

***21ST
CENTURY
FLOW***



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SUBMISSIONS POLICY

No matter where you journey to without leaving your home, the images can be as real as if they were actually experienced.

The poetry in this month's issue is very visual and for many in the mindset of celebrating verse as an art form, it is also about mourning a life made strange by current events.

As usual, we have poetry from different geographic locations. The real lives they conjure up, we ourselves can recall and/or picture in dreams and memories.

Regards and Happy Reading

Raj Dronamraju, Editor

A WEEKEND WITH THE MOLLUSKS by Raj Dronamraju

Everything hurts the way black and white hurts
The way an envelope hurts when you open it
And Paris not seen is still Paris on TV and in books

And a squid has hooked tentacles
And a professorial attitude
Accompanies me (riding shotgun) to a friend's home for a weekend visit

Nothing quite feels the same as nocturnal looters
Carrying away that blockage
Bless the looters – they made our minds intermingle

And the squid laughed and said
“Let's flip a coin. Ha! You got tails!”
“Guess you'll be sleeping on the couch. I'll take the room.”

But that's alright
I can touch alright
I can shove alright
I can use alright as a doorstep

Raj Dronamraju is the editor of 21st Century Flow. He is the author of three volumes of poetry THE RETURN OF THE MAGNIFICENT NINNY, SOLIDARITY WITH THE FLESH-EATING MOSAIC, and TRAVELS WITH THE ANTI-JOHNNY APPLESEED along with several novels which can be found on Amazon and other book selling sites. His archive can be found on Poemhunter under his name. He is an American living in Malaysia where he teaches English and tries to enjoy life.

SPACESHIP by DR Bogdan

late autumn

cold enough to
turn a breath visible

he leaned against the
rail of the bridge
and watched the
river run
below him
and imagined he was in a
spaceship
hovering above the land

Smiling
he said, "Yes, I'll be there one
day, brother. I'll pick you
up with the spaceship we wanted
to build together. I'll
put it together and then—"

and just then a pair of
hands grabbed him
from behind and pulled him apart from
the rail. "All right now," said
the nurse, "let's not get
carried away again."

Bogdan Dragos works as a dispatcher for a Romanian gambling company (supervising casinos) and that implies spending twelve hours alone in the office (where he daydreams and writes poetry that he emails to himself). His collection of poetry POUR THE WHISKEY OVER MY HEART AND SET IT ON FIRE can be purchased here https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B086Y4FSPZ/ref=as_li_tl?ie=UTF8&tag=terrorhousema-20&camp=1789&creative=9325&linkCode=as2&creativeASIN=B086Y4FSPZ&linkId=c0b3a188fc6a2f025d63c38ca2815c80 and his website is here <https://drbogdan.home.blog/>

SPACESHIP by DR Bogdan (cont.)

He startled. "I wasn't going
to jump this time. I swear."

"I believe you," said the nurse. "But
let's just leave now. Let's get
back. I'm cold and
I'm sure you're hungry too and
we could get a cup of
hot chocolate. How about it?"

"I wasn't going
to jump," he said.

She held his hand. "I know. I know, dear.
Come now. Let's get back."

"I wasn't going
to jump."

She dragged him away from the
rail and held his
hand all the way back
to what she called the friendly house.

TODAY'S WEATHER By Dipak Sen

Dirt cloud thick and black
Air reeks with smell of rain
It bladders hard with cats and dogs
Heads soaked in heavens fallout
Bathtub and the gutters flooded
Drains retched out the drowned rats
Birds and planes nosedive
Umbrella hats blown inside out

Distemper and the thunder bellows
Shotgun shakes the heart
Steeple warped by lightning fork
Church hit by god's bolt
Telephone didn't stop ringing
And the bell tower blown apart

Stop all the clocks in the downpour
Stand in the shower and shrink
Rivulets grow into rivers
Streams of people, piss and a million fish

Bird songs in the storm
Horns blown away by wind
Hearsay the sky will fall today
Weather-vane is wayward
Two faced looks both ways

Dipak Sen is a new poet from England, UK. He enjoys writing for pleasure and has previously submitted poems to various online sites : HelloPoetry, Poetry Hunter, please follow the link to my profile : <https://allpoetry.com/Sen99>

THE DOGS by Damien Cava

I am wiry The dogs darkness pack of lie chasing me and I am wiry The
dogs darkness pack of lie chasing me and I am wiry The dogs darkness
pack of lie chasing me and I am wiry The dogs darkness pack of lie
chasing me and I am wiry The dogs darkness pack of lie chasing me and I
am wiry The dogs darkness pack of lie chasing me and I am wiry The dogs
darkness pack of lie chasing me and I am wiry The dogs darkness pack of
lie chasing me and I am wiry The dogs darkness pack of lie chasing me
and I am wiry

factory girl is one for the outbox
factory girl is one for the scraps.
The sun is never seen here
The sun has never seen her

chasing stray people
hand grenade car wash

Colder than Africa Are you upset? No ride home

the dogs are mangy dirty and curious they dirty and curious the dogs are
mangy they do not want to be friends with you

*Damien Cava is a proud son of Ireland who teaches English in Northern
Africa. His poetry has appeared in poetry magazine and literary journals.*

I LIVED NEAR THE BEACH BUT I NEVER WENT TO THE BEACH by Raj
Dronamraju

I lived near the beach but I never went to the beach
Used to drive by the beach and think "Boy, if I had some free time, I'd really like to go
there and feel the warm sand under my feet"

I lived near Hollywood but I never went near Hollywood
Used to see the Walk of Fame on TV and imagine my star there
Headlining my own movies, giving interviews outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre

I lived near the beach but I never went near the beach
I went to the office and drowned just the same
I could have died one with nature, instead I gave up living in the service of anti-nature

I lived near Hollywood but I never took advantage of living near Hollywood
I starred in the same bad movie as the other trained rats
Each sequel is its own epic of tawdry suffering

Blood and forgetfulness
Opportunity insulted by ingratitude
I lived near opportunity at one time but I never invited him over to my house

SUBMISSIONS POLICY

21st Century Flow is always looking for submissions.

We are interested in poetry (and art) with a strong POV from the heart and written in modern language.

As we are based in Malaysia and governed by Malaysian law regarding sensitive material, we are not looking for poetry with any four letter words nor controversial political opinions.

All poetry submissions must be included in the body of an e-mail. Attachments will be deleted.

E-mail for submissions: raj_dronamraju@yahoo.com

While we do not pay for submissions as we are a free publication, if your poetry or art is selected, you can include one or more links for self-promotion which will be part of your bio.