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THE INFINITE SKY

Biannual Magazine

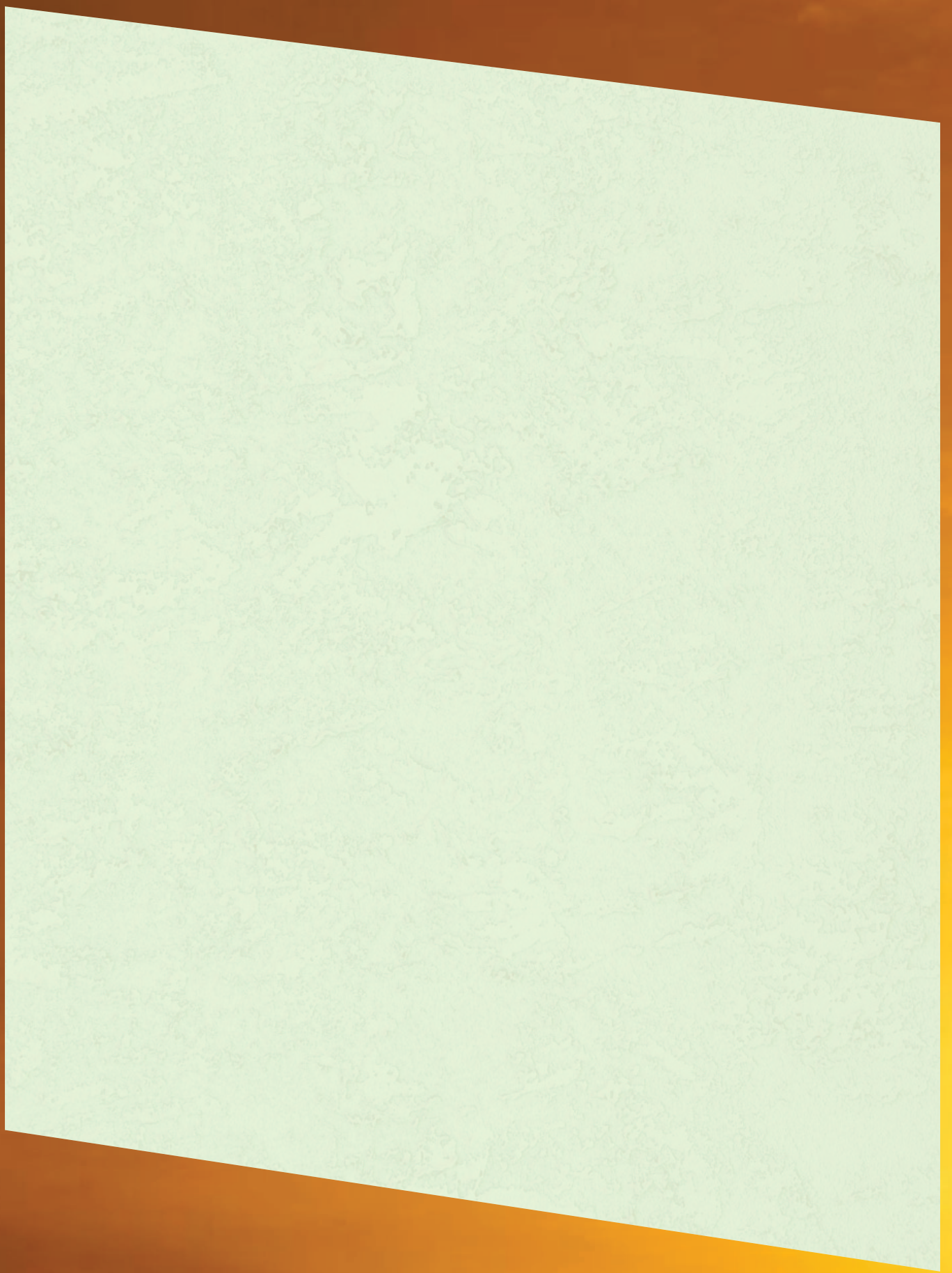
An effort to make the world boundless

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*The world is never the same once
a good poem has been added to it.*

-Dylan Thomas



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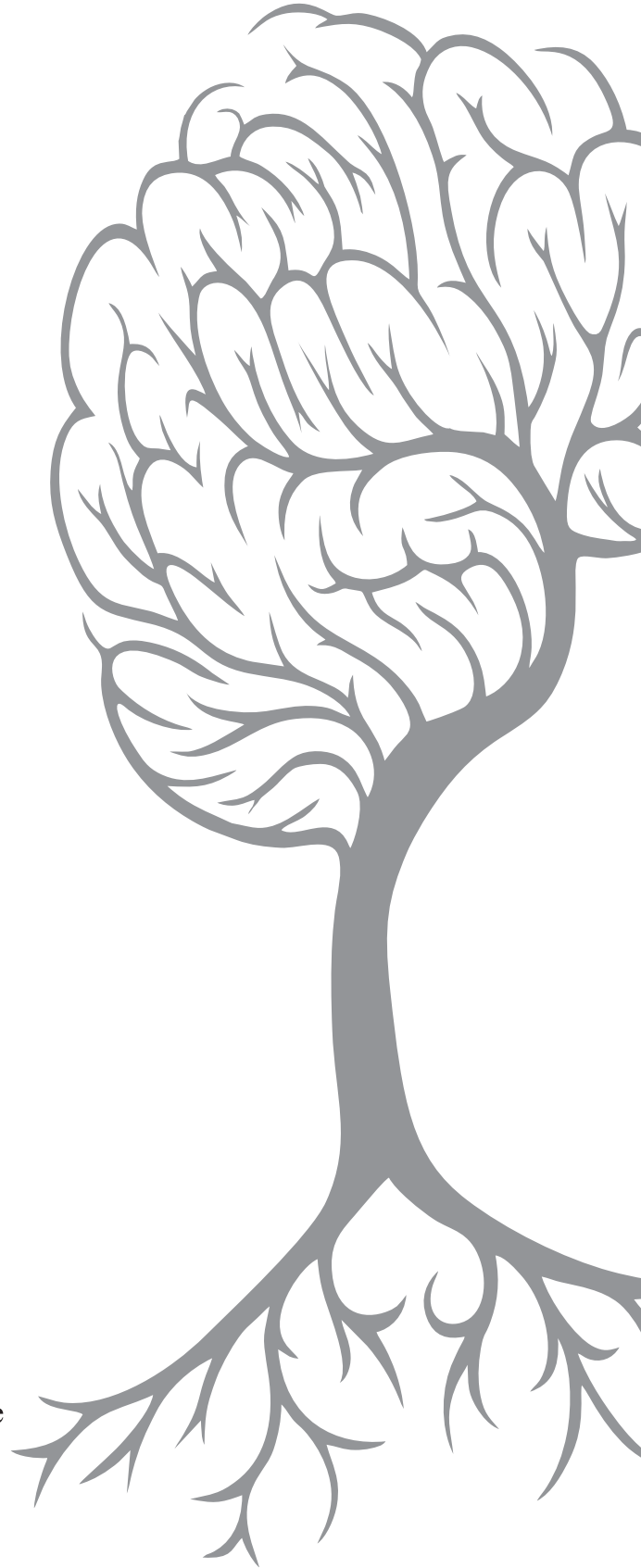
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THE INFINITE SKY

Biannual Magazine

The Infinite Sky is a Bi-annual E-Magazine published in **July and December** from Jaipur, Rajasthan (India). The E-magazine is a venture that aims to explore various topics related to different writers, reviews and creative writings. It is inspired at providing a platform for amateur writers to pen their book reviews, creative works, short stories and poems.

The Magazine is committed to register the responses of the young and the senior scholars who approach a text as a dialogue across cultures, literature, themes, concepts, and genres and focus on the excellencies of literature as viewed in different critical contexts, promoting a literary appreciation of the text.

From Publisher's Desk

It's matter of great pleasure to hand over this latest issue of the literary magazine.

