

**nether** / Fortnight 14  
December '11

[nethermagazine.org](http://nethermagazine.org)

12, Savitri Sadan,  
Moghul Lane, Mahim,  
Mumbai - 400016

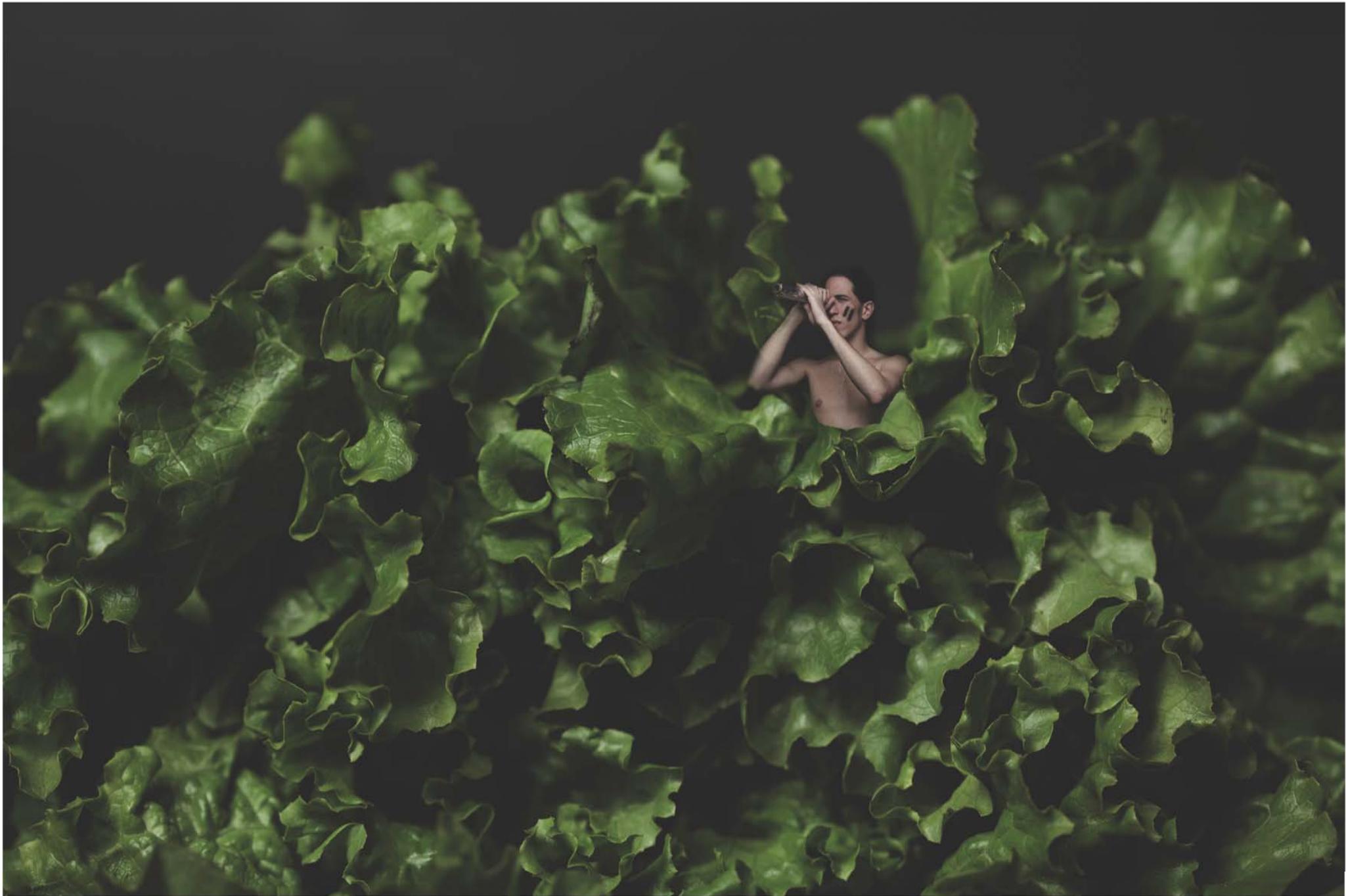
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ISSN 2231-4792

