



Arcs
Prose Poetry Anthology
2020

Editor
Anwer Ghani

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Editor Anwer Ghani
Arcs PH, Iraq 2020
Arts by Anwer Ghani

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ARCS PROSE POETRY ANTHOLOGY 2020

Introduction

Arcs prose poetry anthology is an annual anthology by the Prose Poetry Society of international writers of the expressive narrative style and this is the fifth issue. Arcs 2020 contains poems, essays and awards. Editor is chief Anwer Ghani from Iraq.

Poems

Pragya Suman
India



ETHEREAL TALKS

PRAGYA SUMAN

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I lifted up the lid of my coffer of coffee color. Laid in form limitless time, they suddenly began to whimper and melt. They liquefied in wide sea but I would have sipped them!! I just awaited and scanned them carefully one by one. Pale presence of talks, white talks, tawdry talks, mauve talks, red talks of every hue I ever imagined. Suddenly thaw of liquid vanished like bodied one they reminded me once upon a time they shook the world. Brief bit of reincarnation. I took them one by one and threw in ethereal sea. They are gleaming like serene sacred sonnet. I gaped for a while, gave a detached look; infinite peace descended upon me. I belong to all; all belong to me.

Karim Abdullah
Iraq



THE SOLDIERS OF GOD

KARIM ABDULLAH

Heavily armed with their frustration, Your soldiers drag the metropolis misery before your authority that ends up in the blindest tyranny, violate their humanity and you do not know anything about the banks of supplication lounged on by her distant voice that comes to the ears of the sea, whenever the trees of alienation smile, the extensive face of night falls, lying there, ahead the soldiers as deconstructing my lavishing history on the tongues of the ominous war. They led the leftover of dream crucified in your shining evening, searing it in front of the mockery of stations, elegized by the childbirth of a morning that sleeps on the brink of a glow of the waiting of my return shackled with rifles as tearing the whoop of the resurrection, tattooed on the wings of the colorful butterflies behind the glass of the bombed cars.

Translated from Arabic by me John Henry Smith

Psalms pester her virginity

She much asks the flowers of her high balconies if he, the fascinated, still loves her, and in his soul, love madly accumulates. Why do the hailstones, as falling, break our young leaves, which the flowing river buries in the dream of her vast garden before the eyes of the singing nightingales? The day I fell in love with her, her eyes have greened; she undoes her buttons, chants the fascination, gathered on the fringe of the dream and emits highly neighing perfume, raiding the accelerating anxiety in autumn. He was a violent windstorm that sweeps from his heart, a devil, which forcibly infiltrates, exposing my poems, the pain still vindicates the uplifting eagerness behind the fences of gloom as knocking at her doors every night and we recite her out unbridled poems like horses under her high windows, defeated are his foolish horses, complained by the dawn as it flees from her luxurious bed, the gallops of my shameful horses stumble at the tones of my stuttering psalms. In the unknown, a sigh of regret disappears, how desirous it was to clean the gathering dust around the table of waiting. Even the old berry tree went moaning from a crow, as watching him sharpening his dagger on the stones of her house, looking at me, waiting for the hour of defeat.

Translated from Arabic by John H. Smith

Amara Christa
NIGERIA



TORTURED LIVES

Mentality is corrupt in the dark, brainwash is the opposite of blind. I see the prisons packed with crowded spaces and

prison guards with hollow faces. Tricked hearts seem afraid of changes, yet, the wicked wails and turn complacency yet, I maintain the patience. Yes, time can limit, but not chandling my will. Strength is placed across my chest but, my shadow remains still.

STRENGTH

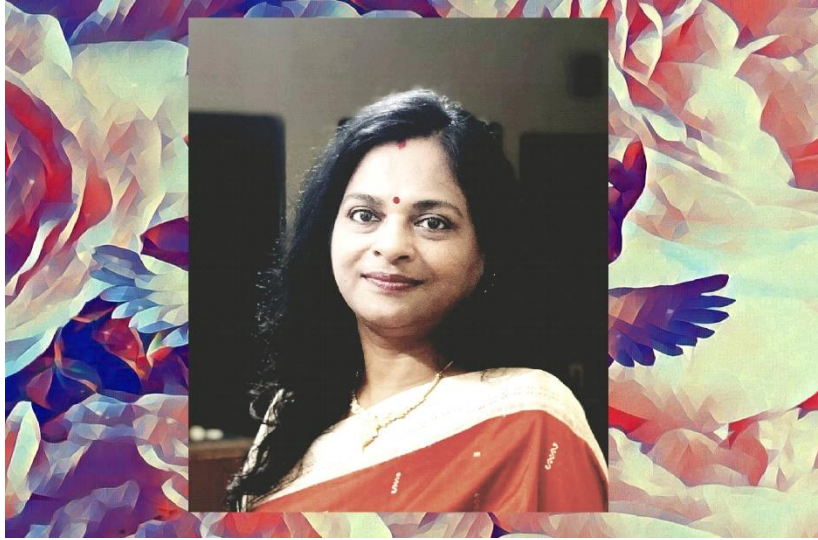
Yet, the silence here speaks; it tells me all I need to hear; it confirms my belief and ease promises I have to fear. It reminds me that, without freedom, I'm alone and these white-washed walls don't make up the blacking source. Yes, I gave my boys handshake before they were buried in the symmetry but, who I is what I do now.

Dear Father

It's been a long five years and still counting. I've cried and still crying a thousand tears; squeezed and enveloped in my fears. If I could get a glimpse and feel of your skin once more, I would take you to the city of red roses, holding your hands and getting splashes on crystal code mountains; stream that would bring chill to our legs. I'll take you to old brick houses, listening and reading your lips, the old tales about them. I'll call up the valley-valley to wind as a thread through us once again.

These unshed tears still sit like ice pallet in my eyes; I still sit, staring at the sun, laying cool curses on mother-earth, for she left this cracked drying tears in a brittle trail on my cheek.

Rajashree Mohapatra
INDIA



THE NIGHT BLOOM ... SHEPHALI

RAJASHREE MOHAPATRA

You bloom in night fragrant beauty but why do you fall by the touch of light? Is it the richer fragrance of the dew-drenched fragrance of the earth that draws you down to it? Why you bloom of the night could never see light? What is that love. O what is that strange sensation in touching the earth in blooming and wilting in night only to die in union with the earth. O! what fulfilment is that! what strange sensation .by love fatally drawn .Tell me O flower of the night you rue your brief flowering in silence, your fall on the earth's dewed shivering in cold or is that your way of saying you are overwhelmed by love enchanted? And by falling you celebrate your love untold?

Walid Boureghda
Algeria



THE DIVINITY OF LOVE

WALID BOUREGHDA

Your face shines like a full moon in a seagoing darkness,
and my poetry roams in the stirring spell of your words,

making me dive deeply into the beauty of your soul and heart. You have been reigning over my heart and my mind since the first day I fell in love with you. I am a bunch of paramours' sea-roving on the ocean of illicit ardor, which was taken straight to a conscious oblivion through a sweet zephyr on the waves of craze. You are the queen of behest and an eternal instant of drunkenness. I did write for you a myriad of poems that confabulation has never known before. In your eyes, there lies a mélange of an evidence of passion and a perennial spring poured in a melting pot of dreams; you are the sun that unfreezes the snowflakes and cleanses the heavens above with its rays of light. You are a never-ending night full of sleepless pearling stars. In deepest kernel of yourself, there lies the genuine genesis and death of everything. You are the divinity of love.

