



POEMS TO ENCOURAGE STEPHEN GILL

--Bobbie Alice Drake

A PROPHET COMES TO TEXAS

The prophet referred to is Stephen Gill, who made a Literary Tour to Texas (USA) in 1990 to share his poems and philosophy of peace.

He came among us, wearing a red
maple leaf, whispering,
"Peace."

His feet stepped gently on
Texas soil,
disturbing weeds of
complacency.
His eyes probed hearts.
His lips spoke softly,
"Become disciples,
Children of Peace."

Some closed their minds,
their ears.
Fanatic! An Idealist, they
called him.
Others opened their eyes and
received

a

vision of what was, what is, and what
could be. With the
vision came a warning of what might
be.

We cringed before signs of
annihilation
and cried out to silver wing
that lifted him
above the clouds,
"Peace."

**Bobbie Alice Drake from the United States writes mostly anti-war poems.
She is a columnist for newspapers, and has authored two collections of poems.*

Frank Jousen from Germany



ANGEL

I wish I could
send you an angel
to give strength to bring
hope,
confidence, tranquillity
an angel no one will notice
but you –
faster than sound
brighter than light
softer than touch

but touching you with warmth
you feel is real deep
down inside.

**Frank Jousen has authored three collections of poems. He is a teacher of English literature in Germany, where he was born and brought up.*

---Prof. Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi



PEACE

When you hold
A candle of hope
providing a blueprint for life
in your psalms
a dove begins to fly.

When you implore in your poems
to hold hands together
against restless,
wayward minds
of fanatics and nations

And rolling tank misfires,
The sage in you stands up
with unshakable confidence
to announce
Shanti, shanty, shanty Om.

**Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi is a prominent poet, editor, literary critic, and a teacher of English at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College of Calcutta University. He has authored several books.*



Prof. Dr. Anuradha Sharma



RAVNAS OF TODAY

On Stephen Gill's modern epic *The Flame*

When I read
Children disappearing inside the blackness
Limbs scattered
And mothers crying
Every speck of me
Falls apart.

Maniac messiahs
Play diatribe songs
On an impaired piano
Of their design.
The abrupt harshness
Of their discordant sounds
Come from the notes of reason.
These Ravana and Kamsas
Pollute the air of serenity
In the flame
With arrows of their insanity
That end in the emptiness
Of the nadir of frustration.

Where is the daybreak
of the source
that ends the melodrama of the

dark force I
simply ask.

**Anuradha Sharma, an assistant professor of English literature at Navjivan Arts and Commerce College in Gujarat, India, is a literary critic and creative writers. She has authored three critical studies and research papers.*

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A.S. Bannore

THE SUN

This sun is no other than Stephen Gill
A prime Poet Laureate—
A learned navigator
For budding poets and writers.
They will be thankful to Divinity
For awarding them
A friendly, humble guide.

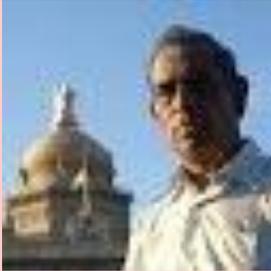
The radiance of this sun
Dwindles away their fears.
They emanate now boldly
Like the radiant stars in the sky---
A new vista is taking shape.

***A.S. Bannore from Vadodara, Gujarat, India, has authored collections of poems. She is a teacher by profession.**

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K. Satyamurty

NV Subbaraman



A UNIVERSALIST

The Creator of the universe
has given great and generous men
to serve with compassion and
diligence.

Stephen Gill is among them.

An Indian by birth,
Ethiopian next, English later,
a Canadian now
breathes in the panorama of the
ambition
of his literary creeds.

A cosmopolitan poet of vision
for which he has toiled to
provide a blueprint to live.
Voracious reader, skilled
writer,
teacher tenacious intellectual,
weighty,
a profound thinker
whose poetry and prose
reveal veritably of his beliefs.

Stephen is not a Trishanku.
Peace is the child of freedom
and for all justice
this poet often repeats them
using as his living rosary.
Stephen Gill, a cherished son of

the universe,
is today's conscious.
Global harmony and social concerns
form the pillars of his poetry.

*N V Subbaraman writes in English and Tamil and
edits YOUNG POET-- an English poetry e-journal
and a monthly journal IMPACT. He has authored
more than 30 books and has a number of awards to his credit.*

Dr. Bijay Kant Dubey



I ASK STEPHEN GILL

Addressed to *The Singer of Life*,
Stephen Gill's
book of sonnets

In search of beauty
Where has he come to
In search of truth
In search of love
Peace and harmony
Where has he come
I ask?

As a lover of man
Birds, beasts and flowers
Full of humanism
Believing in mutual trust and co-existence
A philanthropist
Hearing orchestra

A musician superb!

A nature poet
Writer of lyrics
Singer of heart
A player of words
And
The symphonies of sounds.

A pacifist
Idealist
Rebel from within
Where has he come
I ask
And I ask again?

