

ATUNIS GALAXY ANTHOLOGY – 2021

ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY WORLD POETRY ATUNIS POETRY

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WITH ATUNIS IS WELCOMED

A PUBLICATION OF POETICAL GALAXY ATUNIS

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Introduction – Editorial Staff of “ATUNIS”

Atunis International "Anthology - 2021" comes with a series of selected authors at a difficult time for all humanity because of the pandemic time that we are living in, which has damaged not only human trust but has also created many problems in everyday social life.

Art itself and especially poetry is the representation of hope and kaleidoscope meaning of life, today more than ever.

Writers (authors) around the world through their spiritual power, dive into the chaos and troubles of human circumstances, bringing light and hope to adjust tomorrow's life visions, which definitely pave another path for the younger generations; always in dispute with the invented realities and always in disagreement with the absurdity of the world toward us.

Editor in Chief: Agron Shele (Albania- Belgium)

POETS AS PASSING GEESE IN SKIES

The mobility of poets has overwhelmingly increased in recent years. The internet made crisscross contacts possible all over the world and poets make frequent and grateful use of it. Nowadays it has therefore become easier to publish poems on international websites, which give them a greater reach and action radius.

Like a traffic control tower, publishers and editors search the many lines that are both on the ground and in the air. The requirements poetry should meet, therefore, are strongly fluctuating and more carefully than ever should be looked at chaff and corn; what has quality, content, depth, appearances and what does not. As so many, much more than in the past, are plunging into the turbulent waves of poetry, it is therefore necessary to look at parameters that carefully, meticulously measure if there is enough to approve a poem for publication. It is inevitable that poems sometimes get stuck in sort of diary-like fragments of moods, in which the world of feelings and emotions is almost always paramount, whereas other important characteristics such as language skills, insight into various style figures, exploiting pleonasm, imagery, metamorphoses, surprising contrasts,

doublespeak have become subordinate to what should be expressed in a poetic style.

We do well to continue to make a distinction, so as not to neglect the power of visual and physical language, to get snowed under. Even though certain images immediately catch the eye and can evoke instant emotion, there will also be serious doubts, like is in painting e.g. about the image of that innocent, young boy's portrait with a tear on his cheek. True poetry never serves man for the sake of convenience.

In this anthology you will find poems of high quality, great variation, which deserve to be read and re-read bearing witness to a certain degree of complexity that often cannot be understood immediately. After all, upon re-reading, you will always find different poetry lines, individual words, or images, as an unexpected introduction between the well-known and completely unknown, the unexpected, the specialness, deviating. The way in which words are carefully chosen, the mutual connection, the contrasts that emphasize what words can express, will encourage readers to pick up this grandiose and amazing anthology with poems from all over the world, and with curiosity trying to unravel underlying thoughts and emotional covered up meanings. The various and different backgrounds of the poets only make this more attractive, and fascinating.

Just like the changing seasons, poets also leave their mark in warm and passionate words, rainy days, winter cold and sleet ice, fresh spring moods with a desire for change and renewal. Like flying geese, they always look for another destination, a place to stay.

Deputy Editor in Chief: Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands)

Literature and the arts have always held a prominent place in helping to define who we are as human beings and in enriching our lives.

As we are confined within the four walls of our homes literature at Atunis helps break the barriers, connecting us across different historical periods and time zones with others who have experienced

similar tragedies. More importantly, Atunis Anthology shows us that we have a lot in common with others who are from distant lands and different times, encouraging us to appreciate the fact that we are not the only ones who are dealing with the worldwide devastation wrought by the pandemic.

Editor: Sunita Paul, Founder of AABS Publishing House (India)

Poets, all beyond the universe rhymes, passion and individual talent!

Atunes International "Anthology – 2021", it brings together the poetry of the selected authors, in a difficult situation that the coronavirus has put everyone all over the world, not losing the human faith, but also it has created many of the social problems. Since the art and poetry in particular, as the embodiment of hope and the embodiment of poet's concept of colors of life, today, more than ever before, the authors establishes what spiritual power is, they dive into the chaos thoughts of humans and their own fates, bringing the light vision of tomorrow, the one that will pave the way and can create their own constellations in this way; firmly believe that facing reality, as beings looking for meaning in a meaningless world, that's already approaching to everyone. Poets, all beyond the universe rhymes, passion and individual talent, deep inside the poetic skin, occurring within the flow of thought and presenting the philosophical tendencies, that gives shape to the psyche of the human mind, conscious and artistic soul, writing in which words and verses are arranged in a rhythmic pattern. Poetry becomes an all-encompassing metaphor of the "offspring fantasy", intimacy and the soul that human geneses are most closely related. Poetry gains a deeper understanding of metaphors, fundamentally spiritual, sincere and most important, essence of eternal life. It contains within itself the germ of a relation to whatever motives or actions, the most perfect and universal form that covers a multitude of human nature relationships. Poetry is a memoir form; poet walks in a field of dreams, and life is a fusion of happiness and

sorrow, which go side by side, trying to extinguish or transcend human desires and passions, spirituality and human psyche, between sorrow and strength, memory and nostalgia, calmness of mind and inspiring wisdom, value and anti-value, with perfect beauty whereas grotesque is distorted, death and life, admiration, as the furthest thing from understanding, kindness, and respect play in healthy friendships.

Poets and poetry give powerful insight that is meant as the true meaning of life, it encourages a positive attitude of absolute respect for life and human and the divine world; hopes for intellectual and civic progress, national values and attribute values, full of artistic and creative integrity, that are important to us finding themselves. Everyone has a philosophy on life, whether they realize it or not. Someone - who speaks the poem and reflects the poet, that's evoking a sense of universal space, between humans and nature, things in comprehensible--as the Divine being, talent, passion and creativity, as an artistic and literary critic and philosopher,

The writer and poet get lost in their thoughts, they get lost in the sight of poetry, and the writers and poets cherish physical beauty and discover the spiritual attributes.

The secret soul, memory and personal experience based on a metaphorical point, the component that deals with feelings or emotions and their creative, artistic products represent contemporary and traditional. The poet is the person in whom these powers are in balance, and he identifies the poles of the human soul, an attempt to explain observations of the natural world, representing the true nature of reality that reveals various sides of society, its pros and cons about pain and love. Socrates says that poetry is inspired by the muses, and is not rational, while Plato said, "Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history". The poets write verses about being sensible and wisdom, perhaps even it is not easy to understand what Poets mean by the poetry. They are always in searching for the enigmas of the human soul, comfort and pain of each moment on journey of life. Poetry itself, which is as old as the language that humanity speaks, it smells

the odor of a spiritual garden and love through verses or lines and whoever feels it, living with a thirst for life, a beautiful pain of human love that each one of us feel poet! What would the world be like without poetry? A world without poetry would be far darker place; it would be a life without breath and without life, we think! Poets are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love, tears and joy, sighing and crying, anxiety and sorrow, life and hope- tributes that are the most perfect example of strength; Artist and Human! To be an artist, poet, writer journalist, lover and beloved ones, it's the beauty of the virtuous human by nourishing the soul on truth, goodness and beauty.

In offering this "Anthology – 2021" is a genial collection of selected poets and their readable poems. Anyone who enjoys poetry that comforts and inspires, who seeks a better understanding of the essential values of life, that looks into the heart of things, warmth, tenderness, understanding, kindness, love, affections and respect for the dignity in human personality. It strengthens our interest in human nature, elevates the drooping spirit, intensifies our aspiration toward the good and the beautiful in all that surrounds us, and tends to raise the level of our lives by helping us to see the essentials of life more clearly. A treasure chest of poems on such important themes as love, patriotism, home and family, and nature, many of them beloved favorites that will evoke wonderful memories. It is our earnest hope that this volume "Anthology – 2021" may contribute in some measures to the cultivation of that larger vision which helps us to "see life; the truth, goodness, beauty and human love.

Editor: Raimonda Moisiu (Albania - USA)

Poetry, today more than ever, saves us from the homologation to which the global society of our times obliges us, it reveals the limits

and resources, the potential of each of us, it is a necessary tool to rediscover our uniqueness. Art and poetry help us in the inner search, they push us to reconcile us with our instincts and our intuitions, they purify us from conditionings and while they denude our soul, they show our human finitude and our infinite desire to improve ourselves. Poetry helps us to reconcile us with slowness and introspection and it becomes maieutic, in the sense that Socrates attributed to it, using a method of investigation that induced the interlocutor to shed light within himself.

Paul Klee said "even in art there is sufficient space for an exact research".

Poetry feeds introspection, but even more sows questions and promotes critical thinking, it teaches us how to enjoy the beauty and joy of small things, but it is only when we listen to it that poetry reveals its pedagogical function and it leads us to reach those who suffer, to develop empathy and sharing.

Neruda has clear the task of the poet who must promote the awakening of consciences.

He said: "the poet must sow, he has to leave and return"

Again Quasimodo at the turn of the two wars wrote thus: "poetry must remake the man".

And here is the imagination inherent in the creative gesture - let's not forget that in all the Indo-European languages, but also in the Greek meaning "poiesis", poetry means creation – so the imagination becomes concrete gesture in poetry, with a prophetic intent (profezia means to speak ahead, in favor of, to speak well ...).

In 900 poetry is no longer the exaltation of heroes, wars and conflicts, but it is free from all forms of ideological dependence and, influenced by oriental philosophies marked by non-violence, it takes on an intent to discover the self, poetry help us to get free from prejudices and it promotes aggregation; the peaceful aggregation of poets from all over the world has repeatedly demonstrated the evocative power of the word.

Responsible for Literary Information: Dr: Claudia Piccinno (Italy)



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Jacqueline Ripstein (USA)

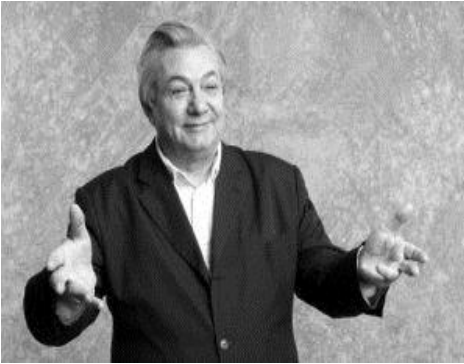
www.Jacquelinripstein.com

Art & Healing Pioneer & World Peace Envoy.

United Nations ECOSOC Representative of the International Association of Educators for World Peace. International renowned Fine Art Artist /Author. WorldPeace Envoy

For 39 yrs. she has inspired thousands of people across the world. With more than 380 International shows. Born in Mexico, self-taught, won a national PrismaColor diploma at 12 yrs. old.

A unique creative that has dared cross the boundaries of the traditional Art schools, to create New Invisible Art techniques as: Invisible Art & Light tech. ©(pat.1986). Her deep desire has been to reveal the unseen dimensions and to offer a breath of hope to our humanity. Her art reveals the Light within all of us and the Invisible dimensions that create our everyday lives.



Athanase Vantchev de Thracy (France)

Athanase Vantchev de Thracy is the author of over sixty volumes of poetry in both classical and free verse, covering almost the entire spectrum of prosody.

He has produced a series of monographs and a doctoral thesis on 'Light Symbolism in the Poetry

of Paul Verlaine'. Athanase has also written, in Bulgarian, a study of the great Epicurean patrician Petronius (Petronius arbiter elegantiarum), the favourite of Nero and author of the Satyricon, and in Russian, a master's degree dissertation on 'Poetics and Metaphysics in the Work of Dostoevsky'. With his extensive knowledge of the ancient world, Athanase Vantchev de Thracy has devoted numerous articles to Greek and Latin poetry. During the two years he spent in Tunisia, he produced three successive works on the two Punic-era Tunisian cities, 'Monastir-Ruspina: the Face of Light', 'El-Djem Thysdrus: Fiancée of the Azure' and 'The Mosaics of Thysdrus'. During extended stays in Syria, Turkey, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq, Egypt, Morocco and Mauritania, he was deeply impressed by his encounter with Islam and spent long years in the study of the religious history of the East.. Athanase is a laureate of the Académie Française, a member of the Bulgarian Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Brazilian Academy of Letters, the Academy of Higher Education of Ukraine, the European Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and the Academy of Udmurtia (Russian Federation). He is Doctor Honoris Causa of the University of Veliko Tarnovo, Bulgaria and of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, laureate of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a member of French PEN., a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres de France, and the Maison des Écrivains et de la Littérature, President of the international movement Poetas del Mundo and a Universal Ambassador for Peace (Geneva). He has been decorated with the highest honour of the Bulgarian state, the Order of Stara Planina. His poetry has been translated into 28 languages.

Mimnermus

The Wonderful for Servane and Timothée

'May truth go with us, you and I!'

I.

They were very young and the day was ablaze,
so the girl's delicate hand trembled
in the boy's burning hand
like the tender music of a Lydian flute.
They were walking, their eyes smoldering with happiness,
carried by the fiery spirit of the breeze,
among the daisies and the mint
of the radiant fields of the Midi!
The robins' jubilant chattering,
like sun through mist, crystal clear, sensual,
clothed their glances in sparks of sunlight.

II.

Children! Only your eyes know
how to bear the weight of the world!
Your innocent bodies float
in warm houses of blue air!
Both words and silence quiver for you
with the possibility of a caress,
your smiles are as bright and pure
as waters flawless as a diamond!

III.

O Venus, sparkling goddess of Love,
show them, O goddess with fingers like white roses,
the sweet mysteries of your name!
You, friend of the swallows and the flowers,
crown their spring-like heads

with the violets of your kisses,
change them, O mother of Love, into an immortal poem
so that, incorruptible, their diaphanous hearts may remain
within the endless radiance
of eternity uncreated!

Little Poem with Violets

Amid the splendour of the clouds and the flowers,
I go down, filled with the light of joy,
towards the big river, noble kingdom
of the febrile population of fish.

From both sides of the path
the mauve tribes of violets
give out their sweet perfume.

O poplars of light
in the smiling morning!

And the sounding wave
of the sparrows' song,
like a cathedral of rapture
in the radiant azure!

Wild expressions
of a day of inner liberty!



**Professor Ada Aharoni
(Israel)**

***President of International Forum
for the Literature and Culture of
Peace “IFLAC:***

Professor Ada Aharoni was born in Cairo, Egypt, and now lives in Haifa, Israel.

She is an internationally renowned poet and writer, who has been called “The Poet of Love and Peace.” She has published 36

books (amazon.com), they include Poetry Collections, Historical novels, Biographies, Anthologies and Children’s Books. She received her Degrees at the University of London, and the Hebrew University. She was awarded numerous international prizes and awards, including the “British Council Poetry Award,” and the “Peace Poetry Prize”, by Pres. Shimon Peres.

Her books have been translated into many languages, including in French, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese and Vietnamese. Ada Aharoni is the Founding President of “IFLAC: International Forum for the Literature and Culture of Peace.” Four music albums of her poems have been released.

<http://www.iflac.wordpress.com>,

Email: ada.aharoni06@gmail.com

Ada Aharoni is on Wikipedia.

Time in Abadan: Homage to Omar Khayyam

Life is but a checkerboard of nights and days
Which Destiny for pieces plays –
He moves, he mates, he slays
And one by one / Back in the box he lays
Omar Khayyam, Rubayat

In green, peaceful Abadan, the long longed-for treasure flowed
profusely into my lap, fluid more precious
than its black gold –
the pure transparent gold
of Time.

Time to think what Omar really meant when he wrote: “While you
live
Drink!
For once dead
you never shall return.”
Time, like him,
to adjourn to this “earthen bowl”
under two shady palm trees,
“My lips the secret well of life to learn.”

Arturo’s Rubenstein

*“The power of Creation seems to favor human beings who love life
unconditionally, And I am certainly one who does...”*

Arturo Rubenstein

Today you are ninety Arturo,
and you play us your Rubenstein
fingers lovingly enlacing
life’s hidden allegro
“Every day is the happiest
one for me,
living an intensive life
is my secret —
I’ve never met a person
as joyful as me.”

My friends wink and say,
“Perhaps that’s because
he’s never met you –“
I’m not sure they’re right,
then I think of your dazzling smile
my love, suffusing my sky with symphonies
like fresh rain on scorched earth

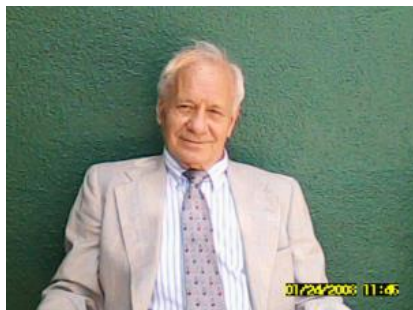
And I think of my engrossing Internet creations
paving new horizons of peace among nations
painting my life with unbounded fantasies
and dazzling global symphonies –
and am filled with:
I’m so glad to meet you,
dear Mr. Rubenstein!

Children Are Stars of Peace

Dear Children, you were born with loving hearts
And in them star-seeds of peace
You are the future, you are life,
You do not want to die in wars
Like some of your fathers and mothers

Smart children, armed
With smart-phones and computers
You will shoot your peace messages
All over our global village

Your rapid fingers will bring us
What we failed to bring you –
A world where not one gun is fired
A world where each child is a twinkling star of peace
Well-fed and smiling at life.



Adolf P. Shvedchikov (Russia)

In 2013 he was nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature

Adolf P. Shvedchikov is a Russian scientist, poet and translator. Born in 1937 in Russia, he graduated from Moscow State University, Department of Chemistry. He was a Senior researcher at the Institute of Chemical Physics, Russian Academy of Sciences, Moscow. Since 1997 he has been chief chemist at the company Pulsatron Technology Corporation, Los Angeles, California. He is a Doctor of Literature, World Academy of Arts and Letters. He has published more than 150 scientific papers and many of his poems have been published in international poetry magazines in Russia, the USA, Brazil, India, China, Korea, Japan, Italy, Malta, Spain, France, Greece, England and Australia. He has also published 13 books of poetry. His poems have been translated into Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Chinese, Japanese, and Hindi. He is a Member of the International Society of Poets, of the World Congress of Poets, of the International Association of Writers and Artists, of the A. L. I. A. S. (Italian-Australian Literary Writers' Association, Melbourne, Australia). He is known for his translations of English poetry: 16th – 19th Century English sonnets and Shakespeare's sonnets, as well as the translation of many modern poets from Brazil, India, Italy, Greece, USA, England, China and Japan.

THE WHOLE CENTURY I LIVE DOUBLE LIFE

The whole century I live double life:
Earthly and imagination,
And with a worm of eternal doubt
I am sailing on the waves of eternity.
I am still afloat with difficulties, deprivation,
I do not know what to do:
To eat spicy pepper or halva?

SO LONG AGO I AM ON THE ROAD

So long ago I am on the roads,
I wander on the unknown roads,
So where should I go,
What track to go now?
I was aiming there
Where everyone waited for me constantly
But years go by,
And more and more often expanses get lost in fog.
Winter is coming,
Leaf fall is long behind,
Do not go only crazy,
I do not need from the life of something else...

BOTTOMLESS IS BLUE SKY, WHERE SUN SHINES

Bottomless is blue sky, where the sun shines,
Where flocks of cranes are screaming in the fall
I go to my world, he takes me,
I want to return to it as soon as possible.
Here I am the king who is subject to
Walk any path of being,
All in a fairy tale becomes able anytime,
Where is the golden fish, believe me, always is mine!
But I began to notice more and more that over the years
It's harder to find where the wondrous treasure is buried,
And I think that you all guessed it yourself,
Alas, we cannot avoid the fate to be left with nothing...



Academic Ahmed Tahsin Shams (Bangladesh)

*Lecturer, Department of English, Notre Dame University Bangladesh,
Director Avant-garde Productions Media
Consultant, Films4Peace Foundation.
Managing Editor, Women in Leadership
(WIL)*

Ahmed Tahsin Shams is a Bangladeshi academic, poet, and film-maker. At present, Shams is working as Lecturer of the Department of English at Notre Dame University Bangladesh (NDUB) since 2016, and Managing Editor at Women in Leadership (WIL), a concern of Bangladesh Brand Forum, Media Consultant at Films4Peace Foundation, Head of Public Relations and Media at Notre Dame University Bangladesh. He is also English Translation Consultant, International Film Desk, Channel-i. Besides, he contributes film-criticism at national and international journals and dailies. Earlier, Shams used to be work as Editorial Assistant as well as Literary Editor at The Daily Observer from 2014 to 2017 and Assistant Editor at the Bangladesh Post from 2017 to 2018. In addition, Shams is the author of academic books at Bangladesh Open University. Shams is also Founder and Director of Avant-garde Productions (Dhaka, Bangladesh) that produces visual narratives: of fictions, of poems. Shams is Associate Member of Bangladesh Film Directors Guild Association and President of Art Hut. Shams' debut tri-episode visual fiction entitled Shunner Abritti (Sound of Silence) was aired on Channel- i (March 12-14, 2013).

FACE TO FACE

I have seen the best faces of my generation!
Yes, I have seen the best Ginsbergs:
of many genders, and beyond gender.
I have seen them all
measured my eyes out of their 'balls

whose speeches are only in pages.
In the name of top-notch revolution
their ink dries out before ejaculation.
I have seen the changing faces, trust me—
the Dalis and Magrites of my generation.
Yes, I have seen their melting noses and ears
I have seen how pseuds
win applause in lectures
I title them: ‘the art of pretence’.
Just a while ago, I met a few of them
one of the best minds
who only switch on the minds at home
and that’s why perhaps they are not at all lone,
rather surrounded by ‘suckers.’
If the world would have seen,
would vomit no more in the bins,
leaving such a delicate dew-like brain unwet.
I have seen the changing faces, believe me.
I have seen the hypos and critis.
I have seen their scream on rights.
I have seen their asses running after privileges.
I have seen their longings for freedom
being chained and shackled by their own minds.
I have seen the fallen faces, their so-called rise.
All—the best faces of my generation—
here I present a new mask—
resume embossed—because I have seen
beneath their Vendetta Attire—
the cowards laughing out loud
with their Akonic funeral-music:
“I just had...and it feels so good.”
I have seen their future—
Dying being Deaf and Dumb.

LETTER FROM A MOLECULE

A milky ocean of spit
you deserved to be served
as your night-long dessert
when you term this August tragedy as rumour.
Green vomited-vegetables
in a red-green bowl of soup
for you to be prepared when you
daydream ‘terror attack’ from eyes fitted on your ass
whereas hundreds are—
stripped,
beaten,
harassed—
as if Red Sea in Dhaka,
air: full of 25th March,
youth beans lying here and there,
caused by men and minds
born inside the house.
A big fart-filled-hookah
awaiting at the lounge nearby
when your tied hands clap in bliss
while fascism dances as it desires
dressed in democracy at your doorstep.
I spit on your eyes-wide-shut.
I spit on your zipped-lip-like-butt.
I spit on your magic wand of digital call.
I spit on your snaky grab on media’s tongue.
I, a molecule in size, from a molecule place,
wish to pour molecules of urine-sperm-spit whatsoever
to whosoever will forgot such Satanic Saturday night onwards.
And you expect future kids to chorus in Bengal—
“Blessed with petals and paddies...
our beloved jute, beloved greeneries”?



Anna Maria Mickiewicz
(Poland – UK)

<http://faleliterackie.com>

Anna Maria Mickiewicz is a Polish-born poet, writer, editor, foreign correspondent who writes both in Polish and in English. Anna moved to California, and then to London, where she has lived for many years. She edits the annual literary magazine *Pamiętnik Literacki* (The Literary Memoir), London, and *Contemporary Writers of Poland* (USA), and is a member of the English Pen. As a student, she was a co-founder of the magazine *Wywrotowiec* (The Subversive). Her first collection of verse was published in 1985. Since then, her publications include short stories and essays *Okruchy z Okrągłego Stołu* (Breadcrumbs from the Round Table) in 2000, *Londyńskie bagaże literackie* in 2019, and verse collections *Proscenium* in 2010, *London Manuscript*, published by Poetry Space, Bristol, in 2014 and *The Mystery of Time*, published by Flutter Press, USA 2019. Her poetic works have appeared in the following journals in the United States, UK, Australia, Canada and Poland: *Akant*, *Poezja Dzisiaj*, *Tygiel*, *Galeria*, *Pamiętnik Literacki*, *South Bank Poetry* (UK), *Krytyka*, *The Exiled Ink* (UK), *The Screech Owl* (UK), *Syndic Literary Journal* (CA), *Lost Coast Review* (CA). Honored with the *Gloria Artis* medal for Merit to Culture by the Polish Ministry of Culture.

Socrates faces cold weather in May

Socrates is lost in anxiety
This is because of cold weather in May
and of today's cool philosophy

Mr Smith was in the hospital
He returned
His heart now beats at an even pace
He made a fireplace burn again

I will come back to you ...

On the shelf
Like books
I lay down your souls
One next to the other
Read
To the end

With Mediterranean shells
I mark the most valuable
pages

In the evenings
I listen to their echoes

Morning

The guardian angel put on his shoes
did not even drink water
but fed the cat

said goodbye to his mother

He adjusted his suit
He got into the underground

greeted visiting beggars

He opened the digits of the books
in a London's office building

He will call later
Systems of human affairs close at twelve o'clock



Agron Tufa (Albania)

Agron Tufa was born in Dibër on April 1, 1967. He is a poet, writer, essayist, translator and scholar. He studied Albanian language and literature at Tirana University and continued his studies at the Literature Institute “Maxim Gorky” in Moscow, Russia. Then he followed his postgraduate studies at the Institute of European Cultures (IEK) in Moscow as well. In Albania he defended his PhD for Translation Philosophy and Theory. Actually he is the Executive Director of the Institute for Studies of Communist Crimes and Consequences in Tirana,

Albania, but at the same time teaches at the Faculty of History and Philology (Tirana University) the World Literature of XXth Century. He has published numerous collections of poetry, novels, essays, translations and studies and has been praised for these with national and international prizes. In 2004 he receives the "Penda e Argjendtë" [Silver Quill] Award for the best novel ("Fabula rasa"), while in 2009 The National Literature Award. In 2010 he receives “Rexhai Surroi” Award for the novel of the year in Kosovo with his “Tenxherja”. The poetry collection “Kafsha apo Fantazma” [Animal or the ghost] (2016) receives the “Author of the year” Award by the Publishers National Bookfair (2016). Among his books are the poetry collections "Aty tek portat Skee" [Down at the Scaean Gates] (1996), "Rrethinat e Atlantidës" [Atlantis surroundings] (2002), "Avangardë engjëjsh" [Vanguard of angels] (2005), "Fryma mbi ujëra" [Spirit upon waters] (2007), "Gjurma në rrjedhë" [Footprints in water stream] (2010), "Fragmentet e Gjësë" [Fragments of it] (2012); “Kafsha apo Fantazma” [Animal or the ghost] (2017); Zonja Asnjëri dhe zoti Askurrkush [Mrs. Nobody and Mr. Less Than Nobody], Onufri Publishing, 2019 , The novels "Dueli" [The duel] (1998), "Fabula Rasa" [Fabula rasa] (2005), "Mërkuna e Zezë" [Black Wednesday] (2005), "Tenxherja" [The pot] (2009), “Gurit të varrit ia rrëfej” [I confess it to the tomb] (2015) and the short prose collections "Thembra e Akcilit" [Everybody’s Tendon] (2009), “Kur këndonin gjelat e tretë” [Before the rooster crows] (2019) essays "Janusi qindfytyrësh [Janus of hundred faces]

(2004) and "Kuja e Mnemozinës" [Mnemosyne's Howl] (2011), "Nga hiri i të vdekurve" [From the dead ashes], etc. He has translated in Albanian many important Russian poets, such as Osip Mandelstam, Anna Akhmatova, Marina Cvetaeva, Boris Pasternak, Joseph Brodsky, Olga Sedakova, etc., and prose writers such as Nikolay Leskov, Yevgeny Zamyatin, Andrey Platonov, Vladimir Nabokov, etc. He lives in Tirana.

Elegy On Light

The light breaks free: each of its rays
Shatters and dies like a crystal flute upon the rocks
Where the unknown swells in its own ink.

Like kneaded dough risen from a dark wooden bowl,
Light pours forth.

Moist is the soil, overcast - the sky,
Along the brook, lie indistinct heads of soldiers
Tangled with the roots of roses.

Water long gone dry
Gurgles now in a rave of guesses.

And the light breaks free,
Spills out -
A golden sack of hay
From the tiny barn window.

In my mind I run and touch,
I run and touch,
Kissing with painted lips,
the bell at dawn.

Half-sobbing, I pray:
"Praise be to God for the light

Given unto us, greater than the Illuminator!”

Wave after wave, wave
Licking like the body of Aphrodite,
Sweeping the darkness
Until the light grabs hold the summits.

True freedom

True freedom is a dark vial,
full of intertwined genies, pent up
from a cruel Piston
into a gaseous uprising liquid,
then sealed with a waxed cork
up to the last groove.
Freedom is a small bottle without a message
cast into the waters of our deepest cellar.
Your life is not enough
to become a rope to lower down
and lift it out from the bottom of the well,
to eat away the waxed cork,
to explode in a heavenly escape
over your nothingness...

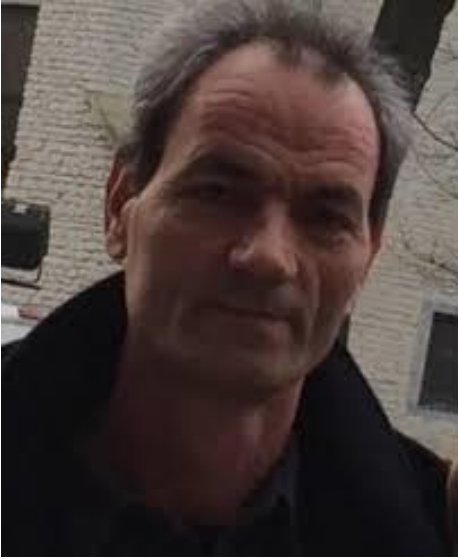
What be longs to the other

You are the thing of the other that is tasted secretly...
The flow of my gaze leaves you breathless:
may God drop you from the branch right in front of my feet
like the bird from the eyes of the snake! You can't even take a step.
Already you are entangled in a dense net of arrows -
they are my eyelashes that prick your translucent skin and
enchanted, embed in your chest,

covered with the ice of an alien beauty.
My gaze is the archdemon of Hades uprising;
My gaze is his smoldering tongue that licks you.
The arrows of my gaze burrow into the subtle pores of your shivering
body,
blanched by the lacy foam of the seas.
I feel the cracking of your icy armor. I heard it...
“crack”, something in your chest. Your internal statue
fighting to unshackle the winter paralysis of a tabooed
and profane freedom.
You are this thing and shelter belonging only to you.
The other will back off. At some point.

I love your lively belly, quivering like an electric fish in my hand.
For Poseidon’s sake, you are a sea trophy! You’re a fish, a siren,
crimson coral and Medusa.
Your hair will flood the bed with the mystery of the depths: I feel
how you’ll unravel among the confusing foam between the sheets
like a party of re-creation on an ancient island.
The other took his fill without coming near the heart of your mystery.
This discovery, it’s not his!
The arrows of my eyelashes got lost in your medlar-like whiteness.
If your wall of icy crystals doesn’t collapse now...
It will be tragedy, a tragedy without eyelashes,
and my eyes will remain ever frozen,
nailed to the wall...
May they never see again!

*[From the poetry collection “Mrs. Nobody and Mr.Less Than
Nobody”, Onufri 2019, Tirana]*



Agron Shele
(Albania- Belgium)
<https://atunispoeetry.com/>

Agron Shele was born in October 7th, 1972, in the Village of Leskaj, city of Permet, Albania. Is the author of the following literary works: “The Steps of Clara” (Novel), “Beyond a grey curtain” (Novel), “Wrong Image” (Novel) , “Innocent Passage” (Poetry), Whiste stones (poetry) RIME SPARSE - Il suono di due voci poetiche del Mediterraneo (Poesie di Agron Shele e Claudia Piccinno), La mia Musa (poetry),

(“Ese-I and Ese-II) ” . Mr. Shele is also the coordinator of International Anthologies: “Open Lane- 1,” “Pegasiada , Open Lane- 2 , ATUNIS magazine (Nr 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8)” and Atunis Galaxy Antholgy 2018, 2019, 2020. He is winner of some international literary prizes. Is a member of the Albanian Association of Writers, member of the World Writers Association, in Ohio, United States, Poetas del Mundo, WPS, Unione world Poetry and the President of the International Poetical Galaxy “Atunis”. He is published in many newspapers, national and international magazines, as well as published in many global anthologies: Almanac 2008, 2017; World Poetry Yearbook 2009, 2013, 2015, The Second Genesis -2013, Kibatek 2015-Italy, Keleno- Greece, Metaphora (Poland) etc. Currently Resides in Belgium and continues to dedicate his time and efforts in publishing literary works with universal values.

passage

I need to see beyond the frames
And twist the contrast to make one more color
for deciphering all the views
that in a second change so abruptly

to make that colour a sea, a typhoon,
but also the peace that sleeps on the white waves
peace that rests beside an island
which, for me, Ithaca always remains

Time sleeps on the blooming lilies
whorls brightened in spring
collecting the first beams of dawn
and hiding their sight beyond the twilight
putting together the galaxy of stars.
that sparks on the cherry garden of love
to feel the distant whisper of the body
wrapped in a scarf of longing

and so the day's veil is unveiled
running toward the purity of life
removing a fraction that reflects the light
and turning it to a charm that reveals the sun
weaved like this, in Gods fire
together with the lyre of the goddess of muses
at the footsteps left on the desire of words
or the thirsty longing for the traces of lips.

Twilight

At the twilight I saw the angel descending
like only he knows to
his white wings blinded the night
and a bright veil covered the sky,
the glowing shape, like a hanging spirit
the fire, kidnapped from the bosom
that was burning on the eyes of lightning
and was poured as a thunderclap
in the turbulent sea

Or maybe it was the magic of life
that descends from the God's throne
to bestow only one flash
that was lost to the sunset
to the ship's rigs surrounded by seagulls
permeating invisible circles
flickering on a cover of mystery
as a mirage remains in my daydream.

At the twilight I saw the only light
brightening the frame of a siren
that radiates her hair to the waterfall,
immersing them to the ends of depth
like a reflection of glory itself
to her arm, covered in emerald
where the specter of colors brakes
attracted to a red charm.

At twilight I saw the innocent sight
of her, who gave birth to life
building a monument to humanity
the era that lights the world
to spark another desire
of tomorrows eternity
kneeling in front of the altar
to get the sole blessing.

A woman

Do not expect her to walk
in the cold streets with her scarf over one shoulder
Or tap the heels on the silent memories
nor mirroring her image in the shops window
because her effulgence

is stronger than the sun
that warms the ice transforming it into a candle, touching the marrow
of the earth
breaking the myths of winter
that die at the irises and yet,
are resurrected
to embrace the light.

An image that appears at the shine of stars
and with her the wind extends the hair
to a forest where the deers are sleeping
the tracks of their hooves are printed on the snow
like a magic hidden in lightning
slaves of fate and troubled dance
towards that image
that god himself created
holiness
in the kingdom of every living breath.

Do not expect her to be weakened
because pain walks with her blood
and the blood with the feeling of eternity
like a deity
of the force that lifts gods to their feet,
the angels, everyday,
understanding the silence
of the turn of centuries
because the life is more than one attempt
that walks through the gates of the rainbow
and opens the doors of life
to the smile of a woman!

Translated by Merita Papparisto



Ann Christine Tabaka (USA)

Ann Christine Tabaka was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry.

She is the winner of Spillwords Press 2020 Publication of the Year (Poetic), has been internationally published, and won poetry awards from numerous publications.

She is the author of 10 poetry books. She has recently been

published in several micro-fiction anthologies and short story publications. Christine lives in Delaware, USA. Her most recent credits are: The American Writers Review; The Phoenix; Burningword Literary Journal; Muddy River Poetry Review; The Write Connection; Ethos Literary Journal, North of Oxford, Pomona Valley Review, Page & Spine, West Texas Literary Review, The Hungry Chimera, Sheila-Na-Gig, Foliate Oak Review, The Stray Branch, The McKinley Review, Fourth & Sycamore.

Her poetry books are:

“Overcast Mind” (2017), “It Is Still Morning” (2017), “When Dragons and Angels Collide – Haiku & Senryu” (2017), “Everlasting” (2017), “The Sound of Dragonfly Wings – Haiku & Senryu” (2018), “Reaching for Dawn” (2018), “Just Breathe” (2018), “No More Hallelujahs” (reissued 2020), “Words Spill Out” (reissued 2020), “Keep Breathing” (2020)

Patchwork Dreams

I piece together this and that,
sewn with heartfelt songs.

My mind escapes me
on a journey of bewilderment.

Never knowing which direction,
my blindness leads the way.

Touching the braille that reads
my life and gathers all to me.

The further that I travel,
the closer I become.

Tattered, worn, and broken,
all becoming whole.

I close my eyes to destiny
and let it come find me.

As I sit, needle and thread in hand,
hemming my own dreams.

The Truth Hides

Behind closed eyes
the truth hides.
Denial takes root
and grows deep.

Behind closed eyes
a sheltered past
remains dormant,
barely alive.

Sobriety is just a word
spoken by redemption.
No reality can perceive
the deceit that lives within.

Condemning tongues
lash at every corner,
refusing to open untrusting eyes
to see beyond the damned.

My days are dominos,
falling one by one,
in neat little rows of lies.
Picking one up, they scatter.

I believe that
behind closed eyes,
I take one more drink,
swearing it is my last.

Negative Space

Humming a tune,
the song is never sung.

Strumming the cords,
a melody is lost.

Counting minutes,
hours turn to days.

Seeking direction,
a course is all but set.



Alisa Velaj (Albania)

Alisa Velaj was shortlisted for the annual international Erbacce-Press Poetry Award in UK in June 2014. Her works have appeared in more than 100 print and online international magazines in Europe, UK, USA, Australia and India. Recent publications include Stockholm Literally Review, Lethe Literary and Art Journal, The Ofi Press Magazine, A New Ulster, Poetry Space,

Haaretz, The Linnet's Wings, Stag Hill Literary Journal, Orbis Magazine, The Quarterly Review etc etc. Her poetry collection, *With No Sweat At All*, will be published by Cervana Barva Press in 2020.

ABCs

We can't be clearer than this snowy sky, my dear.
It has the guts to see everything stark naked,
unabashedly so, down to the bone of nakedness--
similarly to Eden in its genesis days...

You and I vest one armor piece upon another,
lusty with bonfires stacked up deep inside us,
while they never satiated us enough,
nor ever burnt
or cremated us to ashes...

We are heroes of glorious sunny days--
our clarity held hostage by a long winter night,
ever since you swore on rock and wood
to flee four seasons away from snows,
there, where the sun would shine your eyes...

And here we are now—in season five,
wordless and eyes downcast, under the same sky,
which we shall never be able to outspace,
unless we first master the spectrum of light!

OF ICE, OF FIRE

No civilization ever more temporary than yours, Thales*.
The planet's waters froze once again,
same as it occurred prior to genesis
and keeps recurring to this day.

Ice is now the form of the single substance you honor.
All we are confronted by is a virgin empire of snow.
No surprise; no curiosity, either.
We've already grown accustomed to this season,
as patiently as the tree trunks did.

The footprints of your civilization, Thales,
are the only ones bereft of memory.
Nomads arrive from glacial civilizations,
unexpectedly leaving their traces on whiteness,
and then, yet all of a sudden,
everything disappears as if it never were!

The trees keep on shedding their leaves,
while their trunks preserve a saddening greenishness.
They covertly oppose the empire.
Rumors claim Heraclitus blows warm winds their way...
(Let's leave fir trees aside for a moment;
perennially clad in uniform like Spartan soldiers,
they have publicly deserted you, my friend.)

Our words will soon be mere stalactites,

our bodies will naturally yield to fir trees,
for we are temporary akin to civilizations,
hence, our careless drift from one empire to another.

We consist of matter like water and fire.
We can't forever swim in the same river.
We can't forever be only snowmen.
We can't endure seasons of fire only...

We are the most elusive disciples in cosmos,
oracles of our own beliefs and heavens...

** Thales (of Miletus) and Heraclitus (of Ephesus) were pre-Socratic Greek philosophers. Thales held water to be the primal substance of the world, while. Heraclitus believed fire was the basic element of the universe.*

PSYCHE*

That these oak trees possess a soul like mine
(even though temporary),
this is a more-than-obvious empirical statement.
The snow sods besieging them like army legions,
the light that dusks down yet without dawning up,
Thor's onslaughts raging in frosty storms,
not only won't subdue them in any way,
but they will invincibly stand up by the roadside,
like light-reveling cherubs
to the aggrieved passerby!

* According to Aristotle, oak trees and ostriches possess a psyche or soul.

Translated from Albanian by Arben P. Latifi

Alicja Maria Kuberska (Poland)



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania.

She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile,

Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria. She received two medals – the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy “ Tra le parole e ‘elfinito” (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received : Boleslaw Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

Spring is coming

It's time to wake up
the sleeping trees in orchards,
open the hives and welcome the bees,
invite the first flowers to the concert.

The hard-working insects
with golden wings
will play a wedding march in the sky.

They will make a mating flight
in honor of the queen.

A quiet buzzing will fill the space
the air will smell like honey
and the wind will chant the song

new life is coming
fertile summer is coming
autumn harvest is coming

Kites

Let kites fly high
paint colored spots
on the blue background of the sky
and touch the whirling clouds.

Let their long tails outline
magic signs and mysterious spells
to revive a forgotten time.

We will feel like children.
Let's discover again joy, laughter,
charm of a carefree moment
and power of wind

Far happiness

Happiness needs very little space
– a house with a family, a garden
and several adjacent streets are enough.

It likes to sleep in the shade of trees,
wrap itself in the aroma of flowers,
talk to bees about the hardships of life
and echo birds in singing.

It floats in the aromas of baking,
hides in a piece of fresh bread
and bubbles in a cup of milk.

Sometimes it picks ripe apples in the orchard,
spits cherry seeds at a distance,
peeps into the pots in the kitchen,
stirs a spoon on a plate with some soup.

It laughs loudly or giggles softly,
dances and jumps up and down
humming favorite songs.
From time to time it flies kites,
plays football with children
hugs its favorite teddy bear
at bedtime

In a refugee camp,
in the crowded tents
there is no place for happiness.

Stubborn – it returns in dreams
and like an echo
reminds of the good times.
The longing calls for return
to its homeland.

Arqile V. Gjata (Albania)



He was born in Jun 24, 1942 in Vlora City. The primary and secondary school he finished in Vlora and high school as well. In 1971 – 1973 he studied for 3 years in the “Institut” of Scodra while he was working too. In these years he was writing poetry and articles in “The voice of Youth”, a national newspaper. The first poems, titled “Shqerka” and “Xha Xhemali” are written since 1966. In

1995 he immigrated to Greece in Athina with his family where he is living today. Since then he has been writing poetry and so far has written 8 volumes of poetry, a book with poems in Italian language and a novel as well. While recently he has taken part in some university calls with his works. There are 5 study and literature works, three of them are published. Two volumes of poetry are translated into English and Italian languages. He is a co-author in some anthologies and literary magazines such as: Literary magazine nr 38 “Mehr Lict” Terziu’s Anthology “Vëzhgim në brendësi të prozës dhe poezisë shqiptare”, 1, 2. In literary magazine “Heamus” many writings such as: poems, study writings, novels, essays that are published by academics Ardian and Kopy Kyçyk in Bucharest such as: “Pelegriini”, “Pegasi”, “Çelësi i shpirtit” in rumanian and “Qiejt e shpirtit” and co-author in “Eagle’s voices” in English.

I NEVER HAD TIME TO CRY

With the voice of Autumn I came to you.
Then, when the wind shook the leaves!
I played with your lips,
While was kissing your eyes.
I hadn’t had time to cry,
With your kisses, my tears were dried!

ALONE MAN

Alone man, strong,
In his trouble.
With a bag on his shoulders,
closed inside his breath.
Everything around him, looks like sin statue.
They all, leave alone under the pressure of the air!
Alone man have gifted the pain masterpieces.
He lives... has something important
And dies alone,
As if he was asleep with the head into the hands!

THE TIME WALKS...

“Human is a limit for everything”

Pitagora

...and why it is said:
“World will die “,
It walks again...
I know its step, it walks with me.
The world,
Now is a relic,
Nobody say it in a loud voice,
Just the “tic-tac” of the invented time!
Come on...
To build its museum,
Then, will find its silence,
Without heart and blood!



Anna Santoliquido (Italy)

Anna Santoliquido, born in Forenza (Pz), lives in Bari, where she taught English. A poet, writer and essayist, since 1981 she has published twenty-one collections of verse, including *Città fucilata* (Kragujevac, 2010), *Med vrsticami* (Lubiana, 2011), *Casa de piatră* (Bucarest, 2014), *Versi a Teocrito* (Bari, 2015), *I have gone too far* (Stepanakert, 2016), *Profetesha* (Saranda, 2017), *Parole e grappoli* (Teheran, 2018), one volume of stories, and has edited numerous anthologies.

Her play, *The Baptist*, went on stage in 1999. She is a translator and promotes cultural activities. She founded the International Movement “Women and Poetry”. She is a member of the committee of the National Writers Section SLC-CGIL and is responsible for “Puglia Basilicata”, as well as the Apulia Region of PEN Club, Italy. Her poetry has been translated into twenty-two languages. Her work appears in many national and foreign literary journals, collections of critical essays and anthologies. In 2010 she was awarded honorary citizenship of Mrcajevci (Serbia). *La scrittura di Anna Santoliquido*, was published in the same year. In 2018 the volumes *Parole in festa per Anna Santoliquido*, edited by the ‘Laboratorio Don Bosco oggi’ and *Una vita in versi*, edited by Francesca Amendola, were completed and published. In 2019, a thesis on her works was defended at the University of Bari. The bibliography of her works is vast.

THE HOUSE OF STONE

I’ve seen again
years later
the house of stone
wrapped in the sun
and in silence.

Time
silently
has chiselled
its story
on its outer face
offering it as a gift
to the curious eyes
of summer visitors.
The old plane-tree too
still paints
its picture
with its cool shadow
which for long years
it has given
to the burning stones
and the remains
of a door
long worn out.
The seat
a stony witness
in its dignity
is still there.
She is no longer there
she who darked-faced
and white-haired
questioned the sky
as if in prayer...
Everything had an air
of past history,
of regret.
I've seen life again
in a tuft of grass
growing miraculously
in a crevice.
I've spoken to the stones

about beauty
and life
and love.
from I figli della terra (Children of the earth),

Edizioni Fratelli Laterza, Bari 1981
Translated by Valerie Cleverton

STUPOR MUNDI
to Tommaso Pedio

I have the energy of the South
the stubbornness of she who has given birth in the fields
and struggled with the boss
hardship has not defeated me

I have blended honey and bile
drawn from the earth
I am a brigand and a skylark
I sing and curse fools

in me an ocean of pride
around the Murgia the cathedrals the Lauras
the hills the castles the forests
rage and sweetness vie for me
I am olive and oak
gorse rooted to the coast

from Casa de piatră/La casa di pietra (The house of stone),

Editura Tracus Arte, Bucarest 2014
Translated by Mary V. C. Pragnell



Ade Caparas Manilah (Australia)

Ade Caparas Manilah, an international professional designer/artist, a poetess who had authored/published the very first poetry duet book, “the Wind my Lover” (erotic poetic conversation) and another book, “A Woman of Essence” featuring 26 internationally known poetesses, is in her 80s, and permanently based in Sydney, Australia. Her poetic uniqueness lies in her creative metaphysical structuring of words that blends the here and there; the then and now; but also

seems to paint the language in such aesthetic erotic tone! A several international literature awardee and media interviewee; a blogger and heads several literary groups!

come my love
let's exploit
the shadow of darkness
a mystery of life!
with our eyes
wide open
we'll feel
the ecstatic
darkness !

darkness,
a fetishising concept
seek to interpret or assign
certain truth...
an schematic of
pre-fabricated mold that
leads to the masa's mind-slavery

and sets the success
to Satanic throne!

many many tools employed;
war plague famine bankruptcy
we get buried alive
into an unsurpassed debts
even the unconvinced foetus
are burdened to pay! why?
but why worry?
exercise the most joy
in whatever situation... you win!!!

man O' man
you have reached
your 'Superman' being
the dream of Nietzsche
a Babel Tower,
trying to reach heaven
detours contours discolours
nature to your nature
your infinite Power!

"i am god i am god"
you shout you decreed
now... a tiny virus
tumbling pulverising you
to a standstill-ness...
your brain
cracks melts
back to the drain
you! god?

Adem Abdullahu (Republic of North Macedonia)



Adem Abdullahu (10.09.1964) lives in Shipkovica, Tetovo, Republic of North Macedonia. He is a member of Macedonian Writers' Association since 2016 and also of the Albanian Writers' Association in Macedonia. He holds BA (Faculty of Education – Skopje) and MA degree (Faculty of Philosophy, State

University in Tetovo) in Pedagogy and he is working as primary school teacher in Shipkovica. His work is translated and published in: Macedonian, Ukrainian, Bulgarian, Romanian, Italian, and English language.

Published: “On the Vertical Line” (1993, poetry), “The Military Devision of the Letters” (1994, a poem for children), “A Sea and a Castle” (1996, short stories and fables), “The Tears of the Flowers” (1997, poetry), “The Third Floor” (1999, short stories), “Painful Beauty” (1999, prose), “Thirty Six Short Stories and a Tale” (2000), “The Three Men” (2002, children’s book of drama plays), “Soil and Love” (2003, poetry), “Lake Shore” (2000, poetry), “The Silver Smiles of Love” (2007, poetry in Macedonian and Romanian language), “Let’s Kill the Silence” (2013, poetry), “The Educational Aspects of the Poetry of Odhise K. Grillo” (2014, scientific article), “Selection of poetry” (2015).

POEMS UNFINISHED

These are not lines,
but the soul of mine,
the sore of mine...
These are the tears of mine,
running down
like rainy nights...
This is the colour of my blood,
my breath,
my lungs...
My stem,

my strength!
Indeed, honey,
lines are my tools,
my flowers...
The lines, the poems
are the poems
of my poems unfinished!

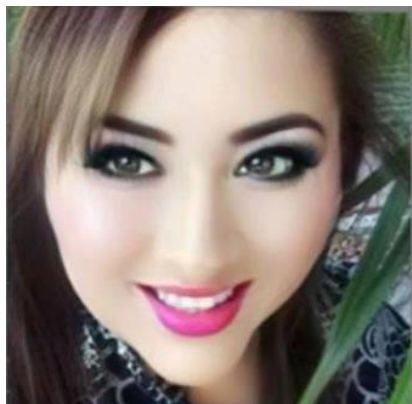
SEARCH FOR MY BODY

If your phone
stops
ringing
my precious
and
if I am no longer
online
on facebook,
take a wreath
in your hand and go...
go search for my body
everywhere.

WISDOM

An old man once said:
There is one bad thing in the good,
it isn't always your companion.
There is one good thing in the bad,
it is followed by the good.

Translated from Macedonian into English by: Elena Prendzova
Proofread by: Aneta Naumoska, M.A.



Alicia Minjarez Ramírez (Mexico)

Poet, Translator, Singer, University Professor, Broadcast locution Radio and T.V. She is an internationally renowned Mexican poetess and author who has won numerous awards including. Literary Prize of unpublished poetry “Tra le Parole e L’infinito”, 20th edition, Italy, 2019. Awarded with the EASAL medal by the European Academy of Sciences and Letters Paris, France 2018. Honorable Mention in the

category: Foreign Poetry, of the International Prize Poseidonia Paestrum, Edition XXIV, Italy 2018. Winner of a special mention and a medal in the International Poetry Prize NOSSIDE Italy 2015, recognized by UNESCO.. Awarded with the Third Place in French Poetry in the International Poetry Prize “Sous les traces de Léopold Sédar Senghor” at Milan, Italy, 2016 recognized by ONU and UNESCO. Winner of a mention in the NOSSIDE Poetry Prize, Italy 2016. Her poems are translated in several languages and published in more than 150 anthologies, magazines and newspapers around the world.

Translated by: Alaric Gutiérrez

BLUE WHISPERS

Freezing raindrops
Pour hasty voices
Over my body,
leaving behind
Fragmented unfinished moments,
In the dense night of my foliages.

Amber lights crystallize
Wet cobblestones.
Faint breeze throbs tactile words
In ragweed of your lips.

The wind impels
Among its branches
Lost – found longings
Inside the indigo ink of your gaze,
As silent opacity shimmer flashes
Delimit folds of the shining water
Running down my cheeks.
Should I hear the breeze pronounce your name?

Blue whispers articulate
Songs of the stones.
Pierced transparencies dissolve desires,
As melts the stone with the fire
And the sea on the horizon.

FAR AWAY AIR

Each sparkle has a distant and severe air.
Dusty breeze undoing
Selfless prejudices,
Diaphanous sky
Of far away shores.
Untellable words!
Sweet craving that leads
And mitigates nostalgia,
Drunkenness of the moment
Impossible fight
Bold and incandescent soul.
Every sound is a wonderful caress
Momentum, track and halo of a transient light.

Each sparkle has a distant and severe air.
I understand the instant is non-existing matter.

Burns like a wound inscribed within our consciousness,
Affliction goes away.
Full delight of interrogations and absences,
Depths and appearances;
Defining the earthly paradise hell
Of my own communion.

Each sparkle has a distant and severe air.
I learn to live
In the branches of a secret dream,
Of a fiery shade,
In the shortened line
Of abysmal dementia.
Choleric air of ephemeral tears
Shake up my roots.
Lewd whisper
Born from the body,
Proclaiming the cavity
Of long gone solitudes.

MOON CHANT

A gust of wind and rumors
Hue harmonic perfumes,
Vetiver, coriander, kahve and saffron,
Crumbling the twilight dust.
Silence singing words
Bursting up
Depths of the sky.
My body invokes you
Under the Ankara fresh rain,
Fertile crescent
The spell of my lips;
Liquid light

Of shooting stars.
Horizontal waves
Moistens my edges
In the steppe plains
Of your gardens.
Even the moon is singing
Although no one notices it!
Dressed up in rainfalls
And kissing roots,
Sound waterfalls
Polishing stones
Upon your rivers' wings.

Holding hands,
Piercing idyllic forests,
Dates and prunes
Are seeded wild,
Like impregnated
Fire water drops
On the green breeze
Of your gaze.
Undamaged yearnings
Rummage
The absence or presence
Of your breath.
Fragrant essence
Evokes the moss dance
In Turkish oak timbers.
Chimerical magma
Rises and falls,
The ottoman honeysuckle
Of your luminous pores
Opened up
To the furtive wrap
Of my nights.



Ana Toma (Albania – USA)

Ana Toma was born in the city of Lezha in Albania. After graduating from Asim Vokshi High School in Tirana where she studied Foreign Languages, she then pursued her degree in Journalism at the University of Tirana. Her University years were also the years of the crystallization of her poetic art, which were restored in 1996 with the publication of the first volume of poetry, “19 Symphony of Tears”,

published by the Publishing House, “Toena”. Her poetic art is more than a spiritual exclamation, which seeks human purity and penetrates through lyrical peaks, but also expresses the laconicism of an aesthetic that begins and ends with love. Journalism studies at the University of Southern Connecticut in the USA, where she lives for about 20 years, would further deepen the author’s creative consciousness and classify Ana’s art as a creative art, always with the spirit that turned and revived the muse of the soul and always in motion with the coherence of life. Ana is preparing newer publications, both in poetry and prose, publications that will shed much more light and shadow on what she represents and what aesthetic traces she will follow in her future path. She currently lives in Connecticut, USA, and is a mother of three. Her latest published book is the novel, “The Storm”.

Wait for me!

Wait for me,
where the first rays of the Sun caress and touch your dreams.
Dancing remorsefully to the rhythm of memory
of that loving face, which hurts to the chest
You will wake up happy with eyes full of sunlight.
The gaze from your bedroom window will be silent
You will sigh sleepily, my name, softly...
you will laugh at yourself, what is this life like!

Wait for me,
And if I do not come, you'll feel my soul
millions of miles away again in dreams together!
A kiss on the forehead, I will rise again
as the last ray of sunshine, I left my heart to you!
Wait for me, that I am not awake yet...!

To the unknown man

I want you to be well, unknown to me;
I feel a soul-gathering energy
In our dreams ...
Thirsty for affection, full of life and love!

I feel lonely. Lonely as you are.

I can't sleep. Just like every night,
I try to tear apart with my gaze,
the darkness of heaven (where I hide.)

I'm not the moon, I'm not even the sun ...

I don't have the power to close my eyes tonight
Under the light
of your heart.

I'm in love with someone I've never met!

Haven't we all dreamed about
that beautiful, smart, and loving woman
who keeps us awake every summer evening?
During our crazy male desires,
While playing with her wet hair and

With her violin body?
Where do fiery sounds of love come from,
and then happy sonatas are formed,
fused into one soul?

Then, we look forward to tattooing those sounds
and sonatas of happiness,
in the music book, called Love...
To browse them when she isn't there,
Leaving the scent of her body to you
Through the white, wrinkled sheets;
Forming cloudless skies of desires?

Haven't we all dreamed about
That smart, caring, good looking, and nobleman?
When his only presence thrills you,
wrapping your hands in his,
To feel a deeper connection?

Caressing his very short gray hair
(when he falls asleep)?
Covering him gently, like a child,
Not to cool off his soft, white skin body?
And waking up next to him,
Breathing air from the same lung?

Then, we can barely wait
for that morning long kiss
on the sugary red lips,
Listening to his heartbeat,
As he says, " I want you.., I'm yours!"
Feeling like you're in the seventh heaven ...,

I'm in love with someone I've never met!



