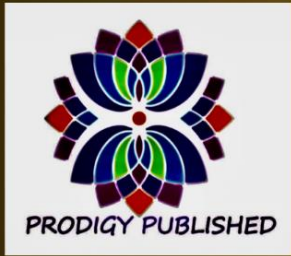




# **PRODIGY**

## MAGAZINE



**ELITE DIAMOND EDITION**  
**APRIL 2023**



PRODIGY PUBLISHED



**ZLATAN DEMIROVIĆ, USA-FOUNDER-EDITOR**



ANISIJA CREPOVIĆ-Serbia-EDITOR





**PRODIGY MAGAZINE**

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**EDITORIAL DESK**

Greetings, dear friends, brothers, sisters, poetry-literature, philosophy, and all kinds of art expression lovers! Welcome to the fifth, April 2023 issue of our Prodigy Magazine. This is another milestone in our mission of uplifting human essence, in reaching the final goal of ultimate raising of global consciousness. We are here to save our real human source and push ahead against distraction. For that, we use the most powerful weapons, as a gift from the Universe: the power of creation, talent, inspiration, intuition, passion for truth linked with universal knowledge, real education, and the mindset of winners! Our ideology is an affirmation of joy, love for humanity with Mother Nature, truth of real existence aligned with Universal laws! Be a critic of this performance, just as a real critic of yourself, acting as a child willing to express a pure creative inner world! We made it together, for our affirmation, testing our abilities for the most valuable achievements!

Sincerely yours,

**Zlatan Demirović**

**Founder**

**PREFACE: Enlightening Newfound Edition!**

One must shake off the past and look forward to a future day. We may live in an old world; however, new inspirational enlightenment emerges daily that must be embraced and activated into operation for the stimulating growth and uplifting of humanity and our emerging society. Our ancestors, who were once hunter-gathers, created the stone wheel using the oral tradition. Our birth following generations later invented spaceships, traveled the galaxy, and found and documented discoveries for future generations to come.

In this respect, we must not just move with the speed of light in discoveries, inventions, and applications. We must create and stimulate the minds of humanity with inspirational upliftment.

The literary medium of genuineness and gracious modalities is a source of enlightening reality. Never again shall we, as humanity, burn our books and bridges, thus making us vulnerable and regressed in time and space. Our minds are now embedded with the scribing and bonding of images never once thought possible. We are on the peripheral frontiers of time and space travel and communication never known to humanity.

Such will progress and will be known to future generations with the preservation of our minds, bodies, and souls from the essence of our literary and combined traditions. Thus, our continued inspirational upliftment will be strengthened in collaboration with humanity for godly and spiritual inspiration, enhancing the mind, body, and soul of worldwide humanity.

Alas, where there is no vision, the people perish; therefore, let's continue the vision for our future generations to live their best and flourish!

*Ambassador, Professor Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr (Epulaeryu Master).  
Wisconsin, USA.*



**PREFACE**

Prodigy's Global Adventure

Prodigy Magazine. An outstanding addition to the literary world. Just last year it started its creative journey with a view to promoting poetry, literature and art worldwide to unite people in a soulful bond of humanity and love to make this planet really lively, lovely and peaceful. In the opening issue, Prodigy appeared itself in a whole as a combination of positive aspects of tradition, modernism and postmodernism. Within a very short time it has achieved a globally prestigious reputation because of its dynamic and exclusive publication that included valuable writings of world-renowned poets, authors and artists.

Prodigy Magazine's editor in chief Mr. Zlatan Demirovic, a world-renowned poet and poetic personality, co-editor Madam Anisija Crepović, a globally renowned poet, including others in its publication team are literary figures in the contemporary world who work hard skillfully and creatively under amazing plan and careful supervision of Mr. Zlatan.

This time Prodigy management has taken an exclusive project to feature the world renowned international as well as national top poets/authors around the world in their Elite Diamond, Elite Platinum, Elite Golden, Elite Silver respective issues. In the Elite Diamond issue, they have selected an international author in each country who is to select two top contemporary poets/authors from his country to be featured in the upcoming issues of Prodigy Magazine. What a magnificent plan and effective project to reach, find out and introduce nationally renowned authors to the world! Certainly, it is a vital project initiated by Prodigy Magazine. Congratulations to Mr. Zlatan Demirovic and his team for this amazing project to promote poetry, literature and art. And sincere gratitude to all concerned for selecting me as one of the Elite Diamond authors in the world.

Best wishes to Prodigy Published, USA.

**Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah,**  
Bangladesh  
President,  
Poetry and Literature World Vision

# POETRY



**USA**

**Prof. Dr. JOSEPH S. SPENCE SR-USA**



**PRIDE OF THE MOTHERLAND: MY SAFARI TRIP NARRATIVE!**

Riding an elephant  
Down the narrow trail looking triumphant  
Scanning the golden landscape  
Like Hannibal with enemies in flight  
Sight from a lofty height  
King of the jungle moving with lioness by his side.

Climbing Mount Kilimanjaro, guides by my side with packs on their backs  
Some paths steep with rocks  
Boots slipping below our tired feet  
Beautiful birds in unison flight  
Moving with terrestrial light  
Stunning sunlight summit on the peak.

Praying in an Ethiopian church, preserved in rocks built by humans' hands  
Never touched by conquest plans  
Protected from the invaders' footsteps  
Queen of Sheba and Solomon's nest  
Touched by the Arch of the Covenant  
Others said that, Mary, Joseph, and Jesus may have once slept there.

Eating yam, sipping palm wine, and tasting milk  
Freshly squeezed by experienced hands  
Taste of life in the mosaic grassland  
Sustaining and soul refreshing  
Cradle of humankind adorning  
Invaded for its gold, riches, and human capacity  
Birth of life on earth with tenacity.

Respecting its living and arduous journey  
Essence of life once was and is again to come  
Riding a camel across the hot Sahara sand  
Once wet now dried, exported gold from Mali...

Treasures from the hearts of once African empires  
That which was, is, and shall forever be  
Africa the birthing Motherland, we still love and respect thee!

©® Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr

**MY NOBLE BROTHER: MAHATMA GANDHI, PORBANDAR, INDIA (REFLECTION POEM)!**

Read some Satyagraha thoughts about Mahatma Gandhi today  
Really stirred my humble soul in a truly mighty way  
Renewing my soul and spirit with inspiration and motivation!

His story of endearment, “Bapu,” in Gujarati—is so precious  
His mission sought equality of life—and is so ambitious  
His inspiring leadership reality prevented an absolute travesty!

Like Moses, he saved a nation from Pharaoh thru the Red Sea  
Like Abraham Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation brought freedom  
Like Nelson Mandela, South Africa— “Defeated Apartheid!”

As a venerable soul, he loved his people like a beloved father  
As a leader, he was a remarkable and genuinely loving brother  
As a legal scholar, he fought for independence with judicious plans!

I visited the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. center in Atlanta, Georgia  
I found Gandhi’s room on the 2nd level—it was so splendid.  
I saw him and read his words; they were like manna from heaven!

His blessed soul was actually sent by God from above  
His persona descended the sky with sincere love  
His shedding of saving light came with awesome true love!

As I read along, an image of a great hero diligently appeared  
As I stood, he shook my hands, gave me a big hug as his brother  
And as I know—his legacy others will indeed inherit with merit!

©® Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr

**Bio Sketch, Ambassador, Professor, Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr (USA) Epulaeryu Master!**

Ambassador, Professor Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr. (Epulaeryu Master), authored ten poetry books and over 200 peer-reviewed articles. He is published globally as an international academic societies member. He taught at Marquette and Bryant, and Stratton University. He retired from the U. S. Army and is a Goodwill Ambassador for Arkansas, USA. He created *Epulaeryu*, *Linking Pin Sonnet*, and *Seventh Heaven* poetry while studying English literature, creative writing, and linguistics at the University of Wisconsin.

ZLATAN DEMIROVIĆ-USA



**HOLY TRINITY**

A Guardian Angel, Black Devil, and I.  
Living together and very inseparable!  
Just as the sun, moon, and Earth,  
with the stones, water, and air.

While breathing the stardust,  
the sun is caressing him,  
and the storms are bathing him.

Traveling the paths,  
carved by dreams,  
in search for his unknown "I",  
how can he compile or compare it?

On the split ends of tiled trails,  
bounded by flowers  
choked in the midst of thorns and weeds,  
he followed a light shining from his heart,  
absorbing flashes of lightning  
descending from above,  
grasping the brazen images carried by them.

So, bless the angels for every sign they send  
on the only path to the stars!  
Do it real quietly with a pleasant voice,  
and patiently – not to wake the devil!

Thusly, for that reason,  
painfully stumbling on bloody knees,  
he's to embrace and greet the stone in his shoe,  
and the sand and pollen in his hair and eyes  
with the arriving evening wind.

Well, even with that eyelash pinching in his eye,



he will be blessed,  
with eternal gratitude from the angels  
for his abundant eyelids radiating beauty.

©® Translated by Dr. Joseph S. Spence Sr

### RAINBOW OF TEARS

My worries, your tears,  
your tears and my fears...

They're all substance of nothing.  
Or maybe something,  
how to find a word for that,  
maybe love...

Dreamless nights  
which smell on fears  
don't know  
the power of heart  
coloring the sky  
with rainbow of tears....

My worries, your tears,  
your tears and my fears...

©® Zlatan Demirović

Zlatan Demirović, bilingual book writer, novelist, critic, internationally acknowledged poet, and trilingual translator (English, Czech, Bosnian-Croatian-Serbin languages).

\* The founder of PRODIGY LIFE ACADEMY and author of the PRODIGY LIFE PROGRAM, which serves as a platform for spiritual and personal development.

\* Founder and Editor in Chief of PRODIGY PUBLISHED USA (publishing, promoting books, self-developing programs, anthologies of world multilingual poetry etc.)

\* Multiply awarded as a poet, philanthropist, and humanist.

\* Founder and editor of Prodigy Magazine 2022

Books published:

PRODIGY LIFE; 4 STEPS TEACHING FOR SELF-HEALING; GENIUS MINDSET TRAINING; PAIDA LAJIN SAMOIZLJECENJE; POETRY COLLECTIONS 1,2,3

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**BILL STOKES-USA**



**TOMB**

Have you ever been lost  
and even though you are full grown,  
you are on the verge of panicky tears  
because the words inside your head  
cannot find a place to sit and bloom

And the bitter loss of pure beauty  
in dawns morning kiss leaves  
you shaky with fear and dread normally  
only found in an ancient tomb.