STEPHEN GILL'S POETRY

In Stephen Gill's poetry three things
can be discerned—
the pain of Partition,
sharp pangs of displacement
and a different diaspora dais.

The bargain for power,
the resultant caravans of refugees
left to their destitute.
Poverty, thirst and human hunger,
Natural calamity and climatic change,
he observes
In the capacity of a cultural ambassador
From the United Nations.
These ingredients impact
The poetry of Stephen Gill
Turning him to be
A messenger of peace and refugees,
Freeing the slaves in a Lincolnian spirit,
Talking of religious freedom
As did Martin Luther King.

Where there is a talk of truce,

Pact, treaty and warm handshake,
Gill is there with his Panchsheela.
He can be seen camping
With his forces for observation,
Chanting the shantih mantras
Like T.S. Eliot in *The Waste Land*,
Om shantih shantih shantih.

GILL'S VASUDHEVA KUTUMBAKAM

You must have yearned
about the Punjab, the land of your birth
that is in Pakistan now
And visioned its past, present
and shape in years to come.

We think of you
Even if you did not.
We trace your childhood days
Angst, bewilderments, doubts
Dilemma and nostalgic ways.
We know it now
World is *vasudheva kutumbakam*
For you.

You embody the spirit
Of the League of Nations
And the peace of the UNO
Where freedom aspires for liberation.
A lofty poet of people's hope
Stay where you are
Singing of humanism on the veena
And releasing gentle doves
to fly above the sticky muds
Of the maniac messiahs.

STEPHEN GILL'S ART

What Stephen Gill writes
Is art suffused with meaning

that reverberate the world
with graceful beauty.

He is the pundit who sprinkles water
with a holly mango leaf
and the Upanishadic vision
of *satya*, *ahimsa* and *prema*.

He sings of hearts
with full-throated ease.

Nature grows freely in his poetry
weaving rainbow dreams.
He sings the joys of the blue skies,
hills, dales and woods.
His love is fire and fever.

His poetry cuts deep
into the hearts of readers.
He is a votary of harmony
an angel of humanity
or a lover of serenity.
I would like to know
the fabrics that frame his beliefs.

STEPHEN GILL'S SPIRIT

Stephen Gill is
one of The League of Nations
formed after the First World War.
His spirit is of
the United Nations Organization
formed after the Second World War
when peace had been panting
for breath.

He is a poet of peace and love,
love and humanism,
humanism and nursing,
simple caress and care
with affection and love,
after reaching from Canada,
he is a Sikh,
no, no he is a Canadian,
no, no, he is an Indo-Canadian.

And this too is not,

he is a world citizen,
a citizen of the world,
now it is up to you to declare,
to give him citizenship or not,
to give him the visa and the passport or not,
as he is no gipsy,
but a man,
a man speaking to a man,
a humanitarian from his core.

A crusader for world peace,
Stephen will rally around,
go touring the world,
pleading for,
preaching it
whenever the time be,
whenever humanity is at stake
or whenever peace gets confronted,
confrontation and strife rake the world.

**Bijay Kant Dubey, a prolific poet and notable literary critic from India, has authored several collections of poems. He heads the Department of English of Vidyasagar Mahavidyaly. Poetry is in his blood.*

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--Shobha Diwakar



WHEN THE WORLD WAS ASLEEP

When people slept and dreamt
And a glorious sparkling sun washed day
There appeared a sickly meteor
Riding high above his sickly horse.

The town was awake the day was alert
But somewhere down the lane
A dog howled.
“Is that a bad omen?” Someone whispered
A rude shock greeted the day
Somewhere there was a bomb blast,
Somewhere there was a raging fire
Licking the sky.
Somewhere a loaded train was derailed
Mutilated bodies flung like paper bags
Blown by the wind.

Angels watched the devastated sight
Drowning the earth with tears.
At the terrifying sight
Men wrapped up in lion’s skin
Leapt like leopards to extinguish sacred life
More and more jackals plunder and loot
The dignity of man
While the world sleeps in innocence.
Peacemakers like Stephen Gill emerged
surrendering their lives to make humanity
Aware of the need for sanity.
Life shipwrecking on the chaos of terrorism
appears on the wings of the *Amputee*
with the hope of a new tomorrow.

STEPHEN GILL’S AGONY

Fire ignited his soul
while inhumanity crushed him
tearing him entirely.
He rushed place to place
when hideous sights followed him.
Oceans could not quench his thirst
as flames kept enveloping his life
like the ever flowing tide.

This India-born visionary
self-proclaimed world citizen
settled in Canada now.
A renowned poet of love
agonised by the heinous criminals

was robbed of innocent childhood
in his motherland, the symbol of dreams.
His struggle to promote co-existence
to end religious strife went unnoticed.

He inks the dove with the maple of
his pen. The whispers of the Muse
could not help him to rescue humanity
from the grasp of chaos. His
philosophical eyes see beyond the
clouded horizon. Finds animosities
diverting economy
to the factories of armaments
to defend imaginary boundaries.

He urges to stop bombing cities
that leaves mutilated bodies.
He implores to bathe in harmony.
His watchword is for the flowers of peace
to fill the landscape with beauties.

