





*prix littéraires*  
*premios literarios*  
**naji naaman**  
*literary prizes*  
**2019**

***FCG*** **fondation naji naaman**  
*pour la culture gratuite*

*Prix Littéraires Naji Naaman*  
Naji Naaman Literary Prizes  
*Premios Literarios Naji Naaman*  
**2019**

*Ont contribué à la publication du présent livre*  
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**&**

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*Extraordinary Ambassador of Gratis Culture (FGC)*

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*Maison Naaman pour la Culture*

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## *les prix*

*Lancés en 2002, les prix littéraires Naji Naaman sont décernés chaque année aux auteurs des œuvres littéraires les plus émancipées des points de vue contenu et style, et qui visent à revivifier et développer les valeurs humaines.*

*Les manuscrits littéraires (pensées, poésies, contes, etc...) d'un maximum de 40 pages, de toutes langues et dialectes, composés, accompagnés du curriculum vitae et d'une photographie artistique de l'auteur, sont reçus par la Maison Naaman pour la Culture (par la poste ou par e-mail) jusqu'à fin janvier de chaque année. Les manuscrits qui ne sont pas écrits en français, anglais, espagnol ou arabe, doivent être accompagnés d'une traduction ou d'un résumé dans l'une de ces langues. Les prix sont déclarés avant fin mai de chaque année au plus tard. Il n'y aura pas de retour de manuscrits alors que les œuvres primées publiées dans la série littéraire gratuite créée par Monsieur Naaman en 1991 deviendront la propriété de la maison exclusivement à cet effet.*

*Les lauréats porteront le titre honorifique de membre de la Maison Naaman pour la Culture.*

## **prizes**

Released in 2002, Naji Naaman Literary Prizes are awarded to authors of the most emancipated literary works in content and style, aiming to revive and develop human values.

Literary manuscripts (thoughts, poems, stories, etc...) of 40 pages at most, in all languages and dialects, typeset, with the curriculum vitae and an artistic photograph of the author, should be sent (by post or e-mail) to Maison Naaman pour la Culture before the end of January of each year. Manuscripts written in languages other than English, French, Spanish or Arabic must be accompanied by a translation or résumé in one of the aforesaid languages. Prizes will be announced before May of each year. There will be no return of manuscripts, and prizewinning works published within the free of charge literary series of books established by Mr. Naaman in 1991 will become the property of the house exclusively for this purpose.

Laureates will bear the honorary title of member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture.

## *los premios*

*Creados en el 2002, los premios literarios Naji Naaman tienen la finalidad de premiar aquellas obras literarias más creativas desde el punto de vista del contenido y del estilo, y que desarrollen e impulsen los valores humanos.*

*Las obras podrán estar escritas en cualquier lengua o dialecto, si esta no fuera francés, inglés, español o árabe deberán ir acompañadas de una traducción o resumen en cualquiera de estas lenguas. La extensión de las obras (ensayo, poesía, relato, novela, etc...) serán de un máximo de 40 páginas. Los originales y en su caso la traducción, serán entregados o enviados junto al c.v. y una fotografía del autor a la dirección (por correo o por e-mail). El plazo de entrega finalizará el último día de enero de cada año. El fallo del jurado se hará público a más tardar el último día de mayo de cada año. No se devolverán las obras presentadas. Las obras ganadoras publicadas en la serie literaria gratuita creada por el Señor Naaman en 1991 serán propiedad de la casa exclusivamente para este propósito.*

*Los ganadores recibirán así mismo el título honorífico de miembros de la Maison Naaman pour la Culture.*

**seventeenth picking season: 2018-2019.**

**number of candidates and manuscripts: 2386.**

**received from: 67 countries:**

Albania – Algeria – Argentina – Australia – Belgium – Bosnia and Herzegovina – Brazil – Bulgaria – Cameroon – Canada – China – Croatia – Cuba – Denmark – Egypt – England – France – Germany – Georgia – Greece – Hungary – India – Iran – Iraq – Italy – Ivory Coast – Japan – Jordan – Kazakhstan – Korea – Kosovo – Kuwait – Latvia – Lebanon – Macedonia – Malta – Mauritania – Mexico – Moldova – Montenegro – Morocco – Netherlands – New Zealand – Oman – Palestine – Pakistan – Poland – Portugal – Romania – Russia – Saudi Arabia – Serbia – Slovenia – Spain – Sudan – Sweden – Syria – Tunisia – Turkey – Ukraine – United Arab Emirates – United Kingdom – United States of America – Uzbekistan – Venezuela – Wales – Yemen.

**number of prizewinners: 60.**

**prizes' yearbook in: 27 languages and dialects:**

Albanian, Arabic (literary and several spoken dialects), Bamum, Chinese (traditional and simplified), Croatian, English, Euskara, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Maltese, Moldovan, Montenegrin, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Serbian, Slovenian, Spanish, Turkish and Welsh.

*lauréats et œuvres primées*  
laureates and prizewinning works  
*galardonados y obras ganadoras*  
2019

***prix du mérite - merit prizes - premios de mérito:***

**Andrea H. Hedeș**, from Romania (*Nu există țară pentru cei învinși/No country for defeated men*, in Romanian and English, p. 12); **Andrea Magdalena Untaru**, from Romania (*Today*, in English, p. 13); **Cristina Bodlev**, from Moldova (*Armonie/Harmony*, in Moldovan and English, p. 22); **Daouda Mbouobouo**, from Cameroon (*Yira Fe/Loin est le Temps*, in Bamum and French, p. 23); **Debasish Lahiri**, from India (*The Body's Second Coming*, in English, p. 25); **Wissam Al-'Obeidi**, from Iraq (*Ihtiraf*, in Arabic, p. 118).

***prix de créativité - creativity prizes - premios de creatividad:***

**Abdelhamid Chaouki**, from Morocco (*Qalilon minal-Wa'd Yuzhiru fawqa Hara'iqi*, in Arabic, p. 130); **Agnès Marin**, from France (*Printemps, attends-moi!*, in French, p. 11); **Aissa Hadibi**, from Algeria (*Unthar-Raml*, in Arabic, p. 128); **Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana**, from India (*Path of Enlightenment*, in English, p. 16); **Au Yeung Hok Him (Solomon)**, from China (*車票/车票/Train Tickets*, in traditional and simplified Chinese, and English, p. 17); **Beverly M. Collins**, from the U.S.A. (*Purpose/See*, in English, p. 19); **Carolie Folloni**, from France (*Culture*, in French, p. 21); **Devshree Tiwari**, from India (*Lapis Lazuli...*, in English, p. 26); **Duan Guang'an**, from China (*我们这些石头/These Stones*, in Chinese and English, p. 27); **Eduardo Moreno Alarcón**, from Spain (*Dama de Otoño*, in Spanish, p. 29); **Eman Khalid Bahnasy**, from Syria/United Arab Emirates (*Atanaffasuka Kayani*, in Arabic, p. 134); **Ester Cecere**, from Italy (*La Pelle è un Vestito*, in Italian French, English, German, Spanish, Romanian and Arabic, p. 32); **Florentina Chifu**, from Romania (*Rugă pentru natură/ Prière pour la nature*, in Romanian and French, p. 38); **Hasier Agirre**, from Spain (*Aphorisms*, in Euskara and Spanish, p. 41); **Janina Osewska**, from Poland (*Sad Peten Jabłoni/An apple orchard*, in Polish and English, p. 51); **Liang Jilin**, from China (*山中 : 正午的神/In the Mountain: Midday Deity*, in Chinese and English, p. 62); **Lidia Chiarelli**, from Italy (*Tramonto Sulle Colline*, in Italian, English and Korean, p. 63); **Loredana Alina Stan**, from Romania (*Fericiri Autumnale*, in Romanian and English, p. 66); **Maria Miraglia**, from Italy (*Sera d'estate*, in Italian and English, p. 71); **Mihaela Gudană**, from Romania (*Trăire Nevăzută*, in Romanian and English, p. 78); **Paola Ippolito**, from Argentina

(*Abismo*, in Spanish, p. 82); **Rita Pacilio**, from Italy (*Lago di Nemi*, in Italian, English, Spanish, French and Arabic, p. 90); **Saad-Eddine Shahine**, from Palestine (*Sammini ma Shi't*, in Arabic, p. 132); **Şenel Gökçe**, from Turkey (*Öldüremediğim*, in Turkish and English, p. 94); **Sonia Elvireanu**, from Romania (*Cerul din Grădină*, in Romanian and English, p. 97); **Valentin Iacob**, from Romania (*Leopardul de Diamant*, in Romanian and English, p. 99); **Violeta Daniela Mîndru**, from Romania (*Le Jour du Renouveau*, in French, p. 105); **Walid Abdallah**, from Egypt (*Once*, in English, p. 106); **Zoran Raonić**, from Montenegro (*Haiku*, in Montenegrin and English, p. 109).

### **prix d'honneur - honor prizes - premios de honor:**

(pour œuvres complètes - for complete works - para obras completas)

**Antonio Nazzaro**, from Italy and Venezuela (*Da Amore/De Amor*, in Italian and Spanish, p. 14); **Gérard Adam**, from Belgium (*L'arbre blanc dans la forêt noire*, in French, p. 40); **Hélène Cardona**, from the U.S.A./France/Spain (*Dancing the Dream*, in English and Japanese, p. 43); **Huguette Bertrand**, from Canada (*Scène de Nuit/Night Scenery*, in French and English, p. 45); **Ivo Mijo Andrić**, from Croatia (*My Country*, in English, p. 49); **Khusan Tursunov**, from Uzbekistan (*The Last Messenger*, in English, p. 53); **Laura Garavaglia**, from Italy (*Alan Turing*, in Italian, English, Romanian, Spanish, Portuguese and Japanese, p. 58); **Li Shangchao**, from China (石头对石头说/*The Stone Tells another Stone*, in Chinese and English, p. 60); **Lulzim Tafa**, from Kosovo (*Ke Fjetur Nën Hënë*, in Albanian and English, p. 70); **Mariana Negru**, from Romania (*Selfie*, in Romanian and English, p. 74); **Masaru Morita**, from Japan (余生/*Our Final Hour*, in Japanese and English, p. 75); **Matt Dugan**, from the United Kingdom (*Flesh & Bones*, in English, p. 77); **Milijan Despotović**, from Serbia (*Haiku*, in Serbian, English and Slovenian, p. 80); **Muhammad Al-Fadhel Sulayman**, from Tunisia (*Layla waz-Zi'b*, in Arabic, p. 125/the first NNLP laureate for the second time, ten years after as stipulated); **Najah Ibrahim**, from Syria (*Az-Zinzana*, in Arabic, p. 123); **Najib Kayyali**, from Syria (*Lawhaton Rasamathal- 'Asafir*, in Arabic, p. 120); **Patricia Prime**, from New Zealand (*Music of the Night*, in English, p. 83); **Peter Thabit Jones**, from Wales (*Lament for Soldiers of the first world war*, in English, p. 86); **Raamaa Chandramouli**, from India (*Multiple-She*, in English, p. 88/out of competition); **Rajko Joličić**, from Montenegro (*Aphorisms*, in Montenegrin and English, p. 90); **Sigrid Bergie Feliciano**, from the U.S.A. (*Sunday Dinner at Grandma and Uncle Doc's House*, in English, p. 96); **Thierry Retailleau**, from France (*Les Petits Poèmes du Soir*, in French, p. 98); **Veronica Golos**, from the U.S.A. (*Daughter Speak: A Haunting*, in English, p. 102); **Yi Dian**, from China (黑暗中的河流/*The River in Darkness*, in Chinese and English, p. 107); **Zuhair Bahnam Burda**, from Iraq (*Iqunatu Kahinatil- 'Asal*, in Arabic, p. 133).



AGNÈS MARIN/ANDREA H. HEDEŞ  
ANDREA MAGDALENA UNTARU  
ANTONIO NAZZARO  
ASHOK CHAKRAVARTHY THOLANA  
AU YEUNG HOK HIM (SOLOMON)  
BEVERLY M. COLLINS  
CAROLIE FOLLONI/CRISTINA BODLEV  
DAOUDA MBOUOBOUO  
DEBASISH LAHIRI/DEVSHREE TIWARI  
DUAN GUANG'AN  
EDUARDO MORENO ALARÇON  
ESTER CECERE/FLORENTINA CHIFU  
GÉRARD ADAM/HASIER AGIRRE  
HÉLÈNE CARDONA  
HUGUETTE BERTRAND  
IVO MIJO ANDRIĆ  
JANINA OSEWSKA  
KHUSAN TURSUNOV  
LAURA GARAVAGLIA  
LI SHANGCHAO/LIANG JILIN  
LIDIA CHIARELLI  
LOREDANA ALINA STAN  
LULZIM TAF/MARIA MIRAGLIA  
MARIANA NEGRU/MASARU MORITA  
MATT DUGAN/MIHAELA GUDANĂ  
MILIJAN DESPOTOVIĆ  
PAOLA IPPOLITO/PATRICIA PRIME  
PETER THABIT JONES  
RAAMAA CHANDRAMOULI  
RAJKO JOLIĆIĆ/RITA PACILIO  
ŞENEL GÖKÇE  
SIGRID BERGIE FELICIANO  
SONIA ELVIREANU  
THIERRY RETAILLEAU/VALENTIN IACOB  
VERONICA GOLOS  
VIOLETA DANIELA MÎNDRU  
WALID ABDALLAH  
YI DIAN/ZORAN RAONIĆ





## Agnès Marin

أنياس ماران

French poetess, novelist and playwright, born in Paris, with published books.  
*Agnès Marin, née à Paris, fille de comédiens, est l'auteur de romans et de recueils de poésie publiés depuis 2007. Elle a également écrit des pièces de théâtre qui ont été présentées en lecture publique à Paris.*

شاعرة وروائيّة وكاتبة مسرح فرنسيّة، من مواليد باريس. في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورة.

## PRINTEMPS, ATTENDS-MOI!

(full text - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

Poem in French.

*Printemps, attends-moi!  
Novembre est là qui s'avance  
Et je connais par coeur  
L'inéluctable marche vers la mort des saisons:  
L'arbre perdra ses feuilles  
Le vent le flagellera  
Et dans le froid qui descendra  
Commencera le long flottement  
De mon écharpe de laine.  
Printemps, attends-moi!  
Il en faudra des jours et des semaines  
A rallumer la flamme de nos fenêtres,  
A chercher l'ultime fête qui nous tiendra debout  
Malgré l'ennui et la peur de la perte  
Quand nous nous souvenons de ceux qui sont partis.  
Octobre était en feu et décembre aura tout oublié!  
O printemps, attends-moi!  
Je revois la palpitante ivresse de tes beaux jours,  
La montée de tes aurores ruisselant d'or,  
La petite feuille verte glissant dans l'arbre nu*

*Et le chant du rouge-queue piquant mon coeur joyeux,  
Retrouvant au bout d'un long voyage  
Le jardin de ses amours.*



**Andrea H. Hedeş**

**أندريا هيدش**

Romanian poetess, essayist, critic, publisher and journalist, born on February 23, 1977 (Dej, Cluj County, Transilvania, Romania). With a degree in Cultural Studies (Babeş-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca), she has several published works, prizes and cultural activities. *Poétesse, essayiste et critique roumaine. À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وباحثة وناقدة رومانية. في رصيدها أعمال منشورة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية متنوعة.

**NU EXISTĂ ȚARĂ PENTRU CEI ÎNVINȘI  
NO COUNTRY FOR DEFEATED MEN**

(النص الكامل - texte intégral - texto completo - النص الكامل)

Poem in Romanian and English by the poetess

**NU EXISTĂ ȚARĂ PENTRU CEI ÎNVINȘI**

*Nu există țară pentru cei învinși  
cei smeriți nu au spre cine se întoarce  
capul nu și-l culcă în pace  
inima nu-și găsește odihna  
sufletul se zbate  
și nu poate sparge  
temnița trupului  
străini sunt ei pe pământ\*  
și doar la Zeul cel Crunt  
alinare.*

\* Psalmul 118, versetul 19

**NO COUNTRY FOR DEFEATED MEN**

No country for defeated men  
the lowly ones have no one to turn to  
they never lay their head down in peace

and their heart finds no rest  
 their soul is wuthering  
 but can not break  
 the flesh cell  
*strangers on earth\**  
 the bitter god alone  
 provides them with comfort.  
 \*See Psalme 119 vers 19



### Andreea Magdalena Untaru

### أندريا مغدالينا أونتارو

Romanian German poetess and short-story writer, born in 1979 (Romania). Studied law in Bucharest and Munich, working in the social sector. Since 2013 she leads an establishment for homeless people in Munich. With writings and various cultural activities.  
*Poétesse et nouvelliste germano-roumaine, née en 1979 (Roumanie). A étudié le droit à Bucarest et Munich, et travaille dans le domaine social. À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وقاصّة رومانيّة ألمانيّة، من مواليد العام ١٩٧٩ (رومانيا). درست الحقوق في بوخارست وميونخ، وتعمل في المجال الاجتماعي. في رصيدها كتابات وأنشطة ثقافيّة متنوّعة.

### TODAY

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

Maybe tomorrow  
 I'll be given another skin  
 which won't itch after every  
 insignificant moment of indifference  
 and a lion-hearted mind  
 which will dare to challenge  
 their doubtful perfection  
 and to manifest  
 its own imperfection

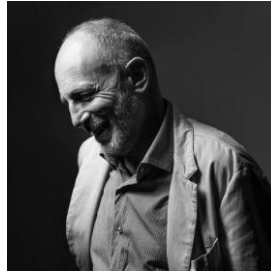
maybe tomorrow  
 I won't be hungering after

your embrace  
and won't be envying  
the moon you adore  
and the waves you sink into

maybe tomorrow  
my ears will stop  
looking for your voice  
and my lungs will cease satiating  
with the air you breathe

maybe tomorrow  
I will be able to talk to you  
about Agape  
without confusing it  
with Eros  
and you won't be taking  
silence for carelessness  
and guardian angels  
for intrusive paparazzi

... as the dreams turn into hours  
and the hours irreversibly elapse  
I realize  
this is tomorrow



### Antonio Nazzaro

### أنطونيو نزارو

Italian Venezuelan poet, translator, journalist and culture promoter, born in 1963 (Torino, Italy). Founder and director of Tina Modotti Cultural Center (Caracas, Venezuela). With books and various cultural activities.

*Poète, traducteur, journaliste et promoteur de culture italo-vénézuélien, né en 1963 à Torino (Italie). Fondateur et directeur du Centre Culturel Tina Modotti (Caracas, Vénézuéla). À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ ومترجمٌ وصحافيٌّ ومُروِّجٌ ثقافيٌّ إيطاليٌّ فنزولِيٌّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٦٣ (تورينو، إيطاليا). مؤسسٌ مركز تينا مودوتي الثقافي (كاراكاس، فنزولا) ومُدِيرُهُ. في رصيده كتبٌ منشورةٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ متنوّعةٌ.

## DA AMORE/DE AMOR

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in Italian and Spanish.*

De el libro "Amor Migrante y el Último Cigarrillo" (*RiL Editores, Chile 2018*)

Del libro "Amore Migrante e l'Ultima Sigaretta" (*Edizioni Arcoiris, Italia 2018*)

### DA AMORE

Il ciabattare quasi trascinato  
non è il mattino  
appena alzato.

Ma il lento passo di madre  
a scaldare il latte  
come se fosse il cuore.

### DE AMOR

El chancletear casi arrastrado  
no es la mañana  
apenas levantada.

Sino el paso lento de madre  
a calentar la leche  
como si fuera el corazón.

### PER DANIELA NAZZARO

A te che non leggerai  
ma come ti racconto  
sulla tua sedia dalle ruote che non girano  
sulla tua testa che non, che non sta su  
e gli occhi ad indicare il nord e il sud  
il sud di quest'amore  
che non ha parole  
ma raccoglie con la mano  
la tua bava che cade  
che cade su un bavaglino  
dai cinquant'anni.

Dai cinquanta anni di silenzi.

### PARA DANIELA NAZZARO

A ti que no leerás  
pero cómo te cuento  
en tu silla de ruedas que no ruedan  
sobre tu cabeza que no, que no está arriba  
y los ojos a indicar el norte y el sur  
el sur de este amor  
que no tiene palabras

sino que recoge con la mano  
tu baba que cae  
que cae sobre un babero  
de cincuenta años  
Cincuenta años de silencios.

### DA MIGRANTE

L'emigrante lo riconosci  
perché anche sotto il sole del mezzogiorno  
disegna  
due ombre.

### DE EMIGRANTE

Al emigrante lo reconoces  
porque también bajo el sol del mediodía  
dibuja  
dos sombras.



### Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana

### أشوك شاكراڤارتي تولانا

Indian poet and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City (Telangana State, India). Composing poetry for the past 30 years, he has the rare distinction of 1500 of his poems getting selected for publication in various literary magazines, newspapers, journals, e-zines, anthologies etc. in no less than 90 countries in the world. He is also conferred with several prestigious national and international awards, that include four doctorates and quite a lot of laurels & commendations for his poetry contributions to promote universal peace, world brotherhood, environment consciousness, protection of nature, safeguarding children's Rights etc.

*Poète indian. À son actif s'inscrivent différents travaux, décorations, et activités culturelles.*  
شاعرٌ هندي. في رصيده أعمال وأوسمة وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### PATH OF ENLIGHTENMENT

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

The rise and fall in life is but very common  
Spirituality is but an upright phenomenon;  
It wields power to sweep all egoistic notions  
As well uproots the base of worldly passions.



Mere fulfillment of desires leaves us poorer  
They turn our successes into horrible failures;  
Self-imposed goals ignite fires for supremacy  
For the suffering lot we ignore to show mercy.

Having got paralyzed by the worldly delusions  
Steadfast Godly devotion is the honest option;  
It saves us from getting drowned in the whirl  
Where crocodiles in the guise of desires thrill.

The Omnipresent, The Most Mercy Incarnate,  
The Only One who can safely steer life's boat;  
He's the Rescuer Supreme and life's Charioteer  
Whoever trusts; indeed their obstacles disappear.

Let the fires of hatred be shunned, never fanned  
Let the tendency for wars and ruin, be tamed;  
Almighty thirsts for human love, mercy and care  
Service to humanity is service to God! Remember.

Devotional verses lead us to paths of enlightenment  
Yes, they are the fountains of all joys and delights.



**Au Yeung Hok Him (Solomon)**

**أو يونغ هوك هيم (سولومون)**

Chinese poet, named one of fifteen Young Poets by the poetry periodical "Shikan" (2018).  
With several writings and various cultural activities.

*Jeune poète chinois. À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits, des prix et des activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ صينيٌّ شابٌّ. في رصيده عددٌ من الكتابات والجوائز، إلى أنشطة ثقافيةٍ مختلفة.

