JUST A DREAM

POETRY

BARRY MOWLES & FRIENDS

DESTINY TO WRITE PUBLICATIONS
BIOGRAPHY
BARRY MOWLES

Barry Mowles is a 31 year old diverse poet, creative writer & poetry publisher from Ipswich, England. In May 2008 he moved across the UK, and now lives with his Wife & children close to Cardiff in Wales. In March 2011 he decided to start work on creating his very first paperback poetry book, and less than 18 months later he has just published his 15th title.

In January 2012 Barry designed his very own poetry publishing company, and "Destiny to Write Publications" was born.

Barry then started to create a successful collection of anthologies, using social networks to find undiscovered worldwide poets; he has now helped over 150 talented writers achieve their dreams in becoming published authors.

Barry’s poetry book collection is now being read in many different countries right across the globe, with an ever expanding audience.

He writes about destiny, life, death, love, heartbreak & real life issues, and recently he wrote a number of poems based on the events of World Trade 9/11, for which he received worldwide critical acclaim.

To contact Barry or to view his work, please check out his links below.

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JUST A DREAM

-2012-

DEDICATED TO

LIANNE
CHLOE
SHAYLEIGH

&

TO ALL MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS

ALSO IN LOVING MEMORY
NAN & GRANDAD

MARION
&
JOHN MOWLES

I HOPE I'VE MADE YOU PROUD
WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO INCLUDED POETS

SANTA VETTURI
ANN CARRUTH DONOGHUE
ARCHNA PANT
DANIELA VOICU
NEHA SRIVASTAVA
ARCHIE NARAYAN
PRIYANKA DEY
WILLIAM GAYLORD
IULIA TURCAN
POOJA SHARMA RAO
ANGELA SUMMERS—WOODLE SPONSELLER
JENNY LESSING WIGGINS
AMPAT KOSHY
ZEE NATH IBRAHIM
MICHELE BARON
KELLY ROACH
SUSMA SHARMA GURUMAYUM
AP RILIA ZANK
BOB STRUM
MADHUMITA GHOSH
SOBIA IZHAR
MALAYA ROSES
ANGEL MEREDITH
ABHISEK RATH
SHYAM
HARISH SRINIVASAN
GORAKHNATH GANGANE
CASSANDRA FRAGA
RUKHAYA MK
ELVIRA LOBO
REENA PRASAD
DAMON D DUKES
SAYANTAN GUPTA
LAURA C LAVEGLIA
MARY ANNIE
ARIELLE VARGHESE
DARON CHOSEN SMITH
ANITA ASHWINI SHEA
DANTE POET
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BARRY MOWLES

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JUST A DREAM

Each night I keep having the same twisted dream;
I am stuck spinning inside a tornado, and no matter how loud I shout nobody can ever hear me scream.

I guess my life has been like a twister, at times I spin violently out of control;
I leave a path of destruction wherever I go, collecting all these lost memories which I thought I had locked away deep in my soul.

As I calm down the vortex surrounding me evaporates, leaving all the pieces of my life to crash down to the ground;
My screams always fall onto deaf ears, as my thumping heartbeat is now the only noise left to make any sound.

Pieces of my life scatter across the skies after being lifted up to a cloud;
Left here is just a shell of a broken man full of torn up memories, whose only ever wish was to make his little family proud.

I can see my past falling behind me, littering the heavens with hope and despair;
Dark days and lonely nights spent writing, with not one single person to care.

Over my head a thousand pieces of paper are floating down from the twisted clouds in the sky;
Black tears of ink now stream down my face each time that I cry.

My future is so far in the distance it has fallen off the edge of the world, but on the horizon the stars are still shining out so bright;
In my hands I am holding a book, and the title spells out “Destiny to Write”.

I can see my doubters waiting for me up ahead, but I already know just what they have planned;
I must keep moving forwards. As the ground beneath my feet begins turning into quicksand.
As I walk on I hear those haters whispering, using words like prose and stanza, they laugh when I just call it a verse; When will these people realise that poetry cannot be taught, writing is only ever a god given talent or curse.

Some of these posh poets may have a master’s degree in poetry, but somehow they think that means that their shit doesn’t stink; These same doubters are always asking why my eyes are so dark, well that is what happens when the passion flowing through your veins is ink.

I try desperately to run but my legs won’t move, as in the clouds above I see the faces of my Granddad and Nan; They never had the chance to see me write, and they never had a chance to see me grow up to become a man.

Their faces fade away into the twisting clouds, each time I always scream towards the heavens for them to come back; Just then the stars begin to fade, and then everything goes black.

So many of my tears have now fallen I have created my very own ink filled stream; My eyes begin to flicker as morning breaks, was this my life, or was this all just a dream.

BARRY MOWLES ©2012
SURRENDER TO THE DARK

I close my eyes, on a journey into the night I must now embark;
Verses flowing through my mind,
As I surrender to the dark.

When I dream my angels introduce me to the dead;
I see my Nan walking through the clouds, as subconscious
memories unlock from deep inside my head.

I try to speak but my mouth is glued shut, that is why I use this ink
to talk;
The mist clears uncovering the heaven’s, as across the clouds my
angels walk.

They have a silent smile that speaks a thousand words, so this is
where we come when we die;
I hear my Nan’s voice echo,
“In heaven’s dictionary there is no such word as goodbye”.

I see her point her finger towards the ground, as a voice behind me
whispers for me to look;
I glance down from the heaven’s to see myself sleeping in my bed,
and in my hand sits this poetry book.

I start to sink back through the clouds, as I see my bright white
angels standing tall, whispering their goodbye;
I slip through the clouds, and the second before I wake, I feel my
body tumbling helplessly through the sky.

BARRY MOWLES ©2012
SLEEPING AS I WRITE

I have so many problems running through my mind, all of these dilemmas were started and caused by you;
I am going to close my eyes again, and let this pen tell me just what I have to do.

As this pen starts to move I drift into a sleep, unaware of the words that I write;
The stars are not fading anymore, for they are shining out so bright.

You have to move on, you have achieved so much in such a short amount of time;
You have your whole life ahead of you, remember you aren’t Cinderella waiting for the midnight clock to chime.

Slow things down, take a step back and enjoy being the new you;
If you move any faster you will make even more mistakes, than you were ever supposed to do.

Stop acting so tough all the time, you are only human who can ask for help, but you have so much of this attitude and bad feeling;
It’s turning your life inside out and upside down, making your floor turn into your ceiling.

You do have emotions but you release all of your anger and pain through this pen and onto this page;
Stop hiding in the background, it is your time now to take to the centre stage.

I have made you immortal so live your life with no fear, some people have money, but my gift to you was this pen;
You will realise someday it has given you the courage and strength, to make you stronger than a thousand men.
So stop blaming your problems on your past, I know you were destroyed, but you needed to go through that so your destiny could get underway;
Open your eyes now my child its morning, and just trust whatever this pen has had to say.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
FINAL DAY

Is it really time for me to say its game over, is it really time for me to leave;
My heart has not just broken this time, it’s melted away and I am struggling to even breathe.