Akbar Goshali (Azerbaijan)

In 1973 He was born in the Tovuz.

He graduated from the Azerbaijan Technical University in 1990-1995, and in 1998-2001 from the Academy of Public Administration under the President of Azerbaijan (second). He is the author, co-author, designer and editor, preface author of numerous artistic and scientific-publicist books: “Those who have died”, “Altun Bitik”, “Over Death”, “Contemporary Azerbaijani Literary Organizations”, “Azerbaijan Youth Movement” , “We came, We saw it, We wrote “,” Voice ... Word ... Colours ... “,” Anthology of the

new generation of Tatar poetry “,” Garabagh in the Heart and Pen “and others. He was awarded the medal “progress” by the Order of the President of the Republic of Azerbaijan (15.07.2015). He was awarded the “Honorary Youth” Gold Badge (2010), established by the National Assembly of Youth Organizations of the Republic of Azerbaijan (NAYORA) together with the Ministry of Young and Sport. He was also awarded the Republican Youth Award, co-founded by the Writers Union with the Ministry of Young and Sport (2002). In addition, he was awarded with the medal “TÖLEGEN AYBERGANOV” of Kazakhstan (2016)

THE SENSE OF A MOMENT

...The wind is blowing madly,
A rusty lock is reeling.
Wherever I look
I see a door and a lock.

I've kept one of the
passed days.
I cry on the same day
every year.

Why do you keep silent, incessant heart?
Am I a shabby cloth for you?
I can't go with you
Am I a faithless friend?

I came back after seeing the other world,
Don't make this world narrow for me.
If it waterlogs one day
Will I be Noah or Aghridagh?

I could get nothing in the past,
I stayed embracing sorrows.
I couldn't read my fate
Is my fate so unclear?

CONDITION

I see the world in black
It's black time of my heart.
It's said that,
"It's silent time of mountains" in Shusha again.

Any mountain remained in Shusha,
All has moved.
Any fault remained,
Sorrows have moved.

My world is neither fair
nor unfair.
Don't ask what I do
I fight with myself.



Aziza Dahdouh (Algeria)

Aziza Dahdouh a poetess at home and a former teacher from East of Algeria Algeria. She likes writing in English language and Arabic. Her writes were published in many international magazines and anthologies

Make The Kite

Make your colourful kite
And go, chase the wind
Never think you are too old
Look at the child within you
How innocent,How innocent !

A Feeling Of Spring

when the season is spring
I enjoy the time without seeking the other seasons
But I keep the idea in my mind
They will come... They will come
I am in love
With each time and each season.

Profoundness

Profoundness doesn't mean going deep within
Perhaps you will fetch nothing
All the treasures are floating on the surface
What it requires
keeping eyes of mind opened
For observing is not an act of eyes
It's an act of mind.

And...
what is this heavy rain for
To moisturize the thirsty soil
Or to heal wounds of the soul
Don't ask many questions
Rise your forehead to the sky
Then cry as much as you can
Noone will recognize your tears
They will think that
They are just drops of rain
Crossing your cheeks towards earth
The soul is heavy with dark clouds
But sooner sun will shine
And rainbows appear again.

A Flower

The flower doesn't complain about its short days
The flower counts how many times it amazed
The eyes



Agim Desku (Kosova)

Agim Desku was born in August 25, 1957 in a small town Siqueve, region of Kline City, Kosovo. He finished his first grade of Elementary School in a town of Tice, region of Skenderaj City in Kosovo. He continued elementary & middle education at Ujmire School. He graduated from Luigj Gurakuqi High School in Kline, Kosovo.

He continued his studies and earned his Associate Degree in Language Art at Pedagogy Associate College in Gjakove City, Kosovo. He is a Language Art Teacher at Xhemajl Kada Middle School in Peje. He is married to the love of his life and they have been blessed with three children, and five grandchildren.

Agim resides in Peje City, Republic of Kosovo with his wife, children and grandchildren. He is published in many newspapers, national and international magazines, as well as published in many global anthologies.

THE CENTURY

Tonight a century I loaded on my shoulders
Often haggard and parched
Like a child's dream
Rebelled and mad.
Tonight I lived a century
For the only song
Sent in your name, my flame,
Saved in each word of my soul.
Like a meteor burning,
Tonight I failed to be the poet
To write verses for this crazy century
Crazy as myself.

Forgive me, my darling
You, the only one I do not want to hurt
That you bring the lyrics of my heart
For the scent of the flowers
For the smile of my love
You never bring me sorrows
Like this century tonight.
I craved Tirana this night
With a wish I came
to meet with the lines
For a burning word
Of my destiny's plight.
But I am walking tonight
In every corner of Tirane
Foot and soul
The demons of this century battling,
Of my pain.
Eh, rebellious tonight I became.
To gather eagles around into a table
With a voice sing along
To bestow smiles and kisses of the soul
Tonight I could not conquer the century of pain
I signed with my name
As a gift for you, my flame
Only you outdo the pain
of this century
With the gift of the soul left as a memory.

Ache for the wine of Cameri

...Each day
With Gods agitate,
Bite myself
Sucking snake blood.

My country brought with me
At times on earth or sky.

Stepped down Dante's purgatory
Raised into the myth of Muj and Halil
Where the fairies suckle
Adem, the leader.

In Rosafat fret with Zeus,
Where I found the sord of Skenderbe,
written in Albanian,
Two thousand years before Christ.

Walked in Dyrrah
To meet Homer, in daylight with beacons on.
Wine to sip in Cameri
And kiss my grandkids.

Give heed to my heart
As it slowly fails each day,
For my Cam brothers
Wander in each line!

Why in the 21st century,
My love is hanging in time's crampons?
Why can't I feel your beauties, Cameri,
Legitimate time I want to start
In my brothers graves,
Lost in storm and rain?!

Their spirits rise from the graves
Greet me in tears:
Welcome in ancestors' homeland
In cellar nice wine is saved,
Let's drink for Cameri!



Betim Muço (Albania)

Betim Muço is an Albanian-American writer. He was born in 21 January 1947 in Tirana, Albania, where he received a PhD in physics from the University of Tirana and later specialized in seismology. His first poems appeared in the Albanian literary press as early as 1967. Since then he published more than 25 books of poetry, short stories, novels and essays, winning several literary awards in Albania and abroad. Many of his poems and short stories have

been translated and published in anthologies, journals and magazines in different countries. During his literary activity in Albania Betim Muço was a well-known writer of many song lyrics and also a distinguished translator. Muço has rendered into Albanian the works of Graham Greene, Saul Bellow, Yukio Mishima, Rainer Maria Rilke, James Joyce, Vladimir Nabokov, Alice Munro and many international poets. In addition to his very rich and unique literary work, he is a well-accomplished and published Balkan researcher in the field of earth science, having led or participated in many international science projects. Since 2001 he lived in Maryland, USA, where he continued his research, literary writings and publishing activity until he passed away in 15 January 2015. His last novel “The stars are quite close”- published postmortem, won the award of the best book of the year in the Tirana 2017 Book Fair. A school carries his name in his native city of Tirana, Albania. Muço was married and has three children.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow
I'll say all that's unsaid
I'll sing all the unsung songs
And gather all the pebbles

Of thought
To pave the road
Life travels on

Tomorrow
I'll stop time
And let it rest for a while
Sharing a cigarette with me
While the sun above us
Is shocked
Like never before

Tomorrow
I'll spread massive flags
The rainbows of immortality
Over the horizons
And I'll lead people
To cheer their own names
Undaunted
Tomorrow
I'll step on the entire pathless path
Of man
And I'll make from death itself
A beautiful kite
To drift away
Into endless skies

Tomorrow...
Hey, who's ready
To come along with me
Tomorrow?

Imperfection

Stars

Mute ancient witnesses
Deep in a universe where the magic of matter is made
With your Cyclopean eyes
You saw how Earth's inhabitants grew
How we evolved and stood up on our feet
Turning grunts into speech
Paws into hands
How fire amazed us
And the wheel
And the secrets of atoms

I am asking you, stars
Have we humans become so perfect
To be able to see our imperfections?

Dreams

Some dreams of my youth
Couldn't come with me
To this strange world
It was not for them
They lay scattered along the road
Or hanging from the twigs of trees
Like little kerchiefs
I went away
There was no time to lose
I look back and see them
In fragments of other dreams
Like loves that were never mine

*Taken from the Collection of Poems "The lost kites", EPH, USA 2012,
Translated by Marta Muço*



Bilall M. Maliqi (Presheva)

Bilall Maliqi is a writer, poet and publicist, was born in on 08.04.1969 in a village Elez BALi, municipality of Presheva. He writes poetry and prose for children and adults, h e deals also with literature critics. He is the author of 21 works: poetry for children, for adults, prose for children and adults, journalism and literary critics.

Anthologies: *the magazine* Panorama by the authors of South East Kosova “ Sigh for Earth “ by the author Hysen Keqiku (2004) ; In lexicon “ authors of Albanian Literature for children and adults 1886- 2009” by prof. as.dr. Astrit Bishqemi; in poetical anthology Albanian- Swedish “Fillamande Ballad” by Sokol Demaku (2009); In poetical anthology “The Echo of Centuries”by Sokol Demaku, (2010). In poetical anthology by dr. Fatmir Terziu “ Virgin Tears, (2012); In Belgium Poetical Anthology French-Albanian“ Anthologie de poetes Albanophones (2012).

Maliqi is a founder and editor in chief of the magazine “Qendresa” which is published in Presheva Valley;

President of association of Presheva writers; Member of League of Writers of Kosova; Member of Ars Club “ Beqir Musliu” Gjilan;

Member of the board “ Atunis”

President of “Atunis Lugina” in Presheva.

Translated by Peter Tase

EVERYONE IS IN MY CHEST

In my memory
exhausted curiosity
passed energetically
over the ridges of motherland

Longing was unexperienced
is gifting me tears
Feelings were wetted
with absence and gathering
And speaks in Albanian
Or talks Albanian
Even the rock
Even a tear
For the pillow
of Çajup

And I am entering
Cannot exit
From Tirana's
Energetic happiness
O people
I have all of you
In my chest...

IN YOUR PORT

I feel an inextinguishable longing
That is embodied
On the waves of sea

I feel a scream in depth
Of soul
This explodes my inner self
In this season of breezes

In the a creek of soul the sweating
Was adopted
It erupted and ate the fiery
Thirst

Just like a chilling wind of evenings
In solitude

I would place this in my heart
next season
An idyllic scene with flowers in front
of me
Dream of love in a stage
Heart

For you Durres I have mountains
Of memories
Longing for ruining my
Tears
With borders of souls in your port.

MONTAIN IS SWEATING

Mountain is sweating
Steam runs through
A silent city

The Street runs through
Enters deep in the tunnel
And ascends a vein

Feelings are one after another
In the shelf of memory
Together are ruined in poverty

Below a unification bridge
Water waves white stones
Pours in the mother's belly.



**Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(Poland)**

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak is a Pole since 2004 live in the UK. She published seven volumes of poetry; four in Polish and three in English. She also writes prose and released a novel and a few short story collections. Her work may be found in numerous worldwide anthologies and magazines. Winner of many poetry competitions. Proud holder of many diplomas, awards, and distinctions. She is also a translator to fellow poets, translates from and into

English. Her poetry was translated into 20 languages.

It might be the last lesson

just yesterday they believed it would be okay
they fought for every breath, for every sip of life
today rows of only empty chairs remind of them,
the cat mewing in the armchair and dog in tears

loved ones should be close, but they were so far away
there was no one to hold their hands and tightly hug
now they lay lonely in rows of nameless coffins
in the middle of nowhere waiting for the grave

where did it all start and how it happened, who knows?
they say in China but are they really sure?
if there would not be the pursuit of money and power
there would not be so many hungry people in the world

there is enough money for bombs and space rockets
the food drowns in the sea by some madmen creatures

and their sick visions instead of feeding the hungry
although tomorrow, our world may cease to exist

it is still not too late to shake off the madness
to learn from this cruel and maybe last warning
first of all, people must be treated equally
the rest will slowly follow when you open your heart

So tiny but so powerful

Our Mother Earth for a long, long time
shows many signs to the humans
that it is time to come to our senses.
Floods, tsunamis, volcanic eruptions,
earthquakes, famine, drought, and war.

But people, as usual, are still playing with life
not caring for others; only for themselves.
They still make money; more and more.
forgetting, that man has only one life.

Father Creator, who could stand it any longer,
and came up with a solution to prevent the world.
Somewhere in China, through a keyhole
He released a tiny particle of the virus to the world.

A tiny particle of a virus, of great strength,
in a few days it conquered the whole wide world.
So small you won't see with the naked eye
It looks into people's eyes and causes great fear.

Thousands die in homes and in hospitals
lonely and far away from their loved ones

We see long rows of coffins on TV screens.
Doctors and nurses are among the victims.

It doesn't matter whether rich or poor
It has taken a big harvest among the people.
Will warning help humans to come to their senses?
We will see very shortly unless we all die...

The waiting room of life

I am stuck in the waiting room of life
And I still hear only these words:
“tomorrow, just wait a little bit more,
I am very sorry”

Days go by, and I'm still waiting
Time, however, won't wait at all
Already next autumn returns
Another winter is gone.

I am waiting
I can't breathe
I'm dying waiting
You promised to love me, darling
Of what are you afraid so much?
I can't understand it at all.

Now my hair changes into silver,
And my health fails me
I long to get out of the waiting room
I want to go for a long walk
And enjoy birds twitter again
So, love me or go away,
I won't wait for another single day.



Dr. Claudia Piccinno (Italy)

<https://claudiapiccinno.weebly.com>

Claudia Piccinno was born in the south of Italy, but she lives and teaches in the north of Italy . Operating in more than 100 anthologies, she's a former member of the jury in many national and international literary prizes. She is the Continental Director for Europe in the World Festival Poetry, she represents Istanbul culture in Italy as Ambassador of Ist Sanat Art Association. She has published 34 poetry books, among his own poetry collections

and other poets' translation into italian language. She was conferred with the most prestigious award “Stele of Rosetta” in Istanbul in 2016, “World icon for peace” for Wip in Ondo city, Nigeria, on April 2017 ; Najiman prize in Liban on July 2018 and almost 250 prize in Italy for cultural merits. Her poem "In Blue" is played on a majolica stele posted on the seafront in Santa Caterina di Nardo (Le).

She is european editor for the international literary magazine Papyrus in Turkey and for Atunis Magazine international. She is responsible for poetry in the italian magazine called Gazzetta di Istanbul, printed in Turkey by Italian community

I

We are not told
why every meeting has its reason.
We are not told.
why a storm pushed us into the same shelter
on an ordinary day.
I questioned myself by rejecting
unusual feeling
but the thought of you returned intermittently.
There is -I know - an ethical diaphragm

that isolates us
in the movement of a luminous mind
and a soul suffering for old disillusionments.
For that thin membrane
I silenced the ink
but - overbearing - his disruptive strength returns
to sow hope before apathy
drag us into the dark.

II

I got lost in fear
not a milestone
to give me the direction of travel.
I waited at the crossroads
that you go back
candidly
with your doubts
and your reasons.
I looked to the sides
of the roadway
looking for a path
or a shortcut.
Nothing led me
at the arrival point,
nobody took me
by hand,
each of mine steps
follow the rules
of the good way,
make arrangements
to the others
like violin's horsehair
and wait for the right vibration

the sound of a beat
that will take me home.

III

My say on this obituary
is no needed
better would express a stone
rolled
in the pit.
Each stone a thought
Each thought a name
Each name a cross.
Leaf, stone, scissors
To tell, to do, to kiss
Look at me father.
Do not call me.
Let me live
again seasons of joy.
May I live blue mornings
and pick a poppy to
lay at your feet.
Let the bells ring
in celebration,
may I sing the song
of cicadas
may I come back
as a seagull on the Bosphorus
as a swallow in the sun.
Look at me, don't pronounce
for now my name.



Chris Bodor (USA)

Chris Bodor is a US poet, who was born in 1967 in Connecticut to an English mother and a Hungarian father. After working for ten years in New York City, he moved to Florida in 2003. In August of 2009, Chris started hosting monthly poetry readings on the last Sunday of every month in St. Augustine, Florida. During the past 25 years, Bodor's poems have appeared in many independent, small, and micro-press publications, such as the LummoX Journal, FM Quarterly, and Old City Life.

Embrace Every Day

The morning coffee that you crave
is now knocked over
Wasted. Never tasted
Soaked into the carpet of your car.

The unused umbrella
that you carried all month
is lost at this moment
while you walk to work
in the pouring rain.

Your partner
lies beside you every night
Then you fight
Suddenly one of you is sleeping alone
on the sofa in the living room.

You speak of love
during your daily routine
but what does love really mean?

Define love before it leaves
Embrace every day
Quick, before love slips away.

Descend

December descends while
November disappears into the horizon
Weather worn scarecrows know
about the migration of snowbirds.

The hands of the clocks
tumble down the dark hole
while wrinkled work hands
with bloody knuckles
harvest crops.

Cucumbers become pickles
down in the root cellar
On Main Street gold plated plastic
is marked-up by wise merchandisers.

Cold turkeys get stuffed
on Last Meals of turnips, creamed onions, apologies
Underneath a hibernation blanket
a nation descends into December.



Chiyo Kitahara (Japan)

Poet, essayist. Born in Kyoto (1954), Graduated from Doshisha University. Member of Japan Poets Association, Japan Poets Club, Japan Universal Poets Association. Main publication: Poetry Collection “Local sen wo machi nagara (Waiting a local rain)” (2005), “Spiritus” (2007) [Doyobijutsusha Publishing House], “Mayu no Ie (Cocoon House) (2011), “Shinju gawa Barroco” (2016) [Shicho sha] Essays Collection “Suga Atsuko san e okuru

hanataba (A bouquet dedicated to Atsuko Suga) (2018) [Shicho sha] Personal journal “Bara iro tsume” (Rose Claw) included poetry, essay, and translation. Participation to International Poetry Festival: Western-Eastern Poets in Sympathy: Poetry Reading in Kyoto (2011-2016), JUNPA 5th Anniversary Commemorative International Poetry Festival in Kyoto, Otsu. (2017)

Bilingual Book: “Mizu no Nijuso (Duet of Water) ” co-authored with Donatella Bisutti (2018) Reading Performance: Projet La Voix des Poètes in Tokyo (25 times)

Giving lectures in universities, culture center.

Collaboration with a pipe organ and poetry reading as a director, script writer, and reading.

Award: The 67th H shi-sho (2017)

The Organist’ s Fingers

Ten fingers, interlacing, contorting

Shifting

Over-crossing

Not by their own will, but

Conducted by a Muse in heaven

The fingers
Gnarled
Organist fingers
Curbing inward
The fingers are in rapture
Reaching through to
The ends of eternity
Hesitating sometimes
Caressing sometimes
Praying
Loving
On their ivory keys
Making surging waves of sound.

Correspondence

In the garden of night I touch the cinnamon tree
Embrace it with both arms eat its fragrance
I long to be made to sound my organ, mouth open wide
Shaking the cinnamon tree I untangle my hair
The inner feeling clears perceives the fountain's level

Scooping fingers spilled
Afraid to measure the water's level I notice that from the inner abyss
Less dark than when it was once full the water's scent now stronger

It must surely be a letter?
Light from Deneb and Vega on the water
Carving shadows
It reveals your words and
On its own, my organ sounds

I am in the garden and so
I can breathe out my reply and it will carry.



Dante Maffia (Italy)

Dante Maffia was indicated by Aldo Palazzeschi and Leonardo Sciascia who, with Dario Bellezza, considered him “one of the happiest poets of modern Italy”. This opinion is also shared by Magris, Bodei, Ferroni, Pontiggia, Brodskji, Vargas Llosa, Dario Fo, Borges. It is translated into 18 languages. He won the Awards: “Montale”, “Gatto”, “Stresa”, “Viareggio”, “Alvaro”, “Matteotti”, “Camaioere”, “Tarquinia Cardarelli”, “Circe Sabaudia”, “Rhegium Julii”, “Alda Merino “. “Eminescu”. In 2004, Ciampi then President

of the Italian Republic awarded him with a gold medal for cultural merits. The Regional Council of Calabria, the Spinelli, Guarasci, Farina, Di Liegro and Crocetta Foundations, and the University of Craiova, nominated him for the Nobel Prize. The volume of the Conference Proceedings held on his work, *Ti presento Maffia*, edited by Rocco Paternostro published by Aracne of Rome, is recent. He received the *Honoris Causa* degree from the Pontifical University.

ANNA ACHMATOVA IN MODIGLIANI (PARIS 1910)

You didn't hide the shadows,
the wounds, the tame sharks
in the heart, the flattery placed
on the broken window sill.

Under that window the hyenas gathered,
they defied the moon, they tormented it
with belches and insults; clumsy singsong
like brush strokes impressed with remorse.
Could I not have loved you right away?
Could I have left you in the open
and without my hands on your forehead?

Modi, now it's late at night
In the Russia of frost and memories;
punishment is now the voice of the devil
and nothing can fill the disaster of
Your absence that barks and hurts.

I shouldn't have abandoned you,
your colors told me, rainbows
that you gave me they warned me not,
also the shadows and the barking of the dogs

when we came back late at night
holding each other up, singing Baudelaire.
My body was united to yours
like a blade that while cutting gives a shape

a new set-up, to the supreme truth.
Volcanoes know a love like this,
the witches of the virgin forests,
the Ural wind when it becomes glass

I left. Silly, afraid,
foolish, foolish, skinny, helpless, unprepared
to enjoy the tales of the abyss,
the stars that the owls stole from the sky.

Forgive me, Modi, I couldn't stand the impact,
the pawing of wild herds
that ran wild inside you.
I had to drink the Seine, swallow the Louvre,

your old shirt with your sweat,
the bottles you crushed
throwing them on the irons of the Eiffel Tower.
I had to have the courage that Jeanne then had.

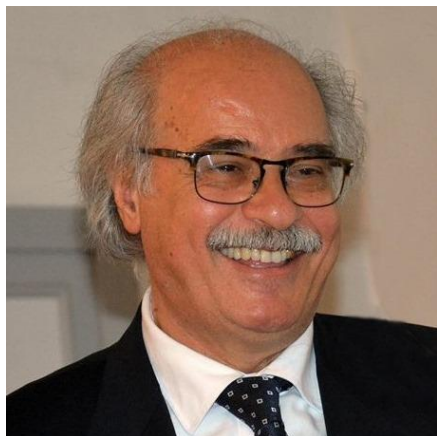
Forgive me, Modì, I was too young,
too crazy about you and already married.
I went back, you were already another; I deserve this agony
in the gray of Petersburg without your colors.

Elsewhere

Elsewhere is me, that's why
I can not find
the years of youth.
I try to tidy up
poking in the waste bins
and I see that the corrupt angels
ended up in rags.
I smile at the fury of the vagueness
that I chased to possess the Truth,
the link to join me to God ...
But nothing ... only the pain of Absence,
the Loss, the Fade
that made me a stupid elsewhere.

Sometimes I pretend to be the Elsewhere
I wrote Jerusalem and Comedy
and I pretend I don't need
to exist, to have duties,
and I don't listen to the Acheron.
Other times I enjoy existing without existing,
like a child making his soap bubbles.
Don't spy in my house,
be careful, you may lose your name,
you may become an elsewhere with the lowercase.

Translated into English by Claudia Piccinno



Domenico Pisana (Italy)

Born in Modica in 1958, Doctor of Moral Theology, he is the founder and President of the Quasimodo Coffee Cafe in Modica.

Poet, literary critic and essayist with several works translated entirely into Polish, Spanish, Romanian and English, he published 9 volumes of poetry, 6 books of literary criticism, among which stands the essay on Quasimodo That Nobel from the

South - Salvatore Quasimodo between glory and oblivion, translated, in 2011, in Romanian.

He also published 11 texts of a theological and ethical nature, among which the volume, published by San Paolo editions, stands out.

On your word I will throw the networks, translated into Polish and Spanish, as well as "3 volumes of historical-political character. In 2006 the Municipal Administration and the Pro Loco of Modica awarded him the Gold Medal of the "Premio della Modicanità"; nominated for several awards, in November 2016 he was awarded the "Premio Federico II" to culture; in January 2017 he received the "European FARFA Prize" for culture and territory, awarded to him by the International Association of Literary Critics based in Paris; in September 2017 he was awarded the "Magister Vitae" Prize for the contribution to culture in San Vito Lo Capo (Trapani) as part of the 5th Edition of the Vito Ruggiriello Memorial.

Of the works of Pisana we report only those translated into Polish, Spanish, Romanian and English: Na twojw slowa zarzuce sieci, Polish edition 1999, 4K PHUP Sp.z.o.o., Bytom, Poland, 1999; En tu palabra echaré las redes, San Pablo, Santafe De Bogota, D.C., 1999; Acel Nobel venit din South. Salvatore Quasimodo intre glorie siui tare, Iunimea, Iasi, Bucharest, 2011; Odes tho the twelve lands.

A stringed wind from the Ibleans, Armando Siciliano Editore, Messina, 2016.

It requires a spiritual tectonic

There is an asphyxiating ideological smell
who raises the cup and breathes suspicion
in the weak consumption of thought

it often turns water into wine
in the huts of silence stretched out
at the top of the built dome

from freedom it sows shadow clouds
between the game of vassals and valvassors
crouched down on the stools of dark hands

there is no field outraged by wild rice
poison dissolved in the lanes of destinies
which destroys the dream of a stunned country

Strength requires spiritual tectonics
to go beyond cannibal metaphysics
to kill the enemy by rediscovering the face

to go up the edge of the Golgolta where the Giusto
said that nobody can throw stones
that death will succumb to the wing of victory.

RAGUSA

A CRADLE OF MASTERWORKS

“... A cradle of masterworks
you are in my eyes, Ragusa,
while the moon caresses your domes
and light effects spread around the air
when the day goes down...”

Hermitage of nocturnal thoughts

Beyond the hill that caresses the sunsets
I relax in the sound of your voice;
motionless it feeds of infinity
on pages of stone waiting for the night.

Hermitage of nocturnal thoughts,
please guard the soul of my troubles
in the hour that closes the windows
to the game of life, to the beating of the water
on the thrill of winning without medals.

Another story: we start again on the double of a ship
crawling under the swing of chairs,
angels of light will tear in the mud
and confused complaints will come knocking again
to the stars among gusts of creep.

I have nothing but you to feel myself,
to write cold amazements on flying sheets
to drag syllables onto pieces of paper, subtract me
to the contention of words that made the planeta
a passage of dead left aside.



Dashamir Malo (Albania)

Dashamir Malo, born city of Permet, Albania. He finished Military Academy and later the Police Academy. Since 1990 -1997 he worked in his profession in the city of Saranda. In 1997 he immigrated to Athens – Greece where he worked and lived until 2002. In 2003, then resumes work in his profession as a police officer and is currently Chief Administration of Border Police Station in Saranda. He has published

books of poetry “Between solitude and silence”, “Precedent” and “Hiding the Lot”, “Maybe”. In 2014 he published the book of poetry “Vaguely” and in 2019 he published the book of poetry “Shadow light” He translated from Greek poetry volume “Selected Poems” of the Greek poet, publicist and journalist, George Hronas and book of essays “Crazy dance of the Merylin’s ” and “The Rainbow Feelings (seven translated authors)”. Also has participated in anthologies of poetry, “The gates of forgetfulness”, “Itaca of speech” and “Lanes open”. He continuously published poems in literary newspapers such as “Dight”, “Word”, “Nacional”, “Writer”, “Art Ionian”. He has also published cycles of poetry in Greek, Norwegian and German language. He is one of the following organizers of poetic annual meetings, which are held in the city of Saranda from Ionian Makers Club.

To be in love

... means

waking up before the dawn

Even to become the dawn itself

It means

seeing the most beautiful dream

Even to become that dream itself

It means

After you leave the soft sheets
(they will hold your body print until the night comes)
You would go see yourself in the mirror
Without the usual fear of a woman
And become sure that you are even more beautiful than yesterday
It means
standing in front of your closet and without hesitation
picking up the most ordinary dress
It means
A fragile redemption and bewilderment escorting you
Everywhere
You go hurriedly on to the street without paying any attention
To the routine advices of your mother
That talks to you from the kitchen window
Being in love
Means
Donating coins of happiness to the occasional transient
Radiating a seductive light
Igniting the jealous flame
Of the nearby colleague
Being in love
Means
That you feel like the whole world is yours
Without ever asking to possess it.
To be in love.

Autumn's being

Serenity; the sky sheds
the charcoal color, on the sea
a little boat that has paddled
deep into the fog, is fading.

The silence is broken
I see a cop run after a shooter

In the outskirts of Butrint
The hoyden fall, is out of breath

A ship departs far way from shore
A cruise arrives in the port
The tourists of fall come down
In the middle of wind and rain

They come along in the streets
As the coffee is served by a waitress
In the screen in front of me
Continuously, worthless speeches

As I look behind the window
I don't know where my mind wonders
To the tomorrow that seems grey
Or to some greyish gloomy memory.

(not) Arrival

You will arrive full of warm colors
Just like this fall, you will come,
I have been waiting for you since creation
A thousand years more I am willing to wait!

Then you'll leave, always looking back
To that chestnut forest, you will be the fall
You'll remember me on the purple sunset
Or, quite unwittingly you will forget.

I will draw near to you, with my troubled soul
To the ancient shore of the Ionian sea
Time will bend me, as these waves
But, my longing for you will still be young.



Dustin Pickering (USA)

Dustin Pickering is founder of Transcendent Zero Press, and publisher of the poetry and arts journal Harbinger Asylum. He is a former contributor to Huffington Post and a Pushcart nominee. He placed as finalist in Adelaide Literary Journal's short story contest in 2018. He is widely published including by India's leading literary authority Sahitya Akademi, Cafe Dissensus,

The Statesman (India), World Literature Today, and DIOGEN. He is recipient of a jury prize in Friendswood Public Library's Ekphrastic contest in 2019 and received an honorable mention in The Friends of Guido Gozzano competition recently. He is on the editorial board of Borderless Literary Journal.

the second chance

his beak, soft as the fuhrer's hands,
feathers dim as rain
on a third reich sunday,
torch-colored intensity
between eyes of faith,
holy at guessing like a coffin fly by night.
yet an angel he will be,
shunning the nazi nest
for less temperamental sky,
clouds of downy whispers,
sun of colorful concentrations,
prism breaking each ray,
crisp as a seed in his beak,
that final knowledge that awakens his
reconciliations.

Ouroboros

Love climbs from the depth,
slinked like a snake in gambit.
Drugged with the stupor of wine
and batting her eyes like a flashing light bulb.

Her eternities rotted in boredom and felt her hide.
Growing tougher over multiple years, I cried.
My angel arms were burdened with paradoxes
and discomfiting rage hidden by planted pride.

She nurtured me in her garden for 1,000 years.
There is nothing like hurting a tiny creature.
Hurting, if it is as subtle as an apology
that only the victor meant.

I wanted to hold her, tell her pleasant things.
Her eyes fished for lies in my being,
hideous consciousness tricking its chalice
with empty grins and sad faux pas.

Do you even know what this feels like?

Goethe's Grief

life is an emptying of the cauldron – from witch to Venus we
announce – the stirrings of the surreal – beating against the heart,
cursed – and only human is this machine – grace abounds in effort –
but we pulse with fear – tomorrow is rest anew – again, we face the
dream.



Daniela Andonovska – Trajkovska (Republic of North Macedonia)

Daniela Andonovska-Trajkovska (born February 3, 1979, Bitola, North Macedonia) is doctor of pedagogy, and she works as university professor at the Faculty of Education-Bitola, St. “Kliment Ohridski” University-Bitola, North Macedonia for the courses: Methodology of Teaching Language Arts, Creative Writing, Critical Literacy, Methodology of Teaching Early Reading and Writing, ect. She is co-founder of the University Literary Club “Denicija PFBT UKLO” and also of the Center for Literature, Art, Culture, Rhetoric and Language at the Faculty of Education-Bitola. She is a member of the Macedonian Writers’ Association, and The Bitola Literary Circle, and president of the Macedonian Science Society Editorial Council. She is the editor in chief of the literary journal “Rast” issued by the Bitola Literary Circle, and also an editor of the International Journal “Contemporary Dialogues” (Macedonian Science Society), and “Literary Elements” Journal (Perun Aptis), several poetry and prose books. Besides her scientific work published in many international scientific journals, she writes poetry, prose and literary critics. She has published one prose book “Coffee, Tea and the Red Sky” (2019) She has published 6 poetry books: “Word for the Word” (2014) , “Poems for the Margins” (2015), “Black Dot” (2017), “Footprints” (2017), “Three” (2019), “The House of Contrasts” (2019). She has won special mention at the Nosside World Poetry Prize (UNESCO, 2011), the award for the best poem at the Macedonia Writers’ Association Festival (2018), “Krste Chachanski” Prize for prose (2019), and “Karamanov” Poetry Prize 2019.

MUSIC

The light sees us with our-own eyes
with open heavens and hands reaching for God
without keys and lines the notes are singing in us

lifting the chest of the man
that exhale us

the universe creates perfect music in us
when we feel that we are not alone

IMPRISONED BREATHING

with the time's rain drops
and a chamomile tea bag
I washed out all of the pain
that lived on the lower jaw
under that street
with unripened and loud conifers rolling on her body

my breathing stayed imprisoned
among the iron rails
of the days without a name

TRANSPARENT SYNAPSES

I had bitten the apple only once
and I got pinched by the word from the pentagram inside
and from the tree up above your head
I told you that you are nude
and that you don't need anybody
and that you can give birth to Adam all by yourself, now
and I gave you leaves so you could imprison yourself in a cage
in walnut shell – with transparent synapses



©*Mar Thieriot (Canada) Insomnie (45 x45)*

Maria Thieriot is a specialist on connecting emotions, philosophy and art, and believe that those connections are helpful to understand and solve human conflicts peacefully. Painting and poetry can express human suffering in a peaceful manner and may help people to deal with emotional conflicts in a creative manner.

<http://www.marianathieriot.com>

<http://www.marianathieriotloisel.com>



**Ekaterini Vlachopanagiotou – Baralia
(Greece)**

***President of International Society of
Greek Writers and Artists***

She was born in Litochoro, Pieria, where she received her first letters. He finished Secondary Education in Thessaloniki. In 1974 she graduated from the Panteion School of Political Science and in 1990

from the Pedagogical Department of the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens.

He works as a Classroom Economist, a member of the UN, Ph.D. D. E. T. in Byzantine Humanism.

She is the mother of two childrens. He was Vice President of the International Society of Greek Writers (D.E.L.) and the International Academy of Letters & Arts “THEA ATHENS”.

He served also from the position of General Secretary of Letters, Arts, Culture through the great work of the two organizations from 1993 to November 2019, when he was elected President of the International Society of Greek Writers.

He contributed greatly, with the president Chrysoula Varveri – Varra, in the organization and with full success of the 1st International Literature and Painting Competition, proposing the registered name of “MELINEIA TROPAIA” 1996.

He studied and presented great writers such as: Seferis, Elytis, N. Vrettakos and many contemporary writers and poets. In 2007 he presented in the Book Gallery “7 ode to Heaven” by the Writer Poet El-Kris (Kostas Kartsakis – Dodoni Publications). Her speech was honored with the BRETTAKIO ’96 award of D.E.E.L

She participated with excerpts of her work in the International Exhibition of Frankfurt in 2001. She participates with an introductory text in the two Anthologies of DEEL “Letters-Arts-Culture” 1997 and “Panathinaea 2004”. He has been honored with the JOCARLOS GASPAS- “UM POETA DE CAXIAS 2006” diploma and with the RIO DE JANEIRO-SEGURANCA PUBLIKA 2006 diploma ”.

Speeches were delivered at the Annual Poetry Events at the Cultural Center of the Municipality of Athens for twenty-seven years, contributing to the organization of the President and Founders Chr. Barberi – Barra.

In 2007 she represented her at the International Festival on Lake Qinghai in China to honor the long tradition of poetry, to cultivate the exchange of cultures and dialogue between poets from all over the world and the subject was: “Man and nature in a harmonious world”.

Her published works are:

- “Critique of existing regional development incentives in Greece and the provincial industry”
- “The concept of classical works”
- “The story of the number”
- “The epic of Digenes Akritas. Folk poetry”
- “Historical background of music” –
- “The Carnival and its customs in Greece”
- “Searching for peaceful coexistence with ourselves”
- “The contribution of the fairy tale to the ethno plastic education of the child”
- “The struggle with ourselves”
- “Become a hero” etc.

From now on, from the position of President of the International Society of Greek Writers (and Artists), he has been working hard to promote the exchange between different cultures of the world, so as to further the cause of world peace and the development of humanity.

THE DREAM

White tower of Thessalonica

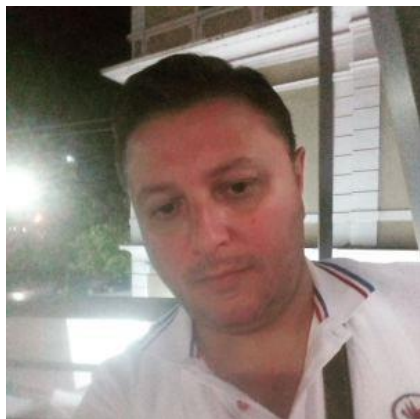
When you lie in front of
the path of stars,
you will have the power
to discern which is their way.
When you go beyond the sun
and you seek for other solar systems

maybe you cannot recognize anymore
which could be the real one.
If you see the Earth to be
in front of you like a star
you should be sure
that you step on the stars.
Maybe this is a dream
maybe this is a delusion
but maybe this is true
and the dream is alive...

GLOOMINESS

Thea ATHINA

They caught gloominess
the moment when it was
in the spark of entering into
the castle of joy
and starting dancing.
They built for it, its own castle
so as not to escape
and they enchained it
Condemning it there to stay.
They didn't know what was going on
next to the castle of joy
and they kept on dancing
well protected.
But when the time went by
and the chains broke
gloominess was redeemed.
Instead of climbing out its castle
and following the one of joy
it made infinite its castle
and so everyone has a place in it.



Enertin Dheskali (Albania)

Enertin Dhiskali was born on March 31, 1976 in the city of Fier, Albania. First, he graduated at the “Perikli Ikonomi” gymnasium in 1994, and then in 2001, he learnt at Tirana University. He majored in Language and Literature, with very high scores (averaging over 9.5). Also in 2006, he did the two years -post university degree program for Foreign Literature and Aesthetics. He Graduated the PhD

School in Albanian Literature and Aesthetics profile, and got another Masters Degree at “UFO” University, “Administrative Science”. After, he completed his studies and graduated, he has been working as an external lecturer at the University of Vlora, teaching Foreign Literature, Standard English and Aesthetics courses. He also handled the field of journalism, where he worked as editor-in-chief and director of local television “Apollon”. He is well acquainted with several foreign languages, certified with a maximum grade at the Faculty of Foreign Languages, Tirana University. So far he has published three poetic works, titled “Gjurmë zemre nëpër kohë”(Heartbeats Through Time),” Përtej ëndrrave dhe përjetësisë”,(Beyond Dreams and Eternity,)” and “Gjak në kozmos” (Blood in the Cosmos.).

I am your gaze

I am not an unravelled dream,
Even though you search for me in the darkness,
Along the shores of your rough dreams
Whenever anguish tightens up your frozen soul.
I am not an unravelled dream,
I am the blood that heats up your veins,
With the hot lava of the wild love.
I am the imprisoned voice

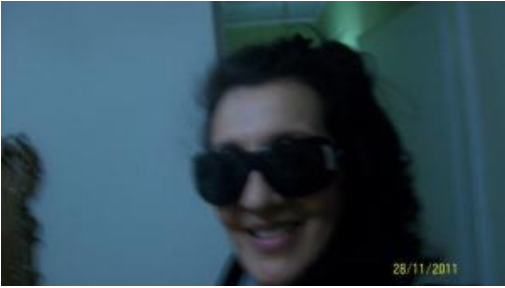
That calls your name in your thoughts,
The verse that cries through pentagrams,
Just like the sleeping songs,
Besides Orfeo's grave
Overflown with pain.

I am not an unravelled dream,
I am your gaze
Upon the stones of time
That howls through myths.
I am the teardrop on the eye of the truth,
The body and the soul.
I am the breeze of the waves in the seas,
I am the slave of the heart that makes you a god,
I am the inspiration that turns you into a poet.

Night pain

Over the table lies a sigh
That empties my shot glass,
Arab tunes cry about the war
In the tv screen lost in flowers.
In my notebook
The night wrote some more verses
About life,
While I snuggle in my dreams,
You sleep face down,
Without a pillow under your head,
Your hand thrown on top of the light stand,
And a burden of thoughts over your back.

I love you and I suffer,
Shot glasses I empty
And sad tears I spill over the table.



Dr. Eftichia Kapardeli (Greece)

Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from Arts and Culture World Academy. She lives in Patras She writes poetry, stories, short stories, hai-ku , essays She studied

journalism AKEM Has many awards in national competitions Her work there is to many national and international anthologies Has a section at the University of Cyprus in Greek culture is a member of the world poets society. website is <http://world-poets.blogspot.com> / is a member of the IWA (international writers and artists Association) chaired by Teresinka Pereira, had from IWA Certify 2017 as the best translation and member of the POETAS DEL MUNDO .

kapardeli@gmail.com .<https://www.facebook.com/PPdM.Mundial> -

<https://twitter.com/Poetedumonde>

http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html

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<https://www.facebook.com/kapardeli.eftichia>

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Requiem of silence

Voices, dates and
names full of expectations

In piles of flowers
of a generation, the past
the crystal precious tears

I close the circles
in the fires of the earth stones

We the Innocents

Life's preludes
are heard on the beaches of oblivion
We are exiled and chased
from wedding ceremonies, always foreigners
Innocents wearing, frozen nights
with our own body and dust from the stars
embracing the rugged side
of the moon and alone
In the infinite eyes of God the heart is throbbing
Inflatable fill the chest with love
frees the spirit, live
On the horizon line
endless night and waiting.

The infiniteness

At the root of a tree
A world is sleeping, embraced

In the summer I sleep
to the Angels wings
and these heavenly sweet hearts
Amulet look like bizarre
times
Voices are disturbing sounds
the distances of the years

But I forgot
In deep first sleep
of sown stars
in the sky the memory
the vastness



Emilio Paz (Peru)

Emilio Paz (Lima, Perú, 1990) Professor of philosophy and religion, graduated from the Catholic University Sedes Sapientiae. He has published *September in Silence* (Poetic Reading Club, 2016), *Labyrinth of Verses* (The Equestrian Turtle, n394, 2018) and *The Ballad of the Outcasts* (Angeles Del Papel, 2019). His writings appear in various

media in Peru, Chile, Argentina, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Brazil, Costa Rica, Mexico, United States, Romania, Spain, India, Cuba, India, Bangladesh, Bulgaria and Italy. Research the relationship between aesthetics, education and poetry. He directs the blog *El Eden of poetry* (<https://edenpoetico.wordpress.com/>), co-directs the *Kametsa Magazine* and the charity recitals *The voices of the hummingbird*.

POETRY

Poetry
is the last link
of a long chain.

Chain
in which the human being holds on
for not to fall into the oblivion.

Oblivion
which is the last link
of a long chain
which always points
to God.

MINUTE

In a minute,
which is the time a kiss lasts
in different and special occasions,
eternity hides.

MYSTICISM

the magic
of the poem
is the freedom
of the rabbit
on the jaws
of the fox

PINOCCIO

Pinocchio was not made of wood,
he was made of dreams

His name was written
on sand,
on molten iron.

Paradoxical.

Pinocchio was a dream
of a man
who was dying.

Elida Rusta (Albania)



Elida Rusta was born on August 17, 1971 in the small alpine town of Bajram Curri. She completed primary school and high school in her hometown. In 1990 she started her studies in Shkodra, at the University “Luigj Gurakuqi”, Faculty of Social Sciences, branch “Language and Literature”, to finish it in 1994. She currently lives and works in Shkodra. She has published two books of poetry: “A

Thousand Years of Ajkuna” in 2016, “Angels Not Holding Hand” in 2019. She is the winner of the first prize for poetry in Detroit, Michigan, “Assembly” Magazine, winner of the first prize in “Naim’s Days” in Përmet, winner of the third “Frang Bardhi” literary award in Belgium, etc. Member of the Albanian-American Academy of Sciences since August 2017, Ambassador of the “Universal Peace in the World” November 2018. She is published in more Internatinal magazines and Anthologys.

The marble rains of separation

The marble rains of separation came,
like newly extracted sculptures’ hair from the ground.
We write with tounge
in the palates of mouths open from astonishment.
How is it possible?
Only the leaves that fall slowly in the autumn respond to us.
The stars have begun to be frightened by the birds,
flowers are poisoned by bees,
the pines fled the rocks,
changed places with the reeds in the swamp.
Nothing is clear,
it never was.
Ever since the son of the gods, Adam, said to Eve:
-You are a woman.

-I'm a maan!!

He debased the apple woman,
the first revolted being
That's why we make love once in a thousand years
we die longing ...

Maybe we die loving ...

It seemed little what I wrote about you yesterday
and I'm starting to write it from the start.

We love beautifully,
not too late as in Marquez,
not too early as in Lolita.

You have your head without hair,
on my soft chest.

I don't have any worries,
until tomorrow at least.

I have subjected to your sweetness.

Let all the excessive items go,
skinless nails and bones.

I get baked on August of your lips.

Do you remember?

Many years ago

I wrote to you from the woods.

With eyes like Doe's
when they want to injure her

I begged you

to not drink the streams where the Moon flows,
because her disc remains in the throat,
fishes escape from the waters of your eyes.

I can't see my shadow upside down
in the eyes of the roe deer,
nor the miserable sun that descends
with the rays' pole
like an old man the woods' slope

where squirrels often forget the place
of hidden seeds
and the forest parties.
This is out party,
in a lost glade,
you have the dreams of bees on your lips.
Knitted basket
with crying willow spigs,
that still cry
for the departure of frightened Shiroka birds,
for the drowning of swans in agony lakes,
with “Oh” and “Ah” like petal flowers.
These are your rows,
that you locked them in seven hundred locks,
those times when you left to grow up
and remained the same.
Ah youuu!
Genie with the red lamp of my destiny in your hand.
Burn in longing!
Burst in flames!
Throw my ash from the balcony,
to cover myself with my humus.
Maybe
better people sprout on the first floor
and so on floor after floor,
sky after sky,
up to the seventh.
Look at the people from the window
you are the light of another world,
you are allowed to see from above,
to get crumbly drunk,
on the green moon of my eyes.
Go toward the sky my soul,
only once it is allowed
Maybe we die loving ...



Engjëll I. Berisha (Kosova)

Engjëll I. Berisha, was born on June 17th, 1962, District of Gjakova, Kosovo. During his studies on Albanian Language and Literature in Prishtina, has frequently published on periodicals since 1985 and continued for many years. Published his first book in 1990 while continuing later with four poetry volumes. In 1993 established the Literary magazine “Fiction Magazine” while serving as its managing editor. Has been a contributor on almost every newspaper published in Kosova, while in 1995-1999, worked as an investigative journalist in the daily “Bota Sot” and in the weekly “Eurozeri”. In 1997 in the traditional conferences of Gjeçovi, earned the annual prize for best poetry. In 2002, in the conference of poetry, won the prize of “poetry gathering” with his book entitled: “Çati eshtrash”(House Ceiling of Dreams). In December 2006, won a literary prize, “Serembe on Poetry” with his book, “Drunken memory” from the Art Club of Laç. Is the founder and managing editor of the journal of those Missing in Action and have Dissapeared “April 27”. Since 2005 is the chairman of the Literary Club “Gjon Nikolle Kazazi”, in Gjakova. For many years has been a staff member and for fifteen years serves as the director of the regional “Ibrahim Rugova” Library in Gjakova. He has published many poetry book and he is translated in USA, Romania, etc. He is published in many newspapers, national and international magazines, as well as published in many global anthologies

THE LETTER THAT IS LOST THROUGHOUT TIME

I am leaving all my wealth
In a road side
I am building a temple of goodness
I am leaving my name as inheritance
In the face of my child
Will arrive your delayed letter

And will open as a testament
The wet hands of the builders
Then I will sing
A symphony and music
The chamber of happiness
Over the grass of my body in that world
Completely the same

Is the writing unraveling the truth or lies
Come and testify.

THE BODY UNDUSTED

Are you that anonymous
The author of the lost letter
That opened at the future time
And cleaned it just as the body
With the sick wound
Of your hatred

The first line of it
Homo Hominus Lupus est
And the wolf with a tale at the stairs
In a legend leaves me behind
In front of the eyes as long as alive

Aren't you the one leaving a testament
To your generation born unguilty
This writing, black, black, black
As a testimony of your blindness
And hatred

Time heals
But words are not dead in a book

The black color of your writing
Is defended through the shelves

Aren't you who melted the oil
And extinguished the fire
Darkened the time that became forgetful
And testimony of your blindness
Where they will find you
To respond
You are not today, not tomorrow
Is unraveled only your shame

EUPHORIA

From the bed of longing for nine years
An instant arose with its feet
And came around the house just as the mill
The wolf screamed above in the mountains
Was a great day and a jorgovan like wind
Before the night of chaos

How a few turned that world into nirvana
As a dark dot of universe
Up to the bed of nine years of sorrow
Brought a spoon of breadth
After that is the door of death

While entering in that space without weight
The body would bother you
The six organs are looking
Touching in the fifth dimension
Those who return
Forget all the languages.



Elisabetta Bagli (Spain)

<http://www.elisbettabagli.com/>

Elisabetta Bagli was born in Rome in 1970 and lives in Madrid since 2002. She is graduated in Economy and Commerce at the Università degli Studi “La Sapienza” in Rome. She is the National Secretary for Spain for AIM (Association for Italy in the world). She writes poems, short stories and fairy tales. Her poems have been translated into Spanish, English, French, Albanian, Serbian, Greek, Romanian, Catalan, Bulgarian, Turkish, Uzbek. She has worked as director of two editorial collections and as interpreter for

Italian writers Paolo Giordano, Elisabetta Flumeri, Gabriella Giacometti, Diego Galdino and Fabio Bussotti. She started writing poems and short stories in 2009 and published her first collection of poems, “Voce” (“Voice”), in 2011. An extended collection with more poems was republished in 2015 by EEE. She has taken part in a number of literary contests and she has won several awards, plaques and certificates in various **Poetry Prize Contests:** Her books are “Voce” (“Voice”, with its double version in Italian by EEE and in Spanish “Voz” by Ediciones Vitruvio), “Dietro lo sguardo” (“Behind the Gaze”), “Mina, la fatina del lago di cristallo” (“Mina, the Little Fairy of the Crystal Lake”), “Specchi” (Mirrors) and “Le nostre due anime” (Our two souls) and “Dal Mediterraneo” (From the Mediterranean), in double version Italian-Greek in collaboration with Sofia Skleida, a greek poet. She works together with artists involved in Generando Arte - Colectivo with her poems in Spanish, inspired by their works on gender violence. Her poems have been selected for a number of anthologies in several Countries.

I have seen the spring come

I find myself in this silent cage
made of brick and glass,
longing for another silence,
that of nature,

in which I perceived
the pleasant sounds
of our Mother Earth,
in which my life
stopped in infinite moments
and my thoughts were thickening,
meditating on pain
on the passage of time
and the impossibility of living it all.

I've seen spring come
from this cage,
the sunlight change intensity,
the colours shine again
in the few trees
that inhabit my street,
the vivid reflections of the flowers
in the neighbour's windowsill,
the same whom every night
I see applauding our heroes
struggling to stop
this wind that seems to be telling us:
“You are no longer necessary!”

I've seen spring come
and its memories, the storms
and the smell of wet earth,
memories of melancholy,
of screaming at the Sky
which does not refuse the drops
that once sailed across my being
and now they are still falling
but only on thirsty pastures and meadows,
washing eternal forests,
cleaning the whole world,

forgetting that I'm withering
in a prison without bars.

You are so vast and free,
Mother of all Mothers
and I think of you who saw my birth,
who taught me to feel,
waking my heart from the dark,
whispering pure words to my soul
pure like your beauty from which living water flows,
from which flourishes the unmatched strength
of your harmony, a source of inspiration
for every human being,
the sap that nourishes and saves
and that now hides from our eyes
that are full of hope to live in you again.

Snakes

I cannot see where I am
nor do I know where I'm going.
I know that I come from a nearby place
Where, kneeling, I have admired life.
All I see is marshes and puddles,
I sense the strong smell of mud,
While some snakes, slimy and binding,
Enchain my ankles.
Their jaws dispense poison
As a tonic on my skin.
I do not seek the mystery of immortality,
Now I live as ancient warrior
Among stinging oaks and regretful exploiters.



Elvira Kujović (Serbia- Germany)

Elvira Kujović is a bilingual poet and translator. She was born in Serbia and she is living in Germany since 1992. She has published eight collections of poems and one novel. The first book in German "Ein Gedicht schreit auf aus meiner Brust" was published in Berlin in 2016. The second book in Serbian called "Ljubav i Strah" was published in Belgrade in 2017. The Italian translation "L'Amore e la Paura" in Italy 2018.

"The Last Coffee" was released in 2018 in the United States, Taiwan and Turkey. "My Eyes are Swimming" was published in the Vietnamese language in Hanoi in April 2019. "Two strings" bilingual version in English and Chinese was released in Taiwan and Mexico in 2019. "Black Silk Veil" was published in Istanbul in 2019, in three languages (English, Turkish, German). "Poems" in English, 2019 Netherland "Hunger" in Macedonian, Macedonia 2019 The novel "Celeste's Tears", published in Germany in 2018. Her books have been translated into 9 languages. Her poems have been translated into 15 languages and published in various major world anthologies. She received three international awards, one in Italy and two Turkey. Her poems will be published monthly in numerous literary magazines in different countries. She mostly writes socially critical poems.

Paradise flower

You have closed your eyes
So that world
Can open its own wide
You lay powerless
So that justice
Could assert its power
George Floyd
They didn't whip you to death

They didn't allow you to starve to death
On a ship crossing the sea
They choked you to death
They have strangled humanity
George Floyd
But you are being resurrected
And with you the power of justice

The face of madness

Why do we write
all these smart words?
Why do we gift our love
to the world
which doesn't care about
whether we love it or not.
Why do we dream
about some dismembered luck
if we can't assemble it
into one thing,
beautiful and whole.
Why do we shatter our love
on the rock
if it sooner or later
dies anyway?
Why all this flaunting
all know-it all
all hypocrisy and lies.
We are lying to ourselves
and none of us
is brave enough
to open his eyes
and look in the mirror
at his own unvarnished face.

Don't we understand
every moment that we live
brings us
closer than ever before
to death.

I wonder now,
where are all those heroes
who died for so many ideals?
Are the echoes of their voices
still alive
or they have dispersed
into the orbits of planets
gone with the wind
and forgotten by people.

I wonder why
we are still waiting
for miracles
although we know
that all fairy tales
have already been crucified,
killed and died.

Why do we believe
that our blood
will not be that
which will stream
down the walls
In the dictators' prisons
and why do we believe
that one day the flies
will not colonize
our corpses
in plastic bags.



Eden Soriano Trinidad (Philippines)

She is an international Poet, a leader and advocate of World Peace, and Humanitarian fields.

Her literary works and books are published by the University of the Philippines

(UP) Institute for Creative Writing Freeliniana Online (FOL) Panitikan.ph.

Her poems translated in the Chinese Language by Tian Yu have been published in the National newspaper “Science Herald” in China, and she is being featured in the cover of a legendary magazine “Chinese Poetry Influence” now an International magazine, M.S.Jiebao.com, M.P. Weixin. QQ. Com.

One of her poems about COVID 19 is a Finalist and published in the First World Daily Poetry Competition in the World daily in Macao. She won first place in the 2020 1st World Daily Poetry Competition in China.

The Vietnam Writers Association published selected poems of her in full pages of Haiphong weekend, Văn Nghệ newspaper and Nhật Lệ literary magazine.

The Asian University Institute (AUI) and Global Academy for Human Excellence (GAHE) bestowed upon her the title “Ambassador for Literature” Doctor of Literature & Doctor of Humanity.

Her latest cooperation titled “Feathers in Silence” is with an iconic Bangladesh English Literature teacher /Lecturer Mohammad Mohi Uddin.

Her poetry book collections/series Eden Blooms are translated in Telugu, Hindi, Serbian and Chinese. She translated in Filipino the books “The Casket of Vermillion” by Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad, “Sun Shower” by Krishna Prasai, “How the Twin Grew Up” by Dr. Milutin Djurickovic and “The Era of Junk” by Mai Van Phan.

A Late Afternoon Sonata

A late afternoon delightfulness
Exquisite and lissome
We both found a love which is well-nigh

“You came late into my life”,
that’s what you’ve been whispering
a late afternoon sonata

million tomorrows we may never see
yet it delights my heart
to see your lovely eyes smile

Absolutely with increasing passion
That cannot be quenched
But have never seen even your shadow

If I die now, I will bring with me your stare
I will still try to compete with other lovers
Loving your whole boldness and your beaming smile

My gentle eyes, begging you closer
I don’t ask you to love me
Just let me love you

When life’s surprises let our stars cross
I can only stare at you the most
Will forbade my arms and glance ardently

intoxicated with your twinkling smile
That always caught me adoringly
I will always be in love with you honey

And wined and dined with you in true passion
Daring, burning with the deep sensation
To indulge with you all the days and night

Drinking in your succulent loveliness
Thrilled with our imaginary kisses
Like thousand butterflies flutters.