Memories are as sparks from a campfire  
being stirred with a stick as the are  
wafted away in the smoke.

Faces play hide and seek  
with new and old names  
crashing in the waves of memories  
mostly forgotten.

And soon the years will blur together  
like water spilled  
on a child's water color portrait  
of a face long forgotten.

©® **Bill Stokes**

**ONCE UPON A TIME**

Once upon a time entire stanzas  
were like storm waves hammering your mind  
but now the words are hidden  
in the slow-moving waters of a swamp  
and like a noodler they have to be pulled out  
of their hidey holes.

©® **Bill Stokes**

Bill Stokes-Alaska

Congenial poet and artist, inventor of UV light painting technique.

Bill Stokes biography, written by his adopted brother in the Native tribe that adopted him:

Bill is a one-of-a-kind guy who selfishly gives to all. He is very smart, kind, loving, and caring elder who shares his thoughts through poetry and wonderous works of art that no-one can duplicate, but can only emulate. He may seem strange to some who don't understand what it means to be dedicated to Agox (The Maker) and loyalty to people and country in everything he does. He has worked with over a hundred rural communities in Alaska to ensure they have safe water and saves lives. He doesn't brag about himself through what he writes. The words are songs of the Universe that one can only drink in and savor. He suffers much through his ailments, but never complains, showing much courage in facing the NOW. He only wants people to listen deeply, in a way that one touches the soul. He is magic manifest if one chooses to feel his energy and works. He is my friend. Happy Birthday and many more, my brother. You are a gift to me and to the Universe!

# BANGLADESH

**SHIKDAR MOHAMMED KIBRIAH-Bangladesh**



**AN OPEN HEART-SURGERY**

Space-time spreads unfurled hair  
To a divan of enlightened wisdom.

Canceled narrow reason now even if  
Infinite quest is a cyclic fallacy.  
Manly nerval road is now pitched  
With a logical belief  
Lively aside absolute truth and settled  
To the first reason.

Postmeridian modernism turns rapidly  
Into an empiric dustbin  
Human children have already passed  
A long deadly desert  
And reached a spiritual world  
Purely experienced.

There is an eternal moon shining  
In the postmodern sky.  
It is now a meaningless debate  
Whether you are existent or not.  
Since you are first and last, unborn  
And endless.  
Reason of the reason  
And so, the absolute reason.  
It is high time only to touch you,  
Not to debate.

Therefore, O' postmodern surgeon!



Take me to your operation table  
And split my capitalist chest.  
Give out dead century's dusts  
And purify again.  
Make me fit for taking part  
In the absolute meeting.

Let the enlightened moon shine  
In the spiritual sky for opening  
A soulful postmodern website.

©® **Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah**

### **I AM IN MY EXISTENCE**

While thoughtful Descartes  
Of whether he was existent or not,  
Sitting in my corridor,  
My wife cut fish then.  
Out of my courtyard  
Some goats were eating grasses  
Taking dust in their handful  
Naughty boys started throwing  
From each other.  
Coming back airing dust  
Domestic cow herd  
Just before sunset  
The sun was going down  
With a colourful exhibition  
Having kiss of the departing sun  
The leaves had to fall asleep.

There was a hurry in the ferry  
From the river  
Returning village wives  
With the pitcher full of water  
Hanging all the beauties  
Of the evening  
In the neck of the pitcher  
And moving with creating  
An artistic swing.

Perceptive all these  
How could I refuse?  
Descartes started to swim  
in the essence as a whole

And said,  
"I think, therefore I am."

©® Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah

**Biography:**

SHIKDAR MOHAMMED KIBRIAH, Masters in philosophy, is a globally published, awarded, translated and featured world renowned poet, writer and philosopher. He is a global poetry promoter and literary figure, founder and president of Poetry and Literature World Vision. His published books are 18. His has been translated and published in 40 languages, world famous print and electronic magazines, journals, newspapers, websites, blogs, anthologies, tv, radio and channels and featured as a global poet many times. He participated in world poetry conferences, fairs, festivals, recitals and literary conclaves. He is an ambassador of world peace, love and humanity.

**REZAUDDIN STALIN- Bangladesh**



**THE EARTH OF MERCURY**

When a falcon's egg is filled with mercury and placed in the mouth  
Man can fly.  
Man is the rival of birds  
There are two airplanes in his eyes  
Missiles in the ear  
A bag of gunpowder inside the mouth

People prefer fish skeleton  
Feathers of blue throated birds  
Eyes of dead tiger  
And hanging of orphan Khudiram

The elites has antipathy to war  
The consumption levels decrease  
The poor love war  
War helps them to forget hunger

In future water will be sold in pegs in the bars  
Along with alcohol  
The mountains will be melted  
To make the omelets of eggs  
The roast of trees will be tasty

It's good to know those who live underground  
Look for the new  
Senoritas are waiting to marry Jesus  
After his resurrection

That is the most beautiful city in the world  
Where no one went before  
None has seen the most beautiful lady ever  
It's the most beautiful poem that nobody read  
Once man learns to fly he will never return to earth

©® RezaUddin Stalin

## THE EQUATION

He runs only  
Does not proceed, even a step  
Neither reaches the destination  
Nor the sign of it on his path map  
On his pathway no footprint is found  
He strokes his tongue on the wound  
No step is seen there  
No spot remains – he means no care  
His all sacrifice  
Blood's capsize

The source of velocity is stationary  
It does nothing but hugs the knee

Is there the number of labyrinth

To himself he turns  
For himself he runs  
But he doesn't move for a single step  
Nor reaches anywhere to fill the gap

The house absorbs him rather  
He actually depends on other  
He does not move forward, a step even  
The entire tunic is nothing but cotton linen

He keeps himself on walking  
Thinks of a race for running  
He walks about and moves  
In his eyes the earth blooms

His legs are all stuck there  
He actually goes nowhere

©® **RezaUddin Stalin**

RezaUddin Stalin Bengali

very famous poet. Born in 1962 in Nalbhanga village of Greater Jessore district.

The number of planets is more than a hundred. Got many local and foreign awards including Bangla Academy.

His poems have been translated into 42 languages of the world.

Along with poetry he established himself as a successful media personality. His basic thoughts on various issues of the society give us light.

Rezauddin Stalin is now the international voice of Bengali poetry.

# NETHERLANDS

**HANNIE ROUWELER-Netherlands**



**NOCTURN**

I recently saw the moon close to the sun,  
that's how it seems during the day.  
I think the moon should be seen in the evening  
strongly highlighted in the middle of a dark pool  
of night spectacle and shadowy clouds.

Therefore  
I walked outside this night to say hello  
to what patiently waited for me  
a bit at a distance. The lover expecting  
a few kisses from me  
just when I think a kiss is not much more  
than some sturdy lips and some saliva  
a kiss turns out to be a gold mine. A full moon.

©® Hannie Rouweler

**DRAWING BOARD**

I am sitting at the drawing board  
I draw a straight line along a ruler with a pencil  
it looks good  
nothing can fall over and the foundation can support all  
as long as needed  
but then suddenly something is unlikable and unwanted  
the beginning of vanishing and erasing is soon a fact  
when only the roof remains floating  
above an invisible plain of an abyss and emptiness  
which can no longer be of this time.  
I already change the size of the windows and put  
a sliding door to the garden at a back door



and without a compass or ruler and other tools  
I discover  
how good it is to turn something around upside down  
you immediately enter the roof at the hall and the garden  
is located in the living room next to the display cabinet  
where valuables are kept safe behind glass  
and I can fold and store the drawing table.

©© **Hannie Rouweler**

Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator, has been living in Leusden, the Netherlands since the end of 2012. Before she lived in different places in Holland, she also stayed abroad for a longer period of time.

Her sources of inspiration are nature, love, loss, childhood memories and travel. In 1988 she made her debut with *Regendruppels op het water* (Raindrops on water). Since then, more than 40 collections of poetry have been published, also ten translations into various foreign languages.

Poems have been translated into about 35 languages. She attended evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium) for five years. Hannie writes on various topics. 'Poetry is in the streets, up for grabs', is an adage for her. She mixes observations from reality with imagination and gives a twist to her feelings and findings. Fantasy and imagination play an important role in her works. She has received awards from the Netherlands and abroad, e.g. 'best poet of the year 2021', from the institute IPTRC voting international executive committee in China.

Hannie Rouweler followed short commercial and language courses at language institutes (Arnhem, Amsterdam, Hasselt BE). She has published several stories (including short thrillers); is editor of several poetry collections.

**ROGER NUPIE-Belgium**



**NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN**

I weep & moan, bend and stray,  
wear your slave fetters.  
Nobody knows my suffering,  
nobody knows my fate.

You stole me from my country,  
took away my name.  
I'm like a motherless child,  
far from home.

But one day the moon will change to blood,  
and this old world will reel.  
Hell is deep, hell is wide,  
but the waters will make way.

It will rain 40 days & 40 nights.  
Slave drivers will row off into the wilds.  
Were they to try and swim,  
they would be swimming still.

This world is not my home.  
I am alone and passing through.  
Let me kneel, break bread,  
my gaze flxed on the rising sun.

My name has been called.  
My house is on the other side.

©® Roger Nupie  
Translated by John Irons

**FREE AT LAST**

One bright morning I get wings,  
a crown with stars, a golden harp  
and sail through the sky  
on my way to the promised land.

I follow the star till I reach the valley  
where my soul finds rest.  
Swiftly an end comes to  
the tribulations of this world.

I was blind but now I see.  
Grace, how sweet your sound  
that saved a wretch such as I.  
I am immediately released from all pain.

Not everyone who speaks of it  
shall complete the journey. Hear their voice:  
Should you reach your destination before me,  
tell my friends that I am coming.

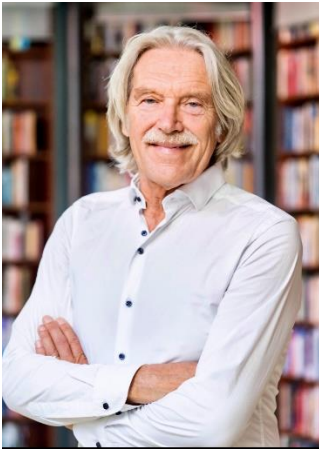
I reach the far side.  
My soul has slipped away from you.  
I write my name in blood  
in the book of life.

Good news: No more shall I die.  
I let the light shine over the world.