I could see the light at the end of life’s tunnel, and I was so close to spending the rest of my days living inside of a beautiful dream;
But now the walls have all caved in and it’s dark again, all I can do is scream.

All I have is pictures and a memory that reminds me just how close I came to being free;
But I am told that is all in the past now, and the only person I have to hate and blame again, is me.

The world I am living in is torture, I just do not have a clue what to do;
I cannot watch the TV or listen to music, as all I am then reminded of is you.

It’s so dark I can’t even see this pen moving on the page;
My body has no emotion left, so my pen is trying to remove all of my internal rage.

My body has no energy, I cannot even hear my heart pound;
The only thing moving is my hand, the rest of me is slowly sinking underground.

If the truth be known I am closer to the end than people must think;
It’s time to decide and make your choice my son, it's either swim or quite simply you’ll sink.

I am so tired, I am half asleep. I still haven’t glanced up at the page to see what words have been wrote;
Your love and passion has died my son, so I am here to help you write your suicide note.
You won’t realise it until the morning but part of you has already died;
You fell asleep over an hour ago, hugging your journal as you cried.

Your brain is sleeping but your hand is awake, desperately trying to wake you up so you can see what has been wrote;
But you are dead to the world, you’re exhausted, you have a pain that I am afraid will never have an antidote.

I watched your soul leave you yesterday, and I felt your pain when you were told your love no longer wants you back;
I rested my hand on your shoulder, but you had no heart beating, to administer a deadly heart attack.

I will introduce myself before I go, I am the man who created you and I gave you this gift to write;
I am the power that wakes you, when your nightmares shake your soul each and every single night.

Your prayers echoed an eternity and I reached out to stop your fall every time I heard your prayer;
But I am sorry my son your time is now over, I can no longer give you the courage or care.

I will give you one last day to save your life, and then your new destiny will be up here with me;
It’s the only way I can ease your pain, and the only way I can stop all of things that you have to see.

Use your last remaining hours wisely my child, I will give you the privilege of saying your goodbyes, as I cannot help you find what you seek;
I am watching over you right now as you dream, clutching your journal as tears are rolling down your cheek.
I was going to wake you up to take you now, but you just stay in your dream world for now my son, then when you wake your new destiny will come into play;
I am so so sorry my child, but when you wake in the morning, it will be your last and final day.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
LIVE THE DREAM

My prayers have been answered, it’s now time to live the dream;
I think how much all my doubters must hate that, I can almost hear
them scream.

I am living in a dream, I couldn’t really say if I am writing asleep or
awake;
Someone just kicked me up the arse, and it shook my body like a 7.9
life changing earthquake.

I never thought I would make it, my ambition was once placed to
the back of my brain;
All I cared about was surviving, but now it’s started, my life will
never again be the same.

Everything has clicked into place, the pain of the past now has a
reason, so I could write about it for you today;
I now believe in angels, as someone up there must have been
listening each time that I pray.

I feel invincible, all I want is to be the best that I can be;
So I can carry on writing life’s memories, with all the images my
eyes have had to see.

We all have a reason to live, we each have a destined path called
fate;
Stand up and be counted, you only have one life, you can’t afford to
just turn up to late.

Make each moment count, weather you are feeling high or low;
Just believe in yourself, and your destiny will guide you on the path
you have to go.

Sometimes I thought I was not going to make it, as I sat alone in the
dark;
Looking up at the stars, swigging from a bottle of J.D, as I sat on my
bench in the park.
I looked at life like it was a ladder, sometimes haters would knock me down, leaving me to blend into the crowd; But I kept climbing higher, until I reached so high, I was living on that number 9 cloud.

I've seen heaven, it's the greatest sight my eyes have ever seen; I made it through the darkness, and it's now time for me to live the dream.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
HERE IN HEAVEN (11:59)

It’s Tuesday the 1st of November 2011;
Staring down from my cloud I realise, I don’t belong here in heaven.

I stood at the gateway begging for just a little more time;
The hands on my clock no longer move, a never ending minute
which is stuck on 11:59.

I see my Nan & Granddad sitting with all my lost family and friends,
they all reaching out for me to stay;
An angel whispers through my mind “you’re destiny is not yet over, I
think you have just lost you’re way”.

I stand motionless at the top of heavens stairway in the sky;
I look down watching my life, as angels wipe away their tears, and
wave me goodbye.

I slowly walk down the stairway, with each step I move a little
further away from heavens light;
As I take my first step back into the world, my angels echo out
“Remember, it was always you’re DESTINY TO WRITE”.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
CLOSE MY EYES

I close my eyes as dreams drift me off into the night;
This page is my pillow, my mind is asleep whilst my pen still continues to write.

My body surrenders to the darkness, as my brain works in partnership with my hand;
The ink floods over this blank page, revelling just what my destiny has planned.

I fall deeper and deeper into my sleeping silence;
These words aren’t just verses put together, they were written to give you hope and guidance.

You have written you’re destiny, but I do worry that one day your imagination will just run dry;
These words have consumed you’re heart so much, that ink now rolls down you’re cheeks when you cry.

The silent pen moves across this letter, as dreams flow through you’re sleeping brain;
My angels sit up on their clouds reading you’re verses, as their tears fall from the heavens they turn into rain.

You’re destiny has brought you this far, you have nearly made it, but you have to keep on fighting;
You know what you have to do to succeed, and that’s to just keep on writing.

It was angels who altered you’re destiny, giving you the chance to write your very own resurrection;
You will never stand alone in life, if you look closely in the mirror you will see angels, standing next to your reflection.

Keep the faith, and one day soon I promise you will get you’re break;
The sun is starting to rise now, it will soon be your time to wake.
It’s my time to leave you now, as the sun slowly creeps its way into the early morning skies; Just try and trust what I have written for you my child, as it’s now time for you to open up your eyes.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
JOURNEY INTO HEAVEN

Time moves on, as we blow a kiss goodbye on 2011; I drift off into the clouds, to revisit some of the lost stars, who now watch over us all from heaven.

Thousands of waiting souls litter the stairway to the skies, as I slowly make my way through that pearly gate; Nate Dogg is creating a new sound, as he teams up with Jimi Hendrix, remixing a classic “Regulate”.

Michael Jackson is holding onto Christopher Reeve, desperately trying to get Superman to teach him how to fly; Next to them sits Marilyn Monroe, who is getting new beauty tips from Aaliyah and TLC’s, Lisa “left-eye”.

Music is pumping from every direction, as The Notorious B.I.G takes to the mic, alongside his new best friend Tupac Shakur; They are presenting a dance off, as Heath Ledger and Bruce Lee are the first stars to take to the floor.

Jimmy Saville sits shining on a step, trying to fix another dream to come true; I see my Nan and Granddad walk towards me, as they whisper “we are so very proud of you”.

Amy Winehouse now looks happy, she can even break into a smile; I have to pick my jaw up from the clouds, as Britney Murphy now looks even hotter, than she did in “8 mile”.