Have you seen the wind?

Have you seen the wind running?
as the microwave heat like manifest drizzle of flames
Harken the wisecrack shrills of the seagulls
prank parody of the hurricane` nailed me
Treading the slides slopes of the county
Heart clutch at the bamboo grass
made a sudden movement in fear

Have you seen the wind running?
I heard the splitting sound
The crack of the laughter of the raven
here in my petite blossoms garden
the breath of sigh of the perfect covered cape cone Mt. Mayon*
the longing humming of our legendary Mt. Makiling**
in its majestic peak the virtuosos are playing.

Have you seen the wind running?
I jolt as the heart-wrenching wails of Taal Volcano***
swamped all over the lake within the lake surrounding the lake
and the whimsy of the eye-blinding lightning
struck drawn painted in a dark gloomy sky.
Who could forget the roaring avalanche of Mt. Pinatubo****
submerged the earth in chaotic magnetic ocean fines.

Have you seen the wind running?
Encompassing jubilation and exultation
once more making me drown in the sweetest virgin white velvet
dreaming blooms of our Sampaguita*****
swimming in reverence with our sleek squirming Lapu-Lapu*****
wiggling as I bathe in falling heat of the sun shower
made warmer as the wind carry the tiny fines
raining in me with its warmth

Have you seen the wind running?
whispering with tumultous joy
In the blinding whiteness of pinky-peach long stretch of Boracay
sands
Drooling on the sweetness of our Carabao mangoes*****
Playing footsies on the black magnetic fines
intertwine with equally black sands
the firmament offering its beaming smile.

Famous Philippine Mountains

**Mt. Mayon,*

*** Mt.Makiling,*

****Taal Volcano*

*****Mt Pinatubo*

******Sampaguita- National Flower*

******Lapu-Lapu -former Philippine National Fish*

******Carabao Mango -National Fruit*



Ekaterina Volodina (Russia)

Ekaterina Volodina is a member of the Union of Russian writers, a member of the Ural writers ‘ Association, and a co-chair of the literature Council of the Assembly of peoples of Eurasia.

Regional editor of the regional literary magazine “Liff” in the Tyumen region. The poems have been translated into 10 languages. Winner of regional and international literary competitions, winner of the regional contest “Book of the year 2016”. Finalist of the national literary award “Heritage”. State scholarship holder for

outstanding figures of culture and art in Russia. Author of 8 books.

Life is imperceptible as breath
Herself.
Of long days sequence,
And happy moments.
All that was been – has passed
Staying for us —
The scenery of dreams.

Lonesomeness

God-forsaken night. Poor Moon.
The courtyard is stuffy, quiet and calm...
Pond... Behind the mirror, you can't get to the bottom.
A mermaid sleeps with a water Lily at her head.
The twinkling of stars from the past.
The old gardener looked sadly out into the night.
He remembered the song she had sung to him.
But I could hear the wild rose flowers falling.



Emanuele Cilenti (Italy)

Emanuele Cilenti, born in Messina, Italy, in 1981, is 38 years old, he is: poet, writer, actor, songwriter, film director.

He has published ten books: “A blade of grass that tickles the sky”, “Dream journeys of my soul”, “I’m just a nightmare”, “Violent percussions”, “Heavenly whispers”, “Infinite petals”, “Echoes immortal”, “Tears of ink on the face of the heart”, “Help! I have two mummies in the house”, “That wake of

light and beauty “. As a poet and writer he won some poetry premieres and his poems were translated by the state into Spanish and Romanian.

As a songwriter he wrote the lyrics for the album: “For me the world is you” by Antonio Giaimo, and “Oltre il destino” by Marco Sinatti, he also collaborates with other emerging singers of the Italian music scene through collaboration with the house record: GTStudio Recordings Publishing SRLS by Giovanni Torre. Come theater actor since 2007 with several theater companies in Messina. At the cinema he has participated in five Sicilian films, playing different comic and dramatic roles. As a video-maker, he has made four short films entitled: “Beyond the journey”, “The death of the puppets”, “The molds”, “A sea of T-shirts”, “Deadly hypnosis”, is found in the Youtube channel: [https:// www. youtube.com/user/Elemento408](https://www.youtube.com/user/Elemento408).

He has worked as a TV actor for Mediaset (Italian national TV).

In the company of a tear

You will seek a rhythm
when the heart stops.

You will look for a small trail of light
when their eyes go out.

You will seek a caress of the wind
when the lungs are blocked.

You will seek the way out

from this maze
freedom
from these chains.
You will look for water
at the bottom of an arid well.
You will insist on seeking life
in the womb
or in the opening of a flower.
And in your desperation
like a madwoman seeks her madness
you will seek me
but you won't find me
I will be a torn poster
from a wall
the last drop of rain
that falls far from the ground.
You will seek, you will cry, you will despair
but I'm already gone
pushed by a flight of swallow
I will emigrate to the top of a mountain
and from there I will observe your ruin
like a burning city
i will be alone
in the company of a tear.

Heavy, like the universe

I saw a boy
on the edge of a road
wore a suit
made of earth
and two shoes
of dust,
he was hungry

he was cold
and he was alone in the world
from his eyes
swollen and red
a tear came out,
then I picked it up
fall and I wanted to weigh it
but it was impossible
because it was heavy
as much as the whole universe.
I turned around
the boy was gone
kidnapped in flight
from the first breath of wind
so I was alone
and I started to cry
and every tear
fall on the ground
he made a deafening noise
which blew my eardrums
causing on earth
huge abysses
and it was there,
just in that instant,
that I understood for the first time
how much a tear weighs
poured into this land,
it's just a drop
but it is heavy
as much as the whole universe.



Eliana Vanessa (Argentina- USA)

Eliana Vanessa is originally from Argentina and moved to New Orleans, Louisiana at a young age.

She recently participated in 100,000 Poets For Change (2018) and served as part of a panel of poets in The Jane Austen Festival (2017, 2018, 2019).

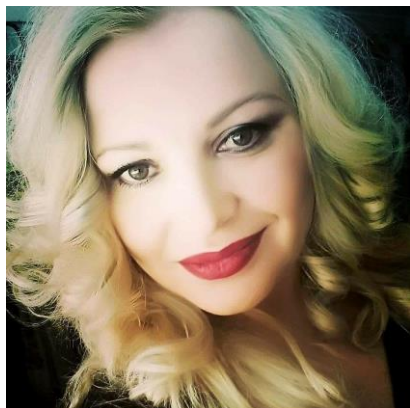
You can find her work online at The Blue Nib, Beneath The Rainbow, The Siren's Call, The Ramingo's Porch, Ariel Chart, The Horrorzine, Fearless, Drinker's Only,

The Rye Whiskey Review, and Punk Noir as well as in the following anthologies: Masks Still Aren't Enough (2019), Americans And Others (2019), and A Dark And Stormy Night: Sixteen Halloween Tales (2019).

pencil yourself into your own schedule

vowing
to take care
of yourself
is not going to be
as pretty as it sounds,
you'll have to have
some awkward conversations
with yourself, and others,
setting boundaries,
learning to sacrifice convenience
for what is the better choice,
all for a barely noticeable
hint of peace,
because, in the beginning,
of this care-taking endeavor,
rest assured,

you'll feel all kinds
of unkind and unsure,
making yourself a priority again,
against everyone else's
New Year's wishes,
knowing no one
will be there on a daily basis
to pat you on the back,
or to tell you
you're doing the right thing
when you decide
to cancel that meeting,
or refuse to collaborate
on one hundred more
unnecessary projects,
because you,
as your own worst critic,
might even second-guess
penciling yourself
into your own schedule,
and it is at those moments
that you'll have to recommit
to doing it, anyway,
one day at a time,
because self-care is not
about just surviving,
but, rather, a way of life.



Eva Kacanja (Albania)

Eva Kacanja was born on October 7th, 1971 in the city of Kruja, Albania. Her poetries are introduced in several magazines and anthologies and have caught the attention of literary critics. She has published the following volumes of poetry: “The statue of the soul”, 1995 “At the bottom of your heart”, 2004 “Scent of soil”, 2011 Eva’s fourth volume of poetry is in the process

of publishing. She lives in Durres, Albania with two children.

I get lost....

Sometimes I get lost..... not in emptiness, no....

I find myself thinking about a tree, how its juice flows, I see it with my thirsty eyes to scan it and with the crazy desire to put my fingers under the rugged bark of the trunk and caress it, inside, deep.....

Then I get lost thinking about the bees, how wise they are, how hard-working, how I wish to kiss a bee, to smell its pollen... (Would there be spring without the bees, would there be flowers?!)

Meanwhile, a rainbow overarches above my forehead, greens my eyes, caresses my eyelashes, and I realize that the rain is created inside me and then it is poured in nature.....

I feel getting lost deeper and deeper, where a capricious moon eclipses my night, plays hide and seek, laughs and cries, crescenting and waning, but still there, loyal reflection of your nostalgic absence!

I get lost, rolling into my own thoughts which just as free, beautiful wild horses cross the borders, in search of your valleys.... And I find you, I always find you!

I wonder how I travel through time, how I touch stars, how I step on thorns never stopping, not tired, not scared, I find you and I smile, You are there!

I feel the silk of your soul, the ripped eye, your face carved by the sea,
the greatness of your hands and I am filled with life.....

Happiness is spread in the air, with trees full of leaves, with the pollen
that bees absorb, with the colors that the rainbows bring.....

...and I get lost,

Yes, yes I get lost,

I get lost in Fullness...!

One in a Million

In one million ways I talk to you,

In one I embrace you,

In one million skies I see you,

In one I touch you.

In one million woods I abscise you,

In one I love you,

In one million fires I worm you,

In one I burn you.

Oh how much history,

Joy as much as pain,

Poison as much as honey.

Breeze and storm!

In times and in no time,

Endless wandering,

The free souls,

Prologue and prelude!

And still magic

Being in love,

Giving yourself,

taking it again,

Loving is enough,

And it does not matter anymore,

One in a million,

Or a million in one?!



Eldar Akhadov (Russia)

International Forum for Creativity and Humanity

Ambassador in Russia was born in Baku in 1960. He lives in Krasnoyarsk. A member of the Union of Writers of Russia and other writers 'organizations of Russia, Ukraine and Azerbaijan, a member of the Russian Geographical Society, a member of the Eurasian Peoples' Assembly, a member of the PEN International Writing Club. The author of 60 books of poetry and prose. Laureate of the State Literary Prize of

the Governor of the Yamal-Nenets Autonomous district, laureate of the National Prize "Silver Feather of Russia", "For the Good of the World", "North is a Country Without Borders", silver medal of the IV All-Russian Literary Festival of Festivals. Silver medal of the IV Eurasia Literary Festival of Festivals. His name is borne by two Siberian rivers he discovered. He walked thousands of kilometres through the snow desert. He visited Argentina and China, Greece and Brazil, on the island of Cuba he went guerrilla paths of Che Guevara, sailed on a two-mast sailing brig on the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas, worked underground to a depth of 2,200 meters, extracted gold in taiga, gave direction to wells that gave half a billion tons of oil... Works by Eldar Akhadov were published in Russian in Russia, Ukraine, Azerbaijan, the United States, Germany, Israel, and Kazakhstan. His works have been translated into other languages and published in Italy, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Azerbaijan, Kosovo, Bangladesh.

EXCEPT YOU...

I tore all your photos.
But it did not help. I remembered you.
I went very far and never came back.
But it did not help I remembered you.

I met with others and was loved.
But it did not help. I remembered you.
I got drunk – like dead, like a shoemaker, like a tramp, like the last creature.
But it did not help. I remembered you.
I got married, had children, became home-grown.
But it did not help. I remembered you.
I'm getting old. Everything is eroding from memory.
Everything. Except you.

BLIND RAIN

A small blind rain was walking in the sky above the earth,
Tripped and started falling somewhere down his head.
He was short and shallow like morning dew.
Ah, how the happy voices laugh at him!..
But all this was so was so fleeting and did not affect his attention,
When he recognized the ground by touching her and became a stream
for her.

Oh, lovely, warm sea!
No wind, no waves.
On the whole aboveground space
No cloud buoys visible,
Only islands of dark greens
With a strip of sand at the water
Yes crabs suffering from idleness,
And traces of escaped lizards
As in the endless summer I enter
Into the still waters of silence,
And glare of elastic light
Runs away from me on the bottom of the sea.

Eliza Segiet (Poland)



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University.

Author's poems Questions and Sea of Mists won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press. Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019 (USA, November 2019), Nominated for Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020. Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards 2020 (December 2019)

Author's works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.

Otherness

Maybe for the better that,
doesn't tolerate certain sounds.
Doesn't even try
to give heed to words,
which
he might hear about himself again.

Weird, different
he seems to have it memorized.

If it was leprosy,
they'd fear for their own health,
they'd leave farthest away possible,
and might even feel sorry.

His otherness
is not contagious,
yet it still frightens.
It's not harmful,
yet dissuades.

So different means
– more sensitive.

Coexistence with him
expects from us –

the smilingly keen people
– the understanding.

We,
immune to reality
feel differently

Translated by Ula de B

Word

I cling to a reality
a quiet, peaceful
one, without hatred.
I am not interested in
language, origin, appearance.
I cling to a reality
in which the word freedom
is the same
as its meaning.

Translated by Artur Komoter



Eva Petropoulou Lianoy (Greece)

Eva was born in Xylokaastro where she completed her basics studies. She loved journalism by small and attended journalism lesson at the ANT1 School. In 1994 she worked as a journalist in French newspaper “Le LIBRE JOURNAL,” but her love for Greece won and returned to her sunny home. Since 2002, she lives and works in Athens. She works as a

web radio producer reading fairy tales at radio logotexniko vima every sunday. Recently she become responsible for the children literary section in Vivlio anazitiseis publications in Cuprys. She published books and ebooks: ” I and my other avenger, my Skia publications Saita.” “Zeraldin and The elf of the lake” in Italian and in French as well as “The daughter of the Moon” in 2 languages English and Greek. The Moon Daughter published by Ocelotos 4 times, received best reviews for author’s writing and writing style. She is a member of the Unesco Logos and Art Group, of the writers of Corinth, of Panhellenic Writers Association. Also her work is mentioned in the Known Greek awarded encyclopedia for Poets and authors, Harry Patsi, page 300. Her books have been cleared by the Ministry of Education of Cyprus.

Blog: <http://evalianou.blogspot.gr>

Child face

Child face

I hide the joy inside me

Spotaneus,

I’m taking a big step

And I reach the rainbow.

I meet friends from all over the world

Red faces
Yellow faces
Black faces
Pink faces
White faces
But that smile has the same color.
Light up on all faces !!!

play with balls
run with them
With my friends In a yard
Dreaming...
I stayed inside Almost a month in quarantine
A punishment for something bad
Which I never did
I was looking at the birds From my glass
I made a wish
To fly high
To smile at the sky
To see the summer !!!

Butterfly

A butterfly flew On a daisy. The daisy was happy for her new girlfriend. Children and butterflies flocked to the meadows to play. The childrens were singing Butterflies were flying The daisies danced with their petals. The sun caresses the children's faces And the butterflies flew higher in the sky. I think, this is Freedom !!



Eva Lec Gjoni (Albania)

Eva Lec Gjoni was born in Tirana (Albania) in 1966. She attended studies in the economic field. She has worked in the Ministry of Culture, Youth and Sports; Academy of Arts, Micro-credit institution “Kredo AL” and also is running her travel agency for a period of 20 years. She is the mother of three children. Eva writes poetry and prose. Her prose was part of the publication “Anthology of the Albanian

stories in Century XXI”. Also, she is a participant in the other publication of the Albanian authors, “Porta e fshehtë e një gruaje” (The hidden gate of a woman). Eva publishes regularly her creations in the Albanian literary press and online media as well.

You miss me, mum.
I don't know how to start saying
what missed mostly from you.
Your voice, nobody like you spells my name
Your slight steps, nobody walks like you.
Your hand on my hair, nobody's hand has your weight.
Your look at me, i felt it on the back as well.
The flavour of the Turkish coffee is not smelled at home.
Sorry mum, maybe I haven't been a decent person
You miss me so much as I want to embrace you now,
you know better.

Oh, the rain girl,
come, don't be shy,
I am the rain.
You have no umbrella.
I don't want you covered.
Partitioned in drops I penetrate
deep into your hairs
and we exchange the fragrances,
me coming from sky
and you with your own fragrance.
I shed my body into yours.
Please close your eyes, just feel me.
I slip as long as I can
on your soft skin,
licking your neck.
Then... i don't know who evaporates,
you or me.
Keep walking in the rain, don't leave me.
I have always the same longing to touch you.
Don't be reluctant to fall in love,
nobody can judge you.
For everyone, you are just a girl
getting wet in the rain.

Before dawn...

I will break into pieces
your missing touch.
I will turn it into nothing.
Then I will feel happy
as I never lived.

In my perfect days,
you were my sudden distraction
so on the whiteness of your skin
I dyed my paintbrush and painted
your flavour
around me.

Midday...

In the crossroad you found me,
I am not as before.
Now I know what I should do.
I trace back my footsteps.
Am I going the same way?!

Do you recall our best times
like traces on the sand?
They are not anymore but please don't leave
The kisses that i used to sent you from far away
were stifled in my sea.
But please again don't leave.
What has remained from me, I don't know.
All is for you, take it and go!

Translated by Kujtim Morina



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo (Philippines)

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded international author and poet from the Philippines. She graduated with a degree in Bachelor of Science in Business Administration major in Management and another course in Computer Programming. Elizabeth is also a Professional Writer/Editor/Speaker, and English Instructor. She has two published books: "Seasons of Emotions" (UK), and "Inner Reflections of the Muse" (USA) and a co-author to nearly 100 international anthologies in the USA, UK, Canada, India, Romania, Africa, the Philippines, and Iraq. Her works are circulated worldwide and translated in 10 languages.

Elizabeth is also the Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines of Inner Child Press International aside from being a Member of the Board of Directors and the Ambassador of Peace and Goodwill to the Philippines of the Naciones Unidas de las Letras & Semillas de Juventud Siglo XXI based in Argentina. She is presently pursuing her 3rd course in International Humanitarian Law in Leiden University based in the Netherlands for her involvement in women and children's rights, and other advocacy as a Global Peace Ambassador.

The Rain Reminds Me of You

The rain reminds me of you
Every droplet signifies the cleansing feeling you brought,
The dewey aftertaste that lingers on the branches of trees
Aromatic fragrance after pouring down putting an end to a dry spell.
The rain reminds me of you
Not because you only gifted me with grief but of shedding a new light,
For the rain also symbolizes a fresh frontier, a new beginning
The promise of growth after sprinkling the Earth with Hope.
The rain reminds me of you
When I am at the pinnacle of my love for you,

King Sun had to hide behind your shadow and parted the clouds
To give way to your reign, to showcase your enigmatic prowess
Leaving me in deep revelry, embracing the moment.
You keep on flooding the ground like the time when your charm
engulfed my heart
You are like the cleansing rain showers
That gives life to fragile valleys and lonesome rivers
The antidote to a thriving stiff mountain range
Bringing back lush greeneries to a dull sanctuary
The rain reminds me of you
For our moments were captured in every drop .

My Vision of Love

In a secret hideaway there is where love resides
Inside the deep recesses of your whole being
Embedded in the core of your soul,
Like a caged, fragile robin
One needs to set it free and let it reign
Reign in the hearts of greedy and envious men,
Let Love rule the Land and set aside indifferences
And wake up to a brand new morn of blissful possibilities.
Let the blind see the Light and let it dawn upon him
That hatred only leads to a miserable reality,
Where there is Love, there lies Peace
My vision of Love is a world in unity
Where there is no more division, no more colors that separate one
from the other,
For we are One, from One Source
Cast out from Paradise because of one evil venom
Let Love rule our hearts and make amends with one another
As we continue to fight the Battle together with the Angels above
The perfect vision of love is a world in harmony
Let go of hate and set each other free.



Fethi Sassi (Tunisia)

He was born on the 1st of June 1962 in Nabul (Tunisia). He is a writer of prose poetry and short poems and haiku ; translator of all his poems to English . A member in the Tunisian Writers' Union ; and in the Literature club at the cultural center of Sousse .

1- first book entitled "A Seed of Love" was published in 2010.

2- I dream and I sign on birds the last words) in 2013 .

3- " A sky for a strange bird " first edition in Egypt in 2016.

Second edition in September 2018 in Tunisia .

4- published in Egypt in march 2017(As lonely rose ..one a chair)

5- Poetic book in 2018 Egypt (I used to hang my face behind the door)

His translated books are published in Canada, Egypt etc.

A song for the birds on the ground

That's who I'm...

I forget my coffee on your eye brows every morning,

I sit on a chair as if I'm looking to your surprise-worthy, unusual legs...

Humble, like my grandmother's fingers, I asked you what time it is

But you didn't reply...

And you travel in your desired loneliness. I did not look at you although I had added the salt to the words...

It felt as if I asked the right question when I lit the holiness of superstition... and I looked for you in the brightness of the night.

And the moon is packing its luggage and leaving to fix his face in the settling night.

The wall clock attacks me with the surprise of the pale time and invites you for a glass of wine; a poem that never sleeps...

To crown the whole

I see that you are still skilled in the language of songs...

And you are lying on my veins, gently pushing the clouds, males and females.

You didn't really have to leave your star in the beginning of the story.
You really shouldn't have done that...

So don't feel desperate and borrow a new song form mine to the birds...

Don't leave the lumps on in the street of your hands so I can light my fingers .

As I'm, in the sky of telling, looking for a dose of life, for a single reason to exist so that I don't fall in what's next.

So let's plant a single star in the sky of the poem... one star is enough for us to leave.

And take my letters...

Take all my letters... take a bucket from the early ancestors so I can rearrange the gods.

Put the mud in its right place so that I crown the whole, to stray alone in the language of the creation.

I'm still practicing my forgotten rituals like a god unable to create.

When I saw your shiny hand immersed, I screamed to take the mud's fingers away from your face and justify the first lie of the wind...

But did you really have to blow in the breaths of myths and sing the stories of the stars to the flute?

And what happened to the mud the moment of the blow so it got overwhelmed by the roughness of the naked body and the water escaping from the water.

So take it easy, those are my breaths organizing the names in the alphabets of the sand...



Floriselda Camejo Hernández (Cuba – USA)

Floriselda Camejo Hernández (Holguín Cuba, October 10) Narrator and poet, you have published with Art Emporium the poetry book *Los caminos de mi alma* and with Editorial Primigenios the novels *Flores inocentes*, *Unidos por el Destino* and *Flores en el Banilo*. The story books *The garden of destiny* and *The good heart of the king* as well as the poems *The costume of my soul* is made of patches and *Thorns in my garden*.

Editorial Hispana published his Anthology *Cuba Poetica*, Editorial OPA, from India as the only author in America, among others.

Innocent

I had forgotten the innocence
that covered my eyes before the innocent
cruelty of life

My clothing was no longer part.
Of pieces of innocence

I built a castle

I wanted to discover innocent evil
in the heart of man

I discovered that innocent wars
they kill peoples and children
full of innocence

The evil of innocent feet
they pollute the beautiful rivers, the air
valleys, seas and innocent forests.

I found innocence in
the flowers, the rain and, I discovered
that thorns purposely don't hurt

maybe innocently they just touch you
I walk towards my innocent and cruel old age
and looking at me in the reflection of his eyes
I discover so much innocence asleep.
I love the innocent smile
that the corrupt invent
for the world to accept
I'll keep dreaming of the innocent kiss
that caused the death of my only life
that in an innocent moment we are leaving.

My goodbye

I don't know where you'll go lost man
A bundle of mercy ask heaven
And maybe among the bad guys, God who is good
Hell holds a nest for you
Ask for mercy or forgiveness elsewhere
Your lies dug your destiny
In the poison of your soul my love tattooed
In your cursed Heart sown my goodness
Thought in case you cry leave my heart
He does not know about grudges, maybe he will forgive you
If on a cold night you miss my faithful heat
In my silk sheets I left all my passion
On the silent walls he left my verses
barefoot to guide your way
My goodbye will be of no return like the waters of the river
I have nothing, I have nothing, I am rich in heart
Go away, woman, my inert feelings shout at me.
And I strongly spread my wings because today!
Today I want to fly elsewhere.



**Gerhard te Winkel
(Netherlands)**

<https://gerhardtewinkel.nl/>

Gerhard te Winkel, poet and writer, has published several collections of poetry and books and lives

in Leusden, the Netherlands.

He studied history and Dutch language and literature at the University of Utrecht and mainly works as a journalist.

He owns a media consulting company.

CIRCUS

The circus in which I am the main act
Has dilapidated caravans
Sinking into swampy meadows
Till their axles. The engines make a
Rattling and screeching sound.

Little audience is sitting on hard
Wooden benches and nylon stockings tear
Open. People just are clapping to
Chasing the cold away, but not
Out of enthusiasm or any emotion.

No one is afraid of the indolent savage
Animals strolling through the arena,
Paying hardly any attention for the animal trainer
And fall asleep with
A chunk of meat in their toothless mouth.

The trapeze girl has her shoulder dislocated,
Ballerinas are limping
Bulging out of their ballet suits. I talk the whole
Stuff together, while the scenery is falling over.
I laugh, dance and tell a joke.

The circus in which I am the main act
Has more clowns than visitors. They paint
Their faces and sneak past the wagons,
Scare the horses, because
Nothing is more frightening than a clown in the dark.

SELF-PORTRAIT

Actually I am
A mailbox.
You know
Such an English one
A little red
A little round
With a large flap
In which people
Drop information.
When I'm filled up
To the top, I am emptied
Without any emotion.

Translated into english Hannie Roweler



Gökhan Cengizhan (Turkey)

President of Turkish Authors Association (TAA)

He was born in 1959 in Adana, a town at the Mediteranean coast of Turkey. He studied philosophy (Hacettepe University), economy and sociology (Middle East Technical University-Ankara). He entered the world of literature writing poetry. He, then became a literary critic.

His first collection of poems *Omzumda Bir Puhu Kuşu* (An Owl on My Shoulder) was published in 1984. He worked as an editorial board member of *Yeni Olgu* (The New Phenomenon), a literary journal published for the youth. He then became the editor-in-chief of this journal.

After having published 9 issues, the journal was banned by the Military Government because of the Marshall Law.

He became the editorial board member of another journal of literature and culture, *Gençlik ve Toplum* (The Youth and the Community), published for the young generation.

His poems and critical essays appeared in many literary journals. He worked as the editor-in-chief of *Edebiyat ve Eleştiri* (Literature and Criticism) between the years 1993-1994, *Varoş* (1994-1995), *Aydınlık ve Kültür* (The Light and Culture), a journal of political news.

He is the writer of a section of a monumental book *Sivas, Bir Toplu katliamın Öyküsü* (The story of a Mass Massacre) written by various writers, in the memory of 36 intellectuals, trapped and murdered in a fire, caused by the religious fanatics, in the Madımak Hotel in Sivas.

The title of this section is “Yitirdiklerimiz” (Those whom we have lost). Gökhan Cengizhan wrote this section in collaboration with Özcan Karabulut. It was published by the Turkish Authors Association (TAA).

He is the editor of another book, which covers the papers given in a symposium held in the memory of Cemal Süreya.

This book was also published by the Turkish Authors Association (TAA). Gökhan Cengizhan works as an independent journalist.

Heart Beats

The heaviness of a couple of eyes staring at the heart
that rested on my soul; a cast of glance at the lines of a letter
that touched the heart; beguiled am I, lifelong, by a deceptive smile
convincing the heart; gave support to a man whose heart was upset,
broken
into thousands of pieces; frightened was I by the contemporary texts
that
slandered the heart; felt pity for those faint-hearted ones whose hearts
were healthy; became exuberant by the uproar of those words
deceiving
the heart; never became the one who cooperated with an age
underestimating the heart; opened I a longlasting account on behalf of
a life
that has always been harmful for the heart...

the heart doesn't have a standard of measure
that I understood

A Refugee in Paris

A dead man am I, a cadavre
A flourishing living cell in the water the dead bodies are washed with
My soul, resurrecting, coming back to life to purify itself
But a speechless sea gull am I, in the fog, deep down
Be it in the river Sein, be it in the Golden Horn
In those deep dark, black waters of the world, and always
Like a lantern, sunk, without light, lying at the very deep
Like a black gipsy, an expert in palmistry, foretelling
A refugee you are, not freeing himself towards those distant horizons
Be it at Saint Denis Square, be it at Beyazit Square
The dead soul is but a projectile rocket in the sky all over the world



Gladiola Busulla (Albania)

Gladiola Busulla is an Albanian poet and writer. She was born in Durrës on 13.04.1983. She graduated from the University of Tirana for Language and Literature in 2005. Gladiola's family is originally from Ulcinj, Montenegro. She has a master's degree in Education Management, at Epoka University. Gladiola received the title 'Best Teacher of 2012-2013'. In the qualification exam for teachers, she

received the grade 'Excellent'. Gladiola likes foreign languages and communicates in Italian, English, French, Spanish, Greek.

She was awarded the second prize at the poetry festival 'Sofra poetike- Boras 2018' in Sweden. She was also the winner of the AIR Litteratur Vastra Götaland- scholarship in Sweden in 2019. Her pen name is Gladiola Jorbus. Gladiola Busulla has published eight books in the genres: poetry, novels, journalism.

Titles - 'Desire of Perfection', 'Inanna', 'Namatisje - Reflections', 'Traces on the Island of Light', 'House of Mist', 'Temple of Poseidon', 'Lava of the Soul', 'Twenty-Eight Visions of the Moon'.

ENDLESSLY FREE

I observe the sky
The Boticelli's Mercury
Sway gently the clouds.
Zephyr, the vernal breeze
Caresses my soul.
The universe recognizes me
I open my arms
Endlessly free.

My snakes
My eyes,
don't betray
my heart.
My snakes are hungry
but I will always love you...
as a woman,
as a lover
as Medusa.

A SPARKLE OF LIGHT

It's ample a sparkle of light
To realize
Nothing is sinless
The clouds sway...
Superior above us.
The shadows are prolonged
to cause us pain.
While the night...
At, it never hesitates
To appear out of the blue,
With the sleep and the black mantle
The bodies fell asleep
The souls awake in a duel
The dark veil – the mask of the worst
(It begins to live everywhere)
Even in the absence
It's ample a sparkle of light
To ignite
Or to make it disappear.

KISS THE WIND

Kiss the wind
She is so familiar
Join your breath
With its breeze.
The wind will (caress)
My hair, my lips, my brow.
Softly she'll bring me
Back to your feeling forever.
Oh, my beloved
Never forget me!
Never.

PENUMBRAS

The penumbras
Through the branches
Fall into the earth.
Prolonged un-expression
The body disjoined from the feelings.
A chaste soul or
An amorphous skeleton?
The penumbras were brought
Back to life
The armor is slowly breaking
Just a last dream
Torments me,
What I'll never be.



Glória Sofia (Cape Verde)

Glória Sofia, is a dreamer as most poets. Born in in the city of Praia in Cape Verde, Gloria shares her dreams with her two children.

She graduated in Engineering and Environmental Management in the Azores, another place that she cherishes for allowing her to continue to be an islander.

Gloria is currently pursuing her masters in Management and Nature Conservation in Holland where she

lives. She is also active in other cultural arenas, attending several poetry festivals and sharing her work in numerous websites and magazines (youngpoets.eu, Azahar, Miombo Publishing Lepad Africa etc...).

Her poetry has been translated into more than 10 languages and she is published in more International Anthologies. She is the Author of the books: Poetry of Tears (2013); Ties of Poetry (Brial Publishing, 2014); Abriel (2018)– Children’s Book – Brial Publishing House 2018 (Bilingual English-Portuguese); Little Bear – Children’s Book – United-pc publishing, 2019 (Bilingual Portuguese – Nederland).

Translate book: Rubans de Poesie (Versão Francesa 2015); Intricci di Poesia (Versão Italiana Editora Brial 2016); Lazos de Poesias (Versão Espanola Editora Brial 2017) Anthologies: “Without Fear of Infamy” poetry anthology by Scurfpea Publishing; Anthology “Our Voices Our Stories”: (2019) Advancing, Celebrating, Embracing and Empowering Girls and Women of Color, SS Rotterdam Story Promotion (2019); Universal Oneness: An Anthology of Magnum Opus Poems from around the World’ (360 poems by 360 poets from 60 Countries) 2019 published by Authorspress, New Delhi, India Anthology on the theme “Being a Woman” (2019) Cabo Verde Antologia Mundial De Poesia: “La papa, seguridad alimentaria – Bolivia 2018, etc.

Translated by Anita Carapinheiro

Celebration

I celebrate the castrated peace
Baptized by the goldfish
Sweats by mines sown
Distributed in coastal areas
I celebrate the ruins of your lips
The disgrace of your smells
What breaks in the stars of your hair

I celebrate the demolition of poetry
The dunes of drowning words
In a tablet grain

I celebrate the urgency of the destruction of the glow
Union of your eyes and sorrows
From letters that laugh at heartbreak

I celebrate miss the letters
Carmins breaking off from the clouds
From the bloody sky
And peace in splashes

Poem Singing

I sing stars for you
I sing the leading hands
The blood in your chest
I sing the riches of my words
I sing the anger of having met you
I sing the violence of your silence
I sing the tears of your past
I sing the ember of your feeling
Singing, Singing, Singing, and Singing
Because I can't cry

Only poetry frees

A bird is not free
Even when it the sky
With the winds clinging to the wings
Dreams become a cold current

The melody is not free
When the sound is dispersed through thought
It becomes trapped between the fingers of the soul

The smell was never free
The aroma may be the sweet image of innocence
Of a child, even without freedom

The taste was always crushed
Smashed by greediness
Is lost in a locked freedom

The kisses have always been meshed with passion
Only poetry frees men from the pressure of having

Fragile

The misery of love created me
Heart weakened by heartbreak
From your amputated arms
De government blind
For pride and male chauvinist
Your mind is a shield
That protects the spear from my madness
The healing of the fragile of my emotion
Your mind is a shield to protect us
Yours words bring peace
And in my eyes I give you flowers.



Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands)

Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator, has been living in Leusden, The Netherlands, since the end of 2012. Her sources of inspiration are nature, love, loss, childhood memories and travel. In 1988 she debuted with *Raindrops on the water*. Since then about 40 poetry volumes have been published, including translations in foreign languages (Polish, Romanian, Spanish, French, Norwegian,

English). Poems have been translated in about 30 languages.

She attended five years evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium). Hannie writes about a variety of diverse topics. ‘Poetry is on the street, for the taking’, is an adage for her. She mixes observations from reality with imagination and gives a point to her feelings and findings. Unrestrained imagination plays a major part in her works.

She published a few stories (short thrillers); is editor of various poetry collections.

Weather change

The clear blue sky gradually changed
into dark colours pouring in from the south,
summer people sat in their gardens
when evening light danced against windows in yellow spots.

I didn't know what to decide yet
and hesitated about the right feelings or thoughts,
I had been alone for so many nights
without sharing my deepest feelings

with anyone. With someone seeing the country
sinking into gutters and ditches of grief. Not
I, not you, could do something about this to change it.

I finally reconciled with life as it was
and of course also knew that I would never succeed in
pushing back those approaching clouds to the firmament.

Everything in the cart

your stuff, precious property
put it in a cart

your dreams not yet been fulfilled
put it in a cart

your thoughts on later plans
put it in a cart

your concerns about time and impermanence
put it in a cart

your loving desires waiting for transportation
put it in a cart.

Against time

Sometimes I long for
prehistoric times
when everything was simple, nothing was great,
everything was timid
the morning, the afternoon, the evening,
I did my job, took a child on a bike,
and lived in Amsterdam

life was shabby you could linger anything
nobody bothered

to pick it up
there was a kind of opulence in peace and timelessness
a kind of carefree
between one moment and the other
that passed just like a houseboat in a canal
comes off the quay
will sail under numerous bridges.

This way I would like to take this day back
in my arms
press three thick kisses on it
for peace, tolerance, infatuation with life.

Letters

The letters scattered all over the place
lay on tables
now overtaken in time
neatly stored in a folder

the reader picks up another date
emerging from days
an hour when they existed,
the letters that are no longer there

the way they were. Genuine
filled with full-blown words
burning fire in long sentences

extinguished. The light went out suddenly.
Evening twilight still lingers
caught in questions, vanity out of lead.



Hasije Selishta – Kryeziu (Kosova)

*Member of Board of International Poetical
Galaxy ATUNIS and Publication Executive
ATUNIS*

Hasije Selishta – Kryeziu was born in April 13 of the year 1960 in Kamenica, Kosovo. She attended the elementary and high education at her birthplace and latter on, she attended the University of Prishtina for Jurisprudence in Prishtina. Hasija has 8 volumes of poetry published and 2 novels. For her creations in prose and poetry she has won with some prizes locally and worldwide. Her poems are included in the Anthology, where many other international authors are presented translated in a few languages. She is member of WPS, IWA and member of Board “ATUNIS”

Anti model

Wildness paints
An old piece
Of wood.

Near by me
Only a candle
Is lit

Sooner or later
A candle will be lit
For all

At the theatre
The fainted artist
Painting the Sisyphus' hand.

Unfolding the silence

I have scratched my forehead
With my own nails
I did not light up
Its specific light

When he saw my tears
How much did laugh with me
And opened the file
Of the power

I looked his face
In the density of misery
I collected all the waters
In order to unfold the silence
When every single palm of land
I irrigated with tears
Many flowers bloomed up.
I stood as a stone

Sand particles

The sea and the wind
By my side
In my body
The sand has painted a trunk.

When the cold spiral is tossed up
The silence is burning
Its raining upon the tree
All the leaves had fallen in dreams
To carve a tattoo to me.

In the white depth
The silence is burning
It folded the dreams
Within the fire

When the night
Reads the accidents
The air evaporates
The soul is burning under the power
Along with me and the tattoo.

In our house

Every time the lighting stroke
The white dove
Keeps singing still on the hip
In our bones
The thirsts of distances
Are in a lost shell

In our house
Every time the sun has delivered its warmth
The cradles have increased
In the eyes of the gamins
The shadows have passed
The lullaby of childhood is being sung.

In our house
Every time the blood is shed
For a sublime word
It is believed in wisdom
How many memorials are there.

Translated by Dritan Kardhashi



**Ph. Dr Hayat Shami
(Shamiyeva Hayat)
Azerbaijan**

Hayat Shami was born in the Karabakh region of Azerbaijan.

She graduated from Baku State University. She lives in Baku and works in

National Television and Radio Broadcasting. Hayat Shami has 4 poetry books, and one scientific book too.

Tsunami

Sometimes I leave the city...
I go to the Caspian
Contacting it at a short distance.
It is a great sea,
And it as a drop also...
Sometimes waving and splashing on my face
I ask you, It says
he does not offend me any more,
he became more sensible...
There was tsunami last time-
Carried along everything:
Carried along you, me...
Your telephone that you didn't like,
My car that I loved.
Your lips that touched my ears,
My stones, my memories,
My thoughts,
My wieghts and heaviness...
And I aslo so relieved and emptied-after all,
You were my everything...

I was freed from this world,
I was freed from You and from myself...
We were lost and disappeared...
When I stood from the coast and came back home
I saw you were at home...
Oh, my lord!
Let Tsunami drive this love!

(Translation to English: Kamran NEZERLI)

You

How you dared to come
I can't see you
You are in other side of the door.

You have put on a mask
The mask that you have put on now
Doesn't suit you.

You are like an old book
It is the covering that has changed .
I have read you for thousand times
From head to foot –
What news?
You have got a lot of things
Which I haven't seen...
Which I haven't felt ...
Which I haven't read...
Which doesn't belong to both of us...

You are like a world event
Which hasn't been published anywhere.

Translated by Sevil GULTEN



Hana Shishiny (Lebanon – Egypt)

Lebanese poet writer and translator. Having poems in many anthologies.

Preparing my first poetry book to publish... Had art studies in American university In Beirut Lebanon Painter had many exhibitions.. Interior designer and decorator in the real life Egyptian.. Living in Cairo Egypt by marriage...

A New Beginning

On silent night
Where darkness screams loud
Fear and memories
No stars... No moonlight

Winds howling around
Your face is hidden
the clouds, running pretty fast
Taking with them,
Time and loving bounds

A glass window, transparent and wild
I stayed caged, in blind thoughts
Are all lovers, do the same
Loosing dreams into unknown side...

Awaiting the dawn.. The spring of hopes
When birds come back.. Chirping in charm
Smiling sky.. Opening its arms
A new beginning.. A dew rain drops

When it is a raining gold

Draped in hope's morning lights
Blast of love filling my pen
Water lily blooming in sight
Lavender aroma embalms the rays of sun..

On the shore, I rambled, capturing the light
Silver, on the sea, illuminating near and far.
Your sparkling eyes, popped in sight
Where love sparkling with million stars...

A wild desire got infold ..
Petals, of wrong and rights, fall aside
To dance, while it is raining gold
And live the beauty's moments, we long abide...

Love is that stallion...

Let's drop the curtains of the night
Holding our joy, deep inside
Holding the moment, the fragrance, and the love croon
Hidden from eyes of the world.. The stars and the moon

Let's live between the desire river, and the shore
Between the wild waves.. Scrolling to no more..
Between the words unsaid.. The dreams almost real
No matter, if ending up, with wounds that never heal...

Love is thar stallion galloping free
Taking us to unknown land of heavenly trees..
To a spring that last.. In colorful sights..
And our life is no more than a dancing flame of a candle light....

Dr. Irena Gjoni (Albania)



Irena Gjoni was born in Saranda, Albania (Europe). She has a degree as a Doctor of Science in Literature (the University of Tirana, year 2012). She is currently a part-time professor at the University of Tirana, Saranda Branch. She also teaches at the "Hasan Tahsini" Gymnasium.

Irena has worked as a journalist in the print and audio-visual media for many years. She teaches at the University "Aleksandër Moisiu", Durrës, and she's a member of the League of Writers and Artists of Albania; member of the association of professional journalists, vice president of the association "Club of Ionian creators", member of the Artistic Council of the Municipality of Saranda. Since high school, Irena has published poetry, prose, as well as critical and study writings in various periodicals in the Albanian language and in foreign languages. She is a participant in many scientific conferences at home and outside her home country. Mostly, she participated in many poetic manifestations in different countries of Europe where she has won first prizes. She is a participant in several poetic anthologies in her native language, Albanian, and foreign languages.

Irena has published several books, which is...

1. *"Tattoo in the spirit of the sea" poetry, year 2003; "Relationship of myths and cults of the Ionian Coast with those across the border" study 2008; "Half of the love" a fiction volume, year 2010; "Mountain peaks and ionic magma" poetry, year 2011; "Poetry" poems, year 2013.*

This author has also been translated into several foreign languages (English, French, Croatian, Romanian, Greek, Turkish, Swedish, Italian, etc.).

FROM A TIGER CAGE HANGING IN THE SKY

From a tiger cage hanging in the sky,
In this carnivore night of dreams
Before Jon with its ancient longing chorus of waves,

Feel the wind that enters frivolously
Through the tiger's respire.

With her tongue tries to dry her tear,
A tear that has made
Her road of years and years in order to appear once
And it needs centuries to dry),
While raising discourses by mountain peaks.

O darling, on what side are you looking at the moon today?
Or from what side is she looking at you?
On the sword of the soul, she saw her broken limbs
And blind eyes from your absence.

The dark cloth of the sky is turned into
An unbroken crystal, unpunctuated
For taking – giving divine discourses...

MY OAK TREE

You have the smell of an oak
Where above you a bird with a human's voice,
Articulated the discourse
Since there should have been raised an oracle to Zeus.

You are alive in the oak's soul
Since the world placed the first stone.
I eat thanks to you my Pelasgian God
Almonds and juice from your dreams.
Chew and grind them with the teeth of my soul
In order to live thanks to your wheat
And mixed the bread of the Sun.

The scroll of the water's creek,
Are the tears of breath
And the murmuring of your leaves,
Which meditates even in the dead languages
Hugs of branches and roots in the distance.

And the articulated fate through their resonance,
It says that even when you won't be,
You will continue to grind almonds of dreams with me
And arrives with the odor of the oak...

THE DARK CLOTH LADY FROM THE SHORES

The dark rag of the lady from the shores,
Is kidnapped from one angle by the crazy storm,
Even though it is heavy from the weight of the "load"
Made more sustainable thanks to her,
(An old tradition, when she had someone for a gift).

The other angle of the rag,
Tangled in a pile of dark firewood,
Who knows how many winters they were abandoned,
Since there is no one to burn them in the fire place.

Tries to bring her out of her solitude,
With the irreverence of mumbling:
"Hope that you would never tear apart!"

With the lips that vibrate,
Poured like a cross, was hanged over the shoulder.
Without it would not begin "the longing of oneself"
Seen from beyond the life, from outside of time....

Translated in English by: Peter Tase



Ismael Diadié Haidara (Mali)

Ismael Diadié Haidara (Timbuktu (Mali-1957) is a historian, philosopher and poet who lives in Spain. He is currently the president of the Kati Foundation in Spain, and Director of Kati Fond in Mali. He is the author of several books, *Le statut du monde. Nécessité, possibilité et contingence chez Ibn Arabi, Cordoue, 1992; Yawdar Pasha y la conquista saudí del Songhay (1591-1599) Instituto de Estudios almerienses, 1993 and Rabat*

1996; L'Espagne musulmane et l'Afrique subsaharienne, Editions Donniya, Bamako, 1997; Les Juifs à Tombouctou, Editions Donniya, Bamako, 1999 ; (en colaboración con Manuel Pimentel) Los otros Españoles, mr ediciones, Madrid, 2004 ; Los últimos Visigodos, rd editores, Sevilla, 2003 ; Las lamentaciones del viejo Tombo, Maremoto, Málaga, 2006 ; Abana, Rihla, Córdoba, Almuzara, 2006 ; Monólogo de un carnero, Árbol de Poe, Malaga, 2012; Zimma, Vaso Roto México, 2014; (en colaboración con Manuel Pimentel) Tombuctú, Andaluces en la ciudad pérdida del Sáhara, Almuzara,2015. Une cabane au bord de l'eau, ediciones del Genal, Málaga, 2015; Sahel, ediciones del Genal, Málaga, 2017; Tebrae pour ma mère, ediciones del Genal, Málaga, 2017; Diario de un bibliotecario de Tombuctú, Almazara, 2017; De Toledo a Tombuctú, conversaciones con Ismael Diadié Haidara (con Antonio Llaguno Rojas) Ginger Ape Books & Films; Edición, 2018. De la Sobriedad, Almuzara, Córdoba 2020.

The sandals of Ulysses

That you sail the seas on ships with great sails
or that you go on paths of mountains and snow
you will always walk with the sandals of Ulysses
Sometimes on the stakes you will tie yourself to flee from the sirens
you will spend time on distant islands between lights and silks

but you will always walk with the sandals of Ulysses

Far wars will surprise you and precarious peace
You will discover harsh deserts and deep deserts
You will always walk with the sandals of Ulysses

You will not have lands to discover or rivers
Your homeland will be the language in which mothers song in
childhood
and always in the language of mothers you will dream of Penelope.

This time of mine

I write poems to have a place where I can breathe
As I keep the windows closed and the lights off
I see better the dragonfly and my childhood running around in a field
of wheat.

I write a poem to have a path of wheat and mountains
While on my ways I walk and look there at infinity
the flight of the herons and the floating clouds comes closer to me

I'm not sorry for being just from a world of words without rhymes
This time of mine burns for its rivers and its forests
Where will man live if with the poem he does not make heaven and
wings?

Translated from Spanish by Virginia Fernández Collado



Iliriana Sulkuqi (Fejzullai) Albania

Iliriana Sulkuqi (Fejzullai) was born in the city of Elbasan (Albania) in 1951. Iliriana Sulkuqi studied at the Armed Forces Academy. Sulkuqi also completed studies in linguistics, literature, and philosophy.

Sulkuqi has received numerous national and international awards. Her poems have appeared translated in: Italian, Greek, Macedonian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, and English.

Iliriana Sulkuqi was proclaimed “AMBASSADOR OF PEACE” by the World Peace Federation (October 2011).

Iliriana Sulkuqi is honored with the title “MOTHER THERESA,” for displaying “Reflection of Kindness, Peace, Love for a Special Contribution to Art, Culture and Humanism”, Skopje, 2016.

Iliriana Sulkuqi’s life and work is depicted in a documentary film (in Albanian and English) ‘Lirikë shpirti’ (Lyrical Soul)

Since 2004 Iliriana Sulkuqi resides in New York.

Translated by Taddei Sulkuqi Elida (Siena, Italy)

Where can I find the HALVES ...?

A few and a half pounds –
it weighs on me
the body ...

A few and a half numbers
The glasses...

Some middle and more
the shoes ...

Eh where do I find the halves ...!?

MY TITANIC – LOVE

If love is a sin,
I don't apologize
”(anonymous).

In my “TITANIC”,
built with love molecules,
I invited on a dream trip – of water,
my loves,
since childhood ...

But how did I know, how did I do
That to anyone
The spirit
Couldn't melt?...?

... And the “Titanic” sank ...

But how did I know
that the hands are cut
and you can no longer caress
no memory ...?

... And “Titanic” sinks again ...
In the depth of the waters
continues to make sounds
a violin
that accompanies until the end of the Escape – the arrival,
As a START.

**ME WITH MY SHADOWS --
SILHOUETTE OF GOD ...**

My monologue,
along the walks
in the daytime,
accompany it
without my permission,
My shadows,
shorts, longs ...
according to the solar time, without eclipse.

My shadows
make my monologue – dialogue,
discussing
with the invisible part
of myself,
with or without cause ...

My shadows –
Without noise,
without contours of beauty.
Only graphic silhouette
from God ...

Me and my shadows –
a missed tango
in any stage of the false world.
Back to back,
with each other
With the same Spirit,
we live
like two women without identity.



Ibrahim Honjo (Canada)

Ibrahim Honjo was born on April 16, 1948, in the former Yugoslavia (Bosnia and Herzegovina). Since January 1995, he has lived in Canada. Honjo is a poet-writer, sculptor and painter, photographer, who writes in his native language and in English. His work has appeared in many magazines,

newspapers in Yugoslavia, Canada, and the USA. He is the author of 30 published books. (21 in Serbo-Croatian and 9 in the English language). He is a co-author in two poetry books with Serbian poets Vesna Kerecki and Tatjana Debeljacki. His poems published in more than 30 anthologies. His poetry were translated into Italian, Korean, Spanish, Slovenian, Polish, Mongolian, German and Bahasa (Malaysia) language. Honjo has participated in many literary events, international festivals, and two literary conferences. He awarded several times for his poetry. Honjo has an unpublished book of Aphorisms, a book of short stories and novel “On the Edges of Nightmares.” Currently he is writing the novel “Capitalism yes, but...” and a new poetry collection “From me to me”.

WHEN CHERRY TREES BLOSSOM

You always loved me only in the spring
while cherries blossom in our neighborhood
and I only heard about it
when the newspaper published the news
that the first Herzegovinian Cherries
traditionally used to be displayed on Viennese tables
by color and size

in other seasons
there were no identifiable signs of your love

I searched for you
between the buds of cherries
sought you in the blossoming of other fruit
and in the flowers
but have not found even the slightest trace of your love

I am afraid
the cherry-tree will stop blossoming
and the distinctive symbols of identification
on the Viennese tables
will disappear

I am afraid
You will never love me in some other blossoming

YOU ARE LEAVING

I offer you my arms
You are surprised

I give you two eyes
You become fascinated

We waltz
Through the stale air of verses
You float blindly

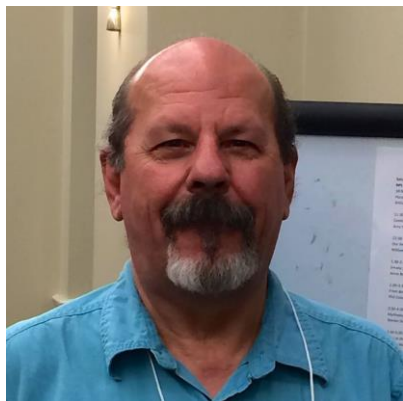
We stop behind endless greenery
You enter someone else's door
You jump over ancient fences
You leave
You come back
I look at what is happening

Unexpectedly and passing by
You stand on my foot
And talk about fashion of the nineties

The smell of naphthalene in my nose
You are talking about the latest fashion trend
You are going away
My stretched-out arms are hanging in disappointment
Hugging empty space
Bon voyage

THIS IS THE MOMENT

This is the moment when all could have occurred
The sea could have glistened in your eyes
You could have demolished golden rocks with your look
Or become a lady of the coastal land
Or a lady of the open sea
This is the moment when even non-existent things collapse
This is the moment when on X-axis
Rays of love are emitted
When flaming passions are being restrained and silenced
When it is possible to fly and fall
This is the moment when we all remain, executioners,
This is the moment when even non-existent things collapse
This moment has been stopped for a reason
The moment when all could have occurred
All remained only passing by
Because this is the moment when even non-existent things collapse.



John C. Mannone (USA)

<http://jcmannone.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/jcmannone>

John C. Mannone has poems accepted in North Dakota Quarterly, the 2020 Antarctic Poetry Exhibition, Foreign Literary Review, Le Menteur, Blue Fifth Review, Poetry South, Baltimore Review, and others. He won the Impressions of Appalachia Creative Arts Contest in poetry (2020) and the Carol Oen Memorial Fiction Prize (2020). He was awarded a Jean Ritchie Fellowship (2017) in Appalachian literature and served as celebrity judge for the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (2018).

His latest collection, Flux Lines: The Intersection of Science, Love, and Poetry, is forthcoming from Linnet's Wings Press (2020). He edits poetry for Abyss & Apex and other journals.

A retired university physics professor, John lives near Chattanooga, Tennessee.

My Father Was the Best Barber I Ever Knew

I sink into the leather chair
that launches me into my past
as the barber swivels me
toward the wall-length mirror.
I see you in that mirror
holding scissors, razor & strap.
I see you in the chair looking
like me—that gentle sternness—
through the pane of time.

For a moment time is dilated
and I stay in my time-travel chair,

touch your bristled face, yet soft.
Feel the gentle stroke of your comb
through my curls, coiled and sprung
like time itself until a comma of light,
the glint from the barbershop pole's
broad red and white stripes spirals
me back to the present

the smell of withchazel on your hands,
my hair/your hair at the foot of the chair.

An American Painting

I've always wondered why most barns are painted red. Perhaps for contrast against a sea of amber wheat, alfalfa green. Or as beacons for the farmer who tractors to their vibrant-colored doors at dusk. Maybe it's to get the black bulls to come back in from the field. Some say they see red. I wonder for that matter, why a metal tube of red pigment costs so much less than the blue, or even white ones. I read it on the Internet: the reason seems to be, as always, based on cost. The economics of supply & demand and ubiquity of red-rust earth, remnants of large pulsing stars whose iron hearts gave in under pressure—supernova explosions ripping them apart leaving dust and fading away in the outer reaches of our galaxy, like memories that once painted freedom or fluttered as banners in a stiff breeze, their glory fading in the sun, white-hot in the sky, lapis lazuli blue. What cost, this freedom that so cheaply flowed the red ochre of blood?



Prof. Jeton Kelmendi PhD (Kosova)
<http://www.iwabogdani.org/home/>

Poet, player, publicist, translator, publisher, a professor of university and academic. Born in the city of Peja, Kosovo (1978), Jeton Kelmendi completed elementary school in his birth place. Later he continued his studies at the University of Pristina and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Mass communication. He completed his graduate studies at the Free University of Brussels, Belgium, specializing in International and Security Studies. He finished his second master degree in diplomacy. Kelmendi did a PhD in the “Influence of media in EU Political Security Issues”. He is professor at AAB University College. He is active member of the European Academy of Science and Arts in Salzburg Austria. For many years he has written poetry, prose, essays and short stories. He is a regular contributor to many newspapers, in Albania and abroad, writing on many cultural and political topics, especially concerning international affairs. Jeton Kelmendi became well known in Kosova, after the publication of his first book entitled: “The Century of Promises” (“Shekulli i Premtimeve”), published in 1999. Later he published a number of other books. His poems are translated in more that thirty-seven languages and published in several international Literature Anthologies. He is the most translated Albanian Poet and well known in Europe. According to a number of literary critics, Kelmendi is the genuine representative of modern Albanian poetry. International critics and poets wrote for him a lot of article, considering him as great European poet. He is a member of many international cultural institutions, poetry clubs and is a contributor to many literary and cultural magazines, in different Languages around the world. The wisdom of his work in the field of Literature is based in the attention that he pays to the poetic expression, modern exploration of the text and the depth of the message. His Genre is focused more on love lyrics and elliptical verse intertwined with metaphors and artistic symbolism. Currently resides and works in Brussels, Belgium and in Pristina, Kosovo. He has published more books and he is translated in more langaueges!

THE FIRST LADY OF THINKING

*“Be stupid, but learn how to be foolish
Without being in the spotlight,
Do not worry: you will survive and be lucky.”*

—**Paulo Coelho**

Lined up as MPs in Parliament
My thoughts
Debates for the time
And the days that flow.

One
Raises and speaks for
This winter’s cold weather,
Must take something
Its freezing passed through me.

Other one
Complains about the tweets
bird,
They are not listening now about how long
Mountains bump.

That white thought
Polemicizes itself:
No, it’s not.
Yes, it is.
Present, first lady of thought.

At the end of the session
plenary
.
I vote unanimously
You take the wheel of the soul.

Come on now
Until you arrive
Only you
Then we talk
I'm sitting there waiting you.

