

ANTHOLOGY

NATURE

2015

*International Literary Contest “Poems
and Short Fiction for Nature” – 2015*



Rui M. Publishing

**This e-book is the result of the International Literary Contest “Poems and Short Fiction
for Nature – 2015”**

Contest organizer:

Rui M. at Tales for Love

<http://talesforlove.blogs.sapo.pt/>

contact: ruiprcar@gmail.com

Add Rui M. at <https://www.facebook.com/rui.carvalho.52012>

Competition Adjudicator:

Synchronized Chaos

<http://synchchaos.com/>

Partners:

Book Park and Arts & Literature

<http://www.thebookpark.com>

Nobodys Reading Me

<https://nobodysreadingme.wordpress.com/>

Read Wave

http://www.readwave.com/rick-and-charlie-meet-sylvester-s-new-girlfriend_s90971

Realistic Poetry International

<http://www.realisticpoetry.com>

Alabama State Poetry Society

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/492636217457754/permalink/876079369113435/>

Stories and Poems Copyright @ 2015 by each author

Cover art work @ 2016 by Rui M.

Book design by Rui M.

Manufactured in Portugal – Lisbon/Lisboa

Rui M. Publishing

<http://talesforlove.blogs.sapo.pt>

Table of Contents

My Island by Shmavon Azatyan (page **1**)

Woodbells by Laura Emery (page **2**)

Rendezvous with nature by Camellia Choudhuri (page **4**)

A Dark Night by Robert Iulo (page **7**)

Dreams about blueberries by Milan Urbanik (page **11**)

Her Position in The Forest by Katy Allyn (page **12**)

Holidaying in Chimney Woods by Fabiyas M. V. (page **13**)

To be loved by God by Audrey Andujar Wright (page **14**)

It's getting late now by Audrey Andujar Wright (page **15**)

Time-Roads Petrified on a Grain of Sand by Ana Nedelcu (page **17**)

Childhood Spell by Ana Nedelcu (page **21**)

Nature's flower down left side by Clinton Siegle (page **23**)

October is ok by Elaine Speakman (page **24**)

Reflections Of a Bird Watcher On A Winter Morn by Neville P. Gardner (page **25**)

Tragic times at sea by Glow in The Dark Art (page **26**)

The forest cursed by evil seeds by Glow in The Dark Art (page **30**)

First Place of the first International Literary Contest About Nature -2015

MY ISLAND

You are the heavenly island
I swim to
to be harbored
from the gloating of all world.

The sea is cold,
day is gloomy,
I'm numb -
my feelings turn frigid.
Yet you
have power on my heart.

I toil to you;
the autumn day sinks
beyond the high waters -
life draws away,
and the jump of
the blindfold lightening
speckles my anticipation.

And then the predisposition
I divine
in your manner
loses its advantage.

The time
we at last come to speech
the island has gone.

In between you and I
seas lie laden with somber skies;
only the anonymous topography
we've both cared to observe
is what can lead us
to one another.

by Shmavon Azatyan

Arménia

Second Place of the first International Literary Contest About Nature -2015

Woodbells

Amidst the woody opalescence;
clammy, creeping undergrowth,
and stooping heavy boughs,
they wait.

A gradually growing blanket
of slender grassy leaves,
cloak emerging shoots from bulbs below.
Shielding as they sprout,
thriving,
animated,
up towards life giving sun.
Flourishing stems,
crowned with gems
of budding blue, stand tall.
Patiently nursing each swelling,
sapphire cocoon.

Leading springtime's flurry,
the violet pods burst open,
rushing to unwrap,
reveal

and bloom,
before the canopy above awakes.
Exposed,
thriving in the rays,
pale thimble tips daintily recurve,
nodding softly with the breeze.
Sweet, heady scents escape,
swirl amongst caressing air,
flaunting precious nectar.
Amidst the woodbells;
Dewy and perfumed,
summer's day draws near.
The canopy closes.
Marking their end.

by Laura Emery

United Kingdom

Second Place of the first International Literary Contest About Nature - 2015

Rendezvous with nature

I was walking down the creek
When I heard her call me,
Her voice the sweep of a soft breath on my cheek;
As the gushing rivulet roared
And the wind rustled in the leaves of the great oaks.
I turned and lay me eyes upon her
To find beauty in her ragged clothes;
She exuded sensuality from every pore
Her modesty barely protected by those pieces of fabric.
Her honey hued hair played with the breeze
Like the nimble blades of grass in spring.
A specimen of perfection she was with her undulating curves
That rose and fell like the rolling hills.
But her eyes; they were so innocent,
So childlike and sorrowful
Deep azure like the unfathomable ocean
That held the immortal secrets of the world.
I stopped in my tracks.
Entranced, enchanted and paralysed by her gaze.
Her tender lips, I noticed trembled before she spoke
In hushed tones so that none could hear
The anguish in her tone:

“I cry to you, but you remain deaf
I desperately warn you that I cannot bear this torment any longer
But you pretend not to notice.
I gave you all you wanted
I strove to satisfy all your desires
I surrendered myself to you
But you did forsake me
Left me shaken to tumble into a bottomless abyss
You savagely plundered of me and offered me no reward.
No reward for my unconditional sacrifice,
No gratitude for my willful submission
No warm affection for my heart that I lay before you.
Did I deserve nothing more?”
I was confused
So utterly shocked by her accusation
That I was almost about to defend myself
But when I looked at her she smiled slightly,
Before walking up close and pressing herself to me.
I could smell the woody perfume that emanated from her.
Her sinewy arms travelled up mine as she tentatively grasped my shoulders.
I could no longer maintain a coherent thought,
Not a word could I speak, intoxicated by her seduction.
I was rendered utterly powerless to her touch,
Vulnerable to the sensations she unleashed on me.
I did not attempt to stop her.
I did not want to.
Drawing me closer to her face

She whispered against my lips
"Give me what I deserve."
And I knew I would.
.....
When I awoke
I could not move.
I looked about and saw
My being enrobed in the flaky bark,
My feet embedded beneath fathoms of the earth,
From my fingers unfurled the transparent leaves.
A lark rested on my shoulder and sang.
While I tried to comprehend this sudden metamorphosis.
The clarity was stark.
Entwined around me there was a twisting tree,
With golden leaves and shimmering branch
It was surreal, I dream I thought,
When I spied two cerulean blossoms
That fluttered in the wind and showed that all was reality.
I knew I was chained here for eternity
For the ingratitude that we have shown.
I mutter a silent apology,
And in response I only hear the chime of childlike laughter
With the gush of the churning waters of the brook.

by Camellia Choudhuri

India

Other important works selected by the first International Literary Contest About Nature -2015

Short Story:

A Dark Night

The Greyhound drivers were nice enough to let me off when they passed the driveway leading to the rear guard house so I wouldn't have to take a cab back from the bus station. I'd done this a few times and besides saving me some money, it got me about an extra hour of sleep. I stretched my weekend passes to the limit and usually arrived at the base well after midnight on Sunday. It was a small, low profile, high security Army base tucked away in rural upstate New York. The driveway was unlit but there had always been enough moonlight or even just starlight for me to walk its quarter mile length. At that time of night, or rather morning, there were never any cars going into or out of that gate so if I had to, on the darkest nights I would walk down the center of the drive, following the reflective white line.

One night in late autumn, the bus arrived at the base later than usual because earlier in the trip we had some bad weather. When the driver opened the door for me to get out he asked if I was sure I didn't want to stay on until we reached the station. The rain had stopped. I was tired and all I could think about was getting into bed. Thanking him, I said I'd be fine and stepped out of the bus.

Within moments I regretted that decision. When the bus pulled away and its red tail lights disappear down the highway I was left in total darkness. I was used to living in a city where ambient light kept the night from ever getting truly dark. Now I was surrounded by fields and forests and even the highway reflectors didn't work without headlights shining on them. There was a dense mist, almost but not quite a drizzle. No doubt the stars were there and maybe even a full moon but with such a heavily overcast sky they did me no good.

I was out in the open and under the sky but it suddenly became claustrophobic. At worst I could wait where I was, feet frozen on the spot, until the weather cleared or the sun came up. When I almost laughed out loud at how ridiculous that seemed, the moment of panic had passed. I had to calm myself and think, so I lit a cigarette. The darkness was so complete it swallowed the meager light from my match without as much as a hiccup. I was able to see my cigarette and hand within the match's glow and it was reassuring to be able to see something, anything, however briefly. In the same position as when the bus left, I was at the head of the driveway facing in the direction of the guardhouse. I remembered the driveway being almost perfectly straight with a slight rise toward its end and just beyond that, the guard house. If I could walk in that same straight line I'd get there. The driveway was asphalt with a strip of grass along its edges separating it from the trees. Walking slowly and as straight as possible, if I felt grass instead of asphalt under my feet I'd correct my direction. It was as simple as that; I had a plan.

Within six or seven steps of my slow and careful walk I was on the grass. I felt my way back to the asphalt and continued, hoping that eventually, after some mistakes, I'd get a feel for it. As I made my way I began to see a grayish blue glimmer in the distance. Even on a clear night I wouldn't be able to see the guardhouse because it was hidden behind the rise in the road but its lights were creating a glow in the mist above it, silhouetting the rise. It was far in the distance but after being in such complete darkness, my eyes were extremely sensitive to any light at all.

This was encouraging; the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel. Between feeling the asphalt under my feet and walking in the direction of where I knew the guardhouse to be, my trip would be a little easier and hopefully quicker. Because of the nebulosity of the glow I couldn't accurately tell if I was getting closer but logic told me I had to be making progress.