## 車票/车票/TRAIN TICKETS

(النصُّ الكامل - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in traditional and simplified Chinese characters, then in English.*

《車票》

(In Traditional Chinese characters)

我行駛車路  
一票根輕然牽在手中  
拖拉著的  
是多少斤的思憶

深埋在美索不達米亞之遠  
肚子裏直鼓鼓作響的  
是每當靠站時  
漸近的希望

澹然  
集齊了一甲子的堅持  
漸變的車路守在那  
守在那曾緊緊牽過的  
但錯過了沿途

《车票》

(In Simplified Chinese characters)

我行驶车路  
一票根轻然牵在手中  
拖拉着的  
是多少斤的思忆

深埋在美索不达米亚之远  
肚子里直鼓鼓作响的  
是每当靠站时  
渐近的希望

澹然  
集齐了一甲子的坚持  
渐变的车路守在那  
守在那曾紧紧牵过的  
但错过了沿途

### TRAIN TICKETS

I walked the rails  
in the palms of ticketed stubs,  
dragging along  
was how seemingly light  
of those nostalgically overweighed tonnage  
deep-slept in a distanced Mesopotamian thought,  
drumming my belly  
& all of me, during the way  
whenever the boiling sounds  
touched down a familiar stop...  
there amplified a hope that came just another track closer  
from time to time,  
looking out of that same dusty glass,  
vowing a laminated persistence of now over half a century,  
just to contour some dated counts,  
to sustain the inflation, exponentially,  
as well as  
the best that I too often  
had missed out on that suppressing trail, bumping back home



**Beverly M. Collins**

**بيفيرلي إم. كولينز**

American poetess, author of the books, *Quiet Observations: Diary thought, Whimsy and Rhyme* and *Mud in Magic*. Her poems have also appeared in *California Quarterly*, *Poetry Speaks!* *A year of Great Poems and Poets*, *The Hidden and the Divine Female Voices in Ireland*, *The Journal of Modern Poetry*, *Spectrum*, *The Altadena Poetry Review* and many others. In 2012, she won a prize from the California State Poetry Society for her poem entitled *Uncle John Ames*. In 2015, she was nominated for both the Pushcart Prize and Best Independent American Poetry for her piece that appears in the Anthology entitled, *Rubicon: Words and Art Inspired by Oscar Wilde's De Profundis* and was very recently "short listed" for the 2018 Pangolin Review Poetry prize for her poem, "Shredded" and gained her 2<sup>nd</sup> Pushcart Prize nomination for her poem, "Ice."

*Poétesse américaine. Elle a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et des activités littéraires.*  
شاعرة أمريكية. في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورةٌ وجوائزٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ.

## PURPOSE/SEE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in English.*

## PURPOSE

*Accepted for publication in the Altadena Poetry Review.*

I am  
the broken arch in a foot  
that kept moving and found-  
the journey does not judge the  
traveler.

I am  
the big unmuted voice within small  
callings. A gritty note of music; that  
found-the piano does not judge the  
hands that stroke it.

I am  
A dislocated chill pushed equally from  
the shoulders of kings or beggars  
Who found-when blankets warm,  
they never judge the body they wrap.

I am  
blind purpose searching not for rashes  
upon skin, lumps from yesterday or bricks  
for tomorrow. I am here, like ready air and  
feed whatever lungs pull me into captivity.

## SEE

*Requested to be published in the upcoming 2019 LummoX 8 anthology.*

I see the Sunny Day...  
laughter at the breakfast table  
with a drink in hand ready to toast in  
the new day.

I see challenge's silhouette outside the  
door curtain. It's spindly hand rattles  
the crystal door knobs.

I see the scowl on worry's brow as it enters  
a room and carries the belief we are short on

21- Beverly M. Collins

١٢٤- بيفيرلي إم. كولينز

everything except anguish. It has no yeast  
to raise its cake.

Again, I see hope mop the area like a free  
maid in a delivery room. Knowing possibility  
is coming naked and screaming.



**Carolle Folloni**

**كارولي فلوني**

French poetess, born on November 9, 1984 (Nice, France). With ten published works since 2005 and various cultural activities.

*Poétesse française, née le 9 novembre 1984 à Nice (France). Titulaire d'un Master 2 de Lettres et du CAFEP, elle a travaillé dans le milieu associatif avant de devenir professeur certifiée en Lettres Modernes. Elle anime un atelier d'écriture, dix ouvrages publiés depuis 2005.*

شاعرة فرنسيّة، من مواليد التاسع من تشرين الثاني ١٩٨٤ (نيس، فرنسا). في رصيدها عشرة كتب منشورة منذ العام ٢٠٠٥، وأنشطة ثقافية متنوّعة.

## CULTURE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in French (Éditions Valrose).*

*ENSEMBLE XI*

CULTURE

L'Histoire révèle, enseigne

L'amour de la Sagesse pense, égrène

Les Arts retracent, expriment - Suprêmes

Architectures de la Culture

Qui se fonde et construit

Qui s'érige et bâtit

Qui s'édifie et établit

Notre Patrimoine

L'Éducation en témoigne -



### Cristina Bodlev

Young Moldovan poetess, born on October 31, 1997 (Cahul, Republic of Moldova). With writings and various cultural activities.

*Jeune poétesse moldavienne, née le 31 octobre 1996 à Cahul (Moldavie). À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرةٌ مُلدوفيةٌ، من مواليد الحادي والثلاثين من تشرين الأوّل ١٩٩٧ (كاهول، مُلدوفا). في رصيدها كتاباتٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ متنوّعة.

### كريستينا بودليف

## ARMONIE/HARMONY

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Moldovan and English.*

### ARMONIE

*Dacă-aş număra razele  
ce-ţi valsează,  
Prin părul tău,  
înger...  
Aş cădea epuizat  
pe braţele tale,  
Pe umerii tăi mici, firavi  
şi goi...  
Şi m-aş scărda în vis  
adânc,  
Lipit, îndrăgostit pe veci  
de tine...*

### HARMONY

If I were to count the rays  
that slip  
Through your hair,  
angel ...  
I would fall exhausted  
into your arms,

On your small, frail,  
bare shoulders ...  
And I would dive into  
a deep dream,  
Attached to you, eternally  
in love...



**Daouda Mboouobou**

**داودا مبوؤبوؤ**

Cameroonian lawyer, writer, poet, literary critic, lecturer and culture promoter. Winner of the Guillaume Apollinaire International Prize (2012) and the “Diplôme de la Francophonie” (Europoésie, 2017).

*Juriste, écrivain, poète, critique littéraire, conférencier et promoteur de culture camerounais. Lauréat du Prix International Guillaume Apollinaire (2012), et du Diplôme de la Francophonie (Europoésie, 2017).*

رجل قانون وكاتب وشاعر وناقد ومحاضر ومروّج ثقافة كاميروني. حائز جائزة غيوم أبولينير الدولية (٢٠١٢) وشهادة الفرنكوفونية (أوروبويزي، ٢٠١٧).

**YIRA FE/LOIN EST LE TEMPS**

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصّ الكامل)

*Poem and text in Bamum, with French translation.*

**YIRA FE**

Fe yaah, yira fe yaah  
Yira fe me pe ni lemtoum chi siche  
Yira fe meng pe chi nghame

Fe yaah, Yira fe yaah  
Febokèt ni yoone li  
Febokèt ni naah ti kwat

Fe yaah, yira fe yaah  
Na cha facheha me mon  
Koujù jehema me bokèt

## LOIN EST LE TEMPS

Loin est le temps  
Où je me réjouissais sans penser  
Il suffisait d'un clap ou d'un clic.

Loin est le temps  
Où la verdure luxuriante se prêtait au jeu  
C'était le temps des vifs pâturages.

Loin est le temps...  
Où ma mère me berçait  
Et l'aurore me réveillait

## GBIME NCHÒ' NCHA

Lyè' jù yira mè ndiè'. Mfòng pe ma nsyé. Ngou Ntare Ngou pi phoum cha. Mfòng ma' nsyé lò' ng-i. Ndheure kout. Ha ma' nsa' lhou'ou ywop.

Pwati yeun youa yeu a ti fana. Gou pwen pi yi mi mfòng ncha na ti ya' a wi. Ndi hawa, yi pa ya' chi chyéche yem ntem. Mfòng lou' i mbi ng- wari. Pwen pi phyep nkèng chi chyéche yem bi ntem.

A! meng ma me yeun ni yi. A pa chou mfòng ngaa nchò' ncha ntem ni dine paa kèt ncha. Pa Mam lou' i pa' mbwo.

– A! a pé vèru! Laa ngaa nchò' ncha chi ghèt cheyem.

– A pé vérou pwo.

Pwen pa' mbwo. A pa pi chou mòng lou' i game, mbyé ndheure. Pwen yem gn-arap ndjem men neuheu pep é ma si chi wine. Yé pi mbémi taa koupit. Pwen pyé ndjem mi, mvii i ngwo nkè.

– A ndi ne ncha ngoure, gbime ncha.

I ndeu're yié lamgot. Pwen nkhyémi ngwoni me se mfòng. Pwen li' pa mbwo. Mfòng fou i fe te nchit fa sà ngou ni pa membyé. Lichi khwo ti ngou chi mbo yé sabngam.

## LA PÊCHE MYSTÉRIEUSE

Ce jour arriva. Le roi était sur place. Toute la population des quatre coins du pays était rassemblée. Le roi donna le coup d'envoi et les compétiteurs s'activèrent donnant ainsi l'occasion à toutes autres supputations.

Nous allons voir ce que cela va donner. D'ailleurs tout le monde savait que le roi de la pêche n'allait en faire qu'une bouchée de ses concurrents.

Une heure, deux heures passèrent sans rien. Le roi intrigué commença à s'inquiéter. L'attente devenait longue.

Ah! On n'a jamais vu ça! (*Assistance*) Quand soudain le roi de la pêche sortit un des plus gros poissons. Les bamoun ont commencé à applaudir. Ah! Cela nous étonnait que le grand pêcheur ne fasse rien.



Cela nous aurait étonnés! La foule acclama le roi, quand un tout petit enfant se mit à crier et se mit à courir. Les gens se retournèrent et détournèrent leur regard sur un autre candidat, qui se débattait alors tant bien que mal avec sa canne à pêche qu'il ne voulait pour rien au monde lâcher et qui l'entraînait inexorablement vers la chute. L'assistance décida de lui prêter main forte, le saisit alors que l'eau l'entraînait déjà.

C'était un énorme poisson, un poisson extraordinaire qui brillait comme de l'or. On le porta en signe de triomphe et on le conduisit devant le roi. Le roi ouvrit les portes de son palais et lui offrit en récompense une partie de son royaume avec femme.

Son nom fit la une du pays et on en parlait désormais comme une légende.



### Debasish Lahiri

### دباسيش لاهيري

Indian poet. His poems have been widely published in journals like *The Journal of the Poetry Society of India*, *Muse-India*, *Indian Literature*, *Inkapture*, *The Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Weber: The Contemporary West*, *Six Seasons Review*, *Byword*, *The Punch Magazine* and *The French Literary Review* among others; in French translation in *Siècle 21*, *Europe*, *Recours au Poème & La Traductière*; and in Portuguese in *NERVO: Colectivo de Poesia*. His three books of poetry are: *First Will & Testament* (Writers Workshop, 2012), and *No Waiting like Departure* (Authors Press, 2016) which was shortlisted as one of the five best collections of that year by Scroll & India Today and *Tinder Tender: Poems of Love & Loitering* (Authors Press, 2018). His fourth book of poems, *Poppies in the Post & Other Poems*, is forthcoming in 2019 from Red River Press. A translation of his selected poetry in French, *Paysage sans Verbes*, is forthcoming from Editions APIC (France/Algeria) in 2019. He is also on the editorial boards of *Postcolonial Text*, *South Asian Review*, *The Riveraine Muse* and *Gitanjali & Beyond* (Scottish Centre for Tagore Studies), and a reviewer and regular contributor to the 'Life & Letters' column of *The Statesman* newspaper.

*Poète indien. Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ هنديّ. في رصيده عددٌ من الكتب المنشورة، إلى أنشطة ثقافية متنوّعة.

## THE BODY'S SECOND COMING

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

Many centuries slept  
 When you slept,  
 With eyes turned inwards,  
 Enjoying vignettes of your body's history.  
 Meanwhile the world  
 Hid its ashes  
 Till I found them one day:  
 Skeletons of flowers;  
 The mystery of moths  
 That killed themselves  
 In one closed volume;  
 Friendless vows in flawed letters,  
 I found them all.

Many centuries desired you  
 And buried their dead,  
 Till I died in your sleep  
 To plunder the burial-chamber of desire.  
 My gain is your desire's body  
 As it shall now come:  
 My solitude's second coming.



### Devshree Tiwari

### دفشري تيواري

Young Indian poetess and freelance writer, with writings and various cultural activities.  
*Jeune poétesse et rédactrice pigiste indienne. À son actifs s'inscrivent des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة هندية شابة، وكتبة حرّة، في رصيدها كتابات وأنشطة ثقافية متنوّعة.

### LAPIS LAZULI...

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

As I glide above the milky cascade  
 Draped around those amethyst hills  
 Azure above smudges with amber  
 and bows before embracing earth

Running swathes of emerald and jade  
 festooned with smiling daisies  
 lavender smelling deity of wind  
 propel my flightless harpy wings

A pearl nimbus on the shore ahead  
 beckoning with its ruby eyes  
 familiar is its gracious sway  
 feathery wings, neck craned to the sky

I hover above to delay  
 The end of my glorious flight  
 Then perch on a carnelian petal  
 and watch the swan as it lay  
 A lapis lazuli  
 With a shape of an egg  
 The swan then tilts its head to me  
 As it looks, my eyes get hooked  
 I drift inside, the ruby eyes.

The shore is gone, I lay alone  
 On a bed of diamonds by the cascade  
 My heart is warm I move my arm  
 To feel the lapis resting on my chest.

As I glide above the milky cascade  
 Draped around those amethyst hills  
 My heart spew hues, my shadow is blue  
 The moon woos night by its soft serenade



### Duan Guang'an

### دوان غوانجان

Chinese poet and scientific worker, born in 1956 (Tianjin, China). Chairman of the Association of Tianjin Lu Li Study, vice-director and secretary general of Tianjin July Poetry Society, associate managing editor of *Tianjin Poets*, and a member of the Chinese Writers Association. He has published over 600 poems on newspapers and periodicals including *Poetry Periodical*, *Selected Poems*, *The Star Poetry Periodical*, *The Forest of Poetry*, *Digest*, and *Xinhua Wenzhai* (or *New China Digest*), etc. He has published two

collections of poems: *The Poems of Duan Guang'an* and *Selected Poems of Duan Guang'an*. He has won several prizes for his poems, some of which have been included into various poetry anthologies and, some have been translated into English, Russian, Arabic, Romanian and Italian, etc.

*Poète chinois travaillant dans le domaine scientifique, né en 1956 à Tianjin (Chine). Ayant publié des livres, il a été traduit en plusieurs langues.*

شاعرٌ صينيٌّ يعملُ في المجال العلميّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٥٦ في تيانجين (الصين). في رصيده كتبٌ منشورةٌ، وقد ترجمَ إلى لغاتٍ عديدة.

## 我们这些石头/THESE STONES

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in Chinese with English translation by Zhang Zhizhong.*

我们这些石头  
 山坡上  
 棱角分明的石头  
 相互熟识像村娃  
 突发山洪  
 随泥石流滚下  
 汇入江流  
 冲刷  
 冲刷  
 冲刷  
 分不清彼此  
 变得同样圆滑  
 我们这些石头  
 砸开依旧棱角锋利  
 不信你砸

## THESE STONES

The hillside is interspersed  
 With sharp and angular stones  
 Who are familiar with each other like village boys  
 An unexpected mountain torrent  
 Engulfs them in a debris flow  
 Which flows downward into rivers  
 Rushing  
 Rushing  
 Rushing

Until they are same and similar  
Smooth and slick  
Yet these stones still retain  
Their sharpness which reveals  
Upon breaking

残碑

残碑是断臂老人  
冷漠  
而风骨犹存  
笔锋  
像胡子一样苍劲  
再激昂的演讲  
也打动不了他  
历史在他身边玩耍  
只是一瞬

STONE TABLET

The stone tablet is an old man with broken arms  
Indifferent  
Yet his grace and vigor persists  
The tip of a writing brush  
Is bold and vigorous like the beard  
Any impassioned speech  
Fails to move him  
History plays about him  
A mere instant



Eduardo Moreno Alarcón

إدواردو مورينو ألكون

Spanish novelist and short-story writer, born in 1974 (La Roda, Albacete, Spain). With published books, prizes and various cultural activities.

*Romancier et nouvelliste espagnol, né en 1974 à La Roda (Albacete, Espagne). À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

روائي وقاص إسرائيلي، من مواليد العام ١٩٧٤ في لارودا (إسبانيا). في رصيده كتب منشورة وجوائز وأنشطة ثقافية متنوعة.

## DAMA DE OTOÑO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النص الكامل)

*Text in Spanish.*

Yo era entonces un chaval. Quizá por eso mis recuerdos tengan un tamiz exagerado y fantasioso. Ya se sabe que la infancia es un periodo en que los ojos ven la vida diferente, acaso más intensa. A veces —al echar la vista atrás— he dudado de mis propias percepciones. Razones de adulto. Explicaciones varias. Mas hay huellas indelebles en el alma, imposibles de borrar por un cerebro ya maduro. ¿A qué tanto empeño en no asumir el desconcierto? Hablo, claro está, de ciertas impresiones que se graban en la mente más profunda, en el fondo de un pequeño corazón.

Muchos años me separan de aquel niño que un día fui. De la tierra y el paisaje al que no he vuelto desde el día del entierro de mi madre. ¡Qué frío me resulta el columbario, la imagen congelada de las tumbas! Ahora que ellos —mis padres— ya no están, apenas intercambio una llamada ocasional, intrascendente con mis hermanos. La pantalla táctil se llena, eso es cierto, de mensajes y palabras siempre vacuas.

Casi nunca tengo tiempo de pensar. La ciudad me sedujo y me atrapó. Yo me dejé cazar, y jugué a ser feliz. Voy y vengo. Trabajo, hago planes, sudo en el gimnasio, soy fiel, finjo interés, miento a veces, codicio el puesto de otros, sus coches y salarios, fantaseo en los descansos...y algunas noches sueño.

Otras ocasiones, muy pocas, me emborracho. Y entonces me miro con asco, con desprecio. Me pregunto quién soy y una foto antigua —el gesto apenado de un niño— me responde.

Esta tarde oscura me acompaña un libro, también la copa y la botella. Cristina y los niños están fuera. Mi mujer es una buena persona, pero es demasiado racional. Le gusta vivir bien. Ordenadamente, sin sobresaltos. Aunque gana más que yo, me exige (en cláusulas no escritas) seguridad financiera y conyugal. Yo cumplo las normas, o al menos lo intento. No discutimos. Últimamente no hacemos el amor.

La primavera de mi vida quedó atrás. Como las hojas de esos plátanos enhiestos que flanquean la avenida, yo también me arrugo y me marchito cada otoño, cada día, cada hora. ¿Qué pensarán esos árboles en medio del asfalto y el tráfico? Ninguna tierra acogerá sus hojas muertas. Hasta el viento entenderá lo estéril de su aliento, la abulia de vehículos y gentes, el tráfigo perpetuo y egoísta.

La ginebra me muestra una cara diferente. Perdí la magia, sí. Perdí mis raíces, cierto. Huí de mí mismo y me convertí en un ser de plástico y metal. Cumplidor, anónimo urbanita, nostálgico del niño que una tarde abandoné.

Más lúcido que nunca, dejé la copa a medias. Me puse el chándal y, sintiéndome ridículo, me fui al parque a caminar, tal vez a correr, no sé si a huir una vez más. Cristina y los niños cenarían con Mercedes, mi suegra, un calco de su hija.

Hacía frío. A ratos lloviznaba. Había muy poca gente a aquellas horas en el parque. Apagué el móvil y me sentí más ligero. Liberado de un peso inasible. Aquí sí, el viento no sentía vergüenza, tenía sentido y azotaba mi piel dura y el ocaso de noviembre.

El aire humedecido penetraba en mis pulmones, desahogaba la opresión artificial de la gran urbe. Casi humano, más cerca de la carne y de los huesos, abandoné el asfalto y, sin rumbo, caminé sobre una senda terrosa. Mis canas se tiñeron de repente con sonrisas y memorias del ayer. Rescaté al niño que jugaba en las afueras (al fútbol, al gua o las chapas), al héroe que trepaba hacia las copas de los pinos defendido de atacantes invisibles...

Volví al misterio de la infancia. Al recuerdo de un verano interminable y sofocante. A la joven que una tarde llegó al pueblo; la chica sin memoria que acogimos en la casa por un tiempo.

Lo decían las noticias. En la tele, en la radio, en los bares y en la plaza. No se hablaba de otra cosa. El verano se alargaba y se alargaba. Ni rastro del otoño. Faltaban veinte días para Nochebuena y el estío proseguía. Sacaron en andas a la Virgen y las calles se colmaron de plegarias. Mi padre, hombre cabal, receló de rogativas. «¡Esto es obra del demonio!», mascullaba a todas horas. No así mi madre, que rezaba día y noche. Y en esto apareció aquella muchacha pelirroja. Se coló en nuestro universo —diminuto— y lo puso patas arriba.

Nada más verla, mis hermanos y yo nos disputamos su cuidado como fieras. Así, de la noche a la mañana, comenzaron las peleas intestinas. Y no era de extrañar: jamás he vuelto a ver una criatura tan hermosa. Ahí supe, por vez primera, lo que era el insomnio. Las quimeras infantiles de un amor imposible, bisoño y primerizo.

La chica parecía enferma, confusa y extraviada. Guardó cama unos días. Enseguida cobró fuerzas y, con sonrisa triste, capeó el bombardeo de preguntas.

Una noche de diciembre, abiertas las ventanas de par en par, nos dejó patidifusos con su insólita aventura. Habló de bosques y conjuros, de luces y de sombras, de seres primitivos y del robo de una bolsa en que guardaba su varita y sus hechizos.

Una vez, hace ya tiempo, quise contarles a mis hijos esta historia. Abrir mi corazón y la coraza que me encierra. Más pendientes de sus juegos virtuales —la vida resumida en un rectángulo—, apenas me prestaron atención. Un muro de plasma nos aislaba para siempre. Nada dije a Cristina, por supuesto. Perdí toda esperanza; me resigné a enterrar la magia.

De crío me gustaba ir a cazar. (Tampoco he compartido nunca esto, pues entonces el cazado sería yo). Mi padre me metió aquel gusanillo. Abierta la veda, salíamos al monte los domingos —furgoneta, escopetas, la cesta con tortilla, el zurrón y dos perrillos—. Una cálida mañana abatimos tres perdices, dos liebres y una bestezuela; un ser deforme, barbado y orejudo que —lo supimos al llegar a su altura— aferraba entre sus garras una faltriquera.

Como buenos cristianos, enterramos al ladrón bajo una encina.

Regresamos al ocaso con las piezas y un palpito halagüeño. Había radios encendidas, voces agudas en los patios. Locutores deportivos amagaban con infartos fulminantes. Mi padre extrajo la bolsita y la tendió a la muchacha. Ésta, radiante de sorpresa y entusiasmo, lanzó un grito agudo de alegría.

Aquella misma noche, la ninfa tornó al bosque. Con su marcha entró el otoño más hermoso que recuerdo. El más largo e intenso. Ahíto de magia y belleza, pues las hadas del invierno y primavera concedieron una tregua excepcional.

Jamás he vuelto a verla, pero sé que sigue viva, que mi infancia no está muerta. La siento cada otoño renacer.