**Ankita Chandra / Meanwhile, In Neverland (Photography)**

*23-year-old fashion/ conceptual photographer Ankita Chandra loves weaving together elaborate imaginary worlds through her images. Although, she would argue about the imaginary part. With an obsessive, almost satanic, love for Sushi, Radiohead and everything vintage, she is convinced she was born on the wrong side of the century. When she's not busy traveling the world in her head, she writes, dreams and makes pictures - all with Charles Bukowski as the soundtrack to her life.*











Sean Howard / One Poem

shadowgraph 17: *coming into such intimate relationship*  
(poetry detected in charles barkla's nobel physics lecture, 1917)

*i*

angels, sources  
close to despair. cru-  
soe, *thoughts necessarily*

*following...* (war, history's x-  
ray.) doctored orders. shade; the  
electronic elm. europe's over-

reached conclusion. in-  
side out; bursting  
the horizon's

dam

*ii*

prose: not look-  
ing good. ('yes, i have  
my sister's eyes...') skid

row; quality street. (quan-  
titties.) the sea, *the wave in*  
*its entirety...* child sold-

iers, last ditch;  
*remove pin*, the  
butterfly gren-

ade

*iii*

being & atom-  
ness. always; *truth*  
*lying in the facts...* form,

god's ball. the mind's  
steps; abandoned bun-  
dles. (thinking, why

now, of my sis-  
ter?) the intimate  
kindness of

rain

*iv*

theme  
& us. quan-  
tumescence. star

pupae. curtain-  
call; the atom-  
ic horiz-

on

*Sean Howard is the author of two collections of poetry Local Calls (Cape Breton University Press, 2009) and Incitements (Gaspereau Press, 2011). Sean is the recipient of a Creative Writing Grant from the Canada Council for the Arts, and is adjunct professor of political science at Cape Breton University. shadowgraphs' 17 – is taken from an experimental work-in-progress, other portions of which have appeared in the Canadian magazines Misunderstandings, The Antigonish Review, Scrivener Creative Review, Contemporary Verse 2, Vallum, dandelion, The Windsor Review, The Nashwaak Review, filling Station and The Fiddlehead, as well as Illuminations (USA), Segue (USA) and The Rialto (UK), with publication forthcoming in The Windsor Review, White Wall Review, Existere, New York Quarterly (USA), dislocate (USA) and Rhino (USA).*

Jim Davis / One Poem

An Uncomfortable Series of Truths

Already, a digression: a bell rings, a band plays  
the chorus of *Beautiful Noose*, only a few  
catch the paradoxical sliver that exists  
between cooing vowels. There is a touch  
of abstraction, so the young readers might believe they are  
missing something, and within that void they will insert  
the assumption of heightened awareness.  
Which is distant. The moon fell  
across the lawn, unrolled its blue tongue: abstraction, in that  
the electric synapses of currency  
that reach for distant memory  
are tangent to the original idea. And if it were up to me  
to prove supplementary angles, complimentary congruents,  
to complete, or realign the origin (let's call it point A)  
within our field of vision, whose identifying moniker is meaningless –  
because point B has taken us  
in an entirely different direction, and point C undermines A –  
restructures the value we place on the field, leaves  
little room for the falcon on the window sill, the ginger tea  
steeping in a little mug in a little room

for argument to the contrary – so far, the distance from C  
to unnamed endpoint, there is only  
a floating set of spots  
like vibrating static on an unfed screen – syntax aside, if it were  
up to me I would tell you everything.  
I would tear up the rug, struggle  
until the same mosquito bites us both. Which is exactly  
what happened when the bird died, blunted its beak  
on the window your mother spent all afternoon  
spraying and wiping with a fistful of newsprint  
until it was perfectly clear.

*JIM DAVIS is a graduate of Knox College and now lives, writes and paints in Chicago. Jim edits the North Chicago Review, and will be appearing as the feature artist for the upcoming issue of Palooka Magazine. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in After Hours, Blue Mesa Review, Poetry Quarterly, The Ante Review, Chiron Review, and Contemporary American Voices, among others. [www.jimdavispoetry.com](http://www.jimdavispoetry.com)*

**Kushal Poddar / One Poem**

**Tall**

Silence stares at the mountains.  
Holidays.  
Silence plods down towards the silence.

The hunted geese in his paws  
hold a string in their death,  
the way silence seizes our shadows  
  
and erects them tall.