I went on like this for some time, when I heard a sound behind me that made the hair rise up on the back of my neck. It was a very primal reaction. I was in perfect darkness, surrounded by a forest and could only think of our early ancestors out on the African savannah dodging predators. But I knew it couldn't be that bad. After all, I was on an Army base in New York State. I told myself the sound could have simply been a dead branch falling off of a tree. After listening for a moment longer I continued but soon heard it again. Now it wasn't just an unidentified sound, it had the regular rhythm of footsteps. Wearing rubber sole shoes I couldn't hear my own footsteps but very distinctly heard another's not far behind me. I was more confused than scared. No one besides me left the bus and I would have seen the lights of any car dropping someone off. It was impossible for anyone else to be there. My confusion increased when I continued to listen as the sound got closer and became sure the footsteps seemed very much like a woman taking short rapid steps in high heel shoes. That just couldn't be.

I knew there was nothing nearby that could really hurt me. I had no need to be afraid but was totally baffled by the sound I was hearing – a quick stepping woman in heels! Should I call out to her and perhaps scare her as much as she initially scared me? As I was considering this, the footsteps came up along my side and then passed me. It was then I finally became aware of what it was. Silhouetted in the glow of the guardhouse I was able to make out a head and antlers crossing in front of me. It was a deer, a large buck. It didn't see me or hear my rubber soled footsteps and because of the heavy mist, didn't pick up my scent either. The buck, probably as disoriented as I was, had walked just inches along side of me, with its hooves clicking on the hard pavement, not knowing I was there. Suddenly, it did sense that something wasn't right and galloped off.

I'd been anxious, scared and confused and now I didn't quite know how I felt. My heartbeat was getting back to normal but I was still a little shaken. I had been within inches of

a large beautiful animal, an animal I could never have gotten close to under normal circumstances and neither of us was wholly aware of the other's presence. Our two worlds, animal and human, touched for a brief time. We had walked side by side and now it was gone. I eventually got to the guard house, greeted the MPs and went to my unit. I was damp and tired but exhilarated by my rare encounter with nature. I didn't get much sleep in what was left of the night.

by Robert Iulo

USA

Short Story:

Dreams about blueberries

Hazy evenings vibrate through the blizzard of our minds and cells are screaming madness blinds capitals evolve drowning joyfulness in the aspic void of midnight arguments when silence is transparent choice that leads us to loneliness.

Roes sing softly on the clouds of progress dark matter cause jumpy polka and round of applause shattered between our distant souls hiding in the rae holding moon to be proclaimed the emperor snoozing away the last light of our day.

Parrots violently fly through crowns of wishes walls inviting us to dance bald waltz in the scars of our faces steeping flow in sense of humor satyr's mystery explore, thus not ravens, just a sneaky crow.

Sacrificing feel absurd measure of faithful ways ant paths to the encounter face to face leaches craving trees on muscles contrast on x-rays that show always.

Hazy evenings led us to dusk and dust of civilization-based Holy Grail of anonym weeping eyes betrayed by drivers in the night.

And we die but in the meantime stay alive but everyone alone.

by Milan Urbanik

Slovakia

Her Position in the Forest

Hey You,
this educated, slightly refined, and sympathetic woman
holds within her a love deeper than the deepest wood.
her branches reach into the sky
always searching for the brighter light
from which her leaves can gain strength and grow.

she is wonderfully imperfect,
yet her roots are profound.
always digging, burrowing, excavating
to uphold the ever growing body.
she stretches to encompass power and humility;
she represents stability and support to her fellow trees;
she accepts her position within the forest.

take what you will from her,
her shade.
her life's blood.
her everything.
this educated, slightly refined, and sympathetic mother
holds within her a love deeper than the deepest wood.

by Katy Allyn

USA

Holidaying In Chimney Woods

These woods are like a mother
 putting all embers out.
Sweet wind winnows me out of
 all secret worries.
As I dip myself into the woody stream,
 tension termites disappear.
Throats of birds broadcast unceasing songs
 like our FM station.
When a tribesman squeezes a honey-comb, I
 ride my tongue up the palm.
My mind convalesces slowly here
 under the foliage.
Fireflies fly out through the windows
 of my skull.
Fresh thoughts are cooked in the seclusion
 of the woods.
Shoots of dreams reappear, breaking the dried
 pods of my memory.
I see the fossils of a paradise, which we had lost
 under the past.

(Chimney Woods are in Kerala, India.)

by Fabiyas M V

India

To be loved by God

To be loved by God,
There's nothing like it!
He is sensational,

Unlike anything on earth
Ever.

He is not like a man
Or a woman
He is a Supreme Being

He is in the stars
In the moonlight In the wind
And even
In the wings
Of eagles

To be loved by God,
There really is nothing like
it!

Blue stars, like the Nile
Onyx Stone and Jasper
Sapphires abound
Heaven on Earth
Can still be found!

Blessed be the Lord
For He is good
His tender mercies
Are "Yes" and "Amen."

His rain falls on the just,
And the unjust alike.

His mercies alighting
Paths of righteousness
For His Name's Sake.