This is 2nd issue of 1st Vol. I am deeply obliged to the people who contributed their articles and cooperated to elevate and enhance the standard of the literariness. I am also thankful to my chief editor Dr. Ashish Gupta who hardly knows me and without thinking a second he positively responded to be the chief editor and I am deeply happy to have in my team Mrunalini madam. She came to know me through Pithalia Sir. Even though being extremely busy, she sends her article in very a short period of time.

I was new in the field of magazine publishing but everyone helped me eagerly . My deepest gratitude to them. My friend Shelly inspite of being very busy made website for magazine. She designed and developed website and whenever there is any problem related to website, I always contact her and she resolves the issue in blinking of an eye.

Through the core of my heart I would accept that I wouldn't be able to do that much without you all.

I had never thought that one day I would launch the magazine. Conversation with one of my colleagues, the idea of magazine occurred to me. I would like to thank my parents also, whenever I faced any difficulty, my parents were always there. I have seen many mothers may be all are best for everyone but I have found no one like my own mother. She helped me in all ups and down though she is not well educated, she is real mother who always devoted her life to her children. She makes sure to give me my tiffin whenever I leave home whether it's very early morning or late night without being bothered about her own rest and sleep. She is always worried and cautious taking my health and safety. She always prepared food for me with lots of affection. She is not like other mothers who think of their comfort first and children's second. She is the one whose comfort is nothing before ours.

My father who was so calm, was always by my side, until he passed away a few years back. Whatever I asked or demanded he never said no to me. My brothers who did everything to keep me happy and who tried their best to get me best education from best college. They are and were never selfish brothers like others. My sister is a motivator to me she always encouraged me to do something new and never to afraid of criticism. She helped me in all my ifs and buts. Even today I am writing this because of her.

I am from society where girls were not allowed to go out and make their own career. They should be good housewives, mothers, and caretakers. My family supported me to go out and they gave me wings. I am trying my best to go further.

Hope their blessings will always be with me !

Love you family !

All Thanks to Artist buddies!

Feedback is invited... theinfinitesky1@gmail.com Mob.: 9799786522

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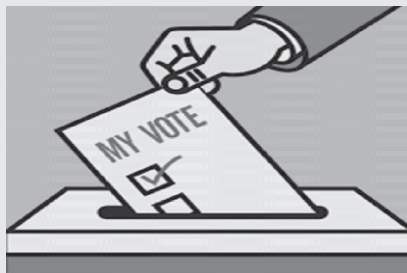
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Dr. T. Ashok Chakravarthy
Hyderabad,
Telangana State, India

Ashok ChakravarthyTholana is a poet and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City, Telangana State, INDIA. Composing poetry for the past 30 years, Ashok has the rare distinction of 1500 of his poems getting selected for publication in various literary magazines, newspapers, journals, e-zines, and anthologies etc. in no less than 90 countries in the world.

Mr. Ashok is conferred with several prestigious national and international awards, that include FOUR Doctorates and quite a lot of laurels & commendations for his poetry contributions to promote Universal Peace, World Brotherhood, Environment Consciousness, Protection of Nature, Safeguarding Children's Rights etc. His poem "*Plant More Trees*" for **United Nations** 'Billion Tree Campaign' was the only Indian poem among the 9 poem-songs selected and set to tune by Md. IqbalBehleem, noted Pakistani music director (Star Light Music Inc., USA). The CD was released by "*Association Pour la Terra*", France and Ashok's poem-song received wide international acclaim from several schools across the world. Mr. Ashok was one of the few international acclaimed peace poets who was designated with the title, '*Universal Peace Ambassador*'. Mr. Ashok was one of the 8 world poets who received rare laurels from the Malaysian Government and was conferred with the prestigious '**Medallion Pulara**' in recognition to his contribution for '*world peace through poetry*'. His poem titled, THE WORLD NEEDS PEACE" was chosen as one of the best 12 poems during 2016 and published in a special issue brought out to mark the Formosa Poetry Festival, Taiwan, titled, "*Literature of the Saline Land*". That apart, Mr. Ashok's name was recently proposed for the Highly Revered, Republic of Venezuela's (South America) "*Merito Al Trabajo*" 2017 award. He happens to be the **first Indian** to be recorded in the annals of Venezuela' history to be conferred with the highly acclaimed distinction. Another poem, A REAL CONCERN, became part of study material for Class-X students in Kendriya Vidyalaya Sanghatan, which has 850 schools in India, Moscow and Kathmandu. That apart, Mr. Ashok's poems have been translated into 15

international languages.

For his unique poetry record, Mr. Ashok received commendations from Shri Atal Behari Vajpayee, former-PM, Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, former-President, India, Bill Clinton, USA, Queen Elizabeth of Britain, Princess of Wales, President and Prime Minister of France, Prime Minister of

Switzerland, Senator Viktor Busa, The Lord President, Italy, United Nations Organization, UNESCO, UNICEF etc. As of now, six out of Ashok's 18 volumes of English poetry have been published. And, 13 spiritual-related books have been translated by him from Telugu to English language.

Salutations

When the perpetrators
Infiltrated our barriers,
With an ill-intended plot
Committing a cowardly act
Laced with ulterior motives
We lost most-precious lives.
The blood daubed holy land
Turned the soil, blood-red,
Feeling deeply hurt and upset
By the deceitful and ghastly act;
Mother India is deeply hurt
Her angelic eyes turn moist.
Yes, in a fit of hysterical angst
Emotion reins every heart beat;
Saluting the martyrs proudly
Motherland roars loudly
To promptly avenge
The strong desire of revenge;
And to quench its deep thirst
With its mighty iron fist.

The Inner Light

For a temporary but routine exile
Darkness dissolves into nature, fragile,
Jolting our crazy dark-fearing thoughts
The morning radiance pierces the past.

From fading darkness to total light
From erased thoughts to new delights,
Every new dawn impart us, oh humans
To avoid running after desires and fun.

The prized richness of nature lay open
Similar is life; upright be our destination,
Do not imperil it with selfish motives
Anger, pride and envy are own enemies.

To keep at bay all desire-fulfilling pledges
Aspire to stir the inner light of knowledge;
The clouded screen of materialist world
Gets scattered with an enlightened thud.



Dr Ashish Kumar Gupta
Assistant Professor of English
Govt Degree College Muwani
Pithoragarh U. K.

Dr. Ashish Kumar Gupta is an Assistant Professor of English at Government Degree College, Muwani, Pithoragarh, Uttarakhand. He is NET and holds D. Phil degree in English Literature from Central University of Allahabad. His arena of pursuit is social issues, queer studies, gender studies, diaspora and multiculturalism. He is editor of the book *The Third Gender: Stain and Pain*. He has published several research papers in National and International Journals. He has presented various papers at International and National Conferences, Seminars, Workshops. He has a poetic heart and great liking for poetry. He is also one of the members of the editorial board of NIU International Journal of Human Rights, International Journal of Transformation in English & Education, International Journal of Current Research in Education, Culture and Society and of e-Literary Magazine- *The Infinite Sky* and *The Literati*.

YOU AND MY IMAGINATION

My heart leaps, my eupnoea sprints
When I see you in front of me.
Your touch shivers me
Your hold shudders me.
Sometimes I see your shadow
Mingles with mine under the moon.
Your warm exhalations intoxicate me
And evince me to leave this world
To roam into the heavenly bliss
Forgetting the fever and fret
Of the earthly yoke and torment.

Can you continue? Can it be continued?
The ad-lib laws of society glare us
To strangulate and smother the cheer
That we have in each other's caress.
Let's fly on the poesy wings
To swim into the heavenly ocean
To get rid of the salty sweat
To get rid of the dingy smell
To refresh the body and the soul
To acclimatize the incensed state.