Megha Sood
USA



TRAPPED

MEGHA SOOD

Time stretches itself and reaches every crevice and corner of my sullen heart. Leaving impression and mark on every pore. This boisterous claim from the gatekeeper is a recurring event. This marking of the territory has left my skin porous. Seething with welts and blisters. Infused with longing/craving for sustenance. Every memory of mine has left an imprint on this vapid air which carries the pain of yesteryears infused with the belonging. It wistfully whispers to those who listen. A silent soliloquy. It carves the message on our discordant bodies. I have been earmarked for destruction for eons. I fail to mark the slithering steps of bad memories. Unspooling in the cold

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intimate corridors of life. They catch up to me as I feverishly look to find a way out of this intricate puzzle. This long winding maze of dreams and desires. I lay here quietly like a helpless mouse waiting behind the door, trapped shut.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

MEGHA SOOD

Sometimes I fear what if the feeling I'm left alone is the vague memory of my last forehead kiss. What if it leaves a hole, a black hole? An epicenter for the destruction of happiness sucking away everything good and golden. What if the shining, glimmering things in God's sunshine is nothing but the hoarfrost making its way through my morning plants. A slow death in disguise. We all are holding to this dear life as the dying sparrow in our gullible hands with the false sense of revival. A savior complex simmering within us. Our eyes widened with sadness and

excitement in equal measures. A morbid excitement of reaching a state which is inevitable. The dream vanishes the moment our feet touch the earth every morning. We are always longing for that phantom embrace which will suck away every pain and angst from all our souls leaving an empty feeling of a ghost child in my belly. We all love the maze, the constant need to be lost and found again. A constant reaffirmation that everything bears well in the end. Life is not about walking on the burning pieces of coal but a vague attempt at redemption. An experience we so hopelessly looking for. Yes, there will be an end to everything when no more desires will birth at the mouth of the closure. What if there are no more empty desires to be comforted? What if all the lullaby is lost forever? What if, I sit with an empty gaze looking at the broken lines of my palm when there are no more songs left to sing? But this soul never rests and these desires never die. Like the poison ivy, it spreads covering every inch of our existence until we succumb to it. We call it death, a point of no return. The beginning of an end.

Josep Juarez
MEXICO



PETALS

JOSEP JUAREZ

The petals of the memory fall on my body that is lying on the floor. The air is the time that is scented with the aroma of the petals. Your memory smells like roses, nostalgia, the absence that falls gently like petals on my face. My body is lying remembering what it was and waiting for its end. The cold pavement reminds me of the pains that I had in life; pains that little by little escaped with my blood on the pavement. Today as along my life, your rose petals make me forget my pains; I see them fall so soft, so full of your scent. Everything that you were for me I see happen, one by one of your petals fall and completely cover my body. I no longer feel pain and finally I close my eyes with the soft hug of your rose petals.

Martin Ijir
NIGERIA



ETERNAL IVY

MARTIN IJIR

Here comes the eternal ivy rolling the buds of pure mountainous court, breaking the founts of life with dewy smile and wonderful laughter, making envious thoughts blink as a sleeping night. These ivies blooms as sundry cottonseed, running the exalted seat of my soul. I never told others about your unaborted beauty, enmeshing life, birth and awakening a sleeping spirit that's beclouded by running saps like endearing breath of birth through death. A solemnity of slopes downing the purity of the dew dropping from infamous mountain, these must be ivy, an eternal ivy my soul places the thoughts without swearing. How can I swear for what's eternal, a pure spring bearing the oases of gold in the desert of love?

Night

I could hear the night rejuvenates as I walk upon the lawns of stinging loneliness, stuttering clicks of whispering voices foretold how dark souls became when night comes, in abstract cones they sleep as distance stars on a cozy bed. Seated closer beside me, a mountain of relief waxing solidly as a cooing dance of a bee, near the nectar of my ribs, dove fly in this silence field, when we converse about the lone forests of life. I can decipher her voice like a lady sobbing the lost of her groom. He uttered to my hear, his delaying kisses as he journey away, into stalk of parting. Wait a minute, wait a minute, every day night brings me loneliness by giving it breath, you never say goodbye why then leaving, a hollow cry of a child encountering the precise coldness of a water, my soul became cooled as the night narrates the law of birthing and dying. I am free from the distance of day and night. When light takes control amazingly soul gives solace to my protruding heart, when you take the glory of the day you whisper the law of loneliness. I so much understand your inaccessible quest and wish to access your robes with a formless canine, breaking mounting veils of your lulling voices, keeping me alone in this subjective slavery. At day I wish night take its recourse, for i am bond by the lawns of her visitation, seated close to the curtains court all visuals became sieved, clearly inside me, i am filled by your presence.

(c) Martin Ijir 2020

Crossing the Bridge

Martin Ijir

Why is this bridge narrowed with countless rails, dwindling with rotting rafters, souls walk passed with confidence, how come I became so terrified? And the emotions are unveiled as a Sun striping her clothe at night, before the moon appears. Wait, please wait, wait don't drift away into

the crowd, please tie my robe with yours to remove this fear from my soul. Also annihilate evil that holds my steps from this bridge. I need to cross through her ebbs and reach the doors of divine abode. Watch your feet, can you feel the water on your feet. See how warm my soul became, this must be the water of rebirth, cleansing my soul from steps of delay. Let's journey quickly I need to meet my host and tell him about the happening in the world. Lest I forget please remind me to ask when will he annihilate the evil of men. The resounding stalks troubling the columns of my heart. I will love to ask why evil pervades on men and why is there no solution, even millions of dollars have been spending on global security. Why is the bridge opening, when we haven't reached the middle? Don't you think my faith is tasted. I forgot my oars to sail through this miniature water, and my eagle spirit is beclouded by the congestion in here. Please how can we reduce this people that creates the traffic, the trudge the path with their hawking feet. Shut up, the bridge has no pain, the crossing bestowed dwindling hope for those whose memories sleaze upon the quest of the earth.

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo



Roaring Silence

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

I tried to find you from this abyss but all I can see is a hallow emptiness and here I am enveloped in loneliness and yet my soul seeks its twin flame lost in a sad refrain. A haunting call echoes from the depths of my being, pitiful pleas with eyes full of sorrowful glee. Yes, an irony of this still silence between you and me. An ephemeral labyrinth of a distant, chaotic world, cast away by an invisible, mystic force, entangled in a web of oblivion, a vision of a dream-like agony of a heart that's longing for your love. You're not just a memory of the past for I know Time is irrelevant for all is happening in the Now. Right at this moment when the embers should be set aflame once again, soothing the thirst of a restless spirit. This roaring silence between us is deafening, how enchanting our repeated encounters over time may be, not even time and space can defy a mystic love that the Universe conspires to be, two souls meeting time and again, no matter many centuries have passed, my heart recognizes that I came here for you.

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Jyotirmaya Thakur



Fairy-tale

A fairy tale of long ago makes me very sad .I heard it sung in a village lore in evening twilight. I did not know what it might bode but the voice did not leave my mind. The cool air from the roaring rivers blowing quietly in the night . Darkening skies and sparkling mountaintops with stars twinkling in the sight . Lovely maidens waking up with rising Moon beautifully combing their hair . Like mermaids on a wild rock with golden strands of hair . And while she sings in a melancholy tone with a golden brush without care . Her overpowering voice grips the sailor in the barge ignoring the lighthouse gleams .The sailor aching wildly hypnotised ignores the rocks below . The rolling waves devour the golden boy and the barge swallowed by a roar.

WEEPOING WILLOWS

JYOTIRMAYA THAKUR

These weeping willows make their music known to my beloved heart. I wonder if he loves me as the trees in his garden. I often tease myself whether the breeze haunting the leaves beside the stream kindle sparks a vive of spirit in them. The branches bow very low groaning towards their reflection in the calm ponds. The roots drenched by the dropping dew and fog in cold weather cry with a melody that makes the heart weep of the birds visiting the pond. In morning with the dawn sea birds get lost in the rustle of the melody of forgotten dreams. But I can dream the proper notes to rise like sunshine back to my lover's haven. The moles go back in their holes percussive at the root. My lover's footprints are my only road like the creaking branches of willow trees. I make my own path as he walks and make my own road when he looks back at me. I am the shadow in his embrace like a ship's wake on the sea. But it's moot if I don't see my Heaven in my lover's eyes like the weeping willows in the waters below.

Arshia Parhi



Still a Woman

Arshia Parhi

There was a sudden downpour and an earth dried for years suddenly got wet. It was for thousand years that a Raven had sung to her the last rhyme. The sky got cleared off and from the visible bug an invisible form walked out. A vision indeed. Most delicate yet deeply broken. That was a girl. Almost like an apparition it squeezed like tattered cloth and broke into tears. Those ancient tears of our cursed women hidden underneath melted out by this primitive rain. A Sita, a Sabitri, a Droupadi all from our scriptures melted out and became a Nirvaya. Am I a Nirvaya! Am I a Priyanka who turned to ashes in India because she was alone! I am alone too. After the down pour of lust in all those rotten hearts I am alone. I am lonely like a mother, like a sister, and like a daughter.