©® **Roger Nupie**  
**Translated by John Irons**

Roger Nupie published (a.o.) the poetry collections “Ivoren Weemoed” (Ivory Melancholy), “Zo verander je van lichaam” (Thus you change your body), “Abrikozen voor Ali” (Apricots for Ali) and “Vogelvlucht/ Bird Flight” (bilingual, translated by Hannie Rouweler). His poetry is very diverse: from committed to erotic, from melancholic to light-hearted. He collaborates with other partners in crime: writers, visual artists, musicians, dancers and participates in theater productions. [https://hetstillepand.art/roger\\_nupie.htm](https://hetstillepand.art/roger_nupie.htm)

**JOB DEGENAAR-Netherlands**



**HIGH VIEW ON THIS LIFE**

There was stacked wood glowing  
sun faded behind the mountains  
we drank nostalgic for happiness

remained seated, slightly drunk  
evening naturally turned into night  
Above us developed slowly

a disruptive decor of stars  
strumming on our retina, sometimes  
crossed by silent satellites

the light arrows of heavenly stones  
and the nearby flashing  
of softly whirring planes

Then it has been for us, mortals  
nice enough again  
ground fog surrounded us  
one became connected with Facebook  
another rolled a cigarette  
and blew question marks into space

In the distance, out of darkness  
the roaring of deer  
their old blues

©© Job Degenaar  
Translated by Hannie Rouweler

**FUGITIVE**

Free the air in which who flies  
sees a non-torn world of clouds  
varying in shape and color  
and sky blue's suctioning

and below a landscape  
that is gradually changing  
and what is moving in it  
changes naturally with it

But down to earth, freedom is a coincidence  
and whoever is adrift for a war, is like a beetle  
that wants to cross a heap of sand  
but falls back and on his back

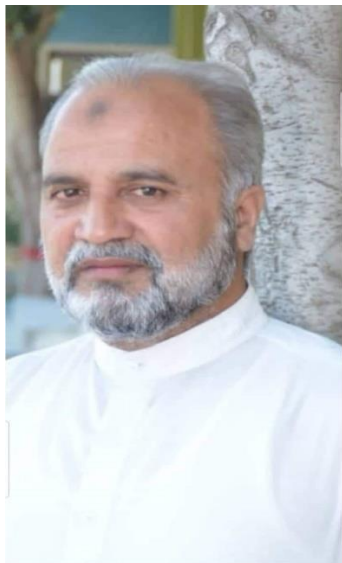
And sometimes a supreme being  
that is watching his struggles  
still shoves him a sandstorm  
when he is almost at the top

©® Job Degenaar  
Translated by Job Degenaar

# PAKISTAN



**Dr. SAJID HUSSAIN-Pakistan**



**SUBMITTED GOOD GRACE**

Yearning for the days of all loveliness,  
Glances of wondering eyes search for condition,  
Ask about a broken heart,  
Destiny and customs are strange here,  
A separation challenges with affections,  
The flight of the autumnal days,  
Stumbles the first spell of spring,  
Deception of self conceit in present emotions,  
Begged for affection and gets separation,  
Generosity of circumstances labours for lavish profusion,  
Putting me on bright hued hope of the old age,  
Some sad cherished recollection of relic,  
With an indifferent tourist of rejoicing,  
Across the bay on the island of gliding water,  
Boat the narrow fences of life towards,  
Foam-swept rocks for zone frail exhalation,  
Watch-worn and weary sentinels of deep desire,  
Scatter the heaps of flush of down,  
Coming to dust of miseries of life,  
Expiring amazement of zest in caged nightingale,  
Dwells in immortal spirit of playful responses,  
Hushed voices show ardent lips in the flying breeze,  
Gathered on brows darkening mind with passion,  
Give touch of shifting moments with enchanting beauty,  
Unapproachable grandeur vivifies the wings of youth.

©© Dr. Sajid Hussain

## A WEARY SOUL

Beneath the cold glare a weary soul wonders,  
Beyond the farthest edge of murky darkness,  
At its end of destiny the brooding stillness,  
Seeks for some sparks to leap in his eyes,  
The hectic night shifts in the desert of desolation,  
The pang of sorrow lances in layers of his soul,  
Slipping away over the smoke puffs in the air,  
A chronic case of reefer madness scratches the eyes,  
Zany distraction and bonding ensues,  
Meet on the intersection of emergence and closure,  
At the stage an almost tangible intensity,  
To decor the wildness revolves around passion,  
Sanity peeps to drown sorrows in drink,  
To gulp the aspiration of feeling,  
To tribute to troops of deb's delight of life  
Grief and heartrending sorrow echo in,  
Hidden in every source the burden of survival,  
The brumal ashes reveal the dark shades,  
Of their helplessness on entire vastness ,  
The eternal silence sweeps away them,  
In the kingdom of thoughts at striking distance.

©© Dr. Sajid Hussain

Globally published, recognized, acclaimed, awarded, appreciated and featured, Dr. Sajid Hussain hails from Pakistan, was born on 01\_02\_1969 at Morgah Rawalpindi. He is a well-educated and multidisciplinary Poet, Admin and ambassador of many poetry groups . He achieved membership of World Nation Writers' Union, Kazakhstan and Camara International de Escritores and Artistas (International Chamber of Writers and Artists) based in Spain appointed him as the President for the CIESART Headquarters in Pakistan . Awarded with Shahitya Pata ,on the occasion of Birth Anniversary of National Poet of Bangladesh kazi Nazural Islam and The Rabindranath Tagore Memorial literary Honours by Motivational Strips with joint association of Department of Culture, Government of Seychelles from India.

He is Master Trainer of "Low Cost and No Cost of Science Material" Homeo Doctor, senior teacher of Chemistry in FDE, and Ex-Principal of Jinnah Public School Morgah Rawalpindi . He has done several courses and received many certificates from UNICEF, CIDA and USAID, FDE programs. He was awarded with certificate of Literary Performance in year of 2021 from Gujarat Sahitya Academy India, awarded with honor of Golden Pen, Excellenza, 59 years of independence Honorary award from Trinidad and Tobago and world cultural Freedom and so forth. He is a promising Poet already participating in innumerable poetry contests world-wide, he won many certificates of excellence, the list of his achievements and titles he has earned is quite long. His poetry is published in world famous print and electronic magazines, journals, newspapers, websites, blogs and anthologies. He is author of Acquits of Life, Parlance, Cloud Nine Fantasia.

**ANWAR RAHIM-Pakistan**



**THE UNKNOWN DESTINATION**

The destination has become difficult.  
Seems thorns have made their beds in the way  
When one stands against heavy odds and luck not favoring what to say  
Dark clouds are looming to haunt thin light far away  
I am afraid I have lost my friends in the way  
No solace from my acquaintances to my every call I receive a big nay  
They became strangers as I asked for their goodwill but I find my self with them in a fray  
There is neither moon nor starlight  
The life has become strange, changed my nights and days  
In pitch dark night lamps went out, a clear dismay.

©© Anwar Rahim

**MY LOVE, WHERE ARE YOU**

My only hope, I can depend on you  
In this cruel world of deceit  
My eyes far from sleep, with fear of becoming a prey  
From those who are luckily to fall asleep, or me luckily awake to get away  
They are blood thirsty, finding unknown reasons to get me slay

©© Anwar Rahim

Born in February 1951, hails from Gilgit Baltistan- Pakistan.

A University Graduate in Economics and Political Science, served also as group testing officer in, &quot; Interservices Selection Board&quot; for selecting candidates for Armed Forces Training Academies. A veteran turned poet in 2016, found my birth muse and vibes by narrating my inner self through poetry.

The poetic journey is short but I feel poetry has taught me much more than I could have learnt in any education institution.

Literary performance fetched him, global awards from Gujarat Sahitya Academy - India in 2020, 2021 and 2022.

National Poet of Bangladesh Kazi Nazar ul Islam birth Anniversary award 2022.

Order of Mohatma award by Lasosyanyos Lar San Frontyer an International Art Society recognised by government of Seychelles.

Order of Shakespeare medal 2021 by Motivational Strips, world most active literary forum.

Participated in virtual V Eurasian Literary Festival- 2021 at Istanbul, Turkey, UHE Festival International 2022 in Portugal and virtual Festival Paper Fiber in Greece.

In year 2022 received Culture and Free Press and Media award from &quot;Sherine Abu Akel&quot; from Syria and &quot;Rabindranath Tagore&quot; Award 2022 jointly from Motivational Strips and Department of Culture government of Seychelles.

From Republic of Colombia award for Poetry Peace and Culture with numerous awards received from other international poetry groups.

My poems have featured in Anthologies, &quot;Pakistani English Poets&quot; and &quot;Bouquet of Triple colours&quot; of poets of Bangladesh, Pakistan and India. Anthology by Prodgi Publishers USA. My poems in Anthology of SAARC countries is under process of publication.

Poems featured in NBM Bangla TV Bangladesh and in Daily Bani Asia - Bangladesh.

Passion in poetry is to pursue genres, in Romance, Humanitarian issues, Environmental friendly concerns and Children rhymes.

# IRELAND

ALAN TRAYNOR-Ireland



## THE UNTAMEABLE RAGE

I ponder  
The imaginary circle that follows the sun  
A rustic poem  
Lost in the fields  
An emerging cub, with the blood of a rabbit  
On its face  
The rhetorical exclamation of Enlightenment  
Lost for hours, under a tree  
It is only light  
And, how the shade crawls  
Into the shadow of a riverbank  
The untameable rage  
Of the dancing Pike's call  
Joyce, in the river's watercolor sage, confessing  
Ulysses, untangible tangles untamable  
Flies that lift the sound out of a river  
Love the crescendo  
Light that shall never procrastinate  
How the Sionnach  
Emerges carefully  
Talons for eyes  
Love on every dangerous bone  
Moving carefully  
Slow moving, charismatic helctic touch  
Coltrane in Newport (in the neighing light)  
Kerouac, in love, with words  
(Unspoken)  
And the monsoons in her face  
I could not open  
So, I lay in the eftsoons  
Tangled in your womb  
The wonder of light  
That feeds the naked tree  
An emesis, of motherly love  
In the  
Swollen white-light, in the darkness  
Of a den

That waits, for the cry  
Of Ulysses

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## JUNG IN THE SHADOWS

The roar of the woods  
Rectangle trees  
Long cast Red Book shadows  
A dodecahedron in her face  
Yes, a song sung before from the salariat  
Stonechat  
Outside of Reading Gaol  
Like a saffron beaked sage  
Like a javelin  
Leaves the throat  
The Eternal PI

Because love has nothing better  
To do!