Laughter echoes across the heavens, as Bernie Mac entertains his crowd; The poet Dylan Thomas is reading my book, as he whispers to me, that I am doing Wales proud.
Corey Haim is still acting like a lost boy, as Kurt Cobain teaches him how to play his guitar; River Phoenix watches on, as angels are busy building their next shooting star.

Bob Marley is Jammin’ out an acoustic set, as the white clouds around me echo “No Women, No Cry”; Thousands of African children sit with Princess Diana, as she helps them make a brand new home in the sky.

Relationships are blossoming in heaven, Frank Sinatra is now with Elizabeth Taylor, as Patsy Cline eyes up Marlon Brando; Elvis Presley just got married to Grace Kelly, whilst Patrick Swayze dirty dances with Jill Dando.

Martin Luther King is discussing progress with Malcolm X, as Steve Irwin searches for God’s creatures down there on the floor; Bobby Robson is busy talking football, with our world cup winning captain Bobby Moore.

John Lennon is still writing classics, mixing up a new style with a little help from Jam Master Jay; The godfather of soul James Brown joins up with Big Pun, to remix Frank Sinatra’s anthem, “MY WAY”.

Norman Wisdom is busy dancing around with Fred Astaire, as they are entertained by the legendary Freddie Mercury; Ryan Dunne is still fooling around, as he finds a new Jackass member, in Brandon Lee.

A voice echoes from above, it’s now my time to go back, and join the sleeping dreams of the night; As I fall back through the clouds, the voice faintly whispers “we all have a destiny, and your Destiny is to Write”.

My eyes open, I am lying in my bed, my pen in my hand, as my alarm clock reads the time 11:11; I have used this pen to re-write my dreams, as I finish writing, my journey into heaven.

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
KISS FROM MY CLOUD

On the 10th of May I took my very first breath, my parents named me, Marion Rosina Dyer, the year was 1937; I am sitting on my cloud high up in the skies, as I write you this letter from heaven.

Sometimes I know you feel down, I reach out but cannot touch you, each time I see you cry; This ink is my way of contacting you, as I know we never had the chance to say our final goodbye.

You have to stay strong, for the gates to your dreams are about to open, you need to stand up tall; I hear your prayers echo through your dreams, I just wanted you to know that I always hear your call.

I’ve seen your future, to the stars is where you were always destined to go; You are finally standing up in the light, after so many years of crawling through your tunnel, chasing only a distant glow.

I don’t want any of you to blame yourself for not being there at the end, it was simply just my time; We each leave a legacy in life, my Children and Grandchildren are mine.

I felt no pain on the 20th of May 2003, when an angel lifted me gently up and into heaven; Your granddad and I will now mark this date down in history, as A Star Was Born, in 2011.

In your dreams you always ask, if we will ever see each other again; Yes, is the answer to that question, but only your destiny can decide when.
Please pass on this message of love, to my Daughter Sharon,  
And my two Sons, Tom and Gary;  
To all our Grandchildren who we miss so much, Alex, Jason, Lisle,  
Ben, Joanne, and Barry.  

We now spend our days watching over our ever growing legacy, a  
family that would do any parent or Grandmother proud;  
I wish I could be there with you all, but instead I will just blow out,  
one final goodbye kiss from my cloud.  

DEDICATED TO  

MARION ROSINA (DYER) MOWLES  
10/05/1937 – 20/05/2003  

JOHN MICHAEL ALEXANDER MOWLES  
16/08/1930 – 14/07/1995  

MARRIED  
St MARY'S CHURCH, HADLEIGH  
31/12/1955  

NOW TOGETHER FOREVER  

-----X-----  
GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN  

BARRY MOWLES ©2011
FALLING THROUGH MY DREAM

I keep having this dream that I am falling through the sky; Pieces of paper now make up the clouds, as angels sit up in heaven waving me goodbye.

I can feel the wind rushing against my skin as I fall; I try to scream out for help, but nobody can ever hear me call.

Tumbling through the air as I look over the world from this new bird’s eye view; Nobody will be there to catch me, as my life is about me, and your life is about you.

Words and verses flash past me as I fall ever closer to the ground; A silent dream with no noise, the world has forever lost its sound.

As always I wake the very second before I hit the floor; Flashes of bright light illuminate the skies, as my dreams begin to resemble July 4.

I wake up in a panicking sweat, as the morning swaps shifts with the night; In my hand sits this pen, which is already up and ready to write.

BARRY MOWLES ©2012
I lay in the silent darkness using a piece a paper for a pillow, this pen in my hand as I drift off into the night; The darkness consumes me as I begin to sleep as I write.

A distant sounding phone rings, so I pick it up answering “who is it”; A voice echoes back down the line “its god, and I’ve come down just to visit”.

A ghostly arm reaches through the phone as the voice whispers “please take my hand, it will stop you from your fall; For years you have screamed into the darkness, and now it’s time for me to finally answer your call”.

I am watching over you now as you sleep, your hand is working in partnership with this pen; In your prayers you always ask if you are going to make it, well my answer is not IF but WHEN.

Don’t worry about your Nan & Granddad they are still watching over you with so much pride; Years ago I said you would make it, and I was right, as your pain finally did subside.

I don’t know how you did it but your poetry reached up to the heavens, we now even have a bookshelf in the sky; Your verses can produce such emotion, until now I never knew that even angels can cry.

You do have a guardian angel, in fact your Nan is watching over you right now as I speak; She is singing you a lullaby as tears roll down your cheek.

I watch your doubters laugh behind your back, jealousy is such a cruel human trait; But please ignore those lost souls, as only I wrote your destiny and fate.
Your future will come all in good time, but sometimes you need to stop and look back, you have come a long way, but I don't think you appreciate just how far;
You were born to write these verses, just as you were always destined to be a star.

I have watched over you your entire life, it has been like witnessing a star being born;
It’s nearly time for me to leave, as the night sky starts making way for the dawn.

So I guess this is goodbye for now, but I will always be listening each time that you pray;
Open your eyes now my child its morning, and just trust whatever this pen has had to say.
WHEN I MET MY DREAM
SANTA VETTURI ©2012

Fields of emerald green
and blue amazing seas
my spirit saw
when I met my dream
Root in the Earth
I caught the breath of Nature
Wave of the Ocean
I listened to the voice of Universe
And finally my soul
could fly so free
over all fears and sorrows
towards endless skies

Happy I felt inside
and peaceful
all around
‘cause I picked up
the flower of life
in that unforgettable moment
when I met my dream

SANTA VETTURI ©2012
BARI, ITALY
I don't care where you've been, 
its where you're coming from that counts, 
show me glimpses of your soul, 
show me heart in large amounts, 

I know you've been that soldier, 
scarred and battle worn, 
weary from the fighting, 
from the heavy load you've borne, 

take your future dreams and longings, 
take your spirit maimed and sore, 
take your past with all its burdens, 
bring your suitcase to my door, 

I offer shelter, I offer comfort, 
friendship, love, a place to rest, 
a chance to heal, a kindred spirit, 
stay awhile and catch your breath, 
life’s survivors we are many, 
know that someone has your back, 
I'll keep them safe your dreams and nightmares, 
until your life gets back on track....... 