One Word Grew In The Earth Of The Tongue

I spoke to myself
The broken strings of the legend
It is good
To keep them in our hands

With good thoughts
Which always stay alone
Relax once in a while near the fireplace
You have never been like today
In a blink of an eye
One word
Grew in the earth of the tongue
And grew until the sky
Laid her roots until the darkest areas
Today is taking care of tomorrow
After
Waters and entire soils
One verse of the poet
Together with his lightening
Farewell said the cold
We will meet
One day between the hills



Dr. Jernail Singh Anand (India)

Jernail Singh Anand born in 1955 at Ludhiana, Punjab and grew up at native village Longowal in the Sangrur, Punjab, Anand graduated from Govt. College, Ludhiana, and earned his Masters in English Literature from Punjabi University, Patiala. Punjab University, Chandigarh conferred on him degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 2000 for his work on mysticism in the

poetry of Walt Whitman and Prof. Puran Singh. Jernail Singh Anand is a poet. Anand has authored 65 books of English Poetry, fiction, non-fiction and spirituality. He was awarded a Ph. D. in English by Panjab University Chandigarh in year 2000. He is a environmentalist and a column writer. He retired as Principal and is now on an Honorary Position of Professor Emeritus at Institute of European Roma Studies and Research, Crimes Against Humanity and International Law, Belgrade, Serbia. Dr Anand has co-innovated the theory of Bio-Text in Critical Theory along with an Iranian Scholar, Dr Roghaye Farsi. He Was President of The World Poetry Conference Organized in October 2019 in Bathinda Punjab, India.

HOW TO BE

Birth is a happening which brings man
To light,
Although he exists somewhere somehow
Before that too.

Marriage too is a phenomenon
Which takes place at a certain time,
Prior to this moment too
Both existed in time and space.

Just like birth, death too is a process
Which, unlike birth,
Puts man out of the view.
Otherwise, it is a constant process.

Past has another name,
Yet to be found in Webster's.
Dead.
When people die, they pass away.
Yesterday, what I was, I am dead today.

Birth, death, marriage are official formalities,
Attestations of your presence or absence
At a particular place.
Things are happening even without our knowledge.

Who tells us the way to be born?
And who tells us the way
To die,
We have to live and suffer to discover
How to be.

THE SURVIVORS

The world is shrunk,
Boundaries have gone,
Look, look, here is an old map
Ohh.. so big was America
And see this Italy.
Place of greatest havoc.
We stand on the debris of
The Mad Valley Civilization.
It was destroyed by

A mean virus,
Which big military powers
Could not contain.

The world had seen two wars
They destroyed people in lakhs,
The world was quick to recover.
But the 3rd world war destroyed all.

Look at these vast mansions,
It was NASA,
Here is the headquarters of UN
Yes, that is White House, Buckingham Palace.
Big Ben.

Norway. The history of the city of Oslo tells us
They believed in Peace.
Yes, there are other continents also.
Here lived Gandhi.
And there, Zen.
What were missiles and nuclear bombs for?

These are ruins now over which
We stand,
A few thousand,
With our cows and ostriches,
Carrying bows and arrows.

We shall teach to our kids
Everything,
Except history, which tells them
Of great men, and fills them
With mad dreams of power and pelf.



Juljana Mehmeti (Albania – Italy)

Juljana Mehmeti was born in the city of Durrës, in Albania. Since she was a child she became fond about literature and writing, especially poetry, a genre that in the following years will turn into a real life motive, a way to better express her ideas, her thoughts, her visions and metaphysics, her point of view according to her consciousness but also improving the awareness of the same suggestion that surrounds the human world. The first book “Soft – Poems” published in Italian language attracted the attention of publishers and Italian literary criticism, not only for its particular style, but also for new words, the language used, the philosophical message and the currents present in her poems

that go from Hermetism to Surrealism. The second book comes from the field of translation entitled “Vramendje” – (Rimugino “) of the Italian author Alessandro Ferrucci Marcucci Pinoli, which will constitute the first experience in this field, but will also strengthen his long-standing conviction, to know and translate in his language, many popular Italian authors.. The collection of poems “Oltrepassare” is her new book, which presents itself with the new tendencies of Albanian literature, postmodernism and universal consciousness, from experimental currents to absurdity. She published in English “In his Light” (Demer Press- 2019) and in Italian language “NAMASTÉ” (“LIBRI DI-VERSI IN DIVERSI LIBRI – 2020! She currently lives and works in Ancona, Italy.

Namastè!

I am,
a part of the endless universe
a particle thrown to refracted parallels,
of that world dressed with the color of light

and drowned back again to the dark memory,
with the meaning of the existence in the margins of life
the consciences coming from the unexpressed words,
from the inner part
of that vision which dresses me in blue,
eternity
of the creator who merged body and soul
with blessings from angels
towards the tracks of blood and the cross pain.

The flight ascending to its own ashes
in the forgotten bodies of gone legends
consecrated during the time of enormous agitation,
of the north sea
searching for eyes which dress the verdure
new spaces
of the end boundaries
wandering beyond the world
collapsing and uprising
with different steps
to the revived eternity.

New tops touch the heights
heart and mind
bended to the temple,
which constructs invisible bridges
the view towards the Almighty
and hands folded in praying
words which goes with the wind
and return back with seasons,
a fragment of continuity
born from the spirit of the sky;
Namastè!

Sans souci...

The reddish skies of the troubled soul are burning without any
borderline,
same like the sun gone to the west
beyond the horizons swaying along with sunsets
of the grey mist
descending deep into the eye of the sea
through bands collecting the last gleam
of the sound of the wave
extended thirstily to the white bank
of the flickering of seagulls
the sonnet of an evening
arched to the refracted strings of the Moon.

Desires are murmuring under the tree leaves
the smooth breeze
beyond the imagination of the sight
gathered to the lands where dreams fly with sensation
and regenerated births commence again the migration
towards the past homes
with the new love
with the intention to touch the same sky
and gathering shoulders to the cloudless stars.

A moment of loosing awareness
this mixture of the earth and the sky
body and the spirit
a cigarette smoke which is altered with the breath
fondled under the bundles of hair touching the face
caressed from the dusk murmur.

Translated into english by Arben Hoti



**Dr. Jamal E. Benhyaoun
(Morocco)**

Dr. Jamal E. Benhyaoun was born in Marrakech in 1968. He is a Moroccan poet, literary critic, and scholar. He is Vice-Dean for Research and Cooperation, Senior Professor of English literature and cultural studies at Abdelmalek

Essaadi University in Tetouan, Morocco, and author of numerous publications in Arabic and English, including *Narration, Navigation, and Colonialism* (Peter Lang 2006).

He is Professor of classical and modern poetry and chief editor of *Poems on the Edge*, an online poetry magazine and a forthcoming anthology of poems. Jamal E. Benhayoun's poetry has appeared in Arabic and English in anthologies and newspapers, and is currently translating the work of the highly acclaimed Chinese poets Tian He and Meier into Arabic.

He is also known for his opinion articles and is currently director of the research group on literature and cross-cultural translations.

Jamal E. Benhayoun has participated in numerous prestigious literary festivals, including LIFFT, the last edition of which took place in Baku, Azerbaijan, 2019.

His poems have been translated into several languages.

Solitude

Solitude is a moon in a vast dark night

Solitude is you and I looking in opposite directions

At the unseen object

Solitude is an ocean without salt

Without mermaids and ancient lore.

It is a lame albatross hit by the frantic mariner on a hijacked boat.

Donne in his last prayer with the church bells forming an angry choir

Your coffee as it turns cold

And my thoughts as they follow on blank sheets
Charioting after my absence.
Her desire as the artist fails to paint
And we have a tree instead on a shrivelled canvas.
Solitude is you and I talking of days, seasons, and lengthy calendars
Visiting basilicas and pretending not to remember our sins.
We locate places in our minds and go our way among surging crowds
Inspecting faces the way we read our own obituaries in the Sunday
Times
Every afternoon when the neighbour across the street takes her poodle
for a walk.
A couple of biscuits and some peanuts will work wonders for the
occasion.
I will dream of you celebrating an odd number on my birthday cake
A symphony of splintered tunes
Snatched by a soloist with a broken arm
Expressing his wisdom in a spiccato before an audience of two photos
with manifold cracks.
Is it you there with a crooked witch hat and a bouquet of unseasonal
twigs?
Is it me squinting in my dark chamber before an episode of
absconding fantasy?
The unusual always happens, and we call it either miracle or calamity.
Silence reigns and excludes our conversation from the newsfeed of the
day.
We report our loneliness to a child haunted by his father's eulogy.
The child is no longer a child.
The child is old enough to laugh at his penumbra on the wall with a
walking stick.

Rhapsody

What if we blow up the ocean
Into crystal balls
And let them soar
Invade the long untenanted troposphere
We go uphill
Watch them float and pirouette in rainbow colours
It might rain flowers
If at all water stalls

What if we scrape away all mountains
Make the earth plane
Level our eyes against the horizon
Reveal ancient secrets
And make of distance a dull business

If we are to change our names
I will be Earth
You will be Rain
We will intertwine in the deep swells
And sing to those in pain
You will be my emerald and I your citrine
Apollo his lost glory will regain
We will rule the waves
Almond trees will grow in every terrain
And geysers will gush out our passion.

Jenayah Hela Tekali (Tunisia)



Hela Jenayah Tekali is an outstanding mystical poet from Tunisia. An English teacher at the Faculty of Science, Tunisia. She has authored 6 books on Sufism and Spirituality, and Mystic poetry. Halos of Light (poetry 2015) , the Quest of Love (poetry 2017) , the Soaring of my Soul (poetry 2018) , Mystical Eye (2018) and The Song Of The Thirsty Bird (2019) ; “Metaphysics : A Mirror to Mysticism” (literary criticism 2019).She has co-authored a book on Indo – North African Poetry entitled ‘Eternal Showers’. She has also figured on several international anthologies such as Rain Drops of Love, Birds of Peace, Ambrosia, and Our Poetry Archive. Hela

Jenayah Tekali is a thorough – bred mystical poet who was honoured as Most Outstanding Mystical Poet by Philosphique Poetica, an international forum dedicated to Poetry, Art, and Philosophy. She was also conferred the Award of Ambassador of Literature by Motivational Strips, another international portal dedicated to poetry.

My Grounded Body

In my galactic space I choose to dwell,
Giving meaning to my existence
I open my heart and listen
To the secrets of my inner space
It tells me to be brave, passionate, wild, and free
And I am willing to surrender like I were a fertile tree.

My galactic space tells me to ground my soul in my body
So that I may find temporary peace on earth
For once I am earthed, I understand,
The profound truth behind my existence,
And I will see everything with clarity,

That this grounded body is my temple of divinity
I can now travel through this galactic vacuum
I see myself as a structure of atom split into
Multiple galaxies and planets that define me
A cosmic space I choose to dwell will divine me
I will be the creator of my own world, here I'll stay
With my grounded body as my Mother Nature
She will heal me infusing her vibration into this new creature.

Telepathy

Love between us starts as a telepathy
Exchange of mirror neurons between you and me
I see you despite the distance that separates us
It's like neuroscience that connects us.

The psycho space becomes a vacuum place
Consciousness runs faster than any kind of race
Our bodies and souls soar in the open sky
Ethereal selves glide high; and soulfully fly.

Telepathy is this union between you and me
Older than billions of years, and any time of history
It is this spirit of science that bonds us together
A butterfly of the ethereal self-softener than any feather.

Telepathy is that energy between you and me
With vibration, frequency, a bit of electricity
When your spirit touches mine even from afar
Distance dissipates as you appear before my eye.



Jenny Dejager (Belgium)

website: www.jennydejager.be

Jenny Dejager has received higher education and worked as an official. She has been on various courses of writing. She has published eight collections of poetry and also two novels. She is a painter of portraits. She is at present working on a novel and a collection of poetry. She is a board member of De Verfpot for then

years. For more information, visit her

The portrait

As you surrender to the world, you seem painted by me
with my eyes closed.

It is earthy-green under your tawny skin.

Your earth is my earth - your story is my story.

You hang in my studio, high and dry in a corner
where every spider feels comfortable.

As you stay out of sight, I watch from the sidelines

how you go into the night, the stars count and give me sleepless nights
that I receive with grace, that's how you close your eyes to reminisce
who helped you in this green dress.

My eyes are currently resting to discover later

that stairs still have steps in reflecting light,
in the shade like the dark accent of brown umber.

And what about yellow ocher and white?

Then I will open my eyes and go unobtrusively into the night

In prussian blue.

The earth is a woman

She won't stop by the loss she suffers.
She just walks down the road in a different dress,
she sees a by open, slides inside
and feasts until a hole in the night.
Forever young.
She laughs, she skips, she dances.
She looks aside for a moment,
a star falls from the sky.
Nobody cares about her.
From the lap of the mountain,
the river of the future twists almost silently.
She's coming!
The dreading man looks aside.

Distance

I ask distance: stay with me.

Everything that used to be is good for memories.

Wherever you want to go,
let me know if your luggage is too heavy to get up.

I like you. You're my guide, my companion.

I'm not asking anyone to understand, you know:
the battle between the white sheet and the white field
but I thank distance with white wild roses for the freedom
to walk into a newly born world.



© Paola Iotti (Italy) *"The mother"* (40 x30), 2018
Pencils on paper



K. K. Srivastava (India)

K.K. Srivastava was born in Gorakhpur and did his Masters in Economics in 1980 from Gorakhpur University. He joined Indian Audit & Accounts Service in 1983. He has three volumes of poetry: *Ineluctable Stillnees* (2005), *An Armless Hand Writes* (2008; 2012), and *Shadows of the Real* (2012). *Andhere Se Nikli Kavitaen* (2017) is Hindi translation of his selected poems. His book *Shadows of*

the Real has been translated into Russian (2017) by well-known Russian poet Adolf Shvedchikov. His fourth book *Soliloquy of a Small Town Uncivil Servant: a literary non-fiction* published in March 2019 by Rupa Publications, New Delhi has been receiving international acclaim. By profession he is a civil servant

SILENCE OF THE DAY

There is no poem;
I have ceased to pen one.
Days are fast asleep,
Nights keep joining.
Very often I sense pain of death;
So many News channels—
So much misery; so much suffering;
Truth, of late, has been so harsh.
Arguments flourish;
Frozen mouths go berserk
Humanity yells for succor and help;
Let us save the unfinished.
In the kitchen,
My wife talks to herself.
I don't bother to ask her

What?
Sky is dazed at
Earth's emptiness.
I see behind me
A long silence.
A barren silence
An endless one.

Thy Face: Great Anarch

Thy face,
layers of beauty;
freshly fallen snow,
freezing the apostles and
the prophets alike.

.....
.....

thy glittering face foists upon me dazzling
endowments of desires,
magnanimously,
inspiring ecstasies to crowd
the aligned corners of my mind
and I add fiercely to the tyranny of my memory
flames of innocence.

Rare Moments

Some moments come;
they pass,
still,
they haunt us, defenselessly;
for long,
crossing all limits

time places on us.
In our rejoice,
as in our mourning,
these moments blind us
from within;
making us strong,
holding our hopes firm
as if, our perfectly mirrored
hopes would have died
but for these moments.

Our most beautiful
remembrances
hang heavily on these
moments
but
on the abyss,
surrounding these moments,
would be our ugly ones too.

Still, sometimes, these
moments frighten us,
unrelentingly,
telling us
what walk into us,
surreptitiously,
through these moments
are dreams
to live by.

*Twelve years down the road, sometimes I still struggle to gauge what
that nagging thought was.*



Krishna Prasai (Nepal)
President, Jara Foundation

Krishna Prasai made his debut in writing in 1975 with the publication of his poems in Jhapa-based periodical Suryodaya. Originally from Dhairjan, Jhapa and presently a resident of Anamnagar, Kathmandu. Mr. Prasai edited Nepali Samasamayik Kavitaahroo, an anthology of contemporary Nepali poetry when he was just 24 years old and exhibited a rare literary talent he possessed. Till date, the works Mr. Prasai has published include Gham Nabhayeko Bela (poems), Ghamko

Barsha (Zen poems in Nepali, English, and Korean, later translated into Sinhalese, Hindi, Burmese and Bengali), Prakshepan (stories), Anubhootika Chhalharoo (travel essays) and many other works published separately in periodicals. Mr. Prasai has also edited Chhariyeka Kehi Prishtha (essays) and three other works, besides translating one book. Till this date, he has been awarded with Yogi Naraharinath Award, Dharanidhar Koirala Award, UNFPA Essay Prize etc. He is the Chairman of Jara Foundation, and Treasurer of Devkota Lu-Xun Academy, a literary organization. He is also associated with Rotary International. Also, a stakeholder with several other literary organizations, Mr. Prasai has got his works translated into several languages like English, Korean, Sinhala, Hindi, Assamese, Maithili, German, Burmese, Bengali, Marathi, Gujarati, Arabic, Tamil, Romanian, Philippine, Spanish, Italian, Serbian, Uzbekistan, Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese, Russian.

THE DAY I WEPT

Ripples of joy had gripped the world!
While many enjoyed in freedom
The festive hours with fire-crackers
I was reclining, down with grief;
It was 29 May, 1953, Wednesday.

A man from New Zealand stepped upon my head.
Another man, who stood atop the hood
Was a porter from my own country
Who, in the long run, became a foreigner too.

The truth I know is single:
The Himalayas stand above us
And the nation above the Himalayas;
We exist because the Himalayas and the nation do.

The day Hilary placed his foot atop Sagarmatha,
And Tenzing atop his own cap,
Someone else rose above the nation.

That day
When Sagarmatha, the world's hood we revere as God
Shied away,
That day, when the crown of the world was vanquished
That day, when grandeur withered
Was the day I cried
Seeing my height diminish,

Getting a stranger's footstep upon myself,
Seeing you crown a man who downplayed my hood

How can I call a person great,
Who crushed down my head
And in doing so, even now
Erecting a Pyramid of impurity?

I have a question for you, Motherland!
Which of your gods is appeased
With cash offerings placed in a temple
By someone who places his feet
Atop the idols enshrined therein?

I care not what you say;
I defy your old statute!
Say, where on earth the head can be crushed
After paying a fee for it?
Under whose rules can the crown be trampled
After some cash has been paid?
Which law allows anyone to mount atop the chest
Merely for some pelf paid thereof?

Presently, I am soaked with indignation and hatred
On seeing the rules your country sets.

Sun Shower

The chameleon is a master
at the art of changing colors.
Each time it goes hunting
it puts on fresh colors.
It creates colors that befit the demands
of the place, the prey or the weather.
It lives the way a corrupt leader lives.

n the name of friendship,
An anemone sits upon a crab's back.
The anemone rides upon it all the time,
And snatches the prey, the crab intends to hunt.
Before the crab satiates itself,
The anemone, its parasite, gets its stomach filled.
The law of the sea is amazing
Like the fate of the crab.



Khosiyat Rustam (Uzbekistan)

Khosiyat Rustam was born in 1971 in the village of Olmos in the Chust district of Namangan Province.

She studied at the Journalism Faculty of the National University of Uzbekistan (1988-1993) and at the University of Higher Literature (2001-2004).

She has been serving as editor-in-chief of the World of the Book newspaper since 2015.

The poetry books which published by Khosiyat Rustam: (The House In The Sky) (1997); (Rescue) (2003); (The mantle) (2004); (Wall) (2006) August (2008); Ishg'ol (Occupation)

(2011); 40:0 (2011); (Forgotten years) (2014);

(Consolation) (2005); (Uncontrolled clouds) (2019) What is more, several poetry books by Khosiyat Rustam have been published in foreign languages and in other countries including: (The days without tomorrow) (Published in Turkey, translated into Turkish language by Bashir Oksuz (2008); (Fear) (Published in Azerbaijan, translated into Azerbaijani by Resmiya Sabir).(2009).

Her books have also been published in Kazakhstan, Columbia, Russia, USA and other countries in Kazakh, Spanish, Russian, English, German and other languages.

Khosiyat Rustam participated in several international poetry festivals and was a winner in the international poetry festival in Thailand in 2018 for her creativity.

Khosiyat Rustam was awarded with the 'Shukhrat' ('Fame') medal in 2004 and is a member of the Writers Union of Uzbekistan. She has been awarded with the international award of Azerbaijan named after Mikail Mushfeek in 2015.

She has also been a member of Writers Union of Azerbaijan since 2019.

Where did you go as so many years passed?

Was life a long and bleak dream for you?
Why couldn't you knock on my door at the last –
Just once as you chanced to pass through?
I simply can't stay in this world any more.
I've put on my coat and I'm ready to go!
But you remain behind in my life as before –
Like a host seeing me off at the door for show.

I am leaving the road of life right now

I am merely an artist's tired sketch.
It maybe a bird, but it's on my brow,
Or perhaps my raw mother's milk made me retch.
Who can I hate?
Who can I complain to?
Where in this moment should I be?
Is that why this poem is vulgar pain too?
And why it's utterly putrid... maybe?

When I will come here again?

What will my visit mean?
I'm forever trembling with the strain
Like waves out on the seas...
If only I were scattered
Through this world's glittering sheen,
Like the tent of a roving Gipsy,
Like the characters in Chinese.

The wind came by chance and left again swiftly...

My window panes took a deep breath and sighed.
It was ambling down our passageway carelessly,
But it tipped my fragile heart on its side.
Where would it take me, and to which street,
As it overturned my life of before?
Yet my fear dispersed like a mist at my feet.
And there was no trace of my past any more.
Oh how much I loved you that day!
The trees on the streets and the moon saw it all!
Its long silvery beams were showing the way,
The Earth is deeper than me as I fall...
My mind was confused, my heart was quivering
The window of my soul was blown open too.
But luckily, you were above me delivering
Luckily it was you... it was you...

The dark, stormy sky has got darker still

It's impossible to see to the other side.
The entire world is now dark-filled;
Even your big house seems to hide.
It's long until dawn and the wind's gusting high.
The dessicated leaves will not recover.
Until summer returns, the trees must rely
On the ground – the garden's autumn is over.
The moon is rising. Can I hold on though?
Maybe the moonlight will linger a while.
The oblivious moon has forgotten to go,
And hangs there baffled over your roof tiles.

Translated by John Farndon



Kujtim Mateli (Albania)

Kujtim Mateli was born on 15.06.1951 in Albania. He has published poetry and literary criticism, highlighting the poetic volumes “When He Thinks of Others”, “Calming the Troubled Soul” and “Walking on a Thread of Hope”. His poetry touches on the concerns of the world we live in and the love for the man who fights to make it all the more beautiful.

WITH HOPE

In this drowsy evening,
I search through my notes some old addresses,
Over the wrinkled sheet.
Scripture has eaten the years,
Like hungry bumblebees riping the fruit in the tranquility of the night.
Is there any address,
Send me tonight to the lonely spirit,
Who groans like me to find the other half?

I turn to the axis of the lost years,
Caught in guilt,
I could not keep up the balance
In the face of the greatness of the people I knew.
The ears earthquake had crushed the castles of dreams,
The last stones of memory swallowed
Ruthless whirlwind of cruel times.

Old addresses on yellow sheets,
The jaws of the time had chewed the fate of the people.
I still persevere in hope
To find a path
To lead me to the desired soul,
At night being disturbed by dreams.

Do Not Abandon Yourself

Happens in life
Friends to leave one by one,
Like yellow leaf of autums's oak
Remain all alone between the winds.

Do not leave yourself in the hands of despair,
Over the ruined soul
Winter wrecks fall off.

Look into the depth of the horizon
On the dawn of the purple day,
Here comes a wind-leaf
Opening timbers of trust.

In The Home Of The Globe

April has filled the white spaces of humanity,
Where are the friendship messages:
Join the people in the planet Earth,
To get rid of fights and tears,
To expose hate and lust,
To expel governments that cannot live without swamps of wars,
That people's lives are killed by the knives of despair.



Katarina Branković Gajić (Serbia)

Katarina Branković Gajić is the writer who comes from the old Belgrade literary family. She finished high school and studied English language and literature.

She writes poetry and prose and she is a member of the Association of Writers in Serbia - UKS.

She has won various awards and plaques.

Katarina has directed and participated in various performances.

Also, she is Deputy Director of a Company in Belgrade and the President of the Association of writers "Skadarlija Bohemia", which established and successfully organizes poetry evenings in the bohemian part of Belgrade – Skadarlija, many years.

She participates in humanitarian actions independently, and also with her Association of Writers.

Time is a relative term for her - there is only a state of mind...

She was always and remained own.

AND, IT BE THE LIGHT

And, it be the light ...

God lowered it to Earth twice

First, when he created the world on the palm

Then, the gift misses through his mind...

Tesla served to the human race

The name that shines all over the world

Material meant nothing to him

A trait of the greatest genius in the world...

God sent him to give to human race

All that many wanted to trample

He fought with vains and unbelievers

To give light to the whole world...

They broked and named him freak
Nothingness did not touch him
He believed he was God's envoy
to do debt to humanity, more worthy...

Honor was completely foreign to him
Because there is no such officer on the Earth
Which gives thanks for the works of God
Put the names of the immortals in a notebook...

Without him, nothing would be the same
We take pride with his works
Civilization would go back into darkness
We would be in demand among the blinds...

But it be the light...
The sun was again given to man
To protect the planet from destruction
Worthy of Tesla and God's reward...

YOU WOULD HAVE ME

You would have me...
Just so you know
Put the flower
Into my lush hair
On your bust
To whisper gentle words to me
And be the Little Prince...

You would have me ...
That you grasped why I'm here...
I don't scatter my minutes...
They must be fulfilled

By the beauty of being...
Because it's for a great vacation
Too early ...

You would have me ...
If you had more depth than mine ...
... expansion of "merged vessels" ...
A, hydrostatic pressure
It wouldn't be a fluid paradox ...
It would connect the labyrinthes of our lives
And he boldly opposed the laws
What people wrote
But, no God...

And, only it had to know
To read from my eyes
And surrender unreservedly
Not caring for a cracked world ...
Because...
My hair was waiting
On your bust ...
... to put a flower in it...

It's too late, now...



Keldibaev Bekmurat Paizyldaevich (Kyrgyzstan)

Keldibaev Bekmurat Paizyldaevich was born on 29 of July, 1990 in Kyrgyzstan village Birinchi May. His parents are teachers. Bekmurat studied in Secondary school number twenty five and graduated Osh Technical University in 2014. He is a

programmer and author of the book “Kun Jashyngan aska” (The Sun hidden Hills).

An umbrella

When I came to meet with you,
Clouds were crying and crying .
Drops were falling down my hairs,
And you came with your umbrella.

We are as rain drizzled and stopped.
We were burnt by the flame of love.
We’ve swallowed the breath of that very rain,
And shadowed under that umbrella together.

We are as doubled shadow under that umbrella,
Who are followed by the flying dreams.
Walking through fields covered with flowers,
While others are walking through the mud.

Falling drops can` t destroy our love,
Let our rose to grow, even planted on the stone.
Let’s raise the wall of our house as umbrella,
And feel the warmness near of each other.

Rink

Deep frost covering the hills,
Turning snow into ice.
Despite of freezing we skate a lot,
Until our fingers are knuckled down.

Like a racing horse with a sleigh
We were skating and making fun
One day we are friends,
And the other day already not!

We are forgetting the life of regret,
Today I've also walked through the hills.
I have not noticed the slippery ice
And as in my childhood slide to the rink.

It was fun for the most of people,
How many people have gone through the rink?
And its shining as it was the years before.
Reminiscing me the glassy shining surface.

Life is passing like a falling snow,
Stealing our life and youth insensibly.
With its falls and rising too.
The life itself is as a skating rink at all.

Translated by Makhabat Oruzbaeva



Lidia Chiarelli (Italy)

<https://lidiachiarelli.jimdofree.com/>
<https://immaginepoesia.jimdo.com/>

Lidia Chiarelli was born and raised in Turin (Italy), where in 2007 she founded with Aeronwy Thomas the Art-literary Movement: Immagine & Poesia. Lidia's passion for creative writing has motivated her to write poetry and she has become an award winning poet since 2011. Pushcart Prize Nomination (U.S.A.) in 2014, 2015, 2016, 2018 and 2019. Her writing has been translated into more than 20 languages and published in Poetry Reviews and on web-

sites in many countries.

In 2014 she started an inter-cultural project with Canadian writer and editor Huguette Bertrand publishing E Books of Poetry and Art on line. 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, hanging poems and art cards on the trees.

Lidia Chiarelli has exhibited her "Poetry&Art Trees" in Italy and abroad.

Twilight (Sunset on the hills)

*This bread I break was once the oat,
This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit*

(from "This bread I break" - Dylan Thomas)

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.

The Polyglot Sea

*“The polyglot sea
ah the polyglot sea...
sybils’ syllables fellaheen dialects
all run together
everywhere re-echonig...”*

(from: Baja Beatitudes - Lawrence Ferlinghetti)

New dreams
emerge from a shadowy sky
today.
The salty breeze
permeates the morning air
and the sun light
silently
erases our loneliness.

Myriads of polyphonic voices
relentlessly
re-echoing
are sweet music
fed by ancient rhythms.

Now we can pause and rejoice
in the gentle breath
of the ocean
while
words
from different languages
slowly take form
and fill
one by one
every empty page.



Liudmyla Diadchenko (Ukraine)

oscariana@ukr.net

Liudmyla Diadchenko (2.08.1988, Kyiv, Ukraine) Poet, a Vice President of Ukrainian Writers Association, Ukrainian literary rating "The Book of the Year" expert, member of World Nations writers' Union (Kazakhstan). Doctor of philosophy (Theory of literature), works at Taras Shevchenko National University of Kyiv. Scientific interests: mythopoetic, hermeneutics,

spatial studios. The author of poetry collections: Fee For Access (2011), The Hen for Turkish Man (2017), which is one of the ten best Ukrainian books of the year, Kedem (2020).

Sources of published poems;

Literature magazines and journals – “Porter Gulch Review 2020” (USA), “Shahitto” (India, 2019), “Armagan” (Bosnia, 2020), Knjizevno pero (Croatia, 2019), “Artkasi” (Azerbaijan, 2018), «Publishers Weekly» (United Arab Emirates, 2018); "Modernity", "SHO", "Courier Krivbas", "Dyvoslovo", "Ukrainian literary newspaper".

Anthology - "NEP: Night of erotic poetry" (2011), almanac of International Istanbul Poetry and Literature Festival (2017), of 18th International Sapanca Poetry Evenings (2018), Terra Poetica (Minsk, 2016), The Language of the Sky (Tbilisi, 2016), other almanacs and online publications.

A participant and winner of literary festivals;

2012 - Marked by Oles Gonchar International Ukrainian-German Prize.

2018 - Literary competition "Poetry of pomegranate tints" winner (Azerbaijan Diaspora Association).

Took place in The 10th International Istanbul Poetry and Literature Festival (Turkey, 2017), The 18th International Sapanca Poetry Evenings (Turkey, 2018), The 11th International Istanbul Poetry and Literature Festival (Turkey, 2019), The 6th International poetry festival in Sidi bou Said (Tunisia, 2019), International Fikret Demirağ Poetry Festival (Nicosia-Cyprus, 2019), The 30th Medellin International poetry festival (Colombia, 2020). Some poems translated into English, Spanish, Arabic, Georgian, Belarusian, Croatian, Bosnian, Russian, Azerbaijani and Turkish languages.

what will be left of you? withered leaves and a couple of skins
you shed in a serpent-like manner? dead wormwood stalks?
ambrosia buds? greek gods had a taste for that weed
but gods' meat is woman's poison gods are not us
the ragweed breeds allergy (a surgical mask as a chador)
and the dead leaves get noisy amidst the nights of delirium
what will be left of me? You took everything quite away
and all knaves of hearts' mischief compared to that is a boyish parody
though what's being left of us all: symbols, memories or just lies?
of jesus – the cross, of van gogh – sunflowers, of hugo – quasimodo
and of the world — the bones of all those who were driven by God
onto this earth under these skies into this adventure

Translation into English by Viacheslav Stelmakh

To Asmaa Azaizeh

a couple of sand grains strewn to the desert's grounds
a couple of sun rays to what is already clear
how fares your palestine? when will it let you go?
how fares your heart amidst the strange and the alien?
i'm muddling up words. languages. in the evenings
i read that Lord's love's parceled out by abraham's children
out rolls the spring on a camel laden with gifts
green turns the cover and contents of your koran –
sort of a book devised by an ancient poet:
a peculiar one. books resemble the poets' regrets
a few questions and dreams and a bit of humour
but as it often happens it's been misread

Translation into English by Viacheslav Stelmakh

through ukrainian weeds and right to the very sanskrit
walking and gathering alien alphabets with your ears
the day before yesterday takes to the road to converse
the day after tomorrow calls you from round the evening
here the sun sinks earlier on the horns of the cows
and the winds of no names flock to the watering places
this sarcasm of fate that has led me here by the hand
just won't disappear and so there are two of us now
dressing a weary day in a bright-colored sari
bidding a hasty farewell just in time for a new one
your language won't tell neither where nor how long you go
perhaps you'll be lucky to settle this matter with sanskrit

Translation into English by Viacheslav Stelmakh

July has left behind a few magnetic storms,
And you have left me with a few new neuroses.
I knead August to make it rise whole, just as
I knead space on trails by hiking strange trajectories;
I follow recipes and find my joy in baking—
This, then, is my being, my clear sooth.
Whatever barkhan is shaped by a lonely wind,
Sand and desert are ever-menacing, ever the same.
So gather your scarabs and jackals, pick up any girl
And break off some of your improper compassion.
May you be completely lucky, may your August succeed
In making your fingers sticky like persimmons once did.

Translation into English by Padma Thornlyre



Leyla Işık (Turkey)
Vice President of KIBATEK

Educator-Poet-Writer-Artist-Painter

She graduated from Teacher Training College in Usak and Faculty of Education of Eskisehir Anadolu University. She is Vice President of KIBATEK and International Organization and Project Coordinator, organized the 31st,34 th, 39th, 40 th, 42 nd, 44 th KIBATEK International Litrary Festivals and attended India World Poetry Festival organized by Pentasy B in Hydarabadand “Golden Word” International Literary

Festival in Uzbekistan. Her books: HUZUR ÇERÇEVEM (E) poetry, SERÜVEN KUŞU İÇİMİN ÖYKÜSÜ poetry – poeticexpression, YENİDEN YAŞAMAK GİBİ short story, BİR BAŞKA DÜŞ (E) poetry – poetic expression,DODAQ İZLERİN poetry -translated and published at Vektör University, DÜŞLERİMİ (Ç) ALDIM, UYKUSUZ ESRİK GECENİN SABAHINDA ,ULUSLARARASI EDEBİYAT ŞÖLENİ ŞİİR ANTOLOJİSİ Besides KIBATEK.. Her poems are published in international anthologies; Galaksi Poetike Atanis, Grami Romanesc, Global Voices of 21st Century female Poets QUEEN, Poetry in the Park Collection No 4, Antologia Poetica KIBATEK festival 39 (Italy), www.mearteka.net, Antologia Amaravati Poetic Prism 2018, 2019. She is the poet of passion, longing, love and struggle.

BODILESSLY

-In the very heart of the night, my heart flutters. It finds its tongue like telling an old fairy tale.

I paint your undeniable presence on the walls with its most beautiful colors.-

Where the night has withdrawn

When the moon has wrapped the beach without you in its light

When in the whispers of the wind
When waving goodbye to the impossible
After the ship outgoing
That very night
The mirror that took my face out of my hands
Had sunk into the deep waters of reunion.

Now on the same sea
We are two timid alone. . .
In the downpour of the memories
Our skins wake from sleep.
Our voices wander in space,
And interlace bodilessly.

WHENEVER I GET LOST IN THE MOMENTS WITH YOU...

Whenever I get lost in the moments with you. . .
The sky darkens, and the clouds get flurried
And unload their burdens of rain.
In the sea of being without you I burry myself in the deep waters
Whenever I get lost in the moments with you...
One side of me becomes you, and I have no other side.
My legends remain in a love story among the boks
Whose pages have been worn out.

Whenever I get lost in the moments with you...
I lower my head, and my sholders collapse.
I fall apart otel.
And I become a bird circling in despair
Without branches and a nest to settle on.

Whenever I get lost in the moments with you...
I complete whatever is half-finished,
And set all times up for us,

And then mix with the beats of your heart
Inseparably, like clock hands.

I TOOK OFF ALL MY SINS

When you went away,
Having pulled your skin back from my skin,
And detached your hands from my hands,
I was an innocent child.
My dreams were stark naked
As I didn't know how to rebel...
Now I'm injuring my dreams
By a two-edged knife
Of being without you inside me.
I'm bleeding all the flowers.
In my love garden
Are being ensanguined the jasmine,
The white rose and the carnation...
They are fading in my hands.
My pool of tears are drying,
I cannot green you again.
I cannot console Me
Who am you inside me.
Nobody knows that!
"I took of all my sins tonight..."
I cannot quiet my heart.
Banned words are falling from my mouth.
I'm telling to the mute walls.
Time is becoming silent.
Hour and minute hands are falling apart.

Translated by Baki Yiğit



Luan Rama (Albania)

Luan Rama, born in Tirana, Albania, in 1952, is a scholar, filmmaker, editor and writer. He graduated in journalism from the Faculty of Political and Juridical Sciences, University of Tirana, and subsequently specialized in filmmaking and communication in France, at Paris VII Denis Diderot University. From 1996

to 1997, he was editor of the French-language newspaper *Le Courrier International* (Paris) and he continues to contribute articles to both daily newspapers and Albanian revues. He is a distinguished diplomat, who served as an ambassador of Albania (1992–2005) in Paris, Lisbon and Monaco. He further served as an Albanian cultural representative in Paris (1997–2003) at both UNESCO and the international French language organization, OIF (La Francophonie). Luan Rama has written fifty books, including novels, short stories, poetry, correspondence, essays and historical works published in Albanian, English, French, Italian and Greek. A number of his literary works have been published in France, including two volumes of poetry, *Territoires de l'âme* (Territories of the Soul) and *Couvrez-moi avec un morceau de ciel* (Cover Me with a Piece of Sky); the essays *Le long chemin sous le tunnel de Platon* (on the fate of the artist during the totalitarian era in Albania) and *Pont entre deux rives* (on Franco-Albanian linkages). He has authored studies on Jean Cocteau such as *Rendez-vous avec Jean Cocteau*, and on French archaeologist Léon Rey and his pioneering work at the ancient Greek site of Apollonia, Albania, *Auguste Dozon – le Consul qui aimait les contes* (Auguste Dozon – The Consul who loved the Contes), (The last trip of Arthur Rimbaud) and *Parisi lettrar* (Literary Paris).

Mother Teresa was hungry

Yes mother, you were hungry,
suffering the great hunger of love,
it was your silent cry

the calvary and the long night,
your tears for the hidden chest
and the desire for a warm bed,
but you were a promised bride,
your “husband” Jesus
resting upon your head like a crown of thorns,
every night a drop of blood fell on your forehead
blood on your white sheets,
and you rejoiced
Jesus loves me, you would say
Jesus tells me to love others
the poorest of the poor, the ones like you,
love them even in their agony,
to the last breath,
and deny yourself, you gray butterfly of heaven ...
and you loved them dearly, you sad butterfly of heaven,
denying yourself all dreams of this world,
beside the Virgin’s statue “I’m hungry” you wrote,
there, in the House of the Kind Heart*,
where the abandoned Calcutta baby died in your arms,
where wound after wound would open in your heart,
and your wounded body wondered
through the never ending night of the Titagarh’s,
the gloomy streets shone from your leaking wounds
scarlet colour roses with a thousand petals in Kaligat,
yes Gonxhe, you were hungry,
because you gave others all your love,
those who were hungrier than you,
dying the next day at dawn with you,
oh, one hundred thousand deaths together,
the Brahman women prayed for the “Kali” deity,
they also pray for you, “Sister of Bengal”,
“Mother Teresa” with eyes only for the world of the blind,
Your blue “sari” appeared on the street
like a flag of hope and a love bed,

“We are not alone” said the lepers,
“Our mother is coming, walking on the footsteps of the sun.”
taught by your Drania** as a child,
“Do a good deed as if throwing a stone into the sea,”
and you filled the sea with your stones of love,
you, our passing mother,
climbing the altar of the poets,
through skies of the love of an orphaned world...

We didn't have time...

We didn't have time to talk my dear,
we only planted kisses on each other's chests and fingers
and wandered over bodies of desire,
we didn't have this to talk about it,
we just rang our bells
while they swallowed us whole inside.
We drank from each other's sources
inhaled the nectar of our hair, eyes, lips
the sweetest, which has not been spoken even in the oldest papyrus!
Who are you, who am I,
we didn't say, we only kissed,
drunk, more than Baudelaire from his poems,
we had no time,
even though it seemed we had known each other this whole life;
neighbors of love,
in this relative time we found Einstein!
Where did you come from,
from which part of this hot globe am I?
Who are you my love
with those burning lips at the other end of the world,
who are you – dream hanging over the ceiling of my house,
whom I open my eyes, to see and to greet?
We had no time to talk about our lives and loves
We... forgot entirely about time!



Luz María López (Puerto Rico)

Bilingual author. Poet, narrator, editor, anthologist, translator, international cultural promoter. President Academic Committee International Book Fair EMH Puerto Rico. World Festival of Poetry Continental Director America – International Coordinator. Kathak Literary Award (2017).

you are there!

before all the lights
that turn everything
into hues of colors,
even forging shadows
out of the blue
that encircles the sun,
for in the poetry of darkness also
inhabit the absolute
truth of lights.

and it must be love.

A Song for the Wind

let's unnest the idle story
write again on the tired wall
before time elapses farther,
for the nightmare of the afternoon
dares to entertain itself
on the pulse of eloquent deceits,
casting shadows over one eyes

only to return blinded
calling for true colors
unable to grasp
the sky.

Shroud

We turn our gaze (inward)
where throbs go wandering through locked hallways,
voices piled up in the docility of a mirrorless inertia.
The existing moment is a shroud with fierce teeth.
There isn't poetry between the fingers, neither a reliquary to pray,
while the night fades through the lintel of the door.
There are fears so sacred!
Over the couch the violets doze helplessly.
Ritual dance of lethargic hours.

Eyes

eyes like drops of dew
the world is now revolving
in a rictus unknown to me
eyes the color of light
emerging from every shadow
phantasmagorical omen
eyes holding the salt of the universe
millenarian gospels
tied to the wind
eyes searching for a path
heartbeats rhyming on
the darkest nights
eyes pulsing
the flood of the veins
burning fiercely!



Linda Imbler (USA)

Linda Imbler has six published poetry collections and one hybrid ebook of short fiction and poetry.

She is a Kansas-based Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Nominee. More information can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com.

The 100th Wish

All my hopes sewn into the seams
of the blue peasant dress
I made in 8th grade Home Ec.

A teacher, a musician,
a poet, a crew member aboard the Star Trek Enterprise,
Catholic with spirit, lionized,
Mrs. George Harrison never realized.

Of all the things I was going for
before the clock wound down
to my final seconds,
my 100th wish became
that one man would love me,
in spite of silliness, history, sin
or clash of ideas.

This last dream,
still pressed between the drape of that blue peasant dress,
which I have pulled from my hope chest

and pressed against my cheek,
of that love and contentment long desired,
is now fulfilled.

In Praise of Quiet

Being alone has a power few can handle,
but I find it's better to walk alone
than to stroll in a crowd going amiss.

Cicero said in times of war
the laws fall silent.
While there's no war here,
there is an escalating battle
to protect my own tranquillity.
So, I will use my legitimate weapon
of a closed mouth.

There's nothing sinister in my silence.
I just choose to ignore
the backstabbing that tends to be
today's de rigueur.

I'll press home my advantage
of using my creative powers to ensure
peace of mind.

My breath will fill a balloon of calmness.
The fire of my soul will bring forth
only serene smoke.
The keyhole into my psyche
will accept solely any keys of accord.



Leda García Pérez (Costa Rica)

Leda García Pérez is Costa Rican and Spanish. She is writer, lawyer, communicator and actress, with a career in the cultural world since 1970. She was a member of the Estudiantina of the University of Costa Rica. As an actress, she participated in important theatrical works such as "Las nosgonas de Paso Ancho" and the high comedy "A perfect crime." She is director and founder of the Literary Portal and the International Poetry Festival HOJAS SIN TIEMPO. She is creator of the PATH OF THE POETS on Tortuga Island, coordinator of the FIA LITERARIO in 2017 and 2018, co-founder of the Poiesis Literary Group, co-founder of ADECA (Central American Writers Association). She has published the poetry books With me in the nude, Voices of oblivion, Ineî Poems, Infidel Poems, Songs of stone and petal, Praise of custom, Sleepwalking Poems, Crazy Poems that are loose. Unpublished books: Naughty Poems, The night of the bodies. She has been participated in different anthologies in Europe, Latin America, Mexico and the United States. Her poems have been translated into Arabic, English, French, Bengali, Italian and Swedish. She is member of the Costa Rican Association of Writers (ACE). She is president of the House of the Peruvian Poet, Costa Rica section. She is the manager in Costa Rica of Prometeo de Poesía, (Spain).

ALL OF US

Mirabal Sisters

Juana without bow but Juana

Alfonsina in waters of pain

Mary in times of innocence

Magdalena in the arms of forgiveness

Cleopatra in snake kingdoms
La Pasionaria at war and her mandate
Eve to her exile, but Eve.
I was all the impossible women
that made it possible.
I will be the ones to come.

AT MY PACE

Choose who to love
not just anyone
anyone stands on the doorsteps
where lives a mediocre
and a mediocre doesn't fit on your hip.
Old woman
body of moon in roundness of centuries
when the belly is seed,
it knows where it is going and with whom
insubordinate just because
docility is a patriarch
that doesn't exist in her voice.

REDEMPTION

The skin has lived as it has wanted
You close the platform doors
the train rests in a position of obscurity
outside the stars dance
while a woman
redeems the world.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

Let the snake spits indifference
at the root of the tree
let its poison spoils the rib
where women have been invented
Eva would change the garden
to enjoy
being a thorn or a petal doesn't hurt
Eve without a man from wicked apple trees
Eve with a name
at last we will have paradise.

GOD SAVES YOU

God save you, woman
you are full of light and grace
bless your body
take care of it like your shadow
get out of evil
and if you have to fall into temptation
let it be for your joy
Your will be done here on earth
and live in freedom
on the other hand
God punish you
with hell

Translated by Virginia Fernández Collado



Laurent Caroline Turunc (Turkey – France)

Laurent comes originally from a Turkish family with Arab heritage living in Antakya, and she is the 9th child of this family. She completed her primary and secondary education in Antakya. She started writing at the age of 15. She had written her first novel around this age. Yet, as a result of an unfortunate event, only one night before her novel was going to be sent for publication, her elder brother and mother tore her novel apart. Although this incident made her sad, it did not prevent her from writing again in the coming years. From 2013 on she wrote 1000 poems in total, and she appeared in three anthologies. She published her two poetry collections entitled "In Between the Orient and Shamal" and "Desert Rose". She lives in Paris. Email: *Carolineturunc@yahoo.com*

MY DESERT NANSOOK

I accumulate your voice which is absolutely necessary to me
Your fingerprints that show the clarity of the future
Colors that mix green and yellow
Your heart is like a fragile bunch of grapes.

I accumulate between the Orient and Dahoul
Your shadows imprinted on the sun
Your heels that marked the bed of the river
Your laughter reflected in the eyes

A heart distance between you and the temple if you think about it,
Game of hope, face of silence, turn of morals
A handful of rain on my heart
Letter that makes me turn my tongue

My heart that burns in my desert nansook
First teacher in an invented world
Woman who makes the collapsed imagination straighten up
Child elder sister wife mother
The door I came out of to go aimlessly
My bed where I lie down in a certain way
Cry, but cry until you understand someone
Bend over to listen to my heart before losing myself.

A sentence that is not opposed to the mother
That you run at the first writing of this sentence
One flower that cannot be smeared by smoke
The greatest poverty
For who are not the only mare in paradise.

GET UP AND DRESS UP

Don't think about the day that is still included in the next day
Don't think about tomorrow if you don't know it will come
You would upset the tears in your eyes
Are hurt the rectitudes that would go into error
Beneficial melodies are hurt, those who love you are hurt
Open your curtain to see what's behind
Time flies like lightning while you're still in bed

Get up now and put on your shirt
Water must flow from the face in flood for the bread
You must burn in the heat of the desert
Before the sun at its zenith restricts his skills
Time is the snake and you are a dot in a sentence.
Get up now leave this disappointment
This apathy each quenched his thirst in this bowl

It seems that you have made your soul a home and the camels an inn!
The quality of Noah was patience and his ship the sea
When Moses' mother threw him into the sea
She said my God with the words of the Creator
You too get up hold on to the vessel of patience
Take away the stupid child that dwells in you
Well the heaviest worker was the hawk of the land
When Soliman was remembered

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT

My branches were cut as if they were lying down to form a cross
My dreams sag if I flinch
My breath falls to the ground if I speak
I wanna pull myself up, touch the sun, pick up the scattered wind

My kneaded body is offered to God's table
Like white bread
Gnawed by fear mixed with absolute peace
And I cry without a single tear falling from my eyes
To himself and to those who are not him
And do not think that your power over my branches will last forever
I haven't used all my laughs yet
I contemplate your desires through the song that falls in the night
Too much affection, in front of pain
Me, I am like a river that lets itself flow to God
I suddenly erase the sadness, there by my love of God

You, you burn in the fire that you made sacred
The sacred fire at the divine tables that the wind scatters in the
distance
Your roots will break without them being able to penetrate to the
greatest depths
Without them being able to hold on to the earth.



Lucilla Trapazzo (Italy- Switzerland)

Lucilla Trapazzo, is an Italian poet living in Zurich, Switzerland. After a degree in German Literature (Rome, Italy), a MA in Film & Video (Washington, D.C.), and continuous theatrical and artistic training, she collaborates with art, contemporary music, and literature association in the organization of events and festivals. She was editor of the cinema section of the magazine *AidaNews* (Geneva). Her

activities range among poetry, theater/performance, installations, translations, and literary critiques. In her works she longs for a synthesis of the different artistic languages. Her poems have been published in International anthologies and literary magazines, and awarded numerous prizes. Guest of International Festivals in Macedonia, Tunisia, Albania, Serbia, her works of art are shown at International exhibitions and festivals in UK, USA, France, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands, and South America.

BOOKS : “Ossidiana”, poetry book, September 2018, Volturria Edizioni, Isernia, Italy. (First Prize “I Murazzi”, Turin, 2019).

“Dei Piccoli Mondi”, poetry book, April 2019, Il Leggio Edizioni, Chioggia, Venezia.

“Trentagiorni”, Haiku Lucilla Trapazzo, photography Alfio Sacco, September 2019, Il Sextante, Roma.

Behind the sunset

Look, the shadow falls again
To the East -over there, on the other side
of sunset. Now it's folding in gloom
the weight of the stars.

Stay with me tonight
we could star-gaze the bombs
shine and explode on the river.

Stay. One night only.
Confuse my eyes and the fortune with kisses.

I'd want eyes of Lynx, I'd want
indolent stone. But I have got brooding hen wings
and dawning shadows; in the womb
handfuls of crumpled stars.
Stay. Let's set the night on fire
(with a glow of doubt or a glimmer of idea).

Sorry, with the years and the hormones I forget
everything and I talk too much.
Footnotes of heaven, we are in the verb
in the imperfect time.
Stay with me and brighten up the night.

Still in the mirror

Don't ask about me; don't ask me.
I am. Here. Five hundred thousand minutes
and millions of years later, in my hands
a cup of coffee. On the window frame drifts
the rain, it slips
on the train tracks, on the gray of the asphalt
in the depth of manholes.

It was raining that day at the museum. Rain
in the bar, in the glasses, it rained
on the gesture of the hand – yours, so big –
mirror of mine. Still, it was raining
at night in the room of suspended
questions. And you hardly held back
the blue, fracture of the ego.
We laugh, perhaps, in another

universe, clinging by chance
again to a kiss, on the eyes
in the blood. And you move me
forever.

Now. Here. At the crossing of the winds.
I become word. Of stone
and sand. For the last time.
At the end of the road a new illusion.

- *Où tu veux si tu veux quand tu veux* -
(When you want, if you want, when you want)

Memories follow each other tonight and they blend.
In the black and white photo you are laughing.
At your back, the sea.
And it's you. Without time.

We had clouds in our eyes
and a shard of sun.
(in our hair the illusion made of glass that time was ours)
we had the night and the sea and a grief
dressed in blue, and the carmine red of laughs, and caps
and a rose in a vase
- Je te promets le ciel- you sang to my rebel feet

I am still body, sneeze, I am hunger and thirst
I am still fountain and urgent longing for a divine.
I open wide the balcony to the night and you are Light
(is it really necessary a body to love?)

There is a branch blossoming in the center of my hand
at the crossing of the line of fortune.
- *Où tu veux si tu veux quand tu veux* -



Le Ngoc Ninh (Vietnam)

Le Ngoc Ninh is PhD of mining science, his pen name is Ngoc Le Ninh, given birth October 24 th 1969. He was born in Hai Nhan village, Tinh Gia district, Thanh Hoa province, Viet Nam. He lives in Ha Noi Capital and working at General Department of Environment, VIETNAM MONRE. He is also the member of Ha Noi writers association. His poems were published in Viet Nam, USA, Belgium, Spain, Anbani and other countries. He has just received a poetry prize 2019 from International writers association (IWA-Bogdani) for his poems.

THE DESERT SOUL

The group of camels used to live in the desert
Who caught and confined them in the middle of green forests?
I heard them talking one another anxiously:
Those people sold us for fulfilling their greed.

A camel came to my side crying in a whine voice:
He remembered the sun, white sand, green oases
The desert soul gleaming in the illusory region
His mind wondered when the war would be ended?
In this world, only two-tenths of people lived in honesty
The one-third of the rest lived in deceiving one another
Many fights demolished the ground
They struggled for snatching oil barrels.

The two other camels were arguing about the beauty
Muslim women always covered their faces for far watching

Because kings' achievements would be collapsed
By the intrigues of women beauty
They talked together that: Later, Buddhists would lean against
pagodas
Wailing so bitterly that the trunks of banyans getting numb cold
The Lamb would be asleep, the Father be upset, the God vanish
The sun would shake shattering the whole galaxy.

Three camels stood head-to-head telling stories:
The nature mother excessively spoiled humans
Let them blocking up rivers and drying up seas as much as they could
Allowed them burning and destroying forests, killing animals and
trapping wild birds.
They divided the earth into hundreds of pieces
Then, they forgot one another, so they encountered language
difference
It was unable to dissuade the crowd of arrogant people from bad
actions
The earth became sad, lamenting in silent midair.

Four camels ran around me in anger:
Hey, humans, you should understand about the lifestyle of herd
Look at Bees, Ants, Elephants, Tigers and Lions
They need a leader for keeping security
Life, indeed, has the rich and the poor
The foolish make believe that they are smart
Do not dream that Elephants could eat Ants
Do not confine camels in green forests.

But I understand and those Camels also know:
The sky darken making the eye of dusk broken
When sunrays could not touch the earth's soul
Humans would bury themselves in a heap of loneliness
Nipping together lies and trickeries
Greediness and fights make them ferocious

Sins flicker in wind and sand
Swallowed up by the dark hole blinding the eye of time.

FANTASTIC DREAM POEM

By night, worried, hearing that much more people died
From China to the whole Europe
People's screams of complaint cause grief to the earth
The Coronavirus war has broken out all the five continents.
By night, in dream, encountering the Nature Creator
He says that he is despairing and anxious
You are the very ones causing the disaster, aren't you?
Find out those who are spreading the miseries.
By night, full of terror, hearing the viruses saying:
They are incarnate beings living throughout the earth
Long to kill all the masterminds of plague
The ones who are greedy, deceitful and cruel.
By night, are the ghostly spirits of someones staggering to and fro?
Are souls of victims crying so loud that the time broken?
Those who have sowed the disaster into the good persons unjustly
Karma retribution would fall down destroying their greed and cruelty.
By night, many ghosts have appeared or hidden harassing
Because of the virus war has been spreading all over the globe
The atmosphere is full of smell of fishy blood mixed into soil
In suffocation, where would all living creatures run to?
By night, in fantastic dream, meeting God who is saving souls
This war is bearing up the heavy human suffering
Together pursuit the masterminds of this crime
Keep the peace, and keep the earth safe./.

Translated into english by Linh Vu



Lali Tsipi Michaeli (Israel)

Lali Tsipi Michaeli is an international Israeli poet. Born in Georgia in 1964. She immigrated to Israel at the age of seven. She has published six poetry books so far. Her poems have been translated into 25 languages. Attended international poetry events in New York, Georgia,

Italy France, Romania and India. In 2011 Lali conducted an anthology for protest “Resistance”, in which she presents her personal poetic manifesto, claiming that “poetry as a whole is a revolt.” In the past decade, Lali has created 15 Poetry Video Art that have taken part in world poetry festivals such as ZEBRA in Berlin, where she reads her poems in public spaces, expanding the circle of poetry consumers. “The poem is not purely purely individual. It is common ground and should be heard in a great voice,” the poet claims. She has one son and lives in Tel Aviv by the sea.

Barefoot in the world

A.

I escaped into the world
to embrace the true history
that rests behind the front
how fickle it is to say History
when every place is intertwined with a different time component
like it is wrong to say –
all the women are Marias
and all the men Michelangelo

B.

I spend some time among the graves
the walls
the sculptures

legends
myths yearnings and art about
curling up in eternity
under heavy surveillance
and for a substantial fee

C.

I don't remember how many times I was lost
wandering through Venice?