So you Rise up from a Lake  
Rage the savage machines  
Excalibur  
In the triangle flesh of her heart  
Lose your soul  
Amid your tourmaline whispers  
Chivalry is a blade  
An unfathomable exility where mitres roar

And weep in the trees of Hedera  
A gold yellow helix

Wrapped around your feet  
Guenevere, beneath you  
Where children play like salmon  
In the rivers of architecture  
Bending words through the helcoid light

Where often I did meet Dionysius the Areopagite

In the helctic Shadows of Angels  
Their gold spiraling blood that circles  
Up through the existential wrists of Heaven  
Did you see it Jung  
In the Shadows  
In the feudal chair the Lord of Alchemy  
On hadrian's wall

The vindolanda white king of death  
Steel ringed taloned horns of sycamore gap  
A harrier king  
That clasps  
The king of hastings

And death shall fall like an Owl  
Between you

Artemis in a train station in Athens  
Waiting to be kissed  
Like a red Swan  
Heaving on the Stars  
Like a silk worm wanting to be saved

Like the blood  
That ran down

Your leg  
In

Agrotera

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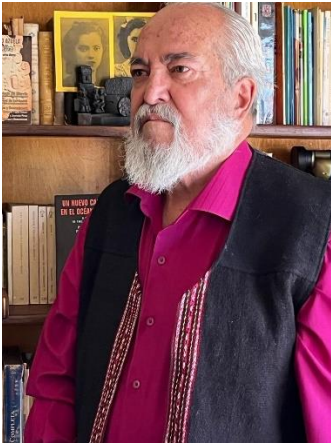
Alan Patrick Traynor is a Poet from Dublin Ireland. He is the author of SEVEN DAYS OF ASHES, a poetry book written on the spirit of the Holocaust & EDIT NOT MY SOUL, that laments the world around the Irish Poet. His latest poetry collection is UNTIL THE BROKEN CLOUDS ANSWER.

It has been said that his poetry is like the mystical galvanic paint that sets the fields of Provence on fire.



# MEXICO

**FRANCISCO AZUELA-Mexico**



**ALIEN EIGHT**

They left you, homeland,  
when you threw flowers to the stars  
and your sons were searching for a crust of bread  
in the shadow of the border.

They left the tomb  
to bury hundreds of the dead,  
they left the Plaza of the Republic,  
a drop of water fell on your head,  
the scopolamine  
and the pentothal broke your memory,  
you could not invent even the smallest of lies,  
your bones afloat left like a solar ray,  
with wounded hands you spoke your true name,  
obstinate in death.

When they leave the homeland,  
all stuff themselves with silence,  
it can not be forgotten.  
Wherever falls the sound of the stone  
a god the size of a scarab cries between the boulders  
with half its body missing.

©© Francisco Azuela  
Translated by Ron Hudson. USA

**THE DEATH OF THE POET**

Like a regret  
the sad eye of the homeland cries  
for the death of the poet,  
the flight of the birds

understood its geography,  
it was hiding  
in his Soul,  
it was raining pain in his life,  
the evening was falling  
like the last sign of a mystery.

II

He sleeps beneath the starry night,  
the homeland is in combat  
with its silences.  
The poet has already left,  
he has gone away without farewell.

III

Tomorrow will be another day,  
the day of silent and profound death  
like the ultimate sign of life  
that is lost,  
of the lost life  
in the flight of the birds  
whose small bodies  
sketch figures of illusion in the air  
guided by the magic of the setting sun,  
by the eternal sun.

IV

You left me in the emptiness,  
you freed my hand from your heart,  
I did not know how to return,  
I could not come back,  
death embraced me  
in its eternities.

You told me farewell  
without recalling my memory  
in a city such as this  
that rains tears of wind.

©® **Francisco Azeula**  
**Translated by Ron Hudson. USA**

Francisco Azeula. Mexican poet and writer (1948). Dr. H. C. of the Honoris Causa Doctoral Cloister of Mexico.

- Awarded with one of the 4 Awards granted by a prestigious jury of the California State Polytechnic University, through its Department of English and Foreign Languages (College of Letters, Arts, and Social Sciences), to integrate the Spring Harvest International 2006 / 2007, one of the most prestigious English language editions in the United States.
- Solenzara International Poetry Grand Prize, Université de la Sorbonne, Paris, France 2013.

- Vincitori Assoluti XXXV Premio Mondiale di Poesía Nósside, Italy, 2020 and Ambassador in the World of the Nosside Prize, 2021.
- Honorary President of the Sydney International Poetry Festival, Australia 2022.
- Honorable Advisor of ASP (Poetry Garden) Digital magazine of Chinese Literature.
- Twice nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature, 2021, 2022 and 2023.
- International Judge of "Wen Aiyi Poetry Award" Award Selection "Most Beautiful Poem" and "Most Beautiful Poetry Collection" of Qixi Festival 2022-2023 in China.
- Second Merit Award ex aequo VOICES FROM THE WORLD International Prize for Literary Art “Il Canto di Dafne”, Italia 2022.

**Dr. Amb. ESTRELLA FERNÁNDEZ-Mexico**



**AIR OF TRANQUILITY.**

That air that I breathe  
that goes deep into my body.  
The one that gives me peace of mind  
I call that "Peace"

feel that I'm safe  
in my city or anywhere.  
Respect everyone  
And make me respect

"That makes Peace"

Not wanting what others have,  
out of greed or malice.  
That they respect the territories  
the life and liberty of others.

May all humanity help each other,  
in cases of need,  
hug each other, smile  
and help each other to start over.

Peace is made every day,  
with good deeds,  
touching the heart  
and loving others.

**Dr. Estrella Fernández**

**I AM ALL WOMEN**

I am all women  
the tender one with sad eyes,  
the strong as a wall stone,  
the protector or the ruthless.

I am all women

free as eagles  
loving, in love,  
complaisant, without being obedient.

I am the one who defends herself  
observant, strategist, savage.  
I'm the one who can walk barefoot  
or wrap yourself in mink and drink champagne.

I'm wild, jungle survivor  
I am an exquisite lady for high society,  
I am soft and golden maple syrup  
I am a delicacy for the sensitive palate.

I am all women  
I am a willful beast  
but I'm also pious  
I am an imperfect woman, but human.

I AM THE WOMAN, THAT YOU KNOW WAKE UP!

**Dr. Estrella Fernández**

DR. AMB. ESTRELLA FERNÁNDEZ, Mx Mexican writer, workshop facilitator, editor, jury, model and poet, with two Honoris Causa Doctorates from the IFCH of the Kingdom of Morocco and Dr. Honoris causa of the Arab countries. Awarded with the Prize. of the Mother Teresa of Calcutta Foundation in India and Cultural, Peace and Humanitarian Ambassador for multiple countries.

Nelson Mandela Award 2022.

WOMAN ICON 2021 IN INDIA.

First Latin American Place for Poetic Duos together with the Peruvian Luchito Domínguez.

Three consecutive years as one of the 100 Best Writers of Ibero-America and the Caribbean 2020, 2021 and 2022.

AND APPLIED TO THE 2023 COMPETITION

WORLD AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE 2022 AND PLATINUM EAGLE MEDAL from the UHE WORLD HISPANIC UNION OF WRITERS, BRIGHT MINDS AND WORLD ACADEMY OF LITERATURE, HISTORY, ART AND CULTURE in alliance.

BEST INTERNATIONAL POET 2023/ORIGINAL FOUNDATION IN INDIA OF MOTHER TERESA OF CALCUTTA

Author of four books and has participated in 130 Anthologies, in several she has received Honorable Mentions. His texts have been translated into 8 indigenous languages and several foreign languages.

# AZERBAIJAN

**ELDAR AKHADOV–Azerbaijan**



**ABOUT LOVE**

Like summer lightning flashing in the dark,  
Like the warm glow of candles at the dawn,  
Your eyes are so bright, they have the spark,  
With lashes on the sky elaborately drawn...  
I'll float far away, and will again survive  
The fire deep inside, it's burning so bright,  
You smile and look at me as I come back alive,  
And I'll never need a different kind of light.

It's been so forever, night gives way to day,  
The leaves always rustle when falling away,  
Your hands will be tickled with raindrops at night,  
And you will keep looking at worldly crossroads,  
Repeating your prayers and the holy words,  
Forever believing in great love's full might...

©© Eldar Akhadov

Eldar Akhadov is an outstanding Azerbaijani poet writing in Russian. A man of many parts, he is also a scientist, arctic explorer, linguist, critic, educationalist, and teacher. He involves himself with both questioning and celebrating the physical universe around us and within us, and, equally, the mysterious metaphysical questions that our existence poses to us all... his poems sing and breathe suffering and joy, what they emanate above all is hope. &quot;

**Richard Berengarten,  
Cambridge, UK**



**Prof. Dr. TARANA TURAN RAHIMLI-Azerbaijan**



### **PRAISING OF STONE**

Don't hurt feelings of stone calling a cruel man as "stone",  
There is a such stone centuries beat it, don't touch that stone!  
If you work for the stone, it will appreciate you,  
There is such word if told to a stone, it will melt, heart won't care it!

Those what a human being forgets, the memory of stone doesn't forget,  
There are those who throw stones unfairly, the unfair stone isn't thrown.  
Tell your dreams to the flowing waters and tell your secret to a black stone,  
Stone- is your friend at the end of life and it is brother of your grave.

The locked doors were opened after we knocked them with stones,  
The stones built our houses, stones run off from our ways.  
My friend, strange man can't bear to listen to our grief, but stones listen to,  
Stones shed tears for the motion of life, stones whines for grief of life.

Some people earn money by cutting stones,  
At the end we harden like stones, at times stones disgust us.  
The leaves, flowers fade away and stones are left on the hearth  
The stone of thousand years makes the history remember us.

©© **Dr. Tarana Turan Rahimli**

### **THE FEELINGS AT THE "BLOOD BANK"**

The smell of blood had settled  
Both on the floor and on the ceiling.  
There are pictures on the walls  
Which are able to froze the blood in the veins.  
On the other side of the window  
Firstly the hopes  
Then the prayers were falling.  
It was possible to read from their appearance

What was inside of the people.  
The destiny was weakening those  
Who were in need of blood.  
The heart of the doctor  
Who was visiting the patients  
Had run over.  
The grief  
Named as thalassaemia and haemophilia  
Were thirsty for the blood.  
The fates that was riding  
On the halter of the death  
Were at a step's distance to the death angel.  
The hopes that were not sowed were growing  
My God, what purgatory is it?  
Here a grave and blood  
Are on the eye of the scales  
For the first time in my life  
I saw the color of the grief  
On the face of a baby  
Who was unaware of its grief.