A PROPHET

Neither young nor yet old
when his home was snatched
and his life was wrecked.
A wanderer with the arteries of dreams
spreading like the roots of a tree
there was hope in his eyes
he was a prophet in the making
that no one could perceive.

Screams, murders and the rapes of shame
burnt his soul converting into gold
that burnished with pride.
His family suffered
he was not alone to survive.
Blasts and arson before his eyes
crept and swept away innocent lives
carnage ruptured a raw wound
changing this simple child
Into a Diaspora bereft of his motherland.

A world citizen today
crusading for the good of the world

preaching and practicing peace with zest
he feeds the dove to his best.

Faith can move mountains, this is heard
but who comes forward when nothing is left.

The Flame, The Coexistence, The Immigrant
and *The Amputee* are unpleasant facts.

India teaches to live and let live
to cause harmony and social bliss
but the milestones of the toxin blood
and fanaticism of every breed
shudder the world with another war
while unjust laws rule some creeds
here and there citizens brutally butchered
for the whims of a few.

Tearful eyes pray with a heavy grief
some for justice, some for relief.

Who will be their guardian angel?
Groans come from the depth of hearts
prophets like Stephen Gill
and others who lay their lives
for brotherhood to survive
surely blow their trumpets.

Join me brethren, join my brigade
walk in pastures green and safe
let us pledge to thrive
to make this world a paradise.
I plea to come together
each one and all
a poet has called
gears us now and never stall
now a question for us all
live or die is the cry
for our progeny we must fight
join without any hate
tomorrow shall be entirely late.

THE WIND

Wars and greeds
have stolen the glory of the universe
enshrouding it with dust and fumes
as though it is Hitler's threat
to crush the world again

amidst the wild rage to defeat
to satisfy personal needs.

Stephen Gill rises like a meteor
In the rancid sky that once bloomed
Tucking myriads of planets by its side
Each performing its duty
gently bowing to its might.

He humbly prophesises disasters
that will rock this earthy ark
furious and wild
not for forty days and forty nights
but for eternity.
There is hope
when this bard barges like Noah.

STRUGGLING YEARS OF GILL

Mothers, daughters and sisters
meant nothing to the vampires
who raped them.
Flying with the canine teeth
they sucked their innocence.
Women jumped into the wells
or torched themselves alive.
Some fainted, some preferred to die.
Minorities were unsafe
when peace was defaced.

Heavens must have cried
when the winds howled
carrying the stench to skies.
Angels questioned the freedom
that allows God
to hide Himself behind the clouds.

Amidst this trauma
some boys with gentle heart
prayed without a word
to end the reign of the blood.
Those years of torture and strife
like the heaviness of the guilt
certainly covered Gill

when he coped to survive.
Torn in pieces
tears on his cheeks silently dried.

The scenes of bitterness
as witches and ghosts
now haunt the poet.
He writes how the soul slumbered
when the pursuers of terror raved
dancing with fire and daggers
to burn and slay
the new found freedom.

THE LADDER

Stephen climbed a step at a time
the world softly watched.
A solitary person's rustic years
which aggravated his tender heart
had been of crude rejection
he never yielded.

Dove discerned silently
his rapid hammerings
and the torturous years of agony
that awaked him to repose
on the frozen branches of dreams.

As the hand of the uprooted destiny
snatched his boyhood of bliss
he tended to ruminate on freedoms.
Within the walls of turbulent times
he sought solitude and peace
to ward off the pests of the disease.

He is going up and up the ladder now
holding the shield of an aspiring warrior
glorious, moving steadily
wearing hard - earned crown
of a poet laureate.

Nightmares of the Past

The ghosts of the past
who neither perish nor survive
jump in his dreams no more.
Stephen has built a castle of glory
to nourish his pen
to face the devil of killing
and to live harmoniously.
It is the peace he pleads.

He urges the nations of the globe
to end their arms race
and the crave to uproot the beatitude
in order to fight malignant diseases
and to overcome the terrifying terrorists
who destroy the ladders of harmony.

He knows
God watches man's actions.
There have been two World Wars.
He asks to refrain from the third.
To save the flora and the fauna
Stephen became a harbinger of Peace

***A prominent poet and literary critic Dr. Shobha Diwakar is enjoying her retirement as a creative and critical writer. She taught English Literature for years. She has written several research papers on Stephen Gill's novel *The Coexistence*, and has coedited with Professor Dr. Olimpia Iacob *A Study in Stephen Gill's Novel the Coexistence*.**

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PROFESSOR AKSA RAO



A SONG FOR STEPHEN GILL

Stephen lives and loves
Serenity and peace
Live and let live in his genes.

For humanity and humankind
His heart cries for compassion
To unite the world is his passion.

The smile of love and peace
His heart wishes on every face
Carrying a burden with wonder of grace.

He contemplates and writes
His pen always glorifies
The religion that teaches not to fight.

His writings bear a meaningful mark
O the people of nations
Read Gill to heal the vision dark.