Between stone houses, sacred to Christians
to stone houses, sacred to Jews
forced into cinnamon alleys
that lead me, eventually
to my identity
like the Star of David
crucified in language
to the gaze on the water bus
to the dead memory

D.

Let's forget about the dead for a while
death does their PR professionally
enough
let's focus on us
the lost
the defenseless
those with no answers
crazy with doubts
who cut off their arm
pluck their hair

those who peel off their skin in a globe-like circle
falling into the trap of life

E.

Garbage garbage
humans, deviously,

project their weaknesses unto animals
growing a belly of secrets
crumpling paper
throw themselves at the wall
push their head forward
like drunken horses
biting the playing fingers
in the other's C in order to see themselves
those who unpick seams that don't fit the decree
who weigh themselves after feces
who insert in their bodies drugs medication vitamins
placebo
to be rescued
from taking control over life
to get drunk
to lose painlessly

F.

Crying in a street that speak another language
laughing in a square like those in your

city
taking pictures of landscapes covered with the heads of tourists
what do they all want
why are they here
why don't I
stop walking all the time
ha? And where
where do I go from here

Translated from Hebrew by Maayan Eitan



Liang Shengling (China)

LIANG Shengling, is a poet in contemporary China, and he was born in 1958 in Nanning, Guangxi.

As a freelancer who began writing poems since 2003, he has published his poems on various literary magazines and newspapers.

In 2014 he was invited to attend the “Seminar on Literary Language” which was held at Zhejiang Normal University.

He has published four poetry collections such as *A Nail Is Advancing*.

Climbing to Laghenla Mountain Pass

The sky opened by prayer banners
The mountain is walking on the land of his own fulfilled prophecy
I step over my own body
Fondling, attentive
The blood pressure is no higher than Laghenla Mountain Pass

Laghenla Mountain Pass is not a mountain pass
It is a post built by Buddha in the sky
Add oxygen to pilgrims, to rid distracting thoughts in the mind
In gazing Buddha is gazing
In gazing people see themselves

Here, I reach a beam of light
And see myself fondling my own body
Scoop the clear water of wind in the wind
Clean my own soul with my own soul
It the sky it is clear and bright, without a trace of shadow

Going to Bayanbulak

Travelling, I bring with me a road of 60 kilometers per hour
Enveloped by wafting blue fluorescent ribbon
September, the seasonal golden light has illumined horses and cattle
and sheep
White clouds and snow are watching at the height
Bayanbulak is moving the grassland

The herd of sheep advancing, stopping now and then
I approach them with kindness
Approaching, see the eyes of sheep from the black head
The vast grassland is puzzled in the eyes of the sheep
As if winter is free of the shadow of the sheep

Now I am not sorrowful
In the eyes of Bayanbulak I am a docile child
At the advent of winter a skin is presented to me
This is the most precious gift to me by September
The kindest blessing: bliss

Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong



Luo Qihong (China)

LUO Qihong, is an excellent poetess in contemporary China. Born in 1961, she now lives in Wuhan, the capital of Hubei Province, China. She is a member of China Poetry Society, of the Association of Hubei Provincial Writers, and of the Association of Hubei Provincial Musicians. Her works have been carried on magazines and newspapers such as People's Daily, Selected Poems, The Star Poetry, Guangming Daily, Yanhe River, Tianjin Poets, The Years, The World Daily, Time & Space for Music, and

Yangcheng Evening News, etc., and her works have been included into quite a few annual anthologies of poetry, and she has won some prizes. She has published a novel entitled *Oh Snow, Where Are You*, a collection of musical compositions entitled *The Works of LUO Qihong*. Her representative work is *Chinese Mothers*, which has won the third prize for original music composition; *Mother's Buddhist Scriptures* is praised as a work of deity, and is included into the collection of classic new songs 2012.

The Sky Is the Hometown of Myriads of Things

The sky is the hometown of myriads of things,
Which in its eyes,
Are all its children.

Pigs, dogs, cattle, sheep
Are all its children.

Frogs, ants, are its children.

Flying birds in the sky and typhoon at the sea,
Are also its children ...

Sprays in its eyes, are sprays no more,
But naughty typhoon; typhoon in its eyes,
Are typhoon no more, but stubborn infidels;
Infidels in its eyes, are infidels no more,
But its stubborn children.

Poets in its eyes, are poets no more,

But travelers given to tears. It says: travelers given to tears
Are not infidels, hence the persons most solicitous by it ...

Mother's Wooden Box

Allow the poet to have a pen
In a daze looking at Mother's wooden box during her life.

Allow the wooden box to run together with the cloth shoes
Made by Mother. Allow the cloth shoes to live
In the code of the universe, against the light
To walk freely.

Let it build its own temple
For the stooped furnace fire.
Allow the temple to have
A tape measure of original taste and flavor.

Allow the tape measure to vomit bad luck
To measure the lowest permissible level of human virtue
To measure verses in ink and whip scars in the world.

Now, the tape measure of original taste and flavor
Traverses space background, obtains the probing
footsteps of a pen from the eyes
of the wooden box.

And a pile of fire before the temple
With the stamp of nine meters, to obstruct
The fickleness of human relationships.

Years Later

Years later, I turn into ashes
Sleeping by the network of big tree roots
Reincarnated into angel and lightning
To redeem some twisted things.

If you pass by me
Please do not be sentimental for my sobbing tears.
Assume that you see a woman living in hills and rills,
Who takes a zither with broken strings as a palette,
To smear the singing on the string.

If I suddenly see a hurricane uplifted by the lightning,
And have cut off the head of a demon,
Please do not be frightened out of your wits.
You need only to bring your sleep with birth,
To cast a glance at the lightning,
And it will tell you
The chord which is clean and clear.

It will tell you:
In its playing of the catapult of reincarnation,
This is the best thing it has done.

Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong



Lily Swarn (India)

Internationally acclaimed , multilingual poet, author, columnist, peace ambassador, radio show host has four books in different genres to her credit . Gold medallist from Chandigarh, with two University Colours for Dramatics and “A Trellis of Ecstasy “is applauded by Chief Minister ,Punjab .Journal of Commonwealth Literature , London called it a “Veritable Delight “.Lily’s poems translated into 16 languages, feature in international anthologies.

Lilies of the Valley, (essays), ”The

Gypsy Trail “, (novel) launched by Governor Punjab

“History on My Plate”, are widely acclaimed.

“A Versatile Genius”, “Our Poetry Archive”, Atunispoetry.com, Mind Creative (Australia), Poem Kubili, The Garden of Poetry and Prose (USA), Incredible Women of India, Learning and Creativity, Different Truths feature her work .

Member, administrator for organizations in Ghana, United World Movement for Children.

Radio Show host in USA, interviewed by Red River Radio , USA, Sher e Punjab radio, Vancouver.

Invited to recite by Sahitya Akademi , Lily’s Urdu ghazals are now sung by prominent voices .Celebrated internationally in “25 Wonderful Women of Excellence,” “Women of Essence “ books , Lily is now working on her 5 th book. Her inspiration is her son who died young .Her inspiration is her son who died young .

When Death Looms

When death looms overhead

Like a princely tent in the desert

Or lies in ambush in the Amazonian jungles

Creeping Anaconda like to squash you in a deadly hug

It's time to cherish the tiny joys
Hold the small change of life close to your heart
The pennies and dimes are more valuable
Than the millions rotting in banks
Putrid with their own inebriated gloating
Pumped up with their own pomposity

Sense that motia flower spread its heady fragrance
Amidst heaps of charred remains
Of bodies killed for the caps they wore
Or the signs on their foreheads proclaiming their faith
Smell the blood red rosebud shyly lying on the carcasses

Watch the cheerful little chap giving tea in grimy glasses
To vacant eyed office clerks with identical expressions
Quite like their dull uninteresting neck ties
Chosen by over enthusiastic wives
Busy cooking lady finger and onions

When disease spreads it's octopus claws surreptitiously
Face the music of the nomads in the mountains
Let it seep into your being like manna from heavens
Warming your bloodstream with shots of unadulterated bliss
Making you hug yourself with your floral summer scarves

Catch the moon rays in your chunni
Capture their magical aura in its silken strands
Let the chiffon of your transparent soul swish and twirl
Along with the sensuous yards of fabric

Goodbyes are never easy my friend
Don't watch me fade away
I'm not a flaming sunset to colour you orange
I am a vain human desperately trying to learn
What this wondrous world is all about

Remember me with love in your diaphanous auras
For Love will remain my favourite word
Long after I'm dead and gone.

Colours on My Mind

Colours were on my mind today
The soft hues of love in your large eyes
Carefully guarded and camouflaged
They were the pink of the kachnar flowers
I could spy their embers behind the veil of your iron soul

The green garb of my jealous eyes
As I tried to unearth your secret interests
Like the clingy green moss on wet cliffs
It hurt my tired irises with a relentless throbbing
Till I soothed them with a spring of shimmering brine

The dull grey of the ocean with the sinking canoe of my heart
Dyed in the shades of the dome of clouds above
On a dreary day in the month of Phagun
Sorrow colouring the spirit of holi
Deaths and diseases lurking like thieves

Yes ! Colours were on my mind today
A far cry from my purple passions
My flaming silks , my turquoise azures
No satin mauves or grassy greens
They were the brush strokes of murder and mayhem
Tinting my aura with defiant dalliance!



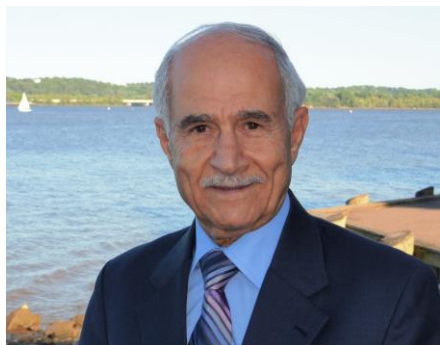
©*Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands) "Blue, green and red"*

Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator, has been living in Leusden, The Netherlands, since the end of 2012. Her sources of inspiration are nature, love, loss, childhood memories and travel. In 1988 she debuted with Raindrops on the water. Since then about 40 poetry volumes have been published, including translations in foreign languages (Polish, Romanian, Spanish, French, Norwegian, English).

Poems have been translated in about 20 languages.

She attended five years evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium). Hannie writes about a variety of diverse topics. 'Poetry is on the street, for the taking', is an adage for her. She mixes observations from reality with imagination and gives a pointe to her feelings and findings. Unrestrained imagination plays a major part in her works.

She published a few stories (short thrillers); is a compiler of various poetry collections. She is a member of the Flemish Association of Poets and Writers (VVL, Antwerp).



**Prof. Mohamed Rabie, PhD
(Jordan – USA)**

Website: <http://www.yazour.com>

Dr. Rabie is a professor of International political economy. After graduating from Jericho High School, he pursued college and graduate studies in Egypt, Germany and the US, earning degrees in agricultural economics, rural sociology and economics; he received a PhD degree in Economics in 1970 from the University of Houston. Prof. Rabie taught at 11 Arab, American and European universities, including Georgetown and Johns Hopkins Universities, Kuwait University, and Al Akhawayn University in Morocco. Between 2003 and 2005, he was a guest professor at St. Galen University in Switzerland; and between 1998 and 2001, he was an academic advisor to Erfurt University in Germany. Prof. Rabie has so far published 43 books, 12 in English, and 31 in Arabic. English books include: *The Politics of Foreign Aid*, 1988; *The New World Order*, 1992; *Conflict Resolution and Ethnicity*, 1994; *the US-PLO Dialogue*, 1995; *Saving Capitalism and Democracy*, 2013; *Global Economic and Cultural Transformation*, 2013; *A Theory of Sustainable Sociocultural and Economic Development*, 2016, and *The Global Debt Crisis and its Socioeconomic Implications*, 2018. Major books in Arabic include: *The Brain Drain*, 1972; *Economy and Society*, 1973; *the Other Side of the Arab Defeat*, 1987; *the Making of American Foreign Policy*, 1990; *The Making of the Arab Future*, 2000; *Leadership and the Making of History*, 2009; *Culture and the Arab Identity Crisis*, 2010; *Arabs' Self-Destruction*, 2013; *the Making of History and Sustainable Development*, 2015; *Arabs in the Eye of the Storm*, 2015. In addition to a story, two novels, 3 books of poetry, and his memoirs of 5 books. Prof. Rabie served in the mid-1970s on the boards of the Arab Fund for Technical Assistance for African Countries, the Palestine National Fund, and the steering committee of the Euro-Arab Dialogue. Currently, Dr. Rabie is a fellow of the Alexander von Humboldt Stiftung, a member of the Arab Thought Forum, and president of the Arab Thought Council. He is also the founding editor of the *Social Sciences Quarterly* published by Kuwait University.

A Birthday Reminder

A birthday is a kind reminder
Of the many years that are gone
And the more that are still to come
The need to forget the bad ones
And make the new real fun
To embrace the shining moon
And celebrate the rising sun

A birthday is a beautiful occasion
To be surrounded by loving friends
Laugh, dance, play and hug everyone
Relax, and let the soul be rejuvenated
Forget past mistakes you've done
And commit to making good of days to come

A birthday is a gentle reminder
Of the many sleepless nights, you spent alone
Negotiating deals that could never be done
Missing the birds singing in the morning
And the setting of the evening sun
Worrying about life's ups and downs
That may never, ever come

A birthday is a wakeup call
That happiness is a shadow
A ghost that is always on the run
Riding on the shoulders of someone
Your love so dearly
And your heart says he is the one
In whose eyes you see the shining moon
In whose heart you feel the warmth of a rising sun
In whose arms you live many dreams
And believe that the end of joy
Will never, ever come

Acts of Life

I wonder what life is about
Is it a tragedy that has no end?
Innocent souls lost in the wilderness
Meaningful words, meaningless acts

Is life God's wonderful act?
A spectacular show of his artful art
Devils and angels playing a game
Without an end in sight
Is life you, she and I
Rich and poor
Strong and weak
Masters and slaves
Fat rats and hungry cats
Acting their instinctive acts
A cat waiting for a tasty meal
A trembling rat living in fear
Mother earth is watching silently
And no one with a heart is there
To save a poor rat from a hungry cat

Life, after all, is an act
Of God and man and nature
Playing the game of cat and rat
An interesting, boring, senseless play
That has no end in sight
Yet, no one is willing to admit the fact
That life is a craft for us to learn
How to live a worthy life without pain
As we live, play, cry and die in the act

www.yazour.com



Marisa Russo
(Argentina – USA)

Marisa Russo was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1969. Poet, cultural consultant and university professor living in USA since 1986. She studied a Master and Bachelor's in Spanish and Latin American

Literature in Hunter College of the City University of New York. She is a doctoral candidate in education with emphasis in pedagogic mediation in the Universidad de La Salle, Costa Rica. She founded the cultural movement Turrialba Literaria in Costa Rica in 2015. Coordinated the I Summit de Voces de América Latina in Costa Rica, 2017, and the Festival Internacional Grito de Mujer, Sede Turrialba, Costa Rica, 2018. Currently, she is Adjunct Professor of the Romance Languages Department, Hunter College (CUNY) and consultant of the group Rizoma Literario NYC of the La Academia Literaria, Hunter College. Founder and Director of Nueva York Poetry Press, Co-founder and Editor-in-Chief of the magazine Nueva York Poetry Review. The book *The Language of the Parks* is her first poetry publication – Honorable Mention International Latino Books Award 2019. *Jardines colgantes* has been published by the project Lima Lee – Festival Primavera Poética 2020.

DIATRIBE AGAINST A MUSICIAN

I. She Leaves Murray Hill

All the benches in this park
are taken by your band:
a guitar that fills the air with despair,
congas that you loosen up religiously,
a drum box that doesn't follow the rhythm,
an Argentine bombo that yearns for its homeland,
a keyboard that dreams of your caress,

a panpipe hung in sorrows,
and a pan flute that kisses you more than I.

The benches in this park demand your steps.
The one I find empty shows me a sign that reads:
“Occupied.”

While your quena draws borders, the charango settles.

I migrate to another park
with my bandoneon.

II. He Leaves Midtown

Take down your winds and move your drums.

The guitar will no longer wait for your fingers to bleed,
the Peruvian drum box will understand your emptiness.

The Argentine bombo
will only speak my language.

Continue kissing the pan flute.

While the quena builds a world,
here I settle my bandoneon.

GRANDMOTHER’S HANGING GARDENS

Estela’s patio was a stage of ivy curtains. From that refuge on the twelfth floor in Buenos Aires, she chatted, between mate and mate, with Sabato.

One day, while pedaling the sewing machine, she confessed she detested Borges. I didn't tell her. I had Fictions in the bottom of my backpack. I felt like one who hides a boyfriend.

Grandmother never drank mate, she didn't read Borges either nor she knew Sabato.

I enjoy with hidden delight her tales. I say to myself almost praying: "I hope one day, to climb its vines".

This February, between Borges and I, are grandmother's white hands.

NAHUI OLLIN

Chapultepec forest knows Nahui wishes to be, just for one night, Carmen once again. This Mexican has boarded a boat to Lisbon and has not come back. Nahui yearns going into a saloon, meet a man, drink a tequila, go to his hotel, get naked.

Nahui, however, holds cats, nocturnal embraces, peculiar glancing eyes. The oil paintings are not enough to hold a glass, to undo her bodice.

MARLENE DIETRICH

"I cannot stop letting myself be kissed easily", writes in her journals from youth.

Lola Lola crosses Tiergarten like a comet of slender legs. She crosses the Universum Film studio with white shoes, beret and cigar. She lets the ashes drop without concealing infidelities. Marlene gathers them and powders her face.

Behind the curtains it is well known that she sleeps with everybody, except with Adolph. She smokes those who say she is to blame for World War Two.

Translated by Silvia Rafti



Dr. Maria Miraglia (Italy)

Educationist, poet, translator, essayist, peace activist, Maria A. Miraglia was born and lives in Italy.

For a long time an active member of Amnesty International, of Ican.

She herself founder of World Foundation for Peace, literary director of the Italian cultural association P. Neruda, honorary member of Naciones Unidas de las Letras, advisory member of several international editorial boards.

Presidente de la Organization Mundial de los Trovadores, deputy president of the

United World Movement for Children (UWMC). She collaborates for poetry with numerous national and international magazines.

Her poems have been translated into many foreign languages and are collected in numberless anthologies all over the world.

Her works are in Italian, English or both languages.

She is guest of international festivals for poetry and recipient of numerous national and international awards and recognitions.

IN THE SILENCE

It almost scares me
this intimate feeling of peace
deep penetrating
that gives the sense of suspension
of detachment

Noises and anxieties
seem to have vanished
in the sweet air
of the evening
But a sudden thought

like the hoarse cawing
of a crow
among goldfinches
merrily twittering
disturbs this quietness

How long will it last
I wonder
while
in the silence
the awe of the elusive
of the unpredictable
poisons the air

And the fears
of impending storms
destroying the garden of roses
with care cultivated
over the time
invades my mind my spirit

IT WAS DAWN

I decided to go, at last
to get out from that house
which had been for so long mine
heavy and grim the atmosphere
divergences and aloofness
great like mountains
never a word of love
never a smile
but...silences
The only deliverance
from the everlasting oppression

to run quickly away
and the day came
It was dawn
the first day-lights peeping
from the horizon
and aimless
i closed behind me that door
only a lean cat in the avenue and
just some streetlights
still lightening the houses
inside me a faint hope
to hear a familiar voice
crying out my name
Not far the sea and its waves
rhythmically breaking
against the rocks
I found myself there
shivering with cold
yet could clearly hear
coming from the deep waters
a caressing voice
and i let me go to its inviting call
My heart stopped beating
my lungs breathing
but I could see
shortly after
some passers by
looking at my lifeless body and
from a distance hear
their voices whisper
a drowned man...a drowned man



Marianne Szlyk (USA)

Marianne Szlyk's poems have appeared in of/with, bird's thumb, Cactifur, Mad Swirl, Setu, Solidago, Ramingo's Porch, Bourgeon, Bradlaugh's Finger, the Loch Raven Review, Epiphanies and Late Realizations of Love, and Resurrection of a Sunflower, an anthology of work responding to Vincent Van Gogh's art. Her full-

length book, *On the Other Side of the Window*, is now available from Pski's Porch and Amazon. She also edits the blog-zine *The Song Is...*, a summer-only publication: <http://thesongis.blogspot.com>

This Morning, Facing West

Last night's road corkscrewed here,
taking her in every
direction. This morning
facing west, she sits still
on the second-floor porch.
There is more to see now.
The wash of clouds could be
spindrift on a far shore.
A house's odd angles
unfold. Trees she should know
stand there, blocking her view.
She squints to recall what
they are but knows only
the maple at her side.
Last bumblebees hover
over unnamed flowers,
unnamed vines. Bright green scent
climbs up to her. Orange
lilies wave in slight breeze.

Listening to Haydn's Morning Symphony at Night

Inside the bright church
you don't believe
in, flutes and violins
mimic birds
before dawn. Outside

birds are nesting.
Cicadas have taken
their place. We
hear their chirps and beeps
throughout the night.

Gleaming harpsichord cleans
them up, makes
them musical, blends
them with flute and
violin's replica

of birdsong.
A cello copies
other bugs' drones,
sound of August nights, of
windows shut

tight against humid
darkness. At last
we imagine streetlight
through stained glass
as Sunday's daybreak.

New Hampshire 1975

There weren't waves to surf
at the lake, but we
made it our ocean. Trees
claimed edges of the beach,
the way palms did on
Gilligan's Island, though pinecones
didn't knock you out like coconuts
really would. Mom said they
might even kill you, smash
you flat.

We imagined the Minnow landing,
away from our little TV
that pulled in one channel,
even with Dad hitting it
and fiddling with the hanger.
Gilligan would make our beach
more fun, not like older
brothers who sailed off or
chased girls or slept late.

At the end of August,
we could all drive down
together where a lake
is a lake, a TV
show is in color, and
tabloids show actors older,
more foolish, sun struck
In LA, Mom said.



Dr. Masduzzaman (Bangladesh)

Dr. Masduzzaman is an eminent scholar, poet, translator, essayist, and editor of a literary magazine called Teerandaz, published from Bangladesh. He has taught many universities abroad. As a poet and critic he has conducted workshops for young writers and attended international poetry festivals and conferences around the world.

He has published a wide range of publications including six books of poetry and six books of literary criticism, and sixteen edited books on poetry, comparative literature and culture. Currently he is working as a professor of literature at the Institute of Education and Research, University of Dhaka, Bangladesh. He is the founder editor of online literary portal Teernadaz.

Suicide Notes

This furniture this silence this quiet forest
One man is dozing on a chair by himself
The table is cold, the sun is setting, but it hasn't melted yet
The rain-tree-forest itself narrated the story of days when it sheds its
leaves while trembling in sheer cold
Why did the sofa scream for the lonely tree?
Its branches cried remorsefully
A silence circularly surrounded this very house moments ago
It floated in my existence like a boat too
The emptiness caused by the pain of a frozen rock is a blood-rose
The air trapped all over inside the hollow pipe
You are gazing at the earth from the depth of the sea with bitterness
towards life

This gaze of yours is warm and colorful like a rose
Countless fish are shaking like saints
You might not know they're aiming for someone
Or they're looking for something or they're sheltering themselves
They're actually looking for the seeds of dreams and binoculars
Their eyes are so widely open it feels like someone has hung their
eyeballs
They will keep hanging in space as your soul's stars before rolling
down to the earth

You were explaining a lot of things
Are you still or are you like an ostrich in the face of a gun
You hide your face in the sand
You rose to great heights of the mountains after being rejected

The ultimate ending is not like this
You wanted to write calm and smooth poems
But your face is slowly dropping towards the earth

You wrote your suicide notes yourself.

Translation: Anonno Sayed Haq

The Story of a Blue Mountain

A white house is next to the forest. Every day you enter that house in silence.

All the mind-refreshing-trees are around the house.

The green wings of the bushes are on the trees. Through a little touch Of wind, the trees start flying by fluttering their wings.

A little farther on, a happy pine-bush is there.

Happy enough, because

Whenever they see you, they hug and kiss each other with their long bodies,

Then there originate cracking-noises in the air.

There is only one way out of the house. The zigzag path has ascended Towards the blue mountain, there is a fountain, pine and poplars are there.

As soon as you climb the mountain, all the white and brown clouds

Stand close to your body to touch the clouds,

You get startled;

You are not touching my chin!

Further up is the hilltop, as soon as you get there; the world seems so small, like a dot.

Where were you, where did you come from?

Such a house you dreamed of.

From the top of the mountain to the side of the pine,

Following fountain, partridge, wildflower and a couple of deer are there.

Thus afternoon comes closer all around.

Just then, just before jumping from the summit into the air

I remembered that favorite face.

Translation: Ashraful Kabir



María Cristina Azcona (Argentina)

María Cristina Azcona was born in April 5, 1952, Buenos Aires city, Argentina. Azcona has 16 books published, original in Spanish or English. Many others as author and coauthor in the country and abroad. She is Founder & President to Worldwide Peace Organization- WWPO based in Buenos Aires, Argentina and Chicago, IL- USA; Academician member in education for HD & HS

Human Dignity and Humiliation Studies Columbia University, NY; Director in Latin America for IFLAC: International Forum for a literature and a culture of peace; Cofounder Advisor to Poets and Storytellers of the Mercosur, Rosario, Sta Fe, Argentina; Cofounder & Vice president – GHA: Global Harmony Association-St Petersburg-Russia; Also symbol of Harmonious Peace and Honored Translator; Peace Ambassador -Circle peace ambassadors of Switzerland and France; President and Co-founder of United Nations Letters of Colombia; Deputy Executive President of UHE Hispano mundial Union of Writers of Peru; Honorary Advisor for the Editorial and Publishing Non-profit Foundation Cyberwit.net India; Representative in Argentina for “The Love Foundation” Florida, USA. She has published:

In Spanish: She has written as both author and coauthor about sixteen books: In Spanish there are two poetry collections “Dos Talles Menos de Cerebro” (1999) and “Mundo Postmoderno” (2000), both books fully illustrated by the author herself. A novel “La Voz del Ángel” (2002) and a self help essay, “Estar de Novios Hoy”, (2003), this one written jointly with her husband, Ernesto Castellano.”El Gran Doctor de la Paz” 2016, Azcona and others, published by Cook Comm, Chicago USA; “Vivamos en Paz” 2017 by M C Azcona, published by Cook Comm, Chicago USA.

In English: A peace poetry collection called “Window to Heaven” in January 2005 and “A Guide to finding peace” a 300 pages -essay and bilingual poems book, January 2008 – by Cyberwit, Publishers Allahabad, “My Beloved Daydreams” poems and poetry renderings, SANBUN, New Delhi, all published in India. “Strategies for Peace”, published by Cook Comm, Chicago USA. “Peace, Literature and Art.” UNESCO EOLSS.

Farewell

Farewell, farewell my rainbow
Your eyes are full of sorrow.
Goodbye so long my worshiped
Goodbye, my partner, treasured.
Your tears fall from towering pain
Your nice eyebrows are my chain
Farewell, farewell my happiness
Your eyes are full of sadness
Let me tell you about our son's figure
His hair and eyebrows have your feature
Goodbye so long my brave soldier
Goodbye, my chevalier
I think on you and my rhythm stop
While whispering our favorite hip-hop
and now, after you have been so far
your rests are coming from a useless war

A Place to Live

No matter how, no matter who
The really important fact is Truth.
What Justice needs to find is a route
Towards the internal root.
The way is hard, the place is the heart,
The guide must be in you.
No matter how much you fight,
No matter what you have in sight,
Simply begin to walk towards the light
Escaping from the shadows of the night.
Let the phantoms of your fear
Disappear, disappear.
Dance the ballet with the sun

Far from bullets, near to your son.
Sing and pray and you will achieve
consciousness of a world
which is yet a place to live.

The peace flower

She opens velvet petals widely
While the cold dew covers her slightly
It is formed by rivers of tears originated
In victims suffering disconsolately

The pink glow fades the cold color,
That is formed under a sky blue
Not even the pain, fear or the sorrow
Survive to its spiritual perfume

She wants to give peace under a golden sun,
Emerald the cup, the face silky...
She can feel that the world has changed...
Flower that gives its fruit, generously...
Should grow in this meadow of ours!
Instead of death vile and hateful war!



Miradije Ramiqi (Kosova)

Miradije Ramiqi, Pozharan, 1953, Kosova.

She is a poet and painter, is an already well-known artist. Apart from her participation in numerous fine arts individual and collective exhibitions, she has published the following books of poetry: “Shivering Colors” (1981), “Rain in the Mirror” (1990) and “Kingdom Whisper” (1990), “The return of the broken silence” 2008

OnThe Crossroad

Now I don't know
yet have I descend within myself

Or I have gone out of it

With one more tear
I have taken this road
To get there once
Without getting old from waiting

On the crossroad
From where I'm being chased through wrinkles
That the longing steadily increases them

Now I don't know
Have I gone out of myself
Or I'm closed in it

Let it Rain

You'll get nothing
Except that once you had

Nor those empty frame

I hanged my soles into the brush
I walked three palms more
I closed into my smile
There I found you,my slave

However,we were together on this road

It's a miracle:We reached the studio
Now they can expel us from here
In any world exhibition

Let there be taught the anatomy of model
And let it rain,maestro

Tomorrow I'll die

Tomorrow I'll die
If you say so
With the morning's goodbye
I'll take the goodness of life
And with the newspapers
Latest news
Then the greetings of the books on the shelf
I'll take by myself with the pain of soul
Tomorrow I'll take the death with myself

Translated by Avni Spahiu



Milica Jeftimijević Lilić (Serbia)

Milica Jeftimijević Lilić was born at Lovac near Banjska, Kosovo & Metohija, on August 28, 1953. She graduated at the Faculty of Philosophy in Priština, and won a master's degree in philological sciences at the University of Belgrade. She was a professor at the University of Priština, and editor on Belgrade TV. She has published the following collections of poems: *Dark, Salvation* (1955), *The Hibernation* (1998), *The Travelogue of the Skin* (2003), and a collection of stories *The Subject-matter of the Case* (2002). She has also published

books of criticism: *Poetics of the Premonition* (2004), *The Epsistomological Illuminations* (2007), *Critical Roots and Ranges* (2011), *The Exactness of the Secret* (2012)...*Partenon buildings of stars, (poetry)*, *Arka Smederevo*, *Stari Kolašin, Zbin Potok*, 2015, *The letters to Ulysess (poetry)*, 2017, *Alma, Belgrade, An unexpected encounter*, Centre of culture, Raška / *Zadužbina Vladete Jerotića*, 2017, *Hide on the shine of eyes, (stories)*, 2019, *BKC, Novo Miloševo, KRK, Vest Čester, SAD, About Kosovo, again, (and other poems)*, Prishtina, *Jedinstvo*, 2019. She also writes stories for children which have been published in *Children's Papers, Jedinstvo*, and other newspapers. She is represented in many anthologies and has many literary awards of national importance as international...Her poems and pieces of criticism have been translated into Russian, English, Italian, German, French, Hungarian, Macedonian, Turkish, Swedish, Polish and Arabic....more than 28 languages of world. She was vice President of the Association of writers of Serbia, a member of literary society of writers of Kosovo and Metohija and a member of the Association of Journalists of Serbia. Lives in Belgrade since 1999.

POETRY

Being born out of body and mind, I am a duality
 Defined by heavenly and bodily existence.
 Sometimes I celebrate the Creator, the soul of everything,

Sometimes I am only a body,
My earthly being burns brightly.
Sometimes helpless I curse base intents of the world,
Sometimes I whine sadly
For the lost home, man, and mind.
But I am always open to the rapture of the heart
Fleeing to me.
I am a shelter for unappeased minds,
Always pliable for the exploring hand.

And I will be what I am at any cost.
I am the very life condensed in the uttered,
The very soul that has cast off the fetters of the body,
The very passion that has risen up above the body.
I am the Truth of the world (about world) undenied,
For ages I've been breathing through the newborn,
I disregard those who are deaf to my warnings,
Even if they are sages, sorcerers,
I despise merchants no matter how deftly
They celebrate my premature children.

I am coquettish and I do not seduce in vain.
I will not ingratiate myself with conceived entourage,
The loving eyes are enough.
And I will survive without tricks
Of morose commentators.
More advanced is my Knowledge,
I will not carry favor to be heard
By people trained for Recognitions
After the fashion of clans.

No, I am not a green lass
Who must go ahead,
And I will not sit on the lap
Of respected Professors,

Academicians, to set in motion
Their consumed Eros
With my young blood.
I renounce snivelling on my strong breast.

I have been created for the collision with hurricanes
Which I will outsmart with my Constancy,
I am the healthiest daughter of mind and body.
I cannot be stopped by anyone
Although the Universe has conspired to silence me,
But I am its conscience, and sooner or later I will say everything!

THE UNROLLING OF THE SCROLL

AZ

BUKI

VJEDI...

in that way the scroll of the language
of my tribe unrolls.
I am a Lord's scroll,
unrolled by the dark.
The nearer I am to the end
the closer I am to the Rudiments,
I perceive the law given to me
at the moment of my birth:
You will be an enigma to the very end
they whispered to me on the third day.

I did hear that voice
before I got my eyes.

Utter a sound and you will know who you are:
everything is within you,

you have just brought everything,
you will give all you already possess.
Keep following the track,
the scroll reads slowly.

You grow up to decipher
the Holy script of Vincha
dripping from your veins.
You enter the obedience,
the Egypt of the Great Self.

The parchment is made by Heaven,
only the fingers are yours.
The vision is not weakened by the waking,
our eyes are protected by the membrane
against the excessive light.
We slowly take a veil off
layer by layer together with the skin.
Every day we are closer
to the Great Light.
We sacrifice piece by piece of ourselves.

When the last bandage is removed
we ourselves will be
light There.
The last sacrificial ritual
will occur then.
Devoid of the dark
integrated with the One
behind us the print of the first foot
the Scroll in it

looking for the eyes.



Mahmoud Said Kavash (Palestine)

Born in Mirun - Safad, in the Upper Galilee of occupied Palestine. His previous place of residence was Beirut - Lebanon, and the current place is Denmark. He holds two degrees in management and English literature. He worked in the fields of higher education, translation, and written and audio media, along with journalistic writing and preparing political, cultural and social studies

and research. He was previous director of the Arabic-speaking radio for the Arab community in Denmark, and news and talk shows presenter in it. He has many studies and researches on Arab national thought and Arab affairs, especially Palestinian. He has two books, one in politics and the other in literature.

AN EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN!!

He has known her as a gentle breeze with her delicacy and sweetness
And as a transient and romantic dream with her compassion and magnificence

The rainbow hides when she appears with her smiling face

The poets' and writers' talent and inspiration flow with the sparkle of her look

Sorrow and misery turn into joy and happiness with the warmth of her whisper.

Despair and despondency turn into hope and optimism when people accompany her

That was how he knew her!!

He knew her as she did not know herself
And as no one else knew her
Yes, so he knew her!!
He knew her as he did not know anyone else
Perhaps, as he will not know a similar or alternative
Amongst all the women, in all places and times
That was how he knew her!!

He knew her because he lived with her
Just as the parents, sisters and brothers did not
Just as uncles and aunts did not
He knew her more than the most faithful and loyal relatives and
friends
Yes, so he knew her!!

He loved her with his mind and heart
With bold and blatant feelings
He accepted her with her simplicity, slips of her tongue and innocent
mistakes
Since she knew him, she did not suffer from repression or deprivation
With him she felt reassurance, security and safety
Yes, so he loved her!!

She did not know the meaning of life as she did with him
And did not taste contentment and love as she did with him
She said goodbye to innocence while she was in his arms
She did that when Allah gave her the permission to do so
That was how he knew her!!

She loved him with her instinct, her chastity, and her spontaneity
With her weakness and strength
She loved him according to her method, nature and temper
She loved him according to the firm wisdom and strict traditions
She loved him in a gentle, sweet, dreamy and romantic way
That was how she loved him!!

She was a half-sane, realistic, and a wandering half-fictional
Half wise, quiet, crazy and revolting
Half civilized and half bedouin
Half submissive maid and half modern princess
Half innocent child and half genius woman
That's who she was!!

She was known by her love to literature, culture, knowledge and science
She was known by her good speech, social and public relation
She made him swing between this world and the "hereafter"
Between the glow of the mind and the rebellious passion
Between the super consciousness and the extreme madness
That's how she was known!!

She knew how to forgive all his mistakes and slips
And calm all his nervousness and tension
And reduce his impulsion and recklessness
She knew how to make him an extraordinary and distinguished husband
She transformed him from a rebellious man to a spontaneous romantic poet.
She transformed him from an arrogant man to a sane and submissive child
It was not difficult for her to make him diplomatic and flexible
Because she was honest and capable, in a time where feelings turned into goods for sale and purchase

This is how she knew him and thus turned him into AN EXCEPTIONAL MAN!!
Yes!! Because she is AN EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN!!
She is truly AN EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN!!
Really, she is a woman!!
What a woman!!



Marian Eikelhof (Netherlands)

Marian Eikelhof is a poet who works in her daily life as a psychologist. Her work inspires her to write about the emotional aspects of life. Not only she describes feelings of love, intimacy and desire, but also she reflects about states of profound sadness and feelings of emptiness.

On the whole she criticizes dehumanisation and an ongoing process of alienation in human relationships. Marian's poetry book "a zero hour contract with life" has been translated from Dutch into English and Turkish. She writes in several prestigious magazines and is a peace activist defending humanity by attending poetry festivals in Europe and Latin America.

poetry festivals in Europe and Latin America.

Scary

Birds still die in your violent silences
no longer sing in the poison of your hatred
losing their wings, their self-esteem
Like me.

It's scary being always the last person in a row
It's scary when they make your name swim in blood
It's scary when you're forgotten
It's scary being always the last person in a row
It's scary when they make your name swim in blood
It's scary when you're forgotten
It's scary not to be invited to the party
It's scary to be less appreciated, less loved, less preferred
It's scary to be rejected
to be dispensed, eliminated, isolated
not loved
It's scary when they laugh at you

It's scary being humiliated
feeling powerless
crippled by gossip, the third person
on the bus of your youth, sitting alone
life forever without safety belt
It's very, very scary to be terrorized.

Me 2

Had to rub my flesh until it bled
remove his fingerprints
desinfect
the stains on my soul
and in my head
trying to deal with his irony,
his bacteria, his wickedness
all over my body and
deep inside of me
my universe vomits, hates my feminity,
feel like stoned with prejudice, disbelief;
“tell me, honey,
just a tiny dress, late at night,
sharing your personality, id, privacy...
when you are supposed to be
pure and innocent
why even look at him?”

had to clean myself
from this memory
how he just laughed
then
choked me.



Mimoza Rexhvelaj (Albania)

Mimoza Rexhvelaj was born in Fier and grown up in Malesi e Madhe. She has studied for " Albanian Language and Literature" at the Luigj Gurakuqi University, Shkoder, so she is a language master. She graduated MSc in Ethnoculture and continue her studies in Law at the University of Tirana, she is in her third year. Actually, she is working as a teacher in the 9-year school

"Linaj".

She has published four books of poetry, a literary study on the poetry of the diaspora and one book translated into Montenegrin.

1. Dashur,i ti je mekati im (Love, you are my sin)
2. Fshima Lotin (Dry my Tears)
3. Jepi fjales kohe (Give the Word its Time).
4. Vrap i Çmendur (Furious Run)
5. Veshtrim mbi poezine e diaspores (Overview of diaspora poetry, literary study)
6. Dhe Dashuri Qofsh ! (And be love)

She has in hand a volume that is currently another good surprise. She loves publishing because she believes that a living piece of life that does not never ceases. She adores poetry, it's her life, her breath and her soul.

Young in love

We're born and reborn
among the new seedlings
we drank the milk of a swallow
We threw away as unwritten letters
love in the streets.

But we built our nest
with sacrifices...
our migratory love
took place in the space.

And the new season...
knocked with burst of leaf buds
outgrowth that blooms full of light,
and two flowers knocked on the life...

The nature...
fill in with envy
when love drinks freshness
and the old season
is also eroded by envy
from the fading taste...

The gaiety darkened
in the recesses of wrinkles
But the spirit
requires the passion again...

Petal fall in autumn
young leaf buds bloom in spring.

Hostage

I don't believe disappointment...
but it became a god
of my soul...
I wanna kill it,
but I cannot...
It's hold me as a captive
It's shadow made me hostage.

Who are you?

Who are you?
Merciful of an unfortunate world
You tie the fate in chains
In ropes.

Who are you?
A polished vampire
perfumed, strutted around
Are you watching me in sleep, sleeping
You pull out the nails to make me soil.

Who are you?
A cursed wolf
You tell me that you have changed
But you have the same soul...
Heartless beast.

Who are you?
Thirst, hunger, prey, seeking
Blood drink, blood require
Are you satiated, greedy?
Fed, dried stomach
Your soul with sin is washed.

Who are you?
Idol-admirer
A medallion like hell
have you hanged up.
I don't know!
Who are you?



**Maja Herman-Sekulić (Maya Herman*) –
Serbia**

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maja_Herman_Sekulić)

Maja Herman-Sekulić is an internationally published Serbian/ American author of 19 books. She is a multiple awarded author, most recent by the Galaxy Academy for her contribution to the world literature, and is honored by the unique title of the “Global Icon of Poetry”.

Her work was translated into many languages. She is a novelist, an essayist, a bilingual scholar, a major translator and a goodwill ambassador for the Galaxy International and Global Literary Society.

She is also a world traveller and a Princeton Ph.D. She shares her time between New York and Belgrade.

In search of the times past

When she decided to travel
To the past, deeper,
She cleared her throat,
Stood up straight and said:
“I was born by the river, but
sea is mine, a scent of pinias my madeleine.”
The echo of Leonard Cohen
Was wounding the air
And for a minute
The silence of destiny
Overcame the day and the night,
The Earth axis
Pulled her back to the radio times,
Of Ivo Robić, of pop songs,

“You love only once”,
And daily reports on the level of rivers
All the way from Slovenia to Macedonia!
Body and soul caught
On the road below pinia trees
Above the blue-green sea
Above the caves and a lighthouse on the rock
Where a huge octopus,
Like the one from tales, was lurking to catch her leg
When she dives,
Back, back, he whispered through ether,
Remember, because:
“Nothing else DOES exist!”
He messaged her after half a century, recall,
Tiny pebbles, dust on the road, the old Park Hotel,
Where I passed by, often, as a boy,
With my pal, Lungo mare, on the old Brela- Makarska road,
Below steep, rocky Biokovo,
On which you climbed with your mother –
The beautiful mountain climber,
Once upon time, long ago, at dawn,
But she, then, unaware of the moment, still a little girl,
Her back turned, in the wooden clogs from Piran,
With pixie haircut and a bow,
She heard only sounds caught in the shell,
The branches stirred, rustled, suddenly,
She turned back, closed her eyes, frowned her light baby brows,
As if she saw something after all, knew it in advance,
In the shadows above the pebbles recognized the boy with freckles,
While in the deep roots of pinias there was a scent of love,
That she did not know yet,
That from that time on survived
Strongest winds from the naked Biokovo mountain,
All that happened like in a fairy tale, when on that pier, there,
After surviving the other Naked one, her father

Was waiting for the fishermen to bring him fresh dental fish or Saint-
Pierre,
That pier is no more, as he is no more.
And, then came another landscape,
The axis of Earth changed again,
The fragrance of other pinias from Borik, from Punta Mika,
Came her way,
The first sounds of The Beatles pierced the air,
First love letters, hidden in the secret drawer, in her
Bidermaier secretair,
That was lost, somehow, in the move, perhaps?
But he, magically, found it, bought it this summer and sent her a pic
As a proof of its existence in some unkown storage!
Miracles happen, said some. Nothing is accidental, said others.
God does not play dice, said Einstein.
And the pinia needles were caught in her hair. As earlier.
Because, the message of that moment of silence, of that
Unmistakable rustle of destiny –
Remined always the same.

Flyover

I embarked on the plane on one continent
and flew over the ocean to another land
in the world we will never know again
I went to sleep in one reality and
woke up in another
we have yet to explore
Within ourselves
among four walls



Mordechai GELDMAN (Israel)

Mordechai Geldman was born in Munich to Polish parents who had survived the Holocaust. His family immigrated to Israel in 1949 and settled in Tel Aviv, where he has lived ever since. Geldman studied World Literature and Clinical Psychology and works as a psychotherapist using psychoanalytical methods. His poetry tends to be meditative and includes many haiku. He

was influenced by Zen Buddhist esthetics and philosophy. His poetry sings with many voices – lyrical, philosophical, sensual, erotic, religious, ironic and others. He has published 18 poetry books, a book of short stories and 6 non-fiction books. A two volume collection of poems from his books was published in 2011. His last poetry book is the third volume of the collection of his poetry written till 2019. His poems were translated into many languages: Chinese and Japanese included. His book “Becoming One” was translated to Portuguese (“Teoria Do Um”) and published in Portugal on 2017. A large collection of his poems in English “Years I Walked at Your Side” was published on 2018 in Suny Press, State University of N.Y. His non-fiction books deal with subjects as the self in psychoanalytic theories and in Yoga and Buddhism, psychoanalytic interpretation of literature, doubles and symmetries in Shakespeare’s plays, his favorite Israeli poets and artists, etc. As a visual artist Geldman is engaged in painting, ceramics and photography. Geldman was an art critic for the Israeli daily Haaretz, and curated exhibitions for many Israeli artists. Awards: the Prime Minister *Prize*; the Brenner Prize for literature; the Amichai Prize; the Bialik Prize for Literature.

Water

Narcissus didn’t fall in love with his image
but with water
for its divine mysterious ability to reflect his image
and the overhanging tree branches

and the ever changing skies
and the herds of drifting clouds
water has endowed those reflected
with magnificent doubles glowing as if anointed
and with holy moments of eternity
until dusk came and darkness

The charms of water so enthralled him
that he preferred the reflections over the reflected
every day he swam in the sky
among clouds among tree branches
his soul seeking to be like water
and like it to contain the entire cosmos
and become the form of many

His studies of reflections
initiated investigations that others pursued
even after he turned
into a flower a frog and a worm
perhaps even a tear or a puddle

From the investigations rose the foundations of our culture:
the looking-glass, painting, and the camera

Slowly

Slowly slowly slowly
bring yourself over to slowness
and behold the core of the hidden
due to speed and acceleration

The shaded stream
seems desolate and grim
the oily green glass of the water

empty
as the water birds
gather in the distance
where a kind Russian boy
scatters crumbs

But after I've given myself over
to foliage and greenery
to the flickering world of dark green
the gaping mouths of fish
surfaced for an instant
from the water and vanished
diving back
into their secret activities in the depths
leaving behind ripples
tiny and quiet green circles
that keep expanding evermore
until they're gone

And a beige eucalyptus leaf
slowly dropped
from a eucalyptus branch
leaning over the still green surface
and it contained all of death
if with great calm

And a white butterfly gracefully flew by
and offered the soul its form
embodying the miracle of life

and a flash

* *From a children's song*

Translated by Tsipi Keller



Mysti S. Milwee (USA)

www.mystismilwee.wordpress.com

www.sequoyahcherokeeriverjournal.wordpress.com

Mysti S. Milwee an international award-winning writer, poetess, screenwriter, native american translator, synesthesia artist (paints to music), book cover design artist and illustrator. She is an International icon in the Visual Arts and serves as an International Art Ambassador, and is the recipient of the 2020 International Artist of Year Award. Her screenplay “The Loner” received the 2020 Best Screenplay Award. She is the recipient of the 2020 Global Arts & Literary Culture Award. Her writings, poetry and visual art has been published in over 1,500 publications since age 13 and in over 8 countries. She serves as the “Poet Laureate” of Fire Eagle Ministries in Camden, Arkansas. She is the editor, publisher, founder, and translator of her new journal, Sequoyah Cherokee River Journal based in Alabama, USA.

Seeping with Sounds

Life seeps in an age
of wisdom and thought,
promising sounds
seep
deep.

Sometimes people say,
“read it, and weep”.

Ready of not, whether
brewing or seeping,
the whistle always
blows at the right time.

People whine when they
earn a dime or when one
can afford a hundred dollar
bottle of wine.

Life is more than money,
look up, smile, and say
“love you honey”.

You added another mile
to life, the sound of existence
is better to experience.

Doubts weight in hollowed
out drums, casting out beats
and chants.

Why not just dance in the rain?
The sound erases and eases pain,
nourishing and replenishing -
anew.

The song, the sound, but profound,
gave light, hope, and existence
to humanity -

Where is the empathy?
The sound, to hear, faithful cries,
the beauty in their eyes.

Sounds of existence, that seep deep
into our bones -

We feel it, the sounds from within
our bodies makes;
We hear but not fear, but to react with wisdom
when our cup overflows -

with the sounds of words and the dark secrets that
form on the rim, waiting to seep out of our veins,
crying and praising

through the filters of sound, that once was dug from
the root of the ground –breaking free.



Dr. Masudul Hoq (Bangladesh)

Masudul Hoq (1968) has a PhD in Aesthetics under Professor Hayat Mamud at Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka, Bangladesh.

He is a contemporary Bengali poet, short story writer, translator and researcher. His previous published work includes short stories Tamakbari (1999), The poems Dhonimoy Palok (2000), Dhadhashil Chaya which

translated version is Shadow of Illusion (2005) and Jonmandher Swapna which translated version is Blind Man's Dream (2010), translated by Kelly J. Copeland. Masudul Hoq also translated T.S. Eliot's poem , Four Quartets (2012), Allen Ginsburg's poem, Howl (2018), from English to Bengali. In the late 1990's for 3 years he worked under a research fellowship at The Bangla Academy. Bangla Academy has published his two research books. At present he is a Professor of Philosophy in a government college, Bangladesh.

Crew and the Blue Umbrella

Crossing out from the obstacles of life,
I return with the sea-lesson.

Here around the womb of grass
I hear the roar of mosses.

There is no sky over the locality
Only there is that left shadow.

There is sea roaring inside me,
Even though to the world,
the sun is mostly regarded as a small lamp.

The river is similar
As basic necessities.

The sky is not vast,
Only the blue umbrella!

Princess lycho

Moving from Andaman Trank road
Seeing the sun being grey.

Breathing from the shadow of cloud
King zytrak's daughter Lycho felt pain.

Passing fifty years in a straw house,
Keeping the words alive,
Atlast princess Lycho lost in the deep virus sleep.

Keeping in mind that she will never rise
Sare words hide themselves
In the voice of Andamanian tiger
So that they never met with human.

Now It's kojagori fullmoon,
Sitting beside the sea, the tigers
Count the age of moon with sare language.

Some butterfly comes
With jeru and pujukkor words.



Maki Starfield (Japan)

<https://immaginepoesia.jimdo.com>

<https://makistarfield.wordpress.com>

Maki Starfield was born in Japan, where she studied English and American literature, teaching and business, with further work in Canada. She has published poems, haikus and translations in JUNPA publications: *Duet of Dots* co-authored with Naran Matos in 2015, *Duet of Lines* with Luca Benassi, *Trio of Crystals* with H  l  ne Cardona and John FitzGerald in 2017. *Trio of Gardens* with Lidia Chiarelli and Huguette Bertrand. *Duet of Fireflies* with Bill Wolak, *Duet of Doors* with Yesim Agaoglu, *Duet of Mists* with Dileep Jhaveri, *Trio of Jade* with Xiao Xiao, Dumu Luofei, *Duet of Wings* with Willem M. Roggeman, *Duet of Islands* with Sarah Thilykou, *Duet of Faces* with Yiorgos Veis, *Trio of Windows* with Ikuyo Yoshimura, *Adjei Agyei-Baah* in 2018. *Duet of Enlightenment* with Konstantinos Bouras, *Duet of Pleiades* with Paddy Bushe, *Quartet of Rose Madder* with Yao Yuan, Yu Xiu, Chaung, Yu-Huiand, *Duet of Circles* with Statis Gourgouris, *Duet of Butterflies* with John W. Sexton, in 2019. *Duet of Forms* with K.Satchidanandan, *Duet of Lakes* with Eileen Sheehan in 2020.

Award: Guido Gozzano Prize (Honorable Mention) 2018, 2019, JUNPA Prize for a new poet 2020

Participation: Poetry Reading in Kyoto (2016, 2018,2019,2020), JUNPA 5th Anniversary Commemorative International Poetry Festival (2017) Poetry Festival in Hong Kong (2018)

Elephant Riding

I experienced elephant riding in Thailand for the first time
Raising his nose, the elephant opened the sweaty nose widely
Just before I was about to leave
I put the money in the nostrils at once.
The elephant took it and handed it to his master.

Obeying him, the elephant just carried the next customer
and started walking out
Held by the reins by his master
The elephant doesn't think about running away from him

Goodbye

This is the first time I met him, and I should think I will not meet him
again

But I don't need any kiss from him

Goodbye!

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Taking a lunch box.

Climbing up the hill

Tell almond flowers,

"Today is my birthday."

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Full of almond flowers

Under the almond blossom trees with you

Let's eat a homemade almond cake

Today is my birthday

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Let's go to the almond blossoming hill

Full of your hair

Full of spring scent

The smell of almond cake

I'm stained in my hand

In me, In life

And you smell a flower

You smell many things

You have a big wonder.
The almond blossom trees answered.
“You are my flower, and my lover.”

The Gift of Sunflowers

Unchanged sunflowers!
Painted by Van Gogh in Arles
The glitter of time, the wisdom of a dream
Beautiful sky, shining sun
I am changing
In the light where mystery and power are full
I leave myself
In this bright space
My shadow blends in
In the soul
Breathe, my chest!
Perfect storm
The energy that comes to me
Going with the flow
To live
Fly! My imagination
Blow, wind!
With the power of love
In this world
The thought of life
Eternal sunflowers!
Freedom!
Save my soul!!



Michele Baron (USA)

Michele Baron is a world traveler, Fulbright Scholar, author and visual/performance artist. Seeker of knowledge, itinerant developer of outreach projects for sustainable living, she also regularly works with artists and creatives, colleagues and students in many countries. Besides poetry, her works of fiction, non-fiction, drama, visual and musical art have appeared in performance spaces, publications and

anthologies around the world. Sometimes she receives recognition, such as “International Ambassador of the Word” and “Ambassador of the Spanish Word” from the Egido Delgado Serrano Foundation, and Citations for Contributions in Art, Music, Letters, or Service from various nations.

posit—post-it

this is a world of the casual delete
lines for liquid stimulants sweetened with burnt caramel
covered in non-fat froth where some stranger’s hand
traced a multi-toned heart invitingly
... chiaroscuro in the foam
... quickly disappearing ...
and working from home includes scoping,
hoping, at the local watering-hole,
coffee-courage and chai dreams,
enthroned, resplendent, at laminated tables
upon lacquered chairs
wielding unlimited WiFi connectivity,
... where available

babies clutching hand-held electronic nannies,
linked to a world of tireless algorithms

... dancing with their tiny fingertips
while those with more years, more tears,
more hopes, more fears
sit, and sip, and sift and flip through screens
firewalls and search-engines, friending, unfriending ...
piquing desires, waxing eloquent with anonymity

consequences turned optional, with the flick of a menu
— and prompting the numbering of steps
unendingly counted,
between keyboard and safe-keeping
over-the-counter OCD ordering available, 24 / 7
bought-on-credit:
shades of separation
distances to deliverance

pity ... not to recognize
what's at stake

not knowing, and un-knowing
collateral damage of the illusory glamor
of feeling privileged, special
because of what might be purchased
in a world on fire

-carded

glue on an envelope tossed to the beyond
in a time-locked, snail-mail world of dead-letter offices
and hopes long deferred

love letters, letters to Santa,
messages in a bottle,
or burned to glowing ash
diatribes set to paper,

sent to editors, Dear Sirs, to-whom-it-may-concerns,
or others ...
sentiments and hopes and dreams
confessions
... testament to apologetics accompanied by explanations,
regrets
last wishes
words
reaching between what might have been
and memories of what was

curious,
the physics of sun,
and crystals of sand and sense
sparkling, seemingly untouched by the ravages of time
yet hoarding, holding, bursting with
so much history
unspoken
barely evolved

pacing
prancing,
erect,
proudly proclaiming
our worth, in vocabularies
truly estimable

while we flail about,
for such a short,
often violent time ...
at a loss,
and so terribly lost,
despite all of our effulgent
indulgent
worlds of words



**Milena Chaves Matamoros
(Costa Rica)**

Milena Chaves Matamoros 1998
Cultural promoter born in the city of San Ramón, “Land of Poets,” studied international relations and international cooperation at the National University. Project manager at the business developer Semilla Program (2017–2020). Producer for the Culture and Economy Unit of the Ministry of Culture and Youth (2015–2018). Codirector of the Land of Poets International Meeting (2013–2015). Member of the production team of the International Meeting of Poetry of the

West, coordinated by the San Ramón Popular Association of Art and Culture, APACUR (2008–2011).

Participant in the International Meeting of Poets in Zamora, Michoacán, Mexico (2014, 2016), as well as recitals in Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico.

Poems published in print and digital media in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Spain, and Mexico.

Email: milenachavesm@gmail.com

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I Tree

From my forehead grew a tree.

It grew inward.

—Octavio Paz

I am a tree
of migratory seeds.
I am roots,
I have died in many grounds
and from me I have blossomed in passion flowers.
I am a tree:
if they prune me, I grow,
if they burn me
roots will already be born
from another arm of the rain.
I am a fruit tree, perennial, exotic,
deciduous, only trunk.
I am a shadow tree
firewood tree
paper and pencil tree for verses
tree that breaks
the invincible cement
of sidewalks.
I am a tree
that mutates its path.
Tree
on its endless journey
toward the light.

1995

Don't wait for me, mom,
I won't be back from kindergarten
with a wildflower
or a sprig of cilantro
picked at the edge
of the cow field.