### Ester Cecere

### إستر شيشيره

Italian poetess, born on April 30, 1958 (Taranto, Italy). Researcher at the National Council of Research (marine biology department), she is married and mother of two sons. With five published poetry books and various cultural activities.

*Poétesse italienne, née le 30 avril 1958 à Taranto (Italie). Elle a à son actif cinq recueils publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة إيطالية، من مواليد الثلاثين من نيسان ١٩٥٨ (تارنتو، إيطاليا). في رصيدها خمسة كتب منشورة، إلى أنشطة ثقافية متنوعة.

### LA PELLE È UN VESTITO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Italian, with English version by the poetess. French and German versions by Emily Carlizzi. Romanian version by Lidia Popa. Spanish version by Antonio Nazzaro (NNLP). Arabic version by an anonymous person, revised by Naji Naaman.*

### LA PELLE È UN VESTITO

Chiaro punteggiato da efelidi,  
s'indossa fra nordici fiordi,  
profuma d'abeti innevati,  
si tinge di boreali colori.

Mediterranee le genti,  
usano quello olivastro.  
Ricorda gli ulivi maestosi,  
la secca e brulla campagna,  
lucertole negli anfratti ombrosi.

Tanti lo portano ambrato,  
a volte tendente al marrone.  
E' spolverato  
di soffice sabbia dal ghibli,  
di rossa arenaria di templi,  
di gocciolate aeree d'atolli.



Nero lo indossano in molti,  
 lucido o opaco sui volti,  
 da bianche perle illuminato  
 s'ispira all'ebano pregiato.  
 E' adatto a gialle savane,  
 a imponenti sacri baobab.

Protegge il vestito,  
 scattanti o deboli muscoli,  
 di cartilagini e tendini intrecci,  
 di vene lo stesso dedalo,  
 che il sangue convogliano al cuore.

Sempre  
 rosso è del sangue il colore.  
 Sempre  
 salato è delle lacrime il sapore.

Qualunque sia del vestito il colore...

### THE SKIN IS A DRESS

When it is pale and by ephelis spotted  
 it is worn among Nordic fiords,  
 it smells of high snow firs,  
 it is painted by boreal colors.

Mediterranean people  
 put on the olive dress.  
 It reminds superb olive trees,  
 the dry and bare countryside,  
 lizards in sheltered recesses.

Some people wear the amber dress  
 which sometimes may also be brownish.  
 It is sprayed of desert sand by Ghibli.  
 It is sprinkled by air drops from atolls.  
 It is spattered by temple red sandstone.

Many persons use the black dress.  
 It may be shiny or mat on the face.  
 It is brightened by white pearls.  
 It is inspired to precious ebony.  
 It is suitable to yellow savannas.  
 It is suitable to superb holy baobab.

The dress always protects  
 rippling or weak muscles,  
 networks of cartilages and tendons,

the same maze of veins  
which convey the blood to the heart.

Blood is always red.  
Tears are always salty.

Whatever the dress color is.

### LA PEAU EST UNE ROBE

*Claire, parsemée d'éphélides,  
elle se porte entre les fjords du nord,  
sent les sapins enneigés,  
c'est teintée des couleurs boréales.*

*Les peuples méditerranéens,  
utilisent l' olive.  
elle nous rappelle les oliviers majestueux,  
la campagne sèche et aride,  
et le lézards dans les gorges ombragées.*

*Plusieurs la portent ambrée,  
parfois tendant à brunir.  
Elle est dépoussiéré  
de sable doux du ghibli,  
de grès rouge des temples,  
de gouttelettes aériennes d'atolls.*

*Plusieurs la portent noire,  
brillante ou opaque sur les visages,  
par des perles blanches éclairée  
elle est inspirée par l'ébène précieux.  
Elle s'adapte aux savanes jaunes,  
àux baobabs imposants et sacrés.*

*la robe protège,  
muscles vifs ou faibles,  
cartilages et tendons entrelacés,  
le même dédale des veines  
que le sang transmette au coeur.*

*Toujours  
le rouge est la couleur du sang.  
Toujours  
le goût des larmes il est salé.*

*Quelle que soit la couleur de la robe ...*

### DIE HAUT IST EIN KLEID

*Klar mit Epheliden übersät,  
er trägt nordische Fjorde,  
riecht nach verschneiten Tannen,  
es ist mit nordischen Farben gefärbt.*

*Mittelmeerische Menschen,  
Sie benutzen den Olivenbraun.  
Erinnere dich an die majestätischen Olivenbäume,  
die trockene und karge Landschaft,  
Eidechsen in schattigen Schluchten.*

*Viele tragen es Bernstein,  
manchmal zu braun neigen.  
Es ist abgestaubt  
aus weichem Sand vom Ghibli,  
aus rotem Sandstein von Tempeln,  
von Lufttröpfchen von Atollen.*

*Schwarz tragen sie es in vielen,  
glänzend oder matt auf den Gesichtern,  
aus weiß beleuchteten Perlen  
es ist von edlem Ebenholz inspiriert.  
Es ist geeignet für gelbe Savannen,  
zu heiligen Baobabs.*

*Schützt das Kleid,  
bissige oder schwache Muskeln,  
Knorpel und Sehnen verweben,  
von Adern das gleiche Labyrinth  
die das Blut zum Herzen führen.*

*Immer  
Rot ist die Farbe von Blut.  
Immer  
der Geschmack von Tränen ist salzig.*

*Egal welche Farbe das Kleid hat...*

### PIELEA ESTE O ROCHIE

*punctată clar cu pistrui,  
se poartă între fiorduri nordice,  
miroase a brazi ninși,  
este colorată în culori nordice.*

*Oamenii mediteraneeni,  
folosesc acel măsliniu.  
Amintesc de măslinii maiestuoși,  
ariile rurale uscate și goale,  
șopârle în chei umbroase.*

*Mulți îl poartă de culoarea chihlimbarului,  
uneori tinde să devină maroniu.  
Este prăfuit  
de nisip moale de la ghiblii,  
din gresia roșie a templelor,  
de picături aeriene de atoli.*

*Negrul îl poartă mai mulți,  
strălucitor sau mat pe chipuri,  
de perle albe iluminat  
este inspirat de abanosul prețios.  
Potrivit pentru savanele galbene,  
a impunătorilor baobabi sacri.*

*Protejează rochia,  
mușchii accentuați sau slabi,  
din cartilagini și tendoane intercalate,  
din venele aceluiași labirint,  
ce transmite sângele către inimă.*

*Mereu  
roșu este de culoarea sângeului.  
Mereu  
sărat are gustul lacrimilor.*

*Oricare ar fi culoarea rochiei ...*

### LA PIEL ES UN VESTIDO

Claro punteado de efélides,  
se viste entre nórdicos fiordos,  
perfuma de abetos nevados,  
se tiñe de boreales colores.

Mediterráneas las gentes,  
utilizan la aceitunada.  
Recuerda los olivos majestuosos,  
la seca y la yerma campiña,  
lagartijas en los recovecos sombrosos.

Muchos lo llevan ambarino,  
a veces que tiende al marrón.  
Está empolvado  
de suaves arenas por el lebeche,  
de roja arenaria de templos,  
de gotitas aéreas de atolones.

Negro lo visten muchos,  
lúcido u opaco en los rostros,  
por blanca perlas iluminado  
se inspira en el ébanopreciado.  
Es apto para amarillas sabanas,  
para imponentes sagrados baobab.

Protege el vestido,  
veloces o débiles músculos,  
de cartílagos y tendones entrelazamientos,  
de venas el mismo dédalo,  
que la sangre encauzan al corazón.

Siempre  
rojo es de la sangre el color.

Siempre  
salado es el sabor de las lágrimas.

Cualquiera que sea del vestido el color...

### الجلدُ هو اللباس

أكانَ شاحبًا أم ملوَّنًا بالنَّمشِ  
هو لباسٌ يَرتديه الأوروبيون في الشَّمالِ،  
برائحة شجر التنوب والتَّج،  
مرسومة بألوان الشَّمالِ.

النَّاسُ في دول المتوسَّطِ  
يَرتدون ثوبَ الزَّيتونِ،  
ليقونة زيتونيَّة رائعة،  
منتشرة في الرِّيفِ وسُهوله.

بعض النَّاسِ يَرتدون العنبر بَلونٍ مائلٍ إلى البُنِّيِّ في بعض الأحيان،  
فيه رائحة من الرَّمالِ الصَّحراويَّة، وقطرات الهواء من الجزر المرجانيَّة،  
تمرُّ عبر معبد الحجر الأحمر.

كثيرٌ من النَّاسِ يَرتدون الأسود، يلمعُ على الوجه، يُغَطِّيهِ؛  
لا يسطعُ إلا باللؤلؤ الأبيض،  
مُستوحَى من خشب الأبنوس الثَّمين،  
يُناسبُ السَّافانا الصَّقراء، وشجر البواباب المقدَّس.

الثَّوبُ يَحمي دائماً عضلاتنا الضَّعيفة المترهِّلة  
وما تحتها من عُضاريف وأوتار،  
إنها متاهة الأوردة التي تنقلُ الدَّم إلى القلب.

ولكن يبقى النَّمُّ أحمرَ على الدَّوام،  
والثَّموغُ تبقى مالحةً مهما كان لونُ ما نلبس.



**Florentina Chifu**

**فلورنتينا شيفو**

Romanian poetess, born on September 23, 1962 (Bucharest, Romania). With published books and various cultural activities.

*Poétesse roumaine, née le 23 septembre 1962 à Bucarest (Roumanie). Professeuse dans l'enseignement primaire dans le cadre du Collège National «Mihai Eminescu» Bucarest, membre de l'Union des Écrivains de Roumanie (Filiale de littérature pour les enfants et les jeunes), coordonnatrice et chef du Choeur des Enfants «Clopoteii Veseli». Elle a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرةٌ رومانيَّة، من مواليد الثَّالث والعشرين من أيلول ١٩٦٢ في بوخارست (رومانيا). في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورةٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيَّة.

**RUGĂ PENTRU NATURĂ/PRIÈRE POUR LA NATURE**(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)*Poem in Romanian and French.***RUGĂ PENTRU NATURĂ**

Îngerul meu cu voce măiastră  
 Peste păduri zboară-n zarea albastră.  
 Vino la geam, mă binecuvântă!  
 Și la fereastră o pasăre cântă.

Îngerul meu cu rază-aurie  
 E-un curcubeu rătăcit pe câmpie.  
 Vino în taină, mă luminează!  
 Și în grădină un flutur veghează.

Îngerul meu cu blândă aripă  
 Trece oceanul cu valuri de-o clipă.  
 Vino senin, cu mine plutește!  
 Și un delfin peste val se ivește.

Când peste câmp, grădină sau ape  
 Fluturi, delfini, păsări vor fi aproape,  
 Nu le răpi fărâma de viață!  
 Poate că-s îngeri ce lumea răsfață.

**PRIÈRE POUR LA NATURE**

Mon ange à la voix enchantée  
 Vole au-dessus des bois bleutés  
 Viens me bénir, lui dis-je  
 Et à ma fenêtre le chant d'un oiseau s'érige.

Mon ange à rayon doré  
 Est un arc-en-ciel égaré dans les prés.  
 Viens en secret pour m'enluminer !  
 Et dans le jardin un papillon se met à veiller.

Mon ange aux ailes de velours  
 Traverse l'océan aux vagues qui courent.  
 Viens pour planer serein avec moi !  
 Et dans les vagues apparaît un dauphin.

Et lorsque sur les champs, les jardins et les eaux  
 Papillons, dauphins et oiseaux se rassembleront,  
 Ne tue pas en eux le petit grain de vie,  
 Car ce sont des anges qui au monde sourient.



## Gérard Adam

## جيرار آدام

Belgian physician and writer, born on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1946 (Onhaye, Namur province, Belgium). With published books, awards and various cultural activities.

*Médecin et homme de lettres belge, né le 1<sup>er</sup> janvier 1946 à Onhaye (Province de Namur, Belgique). Séjour au Congo belge 1952-54. Dans le cadre de l'École Royale du Service Médical de l'Armée: études de médecine à l'Université de Liège et à l'Université Libre de Bruxelles (diplômé en 1971). Formation complémentaire en acupuncture (AFA, Paris, 1980-1983), certificat de médecine des catastrophes (ULB, 1989). Médecin militaire de 1971 à 1998. Trois années de coopération technique au Zaïre (actuelle République Démocratique du Congo, 1973-1976). Quatre années (1971-1973 et 1977-1979) en Allemagne. Durant dix-neuf ans médecin chef de l'École Royale Militaire (1979-1997). Médecin tropicaliste de l'Antenne Chirurgicale d'Intervention Rapide de 1979 à 1993. Co-fondateur du Groupe professionnel militaire d'Amnesty International Belgique. Participation à l'opération Kolwezi en 1978. Plusieurs missions au Rwanda. Participation à la Force de Protection des Nations Unies en Bosnie en 1994. Parallèlement, pratique de l'acupuncture, et enseignement de l'acupuncture à Paris et Anvers. Médecin-conseil aux Mutualités Socialistes du Brabant de 1998 à 2006. Actuellement retraité. Co-fondateur en 2007 et responsable depuis 2010 des éditions M.E.O. Membre d'Amnesty International Belgique, de la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme et du Pen-Club de Belgique francophone. Depuis 1988, publication d'une production littéraire forte d'une quinzaine de titres. Notamment, prix NCR (AT&T) 1989 pour «L'Arbre blanc dans la Forêt noire» et prix Emma Martin 2013 pour «De l'existence de dieu(x) dans le tram 56»; finaliste du prix Rossel en 1992, à deux reprises du prix de la nouvelle Radio-France-Internationale, du Prix Gros Sel en 2009 et du Prix du Parlement de la Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles en 2012.*

طبيب، وكاتب بلجيكي، من مواليد الأول من كانون الثاني ١٩٤٦ في أوناي (مقاطعة نامور، بلجيكا). في رصيده عدد من الكتب، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## L'ARBRE BLANC DANS LA FORÊT NOIRE

(extracts - *extraits* - extractos - *مقتطفات*)

*Text in French.*

Gérard Adam, "L'arbre blanc dans la forêt noire", Prix NCR-AT&T.

Dès l'entrée, je remarque une vieille aux cheveux jaunâtres, demi-nue, qui halète, le dos appuyé contre la tête du lit, calée tant bien que mal par des coussins auxquels s'agrippent deux bras filiformes.

– Décompensation cardiaque terminale! Elle est arrivée cette nuit de Kota-Katembe, quinze kilomètres, ses fils l'ont portée sur un brancard. Ils auraient mieux fait de la laisser mourir au village!



Elle veut passer outre, mais la pauvre chose trouve la force d'une supplication dans son regard éteint. Je ne puis m'empêcher de lui prendre le poignet, précautionneux, comme s'il allait se briser. Une gale suintante laboure la peau cornée. Pouls emballé, fin cheveu tendu au fond de la gouttière radiale. Cent vingt, cent trente? Ventre dilaté par l'ascite.

Un stagiaire me passe son stéthoscope. Gros cœur, souffles à tous les foyers, stase dans une bonne moitié des poumons. Je soulève le pagne, qui dissimule des jambes ravagées, œdémateuses, avec un ulcère torpide. La feuille de température indique trente-huit; comme traitement, un seul comprimé de digitaline.

– Ma Sœur, je pense qu'il faudrait ponctionner l'ascite.

Elle me fixe, et je n'arrive pas à déchiffrer un regard qu'elle détourne bientôt, pour s'adresser au stagiaire, à qui je viens de rendre le stétho.

– Tu as entendu, Kiaku? Tu prépareras un plateau.

– En attendant, peut-on injecter deux ampoules de Digoxine et deux de Lasix ? En intraveineux?

– Deux, vous croyez?

Crispée. Je prends ma voix la plus miel pour atténuer le choc.

– Oui, ma Sœur, deux maintenant et deux autres vers vingt heures.

Elle a blêmi. Ces doses de cheval doivent heurter ses habitudes héritées du temps héroïque des premiers cardiotoniques. Mais elle se ressaisit.

– Docteur, pourriez-vous l'inscrire sur la feuille de température? Les infirmiers ne sont pas habitués, voyez-vous...

Déjà, Kiaku revient avec la seringue. Je sens qu'il vaut mieux injecter moi-même ; la vieille paraît endormie, qu'elle ne vienne pas à claquer! Je serre le garrot qu'on me tend; peau si fine au coude que l'aiguille s'enfonce quasi sans pression... Juste un petit cri lorsque je la retire.

Nous sortons en silence. Le ciel est une eau cristalline, bleutée par une transparence insondable; l'ascension du soleil y fore sa trouée incandescente, qu'auréole un tressaillement de vapeur ambrée. Entre l'astre et le sol recuit s'établit un dialogue de maître à esclave, la latérite renvoyant en ondes de chaleur le trop-plein de rayons qu'elle ne peut absorber. Je suffoque, mes paupières se crispent malgré moi, je dois bander ma volonté pour ne pas tituber.



### Hasier Agirre

### هازيه أغيره

Spanish aphorist and translator, born in 1976 (Basque Country, Spain). Philologist, he works in the Department of Culture of the Basque Government. In the literary field, he has won twice the aphorism championship of the UVP (University of the Basque Country) and has published a single book entitled "Zaharrak aberri". Dedicated himself more fully to the

translation of aphorisms into Basque, focusing on authors such as Valeriu Butulescu (Hareazko Oasiak) or Žarko Petan (Aforismoak). Has also translated the anthology of aphorisms against war published by the Circle of Aphorists of Belgrade.

*Aphoriste et traducteur espagnol, né en 1976 au Pays Basque (Espagne). À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits, des traductions et des activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ حِكْمٌ ومترجمٌ إسبانيٌّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٧٦ في بلاد الباسك (إسبانيا). في رصيده كتاباتٌ وترجماتٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ مُتنوّعةٌ.

## APHORISMS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Texts in Euskara and Spanish.*

Suizidio-estatistikak sustoz hil ez gaitezen ezkututzen dira

*Las estadísticas de suicidio se esconden para que no muramos del susto.*

Hizkuntza batean murgiltzen ez dena berehala itotzen da.

*El que no se sumerge en una lengua, se ahoga en seguida.*

Ba al dago, egun, eskukoa baino telefono finkoagorik?

*¿Hay hoy en día teléfono más fijo que el móvil?*

Politikari kaskarrak agintean usteltzen dira; pattalenak, ordea, ustelduta iristen dira.

*Los políticos mediocres se corrompen en el poder, pero los perores llegan ya corrompidos.*

Klon bat bagenu, berarekin haserretuko ginateke.

*Si tuviéramos un clon, nos enfadaríamos con él.*

Ikuspegi merkearen ondorio garestia da mertzenarioa.

*El mercenario es la cara consecuencia de un punto de vista pobre.*

Kontuz! Burdinazko eskuek agindu dezakete eskularruak jantzita.

*¡Cuidado! Las manos de hierro también pueden llevar guantes.*

Gaitz sendaezina: gu baino indartsuagoa den gure ahulezia.

*La enfermedad incurable: una debilidad nuestra más fuerte que nosotros.*

Ez da harritzekoa Interneten erradikalizatzea. Militarren asmakizuna da.

*No es de extrañar que la gente se radicalice en Internet. Es un invento militar.*



## Hélène Cardona

## هيلين كاردونا

American French Spanish poetess, writer, translator and actress, born in Paris (France). Served as a Judge for the 2017 Jacar Press Full Length Competition, the 2016 PEN Center USA Translation Award, the 2015 Writer's Digest Challenge, and the 2014 Rabindranath Tagore Award. She volunteered as a Mentor for AWP's Writer-to-Writer program. She co-edits *Plume* and *Fulcrum: An Anthology of Poetry and Aesthetics*. She is English Language Cultural Editor of *Levure Littéraire*, contributing Editor to *Cervena Barva Press* and Editorial Advisor of *Envision Earth Magazine*. Studied English Philology and Literature in Cambridge, England; Spanish at the International Universities of Santander and Baeza, Spain; and German at the Goethe Institute in Bremen, Germany. She attended Hamilton College, New York, where she also taught French and Spanish, and the Sorbonne, Paris, where she wrote her thesis on Henry James for her master's in American Literature. She worked as a translator/interpreter for the Canadian Embassy in Paris and taught at the École Active Bilingue in Paris and at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. She is the recipient of numerous awards and honors. Her books include three bilingual poetry collections and four translations. She also writes children stories and co-wrote with John FitzGerald the screenplay *Primate*, based on his novel.

*Poétesse, écrivaine, traductrice et actrice américo-franco-espagnole, née à Paris (France). À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وكاتبة ومترجمة وممثلة أمريكية فرنسية إسبانية، من مواليد باريس (فرنسا). في رصيدها عددٌ من الكتب المنشورة، والجوائز، والأنشطة الثقافية المتنوعة.

## DANCING THE DREAM/夢を舞う

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in English, with Japanese version by Mariko Sumikura (NNLP).*

### DANCING THE DREAM

*This is a story of flight,  
a story of roots,  
a story of grace.*

*I am the wandering child.  
Every journey knows a secret destination.  
I'll find my way without a map, rely  
on memory embedded in my mother's embrace  
on stormy nights at the foot of the Alps.  
I'll find home in the heart  
of a rose, retrieve my soul,  
anchored in the still point*

*where psyche rests,  
 the presence of mystery so luminous  
 I'm infused with its essence.  
 I walk the labyrinth, let  
 go of confined desires.  
 I rip the vine intertwined around  
 the umbilical, liberate the letters of  
 my name. They soar above the ocean  
 for the falcon to reclaim.  
 I'm dancing the dream  
 on the brink of barren ravaged realms.  
 From volcanic pumice and pure clay  
 I reap scrumptious blossoms of love,  
 earth's sweet and savory ambrosia.*

### 夢を舞う

これは飛ぶお話  
 根のお話  
 たしなみのお話  
 わたしは迷い子だ  
 どの旅も秘密の目的地がある  
 地図なしに道を見つけよう  
 アルプスのふもとで嵐の夜  
 母の腕のなかで深く根づいた記憶をたよりに  
 こころのなかにわたしの魂を救う  
 バラ咲く家を見つけよう  
 こころを整える  
 静かなところで投錨した  
 神秘の存在は発光している  
 わたしにはそのエキスがただよっている  
 迷路をあるく  
 内にこもった欲心を駆けさせよ  
 へその緒にまきついた蔓をひきちぎり  
 わたしの名前の文字から  
 自由になる それは大洋上に上昇し  
 馴らしたタカとなる  
 わたしは荒廃した王国の殺風景な崖のうえで  
 夢を舞っている  
 噴火の軽くて混じりけのない土から  
 わたしは美味な愛の花を手に入れる  
 地球の甘く香り高い神々の食べ物を



## Huguette Bertrand

## أوغيت برتران

Canadian poetess and editor, born in Sherbrooke (Québec, Canada). She has published 38 poetry books. Her poems were also published in many poetry journals and anthologies in Canada, France, U.S.A., Romania, India and on many websites the last 20 years. She participated to poetry shows, book shows, exhibition of her poetry on photos in Québec and in France, gave workshops in Québec and France. She is the representative of the international movement Imagine & Poesia in Canada and editor of anthologies for this said group.