ANN CARRUTH DONOGHUE ©2012 
IRELAND
Drenched in cold sweat
paralyzed with fear
I watch as they bring her ...
gagged...hands tied behind..
Her body taut with protest ...fury flailing inside..
Anger unleashing a madness unknown......eyes spewing venom
Her body small and frail
struggles...strives...
They tie her up
to a pillar inscribed with strange script....
sketches of sun........deities......snakes..
a swastik in bold !
Thick...rough ropes cut into her soft skin
weals red blue ...traces of blood...

Numbly I watch her..
my daughter ..so helpless ...
Writhing in pain and shame
Now a sacrificial fire lit ....
priests perambulate ...
Sotto voce chants no one knows...understands
smother her...drowning her moans !
Anointing her with holy waters
they cover her with vermoillion
A cauldron I also see
some potion strange they cook...

I want to move
but am frozen still !
I want to scream
Please let her go !
Free her from your chains....
your do's ...your don'ts...
your scripture...your texts...
your voices divine !
Please let her be....
a living ....breathing....feeling creature for once !
Long have you entranced her...with your chants strange lulled her into a slumber against her will
Now open her arms..her feet...her mouth let her speak .... and be heard for once !

Suddenly there rises a shriek...a primal wail
My daughter has freed her mouth ...
I look up in shock... in daze...
in surprise
tears flow from my eyes... in joy and glee
I know now..
no force..no power can ever hold her down
she'll rise like a phoenix ....she'll rise like a flame
she'll alight the world with her fury and her ire !
Her force too powerful to be contained !
She'll breathe...she'll live..... she'll make herself be heard
And her voice shall rule the world !
My nightmare had finally turned a dream !
1. Winter night
black and white...
when the world
goes to sleep
after midnight,
every window
has a shadow
of a dream,
waiting answers,
freezing there
until morning.

2. the sad lullaby
is the first snowflake
that melts on the wind’s lips
blowing all dreams
from your eyes.
3. morning never been so alone:

unsinging, unspoken, unwhisper,

without answers.

give me a reason

to build windows without dreams.

DANIELA VOICU ©2012
ROMANIA
MUSICAL DREAM
NEHA SRIASTAVA ©2012

My dream, a song to sing
Let the whole world sleep.

With the song of dream,
"Hypnotise 'em with love and peace"
Is the song and lyrics of my dream.

Lyrical dream is to sing, let's take
the notes high to the sky for unlimited dreams.

Ringing bells, drums and violin
Its a musical dreams, A musical flirt is my dream.

A dream to sell, let the whole world dream,
Buy my dream, a song to sing.

Let the whole world sleep
Listening my dream song which allure ears to listen more of my dream.

My dream, a song to sing
A musical flirt is my dream.

NEHA SRIASTAVA ©2012
MUMBAI, INDIA
I DREAM NOW
ARCHIE NARAYAN ©2012

Few grains of rice, upon my hand,
Least I forget, the barren lands.
A sprinkle of water, upon the face,
Lifts my hope, for the god’s grace.
The farmer in me, dreams now,
A filled stomach, for me and all.

An early call to start the day,
Have forgotten, ‘what’s a meal’ to say.
Expectations, tensions, aspirations, justification,
The life’s seems a cacophonous glorification.
The corporate in me, Dreams now,
The peace of mind, the joy I left.

Few coins a day, a toast of bread,
My summary of life, for you it’s waste.
Never seen a caring face, nor mother’s smile nor father’s grace.
The Child in me, Dreams now,
A hope of life, a family to take.

The teacher I hate, who yells and shouts,
Makes me do everything, each hour to count.
My mother my father, beam in my name,
For I have won many laurels, Me ‘a token of fame’.
The competitor in me, Dreams now,
Success so quick, a day to waste.

I seek the thoughts, for the world to see
Emotions are fuel, for imagination to flee
Lives touch upon, like an umpteenth time,
One man’s dream, another’s dine.
The writer in, Dreams now
The dreams be there, but not the indigence.

ARCHIE NARAYAN ©2012
PATNA, INDIA
FLOAT AWAY
PRIYANKA DEY ©2012

I float Away
From dainty pastures
Away from frolicking shadows
Of big boulders and flying birds.
A thought,
I leap out
At the sunlit sky
Eavesdropping
To your heart's cry.
Let me out, for once
At least, let me try!
I flutter within my cage,
As you give up and set me free,
I float away, yet another shall be born
Dreams of just another Common.

PRIYANKA DEY ©2012
INDIA
ODONTOPHOBIC'S DREAM
WILLIAM GAYLORD ©2012

My hands are bleeding -
My nails ripped into beds of pain,
I feel his growl in my head,
Taste his stink breath on my face!

I recall the shudder
as he ripped me from side to side
and felled me down like an decrepit oak tree,
slamming me down onto broken knees!

My back arches as I try to get up,
eating red dust as I fall face down,
boot on my neck,
gun in my side..........

I taste the arid steel clamps
as I'm forced to open wide...........
feel the kneeding needle as it twists from side to side!

I hear the crunching of the bone,
as he digs down deep,
wrenching into my soul,
no anaesthetic to help me stay alive!!

I want to beg......."Kill me please!"
but I can't -
the words just seem to freeze,
choking in my throat as the drowning starts......................

Numbness sets in
as light subsides
slinging me into a pit of dark despair -
"Let this be a dream"
Is my cry to merciless deaf ears
as the drilling starts -
and a quiet death creeps in,
taking hold of my soul..........As he sets his weapons' path,
to a broken gaping hole!!

WILLIAM GAYLORD ©2012
SOUTH AFRICA
I've split a dream in two  
The seeds were chewing the sunset  
The fruit's thrust it was bitter  
I've understood the sadness as a fruit  
Into the rusty fall  

Away is the love,  
useless melancholy of the stinky meadows  
The maiden prayer's is like a wind  
cut by the sins  
The whip won't touch the humble  
Love is a thorn from our ribbons  
I've understood but too late  
The world had reached its spine  
We've remained the taste of our wishes only  
And we've longed for the sin  
Only by desire ever since
THE DEATH
POOJA SHARMA RAO ©2012

At the last and final audit
the accountant death
would examine
all your stocks
memories - sweet and sour
neatly stacked away
in separate shelves
marks of indelible
people, places
and interactions
on the dusty
register of the mind
the soul soiled
by eternal desire
the body
ashamed of not
matching its demands

Nightmares often
dressed up as dreams
and as they peel
years of their face
the end of all dreams
imminent!