Dr Mousumi Parida

A noted Odia literary figure as well as multi-lingual poet , fiction writer, novelist, columnist and translator of Odisha, India, Dr.MousumiParida has authored 10 short stories collection including an e-book, 4 novels, 2 collections of Odia poems and one anthology of poems in English as well as a collection of stories by Authorspress, New Delhi and she has also been conferred with the prestigious 'KedarnathGabesanaPratisthan Award' , 'RajadhaniPustakmela Award', 'UtkalPrativa Award', 'Kalinga Literary Award' and many more acknowledgements for stories. 'UtkalSahityaSamaj award' for Novel and also felicitated as 'SahityashreeSamman', 'Bhubaneswar Samman 2017', 'Paschima Novel Samman', ' Shanti Debi SmrutiSamman', 'ShriJagannathSamman' and many more for her various activities in literature. Being a lecturer in Odia, she has been writing since her childhood and started publishing from 1994 and participated in several programmes of OdishaSahitya Academy and Kendra Sahitya Academy. She has been alsopublished regularly in several Odia and English magazines.

My Morning Coffee and Me

When I awake
From a deep slumber
At a fresh morning,
Open my sluggish eyes,
My first sight
Fascinated by a coffee cup,
Which is always ready as usual
To make me fresh
At my bed side teapoy,
Awaits my touch,
Tenderizes my thoughts
Towards my duties.

It is the first moment
To feel the day,
Serenely interpret
My inner feelings,
Beyond any calculation-'gain or loss'.

The idleness disappears
By its odour,
Taste makes me
Enchanted and renewed.
By throwing my tensions away
It establishes me newly.

In the first sip
I forget all the sufferings
Feel blooming again,
By the nourishment of
This beauteous nature!

The morning looks like a bride
With limitless beauty,
Blinks inside and outside,
Holding me tightly.

It says- "Wake up dear.
It's time for another day of your life
To enlighten with new lessons,
New commas, semi colons,
All sorts of descriptions
And abbreviations."

Really I don't want to miss
All the feelings
Till the last sip,
From the commencement
Of a new morning.
I hold my coffee cup
Or it holds me
With full of wishes
To enjoy the cheers
Vapourizing in me..



Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta
"Mewadev"

Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta "Mewadev" is award winner of "KavyaRatna Award" from "The Literati Cosmos Society (Reg. 75/2018-19)" – Mathura, U. P. (India) and "The Phrasal King Arbind Choudhary National Poetry Award- 2018" and one of member of Members of "Board of International Writers Association". He is also Ambassador of Humanity and manager of the organization named "Hafrikan Prince Art World" (HPAW - It is a brand name of the promotion of contemporary art) in the service of promoting the safety of humanity through art and culture. He is also III^o "SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS" OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS FOR THE YEAR 2019. He is founder president of "CONTEMPORARY LITERARY SOCIETY OF AMLOR – BANDA (U.P. - India). He is editor, translator and reviewer par excellence. He holds Ph. D. from SaiNath University, Ranchi (Jharkhand), India. Brajesh was born in Nainital in 1982. He is an Assistant Professor at Eklavya P. G. College, Banda (U. P. - India) and an award winning poet, short story writer, and essayist. His first book of poetry "THE RAIN" has published by Onlinegatha Publication of Lucknow. His poems are about religion, emotions, nature, life, real experiences, patriotism and full of motivation. His poems and short stories have been published in various journals, anthologies, and websites in several countries.

Mainly he writes in free verse but he also writes in many prevalent global forms of poetry as Tanka, Haiku, Duodacy etc. He is a bilingual Poet in Hindi and English languages. His areas of interests are Modern Poetry and Drama, Translation Studies and Contemporary Literary Theories.

TRAIL OF **DESPERATION**

I have not yet forgot myself to stone
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell
Make me more daring than devout;
Steer by the brightest star,
The scene that stirred my mind most
No matter how many times I turn around
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
With a constant eye to the path beyond

Down a trail of desperation
But let me always see the dirt,
Done with indoor complaints,
And not the sparkle that it holds
Nor condemn that which has condemned itself
Everything makes sense;
I don't have the courage to consider.



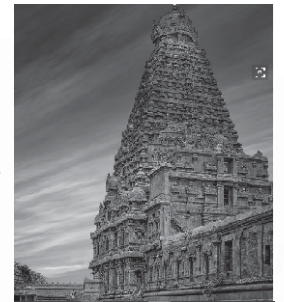
Prof Surinder Paul Malhotra

Prof Surinder Paul Malhotra has been Dean and Head for the last fifteen years in the Department of English and Modern European Language Banasthali Vidyalaya. Currently senior Professor in the Department teaching Linguistics, Modern Poetry specialising in stylistics with Doctorate in Text linguistics, M Phil in Modern English Literature and MA English and Economics along with B Journalism

Research & Ranking

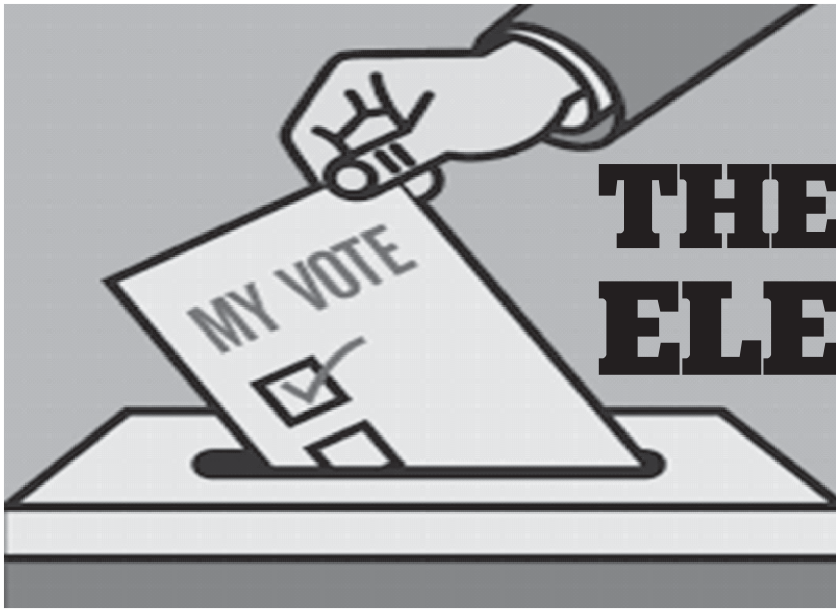
Not too many top degrees
When you have your full range of powers
Stamp out the unjust practice.
Of grade inflation
We owe it to the working students
Keep quality, high standards and faith
In the value of a university qualification
Increase investment in teaching and facilities,
If you are found damaging students' interests face fines
Put new standards to ensure all degree
awards are consistent and fair
Rule says not too many top degrees
Research is an act of scholarly commitment
Guided by the spirit of academic freedom,
So no curb on the researcher's right
To ask pertinent questions
That may unsettle the diverse power structures.

Tolling Temples



Wailing Guns

Places of refuge under siege!
Prayer leaders think
Fearful for their lives,
For their house of worship,
No more free from violence,
Losing their sense of sacredness.
Have turned into soft targets
It's where they use to bring
Their worries, their weaknesses,
In order to speak to God
Now in a poor state of spirit
That brings me so much sadness
But I'll take any threat
After synagogue shooting in Pittsburgh
Again in NZ Christchurch
Massacre of mosques
If we let things like this deter us
We've given up our lives
We seek not to lose ourselves,
Our sense purpose



THE ELECTION

Sitakant Mohapatra

**Our jeep crawls to your village
seeking strange melodies
from the roaring sun:
'the common will'
from the criss-cross geometry
of private agonies.**

**Our dark longings don't touch you,
Nor our trappings
of posters, symbols, speeches, handbills,
for your grief outlives empires.**

**The cold grandchildren
awaken in your heart
As you discern
muted allegories
on our ashen faces.**

**Here the great persuaders
are little things, and not so hidden:
cheap plastic, cheaper nylon,
dark glasses to blot out the Sun.**

**With one foot in hunger
and the other in the soul,
you make your decision:
the anguish of choice.**

The present poem, “The Election” narrates the unchanged plight of the Indian people especially those live in slum areas since Independence. The careful use of the word, 'crawls' refers to the slow movement of the jeep which tries to access the remote villages. It reflects the bad condition of the road if any exists to connect that village with the mainstream District Head Quarters or Panchayat Office. Even today some villages especially tribal villages do remain inaccessible. The scenes of the donkeys carrying EVMs to such inaccessible villages in this 2019 election do summarize the apathy of the political administrators towards the development of basic infra-structural facilities to the un/under-developed villages.