*Kushal Poddar lives in Kolkata, India. Apart from poetry, he has written fiction and scripts for television mini-series as well. His poetry has been published in online and print magazines all over. He is the author of "All Our Fictional Dreams" and been published in "Poor Poet's Pantry: Collaborative Poems".*

## **Peycho Kanev / Two Poems**

### **Grey redemption**

The night is coming slowly  
and starts pushing me down and  
down:  
to the table, to the packet of tobacco, to  
the pipe and the old newspaper, the  
wine glass, the darkness;  
I manage to grab the matches and  
strike one.

But what is this, crawling on the grass  
in the light of the moon?

Is this Gandhi?

Not this time!

Just two cats playing with  
a dying rat.

I am smiling with a crooked smile  
at the unseen photographer.

## Recognition

Dear friends, I get drunk when I'm sad.  
What about you?  
When I'm really mirthless I plunge my teeth  
into the last drops of the dripping wine.  
"This is mine!" I scream at the crucifix.

The candlelight cannot disperse the shadows.  
They play tricks with my poor eyesight.  
I see images of Ivan the Terrible on the wall.  
I feel the whiff of flapping wings.  
Is someone coming to get me?

And all along the sorrowful streets outside,  
the flaring rays of the sun make me shiver.  
The trees shake off their ugly summer faces.  
Soon they will be skeletons of the lightning,  
until the storm changes the face of this world.

Later at home, I look out thru the grated window.  
The moon is yellow udder; exhausted and stale.  
I try to penetrate the brains of the pedestrians.  
In the boxes of their evening heads I search,  
for the last drops of this sad life.

*Psycho Kanev is the Editor In Chief of Kanev Books. His poems have appeared numerous literary magazines, such as: Poetry Quarterly, The Monongahela Review, Steam Ticket, Ann Arbor Review, Third Wednesday, The Cleveland Review, Mascara Literary Review and many others. He lives in Chicago. In 2009 his short story collection Walking Through Walls and in April 2010 his poetry collection American Notebooks both were published in Russia and Bulgaria. His poetry collection Bone Silence was released in September 2010 by Desperanto, NY. A new collection of his poetry, titled Limestone Memories, will be published by Desperanto in 2012.*

**Rati Agnihotri / One Poem**

**The City and the Stealth**

The City and the Stealth

breathed in unison

A breath

spun on a loom of smoke and dust

Of particles handpicked by the who's who of

this esteemed artifice.

poking the entrails of this *once moonlit* city

A fork digging the failing bits

Of a holed in, zoned out meal.

You stared at the flickering shadows of a wannabe shadow – master

While the stealth slipped through the city

In and out, out and in

A not so level headed painter

Breathing in the crevices of the city

Painting it dangerous with careless but careful strokes.

## Nathaniel Hunt / Two Poems

### During Arvo Pärt's Lamentate

Description is a blunt and hollow  
instrument—ah, keep it away.  
In the mournful rise of trumpets  
I saw a dozen hidden valleys  
splayed before me:  
wooded slope and rocky gorge,  
weedy hillside.  
The land was green,  
the skies gray, and wetness  
hung like jewels on a spider's web.  
From some unheard hollow,  
a groaning came.  
Sacredness often breaks  
like a bonewhitening sun through clouds,  
and sometimes it even catches our faces.  
I'm not able to make  
the dry bones rattle in ecstatic dance,  
but what I can tell you is this:  
one afternoon in July, strangely  
cold and raining hard,  
I looked out at laurel and pine  
and you taught me to grieve.

## For the Laysan Honeycreeper

To you a rabbit  
was a monster, an engine  
of despair;  
devouring everything  
you knew, your carefully-built world,  
and spawning like a lecherous demon.  
We savaged another island.  
The slopes stripped bare to grass.  
We were hungry. Can you damn us?  
We trick ourselves into eating,  
but the mass of stuff crammed  
in our mouths doesn't make us content.  
Honeycreeper, I am that overhead voice  
in the wind, in that strong storm  
that swept across the barren surfaces,  
that picked you up,  
tenderly,  
and threw you out to sea.

*Nathaniel Hunt grew up on a small farm near Eugene, Oregon. He received a Bachelor's Degree in Writing and Literature (with a minor in Spanish language) from George Fox University. In his spare time, he works at two wineries in Newberg, Oregon. His poems have been featured in Iconoclast, Mudfish, Chronogram, The Houston Literary Review, Boston Literary Magazine, and The Sow's Ear Poetry Review, among others. He is also the co-founder and co-editor of the upstart literary journal Cartographer.*