Patricia Amundsen



FRESH FROM THE DIVINE

Patricia Amundsen

Tell me about your life as a child, tell me about the village in which you were raised for then I shall know the wonders you knew in your innocent mind fresh from the Divine. A mind that absorbed the gifts He bestowed upon Humans of Earth this time around. We know there were others who came before but for now that is something we shall ignore since there is nothing to say of the life that they knew other than artifacts found from the dead. Oh no dear one, it is you I want to know from the start, tell me please of your wonderful life. Let me feel what your tender heart knew as you stepped forth on Earth, your face glowing in awe of Rivers and Oceans and Forests and Birds and creatures of amazement enjoying a life in the Garden of Eden you thought to be. When my precious, did the tears start to fall?

Nancy Ndeke



THERE'S A HAND, THEN THERE'S A HIGHER HAND

Nancy Ndeke

Melancholy is a season, within a reason of fading sun and falling leaves. It's a child who no longer remembers to smile and an elder held hostage by uncertainty. Trenches then, call for Ramson from lands that once knew right and accommodated it, now they grunt tired slogans of a bygone era having swallowed the etiquette of living in a hurry. Everywhere marks their footprints on paths devoid of birds and crickets. The only song is falling screams on the scorched soil once thriving with bread in the growing. Nothing speaks. Nothing weeps. Nothing laughs. Silence is painted on the scattered limbs of resting peace with pieces of quietened eye flatter begging heaven for an answer. And everywhere, heads dig into the sand to escape the merry machines making progress on barrenness that tells of bigger hands and smaller tactics. And as the sun kindly sets on ancient hopes, drums roll one more time at the banking halls where grey coats exchange their superlative prowess on trade deals, chants rise into the sky to salute the Masters of gaming's, who Pendle stillness to those standing on the way of "orderly progress" History took a bow to usher in the botched flag and plant it at the North Pole where Earth's campus always pays reverence. And the Lord and lorded hugged tightly in the marriage that was also the divorce of life. Still, choices remain, but be warned, the hand that feeds are now the hand that kills, and should you wish to appeal, that hand is the appellant judge. Unless, you still believe in a higher hand.

Ratan Ghosh



MY LOVE

RATAN GHOSH

Every word that you engraved in me is a tale of our hearts. When I am sitting alone and brooding over the past, I try to unfold them with care to revisit and to smell the fragrance still vibrant with colors. Just time is parting us but not our tales which I have planted with care in my heart since I fell in your love. I often listen in silence to the whisperings of your heart. I find you everywhere in water, in the downy air, in the bubbles of the sea and in every breath I feel. O dear! I see you everywhere. My door voices your words, my windows voice your name when they are jerked by stormy wind, my sitting chair silently names your name while moving, my bed is drenched with love while I sleep, every drop of my passionate eyes drops down and sings- my love is writ in water. Nothing even the mortal death can ever seize thee so long the words are engraved in me. To me you have no other name except my love that I have cherished from your downy eyes which are kissing and caressing me without any lie.

Mohammed Anwer



RETURN

MOHAMMED ANWER

After the clouds were gone, the trees slept and heard the birds singing. Spring returned to sing my grandmother's chant over the sun. Birds and bears are near the well. Together on a ripped rug. The earth returned white after the flood. Yes, some of the evening's celebrations were false. The genie is still searching for the legendary drink of life. However, the post-end page was lost.

Chikadibia Udekwe

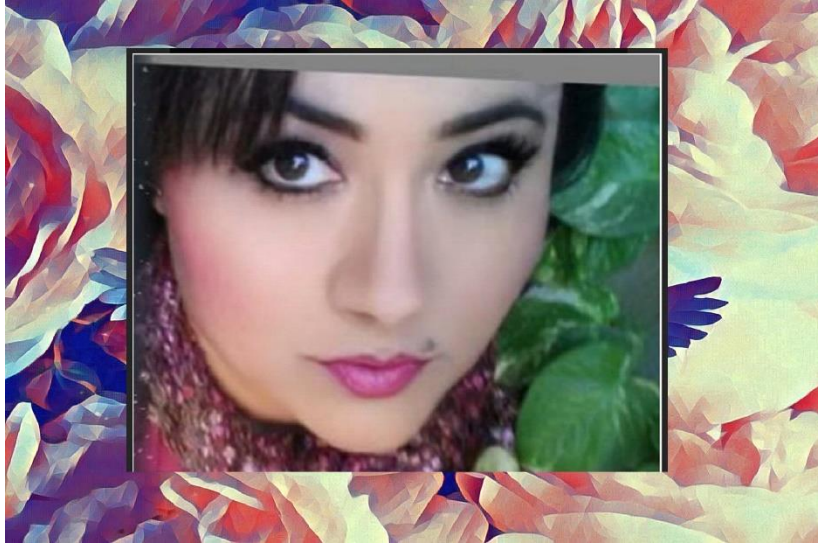


THE FLAME

Chikadibia Udekwe

I've seen fires in their desirable strength to burn to ashes the hearts of men. I've in a little period felt the heat of their closeness to my young soul; it was rarely warm and satisfying. But none has flame. And this, as I've convinced myself though not absolutely, makes me ignore these fires most times. My mind one February evening uttered audibly that any lady that should be a fire or created as one or seen with such magnificent beauty of fire should have a flame. Fire has a long tongue. Though not as soft and steadily watery as ours, and not in any way brief as ours too. It is this tongue that touches sincerely every heart of a noble man and the holy heaven. The truth in this be that the fire's beauty is its strength and its strength its vigorous flame. And so, the lady's beauty is her character and her character her true love.

Alicia Minjarez Ramiriz



WHO WAS THE NIGHT

ALICIA MINJAREZ RAMÍREZ

Who was the night to color your pillow, to deposit in your breath millions of ethereal dreams like the clearest water. I will be as trembling night in your presence to the subtle murmur of your lips, I will dress as a pillow to shelter your kisses, there will be no more light than the tender glow of our naked bodies. We shall dance asleep through the heavens, in the sweet darkness that provokes me to love you, to you my sweet poetry turned into rhyme! To you, my sweet kiss... in time postponed.

Adnan Shafi



ONCE MORE

Once more, we lie open-eyed, we are weary, damned mind solely won't rest, clock ticking drives us loony, hardly can mumble, not inclined to withstand another day and this ticking of preposterous clock won't cease too, you bask the birds singing, cueing you of what you don't have but the anticipations endlessly obsess you.

REMORSES

Don't put me out, I know the grief lies beside your feet here. It is arriving in the day and at night. It is a terrific story in the world. It is widespread in the valley, not changing. If you see us bothering, you should reach and wipe our tears, give us a warm welcome, and we all will be propelled to overlook what we have been withstanding since years. But this is no ordinary story. you all have to agonize it with us, deaths, bullets, pain. you should stop them ravaging the tremendous beauty of the valley. It is the story so vast you may never leave to listen to it. This is how we are buried without dying. See that blood flowing through the lanes of the land? That is the only way we discern Kashmir.

Sheikha A.



Wrought Streets

after Oscar Wilde

Sheikha A.

It's a frozen road: the colour of the light on my cell's screen. Between the cleaves that have formed on my walls from perpetual nights of drenching in seep water from top floors, my house still stands like the last leaf of an autumn's wind shuddered rage. There is you being wanting, there is me being evasive. I have lost count of all the stars I watched fall to find Narcissus's pond. But there is you promising, and then there is me speculating. Wrought my streets with the greenest dreams, the lanterns will still be cluttered by moths. This isn't a new story: these aren't new words: now isn't tomorrow. There is you with reasoning, here is me squirming. Why can't this be easy? Why can't you be a grownup and disappear?

Anwer Ghani



SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO BE BLIND

Anwer Ghani

I was traveling in the desert cities with a smile in my heart. The puzzling sea gave me an old song. It is a memory coming from faraway land told me about the adventure that sat in our depths. It always told me that the wind is a strange leaf that misleads us with delusions, but when we sleep, we see its face clearly. At that moment, her cold stories will show us. I am not a big bluffing mirror, but I feel like I'm a colorful shade looking for a unique flower, and when I find it, it says: Student, sometime you need to be blind to see clearly. I hear her voice, and I see her face in my heart, because I am a blind man.