POOJA SHARMA RAO ©2012
INDIA
The animal I have become!
A scream ring out in dead of night.
A roar and a growl follow it.
I look around I have lost my way.
The moon is full and shining bright.
A tremor runs thou me.
I start to shake falling on my knees.
A roar escapes my lips.
The beast from within is coming out.
I cannot control it no more.
You all have forced me beyond what I can’t control.
I am turning it to the animal you want me to be.
I run thou the rays of the full moon.
Neither murder nor blood not on my mind.
Revenge is something in all of us.
Sound of paws running thru the woods.
Breathing deep and hard.
I am coming for you.
Watch out I am what you are afraid of.
The beast of humanity is set free.
I am coming for you.
Run run as fast as you can.
But you won’t escape me.
I will track you down for all of eternity.
You shall look over your shoulders.
Expect me to be behind you always.
And when the day comes and you are relaxed.
I shall jump on you drawing the same beast out of you as you did to me.
For now that I am an animal the beast that you have made me to be so shall you be one to.
I care nothing of murder or of blood just the sweet revenge to make you what you are so afraid to be.
But made me be the beast of humanity.
I don't hear the wind blowing -
I feel it growing in my bones,
as it howls like a demon,
through the shatters,
rattling the stones. . .

I don't feel her trembling beside me,
I hear her heartbeat drumming in my heart,
as the staccato beats increase,
caught in a breath
where it remains unspoken. . .

I see the danger of hurricanes
gathering strength to take hold
of our humble abode
and the silent screams get caught
in my tiny throat. . .

I know if I close my eyes,
I won't see her getting hurt,
I won't hear her whimpering cry,
I won't see her mouth "it will be all right" lie -
I will wake up and it will just be an awful dream.
The cup of sea
swirls
the surface becomes waves
then turns into seas
while a candle stands
extremely huge on a plain
a chessboard
and a centaur aiming spears
wind blows and lifts Marilyn’s skirt higher
a paperboat sails in a puddle
gets torn to pieces
and puts itself back together again
while the queen of diamonds tries to kill
the queen of hearts
and the centaur with no name
the candle drips
and the moth beats itself
against its wax
to die of pain
a car engine stalls
with a high pitched whine and scream
and tea goes to sleep never to wake again.
Imperious, stands the tree
with its shady branches
framing the boundaries
for the fated ‘rekha,’
Laced with love
and assuring
sheltered cool,
it poses smug
in its assumed role.

Sitting crouched
under its leafy parasol
she yearns for
the warmth
that slip
the golden chinks
that crease the darkness
of the shady shielder.

The stolen siestas
paint reveries
of sunshine
and greener vistas,
which stop
the vermillion smudges
from sinking
into nightmarish horizons.
What are the shifting clouds of dreams? can they support us through
the unknown,
through the heavy black channels of missed understanding?
i dream
with very few words,
feeling all in my heart, feeling that things can never be the same
again.

when the thousands of voices ring among the rocks of ocean's edge,
hands reaching,
and regrets are countless as the grains of the sands drying all
hopes,
i dream
and the aeons pass in the blink of an eye to what is needed to gift
an end to suffering
if only crude words could somehow be enough to stir hearts and
souls toward truths...

when the blood and screams slash black and red across earth and
water and skies,
squeezing all in a giant fist of pain and hate and death
i do not want to dream
but cannot staunch the flow
and even waking cannot end the crushing airless grief and
separation

when children, all energy and open trust, see
the world we share, so full of the beauties, mysteries, and tumult of
existence
i hope the dream
of peace will glow harmonious...

but dreaming does not assuage the darkness, nor prolong the light
and awaking to reality is shattering as a plunge onto frozen, icy
rocks--
weightlessness replaced with waiting and weighting and unmarked
paths and ways
and haunting, ever out of reach
except through dreams beyond all else,
the cherished touch and thrill and yearning hope
and timeless, boundless flight
of love
with you

MICHELE BARON ©2012
RABAT, MOROCCO
Take shelter, Mother Nature's fury is full of wrath, winds at a 100 mile click, she will famished swallow things, in her path, hey fellow, what are you doing trying to outrun her, thinking you are sly, by the time you lift your leg, she will blow you away. This is not Oz and you are not Dorothy, you need to take safety, trees will uproot and tear like sheets of paper, cars will be as light as a feather, things just got a whole lot darker.

As the writer, especially US citizens so close to your border can't begin to imagine, your fear, how we sometimes complaining about the weather, don't know how blessed in Canada we are here, I can only pray for all your safety over there, scores of tornados in a multi vortex, leaving casualties, death and destruction, nothing in its hellish way it will spare. I can only wish for you, all it was just a bad dream, as if nothing happen, but I know better, that this far from being over, an ongoing nightmare. Survivor, I know that this can leave in life the biggest scar of all, having to go through Mother Nature in a fierce battle, this alone without body injury, can prey on the nerves, chew and rattle, enough to make someone want to dig and bury themselves in some deep dark hole. Why does nature have to be so cruel, trying to prove it's evil that to man it isn't a fool, Dr Jeckyll to mister Hyde, a monster forcing innocent lives to take shelter inside, Tornados or natural disasters will be something people will never understand, something that beyond being man made, things destroyed, lives in it paid
WANT TO DREAM
SUSMA SHARMA GURUMAYUM ©2012

Want to be resting
My head, on his hard shoulders
And drift off to dreams.

Want to be dreaming
Of the things I never had,
To wake up to them.

Want to wake up to
All that I deserve and more,
To my dreams come true.

Want some dreams come true,
Exhausted of dreaming on,
Unrealized dreams...

Unfulfilled or not
Dreams are dreams, and are our own.
Real, while still in dreams.

Safe in his embrace
With my eyes close, in his warmth,
Let me dream in peace.

SUSMA SHARMA GURUMAYUM ©2012
INDIA
I had treasured
these grapes
these peaches
and these pomegranates
for the journey
the gipsy journey
the fortune-teller
had read in my palm

on your back
the canvas tent
rich with
skin's heat and sweat
amber and
wolf's hair
in the locket
between my breasts

neither beginning nor end
just lying there
in the shelter of night
among greedy roots
fixing the stars
grapes soothing lips
unaware
of barbed wire
or soot
or sin
I can hear the howling of the wind.
I can feel the icy demons
Licking my face.
A blanket protects me.
I see the vast canyon
Of my mind.
The floor is covered by sand.
Tumbleweed is trying to
Escape their ravaging pursuers.
Little of value grows here,
Only the cacti, which I fear to touch.
There are the rocky walls
I dare not climb.
The creatures of the night
Threaten to devour me.
I hear voices, soothing
Comforting. Seductive. Hidden,
Whispering to me.
They claim to be angels,
Begging me to taste the cacti.
I know that If I could avoid
The poisoned spikes,
I could not avoid the poisoned fruit.

