



POEMS DEDICATED TO STEPHEN GILL AND HIS WORKS

A PROPHET COMES TO TEXAS

Bobbie Alice Drake

The prophet referred to is Stephen Gill, who made a Literary Tour to Texas (USA) in 1990 to share his poems and philosophy of peace.

He came among us,
wearing
a red maple leaf,
whispering,
"Peace."

His feet
stepped gently
on Texas soil,
disturbing
weeds
of complacency.
His eyes
probed hearts.
His lips spoke
softly,
"Become disciples,
Children of Peace."

Some closed their minds,

their ears.
Fanatic!
An Idealist,
they called him.
Others opened their eyes
and received
a vision
of what was,
what is,
and what could be.
With the vision
came a warning
of what might be.

We cringed
before signs
of annihilation
and cried out
to silver wing
that lifted him
above the clouds,

"Peace."

**Bobbie Alice Drake from the United States writes mostly anti-war poems.
She is a columnist for newspapers, and has authored two collections of poems.*

****From Germany
Frank Jousen writes this poem
for his true friend—
Dr. Stephen Gill***

Angel Poem

I wish I could
send you an angel

to give you strength
to bring you hope,
confidence, tranquillity
an angel no one
will notice but you –
faster than sound
brighter than light
softer than touch
but touching you
with warmth
you feel is real
deep down inside.

**Frank Jousen has authored three collections
of poems. He is a teacher of English literature in
Germany, where he was born and brought up.*

THE BARD

(Dedicated To Dr Stephen Gill)

By Shobha Diwakar

He rose like a meteor
in the rancid sky
that once bloomed
tucking myriads of planets
by its side
each performing its duty
humbly bowing to its might.
This war torn selfish world
has stolen all its glory
enshrouding it with dust and fumes
as though Hitler's threat

to re-conquer will crush the world
amidst this wild rage to defeat
to overpower and to rule.

There rises a faint hope , a ray
the hope to save mankind.
This humanitarian barge
like Noah rises to rescue this world.
Humbly prophecies
the disasters that will rock this earthy ark
on waters furious and wild
not for forty days and forty nights
but ...for eternity!

** A prominent poet and literary critic Dr. Shobha Diwakar is enjoying her retirement as a creative and critical writer. She taught English Literature for years.*

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PEACE

(dedicated to Stephen Gill)

---Prof. Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi

When day becomes dark
And men and women wait for
The auspicious hour and a tranquil sky
My little daughter walks out
With a lantern in her hand
In old busy south Kolkata street.
Peace begins to flicker.

When you hold
A candle of hope
Providing a blueprint for life
In your psalms
A Dove begins to fly.

When you implore in your poems

To hold hands together
Against restless , wayward minds
Of fanatics and nations
And rolling tank misfires,
The sage in you stands up
with unshakable confidence
To announce
Shanti, shanty,shanty Om.

**Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi is a prominent poet, editor, literary critic, and a teacher of English at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College of Calcutta University. He has authored several books.*

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I ASK

Dr. Bijay Kant Dubey

Addressed to *The Singer of Life*, Stephen Gill's book of sonnets

In search of beauty
Where has he come to
In search of truth
In search of love
Peace and harmony
Where has he come
I ask?

As a lover of man
Birds, beasts and flowers
Full of humanism
Believing in mutual trust and co-existence
A philanthropist
Hearing orchestra
A musician superb!

A nature poet
Writer of lyrics
Singer of heart
A player of words

And
The symphonies of sounds
A pacifist
Idealist
Rebel from within
Where has he come
I ask
And I ask again?

STEPHEN GILL'S POETRY

Professor Bijay Kant Dubey

Bijay Kant Dubey, a prolific poet and notable literary critic from India, authored several collections of poems. He heads the Department of English of Vidyasagar Mahavidyaly. Poetry is in his blood.

In Stephen Gill's poetry
Three things can be discerned—
The pain of Partition,
Sharp pangs of displacement
And a different diaspora dais.