Awards

Arcs Prose Poetry Award

We are glad to announce that the winner of Arcs Prose Poetry Awards for 2020 is the Nigerian poet:

Martin Ijir



The previous awards

2016: Anwer Ghani

2017: Oz Hardwick

2018: Jyotirmaya Thakur

2019: Ibrahim Lamis Kastina

Essays

A Narrolytic Expressive Therapy For A Wriggling Soul

Dr Pragya Suman



A Narrolytic Expressive Therapy For A Wriggling Soul

Dr Pragya Suman

Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi doctor, who also writes in an exemplary way in a particular genre of prose poetry. Beside writing and serving as a doctor he is also energetically active on social media and always encourages budding writers, through his Arc poetry magazine.

"Warm Moments " is a collection of prose poems written during 2019 ,it is basically written in a narrative expressive way, which is trademark of Mr Ghani's writing.

Expressive narrative writing in itself is like healing therapy which pays more attention to the discreet feeling rather than the objects, memories, and peoples in the content. This type of writing comes from the core of heart and form, structure, spellings, verb agreement doesn't keep much matter. Emotion spills in a simple, lucid, and limpid way as ink well of heart is like that!

Sometimes it is turbulent, instant and unpredictable as the heart used to be in the emergence of emotions.

It's not astonishing that expressive narrative writing is used in the medical field as healing therapy. It has five steps.

(1)Experience pain

(2)Break the silence by sharing shattered story

(3)Make your emotion in a logical framework ,by distancing yourself from the pain. Here TS Eliot's theory comes to rescue.

(4)search sense of story. Here stand outside the experience, see the complete picture.

(5)Rewriting our story and moving forward by feeding philosophical energy into the creation.

Previously Mr Ghani used to write in a traditional way but later he acquired a style of prose poetry. Prose poems are written in horizontal blocks,without line breaks. They use poetry devices as like in the traditional sense except form and structure. In bodied form they are prose like but their abstract form is of verse. An amalgamation of prose and poem!

Background of Prose poems of Mr Ghani are painted in the dismal destiny of Iraq and its present tortures. He acquired narratolytic expressive writing in 2003 ,which is also coinciding with the acute agony of Iraq.His poems are somehow linked with it.

Every poem in the collection of "Warm Moments" is excellent in itself and choosing one is difficult ,but as an example i liked "An Iraqi Physician"

The Poem is below.

An Iraqi Physician

By Anwer Ghani

I am an Iraqi physician and you know; Iraqis are just pieces of love but when I smile in front of my patient my heart looks to the remote lands. Yes I am an Iraqi poet and you know; Iraqis are just dreaming but our letters are crippled and our papers are blind. Yes, I am physician in provision and poet in passion, but when I write a word, the letters become red because of our cheap blood in the brooks, and the paper become empty because of our lost dream under the sun and the pen become useless because our stolen flowers by a universal thief. I am the sad poet from the sad land and my poem is just a crippled Arabian girl. I am a useless physician from the faked land and my management is just a broken mirror and a crashed flower. Yes I am an Arabian man from a land doesn't want to be independent. When my people exit from their illusion and weakness, surely, I will make a big cake and I will celebrate with every creature even the universal thieves.

Poem is brimming with metaphors like crashed flower, universal thief, blind papers, Arabian girls etc ,they are used to manifest the sad story of Iraq, where human life is very cheap. Poet says letters are red because blood is in the brook! Blood is cheaper than ink ! Universal thief is a capitalistic empire which is invisible like a thief moulding the world on his own terms!

Yet the poet is optimistic and has not loosened his hope. One day conditions of his motherland would improve and he will celebrate it even along with its oppressors! What a generous gesture!

I think the pain of Iraq has driven poet towards narrolytic expressive writing which is like a medicine for a wriggling soul!

He cures himself through his poems!

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A Narrolytic Expressive Therapy For A Wriggling Soul

Mr Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi doctor ,who also writes in an exemplary way in a particular genre of prose poetry. Beside writing and serving as a doctor he is also energetically active on social media and always encourages budding writers,through his Arc poetry magazine.

"Warm Moments " is a collection of prose poems written during 2019 ,it is basically written in a narrative expressive way, which is trademark of Mr Ghani's writing.

Expressive narrative writing in itself is like healing therapy which pays more attention to the discreet feeling rather than the objects, memories, and peoples in the content. This type of writing comes from the core of heart and form, structure, spellings ,verb agreement doesn't keep much matter. Emotion spills in a simple, lucid,and limpid way as ink well of heart is like that!

Sometimes it is turbulent, instant and unpredictable as the heart used to be in the emergence of emotions.

It's not astonishing that expressive narrative writing is used in the medical field as healing therapy. It has five steps.

(1)Experience pain

(2)Break the silence by sharing shattered story

(3)Make your emotion in a logical framework ,by distancing yourself from the pain. Here TS Eliot's theory comes to rescue.

(4)search sense of story. Here stand outside the experience, see the complete picture.

(5)Rewriting our story and moving forward by feeding philosophical energy into the creation.

Previously Mr Ghani used to write in a traditional way but later he acquired a style of prose poetry. Prose poems are written in horizontal blocks,without line breaks. They use poetry devices as like in the traditional sense except form and structure. In bodied form they are prose like but their abstract form is of verse. An amalgamation of prose and poem!

Background of Prose poems of Mr Ghani are painted in the dismal destiny of Iraq and its present tortures. He acquired narratolytic expressive writing in 2003 ,which is also coinciding with the acute agony of Iraq.His poems are somehow linked with it.

Every poem in the collection of "Warm Moments" is excellent in itself and choosing one is difficult ,but as an example i liked "An Iraqi Physician"

The Poem is below.

An Iraqi Physician

By Anwer Ghani

I am an Iraqi physician and you know; Iraqis are just pieces of love but when I smile in front of my patient my heart looks to the remote lands. Yes I am an Iraqi poet and you know; Iraqis are just dreaming but our letters are crippled and our papers are blind. Yes, I am physician in provision and poet in passion, but when I write a word, the letters become red because of our cheap blood in the brooks, and the paper become empty because of our lost dream under

the sun and the pen become useless because our stolen flowers by a universal thief. I am the sad poet from the sad land and my poem is just a crippled Arabian girl. I am a useless physician from the faked land and my management is just a broken mirror and a crashed flower. Yes I am an Arabian man from a land doesn't want to be independent. When my people exit from their illusion and weakness, surely, I will make a big cake and I will celebrate with every creature even the universal thieves.

Poem is brimming with metaphors like crashed flower, universal thief, blind papers, Arabian girls etc ,they are used to manifest the sad story of Iraq, where human life is very cheap. Poet says letters are red because blood is in the brook! Blood is cheaper than ink ! Universal thief is a capitalistic empire which is invisible like a thief moulding the world on his own terms!

Yet the poet is optimistic and has not loosened his hope. One day conditions of his motherland would improve and he will celebrate it even along with its oppressors! What a generous gesture!

I think the pain of Iraq has driven poet towards narrolytic expressive writing which is like a medicine for a wriggling soul!

He cures himself through his poems!

Expressive narrative in "THE SOLDIERS OF GOD"
Anwer Ghani



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EXPRESSIVE NARRATIVE IN" THE SOLDIERS OF GOD" BY KAREEM ABDULLAH.

ANWER GHANI

Expressive narrative poetry is a literary writer which seeks to achieve poetry in the center of prose without inclination to one of them or tyranny in the text, just as poetry manifests itself, prose is also manifested. Poetry manifests itself in the expressive narration by lyric expressiveness and prose is manifested by writing free from all splitting or formal music or other visual or formal art where the coherent, continuous and logical construction of sentences and paragraphs.

Expressive narration is an attempt to answer a question about prose poetry and prose poem; what is prose poem? How can a prose verify poetry? Is what is written from prose poetry improved with visual music and what is the form that achieves the integration of prose poetry?