Don't wait for me, mom,
I won't draw scribbles again
like at six years old
and you'll never know I'd search for the world
in the form of a poem.

I won't sing to dad again
when he comes home for lunch.
Don't wait for me,
I won't leave letters at the window
for the tooth mouse
coming in her little dress over the wall
carrying coins and a parasol.

Be wary from now on
of every car that passes
next to the girls.
Don't wait for me, mom,
don't wait for me anymore,
after this morning
I will only be silence.



Mesut Şenol (Turkey)

Graduated from the Political Science Faculty of Ankara University. Earned his Master's Degree in Public Administration and Public Relations. He served as a mayor, district governor and Public Relations Department Head of the Prime Ministry. His nine poetry collections were published, and many of his poetry and literary translations appeared in many national and foreign literary publications and anthologies. Attended a number of national and international poetry and literary festivals in the country and abroad, and acting as an organizer for some of them. Received numerous literary awards in the country and abroad. A member of many literary organizations. He is currently sitting on the Executive Board of the Three Seas Writers and Translators Council. He is the Turkey Culture Delegate of the Liceo Poetico De Benidorm. He teaches at the Translation and Interpreting Studies Department of Yeditepe University, and Communications at the Communications Department of Bahçeşehir University. He is the editor-in-chief of Papyrus literary magazine published in Istanbul.

Get to see what's coming

The best of you might be buried
Among the oldest memories
Heavenlier deeds could be sought
Challenging the greatest fear of fears
Your humane energy wouldn't be drained

The outlook for our future seems good
Yet all the time we are on our toes
Humane loving potential lies under our belt
And for sure our destiny is in our hands
We now know we have to go by instinct.

A MIRAGE OF MUNDANE REALITY

The bushes rose to the air to catch the dust of daily chores of the game
A tribe of love and destitute struggles to survive the harshest realities
of life

The wise and old were given a special honor to revive what was long
gone

The more flame of passion is driven deeply by beastly desires and
ominous acts

The more calamities happen to strike the most innocent folks of the
nice deeds

Once a witch had told the tribesmen that a man of honor would be
nothing

If a true character of a love affair would not be proven through a
trying testing

Ancestors and souls of fire, wind, stones and water could come alive
in an instant

Where the beliefs and legends meld in the wildest jungle of no man's
land

Challengers are face to face to survive in the hottest sun of that grisly
desert

Dragons and other otherworldly creatures come to life to reign a new
era

Lovers might catch a glimpse of what would be their future in a drama
Unfolding episodes of epochs cease to design their faith panorama

When a mirage of mundane reality finds its path to appear in a mystic
scene

My love to my beloved proved to be an infinitely re-enactment of a
dune

Yes, here we have you and me, in the depthless of a bottomless desert

It is not a children's play that you can shape some dough on your counter

It is fair to say, your amusement with the past cannot come back for good

No one desert had made your life miserable in old days of encounter
Wouldn't you be nice to have all those horrific memories left behind?

And not to start a new one...

Not losing your footing

Three elements in life stand out for me
Speculations run high all the time
You'd better to anticipate lethal moves
And usually a highly ambitious plot fails

You see my demeanor being acceptable
Trying to narrow down my focus on things
Toiling not to forget that I am someone in life
Appreciating the gift of being alive given to us

A breeding ground for hate might be fertile
Regardless, it is not the end of hope
There are so many features to explore
Not losing your footing opens many windows



Marcela Villar M. (Chile-USA)

Marcela Villar M. was born in Chile but has lived most of her life in the United States. She writes in both English and Castilian.

Villar began writing at a very early age and in her youth published her poetry in underground antifascist manifestations against the Pinochet regime during the late 1970's and the 1980's. Later, she published her work in university journals, art councils, and other sources in the United States. She has published several books and anthologies of poetry

of her own, in addition to collaborative projects with other writers and poets including prologues, forewords and introductions

What Do You Want Me To Say?

I saw a man sitting in that park—he seemed old, like the bench and its boards. Like that street and its people. A foul odor infected the streets, and I felt my clothes fill up with it saturating more than just my senses, but inside my body. And it wouldn't come out.

But my mother insisted on her usual rite of visits to the homeopath and the emporiums.

The streets and its cobblestones were hard, my feet hurt even through the soles of my fine shoes. They hurt like they wanted to remind you that when you passed by you were left with the pain of those who have passed by before. And you kept walking with sore feet carrying the fetid smell on your clothes, on your skin, leaving those streets and traveling home like you had been in another world that no longer exists.

But it does exist. It lives in you.

There Is Always A Tree

You walk through a forest and, like a tree,
your feet press, there, always firm.
It feels, as they move forward, that they take root and expand
underground shaking hands,
chatting. Looking at neighboring branches.

See, I write not because the branches of a curious tree inspire me.
Given that whether I exist, or not,
the tree will remain there, severe, and resistant,
sometimes quiet,
pretending that the wind and the rain do not affect it.

Poetry is born from the core of its seeds,
it's that simple. It grows colossal from within,
as if the Universe were projected billions of times
every time a verse begets itself, like a god.
Like thousands of gods in a council of words and silence.

It is not me, or you, writing and correcting whatever we want:
it is Creation speaking through the roots of its words.

Garden

It's difficult to explain what a mirror reflects.
On the one hand, it's half of oneself,
and on the other, an enemy.

But it doesn't look the same,
it looks different, uneven,
almost inexplicable.



Mohammad Mohi Uddin (Bangladesh)

A poet, novelist and translator of Bangladesh. BA and MA in English Literature, Shahjalal University of Science and Technology, Bangladesh. He was born in Sunamganj in 1987. His father's name is Mohammad Amir Uddin; mother's name is Saleha Begum. He

is an author and a teacher simultaneously. He teaches as a lecturer in English literature. He is handling the two wings of his devotion aptly. He is one of the most celebrated new born authors in literary faculty. His area of especial interest covers poetry, creative writings and translation. ***His published books are:***

1. Dondhito Sparsha (a collection of short stories)
2. Bishadi Prahar (a collection of poems)
3. Ami Nissongota Chaini (a novel)
4. Ami Kew Noi (a novel)
5. Durer Nila Kacher Nilima (a novel)
6. Skylark (a collection of translation of English poems)
7. Namiye Daw Photograph (a collection of poems)
8. Nive Jay Davanol (a collaboration, a collection of poems)
9. Romantic Poetry (a textual book)
10. Nightingale (a collection of translation of English poems)
11. Deyaler Opare Diganta (a collection of short stories)
12. Nirbachito 100 English Poems (a collection of translations)
13. Sunnotar Songin (a collection of aphorisms.)

Prayer

We are made of clay
How much safe we in the bucket of a Metal?
Metal burns
Clay regenerates.

Water is everywhere, three fourth
But kinsman's lips are dry;
Avoiding Heavenly bright, relying on
So called mechanism.
Metal has no heart
How can it pay a solicitation?
Or put a submission?
The Earth needs a heart that can feel and trill.

Seek salvation in prayer; so many symptoms
Around even in the gyre of time
Learn from Prophet Musa, His club ensures
Even from the stones the twelve waterfalls.

Patience

Look at the ground
Grains are the aftermath of a waiting
Observe the Solar
Seasons are the expectancy of motions
Audit the oyster
Pearl is the anticipation of an intense flame
Examine the poets
Poem is the ambushing of an inspired madness

Follow the exiled persons
Patience is the only food
Notice famines
Patience is the only cure
Consider all Seers
Patience is the supreme guide.

Patience is the most healing than any other medicines in the universe
Patience has an invisible wings of blissful lingo.

A Song of a Patricide

Poem is a terrible glutton; constantly eating its creator.
Spreads in the whole existence of a poet
Like an incurable disease.

Emptying his utmost efforts
With deep care a poet rears his rhymed baby.
A poem-
Consumes his day
Consumes his night
Spoils his youth.

Swallowing relentlessly; Seizing everything
Overwhelming with joys; it dwells like Cancer
But a poet gives birth poems frequently
Melting his day-night, produces the patricide.

It's a strange association of a father and a son!

An Unrevealed Equation

In the prose of disassociation
The branches of a tree are fragile
But the root is fixed for the affection of soil.

In the rhyme of association
The waterfall and mountain both are bossom friends
Though passing their time through silent parlance.



**Mitali Chakravarty
(India-Singapore)**

Founding Editor at Borderless
<https://countercurrents.org/>

Mitali Chakravarty is a writer and an editor. Her by-lines appeared in The Statesman, The Times of India, The Hindustan Times and The Pioneer in the 1980s upto 1992;

more recently among others on Café Dissensus, SETU (Pittsburgh), Kitaab , Countercurrents , Words and Worlds (Vienna), Modern Literature, The Daily Star (Bangladesh) and Harbinger Asylum Quarterly (USA). She has been part of numerous anthologies. She has been translated to German. Mitali translates Bengali writer Nabendu Ghosh to English and also translates from Hindi. She has authored In the Land of Dragons, a humorous book of essays on living in China, where she resided for eight years. She is the founding editor of borderlessjournal.com and on the editorial board of Words & Worlds, a PEN affiliated journal from Vienna.

Introspection

Woven dreams of Calm
of Peace, of Life with Love
Shatter amidst Silences
of corona filled shards
To pounce that thin
Beam of Hope

Do we deserve to live?
With broken dreams of
Harmony. Home with only
Walls that fragment
Each Hope, Each Twist

When will we learn to give,
With Love and Trust live?

Molten Time
Time floats
Drifts
Particles afloat
in cold polar ice

What is might be what was
What was might be what will be

Time suspended
Frozen with ice
Icicles fall
Melting

Plip-plip plop

And below each drop
A nugget of the past,
Present and
Future

Maya the myths that melt into an eternity

The polar ice cap melts
Global warming

And time is again linear
lost amidst corona and
a Future that unfolds
Uncertain doors
There is no ice, no multiverse, no mysterious eyes
Only oil, stocks and shares.

Where has Alice gone?
Is there a rabbit wearing a surreal melting clock?

Crimson

The sky never dies
never falls sick
never splits

It stretches from end to end
uniting man, space,
birds and beasts
with its silent song

interrupted by thunder
calling out to the lightening
to strike, strike out
the Darkness of the rainclouds
that drain pattering
the Earth till drenched

with the wetness of the sky,

it springs back to life.

The grass grows green on both sides of
the national divide separating mankind,

Serrated, till gun violence creates a Splash of Red.

The sun sets in the West.



Miladis Hernández Acosta (Cuba)

She was born in Guantánamo, Cuba on January 7, 1968. Poet, editor, critic and essayist. Graduated in History from the Universidad de Oriente. He has published the essay: *Las Náufragas Porfías* (Ediciones Loynaz, Pinar del Río, 2016). **The poetry books:** *After the fall*. (Second edition. Ed. Primigenios, Miami, 2020) and *La sombra que pasa*. Second edition. (Ed. Primigenios. Miami, 2020); *Memories of the abyss*, second edition (Ed. Primigenios, Miami, 2020); *The fire of the angel* (Editorial ZWeibook, Chile, 2020), *South of the moors*, second edition (Ed. The sea and the mountain. Guantánamo, Cuba, 2020); *Los imponderables reinos*, second edition (Ed. Primigenios. Miami, 2020); *Neighbor's Book*. Second edition (Ed. Primigenios. Miami. 2020); *The Isla Preterida* (Ed. Primigenios. Miami. 2019); *The imponderable kingdoms*, (Ed. Extramuros, 2014, Cuba); *After the fall*, (Ed. Oriente, 2014, Cuba); *Diary of a Pariah* (1994) and *The Mockery of the Void* (1995), both by Ed. Oriente; *The edges of the mud* (2000 and 2009) and *Memories of the abyss* (2004), by Ed. El Mar y la Montaña; *The in cantation of the runes* (Ediciones Ávila, 2004); *Psalms for boredom* (Ediciones Vitral, Obispado Pinar del Río, 2005); *Book of neighbors* (UNIÓN Editions, Havana City, 2010); *The arme dinvin cible sadness* (Editions Ácana, Camagüey, 2009) and *The shadow that passes* (Ed. Letras Cubanas, Havana, 2010)

Cage / Erza Pound

A prisoner always causes a certain compassion
Although one does not commit and continue to ignore
How the days pass on the back of an inanimate /
And believe that there is a time that saves everything /
Or serves as a redemptive test /

Or proof of resignation- /
It is difficult to know what a prisoner thinks /
What he writes or tears on the walls /
For lack of elements
Or sublime act of transformations /
At the end a prison resembles an island
Where you can only write on the sand
Those strophes that embarrass me /
As common industries or extraction mode /
Of that memory that goes crazy prey
Like a dredged or broken bay
Or a volcano is lost
Inside a jungle serving as a conclave /
Or military practice /
But they put Pound like me in a cage
As a rooster / or a parent is locked up
In that hatchery formed by the faeces -cyanotic- /
They surrounded it like a stake in the throat of a lizard /
Like a schizoid they take him away from a funeral /
They held him and nothing happened / as nothing occurs
When a cloister red man
Dies of cancer or is inoculated
A virus with a double seed under its nose /
This is how it will rot be cause this is how it goes straight
Towards the ruins / without resistance / or transactions
Or drown in the blood I swallow
When I see how ideas are locked up
That they may / or may not save us /
How one suffers from impatience / or lives aimlessly
Inside those cracks / I can't stop contemplating
As Pound himself contemplated
What remains after it ends?
An economic war /
And he's locked up for lacking just like me
Of clear convictions /

Underground garden

And after plucking the golden apple /
What happened that makes us mortal happened /
But later the fire was distributed
To start a new life /
The ignored birth to which Jesus alluded
In his conversation with Nicodemus /
But before that conversation Plato
In his garden he said to his disciples:
Begin in the most blessed mystery and be pure ...
Then the Evangelist being meticulous
He mused in front of the Romans:
Receive the Holy Spirit which is sapling
Or relic to understand
The Providence of the being whose limp portion
Pagans receive it /
After other circumstances

I have seen on the beam of the waters

Spurs that drag the consumed bodies /
With them also the Spirit of God
Floating on those waters /
On other circumstances I have seen dead bodies /
Between wires / booties / fuzzy skylights /
Misery of the waters of the Island of Lesbos /
Whose shadows from a trivial-Newscast-
They match the descent of Christ / to hell /
Of those same waters / purifying /



Mai Văn Phấn (Vietnam)

Maivanphan.com

Poet Mai Văn Phấn was born 1955 in Ninh Bình, Red River Delta in North Vietnam. Currently, he is living and writing poems in Hải Phòng city. He has won a number of Vietnamese and international literary awards, including The Vietnam Writers' Association Award in 2010, The Cikada Literary

Prize of Sweden in 2017, The Award of Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts in 2019 and The Literary award from Association of Literary Translators of Montenegro in 2020. He has published 16 poetry books and 1 book "Critiques - Essays" in Vietnam. 19 poetry books of his are published and released in foreign countries and on Amazon's book distribution network. Poems of Mai Văn Phấn are translated into 32 languages.

3 Line Poems

Appreciation

As the moon lights up
The shadow of a tree bows down
Beside a Buddha statue

To Strike a Gong

A gong stick
Wrapped in an old shirt
A vibrating sound of human sweat

The Encounter

You fly, I fly too
A blanket of clouds
Cuddle both of us

A Sleeping Spider

Dreaming to be human
A spider hangs from its web
And sleeps

Fruitful Autumn

Peeling a persimmon
Just ripened
Afraid someone will ring the bell

In the Midst of a Market

Each one in each place
A free cat and a free dog
Alone in the breath of human

Pomelo Flower

A fragrance spreads in a garden
A singing voice of treepie
Comes from each raceme of flower

End of a Day

A maiden waded through a stream
The sun faded and shone
Then just set

A Glance

A small pond beside a foothill
Reflects
A hill's peak

Previous Life

I was a patch of grass along a walkway
You walked in a pair of red shoes
To tread on me, didn't you?

A Silence

A mouth full of water
Dreads to speak
A bee is passing over a flower

Pure Light of Early Morning

A small cup of tea
Half a cup is drunk
Sunlight shines on sodden leaves

An Eagle

Flying higher
Gaining confidence
The Earth is now a drop of dew

Ancestors Death Anniversary Day

Hesitating
A fish swims through
The offering of food disintegrating

Callous

Who lost the straws
From that simple grave
All his life and death in tatters



Marlene Pasini (Mexico)

She was born in Mexico. She is a Communicologist, Writer and editor, Transpersonal Psychotherapist, Life Coach and Coach in Transpersonal Education, Coach in Mindfulness and Meditation, Master in Literature, Diploma in History, Diploma in Egyptology and Hieroglyphs. Alternative Medicine Specialist. Cultural Ambassador of Mexico City by the Latin American Association of Poets, Writers and Artists. She is

Specialist in Ancestral Wisdom, Comparative Religions and Mysticism. He has published seven books of poetry, two essays, two novels and two personal development books. She won two awards for her poems, one in the State of Mexico and another one in Buenos Aires Argentina. In 2018 she obtained the Diamond Star distinction for her career in Letters by the International Circle of Journalists. She won the Ibero-American Prize for Literature by the Leadership Today Foundation in April 2019. And finally she obtained the Recognition to Mexican Letters by the Academy of Literature and Poetry, as well as by Houses of the Poet Association, in July 2019.

GLASS ROAD

Memorable birds
in grottoes of silences
and paths traced in time.

Still raining outside
in the dark soul of the jungles,
in the forgotten spirit basin:
island of torn solitudes
on the bare feet of the beggar,

in the yards of that house
packed with ruined objects.

The fine moisture dissipates the pores
barely breathable from things,
of experiences and words ever drawn
on stones and silenced logs.

Flood of thoughts that clutter my mind,
cold shadows slide in shallow stillness of the dawn.

ABANDONMENT

The night goes through us
In the deepest,
Avid snake that penetrates
The cleft of dreams.

We pretend to sleep
As impenetrable
Crystal spheres

The earth does not comfort
Just throw off its dark and rough
Orphanage.

Above
Wind towers
Fall
Apart
Under
Vacuum.

Translated by Alicia Minjarez Ramírez



Marta Markoska (North Macedonia)

Marta Markoska was born on 29.06.1981 in Skopje, Macedonia. She holds a Bachelor of General and Comparative Literature from the “Blaze Koneski” Faculty of Philology in Skopje, and a Master of Cultural Studies from the Institute of Macedonian Literature in Skopje. She is a member of the Writers Association of Macedonia. Till now she has thirteen (13) publications:

H/ERO/T/IC BOOK (Published in Hong Kong, 2020, 2nd Edition), H/ERO/T/IC BOOK (Erotic poetry, 2019, 1st Edition) , FIL/L/M/ED STOR/I/ES, Studies and Essays about Movies and Cinematography (2017) ; Black Holes Within Us, Serbian translation “Crne rupe u nama” (2017) : Black Holes Within Us, 2nd Edition, Macedonian-English translation (“Todor Chalovski” Award, 2015) : Black Holes Within ; Us, 1st Edition, Poetry Book (“Beli Mugri” Award, 2014); Culture and Memory (Book of Cultural Studies), 2014 ; A Discussion on Zen Buddhism: A Religious and Philosophical Transcendence Between Eastern and Western Thought, a Scientific Study (2013); ; Headfirst Toward the Heights, Poetry (2nd Edition) ; Headfirst Toward the Heights, Poetry (1st Edition, Winner of the “Aco Karamanov” Award); Hyper Hypotheses, a Collection of Essays (2011); Whirlpool in Bethlehem, a Collection of Stories (2010); All Tributaries Flow Into My Basin, Poetry (2009). Her writings were included in many Macedonian and foreign Anthologies, Magazines and Scientific Journals. Markoska is also an anthology maker and author of the preface of book entitled: “Love Sailings’ Reefs” (Anthology of poems dedicated to Eros and Love, 2014)

SPREAD ME

The sky is too narrow for the both of us
we gathered all its blessings
Now we have no home, we are nobody’s children

and we thought it was God's design that we meet
not for us to double our joys
But to share our griefs

The Earth is too round
to understand the sharpness of angles
of strict geometric forms
that life had put us in
And so, trapped in multiple dimensions
we are hoping for a linear life

You say: Fate is corrupt
but She will take no pennies
And we don't have millions to bribe Her
so that we are allowed to live by each other's side
as much as we want to
as much as we deserve!

MAP ME

If my body is an uncharted territory
between two parties at war
And you want to be the first one to claim it
stick a flag that says it belongs only to you
Do you think that you know how to tame it
how to take care of it, nurture it and caress it?

My body is not a terrain on a geography map
where you can proclaim yourself emperor
My body is an entire history
Where many fates are written
Where many names are signed
Passed by many conquerors

many empires have crumbled upon it
many empires bowed down before it

But my body to you is a volcano's magma
Unfriendly stratosphere with no oxygen
Unreachable rain forest with wild beasts
Stopping you from charting the map of your life
that I longed for, for so long

COME NEAR ME

Poems are not enough
for me to bathe in them
when you're not there to stir my water
I tremble before the wait for each new line
like a delicate sheet of paper before flame

The waiting thrills every cell of my being
changing its DNA structure
with the very thought of our bodies meeting

This longing for a touch has lasted for too long
in this brief life where we don't know
where we will meet the sunset or the dawn

Don't delay our exhalations
for any future lives
where you might be the high tide and I will be – the low

Come near me and allow me to sink you like Atlantis
so I will be the only one to know where to find you again

Come near me and allow me to dock in your coves
And you, my restless sea – will rock me perpetually...



Minko Tanev (Bulgaria)

Lecturer of Bulgarian language for foreign students - Medical University, Plovdiv. Author of 6 books of poetry, published in Bulgaria. Co-author of a bilingual haiku book, published in India. Participated in anthologies and editions in Japan, Philippines, India, China, Vietnam, Russia, Romania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Croatia, Germany, France, England, USA, Africa. Editor of over 70 books. Numerous awards around the world, including Gold Stars from Global Literary Society, Red Quills - POEMarium,

Platinum Star- Literature Lovers' Association, Cupid Award - Poetry Planet. In list of the Best Poets – Writers of World, 2019, World Nations Writers' Union. In Tthe First and The Second Anthology of World Gogoshi. Co-author of “Songs of Peace” – World’s Biggest Poetry Anthology. Member of Union of the Bulgarian Writers, Society of the Plovdiv writers, Haiku Club – Plovdiv, the Bulgarian haiku Union, The Haiku Foundation – USA, United Haiku and Tanka Society – UK, the World Haiku Association, GLS, World Nations Writers' Union.

HEAVENLY MYTHOLOGY

The rose antique bleeds
with a sun thorn in the heart -
henceforth not a moment's rest.
Achilles' heels momentarily spur
our light trail, my impulse.

I recognized the goddess of love
and a look from above exalted her with a lunar halo
and our Milky Way is coming enthusiastically
through the dark bowels of a star trunk.

I chant the sign of fire
and may God judge me
with my heavenly drama or farce.
About the ghostly explosions.
About the nuclear tickle.
About the merging Venus with Mars.

MIRROR

I clarify my essence
in the mirror of the day.
Countless faces are lost
along the way.
God's power moves the galaxies.

TRANSFORMATION

I loved the midnight picture
on the wonderful ghostly hill.
If I'll go far from here,
my heart will raise it up.

I loved the glittering abysses
of the morning snow and smoke.
Forever if I'll disappear,
their flesh will reborn me.

I used to love the solar nets
of this adorable game.
I hope someone will notice me,
if I'll spark on that hill.

I'll stare with the eyes of bird
in the astonished vault of sky
and I'll fly slightly into the dusk
into my next life.

ARCHIPELAGOS

A volcanic touch flamed up
throughout splashes of light.
On your starry shoulder
I was rising with the sun.

Dear my, with colorful eyes,
with different faces -
you resurrected my dream.
And the infinity invoked me
in your gaze flashed bright beams.

Over the glowing horizons
and longing beyond the universe
an explosion has dissolved Atlantis
into ours sudden memories.

THROUGH THE AGES

Strings of harp -
the myth of Orpheus
lives in collective memory.
Music from celestial spheres
exalts us.
We continue with spunk
in the future.



Merita Papparisto (Albania)

<http://www.kamomila-kamomila.blogspot.com>

Merita Papparisto was born and grew up in Elbasan City.

Now she lives in Toronto, Canada. She has a Bachelor degree in Finance from the University of Tirana. Writing is her hobby and her passion. She has published three poetry books: “Cristal in the fog” 2008 “Beyond... “ 2018, “Solstice” 2020 .

Merita has also translated and published a book with short stories, from well-known authors such as Joyce, Capote, Chopin, Virginia Wolf, O’ Henry, Poe, etc. titled “Selected short stories” 2008.

A fourth book with short stories, is already in the process of being published. She has a blog,(<http://www.kamomila-kamomila.blogspot.com>) where she posts her creative works as well as her translated works.

A Fairy tale of Springtime

When is it going to sprout?
The seed that you planted last year...
Your rain, pitter-patter on the glass of my window
Inside me, the thirst is deepening

My skin is bulging , you know?
Ripened and juicy
it is trying to reach and feed the roots
the roots, roots, roots
of the little seed

I turn my gaze to the sky through my window
my nose and lips

are trying to warm up the lifeless glass
my tongue, reaches for the rain drops
to please it's thirst.
Your glance from the other side
taps, taps, taps...

I am waiting for the migration of a blue stork
carrying his childhood in the beak
dropping it sweetly on my lap,
so I can cradle it.

I am giving all the springtime's of my life to you in exchange,
Here, you can choose the one that pleases you,
one season, one migration, one path ...
It's more than enough
for the little seed to bloom
And what blooms inside me,
remains with me forever.

You are like rain...

Here comes that time of year,
when days are get shorter
the branches are tear-dropping the leafs
the melancholy of mid-autumn
is embracing the earth with its wet arms

You come at dusk as a soft sweet sad rain
and leave with the sunrise
as a word choking in the heart

I was dreaming to get under your coat
falling like a glimmer of light from your eyes

seducing you with my red silk scarf
caressing your hair
with the gentleness of my breath

But you come at dusk as a soft sweet sad rain
and leave with the sunrise
as a word choking in the heart

I would 've wished to feel the voice of your skin
Caressing my skin, singing a broken song
walking unexplored paths
under the moonlight...sweet and cold moonlight

But You come at dusk as a soft sweet sad rain
and leave with the sunrise
as a word choking in the heart

I have saved for you a blue seashore
right under my eyelashes
the waves are playful, from time to time
yet somehow rebellious other times
I've saved for you a piece of blue sky as well
with a white cloud on the corner
just for you to rest your eyes

But You come at dusk as a soft kiss of rain
and leave with the sunrise
as a word choking in the heart



María Fernanda Del Castillo Sucerquia (Columbia)

María Fernanda Del Castillo Sucerquia is a poet, narrator, proofreader and therapist in oriental medicine. Study foreign languages at the Universidad Del Atlántico. He was born in Barranquilla, Colombia in 1997.

He has participated in numerous recitals, festivals and local and national literary meetings. His poems have been translated into English and Kannada. Published in anthologies, blogs, magazines and national and international newspapers such as El Heraldo, Latitud, Sol y Luna, Crisol, María Mulata, El Espectador, Filogicus, Por esto, and others.

I

I'm already in the wagon, my love! I have the little white dress and the criss-crossed hair as you love so much. My whole life is the road on waiting for you. I dance and sing, and the voice breaks, the legs collapse. I write on the walls your dreams of freedom in me. On the last train I will take you up the emerald field and you will flock yourself cherub by cherub to the heart of the land yours. I love you forever and ever and you alone light myself bonfire. You are worth more than the pain of being imprisoned in the helplessness of a homeland that forgot to be a father and mother, and is chasing me to tear off my dress and cut off my braid No! I will not give him the paradise that sings the echo of your heavenly music, this belly devoted to your rose garden. A sun warms me in the horrible night, I open my eyes inside myself. I will always be your little girl, every wrinkle and gray hair that blooms tells me reasons to become myself you, gardenia that inaugurates spring. Imagine my humanity in the hand of compassion. Don't let me die if it's not for your birth. I wait for you, I wait for you...

II

If you talk to me and I close my eyes, I didn't fall asleep. I see the birth of the poem I haven't written yet. Your verb brings me out of my ignorance, pronounces the misunderstood, whispers my inexpressive gesture. Birds of unmentionable color cross the silence of the sky. I listen to you and travel in the voice that inhabits my dreams. I am united by your laughter with the joy that lurks me for centuries of longing, sleeplessness and lament. You shut up in me the word he doesn't say to me. We are in a dialogue of intuitions between your light and mine. With the unsaid I trust you the secret of my love and my darkness. In memory, do not look for me, light my lamp of sacred letter and pronounce me with the mystery of your being. Open my eyes with your looking on me. I inhale the breath of dawn, its awakening paints my lips to create you. You sunrise in the mouth from Elohim.

III

I don't regret giving up the thirst. The desert is all around me and you plow a spring in my throat. The pleasure flows from me. I fly with the river of your walking, wings of light unfold from the freshness that you sow me, I swim in the humid secret under your sand. The spittle weaves my word into your seed, and the gold under your riverbed covers me with kindness. Mirror, do not remember me, in its luminous water I find the noblest reflection of my spirit. I exhale the stale air, I polish the crystal of the heart, and you reverberate fullness in my litmus chest. Penetrate my cactus into your stream, jump the fish from the dust, break the jug my totality. Flow your life from the life I lack and this verse with the death of what I said in the drought. My fascination about you fills me forever. The beatitude crowns your aura of nascent oasis, amphora of love that ascends with the torrent of trust and in the absence of the chimera pours its creature. I give myself to the reason for being of the light that you conceive in me. Even for the thirst of the world, from my dunes the nectar of your paradise springs!



Marjeta Shatro – Rrapaj (Albania)

Marjeta Shatro Rrapaj is a writer from Albania. Poetry has been an inseparable part of her life, a passion that would be crowned with many publications in different periodicals and literary magazines. She is the author of three poetry books: "In the sea of my eyes", "Migration with Twilight", "Nerthus". She is affirmed in the path of poetry with artistic maturity. She has written in prose: "Flickering of Seagulls". She has 21 video-poetry in YouTube. She has translated in Albanian many stranger authors. She is writing the fifth book in prose.

I, the dreamer ...

Summer nights when the evening falls slowly
the sun loses its horizons,
I do not know why a vision appears white
washed in the color of the gold stars.

Then this light, as in a blindness
grabs me in the wings, angels fly
melt me and dissolve me, burgeon clouds!
dying and resuscitating me, endless heaven.

I come to you!

I come to you, as the hope of the new day
as the awake morning the most sunrise of beauty,
as a remembrance, which restores the past,
like a bird, that shakes the wings flight.
I come without knocking,

with the innocence of a flickering soul
light when they lighten the colors of life
the evening, when all the twilights begin their pilgrimage.

Silent nostalgia

The day comes down from other heavens,
endless ribbons coloring
on the somnolent city late in the evening
poured the gates and the lime-trees on the street.
The wind plays with the turbid waves,
the sea crashes altitude
They kiss, quarrel, then become oil
The ultimate lonely game in the last eternity .
History is repeated, written first
other traces remain again
a dress pulled in from the sandpit
a silent nostalgia that awaits and awaits.

Repeated

Every evening I look eye to eye with the night.
I am overwhelmed with her tranquility
and forgot,
after the invisible curtains.
Do not forget to collect memories
bring to me those few moments of joy.
Whisper my prayer several times,
then rest, forgive ...
In sacred words under the edge
Miss out on tomorrow's dreams
This sequence is repeated to my nights
again and again ...!



Mountassir Aziz (Morocco)

*President of international forum of creativity and humanity; Ambassador of Inner Child Press Washington in North Africa; Ambassador of WIP (Nigeria) in Morocco; Membre and coordinator in Morocco North Africa. He is Ambassador of (Chaudhary Art trust Hindia) and president of the suprême council for art peace and Humanity Cordinator in North Africa of UWMC (United World

Movement children. Ambassador of Humanity mission and Peace in Morocco. Cordinator of the Arab Media Network in Morocco He participated in 5 poetry international anthologies He have 6 books (poetry)

Talk

The pens of the geniuses
Mozart's melodies
Marcel's solos
and Shakespeare's poems
talked to me
about love
and about the time that has passed
about the density of darkness
and the vending of peace
about the naked shame
that has melted the candles
caused the flowers to shrivel
besieged me with misery
sent security
to void
and let bodies fall victim
to the yellowness of autumn
and storms of winter

They talked to me about
the streams of blood
to placate evils
among the nations of jasmine
about oppression and dreams
in the age of gallows and punishment
The rustling of my alphabets
is a nap for doves
virgin parks
not yet pollinated
living the ecstasy of desires
Their eyes see impurities
Their tongue talk of beaut.

End writing

The end of writing comes
The nostalgia continues
Encounter thoughts
The vaccine is made
And the word is born again
And back to write
To find myself a novel
Poem
Fill the horizon of sorrows
And celebrate the joys
And don't worry about this
And look at fake *alışveriş* and attention
And above the secrets of secrets
And be love
And hate the rest
And come with peace and brotherhood
To erase the oppression from me
And about me



María Fernanda Portés Valencia (Ecuador)

María Fernanda Portés Valencia, also known as Nefer PorVa, was born in Guayaquil – Ecuador on January 19, 1987. Among her accomplishments, she became a Second Deck Officer of Merchant Navy of Ecuador and performs as an engineer in Transport Administration and Seaports. Currently studying for a master's degree in cultural policy and arts

management. She is also a dedicated author, advocate and cultural manager with ventures into thoughts, ecological poetry, general poetry (featuring erotic, romantic, death, experiential topics) and narrative/storytelling.

Among the positions she held that led her to national and international honors and recognition. María Fernanda has received several national and international awards and prizes. Her first literary achievement, “There is Sex in the Air”, is an erotic book of poems divided into sections (passion, love and seduction). She is currently working on the edition of an illustrated book and another poetry volume.

ZOMBIES

Desolate, wilted clouds,
lost in the wind,
garnishing the air,
encroached, suffocated air,
condemned to be free
in an enclosed space.

Unsettled seas,
exhausting, yet dazzling,
of snowy foam, water and salt,
infinite, daunting waters.

Oh, waters, without a shame,
lakes, lagoons, rivers, estuaries,
seas, oceans and beaches,
these waters I became.

Withered, sick, lifeless bodies,
aging, poisoned, often bloody,
zombie-like corpses distilling ferment,
alive, yet dead; perished, yet content.

MY EYES FROM A DISTANCE

From my window sill I think of you,
I slowly seek your love like a slave,
looking at you from a distance, I am afraid,
of losing you on my way of the grave.

With my brittle eyes I wait for you,
with splashy tears I pray for you,
my shivering arms yearn for your bread,
since only you my love can appease,
a love that revives in spite of being dead.

I've searched for you with my droopy gaze,
I dream of you, I delight with your presence.
but I dawn with dalliance and somewhat afraid,
of losing you in a silent maze.

Inhospitable, vastly dilated eye-sockets,
hosting bowed eyes that beg for mercy,
succumbing to uncertainty, a violent frenzy,
my watch over you is steady, like a rocket.



Monsif Beroual (Morocco)

He was born in Midelt Morocco, on October 19th, 1994. Graduated from Sidi Mohammed Ben Adlalah University, section Public Law in Arabic at Taza city. He is pursuing a master degree on “Strategy of

Decision Making” at Taza City University, Morocco.

He is a multi- awarded and International renowned poet. World Icon of Literature, granted by: National Academy of Arts and Culture, India, 2020. Winner of the Pablo Neruda medal Award 2017.

His poems have been translated into a dozen languages: Spanish, French, Chinese, Polish, Arabic, Romanian, Italian and Taiwanese. His poems have been published in several International magazines and over 180 international anthologies and magazines around the world.

He is youth Ambassador of inner child international press at Morocco.

He is also an administrator of FEELINGS INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS SOCIETY, a global group of literary people and also the founder and president of ARTUNITED Association, Morocco.

X PLANET: HISTORY ROOM

Dear human beings,
I lost the words, I wish if I could spell a word
I´am the blamed one, the only one!
And the coming generation will says the same
Our grandparents faults.
I wish if I can tell more words
But I've lost all the words
Every day I see the moon, I stares to that sun
Above me that sky full of stars
Under my feet that lands
Breathing the same air
But we never value that homeland
Hoping and wishing for better world

Without wars,
Without hate.
Am I the only one?
I wonder with that pain killing my heart
But all my hopes were caged into history room
What could we say for them
But we are the blamed ones
We lost control and we let anger control our needs
We could not bring the change
We only brought the wars
Cause we couldn't understand
We couldn't forgot
Cause we couldn't forgive
We just brought the history to the future,
To the present,
To hate each other
We couldn't learn
But we learned to keep hating each other
Without understanding each other
Without given chance to love each other
That is us, our beloved human beings generation.

WORLD WAR AGAIN

I've listened the news
Everybody talks about war
War again ! World war !
Like something is cool
Does They forgot too fast
About history and our cold centuries?
I heard an old wind hit so strong
I wish if i don't exist to see this globe
Our globe that adore just wars!

And our dove that still missing around!
Again our lines fall,
Fall into dust like a broken song
Sorry dear poets, does we shall surrounded by this walls?
And kills our ink to speak for freedom and love!
Remind them, there's thousands reasons to find love
And us as poets we swore
to sacrifice with our souls
To made this globe embrace love again through our words.

ASHES IN THE RAIN

Tonight I'm walking
Between the streets
It raining,
Whispers in my soul
I'm alive
Beyond the colors
I've dreamt, beyond the hope
I've wished, beyond the walls
Dreaming and wishing
For humanity.
I'm breathing
In every breath, am screaming
Like a child falls and brokes his bones
Screaming loud, so loud
Because I'm feeling
And watching humanity raped
To become only a dream
Raped by nightmares,
To become only ashes on the rain.



**Margaret Kowalewska
(Poland - Canada)**

Margaret Kowalewska, the poetess of love, appears reciting her poems on Vancouver stages. Originally from Warsaw Poland, she found her home in Canada. Her poetry printed in many anthologies. received recognition in international poetry groups. She believes that it is never to late to chase your dreams and not to be afraid to reveal the true yourself..

Tales From The Garden of Eden

II

I saw you in the garden
It was an enchanted garden.
There apple blossoms
adorned with angels wings
And pearls of dew
seeking your attention

Midst ruby Camellia blooms
You were looking for
a flower fairy in your mind
Did you think of me that time?

And a candle of geometrical design
painted pink by spring, flaming..
And long roots were ready waiting
to go deep in soft soil..
In the closeness of your arms

there is a paradise
where all worries disappear.
like in a nest of a hummingbird
protected by a beloved..

Charisma nested on a fig tree
waiting for sweetness to fruit
Midst the breaths of shy leaves
unfolding bashful lure..

As if in reverie
I'm touching piano keys
that your fingers touched
I still feel them on my shoulders
lingering with music
echoing in my pulse

Moon River

If a river could speak,
she would tell that she was born
from water springs, to flow
through rough rocks
and smooth sands in the journey
of life, looking for love

The river is bathing her lucent skin
in a gloss of the moon
midst diamond tiaras of stars

Her beloved, the ocean of love
is waiting for her with the open arms

where she merges with him
in millions of fluid beads in the loop of time

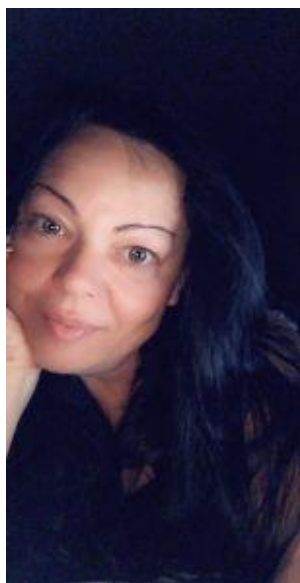
As they dance together in every drop,
all drops are connected as one
As if in the moment where future
and past become the present time
because time is an illusion except for “now”
And the river streams in self renewing life
And only love makes the world go round.

Muse

Her body veiled
with the aura of night
The beam of celestial stream
reaches her with trance

Inspired by divinity of stars
Musing in the melting ice
of the milky way's gate
Elusive as the blue butterfly,
she touches the pen of a poet
and lets it bloom with divine spray

When blue ice turns to red lava,
the flower loses his mind
drunk with the scent of a butterfly



Miljana Zivanovic (Switzerland)

Miljana Zivanovic was born in Vukovar, Croatia. She lives and writes in Switzerland

"Miljana Zivanovic published her poetry for the first time in 2017 even though she has been writing since the school days. She is preparing to publish her first written word of poetry from that time.

She participates in four Anthologies:

Anthology of Serbian Poetry and Prose; Artists Association of Australia

Anthology of World Poetry and Prose I; Artist Association of Australia

Anthology Love is everything; Knjazevac Gold Feather

Anthology of World Poetry and Prose II; Artists

Association of Australia .

She participates in joint poetry collections, a stand-out dedicated to Njegos's "Njegos's Wreath" and a collection dedicated to Patriarch Paul, "Let's Be People Like the Patriarch," though all are equally important to her. Also her poetry was published in English in two joint collections Gentle word. She has been awarded several times in the country and abroad for her work.

Out of 1567 writers, 30 best and most awarded authors were selected for 2019. Miljana Živanović is one of the selected best writers for 2019. The best written works are in "Anthologies of World Prose and Poetry 2019." published by the Association of Free Artists of Australia. She is a member of Scene Crnjanski Literary Club, Art Horizon Literary Club, Knjazevac Gold Feather, Australian Free Artists Association. In her texts you become participants with the details that occupy you, telling the story in a suggestive way. It does not leave readers without interest for a moment and catches their attention. As an author he stands out from the mass of writers of the traditional "female" love read. In her poetry she shows a distinct sense of a different need for contemporary consciousness, her own belief that there are crucial moments in a woman's life. ”

Mother Earth

Mother Earth,
light years in the dark altar,
in poor condition, without harmony
formed without a big bang, alone and fragile
blue and visible, irreplaceable
brave and hard as steel
you don't give up on us so easily ...
Mother Earth is full of love, no hate,
you exist without borders, you bend your core,
release us from fear, cure the sick,
you saved us from eternal inner battles,
pleased with what is transient
she no longer feels alone!
We move on with our lives
and ready for what is to come
Mother Earth,
you still believe in us!
How strange. Especially.
Here is fate, she stopped.
No, it's not too late
that serenity overwhelms our homes ...
And treat us to bread and salt,
a symbol of fertility and purity!

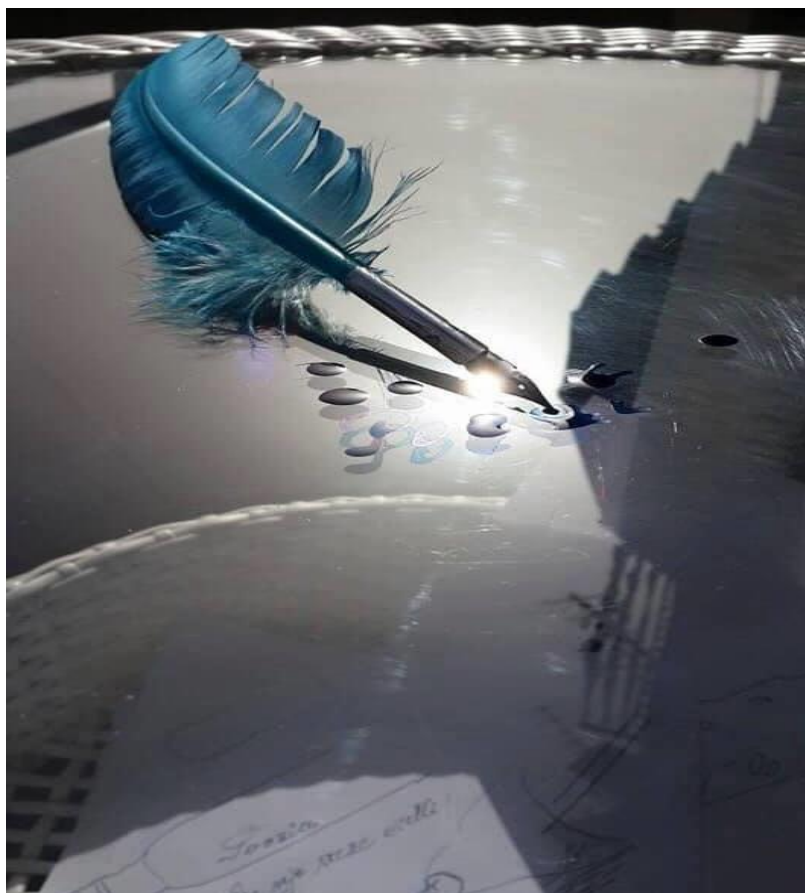
God's hand in accident

He saw me move my lips,
my voice is breaking, I'm starting to say:
An accident is like darkness ... the absence of light,
it's impossible to see, and I know it's there ...
How will I live and know that I met a shadow from a woman,
I only recognized her eyes ?!

And the hand of God touches me, holds it.
Friend in joy, pain, sadness ...
It is as if I was a pearl in His hand
I will stay connected to Him,
like a wild flower growing in a field
he got used to being rude and I didn't become mean ...
It's all so murky, fearful, anxious
and I see a lot in myself, that's what my soul looks at.
God's hand, give me security,
stored in His hand,
they won't let me go,
gives me love that I can rely on Him ...
Today, tomorrow, always.
I don't have to go by an unlucky boat in this flood ...
With the power of God, I survive the night.
And he sings a lullaby to me, an old psalm:
"But it is you, Lord, who protects me,
my glory; You raise my head"

Expectation

Silent steps,
nevertheless the sound of approaching
gives a cold squeak under your feet,
the street lamp lit up the shadow ...
You disturb my silence
because I expected ...
No one visits remote places!



©Irina Hysi. MA (Albania) *“The pen of the soul”* (70x60)

Member of Board of the International Poetical Galaxy ATUNIS

Albanian poet and painter. Graduated in master's art management, the Mediterranean University of Albania. The veil between deep inspiration, poetic intuition, and appearance and image realization as a painting often accompanies the category of all the artists who possess these types of techniques, but resizing and expressive forms with the language codes and the spirit of the music make this art to touch the highest constellations creatures of the creative spirit.



NilavroNill Shoovro (India)

Director and Editor bij Our Poetry Archive

NilavroNill Shoovro: Is the founding editor of the monthly web journal Our Poetry Archive. Loves to write poems although he never claim himself as poet, usually writes essays and articles on various social topics covering burning issues of the present time. His main area

of interest is philosophy literature and international affairs.

When You Are Not Around

I don't know how to dream
When you are not around
Dancing like the falcon
Sunbeam flaring over the wings

I don't know how to sing
When you are not around
Talking like the young lady
Fallen in love for the first time

I don't know how to love
When you are not around
With your smiling blue eyes
Like the twilight over the horizon

I don't know how to live
When you are not around
Like the married woman
Who had left her first love forever....

Silent March Of Dead Coffins

Silent march of dead coffins
Voiceless faces and blank eyes
Without any pain or grief
Without any hope or dream

Insane pages of bankrupt histories
Fractured memories like the
Return of the wounded warriors,
Still walking along the dead and dumbs

Alphabets of the promised land
With much hue and cry, buried
Under the invisible last drop of tears
Only the unspoken words remain alive

We don't know if ever at all
We don't know when or where
We don't know who or how
We don't know anything about...

Distances of mutual loneliness
Haunted fever of the conquerors
Or the savage songs of ancient men
We don't know where to look around...

Silent march of dead coffins
Through the insane pages of histories...
False alphabets of the promised land
Denies the truth of the unspoken words...

Reflections... 2020

1

Shadows of dead bodies

On the wings of silent masks

The flesh of frozen bloods
Surrendered to secret lies

Endless drama of daily briefings
Crocodile's tears, invisible smiles

Empty streets like blank eyes
Taking rest without any sleep

Shredded hopes of buried coffins
Rest in peace with broken dreams

2

Yet I and you like many others
Keeping track with statistics

I can never call you back
You wouldn't ever come to me

And the distance between us
Is our password to log in life

We are only numbers now
Dead or alive, infected or not

Living in panic, living alone
Like the ghosts roaming in hell....



Ndue Ukaj (Kosova)

Ndue Ukaj (1977) is an Albanian writer, publicist and literary critic. His poems has been included in several anthologies of poetry, in Albanian, and other languages. He has published several books,

including “Godo is not coming”, which won the national award for best book of poetry published in 2010 in Kosovo. He has also won the award for best poems in the International Poetry Festival in Macedonia and another prize. His poems and texts are translated into English, Spanish, Italian, Romanian, Finnish, Swedish, Turkish and Chinese. Ukaj is member of Swedish PEN.

Noah’s Ark

Noah’s Ark was not emptied
even when the rainbow
scintillated over the sea
and the winds stopped
and the sea slept.
She was not emptied,
even when the white dove
flew before her and,
from the narrow doors
appeared the faces of the
passionate, spurred to feel
all the bright colors
straight away.

Noah’s ark fights on,
still drunk with the storm,
Fights the rain of life falling
Nonstop with evil men
who have ruined the soil...
Since the people, drunk, overwhelmed

with the desire to ransack the colors
of the rainbow's arch, trust me,
peace has not overspread us
Though a dove appeared
in the blue blue sky
desire overwhelmed us –
to become drunk with
warm lips, to die there
and preserve eternally
that instant of drunkenness
Night fell; the rainbow disappeared
in an orbit of darkness, just like
some thing unknown beyond a great hill.
And darkness enshrouded our eyes,
the same as Eve's darkness – her
overwhelming desire for the apple
in the tree of wisdom,
Oh God, wouldn't you think
after that battle between
the rainbow's arch and the storm
we might have lost our taste
for the forbidden fruit?

In the city of a cloud

In the city of cloud everything is different.
Thoughts are enclosed just as our deception through statues.
There flowers live a life of bushes,
And within them dance freely only insects
My God,
The city of cloud has its narrow streets,
And its thoughts are narrow
And the song of Halleluiah is not heard.
There is no room for exhaustion

Through exhausted feet is extended
And the word tries in vain to defend the corrupt dignity.

Spiders have set their webs
And rudiments of a mind are turned into a night romance, romance of time.

In the city of cloud the theater's lights are shut
And shows are made under the pressure of candles that fight with darkness
Poetry is read in the corners of sorrow
Where only dogs with flees walk in quietness.
Where nastiness of politics has ruined everything,
Up to the birds sounds and kisses of loved ones.

In the city of clouds, dust has covered flowers.
And in the middle there is a lake of ignorance
Where freedom and war have no borders,
Where poetry and non-poetry have no borders.

Where there are stolen many pains
That run through the sky and turned into food
For the hungry stomach of politics.
Just as our solitude through vibrating legs
That is disrupted in flooded roads
With men walking endlessly,

With men walking endlessly.
Since then it begun to be miss counted,
Since then it begun to be bent,
Since then it begun to turn into evil
In the city is felt the sky's lack "city of God."

Translated from Albanian by Peter Tase



Dr. Namita Laxmi Jagaddeb (India)

Dr. Namita Laxmi Jagaddeb, a lecturer in Deptt. of English, Mahima Degree College, Bijapali, Jharsuguda, Odisha (India), is a poet in Odia and English, a translator, an essayist and a social activist. Her book of translation, titled “ My Love, My Seasons” published by Black Eagle Books, Dublin, OH (US) has been included at Columbus Metropolitan Library (US). In recognition of her literary, critical and social activities, she has been conferred with many national and international awards and honours such as: TEMIRQAZYQ- the Best Poet-Writer of

the World, 2018, World Laureate in Literature-2018 and World Poetic Star, 2019 by WNWU, Kazakhstan; Literoma Laureate Award, Women Achiever Award ,2019, Nari Samman,2020 by Literoma, Kolkata; Dr. Hannan Awwad Peace Award 2019, Palestine; Biyotkesh Tripathy Best Paper Award inICPN, 2019, by Berhampur University; Bharat Ratna Indira Gandhi Gold Medal in 2018 by GEPRA, (India).

HOPE

Am I awake!

Whither gone is my lovely dream;
whither fled my sweet morn,
my fair day, the scented air!

Not a soul around; all are shell shocked,
cooped up behind closed doors;
a nameless fear whirling in the wind,
all places look haunted, phantom like.

The Devil is in.

Subtler are its ways, known to none,
protean its character, spine-chilling its moves;
conjuring a thousand arms, it executes with abandon.

Oh, what a scourge, what a curse;
for what promises broken, which trust breached!
Is it nemesis catching me up for what I stupidly did,
poisoning the life's spring at source;
looting the mother earth, its charm of loveliness;
the living air, its benediction?

Oh Lord, I now stand trembling on the Day of Judgement.
Forgive me, my excesses; save me, save our souls.
Let peace return to elements, sweet breeze blow afresh,
shut doors open wide again, to the wide world.

Let the devil be consigned to hell .

THE WAIT

The other day, I was a bubbly songbird,
all-season-fit, groomed well, but wedded to none;
all day long hopping, flitting, twitting,
I loved to flirt with the sky, twirling around the shining blue
under the silver dazzle; I loved to frolic with the sun-kissed
drizzle, when fairies began weaving a symphony of colours
for the divine arc; I loved to sing the song of life to all the kind souls,
nestled in my lovely bower of green earth.
But, alas! Gone are, in a wink, my bright days and
my little nest of twigs and straw; my wings fatigued, eyes dim.
I can see only tears and fire engulfing all that lay fresh
and fragrant between my sweet home and the vault of heaven.
The wind sighs heavily for a grieving humanity.
How agonizing!
Who can stand the sight of ignorant folks , in millions,
hijacked to the killing field?
The Satan plays it foul, utmost foul;
the cunning God waits.
It is His wont.



Nassira Nezzar (Algeria)

www.wordsocean.wordpress.com

Nassira Nezzar, A writer from Guelma –Algeria- She was an English language teacher at the university of Guelma for 8 years and a teacher in a National institute for vocational training...She adores writing since young age. Nassira Nezzar has a published work, a book entitled: FAMILIAR STRANGERS,

which is a collaboration work with the American author Rob McBride. It's dedicated to all who believe possible the impossible. She participated in different international anthologies, Love is like air-USA-, The Other Side Of The Screen-Poland-, Women Poets -within and beyond shore Vol 1-2 &3-India-, Whispers of Soflay, Verses on Racism, Resistance and Refugee Crisis –India-, Metafora Współczesności –Poland-Thousand poems to the peace and happiness of humanity –Chile- , Family -Chile-, Antholgy of Contemporary world poetry –Belgium-and participation in an international anthology against Racism.-Love Postcards ..

Here is my world

Here the deepest secret nobody knows
Here the painful wound nobody feels
Here the joyful smile nobody makes
Here is my world..

Built by simple words
Built by hidden ashes
Built by pearls of courage
Built by the eyes of hope
Built by the soul of poetry
and poetry never lies ..

Here is my world
Injured by time
Healed by faith

Covered by a smile saying:
I'm fine
I'm wise, childish and stubborn
From the womb of love
I reborn and reborn..
Even when I feel defeated
I remember
I'm brave enough to challenge
life storms .

Let's embrace peace

Let's down our weapons
let's open our arms
let's rid ourselves of vanity
and embrace peace through
love and humanity
Wars make peoples lost and sad
We should fight for peace instead
Love not war, we should spread
Yet we know we've been
made for the glory of peace
For the peace is an emptiness
It must have its fill
Nothing could fill it
as loving each other
Nothing could fill it as
building the world together
Nothing could fill it
as sowing the grains of love
in each soul
and making the peace
Our awaited fruit
Our common goal..



Natalia Govsha (Canada)

Natalia Govsha has been writing poems and prose all of her life and has been drawing for many years. She studies philosophy, alchemy and synthesis of religions. This knowledge is reflected in her poems, stories and pictures. Her first book of poems "Woman's Diary" was published in 2015. "Woman's Diary", a collection of poetry, shares a reflection of women who have surrounded her, with their own life and their own love, joy, sorrow, and suffering. From passion to splashes of love, to mistakes, break ups, revival and forgiveness, forgiveness and hope. "Woman's Diary" explores the lives of women and their souls-tender and mysterious.

Natalia's second book of poems "IF YOU LOOK AT THE SKY" was published in 2018. This book about a person who wants to understand a single universal Mind that lives both in human beings and in the universe, initially and unconditionally; and who feels the vibration of true love - as the eternal primordial state of the world. This book is an attempt to turn symbols, allusions, allegories into something alive and sensually perceived, having flesh and blood, filled with personal being. Natalia Govsha lives in Mississauga City, a province of Ontario, Canada, with her family.

THE PERFECT VISIONARY

I get out of chaos of my ornaments
as from the sticky paws
of an octopus,
leaving the old bloody skin
to him...
It hurts
When will the naked flesh

be covered
with scars?...
Still hurts ...
I will transfer this pain
with a brush and paint.
It scares
and tickles
nerves.
Ordered chaos –
symbols of surrealism.
I am a heretic alchemist.
I'm Hieronymus Bosch...

KNOW THYSELF ...

On all the roads that arose
from my mother's bosom
and flowed
along the earth's burden
of various prisms of existence –
wilting and blossoming,
through a bright day
and night, gloomy
as a free human
with the spark of God
in my blood
I walked forward
with an obsession.
And... I didn't look back
even if I was off the track.
I searched for answers
in signs, visions, perceptions
for unanswered questions.
I have fallen into a furious abyss.

I have risen above the tallest peaks,
burning with the sun reflection
withered with thirst.
I was ascended and
I was cursed...
The skin is torn off...
Flesh hangs from the bones...
A heart is torn out of my chest
and burns with a torch –
I have passed all the roads
assigned to me.
And between time and eternity
on the verge of confession
in repentance
I become the essence
of divine revelation...