Can this be me?
Although I am aware of it
Whilst sleeping,
The morning organises
My escape.
My defences seal off the invaders
Reassuring me
That all is not lost.
There is much more to me.
I can see
Sunshine, glorious birds,
Multi-coloured,
Red blue green nesting in trees
Outside my window.
Green grass, tall trees and flowers.
I quell my fears and venture
Into the world again,
Until nightfall
When the nightmares
Will haunt me again.
ON THE HILLTOP OF TIME
MADHUMITA GHOSH ©2012

A pearly white, pale sun
peeps from behind clouds
as skyscrapers retire
beneath a blanket of mist.
Fifty winters I have let go,
dates and moths in calendars
carelessly washed away
down a kitchen sink
or flushed down in a toilet.
The sky wept
when my mother picked me up
from her dreams,
not tears of joy
as I well can guess today,
my father
turned a man overnight.
The August sky rumbled
as a little lioness mewed in his arms.
Fifty winters I shall see no more,
to dust will I return...
I stand today
on the hilltop of Time
stretching my arms,
I touch the sky,
a sun that I can gaze at
smiles down at me...
Reach,
reach the zenith...
it fondly whispers to me.

MADHUMITA GHOSH ©2012
CALCUTTA, INDIA
A sibylline voice in the dream awakens the senses to follow the distant sound of a drum beating to some native tune...

I have reached the other side!

SOBIA IZHAR ©2012
ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN
Slashing sword was spreading fear
At the dark alley of a gruesome story
There was me; being shut into a rustic cage
Facing wet, dry sketched massacre
Seeing death seeking oath
I was the enticement to the witches
Left to die,
Left to be decapitated wholly
So the rest could save their demons
Against the roaring dark bright thunder
Seeing horror, detestation about life
I was a skinless human
Remain chained with a horrid wounded skull
I saw him in blackest hat
Sadness had rose
Above sorrow
My marrow was despaired
Dinner was there
Formless human orchestrated cannibalism
Wrath the despicable dagger of his
Killing me for a vilel respect
I was their meal
But only in the yesteryear dream...!!!
Some might question
What dreams are made of

I answer them free of doubt
Mine reek of doom and filth

Darkness fills my room
Invading peaceful rest

Twisting turning searching
Highways and bridges crumbling

Rocks crashing to the ground
Escape routes hidden well

I look for places to hide from
Perverse gothic nightmares

Unwrapping my sanity by
Climbing never ending stairwells

To shadowy dark rooms
Filled with books and mirrors

Things flying off shelves
Ducking and dodging debris

Or, the same old standard,
The school room where I’m lost

Teacher’s gone, the room is wrong,
Books and schedules left behind

Searching long hallways
Empty lockers with flapping doors
Morphing from dream to dream
Each a different scenario

But the outcome still the same
I wake in the night gasping

Choking from the heat
My body soaked in a sweat

Running from forehead to eyes
Waking to the realization...

I'll search for you forever

ANGEL MEREDITH ©2012
TEXAS, USA
A FALLACIOUS DREAM
ABHISHEK RATH ©2012

You came and sat beside me,
    Touching my lips,
You gave my eyes a gentle kiss.
Being leveraged by your resplendent beauty,
    I kissed you for a few minutes...

You meekly took my hand,
    Rested it on your lap,
I was staring at the beauty of your eyes,
    And my heart was being nimbled,
By your cajoling smile...

The moon by the window,
    Was staring at us,
Seeing our Love and Romance,
    It turned timorous.
The mirror infront became sheepish,
    When my lips touched your lips...

The sunbeam entered the room.
Alas!!The complete night romance,
    Would now be stopped soon.
With this thought in mind,
    I woke up astound...

Your Presence, Our Love,
The Exotic romance,
    All were vague.
“A Fallacious dream,
To the fictious eyes of a dreamer”....

ABHISHEK RATH ©2012
BHUBANESHWAR, INDIA
I am real,  
Echoes my shadow!  
You are the illusion! Quell the confusion!  
Life is just one big delusion!  

From the philosophical  
to the absurd  
Life is just one big vicious Circle!  

A circle is always complete!  
I am never complete;  
I just can’t be finished  
as easily as the twist of a pencil  

Circles end when ends  
Are caught and wrought  
into a knot  

Not easy for me to be caught  
I am all ends  
Without knots  
I don’t belong!  

When encircled, by my shadows  
I must disengage  
Instead of being sucked in the eddy  

Hanging on the precipice  
Of the abyss  
Shrouded by the shadows  
That spiral upwards from the nadir  

Hmm! “To Sleep, Penchant to Dream!”  
Sleep is bliss!  
It embraces only the morally rich!
I am always half-awake
Shadow boxing with the
Demons of my dreams
Is this a scream!

SHYAM ©2012
INDIA
LIMBO
HARISH SRINIVASAN ©2012

I stare at the wall with an empty mind,
playfully fearing to fall from the top,
and at a flash the darkness takes,
me to my shaky past ,which has passed.
Though I might have crossed ,
this road many a time,
it always reminds me of my crime.
The feeling of nostalgia,
is replaced by a feeling of hatred and suicidal.
So, I search for a citadel,
to bring back my pleasant past.
Though I fight hard against it,
I always dig my falling pit.
In the past it was all about name and fame,
then I realized we are no bigger than our frame,
but now I realize it’s not the size,
it’s ,about where you are framed,
projects who you were.
I hope to give this piece of mind ,
to my past mind,
but it is impossible and not mundane,
and I believe it’s mysterious and arcane.
So, I hope one day I will cross this stream,
and finally fulfil my wish,
before my eternal dream.

HARISH SRINIVASAN ©2012
INDIA
It would be sin
If I take my eyes off you
Lustful venomous desires
to purge and make pure.
Your body is a shrine,
Inside it resides -
my holy grail, my nectar and
my passion’s fruit....
I MELT
CASSANDRA FRAGA ©2012

To the darkened velvet space
coated in a glistening blanket made of whispers
on a field of green life
I stand the only one
slowly I inhale the breath of this quiet scene of sweet delusion
absorb the soft spoken stories that it holds
it swirls around my body lifting my hair to dance alongside in its rhythm
I blank my vision and tilt my head up for a better listen

I melt...

Amid the silver path a presence blows forth a whistled melody
lovers lips tenderly pressing against mine
notes of lovers hands float to me
caressing my body with a gift of a strong yet gentle touch
to the desired swishing I sway
letting the sensual revere seep into my system
to the passionate swaying I swish
letting the calming beat release of what I am made
wrapped in the harmonious embrace I surrender myself to its glory
step into the deepening pause of picturesque eyes from mine
I reach out to the illusion of touching this presence
of touching my dream
and I feel him
somehow
I really feel him

CASSANDRA FRAGA ©2012
TACOMA, WASHINGTON, USA
Have you seen darkness?  
I have...  
Blinding not only sight,  
but insight  
Falling listlessly  
into an inevitable blackhole...  
An endless nightmare  
A bottomless well.

Have you heard darkness?  
I have...  
Screeching in your ears  
with its silence...  
That you just hear.  
And faltering fail  
to listen to everything  
with voluntary ears...  

Have you felt darkness?  
I have...  
Consuming you inch by inch  
Till you are robbed of everything-  
That you are, You were  
as well...  
That you no longer  
recognize yourself  
A claustrophobic hollow shell.

