

the underground

the space where we cultivate what we create
that which fills the universe and spills over.
And where we remember it
no one can see.
It rages cries in the hidden places of our minds.

Art enlightens civilization and broadens the mind. Keep the arts alive.
Submissions open February 1-November 30.
<http://geocities.com/kajmahkah/>
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Kaj-Mahkah: Earth of Earth is a refereed literary and arts journal that unearths art, prose, poetry, and drama annually. Based in St. Louis, we look for fresh, original cultivations showcasing the human psyche within boundaries of propriety that enlighten and delight the mind. This non-profit effort to proliferate the arts targets an audience of all ages, backgrounds, races, and genders. For more information, see the website at <http://geocities.com/kajmahkah/>.

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Submitted Biographies

Holly Lalena Day's most recent projects include writing a biography of Columbian pop star Shakira, a guitar tutorial book, and a Minnesota tour guidebook. Her poetry, fiction, and nonfiction pieces have most recently appeared in *January*, *Philadelphia Poets*, and *California Quarterly*. She currently works as a reporter and a writing instructor in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and lives with her two children and husband.

Steve De France is a widely published poet, playwright and essayist both in America and in Great Britain. His work has appeared in literary publications in Canada, France, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, India and Australia. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in both 2002 and 2003. In England, he won a Reader's Award in *Orbis Magazine* for his poem "Hawks." In the United States, he won the Josh Samuels' Annual Poetry Competition for his poem, "The Man Who Loved Mermaids," in 2003. His play "The Killer" had its world premier at the Garage Theater in Long Beach, California in September through October of 2006. In 1999, he received the Distinguished Alumnus Award from Chapman University for his writing.

Geoff Jackson, born English but now is a naturalized Danish citizen, has taught at 5 different universities, in 7 different countries, as well as TESOL. Mr. Jackson has published at least 100 poems as well as 15 prose pieces. He now writes for Fullosia Press, NY.

Raghab Nepal was born January 24 in Kathmandu, Nepal. Mr. Nepal is currently working in Chennai, India. He has been writing poetry since he was 13. Mr. Nepal has published works in many poetry magazines, anthologies and e-zines.

James B. Nicola has been published in over a dozen journals, most recently *California Quarterly*, *Toe Tree Journal*, and the *Raintown Review*, the *Art Times*, *Lyric*, *Ancient Paths* and *Iron Horse*. He has also won a Dana Literary Award for his literary efforts. Mr. Nicola is a stage director by profession and author of *Playing the Audience* (APPLAUSE BOOKS 2002), which won a CHOICE Award as one of the year's outstanding books.

Poetry by Geoff Jackson

Dusk

As night collects at the edges of the sky
Cloud-gathered dusk falls
Horizon's line dimmed at sea
Gulls look mournfully on the lapping waves
And my soul flaps like a specter
Lost without day's light
Across the bottom of the still sea.

The Lake of Blue

There's a hole in the cloud cover, a lake of blue
I want to put my boat in the blue
And row to eternity
Past the birds and the rustling, root-bound trees
Higher than the fleecy clouds, up beyond them
On to the warming sun
Aloft with the wind and the thin air currents
In my boat of Ra
On the febrile sun-beams
Sculling blue sky, high as infinity
On to eternity, through my cloud-fringed lake of blue.

To Love Time

I like it when the wind whistles and screams
When the trees toss their leaves
And the sea gulls pinion past
Like the cold fall air and fallen leaves
Like the early morning and the gathering light
I love the blue sky smudged with light clouds
I love all time
And the time that is left to me
That will come
Every livelong day.

Poetry by Norman Crabtree

A Cloud's Worth

What business do clouds have?

But to cause rain

And at heart aren't we all accountants?

I know I am, but for these release's

these pokes at nature,

at society.

What business do any of us have?

Walking fields and car parks

Paying fares and taxes

rarely breathing to live

just festering

and occasionally waking

just to moan at jumped up lawyers

sometimes its hard to see past

black and white

green and blue

two lovers wrapped

in timeless embrace

when clouds pass

what business do clouds have?

But to cause rain

and to forge lovers

when the sunrays emerge.

Poetry by James B. Nicola

I Ride a Ways

Think of it this way, then. I ride a ways
from here to there traversing some the world.
And to the world I am because I do
and go. The journey cuts a river's path
forging, plowing, aggrandizing a wake
in space and time. So to earth's core, I am
as earth is to the sun, the sun to yet
another center, and the Milky Way
to this collection called a universe,
and ours to yet another, and so on.
Whether a sphere, elliptical, or squashed
at poles, existence, like a ring, goes round.