Expressive narration was an attempt to answer a question about poetry: What is poetry? We see the poetry remaining in the translated poetry in which there is no visual or formal music, so what is poetry and where does the poetry lie?

Expressive narration was an attempt to answer a question about the text? What is the text, is it the writing that is on the paper, or is it another presence in the level of what is behind the writing and in the mind and among the reader and between individuals?

Here, in these lines, we will clearly see the expressive narration in the "Soldiers of God" poem by the Iraqi poet Kareem Abdullah.

Karim Abdullah's poems are generally distinguished by long expressions and complete prose, with a continuous sentences structure without apparent fragmentation, but fragmentation in depth. It tells but it does not tell an event, but rather tells a feeling. With meaning that it does not tell a story, but rather tells poetry and lyricism.

THE SOLDIERS OF GOD by KAREEM ABDULLAH was translated from Arabic by me John Henry Smith.

THE SOLDIERS OF GOD

KAREEM ABDULLAH

Heavily armed with their frustration, Your soldiers drag the metropolis misery before your authority that ends up in the blindest tyranny, violate their humanity and you do not know anything about the banks of supplication lounged on by her distant voice that comes to the ears of the sea, whenever the trees of alienation smile, the extensive face of night falls, lying there, ahead the soldiers as deconstructing my lavishing history on the tongues of the ominous war. They led the leftover of dream crucified in your shining evening, searing it in front of the mockery of stations, elegized by the childbirth of a morning that sleeps on the brink of a glow of the waiting of my return shackled with rifles as tearing the whoop of the resurrection, tattooed on the wings of the colorful butterflies behind the glass of the bombed cars.



This ten-line poem is only three sentences. This is very strange in poetry. And that the third sentence exceeds the length of the four lines.

- 1- Heavily armed with their frustration, your soldiers drag the metropolis misery before your authority that ends up in the blindest tyranny, violate their humanity and you do not know anything about the banks of supplication lounged on by her distant voice that comes to the ears of the sea.
- 2- Whenever the trees of alienation smile, the extensive face of night falls, lying there, ahead the soldiers as deconstructing my lavishing history on the tongues of the ominous war.
- 3- They led the leftover of dream crucified in your shining evening, searing it in front of the mockery of stations, elegized by the childbirth of a morning that sleeps on the brink of a glow of the waiting of my return shackled with rifles as tearing the whoop of the resurrection, tattooed on the wings of the colorful butterflies behind the glass of the bombed cars.

These sentences are written in a simple and very poetic prose, without fragmentation or free of logic, and in a striking scriptural style, but from this prose the poetry emerges. How Kareem did it? It's the expressionism.

The title brought the reader to a world of idealistic soldiers, but he is shocked by strong protest and words full of blindness, bitterness, and destruction. Through this shift in the mind of the reader from the field of idealism to the field of criticism and tyranny, Kareem Abdullah achieved an important expressionism. Then, after the reader realized that Kareem Abdullah is talking about soldiers who are not from God, but they are the soldiers of the blind dictator and the tyrant at that time, the mind starts to arrange his duties, but the shock happened and went away in the depth.

Now the reading begins to notice that it is in front of a world of metaphor and symbolism, but amid the apparent structure of the story and prose, it is the art of opposites, which creates expressiveness from the story and poetry from prose. So, the prose poem comes true.

Then the reader begins with realizing that the words are not intended to be their characters and their souls, but rather their symbolism, and that the events are not intended to be their time and place, but rather the emotional strength and feelings they carry, and thus the lyricism in constructive prose is achieved.

A REVOLT IN REVOLT IN ANWER GHANI POEM
" THE COPPER WALLS OF AURUK"

BY PRAGYA SUMAN



"The copper walls of Auruk" is composed by adorable poet Anwer Ghani. This is an elegant exemplary of prose poetry. Prose poetry has been

written in fragmented and horizontal block form. A marked deviation from traditional form of poetry. It has come through by many hurdles and even endured sarcastic attack of T S ELIOT...a legend of literature. But many other gems of writing have supported it in peril when it was going to be oblivion. Throughout Nineteenth century Germany, Austria produced great bulk of prose poems and underlined its importance. Great KAFKA wrote many once and again gave its staggering gait a steadfast support. Oscar wild, Octavio Paz came to rescue and composed many exhilarating effects upon head to tail through prose poems.

Artists are prone to bend and break the rules. Prose poetry is "A POET'S REVOLT"

POEM

THE COPPERY WALLS OF AURUK
ANWER GHANI

The horizon is not pink, it looks like a mom's shawl; black, dark and sad. Look at my cheap blood in the wheel; it is running without tears. I am not a tree, nor a grain of wheat, but I am a bitter word and a very pale face. look at the Euphrates; the sad Euphrates; the beloved Euphrates, that it overflows; it always overflows with heavenly hope but no loyalty and no love. Yes, I am now without a sail, and without eyes, but I will return, a flying bird, bitter like the wind and a burning heart like a nomadic man seeking revenge. Yes, I will return with lightning; very severe, and very bitter, and very bright like the coppery walls of Auruk.



INDIVIDUAL SECTION

(1)The horizon is not pink, it looks like a mom's shawl; black, dark and sad.

(2)Look at my cheap blood in the wheel; it is running without tears.

(3)I am not a tree, nor a grain of wheat, but I am a bitter word and a very pale face.

(4)look at the Euphrates; the sad Euphrates; the beloved Euphrates, that it overflows; it always overflows with heavenly hope but no loyalty and no love.

(5)Yes, I am now without a sail, and without eyes, but I will return, a flying bird, bitter like the wind and a burning heart like a nomadic man seeking revenge.

(6)Yes, I will return with lightning; very severe, and very bitter, and very bright like the coppery walls of Auruk.

This poem has six sentences and six semicolons. Semicolons are used in between two closely related independent clauses providing a magical imagery. Here allegory has been used with crying soul. What allegory?

Allegory of destiny of dismal IRAQ. Mom's shawl is poet's motherland which is dismayed. Cheap blood of wheel is the zenith of inhumanity and lack of emotion where human life doesn't matter. Wheel is indicator of steps of time.

poet is now expressing his soul 's word, he is vacant, and had lost productivity of life which has used tree and wheat grain as symbolic.

Euphrates, the great river, which witnessed many glories of Baghdad and made Mesopotamia epitome of grandeur has sank to its bottom. She is craving for BAGHDAD.

once upon a time "Light of the lamp " for the whole world. Now that has tumbled to soil...

poet had used sail, eyes, flying bird as imagery in august way. He is now in turmoil, desolate, and helpless but his heart is brimming with hope and revolt. He is optimistic even among carnage and for it he would go beyond par. One day Baghdad would see its ancient glory...all poet wants to say.

Prose poetry is in itself a revolt.

Here the poet's words are revolting.

This composition is an example of "A REVOLT IN REVOLT."

Kudos to poet that he composed it. It is at once example of queer blend of elegy and revolt.

THE EXPRESSIVE CONTRAST IN PRAGYA'S
POEM; " ETHEREAL TALKS" BY ANWER GHANI



THE EXPRESSIVE CONTRAST IN PRAGYA'S
POEM; " ETHEREAL TALKS" BY ANWER GHANI

In all forms of writing, except for prose poetry, there is a compatibility between the deep structure and the superficial structure in terms of the gender of the writing and the formation of the text. In prose poetry; the lyric narrative poetry, the superficial structure is an eventual prosaic and narrative, but the poetic presence is in the form of a companion deep presence and on the level of hidden meaning not at the level of clear structure.

In prose poetry; expressive narrative poetry, there is an incompatibility between the superficial structure and the deep structure, where the conceptual structure is a logical coherent narrative, but the analytical and deep structure is fragmented. The superficial structure is a logical narrative while the deep structure is lyrical, and thus prose poetry differs from all forms of literature.

The bottom line is that in all forms of technical and non-technical speech there is a compatibility between the conceptual structure - readings - superficial and deep analytical stability structure, and the only form that differs from it in that is the prose poetry where the superficial conceptual structure is different from the deep analytical structure.

This is what we call expressive contrast, which is an essential component of the prose poetry. Here we will see the elements and features of expressive contrast in Pragma poem " ETHEREAL TALKS."