The people would never tire to listen to the same promises, freebies and welfare schemes during every election time. They are die-hard optimists and still wait for a Godot to come and address their issues. The vote-seekers are always not connected to the voters except in begging votes from them. To them the pleas of the voters sound like strange or alien melodies. The politicians never display their 'dark' thoughts or intentions to be revealed. But, they are always careful to trap the poor voters through the attractive speeches, posters and bill-

boards etc. They are so thick-skinned that the genuine grievances of the voters would never touch a sentimental chord.



The voters with their generations at stake would never know how to mitigate their sufferings. To their fathers, to their fathers and to their fathers running into several generations the same story has been repeated with a change in years but not in their fate and grievances. They have been content with their cheap plastic items, cheap nylon dresses and cheap glasses to block the ultraviolet rays of the Sun during the day.

There has been no improvement in their standard of living. There has been no improvement in the body-language and thought-process of the politicians. The politicians are busy in making huge properties, establishments and bank-balances for their next generations to come. The voters are also busy in making hay while the Sun shines, as they gleefully accept money and country liquor etc., without any thought for their next

generations how they would sustain to live in this so called the largest democracy in the world!

Therefore, the politicians exploit the situation to the hilt. The voters with one foot in hunger and one foot in their souls are thus caught or trapped. They become like a Dr. Faustus to mortgage their souls in return of money, which they enjoy for a short period of time. Even such a short time enjoyment would sustain them to struggle up to the time of next Elections with a hope of some Godot (the word contains God in it) would come

to their rescue to help them to overcome their struggles. Thus they are left with no choice to vote for a better thief because they have to choose from among the thieves. No ethics, no morals, no policies, no principles and no choices, it has become a routine for the voters to vote.

Every time the same situation, the same scenario, the same kind of politicians and the same kind of life is for the voters to endure. The same is also for the politicians, which they endure happily harping on the innocence of the voters. This poem is written some decades ago. Is there any change or deviation in the situation at present? The answer must be an easy 'No' and when this alters nobody knows. But, still the people should not stop from waiting for a GODOT and one day, who knows, they may find one – a real Godot!

Critical Analysis

By: Srikakollu Venkataramanmurthy

Prof. Department of English Rashtriya Sanskrit Sanstha
Guruvayur Campus, Kerala



HUMAN'S INVENTION MANKIND'S DEVASTATION



Mankind, a wonderful creation of God, who has the ability to speak, to share views, opinions, ideas etc. Sharing our thoughts with others whether we are happy or sad, it doubles or reduces our pleasure or pain in the heart.

In olden days, we had no means of communication. But after sometime, we got postcards, inland covers to communicate with our kith and kin. What an excellent thing it was! Especially, sitting in a chair, taking a postcard and a pen into hand to compose our feelings! But I don't know what to say if it is fortunate or unfortunate that we've got a gadget i.e. mobile phone which is not only killing the precious time but diminishing moral values among the human society as well.

Man's one of the greatest inventions is mobile phone for which we are fond of very much. Really we have to appreciate the inventor for creating such a wonderful gadget. But how are we using it? Is it being used properly by us? It's obviously 'NO'. If it is utilized in a right way, we'll be get benefitted with valuable stuff that is useful in our academics, business, news reports, sports, entertainment purposes etc., and what not? Everything we find on this device.

This invention is causing a great destruction. Children and the youth are undoubtedly misusing the mobile. They feel that it's just an entertainment device for them and treat it as a pass-time.

However, they are not realizing how much precious time they're wasting on it. For them mobile is a boon who use it for knowledgeable affairs. But it's a bane to them who misuse it. Children have completely forgotten to play on ground; instead they're playing on mobiles. And the young generation is also using it for playing games, watching youtube videos, movies, songs, listening to music, for social networking like chatting on Whatsapp, Messenger, Twitter,

Facebook, video calling etc.

Using mobile has become an addiction for the youth and many besides a part and parcel of their life. We come across many individuals using this handset in restaurants, airports, hospitals, on crossing roads, trains etc.

The worst thing to feel pathetic is many are losing their lives for not caring themselves while taking selfie standing in the midst of lakes, rivers etc. In addition, it's known that many lost their lives by playing worthless games on phone.

Moreover, the unlimited data has paved a platform to damage the future of the next generation.

Yet, consciously or unconsciously people have become maniac for it. And all these are visible drawbacks of mobiles, but invisible are radiation, nervous breakdown etc which causes cancer and psychological disorders. It is no exaggeration that people are highly affected by it in an improper way. The degradation of ethical values and social relations are the outcomes of this gadget. Man becomes insane when uses it. The advantages as well as disadvantages are not considered by its users though the merits are lesser compared with the demerits.

Absolutely, it is every soul's responsibility to respond for controlling the misuse of it. And it's utterly in our hands to take necessary measure. It's high time to alter ourselves for a positive change.

Gorikapudi Sangeetha

Gorikapudi Sangeetha is TGT in English at TS model School Nellikudur, Mahabubabad.

Shankar Padmanabhanis presently teaching English for B.Com/BBA in GIBS B School in Bangalore. He has changed over to a teaching career from civil engineering in the year 2000 and has been teaching in schools, colleges since then. His interests and hobbies include poetry, music, travelling, science fiction, and sports.

POURAKARMIKA

*The pourakarmika died yesterday
In our Silicon City
He died of hunger,disease
So what if he was not paid
For six months or six years?
Surely he could have survived
Like others who come here*

*With dreamy eyes
And they should not complain
After having lived and died in
In our Garden City
He was lucky to have seen this great city
Long live Bengaluru!*

WELCOME MIGRANT

He/she died yesterday in a building accident
A small by-line in some corner of the newspaper
Who was he/she ?
Some Shivalal, Ramkishen, Kumari why should I know
Or care?
The body lay for hours uncared, untouched
Somebody lit the pyre today
But the soul had died long back
The dalal or contractor had lit
His poisonous sparks
In some remote village
Long ago
Some more
Have boarded the train or bus today
Their souls sold
For a new life in
Bengaluru
Welcome!

Shankar Padmanabhan



Mr. Pradeep Biswal
(I.A.S. Odisha)

Mr. Pradeep Biswal (I.A.S. Odisha) is a distinguished bilingual poet writing both in English and Odia. He has authored five anthologies of poetry in Odia namely Bhumiparasha, DhusaraDhrupadi, Seshaloka, PremaKavita, and PheribaBatare. JalDarpan and LautteRaaste Meinare his collections of poetry translated into Hindi.

He has represented Odia Poetry at national level on many occasions. His poems have been published in Hindi, English, Tamil and other major Indian Languages and have been included in the prestigious anthologies published by National Book Trust, SahityaAcademy and OdishaSahitya Academy. He received a fellowship in literature by Ministry of Human Resource Development of Culture in 1995. He has received many awards and felicitations from many literary and cultural organizations for his singular contribution to literature and culture.

Apart from that he is a senior member of Indian Administration Service. He is presently working as Additional Secretary in General Administration and Public Grievance Department, Government of Odisha.