I am on *Ground Zero* now  
I no longer fall from here  
as there is no scope for fall.  
The person that is the happiest  
is the one who has lost all  
Because  
she has nothing more to lose.

RUKHAYA MK ©2012  
INDIA
Sitting near the window in my room, I look outside at the sky, the stars and the moon,
Trying to avoid any tears and any gloom,
As I try to let go of the burden within, I feel a shadow standing in,
Turning back I see who is it, it's ain't anyone there, oh shit!!!
I hear a soft whisper “Surprise, Hi, Love, really missed u dear”
I turn around again not wanting this to be untrue,
I see you sitting beside me, wearing your handsome smile,
Staring into my eyes, I can't really resist.
Awestruck I sit there, numb and dumb,
You put your powerful hands around me,
I can smell the warmth of your care,
And feel the love inside me.
You cradle me in your arms and start conversing with me,
About how much we missed each other, the faraway distance so difficult to bear,
About our feelings, wanting to be shared.
Talking for hours on end, he so patiently hears, me feeling so content.
The dark night suddenly feels special today,
Wishing it never ends.
I show him the gift I bought for him months ago,
Waiting for "this time to meet him.
He gives a hug and kisses my cheek,
Making happiness overcome my grief.
Suddenly, then I hear a thud on my door,
I am scared and afraid to let him go.
I get up and look towards him,
To tell him, to hide somewhere in.
But He is gone, I really frown...
Oh, its bright new morning,
It has dawned upon me.
Tears welling my eyes, my head aching now.
Wondering was it dream or otherwise,
The latter option is what I want to believe...
For I know, You were there besides me O baby!!!
Eagerly awaiting the next time I meet you,
till then am still dazed in this faraway dream.................

ELVIRA LOBO ©2012
MUMBAI, INDIA
Being dragged
by the scruff of my neck
through a farrago insane
towards fabled fields
by beasts that were once
my wings.

Trailing thorns
inject heparin
to keep the venom surging
leaving bloody dots
Join the barbs
An outlined dream
under a mouldy tree.

Watching meekly
as Life plucks
from synastry-tattooed palms
some broken toys
that were my world
not long ago
See them in moments
when eyes forget to close.
A cliff rears
out of a sleeping sea
blotting out a weary sun.
I stumble back nonplussed
No firm ground to tread
wrenching bluish toes
from a squelchy mire of
murmuring undergrowth.

They snort
My flapping horses
Pawing at a lighted patch
of pure vitriol
Showing me the bend
where a footpath beckons
Walking towards it,
thorns become an arch
to a matchstick house
far away from home.

REENA PRASAD ©2012
INDIA
it seem like a dream
when I walked across that stage
now I'm still sitting here
and still feeling amazed
I've overcame a lot of obstacles
and went through a lot of phases
I transferred from one school to another
but never knew that it was going to be harder
I nearly didn't comeback to school because of financial issues
and almost gave up and thought I was through with school
but it was through God's grace
that I went back to that place
but I would like to thank Oak Grove, Refuge Martin, Interfaith and FCA
for encouraging me all day and everyday
but I thank you Lord for keeping me at bay
know this peeps, nothing is impossible as long as God is on your team
because trust me until this day it seem like a dream

DAMON D DUKES ©2012
TENNESSEE, USA
Have you ever been to Dreamland, dear, at the end of Dreamtime Way?
It is really worth a visit, my friend, that's all what I can say.
Straight across the meadows green, the path does eastward bend.
That's the place where the way begins, right where all rainbows end.
When you're there, if you think you're lost, just look at the sky above.
An eagle waits to show the way, together with a dove.
They'll lead you to a crystal door at the end of Dreamtime Walk.
Knock thrice and enter, leaving behind your worries as you knock.

You'll be happy as you enter, friend, happy as happy can be.
Don't worry, just feel the ambiance there, the music and gaiety.
You'll find all your memories there and ambitions of your mind,
And to the left in Land of Love, the girl you left behind.
You're free to go anytime you choose, just follow the eastern slope.
But before you leave, take the parting gift, a golden rose called "Hope".

SAYANTAN GUPTA ©2012
WEST BENGAL, INDIA
FROM THE LAND OF NOD
LAURA C LaVEGLIA ©2012

Silence of morning played, but as usual activity of familiar nature
launched its play
Mention of disaster and havoc droned on as the hair on arms stood
at attention
A surprised individual was in shock as he announced question
She could not recall any dream or vision that matched this day’s
disaster
As the sun positioned itself higher and higher, there was a comfort
level and she could sense this
Recollection of the past evening conquered original thought
Then night memory of her sister brought something into light
There was a terrible site of bricks and mortar that lay dead in the
streets
The next block was no block and it all seem the same
She waited for a bus that never was realizing there was no way
shown
There was not a soul out except her and her sister
Then a thought of fright came to her sense of blight
Was this the original question that I so quickly brushed off like a
flea?
Was this vision something completely different?
This is the land of nod
Tonight starts the beginning of something new
Will the stars shine bright; please tell me; give me a chance
Every night she plays the same game
Death, destruction, birth, and disfigurement
Why was this given to her?
Some questions cannot be answered in this time and space
Here we go again praying for something good
There was a slight smell of floral
Drifting deeper and deeper, welcome again to the land of nod

It was morning again
Through the venetian blinds glints of sun with tiny particles riding
down the rays
Could not recall the nights magic
Throwing off blankets she smiled
Morning was like all the rest, mindless and calm
   A thought of the evening came to psyche
This time she decided to stomp the eerie crawly creature
   The best decision she made in a very long time
Morning and the rest of the day was glorious
   If this could be every day, but then gift becomes dusty
Beautiful wrapping paper, and all you could do is look, don’t touch!
   She decided very quickly that beauty is better when we have
     freedom to explore
It is night again, the sandman comes to call

LAURA C LaVEGLIA ©2012
BAY SHORE, NEW YORK, USA
I was wide awake
the clock had just struck twelve.

She came in so quiet
with the quietest of treads.
Could it be that I was dreaming awake?

Her attire was strange:
clouds with no seams
shades of grey studded with stars
brilliantly gleaming.

She smiled.
Crescent moon for lips
spreading silvery radiance.

Moved in closer
the brilliance being brighter
I touched her to see
if at all she was real.

Eyes of midnight shades
burnt into my soul.
hands held me yoked
spell bound to her softness.

Her breath bore the fragrance
of all the midnight flowers.

She fed me with honey
from her bowls abundant.

Made love to me
music of thousands of springs
caress of heavenly breezes.
I burned within
the volcano of her fire.
Exploding
rivulets of passions.
She cradled me
crooning melodies of rapture.

At dawn she left
branding me with her lips
lulling me into child like slumber.

I woke up later...much later.

The sun was bright
in my eyes.
I turned over
searching for her softness.

She had left behind
the scent of night flowers
re-awakening my senses.

Midnight Lady of the clouds
A memory I treasure.