The bargain for power,
The resultant caravans of refugees
Left to their destitute.
Poverty, thirst and human hunger,
Natural calamity and climatic change,
He observes
In the capacity of a cultural ambassador
From the United Nations.

These ingredients impact
The poetry of Stephen Gill
Turning him to be
A messenger of peace and refugees,
Freeing the slaves in a Lincolnian spirit,
Talking of religious freedom
As did Martin Luther King.

Where there is a talk of truce,
Pact, treaty and warm handshake,
Gill is there with his Panchsheela.
He can be seen camping
With his forces for observation,

Chanting the shantih mantras
Like T.S. Eliot in *The Waste Land*,
Om shantih shantih shantih.

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RAVANAS OF TODAY

(On Stephen Gill's modern epic
about terrorism, *The Flame*)

Prof. Dr. Anuradha Sharma

When I read
Children disappearing inside the blackness
Limbs scattered
And mothers crying
Every speck of me
Falls apart.

Maniac messiahs
Play diatribe songs
On an impaired piano
Of their design.
The abrupt harshness
Of their discordant sounds
Come from the notes of treason.
These Ravanas and Kamsas
Pollute the air of serenity
In the flame
With arrows of their insanity
That end in the emptiness
Of the nadir of frustration.

Where is the daybreak
Of the source
That ends the melodrama
Of the dark force
I simply ask.

**Anuradha Sharma, an assistant professor of English literature at Navjivan Arts and Commerce College in Guarat, India, is a literary critic and creative writers. She has authored three critical studies and research papers.*

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THE SUN

--A. S. Bannore

This sun is no other than Stephen Gill
A prime Poet Laureate--
A learned navigator
For budding poets and writers.
They will be thankful to Divinity
For awarding them
A friendly, humble guide.

The radiance of this sun
Dwindles away their fears.
They emanate now boldly
Like the radiant stars in the sky---
A new vista is taking shape.

*A.S. Bannore from Vadodara, Gujarat,
India, has authored collections of poems.
She is a teacher by profession.

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WHEN THE WORLD WAS ASLEEP

--Shobha Diwakar

When people slept and dreamt
And a glorious sparkling sun washed day
There appeared a sickly meteor
Riding high above his sickly horse
The town was awake the day was alert
But somewhere down the lane
A dog howled
“Is that a bad omen?” Someone whispered
A rude shock greeted the day
Somewhere there was a bomb blast,
Somewhere there was a raging fire
Licking the sky
Somewhere a loaded train was derailed
Mutilated bodies flung like paper bags

Blown by the wind
Angels from heaven watched the devastated sight
Drowning the earth with miserable tears
At the terrifying sight
Men wrapped up in lion's skin
Leapt like leopards to extinguish sacred life
More and more jackals plunder and loot
The dignity of man
While the world sleeps in innocence.
Bravo peacemakers like Stephen Gill
Who surrender their lives to make humanity
Aware of the need for peace and compassion
Life shipwrecked on the diseased ocean of terrorism
Shall wither the ruffled creases of agony
That weeps in the hope of a new tomorrow
On the wings of
"The Dove of Peace."

Catharsis

K. Satyamurty

Bang, bang-- a devil at the door
drops the beads of my brooding
on the floor.
Alone to stare and ponder
with uneasy thoughts
I notice no being
and no stars in the sky
in the space of the gloomy night.

The dim comforting light
whispers gently:
Fear....yes it's the fear
that your poet Stephen Gill holds,
hugs closely and drones--
it is a jolt that he owns.

He has lost his land
but not the sky.

He shall continue purging emotions
with his primal expressions.
His words weep in solitude
on the mount of artists.
It is brutal, a painful process
to produce pity and reposing Catharsis.

*K. Satyamurt, a translator, has post graduate degrees in Ancient Indian History, Culture and Archaeology; and also in English Literature--both from different universities of India. He has tastes for both English and Hindi literatures which he has inherited from his father who had a massive personal library. He has held several photo exhibitions at the institutions of higher learning.