Spring Has Come

The spring has come
The leaves have fallen
From the branches
The strawberries
And blackberries
Are sweetened ripe
The glaciers
In the Himalayas
Have started melting
The gusty waves dashing
Against the shore
The buds of Krushnachuda
Greet with a smile
On both sides of the road
The afternoon breezes
Sooth the soul

It smells something
Winds of change everywhere
Advent of the summer
Is in the wings
Myriad myths
Get demystified
There's no surgical strike
Only a silent revolution
The crowns may fall
So also the masks
Wait please
A miracle is coming
Spring has its magic
I am awake
To see the sun rises in the east.

Mr. Pradeep Biswal

P.S.V.PrasadBabu is working as School Assistant (Eng) at Govt.High School, Medarabasti, Kothagudem, Bhadradi – KothagudemDist, Telangana State. He has three Master Degrees in English, Economics and Education from Kakatiya University, Warangal. He is APSET in Economics. He has 10 years teaching experience of teaching English at high school level. His hobbies are writing letters to editors for newspapers in English on current issues. He is also interested in writing poetry and short stories.

LOW CASTE LOVE

O Dear!

I love your dimple and simple living,
I wonder your high and wilful thinking.

I may not become your best lover
Due to low caste, but my love on you ever shower.

My love for you is ever deep,
It makes me never sleep.

To escape from that I hold another lady's hand,
But my mind doesn't accept except you on this land.

For me in your heart, if you have a small space,
When I see you, give me a smile on your face.

And try to change yourself and your family mind,
But don't show love again on this low caste fellow with kind.

GOHITHA'S KINDNESS

Once upon a time, there was a children park at the entrance of Bhadracham with lush green and colourful flowers. The name of that park was Sri AbhayaAnjaneya Park that aptly suits because there was a big statue of AbhayaAnjaneya Swami. It was very easy to kids to recognize him. In that park there were see-saw, swigs, net climbers, roller, slide, mini giant wheel and big swing boat as the centre of attractions for the kids that's why children generally want to visit that park now and then with their parents to get enjoy instead of spending more time on smart phones.

One Sunday evening Gohitha wanted to visit that park. She shared with her father about her wish. Then her

father agreed to visit the park to fulfil her wish. Gohitha's mother also got ready in no time to go to the park by listening conversation between father and daughter. Whole family was ready to move for the park on that day.

After some time Gohitha's family reached the park on their own motor bike. And Gohitha's father bought three tickets for them at the entrance of the park. They entered the park with delight while the sun light going to dim. Gohitha ran quickly to the rabbit zone which was just right corner of the park to play with them. While playing with the rabbits her face was glowing more than colourful lights in the park.

After some time she got bored to play with rabbits then her eyes suddenly captured some colourful balloons. There was a handicapped balloon seller. Though he was a handicapped, he had a kind heart. Gohitha with her father turned to balloons; her father bought a green colour balloon and gave it to

her by saying “take care while playing”. Gohitha was playing with joy with that balloon. All of a sudden, a balloon burst with high sound. But it was not of Gohitha's balloon. The burst balloon was belonging to a small kid who gave a big cry after losing his balloon. Hearing the wail, Gohitha's kind heart melted as an ice in the summer season. Gohitha gave her own green colour balloon to that small kid to prevent him from crying and to make him happy. Small kid felt very happy to have a balloon in his hand again. This scene was observed by the kind hearted balloon seller. Then he gave a green colour balloon to Gohitha free of cost as a token of reward for Gohitha's kindness. At last Gohitha's parents came there. They felt very happy for Gohitha's humanitarian attitude and took a selfie to preserve as a sweet memory forever.

Moral: If we show kindness to others, others may show kindness to us.

P.S.V. Prasad Babu

MODERN MONSTER!!

I connect the entire world.
Even I disconnect the world.
I make you blind and deaf.
I make you unconscious
As if you were in drowsy.
My birth brought you gloomy.
I made all the human relations trivial.
And made the world as a speck.
I became an important organ in your body.
I am with you all the time.
You are motionless when I am on.
You are restless when I am off.
Thus, Dear not to addict me as I am an immaterial piece.
Do you know who I am?
I am an inhuman MODERN MONSTER. (mobile).

Chandra Shekar Pendoti

Zika Virus



Men invented me
I am born out of human brain
A Creativity for destruction
A day will come soon
explicit of mankind is
my evolution
I started endangering
the veggies
I created rare species
Even species of bio-trics
I can mix up with air
I can create
can
hijack men from men
Can even enter in to the womb of
a prospective mother

Effect the race
Against the rule of nature

Can act,
roboos can be created by me

Men without brain
Unusual structure babies
to the utmost astonishment,
Are testimonials of
my existence

I am the chemical
endanger the future race

Obviously,
A bumarang ,
will return back to destroy
the universe

You call me with pride
A science,
A genetic science
A bio-technology
But
true in sense
A virus

One side you see my positiveness
Ignoring the dark side
of mine
I am alluring the red signal
in South African countries
since last 3 years

I am the virus
No anti-dots for me
till,
In form of
Chicken gunigunia
Flu,
HIV
I vow to explicit mankind from the world,

I am virus zika
No antidote can beat as
I will not leave brain to act with mankind.

Ram Prasad Bisoi



Like the most enticing bride,
Puffs her victor with vain pride.
Draws her seekers to her palace,
Like a bride with half covered face.
Withdraws her devoted priests,
From all delicious and lovely feasts.
Her magnetically killing smile,
Protects her lovers from any guile.
Satiates with her sweet and lovely eyes,
Her most favoured and luckiest guys.
Seeks her seekers' whole inclination,

Costing even their loved ones' notion.
Caresses only her selected ones,
But blocks all paths to other dear ones.
So selfish and so self-centred,
Ready to break even holy thread.
All throng at her grand palace,
Seeking a chance to kiss her sweet face.
Once touched and once entertained,
With opium tinted soft drink,
Even trained victim turns untrained,
Ready to fall at the worldly brink.



Dr. ManjuJhais
PGT of English at JNV-Pachapdra
Nagar, Distt. Barmer, Rajsthan, India.

Future Message to Earth

Our Birth,
Our Worth,
Our Death,
On you dear Earth!
Keeping you clean is our aim,
We all are neither lame,
Nor playing any game,
Ensuring that none will feel shame.
Hope your sustainability will rise,

In which none will criticise.
Keeping in mind our requirementsize,
Every decision must alikewise.
Hope there will be no more droughts,
And no more pollution with which we fought,
Regarding that every human should be taught,
Ensuring to uniformly follow these thoughts.

Sahaj Sabharwal
A Student 17 years old young poet.
from Jamu & Kasmir in India

On the Path of Life

(Originally written in Assamese by **Guna Moran** and translated into English by **Bibekananda Choudhury**)

I consider the shadow to be my own

Given the opportunity
It also deserts me

Whom should I consider my own?
Whom one would consider to belong to others
On the path of life?
Very follicle is enemy

As one moves
One step forward
Two backward
Time falls short
To talk to you
To listen to you

For that but

You are to be blamed partly
I am to be blamed partly

It is the result of
Not moving onward together
Holding each other's hands

At the twilight
As one sighs
Understanding the cause
Time wouldn't provide us the chance Again

In one birth Hundreds of rebirth

How fortunate are the best of beasts
Rejuvenating resurrection every year

On the birthday Like the spring
Fresh buds of vigour in the tree of life
Rejoice of salvation everywhere

In torrential rain
A nondescript umbrella is the protector
In the stinging heat of the illusory life
The beautiful life is the protective shield

What I wish for The life do not deny
If we know how to – immortal
Because we don't – mortal

Life is an art Death is an accident

Art remain spotless in accident
So the greats are remembered forever

Many are dead while living
Many are living after death
A day is required for remembrances
Birthday Is one such

What is Invisible from Here

The source of flowing river is not visible from here
One can't show the end point too

One can't find the address of the rising Sun
Standing on toes
From here
One can't watch the scene of vanishing Sun riding a leveller

One can't pinpoint the moment of birth
From here
One can't speak of imminent death too

