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A WORLD POETRY MOVEMENT

DEAD END POETRY MOVEMENT

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When people are fed up with the moralities and the monotonous life, they are looking for a strange door way through which they can be rescued. Self isolation and pain of existence made them sadistic. They are living with medicines. They can't show their grief and so they hide it doing things uncommon. They are getting pleasure from sorrows. Out of pain they are seeking happiness. Freedom of expression touched every sphere of life.

Editor and founder and publisher
Sourav Sarkar
Dead end poetry movement

Streets, people, cry

These are words;

We see, feel, demand and die.

One, two, three

These are numbers;

We lie.

A, b, c

These are letters;

We try.

_____ *poem by Sourav Sarkar*

Jonathan Minton

You said the mountains in the distance were sterile, with only one tree swaying.

Because I was still speaking, I didn't hear it. I was telling the story

about a mountain king and his wild hunt. Anything could happen, you said,

and this king, bared his teeth to a brave girl, because she was feeding the animals

birch and honey. She was hiding the wings behind her back.

She will never change his mind, you said, because nothing is new but a new set of eyes,

another mouth. There are always stories, I said, and here, we were in love. We were here.

Our ground was ash. My hands held our fire. One time. I said this to you.

Anna Maria Dall'Olio

Roses committed no crimes

yet you severed them from life

you presented them to people

far from loving

ready to mock

good to crush

a bit of certainty

another rose will bloom.

Adrian Slonaker

The cold stone sundial is rendered irrelevant

by continuous cloud cover and the corpse-like

stiffness of time on weekdays weakened by weariness and

winter wind whipping the walls of a flat on Weldon Street

submerged again in quasi-quarantine,

yet my one-way ticket is booked, and

bulging bags beckon in the vestibule,

for tomorrow I trek towards the warmth.

Scott McGreor

The world meets its end, and the journey home finds its path.

days of reminiscence, months of fortitude, years of anguish.

She followed the trail down the barren charred roads,

into the fields of the desolate barrens, past the statues and co-dex of previous days.

As the last woman on Earth, she wept through tides of haze tinted ash,

through broken bones of display, puddles of red tears,

to the edge of the world, only to find, she was not the last at all.

The journey home meets its end, and the dawn of the new age starts its tale.

Dr Keith Souter

Over millennia we cultivated conceit, then coveted, conquered and purloined,

planting possessive flags and ploughing, vainglorious furrows all over the globe,

annihilating, subjugating, enslaving all who threatened this pestilence called mankind,

whose planetary negligence cleared the trees, scorched the soil and poisoned the sea

until comeuppance came with invisible legions of corona-crown bearing conquerors

that without effort, devastated, subdued, panicked and pandemic-ed us,

only then did we extend the hand of brotherly love and cooperation around the world,

to produce the magic bullets, the vaccines that give us hope to live better, kinder lives.