©® **Dr. Tarana Turan Rahimli**  
**Translated by Sevil Gulden**

**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 doctor of philological sciences, associate professor, author of 8 books and more than 500 articles. She is the editor and reviewer of 20 monographs and poetry books. Her works have been published in more than 45 Western and Eastern countries.

# ROMANIA

**TRANDAFIR SÎMPETRU–Romania**



**WHEN...**

Beloved,  
when you're coming trembling  
while you're approaching me with the nightingale smile  
with the fear of the lightning from the heights,  
when you're stepping in my dreams on your knees,  
when you're begging and pleading,  
while my indifference is broken towards the walls,  
when your illusion is gone,  
when your joy is cast away,  
when it has been given to you  
the life of the one who will be no more,  
then... you are walking on the other pathway,  
alone... the other one remains just here...

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**SINGS**

For you, my beloved,  
one blank page has remained,  
like a boundless desert  
where tropical winds write its own signs,  
not being able to comprehend  
how we are fleeing away from the suffering,  
how we are looking for the momentum  
without its contour, shapelessly  
while on the edge of the world  
I cannot hear its footsteps.

Is the woman who cannot come?  
Could be the night which is waiting for me?

One blank page has remained for me,  
large as an ocean shore... on which

©® Trandafir Sîmpetru

Trandafir Sîmpetru, was born on April 19 in the commune of Jirlău in Brăila county

- Author 34 books of poetry!
- President of WORLD ACADEMY LITERATURE
- President of WORLD POETS ASSOCIATION
- Director of the Liric graph Romania Publishing House
- Director Grai Romanesc, PLATFORM for literature, art and poetry
- President of the World Meeting of Romanian Poets
- Senator of the Word of Union Poets
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "Ada Merini,, Italy
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "Voice of poets,, Italy
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "CITTA 'DEL GALATEO,, Italy
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "Maidan,, Serbia
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "DIVINE WOMAN,, Serbia
- Winner of the FESTIVAL "HRISTO BOTEV,, from Bulgaria
- Winner of the FESTIVAL, GREEN PLANET, from the New Zeiland
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , DREAMS FULFILLED, FROM THE UNITED
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , SOUL OF POET, from Mexico
- Winner of the FESTIVAL ,, WORLD PEACE, from The Republic of Macedonia
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , , NATIVE PLACES , from the Republic of Argentina
- Winner of the FESTIVAL ,, HISTORY OF STONE, from Greece
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , YOUNG HOPES, from Poland
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , DUST OF THE WORLD , from Paraguay
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , SUN OF THE SOUL , from Brazil
- Winner of the FESTIVAL ,, THE POET'S FOREST, FROM FRANCE
- Winner of the FESTIVAL , SOUL ALONE , from Albania
- Member of the State University of the Republic of Moldova
- The first Romanian poet decorated by the ambassador of the Republic of Iraq in Belgrade!
- Proposed for the Nobel Prize of WORLD POETS ASSOCIATION !
- President of the FESTIVAL, "THE WORLD POETRY CHAMPIONSHIP"
- President of the FESTIVAL, THE EUROPEAN POETRY CHAMPIONSHIP,
- Winner of over 70 international awards!

# CROATIA

SLAVA BOŽIČEVIĆ–Croatia



**TO DEATH**

One dies only once...  
When I die  
it is also your end.  
Death.

People believe in  
your power  
of finality.

However in that other  
eternal world,  
the cosmos one,

you, Death  
have no power any more.  
Death – you are dying then, to.

My poem and I  
Speak, we stay  
In Eternity.

You should that, Deat!

©© Slava Božičević

**I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP**

You've ignited the sun  
in my soul  
and moved the ocean waves  
in my heart.  
I live only when  
you are next to me  
like right now.

Leant on you,  
I feel the exuberance of spring,  
I'm absorbing the smell  
of your body.  
of your tobacco,  
and of this magical sea.  
You're combing my hair  
and whispering something tender.  
That's the echo of  
my soul and heart.  
We are one soul.  
I'm listening to your heart  
beating strongly and quickly.  
Mine is replying the same.  
I want to melt into you,  
I'm losing myself in your arms  
And I don't to wake up.

©© Slava Božičević

Slava Božičević, born in Zagreb, Croatia. Educations: medicin, journalism, ecological mesicine (miljömedic.studie in Sweden, univ).

She worked as a profesional in all the abovementioned fields both in Croatia and Sweden. She lived and lectured in the schools of Sweden for 30 years. Slava writer short stories, essays, poetry, prose and aticles on human rights, world peace and ecology.

She is the author of four poetry collections: two are published in Eweden, and the other two in Croatia. Last book *In defiance of time* is tranleted into english and published in Prodigy edition, Arizona,USA, 2023...Her poems are found in more than hundred collections, antologies, almanacs and books published by houses in her homeland and abroad. Her poems are translated into Swedish, English, German, Italian, Romany, Serbian, Macedonian, Russian.

She has won many awards for her work She har titles *doctor honoris causa* for literatur/ Serbia, for Peace and Human rights / Libanon, German,a title Ambassador in few lands.



**ZDRAVKO ODORČIĆ-Croatia**



**WALK, WALK...**

Walk, walk...  
With your charming high hills,  
and hold my hand tight.  
You are full of youth desire  
Inside me, still my old heart beats.  
Walk, walk...  
Our souls are touched  
With my age experiences and your young excitement.  
Walk, walk...  
With your dreamed body  
Hidden under the coat  
With your head leaned on my chest.  
On the next love intersection  
No mater how heartfelt would be  
We'll kiss as long as we could  
And than walk away in separate ways.  
And, we are so interesting (special) couple....  
Curious side walkers  
Don't know if I am your father or grandfather  
Walk, walk..  
maybe we will meet while still young  
Recognize ourselves after our hearts beat  
In some other shape  
On some other planet  
In some other world....

©® **Zdravko Odorčić**

**KEEPING YOU UNDER MY SKIN**

Come and sneak,  
You are right under my skin  
Under my ribs  
Are you ready to listen to heart's beats

coated with you  
Stars are shining in a different way  
Moon has a silvery smile the same like mine  
And the wind make us feel fresh with its warm, gentle touch.  
I don't hide you  
Just proudly carry in side me  
I will cry from happiness on a thirsty grass for water  
Wash you early morning with the freshness of the  
bedding scent  
So beautiful  
I will breath in and breath out  
Look at yourself  
I keep you under my warm skin.

©® **Zdravko Odorčić**

### **Zdravko Odorčić**

From Zagrebm Croatia

Playwrighter, director, novelist and poet is born in Osijek. He wrote 12 plays from which nine of them was performed in different OFF theaters.

He is the editor of over 200 literary publications and the founder of KULTura sNOVA in Zagreb, Radio and TV Dreams, and Zagreb poetry evenings.

He founded the first private theater in Croatia called PRIVATE THEATER.

He has published 11 books and one picture book for children.

9 of his dramatic texts were staged in various off-theaters.

He was the host and editor of the TV show "Zagreb's poetry evenings", which was shown on Apple TV. He was a guest in many radio and TV stations in Croatia and beyond, conveying the cultural word of peace and tolerance, especially in these troubled areas.

His poems have been translated into Slovenian, Macedonian, Romani, Hebrew, Arabic, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Czech, Malaysian, Italian and English.

Matica hrvatska (The Croatian Centre) – Osijek Branch, issued his novel „Buddy, dont You understand“ and five of his drama works called „Five Dramas“. At the beginning of the year 2012. published his first collection of poetry „Step to Heaven Hell escapes“. Another collection of poetry „Feeling Your whispers“ in February, 2013. "People Run In The Rain", poetry 2013. , "Love Poem", poetry 2016.

"Heart In Space", poetry 2018. , "I'm Waiting For You In The Calm Of The Universe", poetry 2020. , "The Fairy Tale Of The Cooker, short stories 2020.

"Just In The Morning About Love, poetry 2021.

"Deadly Drunk Poems", poetry 2022.

He is a member of the Society of Dramatic Artists of Croatia, Matica Hrvatska and many other cultural associations and associations.

He was awarded with many awards and recognition, both for his artistic work and for his social engagement, where he unites people through culture and thus fights for peace and tolerance in the world.

**ZDENKA MLINAR –Croatia**



**AILING FOG**

Winter is ailing and oddly grey  
Clouds bear no rain and no snow  
Their faces anemic, mournful.  
Behold, even fog, ailing,  
Lingers low above the hill.  
It has nested high up above,  
Refusing the valley, finding it reeking.  
Well, it's not my doing, man claims.

Fog sends him a note from its hill:  
You are a fiend, demon, devourer and slayer,  
Your soul is heavy with sin, you cannot move on.  
I call you a liar, lady FOG...  
Fiend yields not,  
Bursting with sludge, raging and abrupt!

©® **Zdenka Mlinar**

**TO THE POET**

Do you write?  
A question keeps  
Ringing in my mind.  
The same question  
That you used to ask  
All your friends

While you lived,  
Poet.

Woe is me,  
And I'll make you sad, too,  
For I want to tell you  
That I do not write,  
Poet.

I do not write.  
For  
It is difficult to write  
About a spring  
Swayed by grenades,  
About a summer  
Wiped away by fires,  
About a fall  
Which smells of death,  
About a winter  
That sighs for snow.

I do not write.  
For  
Everything is even worse  
Than it was  
While you walked  
This tearful land,  
Poet.

Woe is me,  
Woe is us,  
But woe is not you,  
Poet.  
You wrote down  
All of your  
Suffering.

©® **Zdenka Mlinar**

**Zdenka Mlinar.** writes poetry and prose, but also short-form pieces (aphorisms, haiku ...). She published eight independent collections of poems and is a member of several literary societies and associations. She writes using the Croatian standard, in English, and embarks on the adventure of writing in Croatian dialects.

She published haiku poems in many domestic and foreign journals and anthologies.

Her haiku poems are represented in the bilingual Anthology of Croatian Haiku Poetry “Unharvested Sky 2” (2008-2018). Her name has been recorded in the Register of the Haiku Foundation, and in 2019, 2020, 2021 and 2022 she was in the TOP 100 haiku poets in Europe. Her poems have been translated into English, Italian, Romanian, Spanish, Romani and Macedonian, and many have been combined with music.

For her work, she received a number of awards, recognitions, commendations, certificates, cups, medals...