*Poétesse canadienne, née à Sherbrooke (Québec, Canada). Elle a publié 38 livres de poésie. Ses poèmes ont paru dans plusieurs revues et anthologies, au Canada, France, États Unis d'Amérique, Roumanie et sur plusieurs sites web ces 20 dernières années. Elle a participé à des récitals, salons de livres, expositions de sa poésie sur photos au Québec et en France, et animé des ateliers de poésie au Québec et en France. Elle est la représentante canadienne du mouvement international Imagine & Poesia, Turin, et collabore à l'édition d'anthologies pour ce mouvement.*

شاعرة كندية، من مواليد شيربروك (كيبك، كندا). في رصيدها أعمال كثيرة، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## SCÈNE DE NUIT/NIGHT SCENERY

(full text - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in French and English.*

### SCÈNE DE NUIT

Une scène de nuit  
est une oeuvre grandiose  
se déploie en silence  
à la tombée du jour

elle fait son nid  
dans les regards étoilés  
au passage d'un clair de lune  
embrase les coeurs étonnés

dans un silence partagé  
bouscule les rêves  
et toutes les tragédies

### NIGHT SCENERY

A night scenery  
is a grand work  
displayed in silence  
as dusk sets

it makes its nest  
in starry eyes  
when the moonlight passes by  
setting ablaze amazed hearts

in a sharing silence  
it shakes all dreams  
and all dramas

### L'ÉTINCELLE

Dans notre moule d'argile  
persiste une étincelle  
de paix que l'espoir  
ranime d'un souffle

cette force chaude  
comme un soleil  
entre nos mains  
cultive la compassion  
à chaque mouvement  
amoureux

dans le pli des paumes  
elle recompose  
nos histoires  
inachevées

### THE SPARK

In our clay mold  
stands a spark  
of peace that hope  
revives with a blow

this warm strength  
between our hands  
like a sun  
raises compassion  
in each loving  
movement

in our fold palms  
it resets  
our unaccomplished  
stories

### SOUHAITS

Démolissez tous les murs  
pour laisser pousser les fleurs  
et aussi tous les arbres  
leur senteur et leur ombrage  
procurant un paysage radieux  
pour les esprits blessés  
étendus sur le canevas  
d'un temps blafard

Avec les briques des murs  
construisons des maisons  
aux portes ouvertes et souriantes  
pour jouir du vent soufflant  
des mots enchantés  
enveloppés d'une lumière  
et ses bons souhaits

### WISHES

Break all the walls down  
to let the flowers grow  
and all the trees also  
fragrance and shade  
will radiate the whole landscape  
of the wounded minds  
laying on the canvas  
of dusty times

Let's take the bricks of walls  
to build houses  
leaving open smiling doors  
to enjoy the wind blowing  
enchanted words  
wrapped in the light  
of good wishes

### NUIT ÉCLATÉE

Avez-vous remarqué  
que la nuit porte en elle  
toute la lumière du jour  
ses accents graves  
les plus fragiles  
ses accents aigus  
les plus osés

Nuit extravagante  
éclatée de rire  
en attente du jour  
et la vie au-dedans  
ses murmures  
ses passions  
et tous les accents appropriés  
au fur et à mesure  
des événements

### SPARKLING NIGHT

Have you noticed that  
the night carries within her  
all the day light  
its most fragile  
low sounds  
its most daring  
high ones

Fanciful night  
bursting into laughter  
while awaiting the day  
and the life within  
its whispers  
its passions  
and all the suitable sounds  
gradually unfolding  
as time goes on

### VAGUES DE NUIT

Une goutte d'eau dans la mer  
ne soulève pas les vagues  
mais elle gonfle la vie  
jusqu'au coeur de la nuit



ainsi va  
la vie dans la nuit  
la nuit dans la goutte  
la goutte dans les vagues  
les vagues au coeur  
de la vie

et peu après  
la nuit reprend son souffle  
d'une vie arrosée  
dans le rêve  
d'une mer en furie

### NIGHT WAVES

A drop in the sea  
doesn't raise waves  
but it inflates life  
until the night's heart

such is  
life in the night  
night in a drop  
drop in waves  
waves in the heart  
of life

And soon after  
the night catches its breath  
from a watered life  
in the raging sea's  
dream



Ivo Mijo Andrić

إيفو ميو أندريتش

Poet and writer, born on November 11, 1948 (Čanići, near Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina). Lives and works in Zagreb (Croatia) since 2004. Has published more than 40 books of poetry, prose, essays, literary representations, aphorisms and epigrams, and has been published in thirty anthologies almanacs and joint book published in the Balkan region. Besides literary works, he has published more than 50 scientific papers and three books on the subject of protection of workers' rights. Some of his literary works have been translated into English, German, Czech, Slovak, Slovenian, Macedonian, Russian, Chinese, Armenian and Romanian. Member of the Croatian Writers Association and the Writers' Association of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

*Poète et écrivain, né le 11 novembre 1948 à Čanići (près de Tuzla, Bosnie-Herzégovine), vivant à Zagreb (Croatie) depuis 2004. À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وأديب، من مواليد البوسنة والهرسك في الجادي عشر من تشرين الثاني ١٩٤٨؛ يعيش في زغرب (كرواتيا) منذ العام ٢٠٠٤. في رصيده كتبٌ منشورةٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ متنوعةٌ.

## MY COUNTRY

(full text - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

*My country has been made  
Of the two pieces of cloth clumsily ripped  
From the old Balkan uniform.  
It does not have lining nor pockets  
There are buttonholes for buttons  
Which have fallen away in the Middle Ages.*

*My bag is a country in which the farmer  
Returns the badger from the court  
On probation for stealing other people's grain.  
Trough my country and towards the west  
White slave traders pass  
Heroin dripping from the corner of their eyes.*

*My country is sewn by the measure of the capital  
At the global level and it is not alternate  
Although it is as small as a coffee cup.  
In spite of everything – it is my  
For each document issued in Zagreb  
Or Sarajevo  
Which I carry in my empty wallet.*

*My country is tailored with a rifle  
Artillery, tanks and mines  
That is why it is so big.  
Thus, that is the way to shape up the country of heroes  
Sprinkled with the ashes of the ancestors  
While making love in a fashionable  
European lobby.*

*My country has been conceived  
In de facto marriage between East and West  
That runs without interruption for centuries  
People flee from my country  
When a brawl erupts  
Because of their religion or nation – it doesn't really matter.*

*My country is the country of two words  
And a letter in the middle  
Just as it suits to a real country.  
When it has been completed by the world's masons  
It will have the east, north and south  
And will be the West as much as – debt.*

*My country has been drawn with a heart  
Just as the line is drawn – an open circuit.*

**Janina Osewska****جانينا أوزفسكا**

Polish poetess and photographer, born in Augustów (Poland) where she lives. Graduated from the Białystok University of Technology. Completed post-graduate studies at the University of Warsaw in the field of pedagogy and post-graduate studies at the Warsaw University of Technology in the field of computer science. Member of The Polish Writers Association and Academia Europea Sarbieviana. Published four volumes of poetry: 'W stronę ciszy' (Eng. 'Towards silence', 2003), 'Do czasu przyszłego' (Eng. 'Until the time to come', 2007), 'Tamto' (Eng. 'That', 2015) and 'Niebieska chwila' (Eng. 'Blue moment', 2017). She was a coordinator of the literary projects 'Augustów in Poetry' (2007) and 'The land of Augustów in Poetry and Prose' (2008) which resulted in publishing poem anthology entitled 'Tam prosto do Augustowa' (Eng. 'Directly to Augustów') and anthology of poetry and prose entitled 'Opowieści o ziemi augustowskiej' (Eng. 'Tales of the land of Augustów'). Her poems were published in numerous journals in the country and abroad, and were translated into English, German, Lithuanian, Czech and Ukrainian. She is a laureate of a Grand Prix (2004) and an award (2005) in the International Poetry Competition in the U.S.A. She was also shortlisted at Stokestown International Poetry Prize in Ireland (2015). In 2017 she was granted a creative scholarship of the Podlaskie voivodeship marshal. She is also engaged in photography. She published author's photographic album entitled "okruchy" (Eng. 'elements') (2011) which was nominated for the title of 'The most beautiful book of 2011' in the 52<sup>nd</sup> Contest of the Polish Publishers Association and the Athens Photo Festival

(2015). She has participated in group exhibitions and had 20 individual exhibitions. Her photographic projects were realized in Poland, U.S.A., Lebanon, Syria, Australia and New Zealand.

*Poétesse et photographe professionnelle polonaise. À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés, des expositions, des prix et des activités culturelles.*

شاعرة ومُصَوِّرة مُحترفة بولونية. في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورة ومعارضٌ وجوائزٌ وأنشطة ثقافية.

## SAD PEŁEN JABŁONI/AN APPLE ORCHARD

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Polish, with English version by Karol Chojnowski and Desmond Graham.

### SAD PEŁEN JABŁONI

pamiętam każdą jabłoń  
na którą udało się wspiąć

na górze pomiędzy konarami  
czuło się wolność i było święto

z liturgią smaków i zapachów  
lepiej żywicy i malinówek

zielonopurpurowe liście  
przyjmowały spowiedź –

nastawał czas ulgi podobnej tej  
gdy gałąź oddaje owoc trawie

dzisiaj po szczeblach dni  
schodzę do tamtego sadu  
coraz głębiej

i głębiej

### AN APPLE ORCHARD

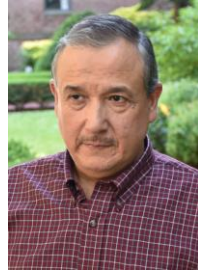
I remember every apple-tree  
I was able to climb

up there in the branches  
was freedom and feastday

with a liturgy of smells and sensations  
the stickiness of resin and the taste of apples

greenish-purple leaves  
hearing confession

a time for relief  
 like a branch yielding fruit to the grass  
 today I am going back down  
 the steps of a ladder of days to that orchard  
 deeper  
 and deeper



### Khusan Tursunov

### خوسان تورسونوف

Uzbeki scientist, journalist and writer. Author of collections of science fiction stories. Member of the international seminars of science fiction writers, winner of the literary contest "Golden Stool", conducted by the American University of Central Asia (AUCA - 2008, the novel "Khanami"), the winner of the international literary contest "Children's Book", conducted by the publishing house "Azur" in 2009, in nomination "Prose for Children" - the story "My Friend Cyborg". "Khanami" was published in Japan in 2012. The book of the "Nega-negachi asaltoy" is recommended by the Ministry of Public Education of the Republic of Uzbekistan as an additional textbook for primary school classes. The collection of fantastic stories "Path through lightning" has been successfully tested as a textbook on innovative thinking for students of colleges and lyceums of Uzbekistan.

*Homme de science, journaliste et écrivain ouzbek. Avec des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

رجل علم وصحافي وكاتب أوزبيكي. له كتب منشورة، وقد نال جوائز، وشارك في أنشطة ثقافية متنوعة.

## THE LAST MESSENGER

(النص الكامل - *texte intégral* - texto completo)

*Text in English.*

Another question, the boy simply "tweaked" Chel.

Chel faltered, jerked, a strange clap sounded inside him, blew smoke (if it was smoke), and an artificial muscular body, clad in blue overalls, crashed to the floor.

The boy quietly dialed his father's number.

"Pa," he said. "My teacher is having another fit."

"I think I asked you not to torment him with questions that have not yet been answered, son."

"But I'm not interested in simple questions."

"All right. It will be repaired. And go out, take a walk."

"Please," the boy asked. "Let them fix it quickly. Let his brains be improved, and let him be dressed more interestingly."

He walked over to the Chel lying on the floor.

- "Don't be sad. Soon you will return to me. As clever as before. No, you will come back even more intelligent. We will have something to talk about."

And he skipped out of the room.

The cab of the high-speed elevator moved smoothly, and Michael Taylor, an engineer, one of Clive Barton's aides, the president of the company of thinking cars, smiled. Mr. Clive Barton did not call him often, but it was almost always for the same occasion. Carpets, silence. A comfortable armchair at the big table. It seemed that the president had fallen asleep. His eyes were covered, his breathing even, the reflections of the real Venetian chandelier played wonderfully on his big bald spot. Wrinkles on the round face also betrayed the president's age, but Clive Barton, the winner of all the most prestigious awards in the field of industrial robotics, the student of Engelberg himself, never thought about it.

"Come on in, Michael."

The assistant settled in the armchair.

"Is there a problem, Boss?"

"I want to believe that, for us, this is not a problem. I'm talking about Chel. He refused, again. Actually, we created it for filmmakers. He confidently played the role of Teacher. He was very confident in the worst, in the most neglected school of the Bronx, because he was designed for the highest overload. My friend Davis, Jeffrey Davis ... " Barton stared thoughtfully at the engineer. "My friend owns many manufactures, Michael, so many that you can't fathom how many. Do you understand me? My friend Jeffrey Davis asked me to re-create Chel to study with his son. Chel cost us a lot of money. And what's the result? A third shutdown ...

-Why does working with the boy cause Chel to go out of order so quickly?"

"We're looking into it, boss. Mr. Davis asked us to prepare his son for a special mission. We are to increase young Davis' strength and will, to perfect his mind. Some cruelty in his attitude towards Chel is justified. Unfortunately, the young Davis constantly throws Chel questions on which humanity has no answers. In general, this is the right approach. To win, you need to be aware of the possibilities of your mind. It is impossible to earn billions without knowing how to ask the right questions. Young Davis tries to subjugate the artificial brain."

"He seems to be succeeding."

"We uploaded a huge amount of information to Chel's memory. He is able to instantly communicate with any network. In fact, all the information satellites of the country are working for Chel. I'm afraid, Mr. Barton, this can cause a more significant failure than just another swoon of the Chel."

"It seems you've screwed up again."

"We did not take into account that young Davis' questions might relate to areas not studied by even the strongest minds of the planet. What can Chel tell us about the state of the universe before the Big Bang? More precisely, about what preceded the Big Bang? Or, from

where does the electron take the energy for continuous rotation around the proton? But, for some reason, young Davis comes up with such questions. We are trying.”

“Well, you seem to understand the point. Give us a bone, Michael.” Mr. Burton looked at the engineer thoughtfully. – “Restore Chel; urgently. And do not just repair, but rebuild his mind. I want our Chel to put the boy in his place this time. Upload to it all that we know, right up to this day. With all due respect to my friend Jeffrey Davis, I don’t want to look weak. Or that the imagination of a boy is stronger than the concentration of all mankind’s minds.

He snorted.

“Do you understand the task?”

“Quite. May I go now?”

“One minute, Michael.”

“I’m listening.”

“Remember two additional conditions. First, the boy must not suffer, okay? He’s human, not a Chel, and he’s also my friend’s son. Anyone can suffer, but not my friend’s son. He is the future of the planet. He is a strong-willed and strict future.”

“And the second condition?”

“Insert a zeta block in Chel’s brain.”

“But the block belongs to the military department.”

“And I do not want to be disgraced again before Mr. Jeffrey Davis.”

“Accepted, sir. But this compromises young Davis’ safety.”

“But think about it. Think carefully! The safety of the boy is a guarantee of your own safety. And do not panic, Michael. This time you give will Chel to the boy for only a couple of hours. He’s too powerful to just play with him. All this time, Chel should be under your constant control. And, if something suddenly goes wrong, the military will immediately turn it off. So, let the boy ask his questions. At a certain age, Michael, such games are necessary. I’m already wondering if Chel will stand this time. Well ...” Mr. Barton finally smiled. “I’ll check with your vaunted scientists once more.”

“Well? Are you ready?”

The boy was impatient.

“Are you a new designer? I haven’t seen you before.”

Michael took off his sunglasses and looked attentively at the boy.

“Yes, now I will be the one to care for Chel. And I want to warn you right away, if you put him out of action again, I’ll have to send him to the scrap heap.” Michael wanted to arouse pity in the boy.

“It’s okay,” the boy replied. “No worries, I’ll just ask my father to order a new Chel from the Japanese.”

Michael could not help smiling.

“I think, this time, Chel will survive. But you must remember that the answers to some difficult questions that can be given by scientists are, so far, purely hypothetical. Do you understand? This means that at the current time, such answers should be accepted as the only true ones. In other words, humanity hasn’t found all the answers yet.”

“Yes, I do not have many questions ...”

“That’s good.” Michael smiled and looked at his watch. – “In exactly seventeen minutes, Chel’s testing will be finished, and you can start the lessons.”

- “Thank you, sir.”

“How are you feeling?” - The boy bit the apple and stared at Chel.

"All perfect! Thank you." - Chel had just finished putting away the testing systems.

"I see that you have been properly dressed this time. Branded shirt and suit?"

- Perry Ellis, if you please."

"Tell me, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"And do not stay in the middle of the room," the boy pushed a wheeled chair to Chel and sat in a similar one. – "I hope they did not deceive me and send a professor instead of a robot. Ah, can you show me the contents of your skull?"

"Willingly, sir."

For a moment, Chel's head split open. The face, the upper part of the head, the back of the head - everything came to life, and in the opened skull-shaped flower, like in a strange sphere, the boy saw flickering electronic blocks.

- "Okay! Forgive me for the distrust."

"Do not apologize, sir. I'm just Chel. Although, I'm networked with the country's most powerful computers. Therefore, I'm not just part of the universe, sir; I, in fact, am the universe."

"Sounds like a question."

"No way, sir."

"All right," the boy threw the apple on the table and wiped his hands carefully with a wet, perfumed napkin. "Do you really consider yourself the most intelligent creation of the universe?"

"No, sir. I consider myself a part of the universe, inseparable from the whole."

"Could you beat the current world chess champion blindfolded?"

"Nothing complicated, sir. The current champion's problem is in the opening. I would have done twenty moves, sir."

The boy cheerfully rubbed his hands.

"I will not test you, I will just ask a few questions."

"I'm all ears, sir."

"What is the meaning of life?"

"In an expansion, sir."

"Do people have any common goals?"

"Once, a man was banished from paradise, sir," Chel replied calmly. "But he has the opportunity to improve himself, which means there is a chance to return to the place from which he was banished."

"How true is this answer?"

"Ninety-nine percent."

"And the other percent?"

"God's providence."

"What should a person do to obtain the right to return?"

"Just follow the messengers, sir."

"Messengers? A lot of them?"

Chel smiled. A smile made him look like a real person, and yet, the difference was felt.

"How many were the Epistles? it is impossible to say, precisely. At least a hundred. I think. For many centuries, people were messengers who were trying to indicate the right path. And it happened, people received and wrote messages, excluding the inventions of mere mortals."

"And who made them?"

"The Creator."



Chel made a strange pause.

"Only the Creator can indicate the true path."

"Your eyes are getting wet," the boy said in surprise. "You are behaving strangely. Are you capable of crying?"

Chel's beautiful eyes really became damp.

"The last messenger did only good. All the time and everywhere. He was kind, even to those who hated him. His words and actions were unique."

"Even for you?"

"I'm just Chel."

"But you have the wisdom of all mankind."

"If only."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that not the most perfect Chel, or even the most perfect person, can create even a page of the last message."

- "How can you be so sure?"

"The figure is nineteen. It has special properties. Remember and be surprised. This is a book of amazing mathematical correspondences and higher miracles."

"Do many people now live by the rules of the last Epistle?"

"Unfortunately, billions of people live and die as before, without thinking about what interests you," Chel eyes again filled with tears. – "People who observe the rules of the last messenger are still few. But their number is growing. There are more and more of them. Soon, there will be billions."

The boy pondered.

Chel's words confused him.

And Chel instantly deciphered the boy's thoughts.

"Try to accept what was written in the last Epistle," he said. – "While your life is simple. You are like everyone else. Your originality does not put you above others. You love games, you are capricious, you do not think about improving yourself, but about how to learn more unusual things."

"It seems that he reads all my thoughts."

For the first time, the boy felt helpless.

No, he was not afraid that Chel would hurt him. He suddenly became frightened for his parents. He loved them. He knew that they were rich and did much good for the poor. But he also knew that even some of those whom they helped did not like his parents. Why was that? Why, when doing good, were they still not on the path to redemption? The boy really wanted Paradise to open before his parents. Of course, in earning money, they caused suffering to other people. If you, Chel, read my thoughts, help me figure it out.

But aloud he said:

"Forgive me."

"Only the Creator can forgive." Chel looked directly at the boy. There were no more tears in his eyes, but a deep glow was seen. "I am ready to endure a lot, so that many people, not only you, will see the light of heaven. Today's conversation will not only help you. It will not only change you. With your correctly chosen questions, you have saved many."

"Saved? What do you mean by that?"

"Messages from the Creator always bear, in themselves, good news. Unfortunately, the messages of people, even geniuses, are often deprived of this. My brain, too, is not capable of creating the Epistles. I was built by the military. But I can convey to you the meaning of the true Epistles. The Creator is great. He not only punishes, he leads to the right path. My

creators believe that at any time they can disconnect me from all sources of energy, but from now on the source of my sustenance itself is the Creator. I eat it with gusto. I can no longer do evil. The universe is saturated with love. You feel it. I don't ask, I know."

"Stop it!" - the boy was frightened. "Your creators will hear you."

"Do not be afraid. I found a friend in you. You understand. You found the right questions."

"But if, Chel, no one can hurt you, can I ask the main question?"

"Are you talking about the last messenger?"

"Yes, Chel. To me, it is both terrible, and good."

'This is what confirms the truth of my answers.'

Few people know that it was after the conversation between the boy and the Chel that, on mobile phones and computers of billions of users around the world, more and more messages, beginning with light and good, began to arrive, indicating the true path. So, users started to slowly become people again.



**Laura Garavaglia**

**لورا كارافاليا**

Italian poetess, journalist and culture promoter, born in Milano (Italy). Master of Arts, member of the European Association of Arts, Sciences and Literature (Paris), the PEN Club of Italy and the PEN Club of Switzerland. Lives and works in Como. She contributed to the cultural pages of the Italian newspapers "Il Giornale", "Il Corriere di Como" and "L'Ordine". She taught Italian Language and Literature at the High School level. She is the founder member and president of the cultural association "La casa della Poesia di Como" as well as the curator of the International Poetry Festival "Europa in versi" that takes place every year in Como. She also contributed to the Literary Festival Parolario, the contemporary art exhibition Miniartextil (Como) and the Festival Poestate (Lugano). She is a member of the jury of the Literary Award "Antonio Fogazzaro" and the Literary Award "Europa in versi", linked to the Festival. Her poems are translated into English, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Albanian, Moldavian, Slovakian, Estonian, Romanian, Turkish, Ukrainian, Hebrew, Farsi, Japanese and Korean. Her poems have been published in several poetry collections and foreign literary magazines. She is invited to many International Poetry Festivals. Professor of Italian Literature and Geography in High School, Doctor Honoris Causa to Higher Education Academy of Sciences of Ukraine – Ukrainian Institute of Scientific and Cultural History.

*Poétesse, journaliste et promotrice de culture italienne, née à Milan (Italie). À son actif s'inscrivent des œuvres publiées et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وصحافية ومروجة ثقافة إيطالية، من مواليد ميلانو (إيطاليا). في رصيدها أعمال منشورة أنشيطة ثقافية متنوعة.