Blessed be the Lord of Hosts
Jesus Christ and the Holy
Ghost
Amen and Amen!
Thank you, Lord.

by Audrey Andujar Wright (USA)

It's getting late now

It's getting late now
And the gentlest of breezes
Caresses me while the Lord,
He does dazzle me
With rolling thunder and luminous
Flashes of light
Sent from His throne!

Glory to you, O Lord, and King,
Jehova, Jesus, Holy Ghost.
Marvelous are your ways, Oh Lord,

And marvelous your means,
The depths of which no human but Him,
Your son Jesus, have all seen.

You, Lord, are beautiful and bright,
And yes, even sublime.

I want to thank you, Oh Lord,
For the beauty you bestowed
Just today upon me.

For years I've been declaring,
"I am cancer free."

Today you used your doctor
At Florida Cancer Specialists
To say the same to me.

Or at least that's how it seemed:
"In remission you now be,"
Dr. Hart, he said to me.

Words I'd longed so long to hear,
Though to me you had long revealed.
Wondrous splendor of your majesty:
I give you thanks so earnestly.
You're so beautiful, O Lord,
Your ways so wondrous and splendorous,
So multi-faceted and endless
That you sometimes even joke with me.

It was with a bee sting this morning

That you reminded me
Of the honey traps and of the honeybees.

It's just like that Lord I dare say,
You'll permit a bee to sting me
And some greater ill prevent.
You are beautiful and generous,
Even when a bee stings me.

Flash of lightening in the sky
Could it be a new decree?
My new prayers and my plea
For to make another Queen.

No, to lose my place I do not wish
Oh how Silly, He confounds thee
Who's to say my Lord has limits
He's a King with many Queens.

But don't get caught up
In that racket
Remember you a human be
It's a trap for you the carnal
To keep you from eternity.

Remember Adam and Eve created He
When there was no help meet for him
Note God, He did not create ten Eves.

Blessed be the Lord of Hosts
Beautiful always He will be.

by Audrey Andujar Wright

USA

Both poems are excerpts from the book "Project X: Poetry"

Free for E download from Amazon.com for kindle/PC/Tablet on 2/5/16

Project X: Poetry

http://www.amazon.com/Project-Ms-Audrey-Andujar-Wright/dp/1515331504/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1454039722&sr=8-1&keywords=project+x+poetry

Free for E download 2/1 - 2/5/16

Microchip + Tribulation (with poetry version)

http://www.amazon.com/Microchip-Tribulation-Audrey-Andujar-Wright-ebook/dp/B014NGXFMG/ref=asap_bc?ie=UTF8

Microchip New Version, still needs 1 more update by 2/1

http://www.amazon.com/Microchip-Tribulation-Audrey-Andujar-Wright-ebook/dp/B01B1WWDY6/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1454039910&sr=1-1&keywords=microchip+%2B+tribulation

TIME-ROADS PETRIFIED ON A GRAIN OF SAND

I have given free course
To a cosmic announcement,
In order to find a willing partner
With whom I can explore the sand grain.
Sooner I make my own
Mental and spiritual luggage,
And I try to follow the time steps...
I try to walk along time...
I try to follow Nature...

I got no journey partner,
So that in the end I ask time to accompany me.
I am now starting to feel the hot sand
Under my soles
That are keep uttering shrills
Of positive trance.

I continue my journey,
Following my steps,
Discovering fresh savage creepers,
And keeping my patience.

My eyes are contemplating

Paradise views:

Talkative trees,

Melodious verdures,

Rocks with big profound eyes,

And sea with cloud- foams.

Time is near me and I dare to ask it:

How much time do I have to travel?

How many places do I have to explore?

How much time do I have...?

But time says nothing at all,

'cause it doesn't truly exist.

I hear voices that keep whispering me

About the eternal everything,

About the retiring time,

About this immortal

Piece of Universe.

Here I am allowed to explore everything...

The sand is burning my skin

Inside the endless happy whirl.

I share thoughts

With every gold grain of sand,

While the sun is covering me in tan,

And the sea is cooling me with drops.

I meet Paradise in its entire beauty.

U can hardly ever integrate it

As so unseen...

So untouchable...

So bewildered...

Stop and admire the fineness!

The tremendous arch of vibes!

...and watch me...!

Can you observe the pale of my shadow?

...like

A soul lost in the woods

And found last night

In odd collapsed leaves

And stone-still house clusters

Adorned in colours and moon flames...

...

Freedom of eternity and

Open roads awaiting...