Without trusting the ground will hold me up
I cannot go nor do, be, nor be me.
The bent circumference is where we live.
Now, matter's energy, it has been shown,
and both, light, Science is discovering.
What's radiating, then, radiates out
not merely to illuminate, you see,
but to make things plain, warped planes that we call
Existence, which goes as I go with you
from here to there. The center?—call it God.

The ancients were not so far off, then, when
they adored the sun, nor was Jesus Christ
on coinage or coining Light of the World
the one a metaphor, the other science.

And the atheist too participates in—
if unaware of linking back to It—
the center being something here within
and distant, at the same time, as a star,
as surely as you're by me and we go,
as surely as we're lit, and seen, and are,
the question not Do you believe in God,
but, rather, Sir, Does God believe in us?

Care

A short youth, round-faced, brown, with a marked accent and lots of hair,
came up to me at one of those Greyhound rest stops, about the time
the bus was to be leaving. And I guess
he must have seen me not eat anything
for he said 'Sir, the lines are nothing now.'
He meant at Wendy's where, when we arrived
and I went in to 'rest,' I'd noticed lines.
I turned around-no, he spoke just to me,
I guess he thought it right that I should know
if I was hungry there'd be time for food.
We'd not talked on the bus, I hadn't even
seen him. And as he, wax-bag-laden, climbed
to join the legion reeking of fried grease
and I alone still stood to wait the driver,
it dawned that he was taking care of me,
which all of us should do in this crass world.
Thinking this, I was moved, unseen, to tears.

Mortal Apology, an epigraph

I am a man—
And so my end is
Coming

And that is why I'll say I love you
I will not mean to sting but Scorpius
have natures as the frog learned o too well

However if you're very, very good
you'll make me want to
make you

Come again

But that's a judgment
we can leave
for night

For now come in
Come one
come all

And welcome to my
self-created
kingdom

Poetry by Mark Gardner

Hello

It starts with light.

My eyes hurt, brightness burns away a layer of comfort acquired from darkness. I begin to feel. Confusion and fear, emotions were pain. The darkness hid and transformed everything, the last pain, the worst pain, were pinches in my arm and deafening sirens proceeded by wild rides, a screeching fire alarm, stuck at it's worst pitch, wailed in the back of my brain. Shadows came, it was already dark. Fleeting moments of freezing fire, sweating in the winter, I think they are behind me, turning I see the same dark as before. Reassured I feel safe, sometime later the cold returns.

It is an endless hell.

After time my eyes acclimated to the dark, revealing the demons I was facing, I could see shapes changing; strange, deranged, familiar.

A killer waits as the cloak of night is concealing.

His identity is meant to be a secret, so long as I never see his face, I can live in this place, we are brother living a disgraced grace, alone with each other, at home crouched in corners, and safe under covers. This presence is a present, presenting time presently, never letting me worry about the future or the person I used to be. With him, I'm free.

The voices of my other brother and mother left some time ago, it was last night, as the sun was setting.

She cried, tears and plea's begging for change. All she knew was dusk, just enough light to see night consume, as the products of her womb faded into empty memories.

My brother and I stare at each other through the dark.

Fire,

I hold my breath,

The world begins rising and falling with the beat of my racing heart.

In the darkness, the spark is the last bliss we shared together.

Sirens and blue lights put an end to his endless night, show him the light, and give him a chance to fight.

I escaped.

I thought I was alone.

I loved night time because it was the only right time for me to be me. In the dark, I was alone with my mind, I was finally free.

So I floated through life.

Night hid the lies, night proved to be a reprieve from the feelings I despised. Selflessly, night hid reality by blinding my eyes.

At some point I remember feeling the other person. Intuition told me boldly, "He'll control and break you. When it's over he'll win, leaving you stuck in a coffin 6 feet under ground."

I wouldn't listen.

I already gave in; the plea was nothing more to me than a momentary break in the strangers captivating sound.

Then my eyes acclimated. In acclimating they actualized a sight I once thought impossible, it was too late to deny, so I didn't try.

I was no longer alone. Someone waited patiently, complacently hidden by night's wall of concealment.

My night was shattered by sirens and blue lights.

Dawns' first rays brought light to my life, ending my endless night. Cold metal sucked the life out of me. Then emptiness was a mysterious feeling.

Though every thing I never imagined happened, it's over and I can start healing.
The sirens and lights stop. My hands go numb from the weight of my body pressing them into the seat, an angel buckles my seat belt and we ride in silence to the place I mistakenly hated.