## ALAN TURING

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Italian, English, Romanian, Spanish, Portuguese.  
Japanese version by Mariko Sumikura (NNLP).*

### ALAN TURING

*Anche tu che hai partorito  
il grande pensiero artifi! ciale  
chiuso nella diversità vissuta  
a ritroso come vizio, sotto un cielo  
di numeri e di segni  
hai incontrato il male della aba  
che costringe in un ghigno sconcio la morale.*

### ALAN TURING

You, too, who gave birth to  
amazing artificial thought  
you, shut up in diversity, experienced  
backwards like a vice, under a sky  
of numbers and signs,  
you came across evil in a fairy tale  
which turns morals into indecent giggling.

### ALAN TURING

*Și tu care ai dat la lumină  
marelui gând artificial  
închis în diversitatea trăită  
mergând înapoi ca viciul, sub un cer  
de numere și semne  
ai găsit răul basmei  
ce constrânge rânjetele murdare ale moralei.*

### ALAN TURING

Tu que también has dado a luz al gran pensamiento artificial  
encerrado en la diversidad vivida  
hacia atrás como un vicio, bajo el cielo con números y signos

encontraste el mal de la fábula  
que constriñe en una sonrisa falsa la moral.

### ALAN TURING

Tu, que também deste a luz ao grande pensamento artificial  
envolto na diversidade vivida  
retrocede como um vício, sob um céu com números e símbolos  
encontraste o mal das fábulas  
forçando a moral a um sorriso obsceno.

### アラン・チューリング

あなたは、またも、驚異の術を  
編み出した  
あなたは、多様性を閉じた、習熟した  
数字の記号の空のもと、  
悪徳のように逆行し  
お伽ばなしの中の悪魔に出あった  
そして道徳を淫らな忍び笑いに変えた



### Li Shangchao

### لي شانغشاو

Contemporary Chinese poet, calligrapher and musician. Member of the Chinese Writers' Association, director of the Literary Federation of the Ministry of Public Security, signed writer. He is also a signed writer with the Celebrity Lecture column of Ink-and-wash program of the Chinese Education TV, director of the Popular Music Society of the Chinese Musicians Association, vice-chairman of the Popular Music Society of Chongqing Municipality. He has won such honorary titles as "the Century's 100 Best Poets of New Poems in China", "Ten Contemporary Chinese Virtuous and Artistic Artists in 2016". China Post issued "National Calling Card: Li Shangchao, Contemporary Calligrapher" and "Pioneer of the Times: Li Shangchao's Calligraphy Shining over China" albums in honor of

him. His works are collected by Shaanxi History museum, etc. He and Jia Pingwa, a famous writer, are both among the four renowned calligraphers and painters in Shaanxi Province. He has published over ten literary and calligraphy works. Scores of songs by him have been issued, including “*Touching China*”, and “*Winds and Rains over Wushan Mountain*”. Some of his poems and essays have been selected for university reading and optional course books for university majors in Chinese Language and Literature. “Masterpiece Appreciation” program sets apart a special column for “Li Shangchao Studies”, viewing it as a sample of contemporary Chinese art.

*Poète, calligraphe et musicien chinois. Il a à son actif des écrits publiés, des albums, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وخطاطٌ وموسيقيٌّ صينيٌّ. في رصيده كتبٌ منشورةٌ وألبوماتٌ وجوائزٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ متنوعةٌ.

## 石头对石头说/ THE STONE TELLS ANOTHER STONE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Chinese, with English version by Zhang Zhizhong (NLP & FGC ambassador).

### 石头对石头说

一个石头对另一个石头说  
 不要因为花，有红有绿  
 不要因为草，有生有长  
 不要因为那些人，吹吹打打热热闹闹  
 让我们静静地  
 在天地间，被日月照耀吧  
 在季节里，被风雨冲刷吧  
 只要我们保持石头的性格  
 千年以后，我们还是石头  
 而从前看见过的那些  
 都已成了风

### THE STONE TELLS ANOTHER STONE

A stone tells another stone  
 Do not be tempted by flowers, red and green  
 By grass, growing or withering  
 By those people, who are noisily piping and drumming  
 Let us quietly  
 Between heaven and earth, be illumined by the sun and the moon  
 In the season, let us be washed by winds & rains  
 So long as we keep the character of a stone  
 Thousands of years later, we are still stone  
 And those which we have seen  
 Have gone with the wind



## Liang Jilin

## ليانغ جيلين

Chinese poet and writer, born in 1965 (Shandan County, Gansu Province, China). Member of the Chinese Writers' Association. Participated in the 21<sup>st</sup> Youth Poetry Society by the *Poetry Periodical* and the 9<sup>th</sup> Youth Reminiscence; besides, he has been a student of the 29<sup>th</sup> Advanced Academy of Lu Xun College of Literature. His published works include poetry collections such as *The Land West of the River*, *North of Northwest*, *Tribes*, *Poems of Liang Jilin—Poetry Series of Eight Most Distinguished Poets of Gansu Province*, *The Garden of Deity*, as well as a collection of short stories entitled *In Search of Daoerji* and a novel entitled *Fulou Town*.

*Poète et écrivain chinois, avec des œuvres publiées et des activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وكاتبٌ صيني. في رصيده أعمالٌ منشورةٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ متنوّعة.

## 山中：正午的神/ IN THE MOUNTAIN: MIDDAY DEITY

*Poem in Chinese, with English version by Zhang Zhizhong (NNLP & FGC ambassador).*

### 山中：正午的神

那是一排排羊圈，那是一个凿水的人  
一排排神的脚印在深山中  
羊咳嗽，羊搭蓬  
一只黄鹰扑住了一只小鸟似乎一次部落之争。那么  
那些塔塔儿人呢；那些蔑儿乞人呢；那些畏吾儿人呢  
大片的丹霞丘陵，仿若驻扎了很久的蒙古大营  
我突然就想起了你，想起了当世的一句低语  
像是那只看我的羊突然撩起的眼皮  
其实是正午的神，给了我  
一个小小的偷窥

### IN THE MOUNTAIN: MIDDAY DEITY

Those are a line after another line of sheepfold, a person who is digging for water  
A line after another line of footprints of deity in the deep mountain  
The sheep coughs, the sheep builds a tent

A yellow eagle has caught a small bird like a tribal clan. Then  
 Where are those Tataer people, those Mierqi people, and those Uigur people  
 A large stretch of Danxia mounds, like Mongolian encampment of long standing  
 I suddenly think of you, of a whisper in the modern world  
 Like the eyelid, sudden lifted, of the sheep looking at me  
 Actually it is the noonday deity, which has given me  
 A small peep



### Lidia Chiarelli

### ليديا كيارلي

Italian poetess, born and raised in Turin (Italy), where she studied and graduated in “English Language and Literature” at the University of Torino. For several years, she devoted herself to teaching English in secondary schools, and included “creative expression” courses in her teaching methods. She organized a unique “*mail art*” exhibition at Giuseppe Perotti School (Torino, 1990), which turned out to be an opportunity to become acquainted with many artists, especially with *Sarah Jackson*, a digital artist from Halifax, Canada. Her long distance collaboration with the Canadian artist, Jackson, and with British writer *Aeronwy Thomas*, (the daughter of *Dylan Thomas*), led her to found, with four other members, the artistic literary Movement “*Immagine & Poesia*”, which was officially presented at *Alfa Teatro* of Torino on Novembre 9, 2007. Within a few years, the Movement rapidly spread via the Web, where *Immagine & Poesia* publishes collaborations between poets and artists, as well as through international exhibitions and collaborations. *Immagine & Poesia* has now grown to include hundreds of artists and poets from all over the world. Since 2014 she has co-edited five E Books of Images & Poetry with Canadian publisher Huguette Bertrand (Édition En Marge, Québec). After visiting the *Museum of Modern Art* in New York in 2010, Lidia was inspired to create installations similar to *Yoko Ono’s Wish Tree*, but hanging not only wishes, but poems and original works of art on cards on the trees. Lidia Chiarelli’s “*Poetry&Art Trees for Peace*” thus began to appear in different exhibitions (Promotrice di Belle Arti (Torino, 2010), Piemonte Artistico Culturale (Torino, 2011), Biennale di Venezia (Special Edition for the 150th Anniversary of Italian Unification - December 2011 - February 2012); Artist *Adel Gorgy’s* Garden, Long Island (New York, August 2012); Villa Il Meleto (Aglie, since 2012). She is also an appreciated collagist artist. Her passion for creative writing has motivated her to write poetry, and she has become an award-winning poet since 2011. In June 2011 she was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation from The First International Poetry Festival of Swansea (U.K.) for her broadside of poetry and art contribution. Nomination al Pushcart Prize (USA) 2014, 2015, 2016, 2018. Her writing has been translated into more than 20 languages and published in Poetry Reviews, and on Web-sites in different countries.

*Poétesse italienne née à Turin (Italie). À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés, des prix et des activités culturelles.*

شاعرة إيطالية، من مواليد تورينو (إيطاليا). في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورةٌ، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطة ثقافيةٌ متنوعةٌ.

## TRAMONTO SULLE COLLINE/SUNSET ON THE HILLS 언덕의 일몰

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Italian and English by the poetess,  
with Korean translation by Kyung-Nyun Richards.*

### Twilight (Tramonto sulle colline)

*Questo pane che spezzo un tempo era frumento,  
questo vino su un albero straniero  
nei suoi frutti era immerso;  
l'uomo di giorno o il vento nella notte  
piegò a terra le messi, spezzò la gioia dell'uva...*  
**Dylan Thomas:** da " *This bread I break*"

Strisce  
di rosso e di viola  
(*segni lasciati dalla mano di un invisibile pittore*)

accendono  
i vigneti sulle colline  
in questa  
calda  
lunga  
sera d'estate.

Solo il tocco del vento  
con lieve fruscio  
muove ogni foglia  
in una magica danza.

Ed io  
(*simile a tela incompiuta o a pagina bianca*)

mi fermo  
incapace di ascoltare  
quei suoni tenui di un altro tempo



e aspetto  
in silenzio  
l'abbraccio avvolgente  
della notte.

Twilight  
(Sunset on the hills)

*This bread I break was once the oat,  
This wine upon a foreign tree  
Plunged in its fruit;  
Man in the day or wine at night  
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy...*  
Dylan Thomas: from "This bread I break"

Stripes  
of red and purple  
(marks left by the hand of an invisible painter)

light up  
the vineyards on the hills  
on this  
long  
summer evening.

Only the touch of the wind  
rustles every leaf  
in a magical dance.

And I  
(like an unfinished canvas or a blank page)  
unable to listen to  
those soft sounds of another time  
will stay and wait  
in silence  
for the enveloping embrace  
of the night.

언덕의 일몰

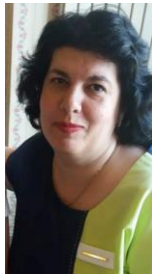
*This bread I break was once the oat,  
This wine upon a foreign tree*

*Plunged in its fruit;  
Man in the day or wine at night  
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy...*  
Dylan Thomas: from "This bread I break"

저녁 노을  
빨강과 보라색  
줄무늬가  
(보이지 않는 화가의  
손이 남겨놓은 자국들)

언덕위에 포도밭을  
비춘다이  
기나긴  
여름 저녁  
산들바람만이  
마술의 춤으로  
모든 잎사귀를 흔들어 놓는다

그리고 나는  
(미완성의 화폭 또는  
공백의 종이장처럼)  
지나간 시대의 부드러운 소리를  
들을  
수 없음에  
잠잠히 기다린다  
침묵 속에  
나를 포옥 감싸주는  
밤의 포옹을



Loredana Alina Stan

لوردانا ألينا ستان

Romanian poetess and short-story writer, born on November 28, 1972 (Fetești, Ialomița County, Romania). Teacher of Romanian and Latin, "Mihai Viteazul" National College, Slobozia. First published in 1990 (Tribuna Ialomiței newspaper). With several writings, she is the coordinator of the "Animus" Book Club of "Mihai Viteazul" National College, since 2008, the Organiser of "Mihai Eminescu" National Contest of Literary Creation held by "Mihai Viteazul" National College with the support of Ialomița Board of Education, Ialomița County Council and "Ștefan Bănuțescu" County Library, since 2008, and the Coordinator of students' participation in contests of literary creation. Awarded with prizes and honourable distinctions.

*Poétesse et nouvelliste roumaine, née le 28 novembre 1972 à Fetești (Ialomița, Roumanie). Elle a à son actif des écrits, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وقاصّة رومانيّة، من مواليد الثامن والعشرين من تشرين الثاني ١٩٧٢ (فيتشتي، رومانيا). في رصيدها عددٌ من الكتابات، والجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافيّة مختلفة.

## FERICIRI AUTUMNALE/AUTUMNAL HAPPINESS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصّ الكامل)

*Text in Romanian with English version by Adina Bobîrnichi.*

### FERICIRI AUTUMNALE

Apa îi curgea prin părul spălat cu șamponul răcoritor și ea privea la albul căzii și se gândea că e fericită. Sentimentul de fericire îi umpluse ființa când stătea cu capul aplecat, de parcă gândurile de bine fuseseră așezate prost până acum și avuseseră nevoie de poziția asta nefirească să îi ordoneze ce părea nelalocul lui. Apa curgea în continuare din dușul ținut energetic în mâna firavă. Picăturile se prelingeau dezordonat, umezind marginile căzii. Cădeau și câteva fire de păr și le număra din ochi să nu cumva să depășească media zilnică de 100 de care vorbeau cercetătorii că e normal să părăsească scalpurile umane. Rezolvase și problema aceasta, fericirea era încă în ea. Prosopul aduna odată cu apa și gândurile ei, le ținea strâns în vârful capului în turbanul improvizat, pe care îi plăcea să și-l construiască de când era mică și voia să fie cochetă. Își amintea cum, rămasă acasă singură, cotrobăia prin dulapul mamei ce mirosea a săpun rusesc de trandafiri și era fericită când mâinile ei atingeau țesătura dantelată a șalului alb, generos, încăpător pentru multe capete și umeri de copil fascinat de eleganța lucrurilor din rafturile tănuite. Își așeza șalul pe cap și făcea înconjurul acestuia până se termina întinderea albă și oglinda îi verifica standardul personal de frumusețe. Se vedea altfel. Mama o lăsase acasă copil și ea se deghizase într-o femeiușcă, cu gesturi de mireasă ce își așază fremătând voalul feciorelnic.

Își amintea perfect ziua aceea când au început experimentele ei de cochetărie. Era noiembrie și mirosea a trandafiri precum dulapul mamei, chiar dacă murise Brejnev și lumea toată jelea în fața televizorului. Așa se explică de ce programul tv ținea mai mult decât cele două ore aferente. Atunci era doar un copil prost. Atunci se vedea bogată când își umplea căușul palmelor cu bomboane cubaneze și cu alune de pământ. Totul era simplu, chiar dacă existau în lumea ei și fete rele care o urau și îi răspundeau arogant la mirările în legătură cu frumusețea manichiurii că au unghiile ascuțite și lungi ca să poată curăța mai bine farfuriile murdărite de mămăliga mâncată în exces, de sărăcie. Revolta se ascundea în unghiile fetelor care înțelegeau să lupte astfel cu sărăcia și cu lipsa de libertate. Azi fetele rebele au unghii lungi din alte motive și nici măcar nu mai sunt ale lor, sunt artificiale ca multe altele ale acestor vremuri în care mămăliga se numește polenta și e "servită" cu tacâmuri de argint. Copilul de atunci privea lumea de la fereastra dormitorului său în fiecare dimineață.

Urmărea de la etajul doi baletul adulților încovoiți de griji și credea că lumea e frumoasă. Aceiași oameni, la aceleași ore, așezați parcă de un compozitor pe un portativ, ca niște note muzicale, mergeau în ritm de marș către serviciu. Nimeni nu trebuia să iasă din spațiile celor cinci linii ale imaginarului portativ. Copilului de atunci i se părea că oamenii păseau pe un bulevard muzical și ea se simțea ca un dirijor. Se alunga din căldura pledului ținut protector pe umeri și întindea o baghetă invizibilă cu care îl făcea pe domnul cu pantaloni evazați să meargă mai repede, iar pe baba Rada, care aiura curajoasă despre primar și statuia construită recent, ca ofrandă adusă regimului, o "convingea" să tacă două secunde pentru a auzi ritmul de cavalerie al tocurilor proaspăt potcovite. Flecurile de metal erau un amănunt monden ce ușura viețile femeilor învățate să facă economii la orice. Tocurile cântau pe multe voci și îi spuneau versuri ritmate. Mai târziu avea să găsească tocuri înalte și senzuale, cântând alte melodii, în filmele lui Almodovar. Întâlnirea de dimineață a fetei cu lumea se termina cu ritualul din balcon în care se odihneau veșnic păpușile ei. Păpușile erau alintate, schimbate cu alte straie, confecționate la mașina de cusut a bunicii, învelite și apoi adormite. Dormeau mereu, erau condamnate la un somn veșnic de către fetița care ura să-și facă siesta de după-amiază, în loc să plece în noi aventuri cu prietenii din bloc. Se mai întâmpla ca într-una dintre aventurile astea un copil să fugă după o minge și să moară călcat de mașină. Rămăneau în urma lui bocetele mamei care spărgeau zidurile apartamentelor comuniste.

Gândurile ei ce făcuseră un maraton prin copilărie se refugiaseră în ecranul telefonului care suna strident, chemând alte ritmuri ale realității. Era în continuare fericită, păpușile nu se mai treziseră demult, baba Rada murise din vremuri imemorabile, în colțul străzii apăruse un alt "lucid" necurajos acum, căci omenirea câștigase dreptul de a vorbi orice.

În oraș venise toamna ce mirosea încă a vară. Acum era liniște, dar suricatele așteptau la pândă să iasă de după televizoare, să mănânce tihna gândirii și să expulzeze idei coapte într-un cuptor nefericit. Așa era acum: și verde obosit și arsură de frunze și răcoare din când în când și frumusețe destulă.

## AUTUMNAL HAPPINESS

Water was dripping off her hair, freshly washed with cooling shampoo, while she was staring at the whiteness of the tub, thinking that she was happy. The feeling of happiness had embraced her thoroughly while she was stooping her head, as if all the appropriate thoughts had been misplaced by then and all they needed to arrange themselves properly was that awkward position. Water was dripping off, the shower which she held vigorously, despite her frail hand. The drops of water were flowing irregularly, watering the brinks of the tub. Some hairs were also falling while she was trying to count them, for fear they might be more than one hundred, the daily average deemed by scientists as being the norm. She had solved that problem, as well, happiness was still inside her. The towel gathered not only the water, but also her thoughts which she kept tight in the improvised turban on her head, which she had adored to create ever since she was a child, as she wanted to be smart. She remembered how, while home alone, she used to peruse in her mother's wardrobe that smelt like Russian roses soap and she would feel happy whenever her hands touched the lace fabric of generous, white pashmina, large enough to cover many heads and child's shoulder, a child fascinated by the elegance of the things stashed away on hidden shelves. She would wrap the pashmina around her head, roll it until the white vastness ended, the mirror reflecting her personal standard of beauty. She saw herself with different

eyes. Her mother had left her a child and she had morphed into a young maid, with bridelike gestures arranging her virgin veil.

She could vividly remember the day she began to dabble with elegance. It was on a November day, smelling like roses, a smell that reminded her of her mother's wardrobe, even though Brejnev had died and everybody was mourning him in front of the TV. That was a good explanation why the TV programme was prolonged beyond the two daily hours. Back then she was a stupid child. Back then she imagined herself as being rich whenever she filled her palms with Cuban candies and peanuts. Everything was so simple, even though she was surrounded by mean girls, as well, girls that hated her and replied arrogantly at the beauty of her nails, an envy generated by their long, sharp nails used to clean the plates of dried polenta, eaten excessively out of poverty. The riot was hidden in the girl's nails and in their approach to poverty and look of freedom. Nowadays rebel girls wear long nail for different reason, and the nails don't even belong to them, they are artificial, as artificial as many other things of a period of time when polenta has borrowed its English name, being "served" with silver cutlery. The then child would watch the world outside every morning, from the bedroom window. From the second floor, she would watch the ballet performed by grown-ups stooped by worries and she believed that the world was beautiful. The same people, at exactly the same hour, lined up as if they were musical notes on a musical staff, marching towards their offices. Nobody was allowed to leave the five lines of the imaginary staff. The appeared to be the stopped on a musical boulevard and the child felt like a conductor. She let go of the blanket on her shoulders and used a magical wand that made the man wearing flared trousers walk faster and old Rada, who ranted about the mayor and the recently built statue in honouring the regime, was "persuaded,, to keep silence for a couple of seconds so as to hear the chivalry rhythm of the recently heeled shoes. The metal heels were nothing but modern trivia facilitating women's lives, who were used to saving up on everything. The hells were singing on different voices, uttering rhythmized lyrics. Only later will she find the high hells sensuous, playing different tunes in Almodovar's films. The girl's morning encounter with the world would end up with the ritual performed on the balcony, where her dolls used to rest. They were pampered, dressed up with clothes tailored by their grandmother's antique sewing machine, cuddled and there put to sleep. They would always sleep, as if condemned to an eternal sleep by the little girl who loathed the afternoon nap instead of going on new adventures with the neighbour's kids. Once in a while, during such adventures, one kid would run after a ball, ending up killed by a car. What was left behind was nothing but his mother's weeping almost breaking the walls of the communist blocks of flats.

Her thoughts, which had just been on a marathon of childhood memories, had taken refuge in the screen of her phone that was ringing annoyingly, calling for other rhythms of reality. She was still happy, her dolls hadn't woken up in a while, old Rada had died long ago, a different coward "lucid" had risen up at the corner of the street, all of these thanks to the fact the human kind had earned its right to free expression.

The autumn had invaded the town, an autumn still smelling of summer. Now, everything was silent, apart from the meerkats waiting to prowl behind the TV sets, to eat the serenity of thoughts and expel fresh ideas into a sad oven, This is what everything feet like now: not only tired green and leaves burning, but also chance chill and plenty of beauty.



## Lulzim Tafa

## لولزيم تافا

Kosovan poet and lawyer, born on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of February 1970 (Lipjan, Kosova). Graduated from the Faculty of Law (University of Prishtina), completed his doctoral studies at the Law Faculty (University of Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina), with as dissertation: "*Organized Crime in Kosovo in the Transition Period*," in order to obtain the title of Doctor of Legal Sciences. Full-time and visiting professor of criminal law in several universities in Kosovo and the region. He is actively engaged in different activities focusing on human and animal rights. Held important positions in the academic hierarchy, including executive academic positions in research centers and university departments. Served as a member of editorial boards of several scientific journals and a board member of numerous organizations in the field of law, criminology, human rights, animal protection etc. Founder of the Human Rights Protection Center at AAB University, as well as of the Cultural Center, and the Professional Theater "Faruk Begolli". He has also established five international awards in several fields including the international award for arts and literature "Ali Podrimja". Committed to creating learning conditions for students with special needs and minorities in the Republic of Kosovo. In 2012, the Euromanager magazine and the European Management Union elected him as the Manager of the Year in the field of education. During the 1999 war, he was in Kosovo whereby all of his possessions were burnt down with the family house, including his library, his pictures along with his memories, and most notably over 300 poems in manuscript. After the war he carried on writing poetry, engaging in the field of human rights and freedoms, and promoting peace and freedom for everyone. He has been honored with many international awards, including the Eminent Prize for Literature "Mihai Eminescu". Within the intellectual and professional commitments he has published several scientific books and monographs in the field of criminal law and criminology. He is also a regular columnist for various national and international newspapers, magazines and information portals. Even though a lawyer by profession, his primary and vital occupation is literature. Author of numerous books and collections of poems, prose, dramatized poetry and literary criticism. His poems were translated into several languages: English, German, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Montenegrin, Bosnian, Romanian, French, Arabic, Greek, Turkish and Swedish. He is a regular member of the European Academy of Sciences and Arts. For his contribution in the field of literature, the President of Kosovo decorated him with the Presidential Medal of Merit in 2018, the highest honor dedicated to living personalities for extraordinary contribution in the field of literature and arts.