The poem:

ETHEREAL TALKS

PRAGYA SUMAN

I lifted up the lid of my coffer of coffee color. Laid in form limitless time, they suddenly began to whimper and melt. They liquefied in wide sea but I would have sipped them!! I just awaited and scanned them carefully one by one. Pale presence of talks, white talks, tawdry talks, mauve talks, red talks of every hue I ever imagined. Suddenly thaw of liquid vanished like bodied one they reminded me once

upon a time they shook the world. Brief bit of reincarnation. I took them one by one and threw in ethereal sea. They are gleaming like serene sacred sonnet. I gaped for a while, gave a detached look; infinite peace descended upon me. I belong to all; all belong to me.



We have said that expressive contrast is distinguished by its deep analytical structure from the surface and superficial structure of the text, which is what we find here clearly in this poem.

The poem begins by talking about simple life matters such as coffee, memories, talks, and a sea, then it takes the reader to a wide world of symbols and revelations that they are perceptions, melting, exposures and colors of acquaintances, as he sails deep and sees auras, until he reaches an ethereal sea, and belongs to a world from this type. Then, an endless peace and full affiliation.

This difference and contrast between the superficial structure of the text and the deep structure and what is intended and relegated to its actual connection is a basic element of expressive contrast, which is one of the foundations of the prose poem .

It must be noted that caring for the Tibetans in writing and between meanings gives them personality and presence that resembles colors in art and clarifies the idea of rapprochement between poetry and drawing, as they depend on contrast, but that in colors and poetry in words.

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WALT WHITMAN AND PROSE POETRY BY
PRAGYA SUMAN



WALT WHITMAN AND PROSE POETRY
BY PRAGYA SUMAN

Prose poetry is a bowl or box with poetry inside embellished in sublimed way. It was introduced during the nineteenth century in France. It can be also called poetic epistolary upon postcard. American poet Walt Whitman was great venturous in that era which was of rhyme, rhythm, stanza. Like orthodox one Poets followed it and Whitman challenged it openly. He was attacked for two things, First was his sexual element and the other one was his writing in free verse. Criticism was so harsh that he had to leave his job as a clerk.

Prose poem is written in horizontal block with minimum of line breaks. Whitman wrote both in free verse and prose poetry form. prose poetry is extended form of free verse where line breaks are minimized.

Whitman embraced the prosody of English bible. He abandoned accentual syllabic verse, wrote in long lined, used synthetic parallelism, repetition was also one of his quintessential traits. prose poetry and free verse are like sisters which contains poetic elements like parataxis, imagery, emotions, symbolism.

Whitman talked about sexual hypocrisy, he supported liberalism, democracy, criticized materialism and even he changed traditional structure of verse.

A real innovator and champion were WALT WHITMAN.

LYRIC NARRATIVE IN RAJASHREE'S POEM;
"THE NIGHT BLOOM ... SHEPHALI"
BY ANWER GHANI



LYRIC NARRATIVE IN RAJASHREE'S POEM;
"THE NIGHT BLOOM ... SHEPHALI"
BY ANWER GHANI

We have literature and regular report describing normal speech with direct reporting and beneficial utilitarianism, while literature is characterized by indirect, selective, refinement, and beautification.

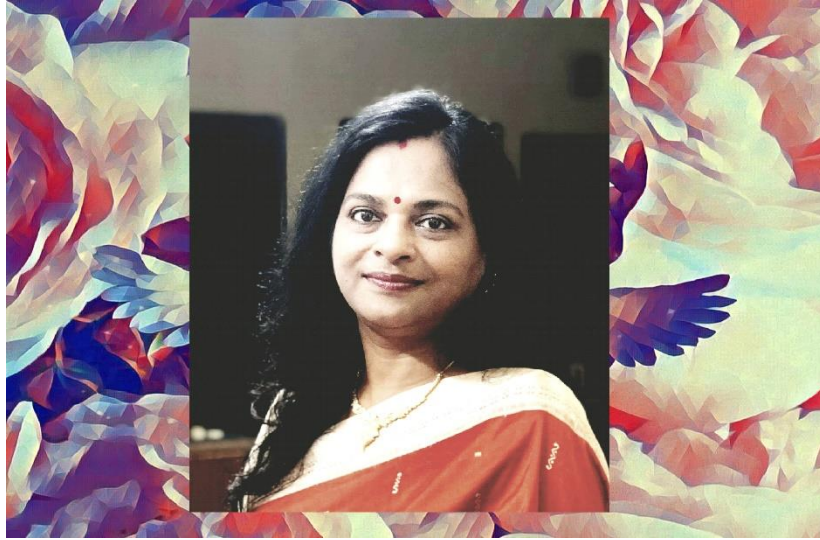
In literature we have poetry and prose, and while prose makes logical and coherence, poetry is characterized by expressiveness, symbolism and fragmentation. In prose we have describing narratives, we have artistic prose, and in poetry we have lyric and narrative poetry.

Therefore, the lyric narration requires the presence of fragmentation, symbolism and expressiveness, and this is what we will notice in a Rajashree poem " THE NIGHT BLOOM ... SHEPHALI."

The poem:

THE NIGHT BLOOM ... SHEPHALI
RAJASHREE MOHAPATRA

You bloom in night fragrant beauty but why do you fall by the touch of light? Is it the richer fragrance of the dew-drenched fragrance of the earth that draws you down to it? Why you bloom of the night could never see light? What is that love. O what is that strange sensation in touching the earth in blooming and wilting in night only to die in union with the earth. O! what fulfilment is that! what strange sensation .by love fatally drawn. Tell me O flower of the night you rue your brief flowering in silence, your fall on the earth's dewed shivering in cold or is that your way of saying you are overwhelmed by love enchanted? And by falling you celebrate your love untold?



The narrative is clear in the poem, but we find expressionism in important aspects of it, for example, in its strong and full of emotions expressions: fragrant beauty / dew-drenched fragrance / could never see light/ to die in union with the earth/ love fatally drawn/ you rue your brief flowering in silence/ dewed shivering in cold/ you celebrate your love untold.

Expressiveness which is the expression of deep and strong emotions in words with symbolism is a central part of lyricism and can turn any speech to lyric by this potent emotional disclosure.

From the beginning, the poet talks to roses about his beauty and fragrance: (You bloom in night fragrant beauty). Then she talked about the dew and the earth dragging it: (dew-drenched fragrance of the earth that draws you down to it? Then the strange sensation in touching; (And it's a strange feeling in touch

union with the earth) which is a flattened union. And by love fatally drawn (it's a deadly love) falling into silence where (rue your brief flowering in silence and dewed shivering in cold). It is chanting love (overwhelmed by love enchanted?) And celebrate the hidden love.

The symbolism, the suggestion, and the talking about distant and hidden existence and messages lined with its cover are clear to the reader, which gives this narrative a deep expressive verified prose poetry.

THE POETIC EVENTS IN AMARA'S POEM; "
STRENGTH"
BY ANWER GHANI



THE POETIC EVENTS IN AMARA'S POEM; "
STRENGTH"
BY ANWER GHANI

In narrative poetry we have the well-known narrative poem that tends to the story and we have expressive narrative (expressive narrative poetry) based on the style of narrative expression, i.e. units and elements of poetry in an event so replace the characters, the time and the place. We will have, in the narrative expression poetic, elements in time and place.

The narration of the poetic, emotional, expressive events without adherence to the characters and the logical writing is a revolution in the expression and it is a real breakthrough towards prose poetry, and this is what we will find strongly in the Amara's poem.

The poem:
STRENGTH
AMARA CHRISTA

Yet, the silence here speaks; it tells me all I need to hear; it confirms my belief and ease promises I have to fear. It reminds me that, without freedom, I'm alone and these white-washed walls don't make up the blacking source. Yes, I gave my boys handshake before they were buried in the symmetry but, who I is what I do now.



Amara here narrates, but she does not tell a story or tale, nor does she talk about personalities, nor about times and places, nor about logical events. It lists poetic entities, ups and downs, expressions and feelings. It lists feelings rather than accidents. Silence speaks to her and tells her everything she needs:(the silence here speaks; it tells me all I need to hear). It confirms the ideas and emotions; meanings and not subjects; (it confirms my belief and ease promises I have to fear.) It reminds of loneliness, and that outside is the cause of inside; (It reminds me that, without freedom, I'm alone and these white-washed walls don't make up the blacking source.).