...in petrified grains of sand...



by Ana Nedelcu

Romania

CHILDHOOD SPELL

Each and every single day
I get out...in the savage drum of green
...I carry my enthusiasm in.
The way you hide, my dear landscape,
like a thunder before the clouds
Reminds me of childhood games,
Playful energy
of tormented kids
and eclectic flames.
Flowers offered in sunlight,
Orchards despaired above rain
We were both children
My dear Nature,
Hidden under the blankets of pain.
Laughter and journeys
We experienced on the edge
Of insanity and dreams
Just like fools lost in old branch.
As romantic lovers` fairytale

Playing around the sun
and the stars at night
Absorbing the letters of joy and freedom
In each and every single cell
That formed our wonderful childhood spell.



by Ana Nedelcu

Romania

Nature's flower down left side

Nature's flower is colorful for bees
all that color for a fuzzy yellow bug be a busy bee
time is but a moment, in reality, for a bee
uniquely working day in and day out as a bee
reality of a busy bee
eternity will remember nature's flowers because of a bee
seasonable flowering seeds a ripening due to a bee.
Flowering flowers due to a bug of nature
loving life within laughter of a buzzing nature
opening flowers to the sunlight of nature
working too hard as being a flower in nature
eternity of flowers is a wonderful nature
reality is a flower in nature
indeed a budding flower in nature
needing water, sunlight in nature
growing a flower in nature.

by Clinton Siegle

USA

October is ok

October is ok,
September is better,
It's golden days
still fading
into nights
that do not bring
the stooping chill of Autumn.
Now dawn mists rise
as the days shorten,
Damp skeletons
ache for the touch
of a sun
no longer warm
in a muted sky
and the quarter moon
hung yellow
in the deep midnight air
brings shivers,
But only to the framework
not the soul.
In the shadows
secrets stand,
Waiting to be found.
Yours or mine?
No matter
as long as the uncovering
is kindly done.

by Elaine Speakman

United Kingdom

Reflections Of A Bird Watcher On A Winter Morn.

Oh Blue Jay,
Dressed in all your finery,
Basking in the sunshine,
Just like me.

Oh Turtle Dove,
Quite at peace and quite free,
Drinking water from the roof top,
While I sip my tea.

Oh Eagle,
What can you see?
Gliding oh so high,
Please show me.

Oh Myna,
Come gossip awhile with me,
About life in this country,
And the poors' misery.

Oh Woody Woodpecker,
Pecking cheerfully at that tree;
God You've shown me contentment,
Now all life is dear to me.

by Neville P. Gardner

India

Short Stories:

Tragic times at sea

Seven years ago I had a dream about this place. I was a fish, this was the coral reef that went down in a blaze. Though I was just eleven, it's a memory I can't erase. The people in this story are people I cannot replace. I faced a painful tragedy at such an early age. I was just a little boy when I dreamt about this place.

I had a premonition before this horrid tragedy. It started as a nightmare but ended with catastrophe. This place was full of life and colour. It would brim with vibrancy. It's now buried beneath the deep blue sea. It's just a memory.

These are the last and lost remains. No plant will ever grow down here. The slopes and mounds have disappeared. The rest could never be rebuilt. I've had recurring nightmares of the many species that were killed. The reefs' demise, the blood that spilled. My heart will never fully heal.

This loss was far beyond compare. This reef- destroyed beyond repair. There's nothing else but hardened sand with cracks and rubble everywhere. Those chunks of rock you see right there were stones as high as seven feet with crevices in every corner where the smallest fish would meet.

So many species, by the hundreds swam where now you see debris. The reef that I remember is buried here beneath the sea. It disappeared without a trace, blown in a blaze of kerosene. It all went black then after that I faced the grim reality.

Though now its but a barren wasteland, hopeless with no remedy, believe it or believe it not, it was the best part of the sea for me and those that lived among this coral reef community. Was more than just a home to us. More than a place to live and breed. The best times of our lives were here before this horrid tragedy.

Just ninety feet below the surface you could find this coral reef. There was no better place to swim and let my yellow tail go free. It sheltered many living things, so many you would not believe. I'd see hundreds of fish a day or thousands any given week. Saw everything from Manta ray to Marlon fish and Manatee. This place belonged to them and I. We shared the waters equally.

Imagine for a minute, the cleanest reef a fish could swim in. Mollusks, sponges, sea worms, seaweed, jellyfish coming and leaving. Sea turtles bobbing and weaving. Lost of colour, lots of space. Sand so soft and white and tan. It glared and glistened in your face. "The rainforest" we called it. I think about it everyday. I'll tell you all about it and what happened on that tragic day.

Ten years ago, that morning, began like any other. There were fishing boats above us. Some would sail while others hovered. Fishing lures moved back and forth. In circles and around another. Few were tempted by the bait. Some bit the hooks while others scattered. One boat left and then the next. Before long, there were only six. Five minutes later there were four. Three minutes later two were left.

Only the smallest boat remained. The fishermen threw hooks with ham. I sensed they had another plan to catch as many as they can. I remember thinking there was something fishy going on. Hooks

were drawn. All of them-gone but I knew it wasn't done.

As I waited with my doubt, I recall looking around. I remember details from the surface to the coral ground. There were many shades of color that my eyes grew big and round. Rainbow fish with so much yellow, orange, purple, red and brown. Neon fish that lit the sea and Lion fish that scared them all. Rabbitfish too weak to swim and baby snails too young to crawl.