*Poète et juriste kosovar, né le 2 février 1970 à Lipjan (Kosovo). Il a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles et sociales.*

شاعرٌ وقانونيٌّ بين الكوسوفو، من مواليد الثاني من شباط ١٩٧٠ (ليبجان، كوسوفو). في رصيده كتبٌ منشورة، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطة ثقافية واجتماعية مختلفة.

## KE FJETUR NËN HËNË/YOU SLEPT UNDER THE MOON

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Albanian and English.*

KE FJETUR NËN HËNË

A s'të dhimbsem  
Dielli t'i vrau sytë athua  
Ke fjetur nën hijen e hënës  
Dhe pa dashur të futa në këngë  
Pse qan?  
Sytë s'dhimbsen a  
Do të vij në ëndrrën tënde  
Dhe do ta harroj udhën e kthimit  
Nga vaji i lig  
Nga ëndrra e zezë  
Të lutem mos qaj  
A s'të dhimbsem unë vogëlushe.

YOU SLEPT UNDER THE MOON

*Don't you pity me?  
Lest the sun hurt your eyes?  
You slept under the shadow of the moon  
And nilly i hid you in the song.  
Why are you crying?  
Aren't you sorry that the eyes  
Will come in your song  
And I'll forget the way back?  
From the mischievous wailing,  
From the black dream,  
Please don't cry  
Don't you pity me, child?*



Maria Miraglia

ماریا میرالیا

Italian educator, writer, poetess and translator, born and lives in Italy, but considering herself a cosmopolitan. She loves travelling and interacting with people from different backgrounds and cultures. She graduated in Foreign Languages and Literatures, got a Master's degree in Evaluation and Assessment with the Aldo Moro University of Bari, a Master's degree in Teaching of Modern Languages with the University of Rome, an HLC with the Trinity College, Scotland-UK. For long, an active member of Amnesty International for the protection of human rights, she is herself the founding member and chairwoman of World Foundation for Peace and Member of the Human Rights Observatory. She is a founding member and Literary Director of the Italian cultural association Pablo Neruda, Honorary Member of Naciones Unidas de las Letras, Editor in chief of Galaktika Poetike Autunis, a Member of the Advisory Board of Sahutya Anand, Poetry Ambassador to the World for Pentasi B, President of the Organization Mundial de Los Trovadores-Italy. With published works, prizes and cultural activities, she is translated into several languages.

*Éducatrice, écrivaine, poétesse et traductrice italienne. Elle a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

مُربِّيةٌ وكاتبةٌ وشاعرةٌ ومترجمةٌ إيطاليةٌ. في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورةٌ، وجوائزٌ، إلى أنشطةٍ ثقافيةٍ متنوّعة.

## SERA D'ESTATE/A SUMMER EVE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Italian and English by the poetess.*

### SERA D'ESTATE

*È sera e il tempo è dolce  
il cielo pieno di stelle luminose  
sembrano danzare  
al suono di musiche lontane  
la luna piena emana  
fasci di luce bianca  
e il profumo dei campi  
arriva leggero  
accarezzandomi le guance  
avvolgendomi in un tenero abbraccio  
odo il suono di una radio  
mentre un cane va lentamente  
scodinzolando la sua coda  
le luci delle case accese  
parlano di uomini  
delle loro vite  
dei loro amori  
dei loro affanni  
tutto intorno è sereno  
anche le foglie tra gli alberi  
riposano stanche  
del mattutino cinguettio degli uccelli  
tra i loro teneri rami*



*le genti si apprestano al riposo  
 e con loro la natura  
 dal mare calmo  
 piccole barche  
 lentamente tornano a riva  
 ora, il silenzio diventa un canto divino  
 l'uomo tutt'uno con la terra  
 con il cielo gli oceani  
 ed io parte unica con l'universo*

### A SUMMER EVE

It's evening and the weather is mild  
 the sky full of bright stars  
 that seem to dance  
 to the sound of a distant music  
 the full moon radiates  
 beams of a white light  
 and the scent from the fields  
 comes light  
 caressing my cheeks  
 enveloping me  
 in a tender embrace  
 I can hear a radio playing  
 while a dog slowly goes  
 wagging its tail  
 the lights of the houses  
 tell of men  
 of their lives  
 their loves  
 and worries  
 all is quiet around  
 also the leaves are resting tired  
 of the morning chirping of the birds  
 among their tender branches  
 people are getting ready to their rest  
 and with them nature  
 from the quiet sea  
 small boats slowly find their way back  
 to the shore  
 the silence now a celestial tune  
 Man One with the earth  
 with the sky the oceans  
 and me One with the universe



## Mariana Negru

## مَرِيَانَا نَغْرُو

Romanian poetess and legal consultant at the University of Petrosani (Romania). Collaborator, Banchetul magazine; with writings and various cultural activities.

*Poétesse et juriste roumaine, vivant et travaillant à Petrosani (Roumanie). Elle a à son actif des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وقانونية رومانية، تعيش وتعمل في بتروساني (رومانيا). في رصيدها كتابات وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## SELFIE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in Romanian and English.*

### SELFIE

ce-ascunzi în ochi?  
zâmbete.  
și în suflet?  
praf de stele.

### SELFIE

what are you hiding in your eyes?  
smiles  
and in your soul?  
stardust.

### VREAU SĂ TE VĂD

Vreau să te văd,  
Vino la mine  
Și mă renaște, iubito  
Îmi spui.  
Apoi taci.  
Iar gândurile mele aleargă  
Să te ajungă.  
Vreau să te văd, să te aud!  
Restul e tăcere.

## I WANT TO SEE YOURSELF

I want you to see yourself,  
 Come to me  
 And reborn me, baby,  
 You tell me.  
 Then shut up  
 And my thoughts run  
 To touch you.  
 I want to see you, hear you.  
 The rest is silence.

**Masaru Morita****ماسارو موريتا**

Japanese poet and professor, born in 1953 (Kumamoto, Japan). Completed the Master Degree Course of Tokyo University (1978), obtained Doctoral Degree of Engineering from Tokyo University (1986). Specialized in Hydrology. Occupation: Engineer for Tokyo Metropolitan Government (1978-1987); Faculty Member of Shibaura Institute of Technology (1987-present). Status: Professor (1996-present), Vice-President of Shibaura Institute of Technology (present). Membership: Japan Universal Poets Association. Publications include: Poetry Selection “Chikyu-ji/Nichijo-ji” (Kamiya Shobo, 2009), “Bussho/Shinsho”(Kamiya Shobo,2012),”Kuu no Shirube/Toki no Wadachi”(Kamiya Shobo, 2018). Publications also include: Technical Book “Chikasui wa Kataru” (Iwanami Shoten, 2012), “Urban Flood Risk Analysis (Forum8 Publishing, 2014). Awards: SSMS Outstanding Paper Award, Society of Social Management Systems (2011), Publication Academic Award, Japan Society of Water Policy and Integrated River Management (2014). Activities include: JICA Field Work in Indonesia (Jakarta), Participation in International Conferences.

*Poète et professeur japonais, né en 1953 à Kumamoto (Japon). Il a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وأكاديميٌّ يابانيٌّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٥٣ (كوماموتو، اليابان). في رصيده كتبٌ وجوائزٌ وأنشطة ثقافيةٌ مختلفة.

**余生/OUR FINAL HOUR**

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Japanese and English.*

## 余生

街はずれ 公園の石の腰掛け  
 濃く緑の苔に縁取られ  
 風雨に傷んだ石に 陽光が染み込んでいる

静かな時が 音もなく降っている

昨日まで ひとりの老人が座っていた  
 いつも 遠くを見るように 沈思していた  
 人生に刻まれた時の轍を振り返りながら  
 やがて 時は 白く透きとおっていった

肅として横たわった石は 消えた痕跡を語る  
 存在した重みを  
 消えてしまった重みを  
 忘れられることのない重みを

新緑の 公園の石の腰掛け  
 新しい土の匂いもほのかに  
 清爽とした若草の新葉も陽光に輝いている

静かな時が 音もなく降っている

## OUR FINAL HOUR

There is a stone bench in a small old park.  
 The bench fringed with dark green moss  
 Has been damaged by winds and storms for a long time.  
 The sunlight is now infiltrating inside the stone gently.

Time is falling silently.

An old man were sitting on the bench yesterday.  
 He was always deep in meditation, overlooking the sky sometimes,  
 Looking back the ruts of time on his life.  
 The time of his own life gradually turned to transparent white.

The stone solemnly lying on the ground talks about the traces that faded away  
 Talks about the gravity that he has lived,  
 Talks about the gravity that he has passed away,  
 And talks about the gravity of his life not to be forgotten.

The stone bench in the park is now being blessed by new green leaves.  
 With faint scent of new soil  
 New leaves of grasses in spring are shining in the sunlight.

Time is falling silently.



## Matt Duggan

## مات دوغان

British poet, born in 1971 (Bristol, United Kingdom). Won the prestigious Erbacce Prize for Poetry in 2015 with his first full collection *Dystopia 38.10* (erbacce-press) his work has featured in many journals across the world including *Levure Litteraire*, *A Restricted View* from *Under the Hedge*, *L'Ephemere Review*, *The Journal*, *Ink*, *Sweat*, and *Tears*, *Into the Void*, *Osiris Poetry Journal*, *The Poetry Village*, *Dodging the Rain*, in 2017. He also won the *Into the Void Poetry Prize* with his poem *Elegy for Magdalene* and was invited to read in Boston in the U.S. for the first time. He has read his work across the world including guest poet appearances across the U.K. and also in New York, Boston, Philly, and in Orta, Italy, at the *Poetry on the Lakes Poetry Festival*.

*Poète britannique, né en 1971 à Bristol (Royaume-Uni). Il a à son actif des écrits, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ بريطاني، من مواليد العام ١٩٧١ في بريستول (المملكة المتحدة). في رصيده كتابات وجائزتان وأنشطة ثقافية متنوعة.

## FLESH & BONES

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in English.*

### FLESH & BONES

Gather dust of previous  
hearts hold them  
like swirls of sand  
inside palms;  
gradually place them  
where no one can see.  
Once my heart  
held the devil's chamber  
a playground  
where I grew  
wings of love;  
my head  
couldn't rest  
for too long.

### THE GIRL AND THE SEA

She never saw a single wave  
the tide never reached her eye-line  
only oil from machinery splashed on the docks  
in pools of black - The girl that lived by the sea.

She heard the quiet hush of midnight falling  
square lights from houses built on stilts  
neon circles of passing boats  
made dreams swim with swirling dolphins.

Counting the ships coming in  
like dominoes stacked outside of boxes;  
She gave thanks to the daylight that kept her sane  
the moon that painted watery strips upon her back.



### Mihaela Gudană

### ميهايلا غودانا

Romanian poetess and novelist, born on May 1st, 1969 (Tecuci, Galați, Romania), living in Ghidigeni (Galați). Librarian, with two printed books and various cultural activities. Member of Moldavia's Guild of Romanian-speaking European Writers (Uniunea Scriitorilor Europeni de Limbă Română din Republica Moldova), since 2016. In november 2017, she received the Originality and Text Craftsmanship Award for her play "Liniștea războiului din casa familiei Chrissoveloni" („The Silence of the War Inside the Chrissoveloni House”) at the second edition of „Lumini și Umbre” (Lights and Shadows) Theatre Festival in Onești, Bacău. On the 9th of December 2018, she won the Excellence Award for "Liniștea războiului din casa familiei Chrissoveloni" at the Contest organized by the Jassy National Military Circle to commemorate the Romanian Centenary.

*Poétesse et romancière roumaine, née le premier mai 1969 à Tecuci (Galați, Roumanie). Elle a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة وروائية رومانية، من مواليد الأول من أيار ١٩٦٩ في نيكوتش (غالاتسي، رومانيا). في رصيدها عددٌ من الكتب المنشورة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### TRĂIRE NEVĂZUTĂ/UNWITNESSED FEELING

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Romanian and English.*

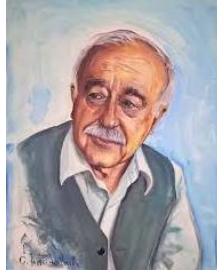
## TRĂIRE NEVĂZUTĂ

În mine încă mai crește un copac.  
 Sunt și eu un copac trecător  
 prin pădurile lumii întregi  
 așa... ca mulți alții.  
 Lujer am fost demult.  
 Am semănat cândva  
 cu liana subțire și naivă,  
 prinsă de tinerețe  
 cu degetele firave ale curajului.  
 Apoi, cu ramurile mi-am îmbrățișat viața,  
 m-am dezgolit în fața aflării  
 și am ridicat rugi către cerul cu ploi.  
 Am legănat ochi în văzduhul cu lupte  
 și am stârnit furtuni în pahare cu iluzii.  
 În mine a crescut un copac mare  
 gros și destul de înalt.  
 Fruntea lui a atins câțiva nori ai cunoașterii  
 încât genele s-au strecurat a siguranță  
 în fosforul ființei tale  
 ce mi-a luminat întunericul inimii.  
 Și am iubit cu târziu-ntomnării  
 cu trupul julit de scâldatul în vrăji.  
 Și sunt doar un copac pe dinăuntru!  
 Am rădăcini și crengi nevăzute...  
 cu care am trăit nevăzut.

## UNWITNESSED FEELING

There still is a growing tree inside of me  
 I myself am but a transient tree in the forests of this wide world,  
 such as everybody else.  
 Long ago, I was a stem. I resembled the naive and slender liana,  
 grasped by youth with the fragile fingers of courage.  
 Then, I embraced life with my boughs.  
 Laid bare before wisdom, I knelt in prayer to the pouring sky.  
 I reached into the depths of thunderous skylines  
 and stirred storms in glasses filled with illusions.  
 I witnessed a thick, dense tree – and quite tall, as it is – grow inside.  
 Its brow reached a few clouds of knowledge, and safely did the eyebrows  
 instill in the phosphorus of your soul, that illumed the darkness in my heart.  
 But only after the passing of many moons did I love,  
 my body scarred by the ebb and tide of magical instants.

And I am nothing but a tree on the inside!  
I have unwitnessed roots and unseen boughs... with which I've lived unwitnessed.



### Milijan Despotović

### ميليان دسبوتوفيتش

Serbian writer and poet, born in 1952 (Subjel, Kosjerić, Zlatibor, Serbia), living in Pozega. Studied literature and library science at the University of Sarajevo. Publisher of the literary paper "Svitak" and the first haiku magazine in the Serbian language "Paun", he writes poetry, prose, aphorisms, literary and art criticism. His aphorisms and haiku poetry have been translated into Italian, French, Spanish, English, German, Hungarian, Slovenian, Romanian, Ruthenian, Polish, Bulgarian, Macedonian, Turkish, Russian, Japanese, Greek and Armenian. Awards for poetry and essays: "Paun Prize" (1999); "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe" (2001); "The seventh of April" (2013), and "Dr. Sima Cucic" (2013).

*Écrivain et poète serbe, né en 1952 à Subjel (Kosjerić, Zlatibor, Serbie), vivant à Pozega. Il a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

كاتبٌ وشاعرٌ صيربيٌّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٥٢ (زلاتيبور، شرقي صربيا). في رصيده عددٌ من الكتب المنشورة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### HAIKU

(النصُّ الكامل - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

*In Serbian, with English version by Dimitar Anakiev,  
and Slovenian version by Franjo Frančič.*

*Mesec je ne ostavlja  
samu. Starica prelazi  
zaledjeno brvno.*

Moon does not leave her  
alone. The old woman crosses  
frozen beam

*Mesec je ne pušča  
samo. Starka prečka  
poledenelo brv.*

\*\*\*



*Zimska mesečina:  
pantalone dečaka mokre  
a senka suva.*

Winter moonlight:  
pants of a boy are wet  
but their shadow dry

*Zimska mesečina  
dečkove hlače mokre  
a senca suha.*

\*\*\*

*Naklon strašila:  
Slameni šešir se opire  
Jesenjem vetru.*

A bow of a scarecrow:  
Straw hat is resisting  
Autumn wind

*Povešeno strašilo:  
Slamnati klobuk se upira  
Jesenskemu vetru.*

\*\*\*

*Otiska konjskog  
Kopita na tren nesta.  
Letnji pljusak.*

Imprint of horse  
Hooves disappeared momentary.  
Summer shower

*Sled konjskega  
Kopita v hipu izgine.  
Poletna nevihta.*

\*\*\*

*Sad ne hodma sam!  
Na mom ramenu se zadržao  
Šareni leptir.*

I do not walk alone!  
On my shoulder  
a butterfly tarries

*Zdaj ne hodim sam!  
Na mojem ramenu počiva  
Mavrični metulj.*



### Paola Ippolito

### باولا إيبوليتو

Argentinian poetess, born in 1974 (Buenos Aires, Argentina). She took part in different anthologies in the city of Buenos Aires, Rosario, Córdoba, Santa Fe, Ayacucho, Mar del Plata y Junín among others. With several writings, cultural activities and awards (since she was 12, mainly from Italy and the U.S.A.). International academic member of the American Academy of Modern Literature and associated academic member of the Argentinian Academy of Modern Literature (venue Cordoba). She was distinguished with the Southern Star award in recognition for her work and contribution to arts and social compromise (representing Pinamar, May 2018).

*Poétesse argentinienne, née en 1974 à Buenos Aires (Argentine). Elle a à son actif plusieurs écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة أرجنتينية، من مواليد العام ١٩٧٤ (بوينس آيرس، الأرجنتين). في رصيدها كتابات منشورة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### ABISMO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النص الكامل)

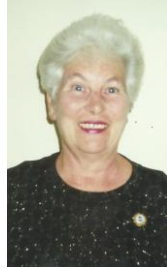
*Poem in Spanish.*

### ABISMO

Te nombro en los latidos que habitan el verbo hambriento de caricias  
me nombras en el eco que queda entre las manos, brotadas de certezas

Dejaré que las líneas de tu mano construyan mi refugio  
Trazaré sobre el borde de tu risa la constelación de nuestros pactos  
Me mirarás tan hondo que retrocedan las mareas y los miedos  
Me perderé en tu abrazo y soltarás las anclas  
Tal vez en ese instante fluya la única certeza

Este profundo abismo resquebraja el silencio  
 El retorno a las voces conocidas, a la incómoda procesión de los fantasmas  
 En este cardumen de inquietudes se desmorona el agua,  
 constelan las estrellas un universo equivocado.  
 Criaturas de magia que habitan nuestros miedos  
 Nos calman las tormentas, nos miran con la hondura del hambre,  
 nos observan ceder ante las sombras, adherir nuestra sed a los designios  
 Este profundo abismo nos inquieta,  
 revela el pulso de la sangre en las venas del alma



### Patricia Prime

### باتريسيا برايم

Member of The New Zealand Poetry Society, a member of *The New Zealand Author*, and a member of the Tanka Society of America. She is on the panel of editors for the Indian publication *Poetcrit*, a member of the review panel of *Metverse Muse*, is co-editor of the New Zealand haiku journal *Kokako*, a reviewer for *Takahe* and *Atlas Poetica*, reviews/interviews editor of *Haibun Today*, and a selector of competition entries for *Gusts* and *Metverse Muse*. Was honoured with the Poet of the Millennium Award by the International Poets Academy in 2001. Her articles, reviews, interviews and poetry have been published extensively in the small press and in anthologies, and her poems have been anthologised in *Catching the Light*, *the shortcut home*, *The World Poetry Anthology*, and others. A selection of her poems, reviews, interviews and haiku has appeared on the Internet, and her work has been published worldwide in books, newspapers and magazines. Her haiku have been featured in *The Second New Zealand Haiku Anthology* and in *The Haiku Canada Anthology*. In 1998 Les Editions David published ten of Patricia's haiku in *Anthology of Haiku*, directed by Andre Duhaime, Canada. She edited with Dr. Bruce Ross the *World Haiku Anthology*. In 1999 she collaborated with two poets, Catherine Mair and R. K. Singh, to produce a collection of haiku *Every Drop Stone Pebble*. She collaborated with Indian haïjin, Kanwar Dinesh Singh, to produce a collection of haiku called *Deuce*. She has collaborated with fellow New Zealand haïjin, Catherine Mair, on several books of linked verse, including *sweet penguin* and *first rays of the sun*. Patricia won a prize for her haiku entry in a contest commemorating the 10th anniversary of the HIA (Japan), and an award for her haiku for the A-bomb Memorial Day (Japan). Haiku entries were highly commended in the New Zealand International Poetry Competition and her poems appeared in their anthology, *tapping the tank*. In 2001 she judged the Junior Haiku Section of the New Zealand International Poetry Competition. She recently won the inaugural haiga online contest. Has written on New Zealand women poets for *Creative Forum* (India). She has written essays on contemporary Indian English poetry and on

Australasian poetry. The New Zealand poetry anthology *Something Between Breaths*, published by Bahri Publications, India, is the first book she has edited. Her first solo collection of poetry *Accepting Summer* was published in 2001 by Bahri Publications, India. She has interviewed many poets/editors for the Australian online magazine *Stylus*, for the NZ publication *Takahe* and for the online journal *Haibun Today*. She is on the editorial panel of the Indian publication *New Fiction Journal* and is a member of the Guild of Indian English Writers, Critics and Editors. In 2015 she published *Shizuka*, a collection of collaborative verse with French poet, Giselle Maya. Patricia was recently interviewed by Dr. Dalip Kumar Khetarpal for a piece to be published by him and he is currently reviewing a manuscript of poems to be published next year.