What one can't point
From here
Those things that can't be finished saying
There lies the abode of truth

But to learn the truth of the unseen
Mindful study is must to learn what lies before us

Actually the prominent are the synopses of
What lie hidden from the eyes

Not to perceive is the
Optical illusion of mankind

A NEW TEXT OF MY THE FATHER

Red-yellow-white royal buds in the glass
People tired Heroes of wages in the conspiracy
of cities in the fires of the world hunted years,
shapes in an immense ocean
Strange city Love reigns and governs
But the tired people full of cracks
they endure the silences, the frustrations, the
doubts, the words, the glances
The Father died a month ago Tired he left a
hard cold dusk
He always loved the big trees Silent, lonely,
loved the light of Dawn
His eyes always asked for light He loved the
colors
hours sinking greedy and spoke with his soul
Memories of the daily trips of his past life
Sometimes he was lost in his own maze
desperate
Sometimes he laughs triumphantly with happy
multicolored people on fairy streets
The father was a gentle giant he could lift up
his own
you think the whole land
It looked invisible, abominable in that unknown
hidden world
He was sung in shadows and freed on faces of
time
A handful of mud the man ... it was monoling
and the poor always touched the soil and the rain
A handful of mud all over the man
he monologue
His years were years of hunger and thirst
He always fell asleep in the fields those nights
that separated his sleep from responsibility and
worry
No one has endured those gray years, not a sweet
talk of foreign lips His air burned the face in the
body and lost sight slowly



Child was when a blast by an improvisation gas
stove
which his mother used to cook his burned eyes
But he still did not see so clearly but he saw our
tears, our smile and the colors that began to lose
their brilliance in his own eyes maybe that's why
throughout his life he loved so much light and
colors
With his ally the fingers of his hands
He taught us to embrace to give pieces of our
heart
Sixty years of working under the Sun hardened
his children to grow up
Strange city Love reigns and governs
And the great strange city for my father Vasil
was his village
He always said that nothing was missing,
nothing more than he had in the village, nothing
more than the city
The best lights and the brightest are my own
stars and not the city the yellow dull lights said

There in the stars who knew them all by their name as an old sailor had written in a separate star down his name and the name of the small village of “ little bride”
The Satisfied State never enamored nor its tall houses and the overburden of material things that whip the soul
How to win the freedom and how to separate it protested

Here I am happy with the people I learned about living and dying around
As I was going to my village in altered streets and the houses of the village with thousand windows were born to the soul
hopes
Oh! that it was left of your own passage Father was how I will find you again in the hearts of your own people that so much you proudly learned

VOICES

The places were deserted of the song
the dry thirsty land
the winds devoured her
and difficult times
our heart

But the voices remained.....
Actors, clowns
in fallacy and comedy
to the absurd
the flood and the low tide

In the first Sun
in the new wind
will discover them
and let love come again
forgotten rhapsody
To fill up
mind and heart

Your hands are yours
hands hidden in freedom
in hiding places of love
keep stars



Scattered Souls

In the tide of our soul
to human virtues and values
with the Father's affection
blood of life made
and mother kiss

In our persecuted brother
n a big hug
tenderly fit in
our tired hands

Strange voices of love drunk
a thousand hopes and joys
in the foliage of the souls
essences of our tears

In the sowing of souls
in the birth of survival
with patience and pain
we are engraving
the red veins

In the sowing of souls
in the birth of survival
Our greatest battle
for Eternal amaranth flowers
with affliction and love
and for endless skies

A Critical Review of the Poem,

“THE SEASON OF LOVE”

Composed by Cijo Joseph Chennelil

The brilliant poem of spirituality “The Season of Love” composed by Cijo Joseph Chennelil, is an embodiment of platonic love that has eternal bliss for the whole of the universe. When the world was in crisis of degeneration and deprivation, cry for peace and tranquillity was heard everywhere, life was in deadly trap, at that time an illuminated and enlightened soul, Holy Jesus was born with reformulation and redefinition of love, that is pure, universal, human, permanent, stable, unchangeable and irreversible. The divine love is also free of any discrimination, barrier, boundary and knows no caste, creed, colour, race, sect or any human delimitations. It leads each and every

human being to the arena of perfection without any hesitation and compulsion. It's divinity in his spiritual love, filled with humility and humanity that add oxygen and water to life and earth respectively. In essence, love is the quintessence of life of all forms, angles and dimensions. It's the Goddess mother who has redefined and purified love-within through her Holy Spirit of son. Wishing one and all Merry Christmas in poet's pen ensures his passionate love to humanity in true spirit. Congratulations to the revered poet for composing such a unique poem of eternal love.

Himanshu Bhsushan Jena

A Disdainful Dream Returned

I woke up from my dreams
And saw once again a dream
A dreadful dream that worried me.
So, what was that dream?

In dream I was writer for a Queen
Who was beautiful and surrounded
With wonderful looking flowers of spring.
I was writing beautiful verses on her.

Those were of spring and beauty.
She loved to read poems on her.
But as I started my imagination went off,
My paper remained blank, the Queen had gone.

I saw myself lying on my bed as
I saw a disdainful dream returned.

Achyut Tilavat

Achyut Tilavatis an Assistant Professor of English in
Diu College, Diu. He is M.A and M. Phil in English.
He has cleared G-Set exam in 2017

Dr. A. Pavani Sasidhar
Ph.D, M.Phil, MBA, PGCTE.
Head-Training & Associate Professor,
Vignan's Lara Institute of Technology & Science,
Vadlamudi, Guntur.

It's me..... who weep to see..... the technology

It's me.....
who weep to see.....
the technology.....

It's me who weep to see the technology
People think jealous I am
But the inner intensions are known to few
The reason for my weep
I opine on technology
Technology is a snake in the grass
It's me.....
who weep to see.....
the technology.....

People laugh at me
Some of them misunderstand
Misanthropist I am
Very few are aware why I am
Against the technology
It's me.....
who weep to see.....
the technology.....

Which makes a machine of man
Which designs man into feeling less
Thoughtless, brainless
And ultimately meaningless to humanity
It's me who weep to see the technology.

Raise, Raise, Raise YOUR VOICE AGAINST

Raise, raise, raise your voice against.....

Against pollution and growing population
Poverty and popularity
Filled with cheaters and traitors

Raise, raise, raise your voice against.....

Against dilly dally life style
Corporate unethical ways of strategies
Materialistic worldly pleasures occupy
Mega and pega chairs alluring

Raise, raise, raise your voice against.....

Parroting of education with lacuna
Of real intellectual skills
Leads the youth in the vales of ignorance

Raise, raise, raise your voice against.....

Craving for mysterious pleasures in easy money
Loitering, entertaining, wandering
Become the fashion of the day under the
Veil of fast-track culture.

Raise, raise, raise your voice against.....

Dr. A. Pavani Sasidhar

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

How miserable are the days of hunger?
People throw food on one side
Tragic scene is scene when people die of hunger.
Heart weeps to see the worldly differences.

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

Glittering lightings with joyful parties
Throwing away a lot of edible eateries
Sitting and awaiting at the dustbins

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

Eager to find the thrown food
To fill the stomachs
How deplorable to see people!
Grove and search for eateries in such places
Where one cannot even stand and bear that foul smell.

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

My inner soul always asks an
Unanswerable question



My Mind Sinks to Deep Hollows

Why are there such differences?
By finding people die with hunger
On the other hand people die with
Overdose of the food.

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

Everyone feels glad to see modern constructions
To see them my mind sinks to deep hollows
I feel sad of losing the grassy carpets
All find the marble designed carpets
My eyes grope for gardens
Slushy land here and there with plants

My mind sinks to deep hollows.....

Modern civilian searches for air conditioners
My heart beats for fresh air and cool breezes
From the green garden trees
Modernists pleasure in television noise
My mind searches for chirping of the birds.
Everyone feels glad to see modern constructions
To see them my mind sinks to deep hollows.