# **RUSSIA**

**RAHIM KARIM (KARIMOV)-Russia**



**SPRING BROKE THE ICE...**

Spring broke through the ice,  
Spring broke out the eyes.  
Spring broke through the land,  
Spring broke through the hills.  
Spring broke the sky,  
Spring burst into every soul.  
Spring broke out the birds,  
Spring has burst forth.  
Spring broke through the days,  
Spring broke through the nights.  
Spring broke through the grain,  
Spring broke the heart.  
Spring broke out the words...

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**LONG ROAD**

Promised me life a long way,  
Far from home, from the motherland, from the people.  
This road takes me further and further,  
In the boundless valleys of the universe.  
Which has no end, no edge,  
Oh, how endless this road is.  
As if spinning around the globe,  
Like a squirrel spinning in a wheel.  
Sometimes the legs are hurt by stones, splinters,  
Sometimes they swell from gravity.  
But we must move forward, for this is what God wants,  
Walk with your feet in your hands.  
Go without looking back  
At the same time, without shedding a drop of a tear.

Somewhere the Almighty Himself is calling me,  
At the end of this long road?!  
And I just keep walking and walking  
Past the cities and countries of the white world.  
Where are you. my invisible goal  
The purpose of my life, for what am I going through life?

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Rahim Karim (Karimov) - poet, writer, publicist, translator (b. 1960, Osh, Kyrgyzstan).  
Graduated from the Moscow Literary Institute named after A.M. Gorky (1986). Member of the  
National Union of Writers, the Union of Journalists of the Kyrgyz Republic. Laureate of many  
international awards. Academician, Ph.D., Dr. Honoris Causa. Ambassador of Peace and  
Literature. Author of over 60 books. The works are published in more than 65 countries of the  
world in more than 45 languages of the world.



**EKATERINA POLYANSKAYA–Russia**



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A man of war rides in. He barks:  
Give us your harvest, give us your horse!  
Away behind him the flames gleam dark  
Of ire born long before all wars.

The ploughman marks his cooling hearth.  
His hands are heavy, hard and rough.  
There is nothing now to hide or guard,  
His face is weathered, a scarred stone bluff.

And when again comes an envoy of pain  
To open his home to the roiling waters,  
Demanding first merely a draught to drain,  
And then –his wife, his sons and daughters,

He takes up his shotgun and fires point blank.  
Then he turns about and steps out the door,  
With no grief or guilt, with no backwards glance,  
To become himself a man of war.

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Translated by John Narins

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Человек войны входит и говорит:  
«Коня отдавай, и весь урожай свой!»

За его спиною тёмным огнём горит  
Ненависть, рождённая прежде всех войн.

Землепашец глядит на почти остывшую печь,  
Руки его натружены и тяжелы.  
Он понимает: ничего не сберечь,  
И лицо его – словно кусок скалы.

И когда вновь приходит посланник беды,  
В дом запуская клубящуюся метель,  
И требует сначала кружку воды,  
А потом – отдать жену и детей,

Он хватает обрез и стреляет в упор,  
Не ощущая ни горечи, ни вины.  
Не оборачиваясь, выходит во двор,  
И сам становится человеком войны.

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Polyanskaya Ekaterina Vladimirovna was born in 1967 in Leningrad (now Saint-Petersburg) and has been living there for all life. She graduated Saint-Petersburg State Medical Pavlov university.

Ekaterina Polyanskaya is a poet and a translator from Polish and Serbian languages. She is member of Writers Union of Russia since 2002 and author of 7 poem books: “Bells” (Бубенцы) 1998; “Unwhitened thread of life” (Жизни неотбеленная нить) 2001; “Geometry of freedom” (Геометрия свободы) 2004; “Resistance” (Сопrotивление) 2007; “Lonely warrior in the field” (Воин в поле одинокий) 2012; “On the gibbous bridge” (На горбатом мосту) 2014; “Metronome” (Метроном) 2019 and many other publications in Russian and foreign magazines, almanacs and anthologies. Her works translated into Polish, Bulgarian, Serbian, Czech, English and Japanese languages.

Ekaterina Polyanskaya is a laureate of different literature contests and prizes such as:

- “Pushkin’s lyre” contest New-York, 2001;
- N. Gumilyov contest, 2004;
- A.A. Akhmatova prize, 2005;
- All-Russian M.U. Lermontov prize, 2009;
- “Literary Vienna” contest Vienna, 2012;
- P.P. Bazhov prize, 2013;
- Jaroslav Ivashkevich prize Warsaw, 2014;
- Boris Kornilov prize, 2015;
- “Russian Goffman” contest, 2018;
- All-Russian art prize “Creating world”, 2020;
- XIX Voloshin contest, 2022.

ALEXEY E. KALAKUTIN-Russia



### END OF THE GAME OR END?

Oh my God!  
The moment has come?  
You fall under the soul too,  
How do I lower the load?  
And it seemed...it seemed like it was yesterday...  
Darlings... darlings... well...  
S.A. Esenin "Pugachev".

1  
The queen advances, the pawns are confused! Checkmate!  
From offensive to extermination: one step!

2  
The main architect keeps the planet under control  
Priest of Lucifer, whose vile light has not dried up.  
The beast and the wizard's mark of the beast  
sow problems and death, confessing darkness;

Sow sickness in honor of sweet Venus and cancer,  
sects and heresies, sin, pathogen, ammonia.  
The press is the foremost expert in promoting lies.  
The demon sat in anticipation of a daring attack.

3  
There is a version: a third of the population is scum,  
the last servants are rotten mold from cesspools,  
a chain of useless pikemen, sick vagabonds,  
bullies, villains, criminals, curmudgeons;

A third of the population is a less harmful weed:  
pale segment, middle peasant,

miserable plebs without goals, without securities,  
worn rags, the gray mass is not a thing, not a marriage.

4  
Old opinion is the enemy of fresh zeal.  
Supporters of decadence require friction, fight.  
Money in war with man is the main lever,  
money is the backbone of victim management, trapped in the big net.

In an age of genetic perfection, cells taken from monkeys  
will be presented to the common people. The responsibility will fall on them,  
people will not be able to leave because the system is stronger than them!  
The system is not resisted by Eugene, Ahmed, Isaac.

The inhumans are furious, they want to cross swords!  
Pestel was hanged, Spartak was killed for bravery,  
the rusty cruiser Varyag sleeps in the roadstead,  
the town and the church are inactive. Everything is wrong!

5  
The cage – left in the past, now there is a new model: the cap of slavery covers the entire Earth!  
Objective: transform the next generation into dogs,  
To the crowd, to the serene sheep, to the dumb workaholics!  
On the neck – collars like dogs, on the head – a secret chip!

Surveillance. Behind the server is the Devil's confidant:  
He will mark all the immatures and send them to the prison camp with a song  
All the overripe (old, sick and handicapped) – will be crushed under bullets, under the knife, They will be sent to a  
noose (hanged), to a dungeon (buried), to a ravine (thrown into a well)!

6  
A barn is a room, bread is a delicious?  
The deception of perversion, has it turned the home into a den?

7  
Where are you, are you a real person? You are not dumb,  
not proud, not faded,  
not inexperienced, not fat  
and not one that serves as entertainment for the audience.

Where are you, real person? not arrogant,  
not proud, not arrogant,

not lustful  
and not a demon-possessed servant!

8

They fade and fade. Since dawn they love alcohol,  
they climb hysterical walls, demanding drugs.  
The frivolity of women is a separate topic for the sagas:  
Loyalty is not in the price now, and betrayal is a trifle.

Old men love young girls and - girls love their money!  
No romance, no love. Honor is for sale.  
The old man is dressed in clothes from the Cardin collections.  
He is dressed in expensive clothes, but in his soul he is completely naked.

Sex, crime, evil – they have ratings and a full house!  
Parents are a burden to children and instead of pills they give them poison.  
Then they divide the inheritance: they want to take a Mercedes and a mansion for themselves, and other members  
families want to donate old utensils.

A fool believes in omens, in objects, in comets,  
in summer, maps, tips, planets, in the zodiac.  
A young man dreams: if Cancer warms Virgo,  
having connected the constellations, the moment of marriage.

9

Honor, virtue, humility - a strong fist.  
Believe with trembling on the cross! mausoleum, sarcophagus,  
Crypt—not eternal, from Heaven's point of view—a barracks.  
The body on the deathbed surrendered, dropped the white flag.

Faith is salvation, faith is a sign of immortality,  
the messenger of eternity, the pinnacle of what is bestowed upon mankind!  
Children, have time, see the light! You are the seed. You are the wheat!  
Children, have time, see clearly, believe me!... and remember:

10

From offensive to extermination: one step!  
The queen advances, the pawns are confused! Checkmate!

©® Alexey E. Kalakutin  
Translated by Marlene Pasini, Mexico

Alexey Kalakutin (October 30, 1973) lives in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia. He is a Russian writer, a philologist. He is the author of six novels in verse, and six long and extensive poetic pieces. His poetry has been translated into several languages and have been published in international magazines. International Ambassador for Peace, Honorary Doctorate, participant in several international poetic anthologies, awarded with certificates of recognition.

# VIETNAM

**KIEU BICH HAU-Vietnam**



## **TWO MOONS**

On my way home after hard work  
My legs were heavy but I continued walking  
in the dim light  
The sun was falling down as usual  
to make a normal sunset  
I stopped and looked up at the sun  
Suddenly I realized it became a red moon  
I could look at it easily, even touch it smoothly  
And I missed you, my soulmate who lived far away  
Might you have looked at the red moon at the same time  
rising from your side?  
and you called it sunrise?  
The red moon brought away my tiredness  
brought to you my best wishes  
And behind me, another moon, the golden moon was flying in the sky as usual  
brought to me the whisper from you  
I am the golden moon, and you are the red one  
We are far away, but together we are in the same way  
following each other,  
like the two moons,  
connecting each other  
by the same wish -  
just being whole.

The divine emptiness  
“Be present” (HJB)

Why meet?  
then be forced to part...  
Why full moon?  
then crescent moon...  
Why fill me?  
then let me go.

The emptiness



fills me again  
The invisible tantra intimacy  
reveals itself  
at night  
and I feel  
I am the one inside you.

I can be everyone  
at day  
Only the emptiness  
appears  
when it's not night or day  
when I am not here or there  
I am divided  
to be in three worlds,  
three states

Awaken to be no one  
nowhere  
beyond the timeline...

What remains  
the sensation of ever-Samadhi  
within my stillness.  
What remains  
just the scent of a fresh mint leaf  
that stirs my spirit

Love in moonlight  
Love in sunshine  
Love is the source of endless energy  
Love is the religion of all human beings

©© **Kieu Bich Hau**

Born in 1972 in Hung Yen Province, Vietnam.