I remember arrow crabs descending toward a coral mound. Sea horses with pointy noses. Starfish and their thorny crowns. There were many other species, one could not have kept a count. Silver dollar fish kept changing routes and scarring tiger trout. I was so distracted by this place, it was a paradise, an underwater paradise so fascinating to the eyes.

Suddenly I heard a splash. A dozen fish began to dash. At first I saw the ripples but assumed they'd thrown a rock perhaps but then I saw this object, its' roundness and its' burning fuse. I knew that this was no good news, something we could not defuse. A million nightmares formed from stories stored in my subconscious. My heart was beating through my chest because they'd always end with death.

This bomb dove past the bubbles then sank right through a school of bass. Swept through large-eyed feather dusters, cut a path through lemon sharks. It landed on the ground and started speeding down a rocky mound. The rolling sound was very loud that many others turned around.

Four-eyed fish were forced to flee as it came racing down their path. Catfish swam right for the grass as this thing slowly rolled right past. It bumped into sea turtle shells and stopped by one big pocket watch that had been there as long as I have, stuck between a set of cracks.

Suddenly for several seconds everything began to rock. Stones began to shake, the ground to tremble and the pebbles hopped. A current traveled through my body. I was paralyzed and shocked. The water turned extremely hot. It felt as if my heart had stopped.

I was blinded by the flash, deafened by the roaring crash. Those nearest to the bomb took on a shock that split open their chest. A half a second later I saw many things destroyed in half, vaporized or torn to shreds, then vanish in two seconds flat.

Shards of stones and flaming pebbles, lobster claws and spinning clams. Everything came flying towards me, rocketing toward where I swam. Things would slam into the hissing sand and tear into the plants. The bomb had such a mighty force that even stones could not withstand. They too collapsed into the sand. It sounded like a metal clang. I blacked out for a minute, maybe more after I heard that bang.

I slowly opened up my eyes and woke up next to blood and stone. The next thing I remember was the white from countless skulls and bones. Fishing lures and fishing jackets, tackle boxes, boots and coats. There were ankles next to limbs and lost anchors from fishing boats.

Wrists by broken pocket watches, fifty bombs that once were blown. Who knew how long these human beings had been buried beneath our homes? They must've been dead fishermen decaying on the ocean floor. The blast must've uncovered them from some decades ago or more.

Shreds of rusted plants were lying where the seaweed once had grown. Beside it was a pile of rocks that just before was solid stone. Torn blood vessels, bloodshot eyes, ruptured bladders, broken bones. I saw rubble, ash and stone but not the reef that I had known. The only source of light came

from a sun ray shining from above. This reef became a black and grey seascape with crimson shades of blood.

I looked up toward the surface and saw the fish around the boat. They floated lifeless all around it. Some were dragged by nets and rope. Particles of dead sea matter floated, sunk or hit the floor. It started getting darker as the reef began to fill with smoke. It covered everything except a circle right around the boat. I started swimming toward the boat as blood and tears ran down my throat.

I felt like I was all alone, lost all my friends, my life and home. The reef was buried in a hole. I watched it slowly swallowed whole. I felt surrounded by the souls of every fish I'd ever known while in my mind were faces of the fishermen I saw below.

Halfway to the surface it happened all over again. This time it happened from above as darkness started setting in. I heard the crash and saw the flash illuminate the bouncing waves, a couple dozen lightning rays, a set of arms, a pair of legs.

In just five seconds more or less I saw the bones of sinking fish. They flashed. I couldn't see their flesh. The rest was white with blueish specks. The strangest thing, a pocket watch sank slowly right in front of me. It ran backwards from nine to six, then three to twelve, continuously.

I reached the surface and emerged but couldn't see the boat. The water then was freezing cold and blood began to float. The clouds were grey, the sky was dark and I was staring at a moon. I waited and I waited, wishing that this nightmare ended soon.

I knew that any second I would snap back to reality. This reef would disappear along with everything in front of me. I had this nightmare at eleven, almost seven years ago but what I didn't know was how the sea would soon consume my soul.

That morning in the village when I woke up in my bed, I knew there was something wrong, not just in my rattled head. There were sun rays through my window, I had strangely overslept. I lept out of my wooded bed. Muddled, worried and upset. I must've tossed and turned all night, squirmed around relentlessly. My alarm clock took a fall and broke to bits apparently.

Quickly I put on my beaten sandals, grabbed a slice of bread, took my pocket watch for luck and placed it right around my neck. I had to find my uncle and my nephew. They were going fishing. I remember thinking that perhaps it was a premonition.

When I stepped outside there was a crowd not very far ahead. Mothers, wives and children cried, families were filled with dread. Throughout the village, news was spread. Once again another wreck. Miles away a boat exploded. Two were injured, two were dead. One of them lost both his legs. The other had bled half to death. Seemed a true nightmare had happened while I dreamt all this in bed.