Dr. A. Pavani Sasidhar

Dr.Alok Kumar Ray, by profession, is a lecturer who teaches Political Science to undergraduate and postgraduate students. Being a bilingual poet (Odia and English) his poems have been published in many national and international anthologies, journals, newsletters and tabloids. He resides at Kendrapara district headquarters in Odisha state of India.

IT WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD

It was a sight to behold
Not as laymen, how they could see
Rather to perceive deep within
The sense of eternity of time and space
Unfolding emotions bit by bit wrapped in grace.



Genuinely it was not so audacious
But sowed the seed of deep ecstatic indulgence
Created it waves that caressed the shore of eye lids
Ignited the heart even in pin drop silence
Spellbound made it, very serene and sublime was it to glance.

Skyrocketed it the mood, removed lassitude
Roaming of the dreamy moments even the air apprehended
In quietude heart and mind entwined
Danced in exquisite rhythm, not difficult to fathom
Even the pores of the skin were enthralled from the bottom

The sight was interlacing, captivating and maddeningly
Really it was a beautiful sight to behold
Very alluring was that sight, scenic ambience
Enticed to mingle in rosy thoughts
Deafness to hear hustle and bustle of life it brought.

Dr. Alok Kumar Ray

Crazy Mind

Crazy mind! Doesn't hear me crazy mind
Without reason weaves all dream blind;
Have destiny not any path,
Want no sky for ground bother not;
A hermit, wind of sky blowing on,
Singing its own song going on.

I said, hold on
Hear you me too ever;
What destiny why there,
You won't see any ways;
Abstruse mind says,
Need not, need not
The wings, the strings need not.

Need not you too to trouble,
Won't come in hand I am bubble;
I am stubborn, alright
I have to be free;
Freedom, can't lose it
Or cry like you;
Let me fly, let me fall
My life that is all;
I will arise after falling forever
I have to be free.

Guts who have to live
To fly, to fall
Your constant symphony
Made lost my words all;
But must say I,
You are so crazy, my mind.

Wind or Storm

Wandering into the crowd
Was ambiguous so loud
And felt in my quest
Momentary rest
In soothing wind
Stopped in my haste
Then blew that wind
Overpowering
All ambient and sound
Vanished and bound
What coming alone
No, not wind but storm.
These days chasing storm
Destructive, ferocious, untamed;
In its fury and fog
Took mind's set bog.
In spiral walk
Have gut to talk;
In vein.
Escaping reverse
To carry inverse,
A blow set forth
Transformed towards
That indispensable storm
But fills my eyes with rain
And heart with serenity
Chasing that innate furious storm....

Zubiya Abbasi

Zubiya Abbasi is a research scholar and
part time lecturer at Shibli National P.G College,
Azamgarh, Uttar Pradesh, India.

Moumita Bhowal is a 20 years old poet. She loves to write on nature along with human feelings. Poetry for her has refreshing and soothing attributes. It gives her new energy and hope for existence in this hectic and busy world. She is a B.A. 3rd (English Honours) student at Krishnagar Govt.College affiliated to Kalyani University, West Bengal.

The Companion

Its midnight
A bare thorp drowned in slumber
Mere drops of rain only vigilant on dusty way,
Who listens of those weary winds' breath?
The howling engine retires in murk.
More and more drops
Treading over dimed horizon's brains,
Over the bushes; over the branches
Over some husky flower bloomed
All those are companion of midnight rains.



A bare city drowned in slumber
Mere drops of rain became watcher of all bright,
Every toneless glimpse
Who shows the stare of dazzling light?
More and more drops
Eases over the blowsy veins,
Over the cilium;over the pensive glance
Some over the gloomy feet
All those are companion of midnight rains.

I desires to shelter sometime in a lighten city
Or daylight in a maternal thorp,
I become only companion of citilights
Or a deviser of some rural rain drop.

Moumita Bhowal

AN INTERVIEW

An Interview by Dr Kanta Galani of Dr. Mousumi Parida, a noted and several award winning Odia literary figure as well as multi-lingual poet. About her an I.A.S. poet Mr Pradeep Biswal once remarked as: "Dr Mousumi Parida is a multi-lingual writer, who has carved a niche for herself in literary circle of Odisha. She is considered as a prominent figure in contemporary Odia fiction writing having a good number of novels, short stories, poetry collections to her credit".

Kanta Galani: Dear Ma'am, which one is your favourite genre?

Mousumi Parida: Mostly Odia novel, story, poem etc. Apart from these I prefer the same from English and Hindi literature.

KG: Why does a writer like a particular category?

MP: The writer is closely associated with the readers through the writings. Certainly the writer bears the whole responsibility for his/her piece of writing irrespective of its acceptance. He/She should serve the feelings more intensely in a very comfortable way. So it's better to pick up a particular category which soothes more to explore in comparison to other segments.

KG: Is there any particular time when writing flows from your heart?

MP: No, not exactly. If I intend to write then I need leisure time. It may be in morning, afternoon, evening, midnight or anytime. But feel very calm

when I start the day from very early morning with a cup of coffee nearby my writing table.

KG: Does your writing happen daily, periodically or occasionally?

MP: It depends upon the intensity to explore. When I propose to write on different issues with different mode of writing, I want little space for the betterment. So sometimes it takes some hours or some days.

KG: Do you feel any urge to write?

MP: Definitely, yes. If there will be no urge how a writer or a thinker can take birth!! The writer is a creator as well as a kind of social worker in my point of view. The environment, worries, social and political problems, love, regret, complicated relationships etc. insist to write on. I observe those very keenly and make a sketch of my thoughts unconsciously at the peak of my creativity. So I feel to write.

KG: How much time does it take to complete any writing?

MP: It depends upon the sketch and skeleton of the unborn child, the category and circumstances and depending on this, it may take unlimited time.

KG: After finishing the writings do you go through it?

MP: Yes, so many times I read it thoroughly and

edit if necessary. For the better results I prefer to add or subtract the lines before its publication in newspapers, magazines or periodicals.

KG: How do you feel when you go through your own article?

MP: Sometimes I wonder or feel dissatisfied with myself. It's the part and parcel of writer's forum. Sometimes I think it could have been much better or sometimes "yes it is it" the inner sense of mine says intensely.

KG: Do you like to share it with anyone near or dear immediately or after sometime?

MP: I don't discuss with anybody about the concept before structuring it. I wish to be shared by the readers when it is being published in newspapers, periodicals or in any magazine etc. I prefer silence before the publication to surprise my lovely readers and fans 'with a smile'.

KG: There are various themes and which one is your favourite that you prefer to write on?

MP: Novel, stories, poems, columns etc. Also I prefer to write about social problems, psycho-analysis, symbolism, feminism, marital unhappiness, loneliness etc.

KG: How do you feel as a notable writer in Odia as well as in other languages?

MP: Very challenging. It isn't easy to write and publish in multiple languages. Better you choose

any one to be well established and well accepted. But I have special interest in Hindi, English, and Bengali etc. but I am very comfortable in Odia. So there are least numbers of writings in English and Hindi. But I prefer these languages mostly as a writer shouldn't be squeezed with a boundary line.

KG: How many publications do you have on your name?

MP: Around 22 numbers of books including stories, poems, novels etc. and huge numbers of publications in magazines, periodicals and newspapers till now.

KG: Do you have any source of inspiration?

MP: Yes, of course! My readers, motivators, publishers as well as my husband, son and my father (the trio of my family members) inspire me a lot.

KG: Do you have any dream you want to get fulfilled?

MP: Ha..ha.. ha... Many more I have to do and miles to go before I sleep.

KG: What do you want to say your readers? Do you have any message for them?

MP: I just want to say my readers that "Your reviews and inspiration increase the appetite to write more and more. You are the real judge. So keep reading and inspire me to write more and more".