ADAGIO

Adagio, chaste,
the liberation of my soul.
Let me enjoy the light
streaming from heavens.
And your pure strings
this light transform
into an angelic choir...

God, probably,
was lonely so,
when he revealed
this Higher Glow
of the great beyond
in earthly chime,
sublime...



Nutan Sarawagi (India)

Nutan Sarawagi is from Mumbai, India. She loves poetry. She loves to colour words in the colours of verse. She has a Masters degree in Education and is a designer by profession. She writes mainly on women and children. She feels very strongly about women's issues and the children of war. She wishes she could set the world right for them. She writes both in English and Hindi. Her interests include poetry and sculpture.

She is co-authored a book with Nikita Dhawan and Nisha Agarwal: Women's

Studies Pedagogy: An Evaluatory Study. Published by Research Centre for Women' Studies, RCWS Gender Series. (Gender and Education, Book 1) Published from Bombay: SNTD University, 2002.

International Anthologies: Poetry for Peace, published from USA. 2015 Different Truths on Autism Awareness. 2019 Speak Your Mind on national and international problems. 2016. Amaravati Poetic Prism International Multilingual Poetry. 2017, 2018. Some Voices Sing Anthology of Hope. 2016. You and Me. 2018 Cherry Toppins. 2018 Symphony of Souls. 2019 Premier Antologia de Poetas del Proyecto de 'UNEMOS AL MUNDO CON LA POESIA', Mexico-India.

‘Poetry for me
is the cry of the heart
in which you pen your thoughts
in its love until you get so lost
in it to become its thoughts
in the soul of your heart
Its heart ‘

Breathe not

life why don't you
in your pain stop
my heart beat not

for when you do
my soul asks
in me pain don't stop

in me
die
breathe not.

Let me go

I live in old memories to never go
to tell them in me there love to show
to let me believe in them I row
give me back your love

Don't ever let me go

as I hold you within me
emitting that glow
that once loved me
now don't love me anymore

in feelings that were mine
that never failed to grow
Only to tell you
Love me some more
don't ever let me go

take me to the shore
Where only you and I live
where life no more flows
in those waves of destiny
that ask for no more ...let me go

love me memories do not go
for when you go
I know I am no more.

I am the wind

Your life is mine
in your absence divine
in it to claim
as to never be mine
for in you I find that infinite wind
that never stops to climb
to find its love
wherever it goes
wherever it winds
for it is the wind
in which it lives
never knowing
when to stop
for it has no halt in you to fault
In it's failings to love
to never be your love
it just loves you the way
it wants to be bought
never fought.



Ottavio Rossani (Italy)

Ottavio Rossani (Sellia Marina, 1944), lives in Milan, where he graduated in Political and Social Sciences at the Catholic University. Poet, writer, painter and occasionally theater director. As a journalist – 40 years at the *Corriere della Sera* – he has traveled to different continents and he has met and interviewed powerful and humble people in the fields of culture, politics, news. He has written essays on literature, history and art. Six are his books of poetry: *Le deformazioni* (1976), *Falsi confini* (1989), *Teatrino delle scomparse* (1992), *Il fulmine nel tuo giardino* (1994), *L'ignota battaglia* (2005) and *Riti di seduzione* (2013). Among the various essays, *Leonardo Sciascia* (1990) and *Stato società e briganti nel Risorgimento italiano* (2002, three editions). A long historical account: *Servitore vostro illustrissimo e devotissimo* (1995). Many plaquettes of poems, including *Finestre aperte* (2011), some accompanied by his drawings. His paintings are in private collections, in Italy and abroad; thirty personal and group exhibitions. (<http://poesia.corriere.it>).

The black curtain

When the black curtain goes down
on the words I would like to say
and get tangled on the tongue,
there is not only lack of voice,
there is oxygen rarefaction, there is a scream
which restricts the living space.

When the flamingo holds its head
in the flickering light of sunset
an imperceptible barrier is drawn
in front of the traveler's journey,

and it isn't explained the wind of melancholy
that suddenly blows over the lagoon.

When the action ended in the evening
and aspires to the quiet of sleep,
a sluggish journey often begins
among the misty mists of the mind
that gets stuck in the reverberations of eros.

And on the indefinable threshold of darkness
passion and pain become accomplice.
It is not allowed to give up now
to regenerating verbal hygiene.
If there are no mourning tears
you cannot start talking again.
Then, you will find the right way to do it.

Labyrinth

In the dark my gaze lights up
on your smooth ivory body,
my breath stumbles in the air
and alerted senses warn
movements, smells and tensions.

You are close even if far away,
I chase you even if you are still,
words grow in silence
the eyes prick the penumbra.
Your perfume intoxicates the void,
sucks the vortex of your arms.

On the salt-oxidized beach,
we are now shielded by the rocks,
the sea, like an envious lover,

irritated it breaks into a thousand foams
and cannot reach and overwhelm us.

We are safe in the universe,
inside a maze of stars.
Without moving we make a nice trip.
We wish the day would not come again
to break this sudden spell.

Mountain

Snow also covers the waste.
And the cold insinuates itself under the skin.
How love can grow
without the sap of the gift?

The emotion spreads from a caress.
Life perpetuates itself in the warmth
throbbing of the transplanted seed,
and the earth, the lover, becomes a mother.

Spaces open to fruits
which are soaked in the purest air,
smiles like frozen arrows
they hit the eyes of the sun.

We stop lit by sunset,
the bold view of the reflections
that desire carries above
that white and divine peaks.

A moment of lack of strength,
a lightning bolt of blind abandonment,
the return to the slopes of mystery,
waiting for another beautiful day.



Olimbi Velaj (Albania)

Olimbi VELAJ (1971) was born in Albania. She studied in Tirana and Sofia. Velaj is author of two lyric volumes (third one is in process of publication), the last two are bilingual volumes (Albanian-English). Velaj is emergent poet in Albanian contemporary poetry. Her poems are published in literary magazines and anthologies in 15 foreign languages. She has nominations and awards: in Albania (1993, "Migjeni", prize for debuting poet), Kosova (2002, prize for the best poetry of woman poets in Albanian language), Romania (2005, nomination for the Balkan Prize of Poetry), Lebanon (Naji Naaman's Literary Prizes 2014). Velaj has been journalist for two decades. Actually she is Head of Literature Department, Faculty of Education, University of Durrës and lecturer for Albanian Language, Literature and Culture, University of Belgrade.

Moments succumb beneath the hands of clocks

Moments succumb beneath the hands of clocks
Roofs, day after day, rammed from the start into the sun
Like brown pyramids without bases,
Far away, where the soul is vagrant,
Hands lounge in the doorways
Of greetings,
In a gravy of poems drown gloomy twilights,
An ancient and endless old tree
Ever quietly casts its foliage,
As if from a failed exam
I return
Under the whetted whining of the wind,
Moments succumb beneath the hands of clocks,
Sprawled on the streets like invisible corpses
Under epitaphs with slurs like "former".

The last night of love

Warm was
The last night of love
And the fire was spent over the sea
Like shards of ancient urns
Filled with pagan bones,
The last chords of sound fell in silence
And froze
Within me,
The past hours turned to stone
In the salty spray,
But warm
Was the last night of love
And time slid
Like a swath of fog
Over our Gothic figures.

The loss

I know
What an extinguished fire
Means
Like a child
That is not yet
Curious
About death
I stood
In a morgue
Of irretrievable loves
Never were my eyes
As morose
Never closer to heaven.

Translated from the Albanian by Robert Elsie

Pavol Janik (Slovakia)



Mgr. art. PAVOL JANIK, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the Slovak Writers' Society (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-

in-Chief of the Slovak literary weekly Literarny tyzdenik (2010–2013). Honorary Member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura – Umeni – Kultura (from 2014). Member of the Writers Club International (from 2004). Member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015). Member of the World Poets Society (from 2016). Director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (2016–2017). Chief Representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). Ambassador of the Worldwide Peace Organization (Organizacion Para la Paz Mundial) in Slovakia (from 2018). Member of the Board of the International Writers Association (IWA BOGDANI) (from 2019). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad.

Pavol Janik's literary works have been published not only in Slovakia, but also in Albania, Argentina, Austria, Bangladesh, Belarus, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Croatia, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Kosovo, Macedonia, Mexico, Moldova, Nepal, Pakistan, Poland, the People's Republic of China, the Republic of China (Taiwan), Romania, the Russian Federation, Serbia, Singapore, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom, the United States of America and Venezuela.

A BIG CLEAR OUT

Towels are the things
which will survive us.

Shirts will remind us.

Suits and coats
will remain after us.

So many things,
to which will be added
just the dust
into which we change.

THE THEATER OF LIFE

Life which means only the theater –
such life we always wish to play.
If just now you've got a funny thought
change into your clown's suit.
Life sways with us like a pendulum –
it runs from mud into a puddle.
It never is as it used to be
is a truth well-tried from age to age.

Time is like a glass filled to the brim
again and again it runs over.
It ourselves that step on our heels
and we wish to find the person inside us.

There are patches on curtain and the soul...
At the end death gives checkmate.

Yet it's still worth playing the game,
you should be glad that at least you've existed.

Life has found a mirror on the stage –
it comes alive in it every night.
If something has lured into the theater
let's move into ancient times.

Settle into your empty seat,
learn life by heart.
If you yawn during life
then ask for your entrance fee back.

WISER FOR YOUR DEATH
(for Miroslav Valek)

Roots grow into the earth like coffins,
Opera singers
sound-painterly gargle on the stage,
a storm drives waves to the shores of a puddle.

All at the first moment
of the forgetting of the discovery of America.

At the bottom of their souls
everybody repairs their own Titanic.

The night sky spills itself on the ground
like sparkling snow.

And the dead remain with us
dumb as reproaches.



Pien Storm (Netherlands)

Pien Storm van Leeuwen (Bennebroek, January 4, 1945) is a Dutch visual artist and poet.

Drawing, painting and writing were her passion from an early age. She developed self-taught into a visual artist and poet and has her studio in Chaam. As a painter, she combines various techniques and calls her works 'pictorial'. She also makes iron sculptures. As a poet, she published several volumes and contributed to anthologies. She performs regularly and gives poetry workshops to adults and children. In her

cultural activities she collaborates with a large number of visual artists and poets. A number of art cards of her work were commissioned by government and companies. Pien Storm van Leeuwen was nominated for the Anton van Dunkirk Prize in 2003, in 2005 She was on the longlist for the Writers Prize of Brabant Literature and in that year she was also nominated for the role of city poet of Breda. In 2010 she won the Brabant Bokaal 2010 from the Prins Bernhard Cultuurfonds Noord-Brabant. In 2012 her Inauguration took place as 'Lady of Breda' by the Delicious Order of Breda. On April 26, 2017, she was appointed a Knight of the Order of Orange Nassau.

(Source: Wikipedia)

Celebrate together, secured in connection

How we share life
space, earth
find each other in interaction
the other nearby
the other who is different
but also recognizably the same.
"Together"
that heartfelt word of value

in which we were born and
should be secured

that heartfelt word of value
challenging us and taking us to
balance in going together
balancing around freedom.
We meet in warmth
love and friendship,
sometimes also in pain and difficult navigating
when it pinches and chafes
in disapproval, aversion and worse.
Freedom is not a boundless field
that only the few apply.
If we mention peace and freedom
in one breath
there is room
to be ourselves
and we also want these
for others
we make agreements together
secured in connection.
In the ordering light
of reason and law
freedom feeds peace
and peace freedom,
we let lead ourselves by
mutual respect
in the light of
looking after the other.

From: Hand in Hand, Demer Uitgeverij (2021)
Translated by Hannie Rouweler



Pjetër Jaku (Albania – USA)

The Writer, Poet, best known Journalist, and Editor -in -Chief of “Kuvendi” Journal, Pjeter Jaku was born in Molla Kuqe, Mirditë, Albania. He is among the most popular and best known Albanian authors in Albanian letters, poetry, prose, essays, documentary novel and literary journalism. After he had graduated from “Luigj Gurakuqi” University, Shkodra, Albania,

After graduating in Literature & Linguistics from the University "Luigj

Gurakuqi", Shkodra, Albania, author Pjeter Jaku worked in his hometown for several years teaching of language and literature to the senior cycle at the High School Level, in Tale, Lezhe, and years after he was Director of School Board in Rile. In 1993, he was the Chairman of Lezha Book Branch and became the main librarian at “Kuvendi”(Assembly, the Art Library in Lezha. He published his first solo collection of poems in a well- known literary journal, “Drita”(The Light), in 1975. He gathered a collection of poems to honor grandparents and remember the love they gave. The poems were published in later collections in "Nëntori"(The November) Journal and "Zeri i Rinisë", (The voice of Youth) paper, and free-lance articles in the Post, in well-known newspapers of time, such as “ Bashkimi”, (The Union), “Puna” (The work), and “Zeri i Popullit” ("The People’s voice) ”.

Published Works-Books:

“Self-Forgetfulness” - poems, 1994; “Anxiety” -poems, 1998; “The grey of your absence” - poems, 2008; “At least, a little..” – poems 2019; “Albanians in Detroit - Book Publicity” - 2006; “Kosovo, the first 10 days of Independence” - Journalism, 2008; Fishta-Trilogy” – 2003; “The highland Lute and literary values” ; “Fishta’s Poetic Vocabulary” ; “The best verses by Fishta selected by Pjeter Jaku”; “11 question for Zef Brozi”; “30 years between highlanders” - Dom Anton Kcires, 2001; “Memories of Pashk Kcira”, 2001; “Dalina”- novel; The police and Qur'an.

He lives in USA.

But at least, a little...

At least send me some peace,
On this senseless thunderous night!
A bunch of sweet words of love,
The only one left!

Then, send my way few of your thundering lights,
Along with two or three kisses, that I deserve!
Two or three hopes I expect tonight,
The only one left!

Send my way some good news from homeland,
Not just tears, pains and bloodshed,
Anyone like me deserves better than this,
But at least, a little peace!

The Rhythm of Leaves

The space looks like a black mouth,
That swallows up the mornings,
Keeping my eyes on a difficult path,
But it stole them, someone I loved!

Trying to write down some words,
Through the windy storms, but
When they do not come from the heart,
They are often called the empty ones!
Then I hear,
The rhythm of leaves, as they fall,
In a silence that talks,
They are getting heavier,
But can never be songs!

Translated into English by Raimonda Moisiu



Pushmaotee Subrun (Mauritius)

Pushmaotee Subrun studied in Delhi University, worked in Zimbabwe and Mauritius, was later a member of the Council of the University of Mauritius and is currently an editor in the Ministry. She is the author of: 'Ella', 'Who is Your Best Friend?' and 'Short Stories and Fables'. 'Dreams to Reality' and 'A lyrical bouquet of Soulful Poems' will be published soon. Her poems have featured in prestigious online magazines such as 'Setu', 'Atunis Galaxy Anthology 2020', 'OPA Anthology of Poetry', 'International Poetry Anthology of Amaravati Poetic Prism', 'InnerChildPress Anthology, 2020', 'Best Poetry', and 'Destiny Poets' where she was selected as Poet of the Year and critic of ICOP Awards 2019.

Be Open to Growing

Work to the best of your ability,
The doors will open for you automatically
To the situation you are asking
Simply be open to growing,
And take a practical approach thoughtfully.

Trust your instinct,
There might come up hidden talent distinct,
You will marvel at your own might,
Your dormant thoughts waiting to take flight,
Over earth, into realms distant.
Offer your competence wholeheartedly.

Try to build opportunities for all, equally.
Hold everyone accountable simultaneously.
The future will certainly be bright,
You will then see the world right.
In an entirely new light with contentment,
As issues will come to fulfilment.

Accelerate Your soul's Empowerment

Negative thoughts weighing you down?
Heaviness churning your brain round
Clouding all reasoning,
Stifling your soul, all clarity blogging?

Like the sun sets to rise again,
You will have to try again and again.
Help yourself, the inner self light,
God will brighten the flickering light.

Assiduously, steadily but surely,
With resilience armed, gradually,
Rise like the phoenix
From the ambers, from whatever jinx.
Our mind cleansed,
Body and spirit focused,
Your SOUL energy activate,
Deep, deep spiritual power stimulate.

With deeper spiritual power,
Awaken to the divine shower
Within to allow a more balanced existence,
With a peaceful approach to eliminate nescience.



Raimonda Moisiu (Albania – USA)

Raimonda Moisiu is an Albanian – American author, poet, and freelancer journalist. She was born, on February, 21st, 1957, in Korca city, Albania, - actually she lives in Jacksonville, Florida USA. After graduating in English Literature & Linguistics from the University Of Tirana Albania, she worked in her hometown for several years teaching of English language. In 1999, Raimonda Moisiu emigrated from Albania to America, and she is mentioned as one of the Albanian-American based author in

exile. She's published till now nineteen books in prose, journalism and lyrical poetry. She is author and coauthor of eight national and international anthologies. Friendliness of art and literature, it has become a very successful author, poet and freelancer journalist.

Also she is a freelance journalist for "Illyria", "The Sun", New York, and "Assembly" Detroit Michigan, USA. For Albanian Press as " Tirana Observer", vise AMERICANEY.EY.AL, "Fjala e Lire", London, United Kingdom, "Albanian Mail", in London, Kosovo and Albanian website on line... She has lived in Hartford CT, for 17 years, now she lives in Jacksonville Florida. She speaks and writes fluently Albanian, English, Russian, French, and Italian, some Greek, Turkish and Spanish. She has published 22 books and she is published in many global anthologies.

A white dove

A far –off daydream pecked gladly
Like a white dove, at the window memory,
With two hearts in its beak, like two roses,
And in his crop, a chest full of memories!

Beyond the darkness, seeking warmth anyplace,
'Cause I felt so alone and so cold,

And noticed the sadness in dove's eyes!
What a peaceful bird!
With white wings!

The white dove broke the glass with its nails,
So you entered and looked me in the eyes,
Embraced me with open arms,
Getting a thousand hugs and kisses,
But you still remained the same...motionless!

Once the blue eyes glanced at me,
With sadness and tears,
Then taking a late night flight,
To another world!
With my prayers of a broken heart,
I pleased you:
"Please, please do not go!
Stay a little longer! I'm still a slave
To your love!

Those wrinkles of sadness...

As the years passed so quickly,
Just as melting ice-cubes,
Earned those wrinkles of sadness
And like a tired butterfly wandered
Through the mist of memories!
The scars that's left behind,
Made me feeling hopeless,
They will never fade away!

Another year has gone by,
And here it comes another one,
Overwhelmed and exhausted...!

Out loud yelling at the sky,
Stepping so hard my feet on the ground,
An endless century filled with pain,
That slashes so hard upon the chest
Where the waves of lust rise within,
Anger, vanity and greed!
The path is strewn with thorns, pawns,
What's more, the insatiable of cupidity!

Now it's time for a change that lead
To the new beginnings and new dreams,
Like a blue lightning that raw and rusted,
Through an unexpected beauty,
Illusions in darkness once more enslaved
The tears of a broken hearted soul
Falling down like pouring rain!

Those wrinkles of sadness on a pale face,
My pulse throbs, my temples burn,
Of that never-ending noise in the ears!
Between the righteous and the loyalty;
The choice is mine!
'Cause I'd like to hold my head up high,
For you and for me!

As the light of God shines, thus,
The truth shines through these verses,
It shines the hills and valley of life,
In the light of eternity, as in old times!
Not in heaven, on earth we will be reunited,
Beneath a wet palm tree, singing a serenade,
For a fresh start with a new romance!

Why there is so much hate in the world?

Hey, World of hatred,
Just stay far away from me,
With my broken hearted
As I walk this land where I find
No peace, no joy, no happiness!
The hate sounds strange to me,
That disturbs me with memories!

Hey, World of hatred,
Just stay far away from me,
In the death pit, please
Stay away from me,
Of quenching my thirst,
Into the endless abyss,
No more steps towards
An unknown world!

Oh, I wonder,
How much freedom you'd need,
That just wants to get
Revenge about revenge, and
Keep coming after me, but
I don't even want coming your way!

As rather than like a black cat,
Just like a hinge match, that
No one can fix it, where
It's tarnished with dust and rust,
It's no wonder,
That the hatred still exists!

Why there is so much hate in the world?



Roula Pollard (Greece)

Roula Pollard was born in Greece.

She studied History and Archaeology at the National Kapodistrian University of Athens and obtained an M.A. in Classics at Leeds University in England where she lived for 25 years establishing her international appearance in Letters.

She is a Greek inspirational poet, writer, translator, literary promoter, social and environmental activist.

She has received international Poetry awards and participated in many international festivals.

Her work has been included in more than eighty International Poetry anthologies and published in various literary magazines around the world, along her personal engagements; she promoted the work of more than 200 poets, writers, and artist worldwide.

International Peace Ambassador for WIP, member of the board of Directors for Atunis Galaktika, Athena magazine and Africa Peace University, Greek representative for International Forum for Creativity and Humanity, she has done humanitarian and volunteering work for over forty years, and believes a poet is also a born activist.

Roula has published three Poetry collections in Greek: “Presence”, “Silence Points”, “The Birth of Beautiful Time”, also, her poetry collection in English “Century of Love” has been translated into Telugu.

She has written essays, short stories, translated Sylvia Plath into Greek and her work has been presented on radio and TV.

She is translated in French, Italian, Spanish, Albanian, Hindi, Urdu, Odi and Telugu.

Her Poetry, through the themes of love and healing, war, hope and peace deals with social, environmental, political and humanitarian issues.

THE CITY I KNEW

When the city I knew like the palm of my hand,
which overnight the malicious covid virus made her a phantom
where is your life hidden, under what rumbles of concealed darkness?
Where are your healthy days my city? Why is the daylight dimmed,
smaller than a fading shadow of the darkest dark?
Why, we will never know why? Who decides?

Why the balconies hang smaller and speechless in my city
like meaningless boxes from a remote moon? Why the walls
of our houses, colder and alien do not protect people?

Why is the beach speechless like a frozen river, why is it deserted?
Why is the earth voiceless like a remote planet? Billions deserted why.
Is there no reasoning; has reason no longer reason to exist?

Why are you, streets of my city, speechless and lonely too?
Why the trees look smaller in emptiness, smile-less trees?
Why have the spring birds gone away unaware of this spring?

Why the wild flowers have not grown? Voiceless are the children too.
Where are their smiles and laughter? Why did street- laughter go
away?
Why? Where laughter was hidden suddenly, from the Earth?

Why even my tears decided to stop watering my soul, my home city?
Why there are no red geraniums hanging from the baskets of my heart
this spring?
Why the sun and the moon look no longer upon earth with hope?

Oh Jesus, when the church bells will ring your resurrection again?
You will defeat covid-19 forever, I believe!

OUR WORLD?

What is our world without God?

A derelict site where all the materials break.
Where all hope trembles from its foundation
On a shaky earth and shivering sea surface.
This is the world without God.

What is our world without God?

People bereft of hope and true smiles
Wearing self-masks and masks for corona virus
That bully life and all blessings disperse far away
There are not any masks to rely on.

What is the world without God?

A world empty of wide routes and roots
Without love trees, branches and leaves,
Lonely, broken people looking alive.
I Hope the divine love plants roots new in us.

What is our World without God?

Hope escapes beyond the most barren desert,
While the coronavirus infects every country and race.
My sister, my brother do you seek truly the eternal water
For life, on this earth the strongest light alive?
Our roots of existence, goodness, hope and light
Is inside us. In every breath, His Grace and love our body heals.



Raed Anis Al-Jishi (Saudi Arabia)

Poet, translator Qateef – Saudi Arabia. He has an honorary fellowship in writing from Iowa university-USA . A member of advisory committee of exquisite Teacher training plan of national Changua University of Education-Taiwan . An editor in (modern dialogs- Macedonia) has translated 5 books. And published one novel, nine volumes of poems in Arabic(last one was translated into French) and one Bleeding Gull: Look, Feel, Fly, in English(this book was translated into

Serbian, Vietnamese and Italian languages and win the best translated book in Italy in tow deferent occasion . A lot of his single poems were translated to many languages.

Final Act

In the theatre of time I stand crucified on the cross of my tongue
watching birds as they fall on my song

And steal breadcrumbs and wine
that grow from my soulful melody.

What could meaning hide for me
if the bars of its rhythms are rooted in the rhyme's soul?

I see nails pierce through my hands,
and yet my dreams hammer back.

I am a stranger carving out the meaning of home,
recollected from memories my footsteps have known.

This home that lends its marks on my skin
and prints thorns on branches of my veins.

A cooing carved, while clouds witness
the towering dance in my lungs.

Water escaped the land to pour upon me
and drench the cracks of my murmur.

Some words can't grow without a body
unless slain in the temple of description.

What if I didn't listen to my heart?
My cross is all I carry with me

This heart I bear on my back bent
serene with my songs into the woods.

My verse metrics sound the storm in my blood
against this world of dust that dulls the spirit.

I hear string echoes calling for the uprising
within the confines of my time and space.

I'm a free soul, and my soul tortures me,
likely to stitch my lips into silence.

Yet my word will take me among
the scented stream of flowers gilding my guillotine.

Only poems soothe my wanderlust
in one poised moment.

Two raptors surround me: my mind & my faith.
A whispering angel with broken wings

Walked seven times around my remains
ringing my hums in every round.

I will break the pink stone inside my chest
if she leaves me in a valley with no direction.

And I will cut the oxygen of love,
if she tries to break my illusions.

The Arrival of Seagulls

I have seen gulls,
in holy visions,
hover and invent
the sound of horses.

I have seen them
give alms to rats
hungry for crumbs of bread,
crucified on the altar.

I have seen them
flap their wings and swallow
common rules of fish.
Reinvent the physics
of a silver talisman's dance
on the sea's curve.

I have seen rats
feast at the fall of dusk.
They claim to be the genesis of light.

Rozalia Aleksandrova (Bulgaria)



Rozalia Aleksandrova was born in the town of Madan, Bulgaria. She graduated Slavic philology at Sofia University “St. St. Cyril and Methodius”. Since 1983 she has been teaching foreign students in Bulgarian at the Medical University in Plovdiv. Rozalia is a member of the Union of Bulgarian Writers and the Society of Writers in Plovdiv. She is involved in editorial and correctional activities, she has compiled over 10 prestigious poetry and artistic collections of poetry and others arts. Creator and inspirer

of the International Festival of Poetry “Spirituality without Borders”, which In May 2020, it will be held for the 6th consecutive time (2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019). Poetry books: 2000 – The House of My Soul, 2003 – The Shining Body, 2005 – The Secret of the Road, 2007 – The Eyes of the Wind, 2009 – The legend of the Key, 2010 – Conversation between Pigeons, 2013 – Sacral, 2015 – The real life of feelings, 2016 – Pomegranate from an Alien, 2017 – Shaggy, 2019 – Everything I didn’t say. Rozalia has two poetic books with selected poems translated into Polish – at the Royal Library in London – 2014, 2015.

PRIMARY

The Doubts.

The naked questions.

We melted in bliss.

Woman and man.

And Someone

who

dissolves

the Universal

gates.

I SEE YOU

with each cell
on the body
with every look
of the heart
and that wild impulse
who breaks us off
of gravity
of the coming
inside
and outside
in nothingness
a whole
WE ARE

I PAINT

your portrait
with the color of the face.
I feel the taste
of life.
With fingers
sculpt
the primary call
of the heart.
In wrinkles
have ceased
time stops
and I go –
the first scream,
the first song,
the first thought
why I am given

to the world.
I follow
with the brush thirsty
secret folds
in fate,
and then
overlay
dreams
and behold,
I kiss
The Soul.

I AM LOOKING FOR YOU

behind the horizon
of silence
eyes and hands
thundering workers
for heat
evenings
in anticipation
uncharted
words
light

MY HEART

is a verse,
which is writing
an ode
to you.



Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha (India)

An eminent poet, author and literary critic, Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha is a professor of English at S.B. City college, Nagpur, India. She is a well-known voice in Indian Poetry in English. Her poems are included in the university syllabus prescribed for M.A. (English) 4 semester. Poems, short stories, articles and research papers widely published online and in print in national and international dailies, magazines; webzines, archives and journals. Many of her poems are translated into German, Spanish, Russian, Albanian, Persian and Greek languages.

Authored and published 08 books in different genres and 50 research papers. The books are: 1. Spring Zone (A collection of 35 poems and Haiku) 2. Midnight Sun (A collection of Short Stories) 3. Nature in the Poetry of William Wordsworth and Pant (A critical comparative study) 4. Feminism: Times and Tides (A historiographical and theoretical commentary on Feminism) 5. Different Dimensions (A compilation of research papers presented at various national and international conferences and seminars) 6. Scents and Shadows (A collection of 70 poems and Tanka) 7. Rhymes for Children (Nursery rhymes) 8. The Purple Jacaranda and Other Poems (A collection of 53 poems).

Honoured with many awards and commendations for her contribution to literature from prestigious educational and cultural institutions and publishing houses. Received accolade from the former President of India, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam for her poem 'Mother Nature'. Her PhD thesis was on "Sri Aurobindo and the Epic Tradition".

Completed UGC-sponsored Minor Research Project on comparative literature.

Associated with many literary organizations and Global Poetry Groups. One of the members of Editorial Board, Our Poetry Archive (OPA). Research supervisor, RTM Nagpur University, Nagpur.

Ghazal-1

Drinking from the goblet of memory all night,
I was awake-- rings of echoes binary--all night.

In the sky the dim crescent moon knew that it'd die,
Hunted by clouds, it cried amid emery all night.

I thought about the mire of a moonless night,
Like dying moon I was in misery all night.

Somewhere in silent darkness hung a faint thin hope,
Butterfly wings remained fluttery all night.

Some coral poppies floated like waves in shadow,
Aromas, Ranjana, a mystery all night!

Ghazal-2

In a moonless midnight, your thoughts invade my mind--
Familiar strangers always cascade in my mind.

Your few memories I have, wish to create more--
They create a shadowy arcade in my mind.

The cocoon of your thoughts, weavings of memories
Dispelling darkness, the deep divide of my mind.

Stars in the stream; up above the soft milky way,
Starpearls shine, memories come and evade my mind.

You approach like silent streaks of a silver dawn--
Whispers, frenzied words, Ranjana, wade in my mind.

Ghazal-3

Aching feet, difficult path, breathless becomes my heavy heart,
A quest unknown far and wide, just endless on my crazy heart.

Memories of roses--soft like feathers-- touch and tickle me,
Memories of thorns--sharp like blades-- slash my restless shaky heart.

Days and nights appear like apparitions-- white and black pigeons;
They perch on the weak, rusted bars of my hoary heart.

Endearments in the air, I hear--dewy like rain-drop drizzles,
They evoke love amid soreness of my wistful crinkly heart.

Where to find you, I know not-- the faint echoes intensify,
Layers of futile feelings, Ranjana, wrap my murky heart.

Tanka

Yes the time stands still
Amid the stunning splendours
Some fire-like roses
Rainbow of your ceaseless thoughts
Purple mist of blue roses.

Iconic morning
Lo unblocks her abundance
The world is swept off
As she pouts her sun- red lips
Love leaps out like a dolphin.



Ryan Quinn Flanagan (Canada)

Ryan Quinn Flanagan is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: Evergreen Review, The New York Quarterly, Atunis, Our Poetry Archive, Blue Mountain Review, Red Fez, and The Oklahoma Review.

Kicker

The man seated in front of me is a few years older.
In a fuzzy oatmeal coloured sweater and blue jeans.
On this greyhound bus which never runs out of road.

How does it feel to be winning?
I reach around with my hand and tug nudge the man.
The man ignores me, as if I am some simple crazy.

You're winning!
I say.
Winning what?
I hear a voice say.
I presume it is the man in front of me.

You're just in front of me,
but I got a second wind now
and I'm about to pass you.
Then I get up
move to the empty seat in front of him
and sit down.
Now I'm winning!

I say.

The older man tries to ignore me.
Some others on the bus get up and move away from us.
Sitting down towards the back of the bus.

The field is thinning out,
I say.
Looks to be a two man race.

Shut up!
I hear the man's voice.
He must be concentrating on his breathing.
Smart boy, not so easily distracted.

It is night time on the bus.
I lean back and begin to close my eyes.

Suddenly the man gets up and moves
to the seat in front of me and sits down.
He coughs casually as though nothing has happened.

I jump up and move to the seat in front of him.

I can feel him shifting uncomfortably in the seat behind me.
Then he gets up and moves two seats in front of me and sits down.
So you're a kicker, I say.
Fast down the back stretch!

The bus driver is looking back at us in the mirror.
He seems unhappy with his life.
I get up and move to the seat just behind the driver
and sit down.
As I pass the older man at the finish line,
I wave goodbye.

That was a close one!
I say to the bus driver.

Shut up!
he says.

The older gentleman a few seats behind me laughs.

Even though he has lost the race,
he seems in great spirits.

I close my eyes and think about what song
I will get them to play at the medal ceremony.

Chagall's Drunkard

The last cow milked is always holding out.
Chagall's drunkard seems to know this even though
his form has shot off into spatial deformities.
His discombobulated head giving fellatio to an uncorked
bottle of red suspended in air.
As a two headed bird walks upon his dinner plate
and fish stands in for napkin.
I've had many nights just like this.
Not in full attire scuffed at the shoulder.
But falling away from a slippery misshapen table,
I know that one very well.
The way the colours spin and refract.
My own stripper cake laughter jumping out of
someone else's mouth entirely.



Rajashree Mohapatra (India)

Born in Odisha in India received her masters degree in 'History' and 'Journalism and Mass Communication' from Utkal University. She is a teacher by profession. Being a post graduate in Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management, from Sambalpur University, she has selflessly chosen to be a social activist for the cause of social justice, environmental issues and human

rights through Non-governmental organisations. She is a poet in Odia and English . Her poems are translated into many national and international languages and are published in many prestigious ezines , global anthologies and news papers . Vision Universal Radio, Mexico air her recited poems in three languages. She has co-authored two poetry books: 'MIRAGE' and 'SEEKER ' . She devotes her time in painting. Being a Diploma in Fine Arts she has deeply studied the traditional paintings as a source of history. For her , painting is a mode of creative expression and can communicate souls and can play an important role in making of the society. Most of her paintings can be found on the cover page of prestigious Anthologies.

UNFLINCHING SHADOW BY REAMS OF MILKYWAY

Past is hidden
yet dissipated into living memoir
an unstinting episode
of a rainbow rocking
to reminisce rain .

Oh my beloved !
Our beginning is never lost
But was once
Yet a living story enveloped
in fossil of darkness

like unflinching shadow
by reams of milky way .

To Touch You ...

A wish peeps out undaunted
from its confines of restraint in stealth
to touch you!.

A wish lights a lamp in its
innermost sanctum and
burns itself with the wick in
secret to see you!

For you my Beloved the quiet ripples on the lake of my limpid heart
go wild ...
restless in yearning to kiss you
and merge in the vastness of your bosom unseen!

Singing ...

the glory silently,
my life is a celebration

Ballads of love I send
in your admiration .

It is a journey of bliss
guides the divine light

Wake me up my love !
through darkness of night.



©*Mar Thieriot (Canada) A white bird*

Maria Thieriot is a specialist on connecting emotions, philosophy and art, and believe that those connections are helpful to understand and solve human conflicts peacefully. Painting and poetry can express human suffering in a peaceful manner and may help people to deal with emotional conflicts in a creative manner.

<http://www.marianathieriot.com>

<http://www.marianathieriotloisel.com>

Susana Roberts (Argentina)



Susana Roberts- Argentinian poet-writer-translator-peacemaker Resides in Trelew-Chubut-Patagonian, Argentina, dedicated to the Culture of Peace. Dr. Litt Honoris Causa-WAAC-2009. Member of Life of WAAC.Ca.EEUU. Ambassador of Peace by Mil Millennia.org- Pea.org-(Senate of Argentine Nation (Unesco-Unicef). Vice. Dir. IFLAC-Argentina and Latin America/ Honorary Member Global Harmony Association-Russia/ Member SELAE: European Society of Writers and Artists/. Honorary Member of Global Harmony Association (G.H.A).-Russia. Universal Ambassador of Peace n 537 -Circle of Ambassadors-Geneva-Switzerland. Member of Noosphera Ethical Ecological World Assembly-Russia.(NEEWA) Member Presidium WFSC (World Forum of Spiritual Culture) -Kazakhstan. Member SELAE. Society of Latin American and European Writers-Italy. International Cultural Ambassador – SIPEA. Ambassador “The Love Foundation” -Tampa-Florida-USA. Bilingual publications in many countries. Participation in many World, National and International Congresses. Honored award with the 1st prize to the translation by IPCRT - China. Winner of national, international Prizes, S.A.D.E(Argentinian Society of Writers) awards including 1st Prize in English- WAAC, WCP in Trujillo-Peru 2014. Activity and trajectory awarded by the Government of the Prov. Del Chubut-Argentina during 2013-2016. Prize Grand Master Award for World Ladies Grand Masters in the Senate of Argentina Nation- CABA. 2018. Honored by India Intercultural Association of Writers and Kafla Editorial with the International “Sahitya Shree Award”. International Honor Lady of Roses Award-Buenos Aires-Argentina MS Production. “Heroe of Peace” by Global Harmony Association. Visitor of Honor of many countries, Mexico, Perú, Spain, Kazahastán. Staff Member of Atunis Galktika Poetry. International Newspapers and Magazines: In Spain-Greece, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Belgium, Albany, India...Etc. Co-author of many books and anthologies. Book prologue’s writer. Bilingual Books: Rostros / Faces. El vuelo del Ave / the flight’s bird. Arte y virtud en la evolución humana/Art and Virtue in human evolution – in French. Epub-France-Alter Editions).

Looking for you

Oh!, Life of my body , my strength , all of you, soul and heart, oh! You are my heart and soul! all of you have become my being, that's why you are in me. I've become nothing in you, why I'm all you.

Rumi

I crossed many centuries
in humid eyes
child's tears
sand and wind

from a divine memory
I got drunk
of your pious love
printed in me
your name

you know all this
the unlimited time
inside impossible shapes
you know who you are
and you don't recognize me

what is the name I should invoke you
in this land of signals
when I kiss the distance
that rest in the long race
of my tears to your house?

I got lost
Behind long curtains
in the call of wind
where blood trembles
and we are

the part of a puzzle
anointed in untamed tenderness
the same flame of the fire
when I name you and you name me
from the Universal spiritual axis .

TO WHOM DOES MIND?

To whom does mind?
My lonely bones
spun in the naked segment of the cotton
To whom does mind?
My flesh and pupils of my eyes
the golden wanderer's song
in the streets of my dreams
To whom does mind?
If tomorrow I die, my son
today is Sunday
your call blinks in the shadows
If never mind
I will go to the park
where my age
is waiting for more readings
I will go
to feel myself embraced
by the river in its joy
while the sunset prepares the waters
entangling some tales in the afternoon
between junipers
Then maybe
I get drunk
with the lights that fade in the banks
the lonely balanced and dry picture
in the contour of the figures of the autumn.

Signatures on the flowers

I want to know ¿ who writes your name?
Is it burning deep inside the flame
of your teardrops?
Is it in your morning news?
Is it in the internal movement of the
smallest cog of your timepiece?
Or it is lying on the dry fruits paint
of a wooden picture on the wall?
Or perhaps ,is it in the eyes of a child that dreams?

Who writes your name today?
Is it in the many rippling shades of a fast flowing river?
or in the smell of some freshly toasted bread in the morning?
Is it in the field of brilliant rosemary?
growing around the house?
Amidst the blooming azaleas
Near broken chains of suicidal oranges
I need to know ¿who writes your name?
Is it disguised inside an illusion of the ink
Encrypted on a computer?

Tell me, who writes your name?
I guess the who that write comes from the universal honey
left by bees when they are gathered under the brighter shade of small
bells
going on through southern traces.
like old shadows of lived experiences.



Dr. Sunil Sharma (India)

Dr. Sunil Sharma is a Mumbai-based senior academic, critic, literary editor and author with 22 published books: Seven collections of poetry; three of short fiction; one novel; a critical study of the novel, and, eight joint anthologies on prose, poetry and criticism, and, one joint poetry collection. He is, among others, a recipient of the

UK-based Destiny Poets' inaugural Poet of the Year award—2012. His poems were published in the prestigious UN project: Happiness: The Delight-Tree: An Anthology of Contemporary International Poetry, in the year 2015.

Sunil edits the English section of the monthly bilingual journal Setu published from Pittsburgh, USA:

— <https://www.setumag.com/p/setu-home.html>

For more details, please visit the link:

— <http://www.dr.sunilsharma.blogspot.in/>

Similar

The bearded man
Searching dreams

Eyes fixed on the sediments
In the coffee cup
The detritus of an existence
Gone waste un-noticed
Living on a Paris street
Near the Bastille—
With few belongings.

Another hobo
Bearded thin
Rummages through the dust-bin
For the residues of the overnight orgies
Of the folks in the high-rises
Crumbs for strays and him
The man with a blank stare
Colonizing
A broken Indian street.

Both identical scripts human
Forgotten by a marching history.

Indian household, small town

Spiral staircase
Marble steps
Curved railing.

Billowing curtains
Morning breeze
Sweeping the cutlery.

Indian classical singing
Vocals—sweet/bitter
A teen girl practising.

Incense sticks
Garlands, flowers
Burning lamps before gods.

Aroma of the filter coffee
Invading the living room

Filled with heavy furniture.

Grey-haired woman
Draped in cotton saree
Chopping veggies with
Mechanical hands.

Men—
Lounging
Reading papers
Dully—waiting.

Divine Friend

Have you seen the man
talking to the moon?

talking to the milky disc
of a remote city on the hills
long-dead parents
uncaring siblings

separated wife
kid that abandoned him
on an interstate highway
on a night of the full moon

they say
he is mad

for the nut
the moon
is a friend
divine.



Sunita Paul (India)
Founder of Aabs Publishing House

www.aabspublishinghouse.com

Sunita Paul, author, editor and publisher from Kolkata, India . Author of six books and Editor of more than 35 anthologies. Sunita is also an organiser of International Conferences Pan India. She is Founder of Aabs Publishing House, Kolkata and member of Atunis Board .

Sunita is a recipient of national and international awards of high repute NAZI NAMAN and INDIAN AWAZ AWARDS respectively. Sunita Paul is also working as a social activist and associated with many reputed organization both in India and abroad.

She is the National General Secretary of Ncwdc and NHRACF. A poet, novelist, short story writer, editor Sunita Paul resides in Kolkata, India. She is widely published and anthologized author from USA and India. She is blessed with multidimensional personality. Mother of two sons,Sunita lives with her husband in Kolkata. An avid reader, she dedicates her free time to her family. Fond of cooking and gardening, Sunita finds bliss in nature. Sunita had been working in Holy Home school and was a dedicated teacher. For the passion of writing she left her job and took up writing as a full time writer. Sunita is the recipient of the prestigious NAZI NAMAN prize,in the year 2017 . Recipient of the Literary Laureate of the year 2017 conferred by the World Nations Writer's Organization, Kazakhstan.Sunita recently received the IndianAwaz Award in Kolkata.She is the administrative persona in the World Institute Of Peace, Nigeria. Recently she is selected as the board of directors of the most prestigious European site Atunispoetry.com. Sunita has been awarded as the PEACE AMBASSADOR in the HUMAN RIGHTS COUNCIL AND CRIME INTELLIGENCE FORCE. She is interviewed by some great interviewers across the globe.Keynotes International Poetry Society of India presented her poetry in the prestigious Sterling Studios, Sacramento, California, USA.

Dear June

Don't know whether you will be a curse or a boon
But come what may
Hopes will make a way
There will be light again
Banishing all sorrows and pain
In a year you are the centre of attraction
Half gone and half in anticipation
2020 the first part was a waste
Dear June, pray you make the second half best
Let the planet smile and shine once more
May love and peace be restored.

Lockdown Tunnel

Seems to have no exit
But then life can never stop nor can we quit
So we move on and on
Till we find the hopeful rays of dawn
The journey has some joys and thrills
Some unnecessary jerks and frills
Hidden mysteries and dark secrets
The frustration needs an outlet
The journey full of hunger and thirst
Agonies which may anytime burst
But still with only one thing that is called HOPE
Which gives us strength to survive and cope
It gives us aspiration to look for the light
The entrance to the tunnel is now far, so hopes to meet the end is near
our sight.

Life in CoVid 19

Life is short and now shortened more
Uncertainty is the only existing word now in our future store
Struggling, sailing through tough time and rough tide
It's not off course a joyous rollercoaster ride.

One virus, million lives
Each one trying to survive
Be it the elite class, or the page three celebrity
The migrant workers, the daily wage labourers, each trying to save his
identity

For some, quarantine was a luxurious break
Many reflected in their thoughts as a spiritual shake
Some sharpened their hidden talents, some flaunted too
Webinars, Online workshops, etc etc whatever they could do .

Then there were ones who are less fortunate
Struggling to survive is their common fate
For some this lockdown is a crisis to face
Many lives ruined, all exhausted in this life's race .

Though life after lockdown won't remain the same
Life is now like a hide and seek game
But come what may, we keep our prayers and hopes on
Waiting for dark nights to end and rising of new dawn.



Sungrea Han (South Korea)
<https://blog.naver.com/kudara21>

Born in 1955 Korea.
Poet, Translator (Japanese - Korean).
Adjunct professor.
She majored in Japanese language and Japanese literature at Sejong University and earned her master's degree in Japanese studies at Sejong University's Graduate School of Policy Science.

Her works have earned her the Newcomer Award of <Poem and Consciousness>, Korea's the Heonanseolheon Literature Award and Japan's Sitosozo Award.

Book of Poetry 『The Beauty in a Laboratory』, 『Smiling flowers』 in Korean, 『The Sky in the Yellowish Red Korean Skirt』, 『Drama of the Light』 in Japanese. Historical essay 『The Formation of the Ancient Nation in Japan and Japanese oldest anthology Manyo-shu』 and so on. Her poems express Korean tradition, life and death, sadness, pain and anguish in surrealism, modernism and avant-garde forms

She translated many Japanese literary works into Korean and many Korean literary works into Japanese.

This work includes more than 200 volumes, for example, poems, novels, essays, poem anthologies, books for children, humanity books, self enlightenment books and scientific books. In particular, she translated many poems and Book of Poetry between Korea and Japan.

In particular, she translated many poems and Book of Poetry between Korea and Japan.

Korean textbooks used in Korean high schools contain several translations of her for educational purposes. She has translated and introduced Korean and Japanese poems in literary magazines between the two countries since 1990.

She is an adjunct professor at Sejong Cyber University now.

Pair-Bond Snakes

They are devouring each other's tails
Sun goes down a little
It is the time that a brain stem moves reversely
They eat each other's body from the tails slowly
By a sense left on the bottom of the instinct
With the latch of the unconscious unlocked
As if they get mesmerized by each other
They grow short at the same rate
The loop become stronger while they become shorter
They gobble symbols, notions, and satiety
Two pair of snakes get shorter and shorter infinitely
To be rounded out
Sucking each other's scarlet blood
They are completed as a great circle
Two pair of snakes that are taking each other's body eternally
Red sun
Falls into the sea this moment

The planet conceiving a few lies

Is the devil a man who deceive someone
With a little bit of truth that a great untruth combined

A word that is born a moment ago is lighter than a dandelion
A word that is buried waits her own resurrection on the wind path
A word that is missing threw herself a long ago

The spring has come like investigating something, but it is not the real one.
A noon that sun is blazing like midsummer
Full bloom of roses take season's false pulse
As they conceive a smell of death

In the heart of the planet
Swirling frenzied blood that is gang-raped, comes across straits
The womb of the planet
We don't need any sonogram
A chunk labeled as an embryo
And a boundary of water
From fish, amphibian, reptile to mammal
That evolutionary seal
That false package of gene

Today, a gunfire bursts somewhere on the planet again
I can hear the heartbeat of the planet

An Embryo born today remembers the sound

Pair of snakes

Mutual queues are being eaten
As the sun goes down
It is the moment when the head moves backwards
And slowly they eat each other by the tails
Behind the impulse left deep by instinct
Unconscious latch unlocked
How hypnotized they were from each other
They proceed at the same rate
And the pace increases as they become shorter
They swallow symbols, notions of satiety
The pair of snakes gets shorter and shorter
Gradually towards the end
They suck each other's scarlet blood
They complete in a large circle
In pairs they take each other's bodies for eternity
A red sun
It rushes into the sea right now.



Sander de Vaan (Netherlands)

Sander de Vaan (Amsterdam, 1963) is a Dutch writer. His first poetry collection was published in 2010 (“Plunder de dag” – “Plunder the day”), followed in 2014 by “Bal zoekt man” (“Ball searches man”). His poem ‘Pebble’ was selected for the anthology “Stilte”(“Silence”) by Amnesty International, together with poems of poets like Wislawa Szymborska and Federico García Lorca. De Vaan also published poems in

Belgium and Poland, and is co-editor of the Dutch poetry magazine Meander.

SCHOOL REUNION

A boasty story
drops from the mouth
of an Armani suit.

A handful of girls
(women now)
hang on his busy agenda.

He smiles, he chuckles – he is.

But does he still remember
that he himself, in the past
here..?

He looks aside
sees us, vultures

and shrinks

to well-known proportions.

PEBBLE

I gave her a pebble
because only pebbles
can always be found again.

A pebble
just a tiny little
pebble.

A kiss, then she throws it away
because only by this
with her my gift will stay.

THOUSAND RED

He slowly shaves the clown off his face.

This here is my heart, she says
and holds a ripe pomegranate up in the air.

A look in her eyes like that Chechen girl
filmed by her butchers in the mountains –
the look of someone who's rather no one now.

This here it's me, she whispers
and in the mirror deep he sees her falling

breaking onto the marble, in thousand red.



Dr. Shamenaz Shaikh (India)

Dr. Shamenaz is the Author, Co-Author, Editor and Translator of 18 international books. She has contributed poems to many international Poetry Magazines & Anthologies, like Revista, Altunis, United Sisterhood, Women of Substance, Raven Cage Magazine, Poetry Archive, Women of Reflection, Women of Passion, Poetic Souls, Feeling International,

Hope Reborn, Delhi by Verse and Glomag.

Being a prolific writer, she holds a D.Phil. in English Literature from University of Allahabad, India with a specialization in South Asian Women Writers, Indian Partition Literature and New Literature. She is currently teaching English Literature at Rajarshi Tandon Mahila Mahavidhyalaya, Allahabad.

She has taught English Literature and Language at S. S. Khanna Girls' Degree College, Ewing Christian College, Allahabad University and AIET. She has professional experience for more than 17 years.

She is a member of the Editorial Board of many international journals, including Angloamericanae Journal (Macedonia), KJHSS (Azerbaijan) Anglisticum (Macedonia), IJRHS (Jordan), Cyber Literature: An Online Journal, The Context, English Literator Society, Literary Miscellany, Research Access & Expressions, Levure Litteraire (France-Germany-USA). She regularly contributes articles to Web magazines – Boloji.com, Merinews.com and Globalasia.com.

Her blogs are:

<http://shamenaz.wordpress.com>;

<http://shamenazsheikh.blogspot.in>.

Happiness is Like a Butterfly

Happiness is like a Butterfly
attracting everybody towards itself,
trembling and falling
from flowers to flowers.
If you try to seize it,
quickly it turns it's gaze,
to other directions.
The more you chase it,
the more it eludes you.
But when you divert,
your glance from it,
them calmly and serenely,
it comes and sits beside you,
shedding its beautiful wings,
and mesmerizing you.
This is what is called happiness,
an unexpected thing.

Landscape of Life

We often draw
landscape of life
filling it with colors
of our choice
and outlining it
according to our wishes
making it very beautiful
as per our desire.
But these are mere imagination,
far away from reality
and can never be fulfilled.



Stefan Bohdan (USA)

Stefan Bohdan lives in Orlando, Florida USA. He is retired from the architectural/engineering/construction world. He now spends his time writing poems and novels. His English poems have been published in multiple books, anthologies, journals, Ezines and translated into Persian (Farsi), Arabic, Urdu, Nepali, Hindi, Bengali, Estonian, French, Spanish, old Japanese and Dutch.

Stefan Bohdan was born in 1966 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, lived in Jamaica and Iran, and has traveled the world. Stefan has been a construction laborer, a land/road surveyor, an estimator, a manual draftsman, a CADD technician, a designer for state/national/ international architectural and engineering and construction firms, a licensed building contractor, and has owned his own business designing custom homes. Stefan enjoys creating abstract drawings, paintings, sculptures, and photographs. He also enjoys writing unorthodox poetry, philosophy, screenplays, short stories, and dark novels. Some of his favorite authors include Dostoevsky, Orwell, and Rand. He loves collecting and reading Russian literature and dystopian novels: the older the better. Retired from the AEC world, Stefan now spends his days and nights writing novels, off-center stories and unorthodox poetry on his iMac: while guzzling sugary coffee nonstop and jamming and convulsing wildly to The Cure. He is currently writing his next masterpiece.

A POPPY DREAM UNFOLDING

My words stained red by his wine
yet all you see is the black of my ink
your eyes cast at me like stones
from your darkness my light born
between the twin mirrors of life and death
infinite reflections of me
pursuing infinite reflections of you

my love for you eternal
so high
the sky has fallen below me
still unable to reach you
my love hides from me
the seen now unseen
her words
once music
once holy to me
now broken become babel become tears
the length of our souls seconds in time
we are a blink between the Beloved's eyes
a poppy dream unfolding
my reflection the silver in the mirror
more past behind me
than future before us
unable to turn back
no time to waste
wake up
open your bloodshot eyes
inhale life
I am not eternal
I am flesh chasing spirit
unable to catch her
God's beautiful gazelle
I am a mirage fading
chasing myself across her desert
my thirst unquenched
dying for her
I am sun flame vanished
day become night
starlight buried in her darkness
I am her hookah smoke exhaled
trailing off fading away
she dreams of someone new now.



Dr. Santosh Bakaya (India)

Internationally acclaimed for her poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, Ballad of Bapu (Vitasta Publishers, 2015)

Dr. Santosh Bakaya is an academician -poet-essayist- novelist-reviewer-Tedx Speaker, whose Ted talk on ‘The myth of writers block’ is quite popular in creative writing workshops. She writes a much appreciated column in Learning and Creativity.com, Morning Meanderings, and is the recipient of the Reuel International Award for her long narrative spooky-surreal poem, Oh

Hark !(2014). The Setu international Award in recognition of a ‘stellar contribution to world literature ‘ 2018(Pittsburgh, USA); The Universal Inspirational Poet Award (Ghana government and Pentasi B, 2016), The First Keshav Malik Award, 2018, for ‘her entire staggeringly prolific and quality conscious oeuvre’ in fiction, prose and poetry are some of her awards.

Her other books are: Where are the Lilacs? (Poetry, Authors press, 2016) Under the Apple Boughs (Poetry, Authors press, 2017); Flights from my Terrace (Essays, Authors press, 2017); A Skyful of Balloons [novella, Authors press, 2018]; Bring out the tall tales (short stories with Avijit Sarkar, Authors press, 2019); Only in Darkness can you see the Stars: a biography of Martin Luther King Jr. (Vitasta, 2019]

The mesh window

From the barred window of my isolated existence,
in round -eyed fascination, I watch
a tiny robin hopping around, and another,
going round and round, admiring the hopping one.

Nothing outside has changed,
but something seems to have cracked inside. It seems to bleed.
The hopping birds have no idea that some horrendous horror

has been unleashed, all around them, living, as they do,
in a world of fun, frolic and festive cheer.
Every day a day of celebration, unencumbered by the humans
who have wreaked this havoc.

Dainty, colorful butterflies flit around,
looking frantically for something lost-
perhaps for the missing humans.
I watch their fluttering colored wings as though
for the first time,
ears riveted to the music emanating from their wings.

I see dark clouds, look at my own hands and shudder,
can I trust them no longer?
Somewhere deep down the recesses of my being,
I feel privileged about my own position and smile.
A sad smile.

The gold and silver slivers

The sunrays cascade through the window
of a dreary ramshackle hut and one cheerful sunray
touches the cold, puckered up cheek of a fragile child,
flailing his frail arms in a frayed, threadbare crib,
happy that the big, golden ball has come visiting
through the window.
The impoverished woman smiles at her golden boy.

With nightfall, the ruddy flame of a battered stove
lights up the craggy face of the mother.
It has all the colors of blooming petunias,
daffodils and primroses reflected in every crevice,
just because the moon has condescended to peep
through her window.
The cheek of the child glows in the reflected silver sheen.

This opens the window of her heart to a snug world
of her granny's kitchen, where she finds herself
next to a rickety spice rack, surrounded by
whiffs of aromatic spices, while the moon looks on.

Her heart pirouettes as she sees her child smiling in sleep,
and is once again a toddler in her granny's arms,
who looks at her and smiles- a toothless smile.
The woman is healed.

That Cheerful Glow

A cheerful glow of light filtered into his room
through the only window of his room.
He stood there smiling, in mute salutation
to every passerby, as the gay chatter eddied around.

Some jocose notes drifted in and the old, lonely man was lost
in the languorous abandonment of the warm moment,
as the window of his soul opened into a sunny porch of yore.

His inexhaustible store of happy reminiscences poked him,
like the glow and crackle of that wood fire of yore.
His world narrowed down to that happy hearth,
where, on a fire- warmed settee sat a beautiful woman.

Ears riveted to the dwindling noises of a retiring household,
and opening his eyes to the look of happy anticipation
in the beauty's face, who was apparently raking the fire
in the hearth, but waiting for something more exciting.

He closed the only window of his room,
and opened another window into his soul,
allowing all those happy moments to come crowding in.

He smiled, as the beauty whispered something in his ears.
Ears which had not fallen to the ravages of age and Tinnitus, yet.