As I stood there listening I saw a speeding pickup truck racing down with lights and sirens from a road not often trekked. The two survivors from the wreck were lying on the cargo trunk. I took a second look since I was blinded by vibrant the sun. That's when I saw the two who had survived. My mouth was open wide. I sat there and I cried knowing my nephew and my uncle died.

Since youth, me and my uncle had always been joined at the hip. Once he even saved my life when I fell off a fishing ship. Hungry sharks with open jaws would've torn me limb per limb but he grabbed the pocket watch around my neck and pulled me in.

My nephew was the one who found that pocket watch at sea. He fixed it, cleaned it, polished it then handed it to me. He was the kind of person you could count on with your life. Always full of energy. Always glad to be alive. If you really needed him, he'd be there through thick and thin. Once I hadn't eaten in a day, he gave me sacks of shrimp.

Till this day I think about this nightmare and this fishing trip. How the night before we talked about the fish we'd surely get. All with just a few explosives and a sturdy fishing net. All our families and all our stomachs would've gotten fed. Maybe if that grisly nightmare hadn't kept me in my bed, they'd be home instead of dead. It's not easy to forget.

It's been a decade since I started looking for the boat at sea but finally I stumbled upon findings in this coral reef. Pieces of a fishing boat, clumps of seaweed and debris, burnt fragments of rock and stone where surely this place had to be.

Sunlight shines down here just like the reef I witnessed in my dream. It glistens off the blackened sand with cracks and rubble in between. A counterclockwise pocket watch ticks slowly right in front of me. It runs backwards from nine to six then three to twelve continuously. Perhaps this is another nightmare. I just hope I'm still asleep. Hopefully I'll wake up to a much better reality.

Details and the 2-sided painting video available at:

<http://allpoetry.com/poem/12036930--Tragic-times-at-sea---by-glowinthedarkart>

The forest cursed by evil seeds

There once was an enchanted forest planted in the west. It was a place of magic. The views were just the best. A fairy princess ruled it from a palace with a purple mist. Her magic wand corrected wrong whenever she would flick her wrist. Me and all the other baby bobcats played around the bridge. I had so many friends, from those who flew to land critters and fish.

There were bugs and birds and bears. Pickles, pumpkins, plums and pears. Roads and trees, frogs and bees, plants and flowers everywhere. Caterpillars, butterflies, lizards, frogs and snakes. Caves that led to crooked bridges, waterfalls and lakes. Apples, grapes and every other fruit had mediocre taste but this enchanted place had ample space and sturdy metal gates.

There were wolves and monsters but our precious princess kept us safe. They would never come into our forest. They were not that brave. They lived in caves just miles away where we were told to stay away. Our princess warned us many times but some of us did not obey. Those who left did not return, they turned into the witches' pets. I saw several as they started changing and became possessed.

Our princess was the fairest, the worthiest that ever was. Our forest had the bluest skies, the brightest suns and greenest grass but it was all demolished by a mother bird who made a mess. Our future was decided on that frightful day she left her nest. That day was when this evil curse was lifted off the ground, the princess changed her crown to match the death and darkness all around.

That day begun like any other day or so we thought. Just miles away, the bird was in the air, her eyes were like a hawk. As she was soaring, scavenging and hunting from the sky. A ghost town wrapped in yellow tape and toxic fumes captured her eye. Hoping to find a treasure or something she could use, she circled from a distance, canvassing from different views.

After a full three-sixty, three times around the town, she sighted nothing usable and was about to turn around. But then she saw a garden and her appetite increased. There were apples big as melons, watermelons tall as trees.

She thought about the profits and all the possibilities of making billions growing and selling fruits as huge as these. She dove, ignoring toxic signs in every corner of the field. A million thoughts spun in her head, the first was a delicious meal.

She pecked at these humongous crops and had a taste of each, since nothing tasted poisonous she searched the land for seeds. After a while gathering a pile for her selfish needs she plotted how to take them back over the witches' mountain peaks.

After a few exhausting trips over the witches' mountain peaks with two sacks on each of her claws and one more on her crooked beak, she had enough to fill a cave deep in the forest where she saved and hid these sacks of foreign seeds, not knowing of their evil deeds.

She took a sack with seven seeds and planted them in giant holes. Flowers, plants and even trees were known to take a day to grow but with a little bit of sun and a little bit of water she had giant vegetables and fruits within a half an hour. In no more than an hour she had a fruit stand by a hill. Two lines were filled. At just two coins a meal it was a decent deal.

The line was fairly long. There were ferrets, rabbits, slugs and snails. Scorpions grew impatient and would push and pinch each others' tails. The waiting time was thirty minutes. Each minute was worth the wait. I ate and ate. Before I knew it I had eaten seven plates. The apple was delightful. The raspberries were ripe. The peaches and the plums were too delicious to describe.