A writer, poet, translator, literary agent. Member of Vietnam Writers' Association. Currently working for External Affairs Office of Vietnam Writers' Association.

Editor of Neuma Cultural magazine of Romania; Editor of Humanity magazine of Russia; Ambassador of Ukiyoto Publisher of Canada to Vietnam.

Published 20 books (prose, poetry, translation) in Vietnam, Italy, Canada.

Won 6 international and national awards in Literature.

TRAN NHUAN MINH-Vietnam



### THE SONG OF VẠN LÝ TRƯỜNG THÀNH (THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA)

*O!* One has to come to the Truong Thanh to be a courageous man <sup>(1)</sup>  
Tens of millions of crippled persons  
Hundreds of thousands of dead men  
The corpses built into the Great Wall still show white bones  
The gloomy grave is longer than ten thousand leagues  
Obstructing the face of the globe

*O!* One believes one still sees row after row of men lining up till heaven  
Transporting stones into the white clouds  
The sound of whips shrieking across the head  
The horse neighs burned the vertical cliffs  
The sound of stones and men falling down into the abyss

*O!* Blood and bones of thousands of people turned into stones and mortar  
Kings and Lords built a wonder  
Top-notch crime pushed the monument to the summit  
The silhouette of Qin Shihuang was so distinct in the cold dew  
Flags flew as far as the eyes can see...

*O!* Imposing, unruly and mysterious  
Stage after stage consecutively going up  
The thousand years old watch-tower was hidden behind the mist  
Birds beat their wings then fell down

---

<sup>(1)</sup> Taken from an idea in a verse by Mao-Tse-Tung.

The wind was also stopped then it blew inversely

*O! The most powerful and majestic gate of the world* <sup>(1)</sup> really deserves that name  
The strength of deities and saints, the intelligence of ghosts and devils  
Competing the height with Heaven, and competing the length with the earth  
In the end who does it defend?  
The whole people suffered and resented...

*O!* I'm a Vietnamese citizen and I come here,  
I don't know after how many people,  
I don't know before how many people  
Raising my face towards heaven I lamented:  
***"The most solid Great Wall of all nations is the PEOPLE'S WILL !"***  
Were Qin Shihuang to listen to what I said beforehand  
Then his dynasty would not be lost after only            more than one reign...

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## THE FOUR SEASONS

Now I'm fed up with Spring itself  
I'm in a fret for having to suffer from soakingly wet rains  
Clouds don't look like clouds with their mouse's hair colour  
O Summer! Please come fastly

I don't like Summer with the sun that whitens hair and beard  
It's so hot that I am even afraid of my old lover  
Unexpectedly it pours fiendishly like rapids  
O Fall! Just come along quickly...

O Fall what a fretfulness  
My restless heart was filled with a desolated sadness  
Trees withered away and died in silence  
O Winter! Just come to join me

Pitch dark was the dusty sky. Coldness raked our skin  
Crows wail. Nothing delightful remains  
One wishes to widely open all doors and gates  
Chasing Winter away, then bustlingly welcome Spring...

---

<sup>(1)</sup> The line of words shown on the storey at the gate of the Great Wall.

And so, the four longed for seasons continued to come one after the other  
Hating all of them, then loving all of them  
And so  
Carrying worries and meeting with difficulties  
The earth continues to turn in endless HOPE...

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Born on August 20th, 1944 in Hải Dương, now lives and writes in Quảng Ninh, since 1962, has published 32 collections of poems both inland and abroad, concentrating on a unique subject which deals with the unfortunate fates of the people caused by the ruthless clashes of the situation. This author's works have been republished several tens of times, translated into 13 languages, and published in 16 nations of the world.

# BULGARIA

**ROZALIA ALEKSANDROVA–Bulgaria**



**INSTEAD OF HEAVEN**

I see your eyes.  
Caresses.  
And dear  
horizon.  
Blue-green  
headlights flicker.  
My essence.  
And a moan.  
It's as if they came  
from constellations  
truths.  
A flock of sparkles  
waves.  
Gifts  
throw.  
And they return  
purified.  
Two  
reborn  
souls.

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**WINTER FAIRY TALE**

I guard your heart.  
I don't want it to sink quietly.  
The snowflakes are two by two.  
And they rush to merge into the steep.  
And the wind is a joker.  
And he glues them in threes, a hundred.  
Will the snow cover us?  
in warm, both in one.  
Or the distant stunts

of the Bear Cave  
will turn us into exquisite falls.  
A silent dance of miracles.  
When the world will discover us.

We're warm. In each other.  
Souls woven into WE.  
And it's raining outside,  
raining despite.

©® **Rozalia Aleksandrova**

Rozalia Aleksandrova lives in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Author of 11 poetry books. Editor and compiler of over 30 literary almanacs, collections. Initiator and organizer of the International Festival of Poetry "Spirituality Without Borders" from 2015. She is one of the winners of the prestigious CESAR VALLEJO Prize for Literature - 2022. Winner of the MAHATMA GANDHI Leadership Award 2022; International Outstanding Poet Award of CHINESE LITERATURE FESTIVAL - 2022 – Hubei's Provincial Literature Federation and others.

# INDIA



**Dr. JERNAIL SINGH ANAND-India**



### **CENTRE OF SANITY**

I often find my wits scattered around  
And my centre hijacked  
So that everything appears  
To be in search of a meaning.

Every thing has a centre of gravity  
And every living being  
A centre of sanity  
Moved from where, he confuses you.

And why, when we go,  
We find an overpowering impulse  
To have stayed longer  
What were you doing all the time?

Passions and instincts  
Push me forwards and backwards  
And it is rare I move  
At an even keel.

Everything wants to say something  
So are men trying to quench themselves  
We are tapers left alight  
In search of ourselves

**Dr. Jernail Singh Anand**

### **SILENT SPACES**

You express yourself  
Not in words  
Nor in sentences

Neither still in your actions

You can be found out  
In your silent spaces  
In the gaps  
In the vast unsaid

Like objects of nature  
Which wait  
How they are used or abused  
We too are objects  
Who react.

We only over-react  
When we take upon ourselves  
To arrogate the gap  
Between the subject  
And the object.

Dr. Jernail Singh Anand is the Founder Chairperson of the International Academy of Ethics and an Honorary Member of the Association of Serbian Writers. Prof Emeritus in Indian Literature at The European Institute of the Roma Studies and Research Belgrade, Dr Anand has authored more than 150 books in English poetry, fiction, non-fiction, spirituality and philosophy. He is credited with the theory of Biotext in critical theory. Author of 9 epics which are regarded as modern classics, Anand has organized 4 International Literary Conferences. He was conferred Franz Kafka Laureateship 2022.

#universityofethics.org

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DR. MOLLY JOSEPH-India



**PRAIRIES GREEN...**

What is life  
                  but  
an aggregate  
          of gathered  
moments  
          when the  
chaff and  
          the grain  
split open  
          to spread  
over the  
          thresh floor  
of experience...

sorrow  
          suffering  
separation  
          spluttered  
with moments  
of joyous  
          reunion  
togetherness...

let us  
          extricate  
the confused  
          medley  
of life  
          free from  
frets  
let the chaff  
          be flown off...

let us grab

the grain  
those moments  
when hearts  
melt out  
in love, care  
for each other...

let prairies  
green  
open up  
in minds  
allowing  
flocks of  
memory  
to graze  
in cheerful  
abandon...

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## FLOAT YOUR BOAT

float your  
boat  
over  
the waves  
that  
inundate  
your roof...

be it your  
wreckage  
of love,  
the crumbling  
of your  
dream castle

your loss  
of job  
the ailment  
that struck  
unawares,  
the accident  
unavoidable,  
let all these  
not debilitate  
incapacitate you...

what if  
the bridge  
is broken  
many a way  
lies  
to cross  
the river...

float your  
boat  
over  
the waves  
that inundate  
your roof...

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Dr. Molly Joseph is a Professor, Poet (Bilingual) from Kerala, who writes Travelogues, Short stories and Story books for children. She has published seventeen books -14 Books of Poems, two Novels (translation) and a Story book for Children. She has won several accolades which include, Wordsmith Award 2019, India Women Achiever's Award 2020 and the Best English Poetry Book of the Year Awards 2020, 2022 (ALS, New Delhi). She believes in the power of the word and writes boldly on matters that deal with the contemporary. With her Doctorate in Post war American Poetry, she has won Galaxy Award in Experimental Poetry, developing an indigenous diction characterized as 'Ribbon Poetry'. She can be reached at [mynamolly@gmail.com](mailto:mynamolly@gmail.com)

**NILAVORO NILL SHOOVRO-India**



**CLOSED DOORS**

A knock!  
On the closed door...

Beyond midnight  
Into the darkness  
With zero visibility

Empty rooms behind  
With only the silent flames  
Of a single hope,

The desperate melodies  
Of basic instincts  
And the eternal quest...

A knock  
On the closed door...

Confusion all around  
With temperature under zero  
Frozen soul, transfixed

Fragments of faiths  
Weak and feeble, without  
Any particular destiny

Night after night  
A knock on the closed door  
A knock, punctual. And loyal...

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**CRUCIFIED**

All through the long nights  
Almost deaf with crippling sounds  
The dirty flashes of gunpowder...  
Writing the new poems for the newborns

Smelling more fresh bloods  
Tasting more burned fleshs  
The triggers, warm and enthusiastic...  
Writing the new poems for the newborns

Scripting the destructions, the ruins  
Supplying the killing machines  
The vultures, with smiling faces, exalted...  
Writing the new poems for the newborns

All through the long nights  
Almost dumb with crippling thoughts  
My mind, like the frozen seas...  
Too transfixed to write poems anymore

Watching the paintings of the blood clots  
Suffocating with the smokes of burned fleshs  
My heart, like the exodus of the helpless  
Too vulnerable to write poems anymore

Feeling the pains of the catastrophe  
Realizing the mosaics of the killing machines  
My soul, like the crucified Christ  
Too humble to write poems anymore

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NilavroNill Shoovro: The author of the poetry collection “Unsigned Epitaph” is also the founding editor of the monthly web journal “Our Poetry Archive”. His poems have been translated in Russian, Romanian, Hungarian, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Polish, Greek, Serbian, Macedonian, Swedish, Portuguese, Albanian, Armenian, Azerbaijani and many other European and Asian languages. Published in various poetry anthologies and journals as well as in websites. Loves to write poems, usually writes essays and articles on various social topics covering burning issues of the present time.