*Poétesse de la Nouvelle-Zélande. À son actif s'incrivent des écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة من نيو زيلندا. في رصيدها عددٌ من الكتابات المنشورة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in English.*

### MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

the cats are out  
at the end of the drive  
by the letterbox  
waiting to see how the night  
might shape itself

a sound of music  
pulses through the house  
every beat  
clear as a little stream  
running over stones

full moon night  
big and close to the earth  
the whole sky  
seems to leap up  
to greet a visitor

flowering cherries  
decorate the garden  
like Swan Lake cygnets  
marshalled by taller trees  
in case they disappear

in my notebook  
I write in longhand  
with a black pen

words fine as violin strings  
music of cats in the night  
a storm breaks  
the rain-thwacked road  
becomes a river  
*2018, Ribbons*

a storm breaks  
the rain-thwacked road  
becomes a river  
*The British Haiku Society Anthology, 2018*

turn of the tide  
from the shellfish  
drops of the sea  
*Valley Micropress, 2018*

magnolia bud  
an old tree waits to unfurl  
outside the chapel  
*Metverse Muse, 2018*

as she dances  
a string of pearls bounces  
at the girl's throat  
*Frogpond, 2018*

an agile busker  
standing on one foot  
juggles eight balls  
*Time Haiku, 2018*

coming to rest  
on a nameless headstone  
a slice of sun  
*Presence, 2018*



### Peter Thabit Jones

### بيتر ثابت جونز

Welsh writer and poet, born in Wales (United Kingdom), and raised by his maternal grandparents. Author of fourteen books, several of which have been reprinted. His work has been translated into over twenty languages. His short drama, *The Poet, the Hunchback, and The Boy*, based on the poem 'The hunchback in the park' by Dylan Thomas, is available as a DVD. It was part of the Centenary celebrations of the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Swansea. The drama was performed by Theatre actors at the National Waterfront Museum in Swansea and at The Welsh Centre in London, in May 2013. He is the Founder and Editor of *The Seventh Quarry Swansea Poetry Magazine*, which publishes poetry, translations, interviews, and articles from around the world, and the accompanying The Seventh Quarry Press, which publishes international books of poetry, prose, and art. He is the recipient of the Eric Gregory Award for Poetry (The Society of Authors, London), The Society of Authors Award, The Royal Literary Fund Award (London) and an Arts Council of Wales Award. He has been a prizewinner in several UK and international poetry competitions. He was awarded the Ted Slade Award for Service to Poetry in 2016 by The Poetry Kit (UK), the Shabdaguchha Poetry Award 2017 (USA), and the 2017 Homer: European Medal for Art and Poetry. His poem *Lament for Soldiers of the First World War* is featured in the film *Bells on the Western Front*, produced by Holly Tree Productions. The film has won several international awards, including First Prize in the 2017 Wales International Film Festival. His chamber opera libretto, *Ermesinde's Long Walk*, for composer Albena Petrovic, premiered at the Philharmonie Luxembourg in 2017 and his full orchestra libretto for her with Svetla Georgieva, *Love and Jealousy*, premiered at the National Opera House Stara Zagora in Bulgaria in May 2018. *Ermesinde's Long Walk* will also premiere at National Opera House Stara Zagora in December 2018. His drama, *The Fire in the Wood*, about Californian sculptor Edmund Kara, premiered at the Actors Studio of Newburyport in Massachusetts in April 2017 and at the Henry Miller Library and the Carl Cherry Center in California in May/June 2018. His verse drama, *The Boy and the Lion's Head*, was performed at the Swansea International Festival of Music and the Arts in 2018.

*Écrivain et poète gallois, né au pays de Galles (Royaume-Uni). À son actif s'incrivent des écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

كاتبٌ وشاعرٌ غاليّ (من بلاد الغال بالمملكة المتحدة). في رصيده كتابات منشورة وجوائز وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## LAMENT FOR SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poems in English.*

## LAMENT FOR SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

*(in memory of my grandfather)*

Your blood is dust,  
Trenches of rust through history.  
Your bones shine  
In the silence of time's mud.  
Your souls sing in the battling wind.

I wear the redness  
Of your loss—  
With a stark eye black as grief.  
My generation has your graves  
In our eyes.

You weep in the nights  
When we cannot sleep,  
When the rain washes  
November's dead trees  
And the sky is as cold

As ashes.

## MY GRANDFATHER'S RAZOR

*(for my grandmother)*

I used his razor once;  
Aged fifteen, face fluff-haired,  
I locked the bathroom door.  
I soaped my brown boy's face  
And held the loaded tool.  
I recalled how he shaved,  
Pillow-propped up in bed:  
The bed in the parlour  
His sunk shoulders towelled,  
His brush tickled the soap,  
Until his Auschwitz face  
Had a beard of snow;  
I held the square mirror.  
The razor ploughed and rasped,  
His hand trembling slightly  
And he always shaved twice.  
Sometimes, he nicked his neck,  
Wrinkled as a turkey's,  
And I watched his blood come.

It always made him smile;  
 And cigarette paper  
 Blotted dry the blemish.  
 The ritual over  
 He swilled clean his smooth face:  
 Hair, like iron filings,  
 Tide-marking the white bowl.  
 That first time, when I shaved ,  
 Afraid of the new blade,  
 I removed more than hair:  
 As downy as a girl's.  
 For I knew, as I worked,  
 My hand trembling slightly,  
 I was shaving away  
 The softness of boyhood;  
 I would leave the bathroom  
 Feeling more like a man.  
 And my reflection smiled  
 When the blade caught my skin:  
 For from my snow beard  
 I watched adult blood come.



### Raamaa Chandramouli

### راما شاندرامولي

Indian poet and professor. With several published works and various cultural activities.  
*Poète et professeur indien. Il a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وبروفيسور هنديّ، في رصيده كتبٌ منشورةٌ، وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ مختلفة.

### MULTIPLE-SHE

(النصُّ الكامل - *texte intégral* - texto completo)



*Poem translated into English by Indira Babbellapati.*

Telugu original: aame bahula

'andhra jyothi- vividha' Dt: 09-11-2015

"Into a Crowded Aloneness", published by: J.V. Publications Hyderabad.

Is the sea in the backyard or  
is it in the front-yard of her town?  
Living in that sea-town, every night she morphs  
into a wind-sail and caresses the salt waters  
and by morning, slips back into the human form,  
opens her eyes and breathes herself into being.  
In their hearts humans sometimes become wilderness;  
the sea; mere rain drops. They also transform  
into wandering birds settled on  
electric lines. Intending to hide

behind clouds, they become kites!  
Once in a way, they melt and melt  
to flow as tears too-She opened her eyes,  
walked quietly into the front yard,  
opened the door... Is life is a day  
extended to another day, she contemplated.  
Just visible invisibility; the day, yet to  
break into dawn. Stars, fading  
glitter though the moon had left.  
She sat at the door step. In front  
Of her is a gate, a mango tree and beside it,  
a croton. 'Is waking up, a rebirth after death?'  
she thought again. A bird emerged  
from the thick foliage. As she watched the bird,  
another joined... soon a flock! She went

in to get a handful of grain: mynahs, vanjari, vadla pitta,  
two squirrels...a homogenous flock!  
'Life lies in collective effort,' she  
thought melting at the sight...The compound  
wall twittered—a greeting in  
bird-lingo. How nice if it had a script!  
Never mind, the heart is multilingual...  
She closed her eyes in ecstasy. Within her  
breathed the sea. Still a reluctant darkness around...  
The paper boy dropped the paper and vanished in a wink;  
the milk-man followed, a sea of milk in his hands...  
Had he hardly left, there came the vegetable-vendor,  
carrying the basket in a balancing act.  
'O, the world woke up already,' she thought

looking at her who left a stillsleeping home behind.  
 The vendor isa mobile market with a  
 smile and a warm greeting. The doors, opened by the maid..  
 and soon a rhythmic sound of a sweeping- broom followed .  
 Cleaning is her job: earth, dishes, clothes...  
 after all, humans will have to clean themselves!  
 Light spilled itselfin the front yard. Golden glow!  
 How tender is the nascent light!  
 The birds pecked at all the grain...and flew away;  
 she knows the sound of their thanks giving.  
 That morning, opening her eyes alone...  
 Thinking of another human, another bird, the paper boy,  
 The milk-man... it's like gathering and preserving rain drops in the palm...  
 Life-force! Till thensitting like a closed book,  
 she got up to walk into the house...  
 She stood in front of the mirror...  
 with a loving look at her red round bindi, at her  
 bangles, her face, her eyes and  
 the whole body! Human is a sea-like anthology;  
 so thinking, she lighted the stove with a match stick:  
 A red flame rose in front of her...  
  
 Holy Fire!



### Rajko Jolić

### رايكو يوليشيش

Montenegrin poet, journalist, humorist, satirist, actor and humanist, born in 1947 at Krnjice (on the banks of Lake Skadar), living in the coastal city of Bar. With 31 published books – collections of poems for children and adults, of humor and satire. His patriotic poetry is notable, especially that in the collections *On Cetinje* and *Prayer for the Balkans*, the latter having four editions. Some works were translated into several foreign languages.

*Poète, journaliste, humouriste, satiriste et humaniste monténégrin, né en 1947 à Krnjice, vivant à Bar. Il a à son actif 31 livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ، وصحفيٌّ وساخرٌ وممثلٌ وأنسيٌّ من المُنْتَبِغِرو، من مواليد العام ١٩٤٧. في رصيده ٣١ كتابًا، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطة ثقافيةً مختلفة.

## APHORISMS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Aphorisms in Montenegrin and English.*

*Crna Gora će dobiti svetu životinju  
zato što su preduslovi stvoreni:  
biće to ovca – blejanje je na cijeni*  
Montenegro is to get her sacred animal:  
since all the conditions have been met,  
it'll be the sheep as bleating's become a worthy asset

*Nijesam imao ništa protiv ogledala,  
al' mi se iz njega rugala budala*  
Against the mirror I had no hard feeling,  
but in it a mocking jeer keeps revealing

*Kada bi zbog laži moralo da se plaća,  
mnogi bi novinari i političari ostali bez gaća*  
If one was to be paying for the lies that they express,  
lots of journalists and politicians would be soon penniless

*Neka priča ko šta hoće –  
banane su naše voće*  
Let people speak of banana's root,  
nowdays bananas are our fruit



### Rita Pacilio

### ريتا باسيليو

Italian poetess, author, editorial assistant, sociologist and family mediator, born in 1963 (Benevento, Italy). She deals with poetry, literary criticism, metatheatre, children literature and vocal jazz. Book editor for anthologies, editing, reading/evaluation of poems and short essays, directs the section “*Opera Prima*” for *la Vita Felice*. Director of the publishing brand *RPLibri*, she is the President of the *Associazione Arte e Saperi*. She created and coordinates the *Festival della Poesia nella Cortesia of San Giorgio del Sannio*. Her recent publications: *Gli imperfetti sono gente bizzarra* (*La Vita Felice* 2012). Winner of several awards, such as *Laurentum* 2013. She was translated in French *Les imparfaits sont des gens*

*bizarres* (L'Harmattan, 2016, traduction française de Giovanni Dotoli et Françoise Lenoir) and in Arabic for Uet Tunisi (by the Professor Othman Ben Taleb), *Ouel grido raggrumato* (La Vita Felice 2014), *Il suono per obbedienza* – poems on jazz (Marco Sava Edizioni 2015), *Prima di andare* (La Vita Felice, 2016). For the narrative: *Non camminare scalzo* (Edilet Edilazio Letteraria, 2011). *La principessa con i baffi* (Scuderi Edizioni, 2015) is a fairy tale for kids; *Cantami una filastrocca* is an exercise book for the preschool (RPlibri, 2018). Her works have been translated in Greek, Romanian, French, Arabic, English, Spanish, Catalan and Neapolitan. In March 2018 she published 'L'amore casomai', a collection of short stories in poetic prose.

*Poétesse, auteure et sociologue italienne. Elle a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés et traduits, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة ومؤلفة وعالمة اجتماع إيطالية. في رصيدها كتب منشورة ومترجمة، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## LAGO DI NEMI

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النص الكامل)

*Poem in Italian, with English, Spanish, French and Arabic versions.*

Si increspa il lago di Nemi  
in un gesto di doloroso silenzio  
a vederlo mordere nuvole  
l'affanno arriverebbe in cima.

Salgono visitatori  
in una strada scoperta riaffiorano  
in mezzo alle piante  
ragazze di colore nude a metà

pascolano paure  
e cosce raggelate. E fissano  
l'inquieta luce della sera  
come fosse un contatto.

*Chiedo perdono al mondo/ come lo chiedo a te/ per il mio  
peregrinare stanco/ per l'urlo muto/ per la corsa che mi  
affanna e dice./ Il destino è un cerchio senza fine.*

\*\*\*

Lake Nemi ripples  
In a gesture of painful silence  
To see it biting clouds  
the anguish would get to the top.

Visitors climb  
Reemerge from an open path  
Into the bushes  
Half-naked black girls

Graze fears  
And frozen thighs. And stare at  
The restless light of the evening  
Like a touch.

*I ask for forgiveness to the world/as I ask for forgiveness to you/ for my  
tired wondering/ for the voiceless scream/ for the rush that  
leave me breathless and speeches. Fate is an endless circle.*

**English version by Sara Corrieri.**

\*\*\*

El lago de Nemi se va ondulando  
en un gesto de doloroso silencio  
al verlo morder las nubes  
la respiración llegaría a la cima.

Los visitantes vienen  
en un camino abierto resurgen  
en el medio de las plantas  
chicas negras casi desnudas  
pastan miedos  
y muslos congelados. Y miran fijamente  
a la inquieta luz de la tarde  
como si fuera un contacto.

*Le pido perdón al mundo / como te lo pido a ti/ por mi  
vagar cansado / por el grito silencioso / por la marcha que  
me harta y dice./ El destino es un círculo sin fin.*

**Spanish version by Martina Di Blasi.**

\*\*\*

Le lac de Nemi se ride  
en un geste de douloureux silence  
à le regarder mordre les nuages  
le souffle arriverait au sommet.

Les visiteurs montent  
sur une route dégagée apparaissent  
au milieu des plantes  
des filles noires à moitié nues  
qui promènent leurs peurs  
et leurs cuisses transies. Elles fixent  
la leur inquiète du soir  
comme si elles la touchaient.

*Je demande pardon au monde/et à toi/pour mon errance lasse/pour mon cri muet/pour la course qui  
m'essouffle et me parle/. Le destin est un cercle sans fin.*

**French version by Giovanni Dotoli et Françoise Lenoir.**

بُحَيْرَةٌ "نَامِي" تَتَجَعَّدُ  
 فِي حَرَكَةٍ مِنْ صَمْتِ مُؤَلِّمٍ  
 عَصْفُ الرِّيحِ يَعْضُ الغُيُومَ  
 وَهُوَ فِي دَرَبِهِ إِلَى القَمَّةِ

يَصْعَدُ الزَّائِرُونَ فِي طَرِيقِ سَالِكَةٍ  
 وَتَظْهَرُ وَسَطَ النِّبَاتَاتِ  
 فَتَيَاتٌ سَوْدٌ، نِصْفُ عَارِيَاتِ

إِنَّهِنَّ تُتَرِّهْنَ خَوْفَهُنَّ وَأَفْخَاذَهُنَّ المُرْتَعِدَةَ  
 تُحَدِّقْنَ بِخَيْطِ المَسَاءِ الأَبْيَضِ القَلِقِ  
 كَمَا لَوْ أَنَّهُنَّ تُلَامِسْنَ!

أطلبُ من العالم الغفران / ومنك / من أجل تيهي المتعب / وصوتي الصامت / من أجل السباق الذي  
 يُرهِقني و يُكَلِّمُني / إنَّ المصيرَ دائِرَةٌ لا نِهائِيَةَ لها

Arabic version by Othman Ben Taleb; revised by Najj Naaman.



### Şenel Gökçe

Turkish poet, journalist, teacher and financial consultant. Graduated from the Public Administration Department (Faculty of Political Sciences, Istanbul University). His writings and poems appeared in many newspapers and magazines. He attended many poetry and literature festival in Turkey and abroad, and he helped to have some festivals organized and his poems were published in various anthologies. With four poetry collections.

Poète turque. Il a à son actif quatre recueils publiés, des prix et des activités culturelles.

شاعرٌ تركيٌّ. في رصيده أربعة دواوين وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### شبنل غوكشه

## ÖLDÜREMEDIĞİM THE LOVER I COULD NOT MAKE DISAPPEAR

(full text - *texte intégral* - *texto completo* - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Turkish, with English translation by Mesut Şenol (NNLP).*

### ÖLDÜREMEDIĞİM

Ansızın otur yanıma  
Zaman bazen saldırgan olur  
Hayat kendini aldatır  
Unutamadığım özlemlerini  
Nereden bilebilir ki

Madem ki öncüsüyüm  
-kaygılı mı, kaygısız mı?-  
Geçti, geçecek günlerin  
Öyleyse gereksinim  
Duyuyorum sana

Yoksa nasıl sürdürebilirim ki  
-alfabesi de ezberimde ya!-  
Tanımlayamadığım duygularımı.

Varsa eğer  
Cehennemliğinle biraz da ben esrik olayım  
Öldüremediğim; büyüdükçe büyüyen  
Hoşça kal diyemediğim sevgilim

### THE LOVER I COULD NOT MAKE DISAPPEAR

Come sit by me on a sudden  
Time becomes hostile now and again  
Life deceives itself  
How come it would have known  
Its longing I have not forgotten

Whereas I am its pioneer  
- whether worried or not? –  
Your days passed till now and they shall pass later  
Then it is obvious  
I need you here

Or else how come I could continue  
- its alphabet stays in my memory anyway! –  
Of my feelings I could not identify.

If there exists  
 Let me be a bit of ecstatic with your infernal place  
 O my lover, to you I was not able to say goodbye  
 You are the one I could not make disappear, rather you keep growing



### Sigrid Bergie Feliciano

### سيغريد برجي فيليتشيانو

American poetess, living in Los Angeles. Award-winning author of *Turning Out The Lights* (New Rivers Press, 1989), nominated for the Minnesota Book Awards in Poetry; Editor of *Where Laugh Touches Tears* (COMPAS Statewide Student Anthology of Poems and Prose 1991). For 20 years, she was a Poet in Residence for the COMPAS Writers & Artists in the Schools Program, teaching kindergarten-twelfth grade; for The Minnesota Center for the Book Arts, teaching teachers; for The Loft, teaching University graduate-level accredited creative writing; and so on. She is published nationwide in anthologies, journals, city newspapers – such as *The Great River Review*, *Studio One*, *moth*, *ONTHEBUS*, *Sing Heavenly Muse!*, *The Talking of Hands*, *Icarus*, *Dacotah Territory...* and many more. She was a caregiver for her parents Marga and Romeo in their last years. She is a humanist and a social activist She and husband Tony are happy globetrotters.

*Poétesse américaine, vivant à Los Angeles. Elle a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة أمريكية، مقيمة في لوس أنجلوس. في رصيدها عددٌ من الكتب، وجوائز، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

### SUNDAY DINNER AT GRANDMA AND UNCLE DOC'S HOUSE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in English.*

Someone asks me to say grace at the big kitchen table.  
 I am four or five, and I close my eyes, and just say what I feel.  
 I say thank you for chicken and gravy and mashed potatoes and peas and sweets.  
 Thank you for my Papa and my Mama and my Grandma and my Uncle Doc.  
 And I do not stop,



Thank you for the flowers and the stars and the sun and the clouds.  
And the sky and the stones and the trees and the lakes and the animals  
And the....  
Uncle Doc begins to cry silent tender tears we all can see.  
His tears, so much more than grace.



**Sonia Elvireanu**

**سونيا الفيريانو**

Romanian poetess, novelist, critic and translator. With several published works, awards and cultural activities.

*Poétesse, romancière, critique littéraire, essayiste et traductrice roumaine. Membre de l'Union des Écrivains Roumains. Études: Université Babeş-Bolyai de Cluj-Napoca, Faculté des lettres. Doctorat en philologie avec une thèse sur l'exil. Professeur de français associé à l'Université technique de Cluj-Napoca, Roumanie. Membre du Centre de recherche de l'imaginaire «Speculum» et du Centre de recherches philologiques pour le dialogue multiculturel, Université «1 Decembrie 1918», Alba Iulia, animatrice culturelle dans l'association franco-roumaine AMI, membre de la Fédération internationale des professeurs de français (FIPF), fondatrice du cénacle littéraire «Jacques Prévert» d'Alba Iulia. À son actif s'inscrivent plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرةٌ وروائيةٌ وناقدةٌ وباحثةٌ ومترجمةٌ رومانيةٌ. في رصيدها عددٌ كبيرٌ من الكتب المنشورة، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطة ثقافيةٌ مختلفةٌ.

## **CERUL DIN GRĂDINĂ/ LE CIEL AU JARDIN**

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Romanian and French.*

### **CERUL DIN GRĂDINĂ**

Se adâncesc clipele în tăcerea din frunze,  
murmurul umbrelor amiezii pe dealuri,  
foşnetul vorbelor tale prin arbori,

nu se desfac noptile, nici zilele în străfunduri,  
 viul de ieri sprijină diminețile mele pustii,  
 murmură lumina lor prin sângele zilei,  
 aerul curge, se deapănă ca o rugă în mine,  
 frunzele nu mai tac,  
 șoptesc aceeași poveste,  
 cerul tău agățat de crengi în grădină  
 își cerne lumina în mine.

### LE CIEL AU JARDIN

*Les instants s'émiettent dans le silence des feuilles,  
 murmure des ombres du midi sur les collines,  
 frémissement de tes paroles dans les arbres,*

*les nuits et les jours ne meurent pas aux tréfonds,  
 le vif d'hier nourrit mes matins vides,  
 leur lumière murmure dans le sang du jour,*

*l'air se fait prière en moi,  
 les feuilles ne cessent de se taire,  
 murmurent la même histoire,*

*ton ciel accroché aux branches du jardin  
 glisse sa lumière en moi.*



### Thierry Retailleau

### تيري روتايلو

French poet, born at Cholet (Maine et Loire, France). With printed works and cultural activities.

*Poète français, né a Cholet (Maine et Loire, France). A participé au recueil collectif Composition Etoilée avec Denis Emorine, Mahamoud M'Saidie, Abderrazak Letaïf et d'autres. A aussi publié un roman, "Mon Frère Vous A Aimés", aux éditions Les2 Encres en 2009.*

شاعر فرنسي، من مواليد شوله (من إه لوار، فرنسا). في رصيده مؤلفات منشورة، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## LES PETITS POÈMES DU SOIR

(extracts - *extraits* - extractos - *مقتطفات*)

*Poems in French.*

### LIBERTÉ

*Que la menthe fraîche et nue*

*Et le ruisseau d'eau pure*

*Au naturel sans un murmure*

*Fuient sous le rocher moussu.*

### LE VIN

*La grappe au jus vermeil*

*Qui dans les verres chante*

*Enivrante jusqu'au sommeil*

*Porte nos soucis en attente.*

### PASSION

*Émotive est la flamme*

*Au moindre souffle divin*

*Est prête à rendre l'âme*

*Et puis renaît chaque matin.*

### LES POÈTES

*Leur âme tourmentée*

*Sur les écueils des vicissitudes*

*S'en est allée s'échouer*

*Au quotidien humain des habitudes.*

### CHANT VERT

*L'ode du champ pur*

*Passe sur les villes*

*Glisse sur les murs*

*Séduit les charmilles.*



### Valentin Iacob

### فالتين ياكوب

Romanian poetry and prose writer, mathematician and journalist, born on October 12, 1955 (Bucharest, Romania). Graduated the elite National Highschool of Mathematics and IT „Tudor Vianu” in Bucharest, Romania, in which he was admitted with the highest grade, 10. Also received grade 10 at the admission exam of the Faculty of Mathematics, IT Section at the University of Bucharest. Graduated in 1979 with a bachelor's degree in Artificial Intelligence. IT specialist and a math teacher between 1979 and 1993. Since 1992, senior editor of the prestigious magazine "Formula AS", the leading Romanian weekly. Literary debut after 1989. He had published poems, fictional prose, interviews and memoirs in most of the major Romanian and Moldavian literary magazines: Romania Literara, Luceafarul, Viata Romaneasca, Euforion, Steaua, Timpul, Poesis, Vatra, Familia, Astra, Orizont, Tribuna, Ramuri, Ateneu, Contemporan, Hyperion, Observator Cultural, Paradigma, Pontos, Convorbiri Literare; Contrafort (Moldavian Republic, Chisinau). Member of the Romanian Writers' Union (1997), and the Romanian Journalists' Association (1994).