In no time there was nothing left. The bird flew home back to her nest. She took her earnings with her as the rest of us laid down to rest. Some started having headaches while others started feeling sick. Some had to sit, some couldn't speak, some struggled standing on their feet.

We marched across the creek hoping to find that double-crossing bird. Something wasn't right with us and it was all because of her. When we got up to her tree we couldn't find her anywhere. Squirrels were falling from the branches. Everyone was getting scared.

There was nothing there except an empty nest with hatching eggs. Sacks of coins and seven seeds were hidden under stacks of twigs.

Minutes later as we waited, wondering when she'd arrive, sixteen snails curled in their shells, shortly after seven died. As the death toll multiplied, the soil started to corrode. Critters dying left to right drove us into panic mode.

The ground below began to shake, the sky above turned black and red. The sun began to darken as the clouds began to congregate. My bloodshot eyes began to drowse, I slouched and rested on a leaf. As bees fell from the sky like flies she gathered sacks and tried to leave.

Just as she leaped, one of the snakes woke up and bit her tail. She stumbled, flew into a branch, half of her earnings fell. I looked ahead, lifted my head and saw her blurry silhouette. She disappeared into the sun while coins fell from her sack and shone.

My vision spun, my body numbed, I felt a cold chill over me. That's when I closed my burning eyes and just let death take over me. It seemed like most of us had died, like most of us had not survived but minutes later, some us, by miracle came back to life.

This curse was terrifying, there were shaking bodies everywhere, butterflies and caterpillars, snakes and scorpions, slugs and hares. I looked around as many animals just started to revive. There were ten then twenty, in seconds there were thirty five.

Right by the tree, a trail of golden coins were shining by the grass, they went over the river and led to a mountains swarmed by bats. Rats were crawling out of cracks and trees were torn right by their roots. We started foaming from our mouths, black liquid dripped from plants and fruits.

Butterflies had big, red eyes. There were swarms of killer flies. Flowers started growing teeth and blackened smoke began to rise. Mushrooms started growing faces, trees began to move and walk. Flames arose from random places, wind would often tend to talk.

One by one, we started getting up. Some headed for the woods. We had to find the princess. Every minute things were getting worse. Wolves and monsters started charging for the palace through the forest. Shadows leaped out of the ground, turned around and flew right for us.

They took over the bodies of a dozen injured animals, dragged them through the mud while tearing out their bones or mandibles. We fought with everything we had and drove them toward the mountains. When we looked up at the palace, there were creatures by the fountains.

Waterfalls around the palace started flushing out their fish. We saw it from a mile away and knew it had to be the witch. Her curse was killing off this forest, one by one and piece by piece. The princess was our only solace, only she would fight this beast.

We got to the palace but by then it was a bit too late. She'd bitten more than she could chew. Her lifeless body sealed our fate. We saw her laying in the garden. By her wand, we found a plate. Half-eaten fruit was on the lawn and there were foot prints by the gate. These prints went to a grassy hill where shadows stared then ran away. Each tree they touched, each step they took behind them started to decay.

As we gathered by our murdered princess tears began to fall. Waterfalls went silent. Her death was deeply felt by all. Smoke and ash fell from the clouds and blanketed the palace walls. We were chased out of the gates by lightning volts and ghostly claws.

I then looked back and saw our princess levitating in the air. Her eyes were slowly turning black as was the color of her hair. She laughed at us maniacally as lightning struck her crown. Then started running for the trees the second that she hit the ground.

For years she's haunted, killed and caused a lot of heartache to us all. Commanded those that she's possessed to track us from her palace walls. Tonight we fight the princess, tonight we put fear in her eyes. She's killed with no forgiveness since the curse has brought her back to life.

The sun has disappeared, the clouds are black and rains' begun to pour. The land is grey and barren with skulls and bones throughout the road. She's fortified her palace with wooden spikes around the moat. Metal bars around the windows, wolves guarding the wooden doors. Lava flows, fires blow, magma shakes and breaks the floor. There's nothing ahead but evil. This is now the start of war.

We've lost it all but it's not over, we still have a fighting chance. Now we've got her magic wand. Victory is in our hands. We can turn this curse around, this place can be restored. Her evil empire will fall. Her demon blood must hit the floor.

The darkness dies tonight my friends. This takeover is overdue. Don't misconstrue, she's not the selfless princess we once loved and knew. If we succeed, this forest will be ours as will our liberty. Tonight's the night where darkness ends. We proudly march toward victory.

Up in the sky they're flying high and soaring by the silver moon. They're coming out of trees and bushes, swimming through the black lagoons. Tonight we face them all, the demon doves and devil bees. The princess and that filthy bird, the shadows and the walking trees. These

creatures were once friends of ours. Tonight they are our enemies. They have no souls, they have no hearts. Tonight they're evil entities.

Details and the 2-sided painting video available at:

<http://allpoetry.com/poem/12197112-The-forest-cursed-by-evil-seeds-by-glowinthedarkart>

by Glow in the Dark Art

USA