FEEDBACK

Kapaedeli Eftichia

"The Infinite sky" Magazine is a garden of words and emotions with objective and authoritarian imagination and value from excellent poets as well as writers with source and inexhaustible talent that leave their special spot. Poets reflect their ideological reflections and form a small part of the great edifice of Literature. Poets understand and hope.

I wish every success in your new spiritual work

Dr. Mousumi Parida

(Author, poet, novelist, columnist in Odia and English literature)

"The Infinite sky", one of the well-executed magazines crafted with useful writings. There are various segments such as poems, prose, guest column, book-reviews etc with nice gestures. As it is a new born baby till date, hopeful about its bright future. Wish it will

bloom by special care of the publisher, its associates and will make a special identity with sweet fragrance.

All my good wishes.

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana

(A poet and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City, Telangana State, India)

The Infinite Sky, indeed, is a magazine of high literary standards with international features. The magazine not only projects but promotes true values of poetry and literature, giving a much wider scope for national and international readers with inspiring and unique presentations. It is highly recommended for literary lovers, poets and book readers across libraries, colleges and universities to opt going through it and experience the pleasant presentations.



ABOUT OUR ESTEEMED EDITORS

BIO-NOTE

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About the Author: Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta “Mewadev” is award winner of “Kavya Ratna Award” from “The Literati Cosmos Society (Reg. 75/2018-19) – Mathura, U. P. (India) and “The Phrasal King Arbind Choudhary National Poetry Award- 2018” and one of member of Members of “Board of International Writers Association”. He is also Ambassador of Humanity and manager of the organization named “Hafrikan Prince Art World” (HPAW - It is a brand name of the promotion of contemporary art) in the service of promoting the safety of humanity through art and culture. He is also III° "SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS" OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS FOR THE YEAR 2019.

He is “AMBASSADOR IN THE WORLD OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS” (CO-GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS) WITH THE LEVEL OF 3 GOLD STARS ON THE RAINBOW OF PEACE OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS”, “DIRECTOR OF THE GUARDIANS OF INDIA OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS ” - 6th DEPARTMENT FOR DEFENSE OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS”, and "VICEDOMINI OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS - INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS" (19° level on 24 of the W.U.P. - with 1 gold star on the rainbow of peace of the W.U.P.). He is founder president of “CONTEMPORARY LITERARY SOCIETY OF AMLOR – BANDA (U.P. - India).

He is editor, translator and reviewer par excellence. He holds Ph. D. from Sai Nath University, Ranchi (Jharkhand), India and an award-winning poet and writer. Brajesh was born in Nainital in 1982. He is an assistant professor and an award winning poet, short story writer, and essayist. He is the second son of his parents, Mr. Mewa Lal Gupta and Mrs. Devrati Gupta. He has three brothers. His wife Mrs. Varsha Gupta "Samprabha" also a poetess of Hindi and sincere housewife, and he also has a son named Mr. Pratham Dev Gupta. He is a member of about 1050 poetry groups and a member of the World Union of Poets and member of editorial board in various national and international journals.

He has taught at many educational academies. He resides at Banda (U.P.), India. He loves writing poetry, novel and short stories in his free time and dream to be a man of letters. Over the years in his for-profit work, he has initiated, participated in, and carried to completion a fair number and range of national and

international advisory assignments and research on thorny issues of technology, economy, socially. His significant academic contributions towards a creative synthesis of social thought have received wide attention and acknowledgment by many reputed scholars. His significant academic contributions towards a creative synthesis of social thought have received wide attention and acknowledgment by many reputed scholars. He is also a member of ELT@I (India), IATEFL (UK) and several academic forums, editorial boards, organizations and an active social activist. His first book of poetry “THE RAIN” has published by Onlinegatha Publication of Lucknow. His poems are about religion, emotions, nature, life, real experiences, patriotism and full of motivation. His poems and short stories have been published in various journals, anthologies, and websites in several countries.

Mainly he writes in free verse but he also writes in many prevalent global forms of poetry as Tanka, Haiku, Duodacy etc. He is a bilingual Poet in Hindi and English languages. His poems have been published in Hindi Magazines and in Global Poetry Anthologies. He is also editor of many books and anthologies. He has been awarded with great many Gold and Silver Medals, Platinum Awards, Architects of Artistry of Diction and Icons of Innovative Ideas Awards on various Categories from time to time. He has attended many National and International Literary Seminars and Conferences as Office-bearer and Member.

He started his academic career from Atarra Degree College, Atarra – Banda affiliated to Bundelkhand University, Jhansi (U.P.). His next academic career experience at Raja Devi Degree College, Banda, and Eklavya Mahavidyalaya Banda affiliated to Bundelkhand University, Jhansi (U.P.), as Assistant Professor and H.O.D. (English) at Shri Vishwanath P. G. College, Kalan – Sultanpur (U.P.) affiliated to Dr. Ram Manohar Lohiya Awadh University, Faizabad (U.P.). He has joined again Eklavya Mahavidyalaya for teaching in September 2016. He has credited several published articles in various national and international journals and magazines. He has participated in various national and international seminars and conferences. Besides this, he is an active journalist and member of academic and social organizations.

Dr. Gupta has mentored many and also assisted many in unleashing his creative potential. Through his talks, seminar presentations, creativity workshops and personal interactions, he has popularized many new concepts in management and leadership. His publications include research papers in International/National Journals/Seminars/Conferences, scholarly articles, poetry and short stories anthologies, reputed magazines and reference books/book chapters. He has published more than 30 research papers in peer Reviewed International/National Journals and conferences. His thesis on “TREATMENT AND GLORIFICATION OF LOVE AND SEX IN THE NOVELS OF D. H. LAWRENCE”. His areas of interests are Modern Poetry and Drama, Translation Studies and Contemporary Literary Theories. Visit him as DrBrajesh, facebook.com/brajeshg1 and email him at dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com.

CHRONOLOGY

1982 - December 8, born in Nainital (U.P.), the second son of Mr. Mewa Lal Gupta and Mrs. Devrati Gupta. His father is a police man and his mother is house wife.

1987 to 1995 – Sent for early education in Jhansi, Kalyan Bal Vidya Mandir, Gursaray (Jhansi), Jaihind Public School, Garautha (Jhansi), Saraswati Vidya Mandir, Madhavgarh (Jalaun).

1996 - He passed Highschool from Sri Amarchandra Maheshwari Inter College, Konch (Jalaun) U.P.

1998 – He was not given the examination of Intermediate by his family problems. His family settled in Banda (U.P.).

1999 – He passed Intermediate from Adarsh Bajrang Inter College – Banda (U.P.).

2002 – Awarded B.A. degree.

2004 – He passed Post Graduation.

2007 – His first experience in teaching at Atarra Degree College, Atarra – Banda (U.P.).

2009 – He passed M.Phil. (English) from Vinayaka Missions University, his second teaching experience for 3 years at Raja Devi Degree College – Banda (U.P.). Next teaching experience for 3 years at Eklavya Mahavidyalaya- Banda (U.P.).

2013 – He was awarded Ph.D. degree from Sai Nath University, Ranchi (Jharkhand).

2014 – He married to Varsha Gupta, March 8.

2015 – His son Pratham Dev Gupta baptized and he joined as Assistant Professor (English) at Sri Vishwanath P. G. College, Kalan – Sultanpur (U.P.).

2016 – His first book of poetry entitled “THE RAIN” published.

2016 – Sep. 2016, he rejoined as H.O.D. (English) Eklavya Mahavidyalaya, Banda (U.P.).

2017 – He is awarded from many Poetry forums. He is awarded from many Poetry forums and he started is a group named "CONTEMPORARY LITERARY SOCIETY OF AMLOR: BANDA (U.P. - INDIA) for new budding poets and writers.

2018 - He is appointed as Secretary General of World Union of Poets (Italy).

2018 - He is awarded first Phrasal King Arbind Choudhary National Poetry Award- 2018 at Aurangabad (Maharashtra - India) International Conference.

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