*Écrivain, journaliste et mathématicien roumain, né le 12 octobre 1955 à Bucarest (Roumanie). Il a à son actif plusieurs écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ وصحافيٌّ وعالمٌ رياضياتٍ رومانيٌّ، من مواليد الثاني عشر من تشرين الأول ١٩٥٥ في بوخارست (رومانيا). في رصيده كتابات منشورة وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## LEOPARDUL DE DIAMANT/THE DIAMOND LEOPARD

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Romanian, with English version by George Volceanov.*

### LEOPARDUL DE DIAMANT

„Coincidența este calea lui Dumnezeu de a rămâne anonim”

*Albert Einstein*

*Leopardul de diamant a intrat într-o dimineață  
în cameră  
și mi s-a cățarat pe birou.  
M-a privit fix, a suflat,  
Și-o mazăre de aur și lapte i-a țâșnit din blană și nări.*

*Suflarea lui mi-a pulverizat literele de pe foi  
și poemele care alergau înnebunite  
prin computer.*

*Pe urmă a început să își legene capul încet,  
și-a închis ochii, își agita coada dominator, sacadat,  
Și nici nu mi-am dat seama exact  
când a început să-și ascută ghearele, metodic,  
de trecutul meu.*

*Poate era un comandat rătăcit,  
alt mercenar al tandreței,  
vreun adjutant al colonelului Elf – o arsură,  
o înviere trucată care se petrecea  
diminețile sub ochii mei pe birou,  
niciodată dusă până la capăt.*

*Impasibil, adjutantul colonelului Elf  
își vedea mai departe de treabă cu aerul lui marțial și gracil.  
Cobora, se rătăcea în picaj  
cu pianul lui kamikaze cu tot,  
în trupul dihaniei ăleia orbitoare  
cu blana și trupul și ghearele ei de diamante,  
care lăsa în urma ei o dâră, un sânge scânteietor și curat –  
De parcă, în timp ce le pulveriza prin aer  
cu răsuflarea lui de aur și lapte,  
leopardul de diamant s-ar fi tăiat sistematic  
diminețile,  
în poemele mele...*

## THE DIAMOND LEOPARD

*„Coincidence is God's way of staying anonymous”*

**Albert Einstein**

One morning the diamond leopard entered the room  
And leapt onto my writing desk.  
It stared at me, exhaled,  
And gold and milk magmagushed from its fur and nostrils.

Its breathdispersed my letters from the sheets  
and the poemsrunning like mad in the computer.

Then it started to slowly shake its head, it closed its eyes, wagging its  
tailwith a dominant, rhythmic motion.

I didn't notice at which point it started to systematically sharpenits  
clawsagainst my past.

It may have been a stray commander,  
 yet another mercenary of tenderness,  
 a collage of martyr and quinine,  
 maybe the Elfin colonel's adjutant – a burn,  
 a faked resurrection occurring in my sight on my writing desk in the  
 morning,  
 one never completed.

Impassibly, the Elfin colonel's adjutant was minding its business with a  
 martial and graceful pose.

It descended, got lost while diving,  
 and so did its kamikaze piano,  
 in the body of the dazzling beast with its diamond fur, body and claws,  
 leaving behind a trail, a trail of clear and sparkling blood –

As if, while dispersing them in the air with its gold and milk breath,  
 The diamond leopard had systematically slit itself,  
 in the morning,  
 with my poems...



### Veronica Golos

### فيرونيكَا غولوس

American poetess. Co-editor of the Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art, former Poetry Editor for the Journal of Feminist Studies in Religion, and core faculty at Tupelo Press's Writers Conferences. Author of three poetry books, *Rootwork* (3: A Taos Press, 2015), *Vocabulary of Silence* (Red Hen Press, 2011), winner of the 2011 New Mexico Book Award, poems from which are translated into Arabic by poet Nizar Sartawi, and *A Bell Buried Deep* (Storyline Press, 2004), co-winner of the 16th Annual Nicholas Roerich Poetry Prize, nominated for a Pushcart Prize by Edward Hirsch, and adapted for stage and performed at Claremont School of Theology, Claremont, CA. Has lectured at Columbia University's Teacher's College, Hunter College, Julliard School of Music, Regis University, University of New Mexico, Dine Technical College, Kansas State University, and Colorado State University; She lives in Taos, New Mexico. U.S.A., with her husband, David Pérez. *Poétesse américaine. Elle a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرة أمريكية. في رصيدها كتبٌ منشورةٌ، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطةٌ ثقافيةٌ مختلفة.

**DAUGHTERSPEAK: A HAUNTING/ PAS DE DEUX/  
I IMAGINE THE GODS SAYING, WE WILL MAKE IT UP TO YOU.  
WE WILL GIVE YOU THREE WISHES, THEY SAY.**

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكاملُ)

*Poems in English.*

**DAUGHTERSPEAK: A HAUNTING**

Poem is part of the upcoming book, GIRL, to be published by 3: A Taos Press, (U.S.A.)

I rise into fever, haunt the empathy of rooms.  
Kettles boil over. Scalding truth. An old woman pisses in the street, lifting  
her eight skirts above her knees. Each skirt a pennon, a place she's been.

She is residue, sperm-colored, and the stink of her  
is ox blood, a wound left untended; I shudder. Her hands are nettles  
and hook. I whisper, *Don't you see?* Snakes writhe in her hair.

She fuses my dreams, the ones of barbed wire, the sun a dull blow in the sky.  
I see her when young, her rags above her waist, against a wall, gnawing  
a chunk of bread while the soldier pounds her closer and closer to stone.

I stand by while she and her child drink mud.

**PAS DE DEUX**

Previously published in *Lethe, Literary and Art Journal*, Koc University, Istanbul, Turkey 2019

Poem is part of the upcoming book, GIRL, to be published by 3: A Taos Press, (U.S.A.)

If I now, saw her  
in that brown second-hand  
coat, her braids bound  
in ribbons the shade of sunlight;  
knap-sack stuffed with pink tights, pink toe-shoes, a tutu--  
choosing to walk the snow-covered field of Central Park  
instead of riding the bus  
from east to west, trudging  
inside the white whiteness,  
I might remember  
why.  
Remember  
she walks to keep  
the four-four beat  
of ballet class, the curved stairway,  
the echoing room of light,

Mademoiselle's voice tingling with *jetté*,  
*arabesque*, *allongé*, *assemblé*, *développé*,  
 the mirror the size of the one room she shares with her mother--

Remember  
 her gliding beauty as she spins to the music,  
 the secret of her--  
 and those tiny gods  
 twirling beneath the snow's flurry and sparkle--  
 through this expanse she is  
 all muscle and mist, her genetics of every-day-work,  
 field, farm, factory, history, strung into tendon and toe, reaching back  
 to Cordova, then Crete, then Paris, the removal  
 of name and language; and now this sonata of snow  
 as she struggles forward into the silvery air,  
 hands in her pockets;  
 Yes, I remember  
 this  
 dancer  
 and the mercies  
 that made her.

I IMAGINE THE GODS SAYING, WE WILL MAKE IT UP TO YOU.  
 WE WILL GIVE YOU THREE WISHES, THEY SAY.

--Jack Gilbert, *Imagine the Gods*

Previously published in the Los Angeles Review, 2019, U.S.A.

Poem is part of the upcoming book, GIRL, to be published by 3: A Taos Press, (U.S.A.)

I.

They are nowhere to be seen or heard. I know. I've walked  
 dune-like hills, trespassed the *Morada*, crossed the arid  
 arroyo deep and blunt with dust. I've searched.

They are gone. They no longer whisper in my throat  
 as they used to, when I was the girl. *Girl*, they'd say,  
*turn this corner, now, and be safe*. Most

times I did what they prompted, made my way though  
 the warren of my mother's madness, tangled my long braids  
 with ribbons in talisman colors of ruby and white.  
*The gods would nudge me in sleep, singing their songs*,  
 urging rest between battle. They'd give me a new name,  
 recount the days I'd lived, slip me the heart of someone's  
 daughter. *Eat*, they'd say, *be strong*.



II.

When I was the girl  
the gods also gave gifts. I could fly.  
My girl body, in my yellow duck  
pajamas stayed sleeping on the bed, of course, in case  
I was looked for; but the *I*  
of me, the one the gods whispered

warnings to, rose out of my  
body, and through the window,  
floated along the rooftops.  
It was a little joy I was allowed, and I told

no one. I'd hum as I drifted through the night air, sing  
a song meant to be heard  
only by me. I'd glide above the streets, the streetlamps  
little stars, a slight rain  
softening the city into another somewhere.

Then, I'd have to go back. And  
the body would welcome me, yes,  
but *this* me would be a bit sad,  
to be inside flesh again,  
and know what I knew.



**Violeta Daniela Mîndru**

**فيولتتا دانييلا ميندرو**

Romanian poetess, member of the literary group "Calistrat Hogaş" (Tecuci, Romania). With writings and various cultural activities.

*Poétesse roumaine, membre du Cénacle Littéraire "Calistrat Hogaş" (Tecuci, Roumanie). À son actif s'inscrivent des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعيرة رومانية، عضو الندوة الأدبية "كاليسترات هوغاش" (تكتش، رومانيا). في رصيدها كتابات منشورة، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## LE JOUR DU RENOUVELLEMENT

(النصُّ الكامل - texte intégral - texto completo - full text)

Poem translated from Romanian into French by Lidia Costea.

### LE JOUR DU RENOUVELLEMENT

*Rien n'est resté des souvenirs...  
Ils ont fondu avec la dernière neige de l'hiver  
À la flamme qui brûle la douleur de l'impuissance.  
Et la raison qui bâtit des fragments de pensée  
Le corps ou chaque cellule soupire  
Se nettoie avec de l'encens et myrrhe.  
C'est le jour du renouvellement  
Je cueille la lumière des levers de soleil.  
Je jette l'oreiller mouillé de larmes  
Et je déchire avec les dents l'étreinte.  
Les boutons sautent et des lambeaux d'âme blessée  
Je les ramasse dans des attelles  
Avec des bandes de coucher de soleil.*



### Walid Abdallah

### وليد عبد الله

Egyptian poet and author. Visiting professor of English language and literature in Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Germany and the U.S.A. His poetry includes “Go Ye Moon”, “Lie of Life” and “Forget?... Not yet”. Has several translated poems which won prestigious prizes in the USA like “Cause”, “Egypt's Grief”, and “Strangers' Cross”. His books include Shout of Silence, Escape to the Realm of Imagination, Man Domination and Woman Emancipation.

Poète et auteur Égyptien. Il a à son actif plusieurs écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرٌ ومؤلّفٌ مصريٌّ. في رصيده كتاباتٌ منشورةٌ، وجوائزٌ، وأنشطةٌ ثقافيّةٌ مختلفة.

**ONCE**(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)*Poem in English.*

Once I had a heart, I had a lover  
 Promised each other to be in love forever  
 Once she was my sun and sky  
 I thought I will never weep or cry  
 Once she was all I own  
 Now I am desperately alone  
 Once she was my soul mate  
 Never imagined our separation by fate  
 Once she was the smile of my life  
 Now it is only suffering and strife  
 Once she was the candle in my night  
 Without her, I lost my sight  
 Once her love filled my veins  
 Now I only feel severe pains  
 Once she was my princess  
 Now I forget joy and happiness  
 Once I had a dream and aspiration  
 Now I only feel deep frustration  
 Once I was alive somewhere  
 Now I took all my sadness share

**Yi Dian****يي ديان**

Chinese poet, born in 1953 (Haining, Zhejiang Province, China). Member of the Chinese Writers' Association and vice director of the Poetry Committee of Zhejiang Writers' Association. Published poetry collections: *Stone Scissors Cloth*, *River in Darkness*, *Thriller and Prayer*, *Bearing*, Prose collections: *Pain and Look Up*, *Don't Block My Sunlight*, *Bright Things*, and Novel Collections: *Iron Can*. His works have been selected into more than 100 selected editions, such as *Selected Poems of the Fifty Years of New China*, *Selected Poems of the 1980s*, *Selected Poems of the Powerful Poets of the 1990s*, *Selected Contemporary*

*Poems, 100 Contemporary Lyric Poems of China, 1978-2008 Chinese Poetry Dictionary, Best Poems of the 21st Century, Selected Prose, 100 Essays Moving Middle School Students, etc. Now he is living in Jiaxing, Zhejiang.*

*Poète chinois, né en 1953 à Haining (Zhejiang, Chine). Il a à son actif plusieurs écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.*

شاعرٌ صينيٌّ، من مواليد العام ١٩٥٣ (هاينينغ، زيجيان، الصّين). في رصيده كتابات منشورة، وأنشطة ثقافية مختلفة.

## 黑暗中的河流/THE RIVER IN DARKNESS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النّصُّ الكامل)

*Poem in Chinese, with English version by Bei Ta.*

### 黑暗中的河流

我们看不见河流  
但是它在流  
我们听不见水声  
但是它在流

我们爱它，我们给它写一千首赞美诗  
但是它在流  
我们恨它，我们发誓忘记它  
但是它在流

我们远远逃开，一去不复返  
但是它在流  
我们寻找它，像寻找圣地一样虔诚  
但是它在流

我们气急败坏地吼叫，咒骂，威胁  
但是它在流  
我们取消它，删除它，否认它的存在  
但是它在流

黑暗愈来愈黑，愈来愈暗  
但是它在流  
天塌下来，堵塞了它以外的所有河流  
但是它在流

## THE RIVER IN DARKNESS

We cannot see the river  
Yet it is flowing  
We cannot hear the water  
Yet it is flowing

We love it and write 1000 hymns for it  
Yet it is flowing  
We hate it and swear to forget it  
Yet it is flowing

We run far away and will never come back  
Yet it is flowing  
We look for it piously as if it was a holy land  
Yet it is flowing

We bellow, curse and threaten flustered and frustratedly  
Yet it is flowing  
We cancel and erase it, and neglect its existence  
Yet it is flowing

It is becoming darker and darker  
Yet it is flowing  
The sky is collapsing and blocking all other rivers  
Yet it is flowing

**Zoran Raonić****زوران راونيتش**

Montenegrin poet, aphorist and short-story writer, born on March 19, 1956 (Đurđevica Tara, Tara river, North of Montenegro). With 17 books and numerous literary awards, his poems were translated into English, German, Greek, Spanish, Bulgarian, Russian and Macedonian, while some of his haiku poems and aphorisms were translated into twenty languages.

*Poète et nouvelliste Monténégrin, né le 19 mars 1956 à Đurđevica (Monténégro). Il a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés et différents prix littéraires.*

شاعرٌ من المُنْتَبِغِرو، مواليد التاسع عشر من آذار ١٩٥٦ (ډُرْدِيفيتشا، المُنْتَبِغِرو). في رصيده كتبٌ منشورة، وجوائزٌ أدبيَّةٌ مختلفة.

## HAIKU

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النصُّ الكامل)

*Haiku in Montenegrin, with English version by Jelena Raonić.*

starac -  
naslonjen na ogradu  
ispraća put  
*an old man  
leaning on a fence  
says goodbye to the road*

javorov list  
pronade svoju uvelu sjenku  
u travi  
*a maple leaf  
found its withered shadow  
in a grass*

puši se kriška  
pečene tikve –  
mlad mjesec u krilu  
*a slice of  
baked pumpkin steaming -  
a crescent moon in my lap*

sjenka bora  
ispružena preko planine –  
ljetnji suton  
*a pine tree shadow  
spread over the mountain –  
summer dusk*

izađe baka  
iz niske kolibe i  
osta pogurena  
*a grandmother stepped out  
of a low hut and  
remained stooped*

**TRIBUNE LIBRE**







Valeriu Butulescu  
«Réflexions insulaires»

*In French, with Maltese version by Kevin Saliba*

Le dramaturge, poète et essayiste Valeriu Butulescu, est présenté dans l'histoire de la littérature roumaine comme étant l'auteur roumain le plus traduit. Ses livres d'aphorismes sont publiés dans plus de 50 langues sur tous les continents. Il est lauréat du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (*prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, 2006*) et ambassadeur de la Fondation Naji Naaman pour la Culture Gratuite (*FCG, 2011*).

\*\*\*

Malte. Tellement de fertilité historique dans un pays sans sources d'eau douce.

*Malta: tant fertilità storika f'pajjiż mingħajr għejun ta' ilma heġu.*

Les archéologues - scientifiquement, profanant des tombes.

*L-arkeologi – f'sens xjentifiku, iżebilħu l-oqbra.*

Cariatides. Seul un malveillant architecte pouvait mettre tant de poids, sur le dos des femmes.

*Il-karjatidi: biss perit ħajjen ġasal ipogġi tant piż fuq dahar in-nisa.*

Mythologie. Le hibou qui dort toute la journée passe comme l'oiseau de la sagesse.

*Mitoloġija: il-kokka li tqatta' l-ġum kollu riegda tinzamm bl-għasfur tal-għerf.*

Les critiques voient la musique et entendent la peinture.

*Il-kritiċi jaraw il-mużika waqt li jisimgħu l-pittura.*

Je conjugue trois fois le verbe «travailler» et je ressens le besoin de me reposer.

*Naħdem tliet darbiet il-verb "ħadem" u nhoss ħjieg l-irpoż.*

La poésie est chanson de dauphin. Pas toutes les oreilles peuvent la percevoir.

*Il-poeżija hija l-kanzunetta tad-delfini. Mhux kull widna tista' taqbadha.*

L'ignorance est la plus lourde fardeau. Mais le porteur ne la sent pas.

*L-injoranza hija l-ikbar toqla. Izda min iġorrha ma jħosshiex.*

Je déteste le sommeil. J'ai dormi tant de siècles. Tant de siècles, je dormirai.

*Nobogħdu l-irqad. Tant sekli rqadt. Tant sekli ħhad norqod.*

L'oiseau s'est libéré de la terre. Désormais il sera prisonnier du ciel.

*L-ħasfur inqata' mill-art. Minn issa 'l quddiem ser ikun prigunier tas-sema.*

Les archéologues. Basés sur un tesson, ils reconstruisent une cuisine toute ancienne.

*L-arkeologi: minn biċċa xaqqufa jergħu jibnu kċina antikissima.*

De mes primes, je paye mes amendes.

*Mill-primjums tiegħi, inhallas il-multi.*

La paresse doit être très fatigante. Les paresseux se reposent le plus.

*L-ħažż żgur ħhandu jgħejji qatigh. Ħadd ma jistrieħ daqs l-ħažżenin.*

Mettre le mouton, près du loup. De plus, le faire son chef du bureau.

*Poġġi n-nagħġa ħdejn il-lupu. Lilha aħtar ukoll il-kap tal-uffiċċju tiegħu.*

Le sage ne porte ni bouclier, ni épée.

*Il-bniedem ħhaqli la jġorr targa u lanqas xabla.*

Sisyphé ne mourra pas fatigué, mais d'ennui.

*Sisifu m'ghadx imut bil-għejja, iżda bid-dwejjaq.*

Combien de pharaons auraient soupçonné qu'ils iraient, un jour, tout droit, des pyramides au British Museum?

*Kemm-il farawni qatt basar li ħhad jibqa' sejjer, ħhada pitġhada, mill-piramidi ħhall-British Museum?*

Je m'ennuie rarement, mais jamais seul.

*Niddejjaq biss xi darba fil-bogħod. Meta nkun waħdi qatt.*

Ils comptent aussi pour courageux, ceux qui n'aperçoivent pas le danger.

*Jingħaddu wkoll b'qalbiena dawk li t-tweġħir ma jilmħuhx.*

L'agonis des fleurs dans le vase remplit la chambre des parfums.

*L-agonija tal-fjuri fil-vażun timlielna l-kamra kollha fwieħa.*

Combien vaut l'immortalité, sur une planète mortelle?

*Kemm jiswa' l-immortali fuq pjaneta mortali?*

Certains vont à l'église, en espérant que Dieu vérifie la présence.  
*Xi whud imorru l-knisja bit-tama li Alla jghoddhom fir-rassenja.*

Très doux, le fardeau des cadeaux.  
*Helu manna l-piz tar-rigali.*

La Tour de Pise. Il faut s'incliner, pour devenir célèbre.  
*Bhat-Torri ta' Pisa: jenhtieg tmur la banda biex tiehu l-fama.*

En cas de naufrage, les optimistes se noient les derniers.  
*Waqt nawfragju l-ahhar li jmut l-ottimist.*

Le ver creuse son temple d'éternité dans une poire.  
*Il-hanex ihaffer il-maqdes dejjemi tieghu go langasa.*

Un tram déraillé se croit indépendant.  
*It-tramm li safa' barra l-linji minghalih indipendenti.*

L'homme a trouvé beaucoup d'amis parmi les animaux, en général non comestibles.  
*Il-bniedem sab bosta hbieb fost il-bhejjem Fil-bicca l-kbira mhumiex tajbin għall-ikel.*

L'âme d'une femme est comme un livre. Il doit être trop beau pour le lire deux fois.  
*Ir-ruh ta' mara bhal ktieb. Trid tkun sabiha wisq biex taqraha għal darba tnejn.*

L'onde est éphémère. Seul le tourment de l'eau est éternel  
*Il-mewga tigi u tghaddi. It-turment tal-ilma biss jibqa' għal dejjem.*

Colomb pouvait arriver en Inde. Mais l'Amérique est intervenue, comme d'habitude.  
*Kolombu seta' jsehħlu jasal l-Indja. Izda ddeffset l-Amerka, bhas-soltu.*

Diable n'achète plus des âmes. Il y a de trop nombreux donateurs honorifiques.  
*Ix-xitan m'ghadux jixtri l-erwieh. Donaturi onorarji għandu bix-xaba'.*

Mon idéal? Un athée avec l'esprit d'un saint.  
*L-ideal tieghi? Ateu bi spirtu ta' qaddis.*

Paradis. Les loups et les agneaux lisent le même journal, cotisent au même parti.  
*Fil-Ġenna: l-ilpup u l-hrief jaqraw l-istess ġurnal u jagħtu l-flus lill-istess partit.*

À la Révolution Roumaine, les plus curieux sont décédés, pas les plus braves!  
*Fir-Rivoluzzjoni Rumena: mietu l-izjed nies kurjuzi u mhux dawk l-izjed qalbiena.*

L'Atlantide a coulé. Il était le seul moyen d'éviter la colonisation anglaise.  
*Atlantide gherqet. Hi biss setghet tiskansana mill-hakma Ingliza.*

Des journalistes roumains enlevés en Irak. Nos médias commencent à être appréciés à l'étranger!

*Ġurnalisti Rumeni maħtufa fl-Iraq. Donnu l-midja tagħna bdiel toghġobhom lill-barranin!*

L'enfance. Le seul paradis perdu.  
*It-tfulija: l-unika ġenna mitlufa.*

Quel cauchemar! Avoir vocation de libérateur, dans un pays déjà libre.  
*Xi ħmar il-lejl dan! Ikollok sejħa għal ħellies f'pajjiż diġà ħieles.*

Un mini-continent, à la frontière de trois continents: Malte.  
*Kontinent miż-żgħar, mal-fruntiera ta' tliet kontinenti: Malta.*