

## AUTHOR PROFILE

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Ndrek Gjini is a graduate of the National University of Ireland (M A in Writing 2011), GMTI, (BA in Heritage Studies 2010) and University of Shkodra (BA in Language and Literature 1988). He is originally from Albania but has lived in Galway, since 2002. He is the author of books published in Albanian and English. His research and teaching interests are in digital humanities, book history, textual studies, editing, and 20th-century literature. He is the Managing Editor of The Galway Review.

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Ambika Ananth: Editorial Note:

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## **A GOVERNMENT OFFICE**

*The carpet here is tired and worn  
as my neighbor's old winter coat.  
The dead legs of the officer's desk  
like four exclamation marks '!!!!'  
In the middle of them his two legs  
as two capital 'L' letters.  
Above them his two furtive hands  
move over and under that desk, constantly.*

*Over the desk;  
the mask is never lifted.*

## **EPITAPHS**

*The weight of misfortune has stooped my shoulders  
But I don't intend to stop for a good while yet;  
I afflict my own destiny  
And don't want anyone to mourn for my fate.  
  
I've made peace with God on my losses  
And agreed with him on the epitaphs  
That should be written about my senseless wars.*

## **STEPS**

*My son,  
I forgave you  
For not remembering the moments,  
When you walked your first steps,  
Clinging to my hand,  
Smiling and crying at the same time.  
After those moments  
All your life was not a normal walk,  
It was a sprint.  
And my hand, a speed restriction sign it was  
In front of your eyes,  
Every moment.*

*I forgave you my son.  
...Because you will forgive me too,  
For not remembering  
Making my last steps,  
Clinging to your hand,  
Smiling and crying at the same time.*

### **SENILE GAME**

*Once I saw my father  
wrapping up two big mirrors  
and hiding them in the attic*

*Why are you doing this?  
I asked him politely.  
Because  
I want to hide these ugly wrinkles  
he said,  
as two little tears he shed.*

### **THE DEATH OF NIGHT**

*The day is dawning.  
My insomnia and I  
are gazing at this night's body and eyes  
waking its last moments of life .*

*Lamps glow inside and outside houses,  
and neon lights on the roads and squares  
are like bandages on its injured body.*

*The sun starts opening  
the gates of light, bit by bit,  
and the night's last breathing  
ends as a blissful spirit.*

*The night just died.  
Let its soul rest in peace.  
Amen.*

## THE BALKAN VIEW

*I have just passed  
the old city of Dubrovnik.  
The beautiful hill of Cilipi  
like a green hand, waves at me.  
Then a small river near Gruda  
guides me towards Herceg-Novi.  
A checkpoint appears here,  
like a mouth of a gigantic bear.  
then, after just 50 metres  
another checkpoint  
and then, another one.  
After that, sheep grazing in peace,  
like small white flags,  
moving on the stunning lawns of Bijela.  
On the roads of Radovici  
drunken soldiers and police officers  
chew up war with their nonsense talk.  
Near Kotorr, a wonderful waterfall  
stretches its hands towards the sea.  
In Mjastori, a cloud of gunpowder  
swims slowly in the sky.  
Then, while passing through Budva,  
the blue face of sea appears and hides  
and then appears again, as in child's play.  
On the roadsides of Ulcinj  
shadows of murdered loves emerge,  
walking slowly, in silence.*

*These rare beauties of nature  
can make not only the humans  
of every race, nation and religion,  
but also birds, flowers, rivers and lawns  
feel like reaching towards eternity;  
all together, in peace.  
Yet, the war is the most ruthless  
and powerful King  
of this beautiful land.  
The killings and the death  
are the air, the drinking water,  
and the daily bread and butter*


of the inhabitants.  
 The only resident of the Balkans  
 enjoying full freedom is THE HATE.  
 It is rich, powerful, and immortal.  
 It is the only citizen  
 living here with no fear.

## THE PARENTS DO NOT DIE

Mainly the parents do not die.  
 They just feel lonely  
 when their children leave the nest,  
 and they start to miss their own parents.  
 They go to meet them  
 and forget to come back.  
 That's all.

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**FEATURE – JNANPITH LAUREATE SANKHA GHOSH**



**Romantic Multitopography & SandipanaChakrabarty**

The feature curated by Anagharan Kar, Contributing Editor, covers various aspects of his life, work and philosophy. Of special interest are – a conversation with the literary giant... and articles by his daughter-Sandipana Ghosh and other eminent writers, besides 26 of his poems in translation.>>>

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**EDITORIAL**

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**Highlights**

A 'history of the resilience, courage, love and patience of one woman as experienced and perceived by another who is none but her own daughter' in the Gulberg Akademi Award winning novel *Red – identity Another* by Geetanjali Srinivas Reddy, by Parvathi Sengupta. (BOOK REVIEWS)



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