial and nameless, no intentional loner, but an unintentional poet.



Arcs 3, 2018

Mark Murphy
UK



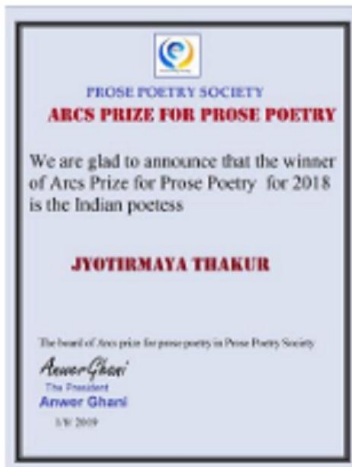
THE WOMB Lamis Ibrahim Katsina

The stars in shreds the expanse
of sky the canvas the moon.
Nocturnal owls shriek omens,
lives gravitate to mothers
wombs, in the rooms where
flowers grow. To creep by the
windows by the eaves. Dispel
worries dispense grace, abiding
gravity in flowing in floating
above bubbles above foams
solid on the rock. Comfort
compassion hold in walls of
magnetic fields. There souls
retire in sleepy roam.



Lamis Ibrahim Katsina
Nigeria

Arcs 3 , 2018



Arcs Prize
for Prose Poetry

JYOTIRMAYA THAKUR

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**THE WORLD OF
PROSE POETRY**

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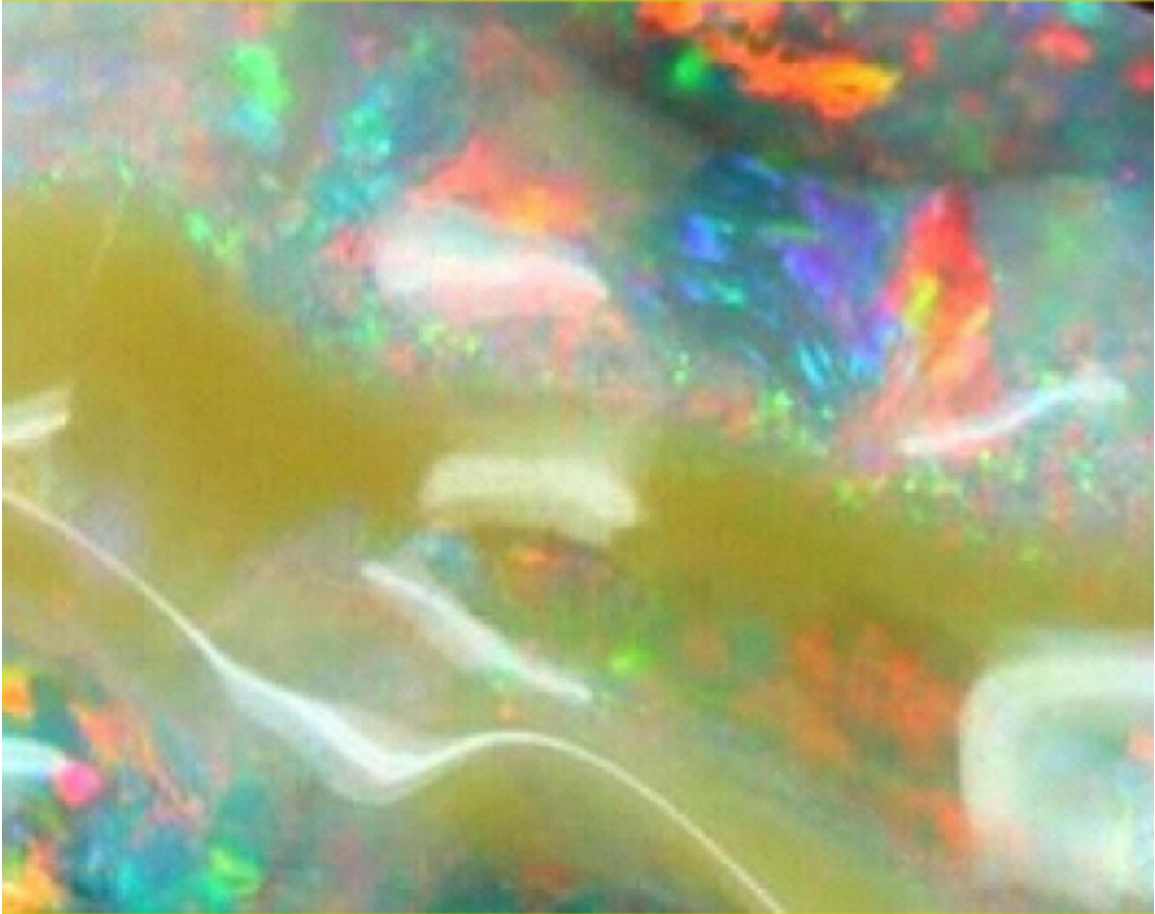
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