He takes a statement, my confession is my penance, and then I am released.

Once deceased, seemingly reborn, I see other, the silent killer of me and my real brother.
His shadow passes over me, frozen fire burning then preserving that moment in my memory.
His identity is no longer a secret.

I admit it to myself, now his presence is sickening, presenting time as a continuum of dusk, night, and light. His depiction of my condition and confinement of consciousness presently appears different than what he showed in the absence of light.

Night is gone.

My senses are flooded and my heart shattered as I realize fact from fiction.

The stranger in the dark room,

The manipulator of intuition,

A parasite to my life,

Meet your addiction.

Poetry by Steve De France

Because I Can't Whistle
It was my mother's dream
for me to play the violin.
The maestro came to the house
for lessons at \$5.00 an hour.
A slight balding Englishman
who had been gassed by the Germans
in the Allied assault on Normandy.
His left hand trembles still
tendons twisted from the nerve gas.
He sits in pained attitude
crippled fingers pointing out
full & half notes for me to murder.

I saw away maliciously
making notes screech in pain
even mother agrees I have no talent.
I learn the strings & some bowing
but nothing comes of it.
I try piano;
it goes the way of the violin.
I can't whistle or carry a tune in song.

I am audience material.
I listen to mother play
Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, & Rachmaninoff
on piano or guitar---when she has time
she paints & draws, writes poetry & songs,
or reads tea leaves and acts like a gypsy.
I start shining shoes & fighting,
excellent at both---a disappointment for her.
When my nose was broken, she cried.

Before she died of dementia
I remember her asking me
"Who are you?"
"I am your son."
She couldn't hear me anymore.
So, I began to fashion poems.

Tonight sitting before a desk
I feel her watching my writing progress
not frowning---but smiling encouragement
as if amused that I stopped molesting instruments
& now confine my brawls to words.
I turn toward her shadow, "Can you hear me now, mama?"

Poetry by Holly Lalena Day

In Retrospect

it's funny how people don't talk
about The Bomb anymore
how as children and teenagers
we spent so much time worried
about how we'd survive after
only to grow into adults too aware
there is no after.

it's amazing how surreal watching
the news clips of bunkers being built
inside mountains in Utah
feel, how strange it seems to think
of those survivalists digging human ant colonies
deep underground, and how strange it is
to hear myself say
"Survive? I think I'd rather die!"

In the Garden

rustling, this is where
bellies glide, turning rocks
and putting out traps
following trails that glisten in moonlight
fade and dry in the sun. I am a hunter

my prey is small
destructive, hands buried
deep in mud, searching
nematodes and snail shells
depending my
small patch of green.

In the Grotto
beneath the feet of the passersby
the commuters and the power walkers
candles burn in the concrete alcove
trailing gray
voices whisper meaningless
something whimpers in the darkest corner

beneath the feet of passersby
skateboard wheels and bicycle tires
faces shadowed beneath black hoods
close in around an altar. someone whispers
“I don’t believe in this. You’re just a dream.”
screams fade far beneath
the concrete sidewalk slab.

It Gets Loose
exclaiming “hey!” at the end
I of
shredded skin, and history

I call upon these moods I swing from a streetlamp
back and forth, to and fro, wide but slightly misunderstood, my soliloquy
the cry of any that ever wanted you,

a feeling of peace outlasts the critter betrayed, a
rodent in your eyes, here I am, spouting a soliloquy
obfuscating return, your memory a shadow cast by streetlamps

here in the dark, here, in the dark, I am waiting, a history
of want, watching, unstable temperament of
just a girl, afraid of what was, what could be, the end

Poetry by Raghab Nepal

Career

Reason, an endless season
Of fruitless thought
You quit your family
And the life you got
In search of future
Killing the present while.
You lost yourself
And happiness inside.
In abyss of silence
With forlorn thought
You got failure
You got drought
Dejection and Frustration
At every step
You betrayed yourself
Your life you raped.
How farthest you reach
How highest be you dream
You are guilty of this moment
And hear your past screams
That you left it stoned
When it let you freedom
Now you are your victim,
Your Career, your treason.

Cigarette

I burn your legs,
Bite your head
Suck your soul
And inhale straight.
I crush you beneath
My dirty feet,
Throw you lonely
To your merciless fate.
Been no friend, for so long
Living in my blood, in my lungs
I hate living, you help me die
I puff you out into the sky
Still you call me as a friend
And I rush, to get your smell.
You are the only true friend of mine
In my lonely and ugly times
None had been so close, so dear
To my heart and to my lungs,
Love in my heart, still lies for you
And I don't care about your bitter truth.