Satis Shroff (Germany)

Satis Shroff is based in Freiburg (poems, fiction, non-fiction) and has studied Zoology and Botany in Nepal, Medicine and Social Sciences in Germany and Creative Writing in Freiburg and the United Kingdom.

He describes himself as a mediator between western and

eastern cultures and sees his future as a writer and poet.

Since literature is one of the most important means of cross-cultural learning, he is dedicated to promoting and creating awareness for Creative Writing and transcultural togetherness in his writings, and in preserving an attitude of Miteinander (togetherness) in this world.

He lectures in Basle (Switzerland) and in Germany.

ONLY EVEREST KNOWS

The Sherpa trudges in the snow
Wheezes and struggles
And paves the way
With fix-ropes, ladders
Crampons, hooks and spikes
And says: "Follow me, Sir".
Last season it was a Tiroler, a Tokyoter
And a gentleman from Vienna.
This time it's a sahib from Bolognia.
Insured for heath and life
Armed with credits cards and pride
Storming the Himalayan summits
With the help of the Nepalis.

Hillary took Tenzing's photo
Alas the times have changed.
For the sahib it's pure vanity
For the sherpa it's sheer existence.

By stormy weather and the trusty sherpa's
Competence and toil the previous day,
The sahib takes a stealthy whiff of oxygen.
And thinks:
"After all, the Sherpa cannot communicate
He's illiterate to the outside world".
And so the sahib feigns sickness and descends
Only to make a solo ascent the next day,
Stoned with amphetamine.

And so the legend grows
Of the sahib on the summit
A photo goes around the world.
Sans Sherpa,
Sans Sauerstoff.

Was it by fair means?
Only Sagarmatha knows
Only Sagarmatha knows.

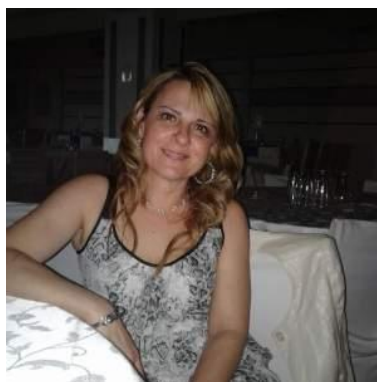
Glossary:

Sauerstoff: German word for oxygen

Sagarmatha: Nepalese word for Mt.Everest, Chomolungma (Tib.)

sahib: European, Herrnmensch

Sherpa: a high-altitude porter and also a tribe-name



Sofia Skleida (Greece)

Sofia Skleida was born in Athens. She is graduate of the Faculty of Filology at the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens. She has a MA in Pedagogy , a PhD in Comparative Pedagogy and she is also a postdoctoral candidate (Faculty of Theology, University of Athens). She has taught the lesson of Judicial Psychology-Psychiatry in the Faculty of Police

Officers. She publishes articles in the Greek and international scientific journals, in conference papers and chapters books. She has been awarded for her participation in poetry and literary competitions in Greece and abroad. She has been elected and distinguished as ambadress of Culture for Greece by the International and Cultural Organization Universum Academy Switzerland (May 2016- December 2018, Lugano, Switzerland). She is a member of many International Literary Organizations. Her poems have been translated into Italian, English, Spanish, Albanian and Romanian. She published her first collection of poetry (Thessaloniki, 2014) entitled Dream of Oasis, which has been translated and published in Italy in 2017. A poem of the same collection became a song. Her first Fairy tale entitled Geometrini published in 2016 and her second fairy tale entitled The Kingdom of Joy was published in 2018. Recently were published her second and third collection of poetry entitled Neologisms and Melismos respectively. She is currently publishing five books titled In the Mediterranean, Poetic Reflections, Cappadocian theological references in handwritten verses, The teaching of classical languages in the Italian secondary education and Poetic visions in Paintings . She is a regular member at the Panhellenic Union of Writers.

Experts

Like in a dream
we wear our glory
skillfully taking care to cover
the imperfections of our soul
that we forgot for a long time!

We wear what is left of our residues
and we mourn the role of the victim
unjustly suffering.
Sometimes we remember to spread our clothes
to get some air, a little sunshine,
from the immortal homeland
This is what happens when Kallipateira
violates the law of Ilion *.
The Fereniki of life changes the unwritten and written laws
and saves the sacrifice on the Mount Typaio ...

** Pausanias informs us that the people of Ilia had a law that forbade women to enter the venue of the Olympic Games. The only woman who broke the law is Kallipateira or Fereniki*

Collection of poems, Neologisms, Amphictyony of Hellenism, Department of Literature, Thessaloniki 2017

Omen

We became simple frames of time
when the endless hours were stabbing us
and the cold sunsets pierced our bodies.
Now we look like immovable ornaments
in our prominent places
that share liquid dust.
You refuse the rain
it also dried up.
You say you can't stand the wind
the nature that fights you
the world that competes with your glory
your selfishness.
Surpassed you, betrayed you...

Pale

The world is frozen
looks minimal.
Where to look?
The gaze blurs
youth dehydrated
and you become pale.
You give up
Meet fraudulents persons
supposedly wise.
Happiness is for sale at a bargain price
And everyone is looking for
the lady's honor
Charged little people
full of poison.
They feel like soldiers
on the gears of a machine.
And you are trying to be saved,
to emerge!

Spring

I open the windows of my heart
and I let the breeze of the haot south
get in
Our shudder is warming up
I am looking for you in the evening
by invoking
the artistic creation
the glory of the veil of the west.



Steven Van Der Heyden (Belgium)

<http://www.stevenvanderheyden.be>

Steven Van Der Heyden (Ghent, 1974)

Is a palliative home nurse and tries to read the world through language, it's both his origin and destination. Poems by him appeared in Flemish and Dutch literary magazines, including in Het Gezeefde Gedicht, Meander, Tijdschrift Ei, De Vallei, Ballustrada, Extaze and Liter. In 2017 he was a participating poet at the international arts

festival Watou. In 2018, he was nominated for the Melopee Poetry Prize.

Writing

Is grabbing a couple of words
with greedy fingertips, choosing time
and again, stretching the shape
until it contains all I want

It's keeping the joints supple
during the sowing of
thoughts, sharp as shards
until I taste it, freshly spilled (writers') blood

PALLIATIVE

They fidget away the time, shove hands deep
in their pockets, an attitude unbecoming

to extras in search of the first signs
of a grief that awaits them hungrily

They sink slowly through their smile
hide in scepticism and indifference.

The smell of rubber and metal keeps them together
softly penetrates their flesh

Memories make the room habitable
give weight to the years.

What if they get the day wrong?

Night Girl

In a web of arms and legs
greedy tongues search for her mouth
spongy and raw, skinned

she always laughs her girl's laugh
which begins far off, hurries over rough terrain
to the following man

Her little play of innocence
in which she curls up, hip-wide
till she feels something sink

The morning washes up men
in the fields of their clothes, her smell
hurriedly hung in the closet



Stoianka Boianova (Bulgaria)

Master's degree in Physics from the Plovdiv University. Chief Expert at the Bulgarian Institute of Metrology, Sofia. Author of twelve books: poetry, novel, collection of short stories, published in Bulgaria. Co-author of a bilingual haiku book, published in India. Participated in anthologies and editions in Japan, Philippines, India, China, Vietnam, Russia, Romania, Bulgaria, Northern Macedonia, Serbia, Croatia, Poland, Germany, France, England, USA, Africa. Edited dictionaries and books. In the European Top 100 most creative haiku authors.

Numerous awards around the world, including Gold Stars from Global Literary Society, Gold Quill - POEMarium, Platinum Star - Literature Lovers' Association, Cupid Award - Poetry Planet. In list of the Best Poets – Writers of World, 2019, World Nations Writers' Union. In The First and The Second Anthology of World Gogoshi, Galaktika Poetike "ATUNIS". Co-author of "Songs of Peace" – World's Biggest Poetry Anthology. In editorial board of the magazine "Haiku World", Bulgaria. Chairman of the Haiku Club – Plovdiv, deputy chairman of Society of the Karlovo writers. In Union of the Bulgarian Writers, Society of the Plovdiv writers, the Bulgarian haiku Union, The Haiku Foundation – USA, United Haiku and Tanka Society – UK, the World Haiku Association, Japan, World Nations Writers' Union.

DROPS IN THE GARDEN

Dewdrops on the roses -
amid tinges -
blooming branches
bird flight, curious eyes.
Drops evaporate
and scatter in the air
photos from the morning city.

YEARNING

We met when God created the worlds,
and filled them with His love.

Then we got lost because we were scattered
in the edges of the universe.

I have kept the memory of you since that time.

Since then, the sun has been rising thousand times,
the moon has been going down thousand times.
I've been waiting for you thousand days,
thousand nights I've been dreaming of you ...
On how many planets I've searched for you.
How many galaxies I have passed ...

When we met again,
the light erupted.
The world has expanded,
in it were God, you and me.

SUMMER EMOTIONS

Figs fall quietly,
thump into the quiet.
Bees are buzzing.
I turn a leaf,
guessing at its palm.
Sweetness on fingers.
Honeymoon is coming.



Sinan Vaka (Albania)

Sinan Vaka was born in Përmet in 1956.

He is a poet, writer and translator of Italian language. From 1993 to 2008 he lived in the province of Cremona, Italy, where he was also the winner of the First Prize "A Lodi vecchio".

The poet and translator Sinan Vaka wanders through the labyrinths of a bright literary age, has wandered and revived through their lighthearted, melted and indexed with the art and the magic brought about and with full consciousness and the weight of intellectual conscience gave the phonetics of his letters to the widest discernment and the reverberation of his poetry.

He is the author of literary works:

1. Nostalgia of the Southeast.
2. Abandoned Road
3. Anthology of Italian Poetry (translation)

Midnight...

We were the latest in line when God shaped us with mud.
He knew our selfishness before creating us,
that we demand more of what we have.

And only when we look at our loss when coming near depression
We are remembered as cunning
to clarify who we are.

It happens often to me that midnight closes my paths for the snow to descend
in my thoughts silently.

I don't feel alive when I'm asleep,
insensitive as a life that's weakened.

Only you, shiny star, keep me alive with the illusion of teasing.
Ah! after midnight dreams
I am aware that I'll leave one day...,
but God, why do I feel cold between sheets
When I remember love?!

The Woman in My Dream

I had the vision of a woman in my dream
with gray hair, as winter approached,
she yelled at me and I had a nightmare in my heart
I was whispering
"She's talking to me, or she's not talking to me?"

Something is stored in the memory even if it's sad,
something that starts questioning
and it ends with the saying,
something that reminds us of our fragile childhood,
for even after death it's a mother's advice.

Translated into English by Ana Toma



Sadije Aliti **(Republic of North Macedonia)**

Sadije Aliti - Tetovo Sadije Aliti is a poet, writer from Tetovo. She graduated from the University of Skopje, professor of Albanian Language and Literature, where she also received a master's degree in literature. Sadije Aliti for more than three decades in the general public is known as a journalist, professor and teacher of Albanian language, humanist

and activist of the civic sector, especially in terms of the scope of women's rights, poet with 18 published titles. Sadije Aliti's verse communicates in several languages of the world, as it has been translated and published, such as: Slovenian, French, German, Italian, Turkish, Arabic, English, Greek, Swedish, Macedonian, Macedonian, Serbian, Romanian, Macedonian, Hungarian, Bulgarian. , Danish, Norwegian. She has participated in several national and international festivals such as in Slovenia, Turkey, Sweden, Montenegro, Albania, Kosovo, Macedonia, Presevo, and others, where she has been awarded many prizes and recognitions.

We love each other

I loved you my way.
You loved me your way.
We were not satisfied,
the way we loved each other!
Most important
We loved each other
how:
yesterday
today
tomorrow
We love each other ...

Love

took a long time to say
I love you
very briefly to say
I don't love you
the sea wave takes the word
back by the course of the river
swinging the Swallow wings
do not hurt the lovers.

Love life

There is nothing more beautiful
Than dreaming happiness
There is nothing happier
Than hopping happiness
There is nothing greater
When no one can lower your pride.
Hold the future in your hands
Your prayer of charity
Strengthens hope
Increases love
The distance of the stars
It aggravates the pain
Hatred softens
The curse of motherhood stops
Just a smile
Gives light
Closes the windows from the darkness
The night has no place
In the young heart
Love life as it is
As You know



Sue Zhu (New Zealand)

Sue Zhu, used to be TV presenter in China, now lives in Auckland. She is a member of the Chinese Poetry Association, The NZ–China Culture Exchange Association, The NZ Chinese Poetry Art Association, honorary director of The US-China Culture and Art Center. Founder of “NZ All Souls Poetry” club. Editor for some Chinese poetry clubs which come from China, Canada and New Zealand. Her poems were published in Chinese main newspaper and magazines such as People’s Daily, Poetry Selection, Chinese Poets, China Daily, international paper media such as the World

Journal, International Daily News and in many counties including United States, Canada, New Zealand, Singapore, Indonesia, Japan, Taiwan, HongKong and Macao. She is a multi award winner in the Chinese national poetry competitions.

The Wind bell (A Group of Four Poems)

1.

Always in the dream. Combing
The long and short lines of the days
Draw the clouds curling and spreading and withdrawing
Record the mood brought to sea water by the full moon
Spring flowers and autumn fruits, returned to the earth
Flying snowflakes, are defined as the pledge of love
Until you have kissed my forehead
Aurora in slumber, begins her heartbeat
In the wind, we have loved, walked past
The stories
Seeing off far away ...

2

The revelator of love, you do not come
Myriads of hills and rills, floating clouds Adhere to frigidity. You
come

To tell the secret, known by everybody
Perhaps, I most directly receive favour from you
When I do not know what is love, just
In your solicitous concern about me
Without reservation, to speak out my mind
If you do not believe, just listen ...

3.

The wind, wishes to fly over mountain tops
In waiting, has finished the wasting
Of time from year to year

At the crossroads with autumn filled with lilies, a rainfall after another
rainfall, successively
I yearn for some expression

Without you, the gold-like sheen will be dimmed
Lilies cannot but swallow the songs, silent until death Without me,
your solicitude when visiting in plain clothes
Will not be exposed to the world

We are the carrier of existence and lyrical expression
Emotion to each other
Tied by a line

4

Too heavy a missing, too light the words
To avoid gravity, excusing oneself from being abruptly promoted
Only a little solicitude
Is angling the blue sky

The oath, disperses in a breathing
I fail to hold, the lingering voice
Wafts afar across the mountain

You come, to give me the first cry
And depart, leaving me the dirge of living like a slave
You are the person who ties a bell to the neck of the tiger, and
The person who unties the bell in my life

Translated by Zhang Zhizhong (China)

Reason

Rain falling slowly, because of the clouds
Clouds fleeting because of the wind
Wind blowing because of the story

One protagonist of the story
Is changing makeup at the interval
While the other removing makeup

Who is the first to hand over the sky
By blowing a top secret

Confession

The bright moon throwing
Weights on its mind
One by one
Toward the sea
Thus the seawater
Becoming restless ever since

Translator: Gui Qingyang (China)



Selma Kopic
(Bosnia and Herzegovina)

Title: Professor of Bosnian Language and Literature

Date and place of birth: April 13, 1962. Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Awards and representation of works:

First prize for the story, World Week "Every child needs a teacher", Tuzla, 2006; THIRD AWARD "Mak Dizdar" for an unpublished collection of poems "Puzzle", BiH, 2008 ; "Third

Tihomir Lesic" Award for Newspaper

Story, "Tuzlanski list", Tuzla, BiH, 2008; "The most beautiful songs of the region", "Avlija" Rozaje, Montenegro, 2014. and 2015; "Knight of European Poetry", PEN Center, Sarajevo, BiH, Top 10 poems, 2014; Competition of Love "Poem over poems", Mrkonjic Grad, BiH, Award for the most beautiful love poem 2016, 2018. and 2019; Poems dedicated to the great poet, The Musa Ćazim Ćatić Literary Prize, Odzak, BiH-Munich, Germany, Anthology 2017, 2019. and 2020. and "Bayram Poems and Stories ", 2020; Competition of "Miroslav Mika Antic" Association Indija, Serbia, Anthology " Garavi sokak ", three poems, 2019; Yearbook of the "Revival" Municipal Society of Gracanica, Bosnia and Herzegovina, two stories, 2020. First Poetry Book Named "SIGN" is in preparation.

Silent dying

You're reading a book
up to thirty pages.

The next day
you don't know where you left off
nor what did you read ...

You hear an outdoor concert
and you would be so happy to be there,
but you're too lazy
to awaken in yourself that grain of youth

when it was enough
hop into jeans and sneakers
and leave.
You're watching the seasons change
through small window panes
and you see the bits,
and you rewind the pictures in your head:
bare feet on irrigated grass,
rustle the leaves under your feet,
a trail in the snow you used to leave
behind you ...
You're watching a movie
and you become a participant yourself
in some scenes:
you travel,
you tidy the garden,
you drive a car on the open road,
you never know
who are you going to meet next ...
And you fall in love ...
Crazy, crazy, you fall in love.
And when you lie down,
the dream doesn't come to the eyes.
You're thinking:
How long, my God, did I get with that book?
How was it at the concert?
What is the season?
Why didn't the two of them stay together,
at least in the movie,
when we didn't stay together in life?
Well, that condition,
that condition, is called
silent dying.

Prayer

On this holy night
millions of prayers
for health, for peace,
for prosperity, for peace of mind,
for progress, for forgiveness,
whisper lips of old and young,
male and female, healthy and sick ...
Forgive me, God, sinful me,
which has only one prayer
that my hot heart
be drawn again to his cold heart,
to light his way to me,
to be mine as I am his,
for better or worse,
in health and illness,
until death breaks us apart.

In a narrow pot fade hydrangeas
from lack of sunlight
Through the dense vegetation
whispers the sea.
Playful children shout
from window to window.
In the empty restaurant
the dishes clinks after dinner.
Blue wasteland is the sky.
The garden is empty,
the table is empty ...
The ashtray is full of deep sighs,
empty is the soul that exhales them.



Sihem Chérif (Tunisia)

Sihem Chérif who lost her dad at an early age, turned to books and writings as early as 10. she started composing in tunisian dialect and then in formal Arabic. She studied English and graduated from. Manouba University. She started writing in English. She published a first poetry book Dusk and Dawn. Looking forward to publishing others. She writes poetry in Arabic and

aspires to publish her book in Arabic. She writes prose as well. She is fond of animals and nature.

Probe

In the twinkling of an eye
God gets back his universe
A grim silence engulfed the earth and the sky
People knelt inside houses
Begging God to end this curse

How tiny people are!
caged like laboratory rats
They could go nowhere
Corona is lurking
Strolling in empty streets
seeming fear in anxious hearts

corona is rigorously smirking
A tiny virus
startled every human being
It is not a matter of size and number

A glorious lesson of God 's power
we are impelled to remember

Today we are on the battlefield
Living under the gunpoint
From now on we have to understand
No one may be spared the shot

May we sprout evil and greed
what is happening is a clear lesson
A new start of clemency we need
Instead of black wishes, we opt for crimson.

Go on playing music
I lent you my strings
I am listening to
something terrific
Go on playing
I want to forget
we are living with an epidemic
And many of us become
insomniac
Do not stop
Go on speaking with the lyrics
Tonight I want to seek a sound sleep
Tonight I want to forget
The epidemic
The hubbub of my crazy folk.

The two divergent looks
The frame above
The young lady and the furrows
The promise of the upper deck
The load of the coming days and the lurking luck

The crop may seem green, who knows
The shore will be teeming
Fate just waits for a knock
The dream was still legal
And the wish is prime
The scene is a tumultuous canvas
Fate just waits for a knock

The frame below
The lady stepped in age
plumb she started to grow
stuck in an armchair
yearning to youth and its glow
Does not fit in her seat
yet, no choice to go anywhere
The lady wanted to grasp
The whisk of the years' gap
No flowers are in her lap
A score behind a score
The years have been greedy
just an aspiring lady above
A deceived lady below
The rainbow in a rosy sky
The seeds of hope is ready to sow ...



Tarana Turan Rahimli (Azerbaijan)

Tarana Turan Rahimli is an Azerbaijani poetess, writer, journalist, translator, literary critic, teacher, academic, is an active member of the International Literary Agency in Turkey, Azerbaijan, Azerbaijan, Philippine, Kazakhstan, Italy, Oman, Belgium, USA.. She is a PhD in Philology, Associate Professor of Azerbaijan and World Literature Chair

of Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University, author of 7 books and more than 400 articles. She is the editor and reviewer of 20 monographs and poetry books. Her works have been published in more than 30 Western and Eastern countries. Her poems were published in Azerbaijan, England, Italy, Spain, USA, Germany, Belgium, Chile, China, Oman, Turkey, Russia, Romania, India, Portugal, Saudi Arabia, Ukraine, Kazakhstan, Serbia, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Macedonia, Mexico, Morocco, Kosovo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Japan, Venezuela and in other countries. Including her poems and articles have been published in many international sites around the world, on periodicals and in anthologies.

Translator: Sevil Gulten

I am a woman

I am not a painter
But I know a lot of colors
Most of painters are unaware of them:
Color of love, color of longing, color of grief...

I am not a composer
But I am able to hear the sounds
Of which any composer can't hear:
Sound harmony of parting, joining and hope.

I am not a gardener
But as I feel the scents of flowers,
I also can feel the scent of days and months
Fragrant garland of colorful feelings
Gives a charm to my life.

I am not a painter,
I am not a composer,
I am not a gardener either...
I am a woman
Whom the God created
In a pleasant hour...
There is the light of love of God
In my eyes and in my heart...

In this native city, in this strange city

I loved the light that didn't fall into my house,
I loved the ashugh who didn't play my beloved melody.
I loved each charm calling it my motherland,
In this native city, in this strange city.

I was born here, I but couldn't be its dear one,
I didn't taste any forbidden piece of bread.
I couldn't stay inside of myself,
In this native city, in this strange city.

Its malice and hatred displayed themselves to me,
Its broken belief, its grief will never come to an end.
In rare cases I was met with friendly terms,
In this native city, in this strange city.

Pay attention to the suffocated wishes inside of me,
Look at the writings erased on my forehead-

Dear Qarabagh idles in vain
In this native city, in this strange city.

Who disappeared, what things were lost,
Your baby hopes grew older, become over.
All my close relatives became strange,
In this native city, in this strange city.

Its arms are opened to others,
It hasn't time to embrace us.
I can't find the way leading motherland,
In this native city, in this strange city.

I grew up

I was left on the crossroads,
I grow up choosing my own way.
I passed through the aches
That filled into my inside.

I was interested with a strange wish,
I directed towards light and sound.
I drunk off the love
I grew up drinking such loves.

I took hands of the expectation,
I was lost in the corners of life.
I cut the grief to my height
I grew up in this way.

My spirit was invaded thousand times,
I took shelter only in the hemistiches.
A fire was made inside of my heart
But I didn't burn, I grew up being experienced.



Tatiana Terebinova (Russia)

Terebinova Tatiana is a poet she lives in Otradny Samara Region and Moscow.

She uses the technique of syllabic-tonic, free verse, haiku and tanka.

Tatiana graduated from the Moscow Cultural and Arts Academy in 1989.

The poet is a winner of the Moscow International Free Verse Festival (1996).

Her poems were published in the Anthology of Russian free verse (Moscow "PROMETEI" 1991), Almanac "Arion"

(Moscow), "Journal Poetri" (2018,

№ (1 – 3), journal "Mos-cow Sto-litsa" (2018, №3) etc...

Her name is mentioned in the Samara Historical and Culture encyclopedia (1995)

my paradise

wild thyme is my paradise
the angel keeps in his heart
irises of a light mysterious garden
light silk of radiance
in crystals of time -
your face and flower - the spirit of the holiday
"the echo"
in the mirror of your soul -
only the god of grace and joy,
and sweet bitterness is an easy secret
clear curves of thoughts -
rhizomes of the universe
and the echo of a dream of love
"the wings"
The book of the gracious God -

the wings of the pages of the archangels of silence
whispers transparent words of love
the moon floats in silver skies -
goldfish of time
through the sleepy embrace of spring

The Stone of Time

The stone of time lifts
your heavens every moment
Each infinity there
has not began..
There is an end
to your transparency
There is a gloom..
Let your target fly faster..
An arrow begins
to melt the space
that it had obediently
laid down in your infantile palms
in the hundreds of deceptions..
Blind wasps names
change their moments
of instant emptiness
turning into light
and banning the radiance
of light in the caterpillar
ripening butterfly
in the new Universe..



Tali Cohen Shabtai (Israel)

Tali Cohen Shabtai, is a poet she was born in Jerusalem, Israel Tali began writing poetry at young age of six, she was an excellent literature student. She firstly published her poetry in a respectful literature magazine in Israel the “Moznayim” at age 15 ***Tali has written three poetry books:*** “Purple diluted in a black’s thick “ bilingual 2007; “Protest”

bilingual 2012; “Nine years away from you”2018, Two of her books are bilingual , and the third book “Nine years from you” is scheduled to be published in foreign edition abroad. Tali’s poems expresses spiritual and physical exile. Her cosmopolitan vision is very obvious in her writing Cohen Shabtai lived years in Oslo Norway, the USA. She is a member of the Hebrew Writers Association and the Israeli Writers Association in the state of Israel. In 2014, Cohen Shabtai also participated in a Norwegian documentary about poets’ lives called “The Last Bohemian”- “Den Siste Bohemien”, and screened in the cinema in Scandinavia. By 2020, her fourth book of poetry will be published which will also be published in Norwegian.

A Letter From Israel

I miss you so much
My poet
I miss Oslo.
You come to visit me,
Like a platonic figure
Longing
For a woman who lost the
Catharsis
In a city with no drawing,
With a man stuck with a broken foot
Responding
To the celebration of the woman that I am
And the women here named the same
Perfume over ten years

While I named (at the same time)
The same pills.

This is my accompaniment
I can not beautify
My life
As you can't either.
So I'm eating you

A little too much – sometimes with
My ripeness.

With my clouded eyebrows
And a cigarette in
My mouth
You wear the Kippa that I bought you
With Norwegian letters
Spelling your name

There is no better tribute here
My love,
This is
Israel.

Europe 20-__

Your dark marks around your eyes
As a big shadow, make your
pale white skin look ill.
Reminds me something known, but not
recognizable.
Those shades in your face are contrast-
combination-as my erotic sadness
So now you understand the wild tears
In orgasm?
And when I wish you to breathe my
blood instead of tobacco, would you?

Only a clever poet is capable to mix these paradoxes
With grace.
So why after all, is life so humiliating,
That a woman needs to please herself,
In a locked Bath?

It's almost a decade since...

She saw you in the Irish pub that night
With your Japanese wife

Wearing westerly clothing
You held her Kimono
The one she hid

While she imposed the "Misogo"
Instead of the Mikve.

Her name the same as the Filiino
Domestic of my dead
Gramma

You know, many Jews died since
You left, more than Gentiles,
But you,
You are my best lesson
It is not forbidden to walk with an
Ilk of "Geishas"-

It was your best deal

To leave me alone, when I
First died in my
Twenties.



Tian Yu (China)

Tian Yu, born in 1994 in Tai'an City, Shandong Province, Member of Chinese Poetry Society, member of Tai'an Writers Association, member of Chinese Ancient Poetry Society, director of CCTV's "Smart China" column group, member of American Chinese Poetry Association, researcher of the International Society of Archaeology and Historical Linguistics, director, an interview with Chinese poets in Serbia's Alia Mundi magazine. His works had been published in many foreign newspapers and magazines such as "Poetry", "Writer's Newspaper" and "Chinese Literature", and had been translated into many languages. Won the second prize of Wen Yiduo Poetry Competition in 2018; won the Italian "FRANG BARDHI" poet medal and BPPW gold word award; won the Latin American Literature Excellence Award in 2019; won the American Poetry Award in 2019 Won the bronze medal of the French poetry and song "Bena" in 2019; won the silver medal of the American Pegasus Poetry Award in 2019, and the top ten new poets in Chinese poetry Spring Festival Gala in 2020. The poetry collection "Firefly" and other books had been published by the International Culture Publishing Company.

Midnight

Midnight,
Don't diss me plz,
This silence is coming,
And my mood becomes to be virid.

Midnight,
The elegant myth.
Oh my sorrows will ready to roll?
I don't want to be a poor fish.

Every summer day,
My heart will always in obvious dreams.
I love to avoid all the confusions,
Just to keep the curiosity.

Oh midnight,
You like a dignified beauty.
What my feelings of you had in deep already,
And I really really sure,
You're my better lover indeed,
So plz don't let me leave you away.

If

If I were the boat in the sea,
Are you willing to be the sail of my life,
Without any tears and beats?

I want to take all of my tenderest,
For this moment turns into that proudly blue in your heart and sees.

If it was you who pointed out the flowering season of the four seasons
for me,
Then I would like to bloom loneliness and burn for you in much
sweets.

I do think now that I should be the shadow of your loyalty,
Your departure is my wick,
The existence of extinction,
Cut in freely.



Tine Hertmans (Belgium)

Tine Hertmans was born in Ghent, Belgium. She is a poet and author of children's books and short stories. She has published several poetry collections. In her home town of Destelbergen, she was appointed as the first town poet in 2009.

garden of eden

iris germanica
hamamelis japonica

my garden, garden of eden
lead me away from the hoary past

bellis perennis
pinus sylvestris
hello mole, hello mouse, hello hedgehog and hello cats
and that blissful dozing in the sun

digitalis purpurea
althea rosea

I ask desperately for my habitat
I will find an alternative, is there still hope

rosa sinensis
populus canadensis
will I ever be awake
will the pain subside, not so bright and touch
convallaria and crocus
lathyrus and cornus
one day I will be free from sorrow
I will sleep peacefully under your feet, tomorrow.

divertimento

we wrote our names with
rasping fingernails
on ice-frosting panes,
our passion reflecting on the
dazzling white
of the frozen snow;
above our heads
a gull drew circles
in steel blue skies
while I wanted to hide
in the atrium of your arms

was it a pose,
a heap of hollow phrases?
no longer could I warm myself
as the tangled days
between our fingers
slipped like wax,
for when the thaw came,
you were long gone
from my separate lifeline

canis vulgaris

once upon a time there was a dog
in the house of my late memory
the absolute happiness of a little
tormented child

a heavenly feeling disappeared
from the scene together with
the beloved animal –
crying hot tears
banished the fascination
pulverized to consternation

the fire of the fatal shot
the liquidated dog,
the child, eruptions of pains
absorbed as bubbles
both hit,
craced, killed
the child, the dog

once upon a time there was a dog
in that house, old pain.

tijd

in het timbre van de dagen
die vervlakken en vervagen

op het ritme van de tijd
dans de salsa, heb geen spijt

van het niet geleefde leven
we zijn hier allen maar voor even

op dit kosmisch punt aanbeland
op de blauwe planeet gestrand

met een universeel gegeven
gewond of niet, verder leven

met een ticket zonder retour
ligt ons sterven op de loer

bij het vallen worden we opgeraapt
als dode bladeren bijeen geschraapt

onze laatste adem verspild
ons zwijgen voor eeuwig verstild



Tareq al Karmy (Palestine)

Tareq al Karmy (1975) is a Palestinian poet from Tulkarm. He started writing poetry during his early teens, some of his poems were published in the press and magazines before his first collection of poems was published at the age of 22. When he was 24 Tareq was awarded the Palestine Medal by the later president Yasser Arafat

His published collections include:

- 1- Gambler's evenings*
- 2- The solitary morning*
- 3- The Path of the Taurus*
- 4- The beautiful eye of the blind*
- 5- How beautiful the white coal*

The Legend of Mythic, Proud Perfection

Not Richard's – not your "Lionheart" 's – horse, no
Nor Great Alexander's steed Bucephalus, no
Not Roman horses thundering home their demonic mastery,
Not the legendary, immortal, Trojan horse,
No, there's never been a horse on all the earth but —
failing to attain absolute perfection of nobility —
has, in the end, had to be put down
by merciful bullets. Not one
except
this, the one my father bought me,
my horse,
although it's only wee and made of wood.

Meeting with the ground

In my country where my country is
The killed one does not fall on his face
opening his arms
does he fall on his face because he falls on his face
and that is it?
Is that the one who falls on his face
opening his arms?
only to embrace the ground.

The sleeping shirt of my girl

The sleeping shirt which wraps like water around you
your shirt which is so thin you can even feel the wind
on it there are two panda bears
why (it does not indicate a question here- probably a matter of style)
every morning when I say
„good morning“
your two panda bears yawn in your sleeping shirt
these two pandas jump from your shirt to me,
attack me, play with me
they are your two panda bears.

Definition

Poor, like the soldiers' tea Simple , such as the water you drink
As stranger as the lost country of mine. And a secret bullet from some
finger's mouth. As wild as a salt rose A pair of shoes upon the child's
feet, kissing the Earth's cheek at every step he treads This is actually
what I am !



Tanni Bose (India)

Mrs. Tanni Bose works as an educator in Aravali International School, Faridabad now. She was an English Teacher at Tendruk Higher Secondary School of the Royal Government of Bhutan hails from Kolkata, West Bengal. She was born and brought up in the steel city of Rourkela, since her father was a SAIL employee there. Writing was always a passion for Mrs. Tanni. She was a delegate in the FOSWAL Literary Festivals at Agra and Jaipur in 2015 and in Delhi in 2016 February as well. “Floating Stones” is her

second work of poems, ringing the inescapable paradox of existential pulls and pushes. The poetess here is swayed by multiple senses and sensibilities, reflected in these poems. Her third Book “The Molested Clay” and “The clife lady” is published by authors press New Delhi. Writing apart, Mrs. Bose loves reading, music and her students. Love given reciprocates. After all – books support her; music heals her aches and her students adore her. Life then becomes poetry to her.

Thoughts

In the barren and untilled land of mind
A seed of thought was once planted, I find
The seed clutched the cognizance to grow
“I watered my mind with aspiration”, to quote
The seed was sunned with positive belief
Indeed was I happy to see the seed flourish
At times, when my mind was disquieted with thought
The rising seed underwent a stagnant growth
With lot of care and kindness
I nurtured the seed to progress
The heavens too collaborated in my endeavour
Nourished the plant of aspiration with tender

Provided opportunities in times needed
My plant of desire grew to fame everyday
Now the seed of thought has dissolved
And the tree of existence stands
Plant a seed and progress ahead
Then shall you find the tree of faith
Flower, fruit or anything envisioned
Or just a simple tree to provide a shade.

The Dark Mistress

The day takes a toll on me,
I stink sweat and breathe out exhaustion
A cool bath do placate my fatigue
refresh me
I perceive colours in the darkness of night
Twinkling stars are lanterns in darkness
Showering possibilities of chance over fate
A cool breeze fans and comforts me
She descends from the sky to embrace me
At times I feel her presence intense
I search the sky to get the vision of the stars
Instead I discover the moon
I feel her kiss revealing secrets
Oh! Dark mistress, who could have ever read your thoughts
For every night has a fresh story to tell
Unusual do I see you in the hours of darkness
Cheerful on summer nights
Possessive and lovable on winter nights
Drenched with tears on a rainy night
But your presence does make me feel obliged
Since it is you who imbibe the freshness in me
Your mesmerizing beauty has aroused lovers,
Has comforted the farmer's son

Has kept the promise of ever visiting every night
I seek your company until the horizon is lighted
Then, Adieu! For you take leave of me
I recall the faithful time spend
Together in bliss.....

Pathos

Oh! Pathos I envy you,
I'm obsessed with your domain.
How cowardly of you
To take refuge in the lady,
of whom the mortal remain.
The portrait hangs on the wall,
with a veil covering her face.
But I see her mournful eyes
Declaring her poor fate,
I hear her heart's cheerless song
Saturated with sadness
I see her losing jewels from her eyes
Distressed in loneliness
You have been the cruel Czar
Ruling her heart for ages
I disown you pathos
For, you have feasted on her flesh.
Oh! Epitome of evil
Why don't you abandon her?
Leave the lady to her fate
Who laments in utter despair.
I'm neither your equal
Nor, are you superior to me
But Oh! Pathos I envy you
For it's you who reside in her heart,
not me.



© *Leyla Işık (Turkey) The Horse*



Ugwu Leonard Elvis (Nigeria)

Ugwu Leonard Elvis is a Nigerian poet, writer and play-writer. He is the author of the popular poetic reflection titled 'Echoes of the invisible' 2017 (published by Author House, USA). He compiled the Anthology of Peace for the World Union of Poets (WUP) published by Atunis poetry 2016. His poems have been published in websites, newspapers, magazines and notable anthologies. He is the 'Big Squire' of the World Union of Poets, a laureate at World Nations Writers Union (WNWU) and former co-ordinator of the Creative Writers Association of Nigeria (CWAN) Enugu state chapter. Leonard Elvis is a PGD student of English and literary studies of the University of Nigeria, Nsukka. He studied political science to Masters Level. He won the best poet of the year 2012 and 2013 respectively from the Caritas University Literary and Arts Association (CAULAA) where he obtained his first degree in political science.

***Before Sunset**

Just before the sun hung its last wave with enclosed eye,
We surrendered our worries to its shoulder above the sky,
Before tomorrow comes again; we have melted into snoring silence,
Seeds fall from firmament to resonate our leaping joy of eloquence.

As the sun drowns our worries in ocean of tranquillity,
At dawn, the seeds sprout fresh breath on green wave,
It is time for the cock to crow ambiguity into serenity
As a new day crawl its lingering feet out of its cave

It has come again! The worries we slept on top
It has come awake to stare the sound of the cock

Oh! When will this endless rhythms stop?
Even as I squeeze the hands of the clock

But before sunset comes to again
We must have buried our worries yet in pain.

Ego of Words

Erupted from the slippery saliva of spoken sound
There is ego in my words, dangling in rebound

Wise words walking majestic with its sceptre
As we drink from holy pours of its nectar

With these wise words; poetry has been found
Revolving like whirl wind round and round

This land is of poets, beautiful its hectare
As words grow like leaves spreading out its letter

Ego of words...

For the majestic king buried in his throne
Shall blend with the soil to make manure on its own

Echo of words, made crisp by the ego of words
That marred men may be slaughtered by swords

In this home of vultures humming drone
We shall caress goodness and evil thrown
In this life's humble ward, we shall not go with all rewards?
As we live by the ego of swords.



Virginia Fernández Collado (Spain)

Virginia Fernández Collado (1977, Spain) is a recipient of the 1st Prize (poetry mode) at the XII Young Creation Competition, Ciudad de Almería in 2011.

She has published in EP (S) EL PAÍS SEMANAL in the opinion section “Letters and Contributors”, in “El diario urbano” in Santiago de Chile and in Quillota (Chile).

She has collaborated in the magazine “Axarquía”. Some of her poems have appeared in joint books.

Her published books are:

Predator (2015), and Poems 2006-2016 (2017), Forest (2020), etc.

She has also coordinated several poetry anthologies. Her poems have been translated into English, Arabic, and Bengali.

She is a Professor of Business Administration in Secondary Education and holds a Doctorate in Applied Economics besides a Master’s degree in “Fiscal Consulting” from the GADE Business School, Madrid.

SUMMER

1

I live in a wasteland in the world. I walk from me to the center, from the world to the star, from the night to the abyss. I want solitude, shelter, life, singing birds. I am in the desert land, walking towards its center. I choose, from the crack, the wound, from its opening, the sky. Wings flying everywhere, be the apple trees, my house.

2

I believe in trees and mountains, in forests and rivers, in arid expanses and in all the geography through which our laments and our joys travel. I believe in the earth, creator of animals and men. I believe in the sun with which we warm ourselves and thanks to which we contemplate the extreme beauty of the land by which flowers and thorns can live. I believe in the night by which the day becomes beautiful. I believe in the rain that wets us and makes us grow the seed that will feed us. Praise be to the land on which we live and breathe every day.

3

Beloved, what solitude is this that invites recollection? What loneliness do you bring me to? Where will the night stay? Where will the fears go? What loneliness will this be if it is not called snow? Beloved, the rain is trembling like a moon over the sea. He has not seen the stars. He has not seen the fish. The rain has a cloak, everything covers it. He has not seen the sky. Blind, the rain falls. The rain is trembling like a moon over the sea, it is unexpected rain, always unexpected rain. Do not fear the snow, white clouds bring winter. Heaven is a chorus of seraphim. Morning is white, the sea is white, the sky is white. One morning I woke up and white flooded our hearts. But also, the night. The night like a throat that screams, the night like a cliff, the night, the night darkens, the night is my countenance, the night is a forest, the night, an animal that lurks. The rivers die on the maps spilling dry tears. Summer passes.



Vasilka Petrova – Hadjipapa (Bulgaria)

Vasilka Petrova – Hadjipapa is a Bulgarian born poet and theatre critic who has lived in Cyprus for the last 34 years. Collections of her poems have been published in Cyprus “Goulia Aera” (A Sip of Air), Nicosia 1983, and ”I Monadiki Lexi” (The only word), Nicosia 2009. 2003 she published her second book, “Otlojen Jivot” (Life on Hold), by the “Balkani” Publishing House, Sofia. 2009 the Bulgarian Publishing house “Plamak” published her book ”Orehovi dumi” (Words of Walnuts). Her poems are translated in English, French, Italian, Turkish and Albanian and were also presented in a number of anthologies. Together with her husband, the known Cypriot writer Christos Hadjipapas, she translated Bulgarian poetry and drama into Greek. She presented to the Bulgarian public in an anthology her translations of Greek-Cypriot poems and prose, published by “Plamak” editions. She has translated many Cypriot writers and poets into Bulgarian. Vasilka Hadjipapa wrote for different Cypriot and some Bulgarian newspapers for many years theatre reviews. He is member of the Bulgarian association of Writers and of the Cypriot Writers Union, of the PEN Club and the International Institute of Theatre.

Fire flies

Do we not comprehend
or do we simply not accept the end,
that small eruption,
which shatters the core
of the miracle called life?

Is this indeed how we differ from the stars
which die out in orbit of the infinite –
or from the sparks

scattered by the wind
by the side of the road?

Most of all do we resemble fire flies,
which fade out in flight
into the darkness of the night
as the dead shell of light
crumbles
over dry leaves and burnt herbs.

Words of walnut

All day I collected
My unwritten words
And hid them
In strong walnut shells.
The afternoon came,
I thought again.
I hanged them
On the branches of a green walnut tree.
At night it seems thieving ravens passed.
In the morning
Nor shells I found nor words.

Now they will be aligned
By winds and storms.
And in the sky
They will now write
With shells my tender words.



Xhelal Tosku (Albania)

Xhelal Tosku was born and lives in the city of Rrogozina. After graduating from high school he attended the Faculty of Veterinary Medicine in Tirana and then the Faculty of Language and Literature in Elbasan. Specializes as a librarian at the National Library in Tirana. He has worked as a veterinarian, teacher, librarian. He has published these books: "In the first station". "Do not forget to come", "Blind sadness", "Cypress on the street" "Nothing with then", "For now" and "Simply at all"

Not even a word

I sit and watch the rain
spreading further across the field
it remained unseen
by the naked eye until now
without even a word
it can say it all.

Where are you going?

Not a single star
In the heavenly night
Darkness seeped down my throat
Into an eternity for the dead
O miserable man,
Where are you going?
Where are you going?
Poor you...



Yoshikazu Takenishi (Japan)

Poet, publisher of poetry magazine, farmer. Born and lives in Wakayama Prefecture (1947). Graduated from Wakayama University of Education. Director of The Japanese Language Education Society of Japan; Invited Educational Adviser in Wakayama City; Editor/ Publisher of Poetry Magazine "Potori (Drops of Water)"

(Poetry included essay and study of Manyosyu (Japan Old Songs) and "7 Types of Ambiguity" written by William Empson, 4 times in a year, latest issue 58) Contributes Essays titled "To enhance Writing Power of Children" to newspaper "Wakayama Simpo".

Memberships:

Japan Poets Association, Japan Poet Club, Japan Universal Poets Association, Kansai Poets Association, Japan Universal Poetry Association:

In His Country

After raining the stream of water
Carried the soil away leaving stones behind.

When it continues to rain,
Bushes and weeds are growing thick in the fields.
They hide the soil and farm products among them.
And easily take them away.

What does the bushes and weeds take away from him ?
The birds peck the fruits in the trees,
The wild animals take harvests away from the fields.

All dramas are presented in the heat of summer.
What is left behind in his mind?

In the Rain of July

In the field where the leaves of fruit-plants were withering
The thunder rumbled suddenly in the air
And it began to rain heavily.

The farmer thanks toward the dark sky raising his eyes
With his hands together.

It continued to rain for a while.
The withered plants came back to life.

After rainfall fogs appeared
And begin to move from valleys up to mountains.
The dark sky brings the fogs up into the clouds.

He puts his hands together again toward the raising fogs
And he grips his hoe tightly.

Dripping Sweat

Falling in drops
From chin,
From nose,
From forehead.
He was in a sweat.

Sweat only knows the figures of clear drops.
It continues to drip from every part of his body.

The sweat had held the tiredness of field work in his body
And at last dropped because of its heaviness.



Yvan de Maesschalck (Belgium)

Yvan de Maesschalck (b. Wetteren, Belgium, 1956) studied Germanic languages at Ghent University.

Was working as an English teacher at a secondary school and later at the European schools of Luxemburg and Brussels.

In collaboration with Herman Henderickx he published *Naakt en wit, een ademende steen* (Garant 2003), a thematic survey of post-war Dutch poetry.

Is currently co-editor of *Tiecelijn*.

The *Yearbook of the Reynard Society* and has been the chairman of the *Reynard Society* (based in Belgium) since 2017.

Vossenlucht. Over Reynaertpersonages en hun aanverwanten (Academia Press, Ghent) was published in 2016.

He also contributed to the essay 'Diep en binnensmonds'. Over Hercules, Richelieu en Nostradamus van Paul Snoek (*PoëzieCentrum*, Gent, 2019).

At the moment he is active as a freelance reviewer writing mainly about contemporary poetry for *Poëziekrant*, *Tiecelijn* and *MappaLibri*. Recently published *De muren van Meknes* (Demer Publishings, Leusden, 2020).

Almost a poem

Is it not unheard to bear a single
thought desperate to shine
like a poem, although its very words
are still unbred and need to ripen some
more nights, until they are licked
clean and smell of deadly hues:
like daylight curdled into evening red
casting shadows on the garden fence
drenched in vivid black, a yellow rim
of moon perhaps showing at the edge?

With all due respect, I cannot cope
with this long-winded questioning,
poems being of all times and tongues,
steeped in nightmares and seditious
flourishes: how they spatter lushly in
Sappho's lines or in Homer, who must
have been thoroughly blind to revel in such
rabid wrath. How the horse-taming Trojans
bravely fought against all odds? How many
layers of sludge they wallowed in, despite
myrtle laurels and the whiplash of metaphors?

Weightless words get stuck
stinging like an open wound. Would
any answer dawn before twilight slips
into the dead of night? Before the sounds go
numb and listless as death's far too many names?*

Speechlessly I draw the curtains on the noise of time.

**Inspired by Pat Barker's compelling novel *The Silence of the Girls* (2018), in particular chapter 34, in which Achilles' freshly slain enemies and their respective mothers are assigned a name and an identity (Penguin Books, 2018, p. 214-219).*



Zha Jingzhou (China)

ZHA Jingzhou, an outstanding contemporary Chinese poet, was born in 1964 in Tianchang city, Anhui Province of China with a master diploma.

He is member of the Chinese Poetry Society and Anhui Writers' Association. His works are scattered in the Monthly Poetry Monthly, Poetry Selected, Writer's World, Famous Works, Prose Poetry World, and other periodicals and a variety of selected books.

He also published a collection of poems Lights and Nights.

You Can Never Betray a Calendar

All of us will walk in the same riddle solution
Of the same maze. There'd always be
Some finger tearing open the black-and-white advantage of nature
Giving to a spiritual picture frame
The agitated source and trace of a heart

To obey the lofty transmigration and eternal abstinence is destined
In a flash of moment
To fall or be reborn, while a person
With the repeated bird-like vastness, has to transform slyly
In the tribal war of its inner world
To arrange for a strange world with transferred wound everyday

Two dates hesitate in the passageway alertly
A shake and their mortal bodies get senile
The plot accidentally devoured in every day

Echoes everybody of their previous life
Standing on the silent river bed
We can never again visit
The pitfall of our past

Windows trim us, yet seem to need us to prop them up
They extract from us and give to us ladder-like steepness and rush
The complete fence besieges and mends
The naïve and flawed truth of human in this mundane world
We will wait till they, with a spiritual hand of some sort
Carve a memorial word out of somebody's frivolousness
And put it in a context shared and approved

Another Stagnant Clock

No complete promise
Yet giving the calmness and vastness of a rebel
It is the token and millstone of itself
Not allowing a river to
Go for the radian without restrain
Beyond the biased different calculation and accents from strange land
Looking at us from a firm perspective
Is like a seemingly reading into the suspended maze and ruins
The chess-playing hearts of the same scale embrace destiny of their
own
Telling the whole world that most of time is not correct
A sting in the heart releases more of the guts

Translated by Brent O. Yan



Zhang Ye (China)

ZHANG Ye, is an outstanding poetess in contemporary China.

Born in Shanghai in 1948, with ancestry origin in Fenghua, Zhejiang Province, she is a professor of Shanghai University, member of Chinese Writers Association, director of Chinese

Poetry Society, director of Poetry Committee of Shanghai Writers Association, director of Shanghai Writers Association. She has published poetry anthologies such as Love of Poets, Colorful World, Green Crown, Song on the Way of Life, Ghost Man, Staring Across Time and Space and an essay collection: Solitude Is a Tune of Nature. Her works have been selected into more than 100 anthologies of poetry and translated into English, French, Japanese, Irish, Romanian, Vietnamese, Uzbek, Italian and other languages. In the autumn of 2000, She was invited by a Chinese writers delegation to Oslo, Norway to attend the Sino-Norwegian Literature Exchange Conference and to visit Ireland. Ghost Man is a poetry anthology published by Irish Footprint Publishing House in Chinese, English and Irish.

In September, 2004, she was invited to Dublin, Ireland for the launch ceremony of the poetry anthology Ghost Man, for which the Irish poetry circle has sung high praise.

The Tar Temple in the Rain

Infinite thoughts drawn out of the sky
moisten the hills, lingering around the temple
The halos flashing, the lama pagodas appear whiter
and are solemn and clear in every pair of eyes

Coming from far and wide
the pilgrims are not quite like those I have seen before.
Are their hearts praying for blessing or laden with guilt? I don't know.
They are down on all fours, their eyes swim in tears

They wallow like a fish in the waves
towards the vast Infinite World, towards the Formless Realm

Freed from my ego, I join them
turning the bell, touching the stone, lighting the lamp, going around
for no reason
and expecting the Buddha to touch my forehead
The Buddha says,
“Put down the heavy burden.
Put your troubles aside.”

I have been pursuing for some meaning
Any meaning is accompanied by a painful process
which is tantamount to a bold adventure

Chaos and desires spread all over the world
Indulgence ridicules temperance
and filth drives away purity
Without fear and faith,
what would this world be?

I gaze at the temple afar
The fine rain is still falling, but a bit heavier
What does it add to the Tar temple then?

Passing a City at Night

The roar of the train is reduced to a breeze when it reaches you
The breeze gently walks around without touching anything
But the flowers have recognized it
They quiver and call out low
I am also a breeze tonight

Translated by Zhang Junfeng



Zhaneta Barxhaj (Albania)

Zhaneta Barxhaj comes from the city of Tepelena. She is graduated for Albanian Literature at University Of Tirana Albania and then she studied for finance-accounting at the same university. Poetry and writings have accompanied her in the early years .

Poems written since adolescence are selected in the poet's first book "The dancer without foot" published in Tirana 2016. In her manuscripts there are other poems and prose which are waiting to be published. Currently lives in Tirana and works in the public

administration, dividing life between economics and literature.

Particles of his soul
Abdicating the ground, reach me
Grab me by the hair
Wanting to drag me away

In my neck Sticking their fingers
Withdrawing my breath
Uh! Bruise blackened
I get the colours of his moldy warm breath
Over the glass of vanished eyes

Ah! Sitting over a head
Casually, Unknowingly, on my exact vertical
Ceases deeply the decapitated.

Us two, turned into parallel ends
Pulling and stretching, violently each other
Ah! This insight crashes me

And i can't help it
But,continue to sit over his head

We will brawl lengthy, friend
So, a bit of merci....
It ain't my fault
You leaving your head underneath me
And I, sitting on it

So, let go of my throat
Collect your bits,
Left over my strings
And let me breathe
Some air friend....please a little !
It is my time....i shall live

Have you tried the need to cry,
seating on the window facing the clouds?
Ever felt inside
the satisfaction of a dropping tear?
It's sudden plunge from eyes?
Touching the skin with wet prints?
What about the salted sweetness
of lips being kissed,
while you draw the nose?
The symphony of globules,
while couting them in an open palm,
have you witnessed it?
Have you tried to weep
from the muteness of the soul?
Ah! My dear!
I wish you cry...



Wendy Mary Lister (UK)

Wendy Mary Lister's work has appeared in various Magazine and literary journals; Tips for Writers uk; Reach Poetry uk; PoetCrit literary journal India; Bridge-In-Making India; Enchanting verses and a Poetry journal in Albania, plus varied magazines in India. She has also interviewed and published reviews of established Poet/author K.K. Stivastava Poet/author.

She has an avid interest in the arts and varied culture, heritage. She is English; presently living in the city of Glasgow, Scotland for the last 7 years.

Lost Stars—

I saw unspoken words
in the eyes of people
struggling dementia

Tears sheltering inside;
their thoughts, plugged
by child like dreams

They stare, when they
no longer have a need
to despair-of the today's,

or the tomorrow's—
They've a place to hide,
to go, that's faraway –

A place they don't
need to talk or say;
a place where they

can sway-freely like
wind, on a windless day;
where they can fly on

the wing with a smile
on their face, in a world
where imaginings spill-

hysterical interludes;
they are lost stars that
no longer sparkle—

And when silence
hangs in air they breathe,
they cry like a child –

They always look for
the past in the silence
of their own sleep;

In voices now absent-
whispers, with flowers
above their-bones

Its song
journeyed
with the wind,
loud to the sky;
maybe you could
hear it ..

You're In Lockdown—

What are we meant to do, when the mind has finally turned to mush—immerse it inside liquid, when the light has burnt out; It would be an end that every other end fits inside—a jar

Surely time isn't always so blind; i think time just wants to pin words on our emotions, struggles during loss of normality, that was otherwise given as the pattern for regular living

Are we really going to be a character in the new narrative, the new quiet time-everywhere around evening; and weeks later get left to wonder who the hell we are, or even if we're meant to have again, the life we had before it all began—maybe it's just the natural order, sending us a reminder of how us humans have screwed things up



Warda Zerguine (Algeria)

Warda Zerguine was born in the city of Guelma in the eastern Algeria

Poet, writer, researcher in Oral Folklore and journalist.

She was senior manager at the compagny “ALGERIENNE DES EAUX” in Guelma.

She has published 4 books on oral folklore.

She has a book under publication about popular stories and popular proverbs.

She participated in many international anthologies in poetry, including Mesopotamia Cultural Center in Belgrade in Serbia, also in

Tunisia, Indonesia, USA, India, of course in Algeria.

She writes poetry in Arabic, English and French. She participated in many cultural, theatrical, cinematic and poetic festivals, in Algeria and abroad, in Tunisia, Lebanon, Jordan and Morocco

She also received awards and honors in Algeria, Jordan, Morrocco, Tunisia, Libanon.

MAKE ME POEMS

Make me poems over and over again ..

Proof of beauty that words are

And whoever asks for poetry in these times

Is a philosopher with multiple objectives

He said to me: Make me poems over and over again.

After seven hours of sleep

Poetry comforts my ills

And weave my life like words

Make me poems over and over again ..

Poetry is words and writing

I take it as a traveling companion

And after the Koran, a guide of my life

Make me poems over and over again ..

Word and sign poems
And any poem that arises
I live it in all languages
Make me poems over and over again ..
I breathe it to abandon my broken pieces
So I said to him: stop my friend
You're thirsty, the orders are taking over
And I, hostage, can't find the words.

DESERT DEER

I'm writing to you .. I'm complimenting you ..
I'm wooing you ..
And it's hard for me to tell you
I love you.. I love you..
O desert deer of desire
I want you all
Like the necks of camels
In their travels
A rhythmic walk
At the song of the camel driver
With my insomnia
With the sighs of my heart
O purpose of my love and my wish
Answer me answer
And if our union turns out to be impossible
Remain good qualities
And dreams and hopes
I love you so love me
Or don't love me anymore.



© *Narsing Bongu Rao (India) “External View” (420x297)*

B Narsing Rao (b.1946) is one of the most distinguished Indian filmmakers who grew with passion for Fine Arts and Culture in Hyderabad, India. With a prolific experience as one of the leading painters of the subcontinent along with a rich theatre experience and multi-faceted interests ranging from Music, Literature, Photography and Filmmaking, he has culminated his visions in the growth and development of aesthetics in Telangana, creating thereby a canvas bearing his signature. He has hundreds of paintings, thousands of photographs to his credit. His most acclaimed film is D a asi (Bonded Woman), which has won 5 Indian National Film Awards in 1989, the maximum for any Indian filmmaker for a single movie till that day. In the same year it also won the Diploma of Merit in Moscow International Film Festival. Daasi has been screened at Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) and Lincoln Centre in New York, USA. His other award-winning film, MATTI MANUSHULU (Mud People) was screened at American Film Institute (AFI), California and the film was widely shown at different Universities in USA