When I read Amara, I knew and felt the poetic strength of this writer, and her great ability to write prose poetry. And this "strength", her poem, is a strong example.

ABSTRACT LOVE IN JYOTIRMAYA POEM "
WEEPING WILLOWS"
By Dr Pragya Suman



The essence of narrative explanation of prose poetry lies in deep inside a horizontal coffer box which is permeative. Bit of bit has been spreading its fragrance for years, yet remain in itself whole. Great poet W B Yeats tells "a real poetry couldn't be understood."

That is the real magic and zenith of freedom. Freedom in what sense?...

Freedom of flexibility, poetry gives every person a right to perceive and decipher according to oneself own way. A poem could be having thousand meanings and that thousand beauties arises from single root is the true treasure of literature.

Prose poetry has been succeeded in flagging the true essence, fibers of poem like symbolism, parataxis, imaginary and abstractism. This all are beaded in long string, layering one by one. When one end is striking whole composition wavers and creates a magical music in cadence.

POEM

Weeping Willows

These weeping willows make their music known to my beloved heart. I wonder if he loves me as the trees in his garden. I often tease myself whether the breeze haunting the leaves beside the stream kindle sparks a vive of spirit in them. The branches bow very low groaning towards their reflection in the calm ponds. The roots drenched by the dropping dews and fog in cold weather cry with a melody that makes the heart weep of the birds visiting the pond. In morning with the dawn sea birds get lost in the rustle of the melody of forgotten dreams. But I can dream the proper notes to rise like sunshine back to my lover's haven. The moles go back in their holes percussive at the root. My lover's footprints is my only road like the creaking branches of willow trees. I make my own path as he walks and make my own

road when he looks back at me. I am the shadow in his embrace like a ship's wake on the sea. But it's moot if I don't see my Heaven in my lover's eyes like the weeping willows in the waters below.



Adorable poetess JYOTIRMAYA THAKUR has made this poem an exemplary of abstract symbolism. This poem has twelve sentences that are of average length. She has used many symbols like calm pond, birds, moles, willow, streams, sea, ship etc. Weeping willows indicates dismal soul which wants to get herself lightened by shedding tears, and sharing its sorrow even to a bird. Forgotten dreams are chimera in which human beings dilutes himself to seek relief out of mundane torments. But that is not persistent as sunset comes always after sundowning. Calm pond is symbol of infinite lord of eternal love. God our everlasting lover, with HIM nondualism is our final goal that is called salvation. Poetess want to follow HIS foot prints but some fibers are missing somewhere, somehow. That breakage in bit caught chimera which makes one shed tears. In Hindu mythology mingling in God, that is called salvation is defined as nondualism in spiritual theory. This poem is a piece of abstract love.

The Blind Man as a Seer in Answer Poem
"SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO BE BLIND" by
Jyotirmaya Thakur



The exquisite narrative prose poem -'Sometimes You Need to Be Blind', celebrates the blind man as a seer, as a sage as a healer because his heart predominates his wavering thoughts and perceptions. This is a beautiful fusion of myth combined with contemporary circumstances. The very first line takes the reader on a journey of man in the desert with a smile. The metaphor -desert is suggestive of the challenges one faces in an arid life with a readiness and positive spirit. The vivid image of 'the puzzling Sea' is very powerful as it guides the poet with an old song for reference. The memory is revived from the depths of the adventures taken and its lesson learnt. The history of the past is a formidable lesson to be learnt and reawakened to seek the right path. In the multiple impediments of life the inner insight and indomitable spirit of the heart is celebrated. In the next line -the wind is suggestive of the maze of hazards and confusions created by the overpowering mind which is fickle and unstable

while dealing with the endless twists and turns of life. -The image of -'strange leaf 'flying with the windy whimsical desire always misleads amidst dark storms of the desert. It is only when the mind is asleep that we can clearly see through the illusions created by the deceiving guides. The cold stories then refer as the true mirror reflection to show the beautiful shades of life. Only the ones who can see from inside in the bivouac of life can see the light of truth. The positive outlook is favored by destiny to seek the 'unique flower' in the shade of solitude and tranquility.

Then the seeker becomes the teacher guide who knows the power of being blind externally to hear the inner voice of the heart and then love becomes predominant to envision the beautiful face otherwise unseen. The poem spells out the summum bonum of the healing power of and indomitable heart of a blind seeker with complete confidence in his innate senses. The faith of the poet in his blind spirit without any dichotomy is the key to his finding the true beauty of life.

Kudos to the honorable poet for composing such a magnificent poem to enlighten your readers to have firm faith in oneself and to look inside in all the circumstances of life; no matter how herculean the task of life may be. The blind eyes stand with anchoring confidence to win by incomparable perseverance restored by a smile of the matchless prowess of the heart.

The poem

SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO BE BLIND

Anwer Ghani

I was traveling in the desert cities with a smile in my heart. The puzzling sea gave me an old song. It is a memory coming from faraway land told me about the adventure that sat in our depths. It always told me that the wind is a strange leaf that misleads us with delusions, but when we sleep, we see its face clearly. At that moment, her cold

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stories will show us. I am not a big bluffing mirror, but I feel like I'm a colorful shade looking for a unique flower, and when I find it, it says: Student, sometime you need to be blind to see clearly. I hear her voice, and I see her face in my heart, because I am a blind man.

REVIEW OF PROSE POEM "THE FLAME " WRITTEN BY
CHIKADIBIA UDEKWE.

Dr Pragya Suman

Prose poetry has made a resurgence in the early fifties when many American poets Allen Ginsberg ,James wright ,Russel Edson ventured in this genre of poetry .Especially Edson worked hard and popularised prose poetry in a surrealistic form .Charles simic won prestigious Pulitzer prize for his prose poetry in 1989 ,collection was “The world Doesn’t End “ .It acted as catalyst for prose poetry, since then its popularity is in accelerating motion . PROSE poetry conveys all elements of poetry like imagery ,parataxis ,and emotional effects.

POEM

THE FLAME

I've seen fires in their desirable strength to burn to ashes the hearts of men. I've in a little period felt the heat of their closeness to my young soul; it was rarely warm and satisfying. But none has flame. And this, as I've convinced myself though not absolutely, makes me ignore these fires most times. My mind one February evening uttered audibly that any lady that should be a fire or created as one or seen with such magnificent beauty of fire should have a flame. Fire has a long tongue. Though not as soft and steadily watery as ours, and not in any way brief as ours too. It is this tongue that touches sincerely every heart of a noble man and the holy heaven. The truth in this be that the fire's beauty is its strength and its strength its vigorous flame. And so the lady's beauty is her character and her character her true love.

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This poem FLAME is quiet exemplary of prose poetry as indicated by its caption FLAME which is in itself strong example of metaphor .This poem has nine sentences some are of long length ,some average and some are short , a variability from the traditional form. But every artist has the birthright to deviate from normal form as prose poetry itself has done it and made a separate identity. Here fire is used as a metaphor of emotion ,which is not cool like water but warm . Emotion runs millions of miles in minutes which is symbolised as “LONG TONGUE “.Flame is rise and leaping of fire and it hides distance in abstract form .Beauty at distance surges desire in purifying form which sublimes in platonic love.

According to sigmund freud theory human mind has three forms ID , EGO and SUPEREGO . ID want to thrive and survive while SUPEREGO advocates maturity and spiritual upliftment .It is ego which decides what has to do.

In hindu mythology fire and flame are symbols of ego which after burning drives the human mind to a higher zone .In many religious ceremonies it is used as a symbol of purity

Poet has used HOLY HEAVEN as a symbol of that divine purity and ASHES for desire .Poem's language is simple and limpid and melodious to ear.

Stylistic Expressionism in Martin's Poetry

Anwer Ghani

Expressionism in art in its clearest sense is a unique stylistic feature and distinctive color. Stylistic expression is the mother of all contemporary artistic trends. In revolutionary visions, issues, and objections, this is the moral expression. Although expressiveness exists in art, the dominance of moral expression and its manifestation is clear, and although stylistic expression is found in literature, the dominant aspect is the emergence of its moral dimension.