On lonely nights
I still wake up midnight and wait
Lady of the clouds do return!
A GOOD SCOFF
ARIELLE ©2012

Crumble
Bumble
Mumble
Fumble
These are the things a lady must Do...Do.

Cry
Sigh
Fire Alight
These are things the boys mustn't say No To.

Whoopity-dee!
Quipity-da!
The alarm goes Off
Guess dreams will just be stuff for a Good Scoff.

ARIELLE ©2012
INDIA
Why do I cry so hard each time I see us falling apart?
As your hello leaps into goodbye a drip of tear falls from my eye
The gentle kisses that once pierced my lips are now a thick, white shadow, it's just a myth
The evenings have passed, the days have rushed away, it's like
See you no more after today The experiences of the past To me, will forever last, as you rush into the future, leaving broken memories afloat in the misty sky reflecting in the mirror of my lazy eye
As I glance into the binoculars of yesterday to see what you will be tomorrow I end up seeing who you are today
As your years prolonged You will always be my gone yesterday and my never tomorrow, leaving me to be the single present with a secluded heart, a broken dream and a wasteful hope.

DARON CHOSEN SMITH ©2012 JAMAICA
THE WAY YOU MAKE ME DREAM  
ANITA ASHWINI SHEA ©2012

The imprint that you leave,  
   In my mind as I sleep,  
Sometimes makes me smile,  
Sometimes makes me weep,  
I erase the hurt you’ve been through,  
Your pain is completely gone,  
Everything is pure and true,  
Nothing in life goes wrong,  
A world filled with only love and peace,  
Happiness is what everyone shares,  
Without you this dream of mine would cease,  
Instead I would be having nightmares.
LETTERZ FROM A DREAM
DANTE POET ©2012

A green note from the past is found...

On the brink of destruction the final words is read...
The words from another time and place...

Music can be heard from a distance, secret tunes only the one with a pure heart can hear.

Somewhere in the darkness a secret text can be read, words meant for those who understands the meaning of despair and hope...
Letters written in glowing red...

From the oblivion a small tunnel is revealed, a gateway between now and then, all painted in blue...
The fog is closing in and somewhere, something is about to start...

A new journey lies ahead...

DANTE POET ©2012
SWEDEN
TRIBUTE TO BARRY MOWLES:

Angel Meredith
Another year goes by
Our friends grow older too
Barry I'm so thankful
To have a friend in you...

Madhumita Ghoshe
We each lay cocooned
nursing our dreams
A blue sky beckoned
An angel with a pen
showed us the way
to a joy-filled heaven

Anita Ashwini G Shea
What support that you have given
To us all throughout this time,
Allowing us to share our rhythm,
Show the world how we can rhyme

Butterflies Oftime
You came into my life
just out of the blue
My rhymes found a rhythm
A Moment in Time from you

Pooja Sharma Rao
Our words find a page
The generosity of a friend
All ages, countries, notions
their joy knows no end

Butterflies Oftime
Along came sweet February
Valentine knocked on my door
The spirit, the confidence you gave to us
will last much longer than that red rose!

Butterflies Oftime
Soon we broke into a poetic waltz
Our muses grew new wings
You sweated it out, within the pages
We remain happily Puppets
On your inspired strings
Madhumita Ghosh
A Moment in Time
took a momentous turn
within our reach came
a glowing sun...
Anita Ashwini G Shea
Making dreams come true,
inspiring many people worldwide,
With our whole hearts we thank you,
And call you a friend with such pride
Butterflies Oftime
As spring flowers peeped from poetic nooks
new blooms came searching for your shelter too
You went from strength to strength on the wings of your words
Remember Me spoke volumes about a determined you
Madhumita Ghosh
Letters that were Lost
in Tears of Ink
came back to all
not Just A Dream
Barry did a Harry
and magic was done,
made prolific us all!
with Barry as the sun
Butterflies Oftime
He stands tall as a Colossus
Sticks and stones turn into verses
Every rock that Life threw at him
now lie silently in stagnant streams
Madhumita Ghosh
Remember My Name
he tells the world
I walk the paths of eternity
with my friends, I shall
Harish Srinivasan
Oh the man, with vibrant energy,
spills some to his amity,
to transform a beautiful creation of synergy.
Sticks and stones ,
glued by the plaster of unity,
comes out as a unique beauty.
Then comes Just a dream, which was not just a dream. It's a dream followed by reality, relating to humanity.
Arielle Varghese

In the dark deep depths Passion's fire fiercely flaming
He dents the blackened syllables Melding them together
With embering rhyme And cooling rhythm
Calls out unto All who care
To share this essence a-brewing With a blend of splinters And molten metal and rock
He brings out the best From this world's wicked Stew!

Butterflies Oftime He runs around the globe faster than Time writing his heart out, reading yours and mine Mixing and churning, emotions hot and cold Where does he sleep but in the lap of rhyme?
Pooja Sharma Rao

A friend, with whom ties of verse grow strong bonds of friendship of poets lifelong!

Righteous Fool Like a melody that breaks the silence when the bow of the violin stir the strings, your kindness breaks through to us with countless smiles and the joy it brings.
Santa Vetturi

I found you by chance on the web and it began an adventure very well. My poems around the world in four books Barry, you made this miracle... thank you
Ampat Koshy
When I felt lost
You put me inside
As a message, in a bottle
And sent me out to sea
After all our tears of ink
Shed here and there Aplenty
Five months later
After nursery rhymes
And just dreaming
And puppets on strings
And various other valentine streamers
I know for sure
No sticks and stones
Can destroy our unerasable moments in time
Our destiny to write
Your legacy
Will flame on eternally
And all of us
When remembered
Will also
Remember your name
Gratefully
Happy 32nd birthday
Dear Barry
May you shine forever
Brightly
In the rock and roll hall of fame of poetry
Ann Carruth Donoghue
Faster than a speeding bullet,
sharper than a tiger's tooth,
burning up the printing presses,
boy's got style and that's the truth,
words spill out too quick to count,
tears of ink and blood in equal amounts,
Once upon a time a star was born,
from the sticks and stones 'neath the eye of the storm,
Remember his name, 't'will be priceless some day,
Count on it guys, "The flash" is here to stay.
Yaseen Anwer: HAIKU
Birthday Compliments
From east to the west, dont shock,
Zeenath Ibrahim
A beautiful soul
Knitting hearts across seas
Weaving smiles
From across the miles
With verses strong
And rhymes that touch...
Here’s wishing you
A life so rich
With the love of those
Who wish you triumph.

Shyam
Bullied Child Breathes, Dreams Determined -
Creative Momentum, Sharp Eyes, Shaping Destinies Worldwide-
Hosannas! Birthday! Barry Etches Landmarks!
All love you Barry...!

Poetry By Barry Mowles
I wish to give my special thanks, as i would never have made it here so quickly if it wasn’t for each and every single one of you;
Guess what people ...Peter Pan is nearly 32

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JUST A DREAM

BARRY MOWLES & FRIENDS

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