Night

Sing the melody with setting sun
Wondering if your time has come.
Breathe deep, hold your emotions high
Decrees of time will kiss you soon
Stay close behind, for I ride the storm away
Sing along as I chase the glowing sun
Dusk through dawn, I linger around
Unseen touch can heat and burn
I gift you moon and stars abright
Hail my beauty, I am the night
Taste the freedom of the darker light
Hail my beauty, I am the night.

Poetry by J. M. Avril

Water Lilies

Sitting on the pool's bank
I see the water lilies
Devouring the pond
Good-naturedly.

The green spots
On the liquid surface
That is limpid,
May go downhill.

For I see a bulldozer (quite strange; doesn't make sense)
Going to Cairo.
It will pass greedy
Near the pond.

And I see the water lilies
Becoming flying saucers.
They destroy the greedy one
They are insolent.

The Memory
Time is contained in the neurons
Contained in a zone
Of the cerebral building.
There is a jackal
Reported missing
In the dark recollection
That is my memory.

Dinosaurs, temples, cities, continents
And the whole universe
Are contained in verses
Of children
In corridors
Of my memory

Poetry Book Reviews of Ultra - Violet Haiku and Worry Causes Wrinkles, The Truth of the Soul

Ultra - Violet Haiku by Michael Levy.

Ultra - Violet Haiku is one of the most profound and meaningful haiku publications in many years. It has taken Michael seven years to compose and compile.

Astronomers have to put ultraviolet telescopes on satellites to measure the ultraviolet light from our sun and other stars/galaxies. So why not study the way we live our lives on earth with ultraviolet haiku's, Levy style.

Many scientists are involved in observing the invisible universe of ultraviolet light, because they are the shortest and hottest wave bands. The sun and most of the other bright stars in the cosmos give off large amounts of ultraviolet energy. Now you have the opportunity to study ultraviolet haiku that peers behind the visible actions of humanity and reveal the reality in the true light of day.

Behind the greed of large corporations, the mis-information in medical science, the shenanigans in politics, the sensationalism in the media, all the shams and masquerades of society in general, resides the true character that defines a human being.

By reading Ultra - violet Haiku, you will be able to observe how you are affected by all the mish-mash of opinions, making you more aware of the roles you play out in your daily life. It will transport your focus into the heart of nature and allow you to comprehend the reality of natural balanced joys that really make your life, a walk in paradise park... Enjoy!

Worry Causes Wrinkles,
The Truths of the Soul

Poet Laureate of the Universe--- Somewhere between Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein, between Robert Frost and Edgar Allen Poe, between Immanuel Kent and Erasmus stands Michael Levy.

His work Worry Causes Wrinkles, the Truths of the Soul is an astounding collection of deeply philosophical thoughts and observations accented by some of the most recommended poetry since the great masters.

Levy states that, "the basic foundation for any authentic existence is to recognize the true identity of all mortal being and that identity is the energies of the soul."

Varying in subject and concepts from the Universal, to the Dark Side of Man, from the Tragedy of War to Human Loss and Love, Levy punches holes in the dogmatic themes of existence so prevalent to our history.

Poems like - "Introducing Master Death," "The Devil's Cloak" and "Twilight Acts of Decadence," ring of a truly Poe-ectic structure and tone. Yet at the same time, poems such as - Bliss Streams, Insights into Enlightenment and the Old Park Bench, spark of philosophical substance that many people's hurried lives fail to experiences.

Still further, The Follies of Man, Chairman of the Bored and the Gravy Train, speak of the social ills that affect us all. Then Levy surprises you with great hope for eternity with Almighty Online, A Happy Hobby Horse, Day and Delight and Simply Being.

This is sure to be one of the great-remembered works of the 21st century. If not credited now, it will be, be assured recognized later by those that love both the written word and the learned wit of fellow traveler in this, the symphony of the spirit.

Michael Levy was born in Manchester England on the 6th of March 1945. The Second World War was drawing to a close and folks were just beginning to pick up the remnants of five hard years of conflict.

As far as learning more about the author - the fun of this one is that he presents his bio in a poem titled, A Whimsical Poetic Glance and you can see that he has spent years in self-reflection and having reach a point that he can set aside ego, he shares with his readers, what it is like to be the Poet Laureate of the Universe.

Worry Causes Wrinkles...

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