Martin Ijir is a Nigerian poet with extensive literary experience, through which he was able to combine originality and innovation in style in his writings, which is very difficult, and he brought us objectionary, revolutionary, and unique literature on the level of meaning and issue and on the level of style and form, especially in his collection "Eeries of Silence" which is a collection of horizontal narrative prose poem, and these recent practices and experiences signify unquestionably aspects of stylistic expression.

Creativity in Martin's poems depends on achieving his goals with a profound impact on the recipient and on achieving the tremor within him through the pursuit of salvation and revolution on reality and distinct vision, and this is also achieved through stylistic expression; according to a distinct method and a message that cares about the reader. The poems would not have achieved what it had accomplished without shocking method, along with the question of searching for salvation and revolution on the ground. Martin's poems have taught us that achieving a real and non-repeatable literary personality is that the text is expressed in two expressions, moral and stylistic, and what we see prevalent in most poets is meaningful expression, but they do not approach stylistic expression but rather write according to what the audience wants without attention to the truth that this cannot be real, and even welcomed by official cultural institutions. Rather,

there must be two forms of expressionism, moral and stylistic, and this is what was actually provided in Martin's poetry, which adopted the narrative horizontal prose poems in a distinctive style.

Literary analysis has moved from the middle of the last century to a greater accuracy in terms and concepts, and it is no longer acceptable to speak in broad terms, and stylistic criticism has succeeded, to a large extent, in crossing criticism towards scientific approach, and it became true that we describe the era of literature at the end of the century as the era of scientific literature. Stylistics has made great progress in this regard by presenting objective models and tangible material formulas for literary idea and analytical concepts, and here we will try to shed light on stylistic aspects of expressionism in poetic texts of Nigerian poet Martin Ijir.

In the poem "DUST" Martin says:

)My body dies, my spirit becomes dust then my soul transcends unto pillaging bed of refurbishment. The bequeathed sky above, whistles the work of my hands, bands of life and its enchanting buoying songs I refute to singing; will I recite on the day of my recurrence. I am single out like a simpleton upon a water floating in the sea of silence. My silver cloud turns into melee ice as I melt as dew encountering my first sun(.

We do not need much talk to refer to the expressive moral in the text as he asked for salvation and revolutionary in the title of the text and in each of its sections and the text is charged with the message of alienation and sadness and the request for change.

The poet here relied on stylistic expressions and formulas, including (narrative), as the text was based on the narrative style, and this is a distinction and contrasting to the prevailing poetic writing based on fragmentation even in prose poetry in the free poem. Also, the narrative here was not a storytelling narrative, but rather an expressive narrative with the intent of living and symbolizing and maximizing the energies of language. There is no doubt that (prose poetry), and with this force in which prose manifests itself with its techniques, is a style different from

the music and formal harmony in which the prevailing poem is concerned.

In the poem " ALONE " he said: (I travelled through the galaxy, in a chimera wagon, a steamy light appears like the steeds of fogs, poised in a disheveling position, my clogs pores on the shore of hydroponic merriment, this must be home, I longed long for, this must be home, no this is not a home, a voice contradicts my thoughts, I grunt upon him or is it her as they confused my intuition. The path to home is narrowed I learned. Now I am about to finish my learning and long suffering.)

We find another stylistic expressive side, which is (freshness) accompanying a sweet symbolic text and high poetic art, and this also distinguishes and contrasts with the prevalence of the modernist symbolism, which is usually characterized by estrangement, and transcendence. Also, the poet adopted the special vision of things and assets in (expressive and apocalyptic), which is a different method and distinct from the deliberative on which the written rule depends .

In " Distance Sky " Martin said: (I saw her stretch wings, with leathery feathers bearing my flavor of silver, so close your distancing appears. As my wings fluttered upon the musk of air, a fingertip that pierces the altar of iceberg tears our conversation. Inside me I reach what's hidden and awaken the dust that hinders my transcending. I closed my eyes and watched the melting sun decays as dew flowing from tendrils of exaltation, a harmonious power that controls earth, elements and shell of my body.)

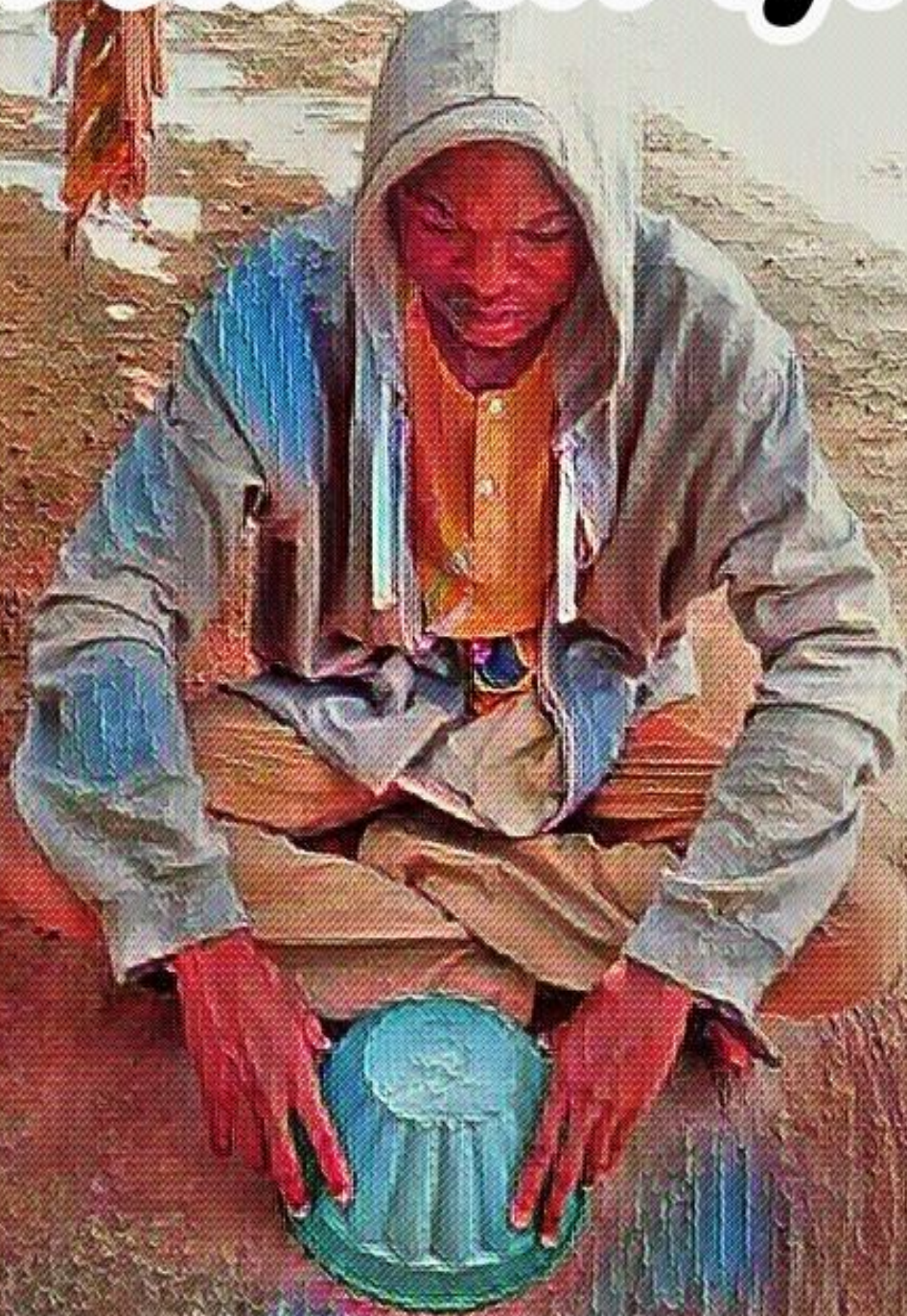
The poet intends to a narrative passage that is purely expressive in message and it is a model for literary expression. Such a reduced text filled with questions, appeals, descriptions, alienations and delusions, which ends with an expressive combination of certainty and legend achieves remarkable expressive distinction.

End

Arcs Expressive Narrative Group

Arcs Expressive Narrative Award 2020

Martin Ijir



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The founder