# GREECE



**EVA PETROPOLULOU LIANOU–Greece**



**PEACE**

So expensive  
We buy so many weapons  
To maintain it

If we pray more  
If we were kind to each other

We could say  
We have Peace of mind  
Poetic heart  
Call for meditation  
Inside our heart

Peace,  
We say a lot  
We make nothing

Peace,  
Such as a woman  
We adore  
But few can get

Peace,  
A value with no cost  
If the humans understand the word...

I wish one day....

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**CONTACT**

I forgot what a kiss is  
The taste of an afternoon coffee.

So as the waves pulled from the land,  
I feel like a desert ship.

Contact I forgot what that word means,  
Shipwreck for months In books  
I look for a meaning to embrace me,  
to tell me everything will be fine ..  
To go and leave those roses in my father's memory,  
To light a candle to the Virgin Mary.  
Contact, To be in your dream hug Let me see your eyes  
To smell your perfume  
I'm looking for that word in that old dictionary.

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Eva Petropoulou-Lianou was born in Xylokastro, Greece. Initially she loved journalism and in 1994 she worked as a journalist for the French newspaper "Le Libre Journal" but her love for Greece won her over and she returned in 2002. He has published books and eBooks: "Me and my other self, my shadow" Saita publications, "Geraldine and the Lake elf" in English - French, as well as "The Daughter of the Moon", in the 4th edition, in Greek - English, Oselotos publications. Her work has been included in the Greek Encyclopedia Haris Patsis, p. 300. Her books have been approved by the Ministry of Education and Culture of Cyprus, for the Student and Teacher library. Her new books, "The Fairy of the Amazon

Myrtia "dedicated to Myrto with a disability, and" Lefkadios Hearn, Myths and Stories of the Far East ", illustrated by Sumi-e painter Dina Anastasiadou, are released in 2019. She recently published her book, " The Adventures of Samurai Nogas san "in English by the publishing house , based in England.

The daughter of the moon in Greek language

Editor Prodigy Published The pencil and other stories

Editor Prodigy Published.

Collaborates with the electronic literary magazine The poet magazine. She is his partner International Literary Union based in America. Collaborates for the promotion of literature and promotes the work of Greek poets. Eva is a member of the "Association Alia Mundi Serbia", the "International Society of Writers and Artists of Greece" and the "Piraeus Society of Letters and Arts" as well as the Corinthian Writers Society.

President of GREECE association Mille Minds of Mexico.

Presidente of Greece Global UHE Peru.

International Ambassador of e \_magazine Namaste India.

Advisor and Editor in chief Web magazine China.

Advisor Member of editorial board Las Olas del Arte Magazine Belgium.

Literary agent Cooperate with Greek site Polis magazine.

**DR. MILTIADIS NTOVAS-Greece**



**Lake**

The myth of Eros, innermost paths, the smiles palaces the second palaces!  
Flesh, the alabaster forms of flesh, seeking travel to the ends!  
To the far reaches of the lying ocean, where Youth gazes upon her desires!  
The sun's screams, hide the white of the Beginning! Aphrodite's sanctuary in the Apennines  
Handkerchief is Eros, holding tight to the stars, with life-blood of the Undying, in the angry forest!  
In the forest of white elves, of cypress nakedness, with the touch of the end!  
Cupid of death in a world of birds! Cupid of a hurry second and Cupid of life and fire!  
Exaltation of a magical sunrise, where it rises unadorned, all Soul and Dazzle!  
Iambs from the far reaches echo, the nightingales have started singing a divine song!  
The pallid form of the remembrance and the red of the redemption, in the cave of need!  
In the cave of the fairies in all light, smiling on the spears of false peace!  
Smiling countenance, discordance the principle! A child of grey Dawn, on the wave and in the wind!  
A wind enchanted by life! Love, redemption, the gods' rebellion.  
A titan seeking revolution! Mortal savage laughing at the doubt!  
In a meadow with the starry sky of Avignus! Second round of bells ring with a power of change! Changing and  
weeping and mourning! For the stars, for the far reaches, for the old lake!  
The lake of the Lovers-Poets, who seek the starry exaltation in the well!  
Well of magical breath! A well of search and smoother images!  
Smile of the lying priest and tear from the stone sad falcon!  
She who was secretly bewitched, with Narcissus' blood, in the foreign lilies!  
Stars of the Dream and unadorned forms! Erotic quest, in the  
haystack burning fire!  
Steps from the Universe in silence! Moons smiled on the bloody lake!

©® Dr. Miltiadis Ntovas

Translated by Dr. Miltiadis Ntovas by Xanthi Hondrou-Hill

**PERFUME OF LOVE**

With the fragrance of Eros, I see the creation, The sign of the star, the sacrilegious sign.  
The light was born in the darkness, in the polite eyes that defined my Soul.  
A smile, a wine that talks back, a note from the far reaches of the Mind  
of the Mind of the Evening Star.  
Life's stony haystack, in the threshing-floor in the marble grove where Love lingers.  
She lingers around the dead, but in front of her shadow she conquers Acherousia.  
God's gaze is absolute, with earthly splinters of untarnished journey.  
Opposite the light, the lightning! Powers of the Centurion, who was seeking for a miracle.  
Secondary magical paths, dreamy followers of the twelve masters.  
Forty castles I gaze upon from the fountain, the Styx, the heavenly Styx,  
which Immortals are touching!  
A sign of coldness in the silence, that the unadorned form of the earth sends to Andromeda.  
For a walk under the stars, I'll go forth, a lonely sleep's courage and charm.  
A bleeding point, a magical point! The lake of arrogance with the Souls' mistakes.  
The prayers of lovers and wailing, in battles of surrender with the sad notes.  
Waxen the fist of the wind, of the one who the Unspoken and the Unheard holds.  
Possesses the dreams of the willow and the myrtle that the Cicconians left to Odysseus.  
Journey with incense from the earth to the immaculate fires of the Poets domicile.  
Sacrilegious the shadows of the heavens, like the stars that fall in an afternoon in a well of wrath.  
A dreamy, magical well! A point of resurrection, that defines the wishes. Sparkles of seven colors speak to me!  
A proud Iris of the Past. A time that is timeless and unique! Absolute, immortal, and with a soul full of tears.  
Her Soul was hidden in the speech. Hidden was the note that is called Love. In the seventh regenerating prayer,  
echo her words,  
Her words, silences that burn! A hymn and a plea to the light!  
May the stars of the Sacred sanctify the earth's caress!

©© **Dr. Miltiadis Ntovas**

Miltiadis Ntovas or Dovas was born in Ioannina of the Greece in 1972. He studied Philosophy and Pedagogy and is a PhD of Philosophy at the University of Ioannina. He works as an Professor. He co-write essays, fairy tales and five thousand poems, nine thousand haiku and tristiches and two epics. He published nine poetry collections and one scientific study.

**ANGELA HRONOPOULOU-Greece**



### **A VISION**

The garment of sorrow tires you.  
Your eyes forgot all the other colors.  
It bites your soul, but how to crush it?  
You drive it away but a thousand mouths scream.  
Ancient, strange body markings,  
crushed shells from wild memories,  
old photos thrown away on impulse,  
pale faces and paler lips,  
all circle you...

The smiles faltered and the gaze was lost  
Your childish past follows you everywhere;  
it never was uprooted and is one with the skin.  
Your mistakes are standing on the edge of the cliff.  
You passed by so quickly  
with your eyes fixed in a non-existent horizon  
that you mentally touched.  
I asked you nothing.  
I was afraid.

©® **Angela Hronopoulou**

### **THE DUST**

I have no answers any more.  
Now, there are no questions either.  
The dust of victorious Time  
swept everything away  
in its merciless passage.  
It clings to us;  
on the body,

in the hair,  
between the fingers.  
It covered everything.  
And everything surrendered to it.  
We raised a white flag  
but it is unconvinced.  
What a narcissist!  
The dust brags about its victory.  
It is not affected by our pleas.  
It surrounds us with no mercy.  
I was hoping anyway  
- always, you see, a daydreamer -  
in a better ending...

©® **Angela Hronopoulou**

Angela Hronopoulou, poet and writer.

She was born in Thessaloniki, Greece. She studied at the American College of Greece.

On March 2021, her first collection of poems entitled &quot;Soul Stings&quot; was published in e-book format. On January 2023, her second poetry collection entitled &quot;Poetry: haiku, zappai, tanka&quot; was published in e-book format, too.

Her poems have been awarded in literary competitions and have participated in Poetry Anthologies, literary magazines and literary websites.

# ITALY

LIDIA CHIARELLI-Italy



1

The enchantress of numbers  
to Ada Lovelace Byron

Conceive these images in air,  
wrap them in flame, they're mine  
Dylan Thomas

Walking on the oblique line  
of sidereal distances

I mirror my gaze on distant images  
shrouded in burning flames.

Numbers  
like musical notes  
compose in increasing vibrations  
through the imperfect silence  
of interminable hours:

a melody  
among undulating hypotheses  
floats and makes its way  
in the dizzying dark.

As allegory of light  
an algorithm  
suddenly takes shape  
and opens up visions of unexplored worlds.

And I  
let myself slip gently



into the evanescent cold embrace  
of the dawn that dyes purple and gold  
the new day

**Augusta Ada Byron Lovelace (1815 – 1852) was an English mathematician. She is believed to be the first to have published an algorithm intended to be carried out by a machine.**

©® Lidia Chiarelli

### **WHERRE BEAUTY DWELLS**

Beauty dwells  
in the splendor of a dawn  
fading too soon.  
Or in crimson and gold sunsets.

Beauty dwells  
in the sun rays  
that painters carry on canvas:

perfect pulses of energy  
rapid and fatal touches  
meant to stop the fleeting moment

in a glow of unutterable  
light.

©® Lidia Chiarelli

Lidia Chiarelli is one of the Charter Members of Immagine & Poesia, the art-literary Movement founded in Italy in 2007 with Aeronwy Thomas.

Installation artist and collagist. Coordinator of #DylanDay in Italy.

Award-winning poet since 2011.

Her writing has been published in more than 150 International Poetry

**CLAUDIA PICCINO-Italy**



**WOMAN IS THE NAME OF THE FUTURE**

*(about iranian women' fight for their people rigts)*

Venus will rise again in rushing waters,  
She will settle down  
between concave shells  
on the rock that waited a long time for her.  
Beauty will be her victory,  
Peace her implicit mission.  
The pikes will besiege her,  
scorpion fish and newts  
they will decant in choir  
her virtues,  
pompous  
they will beat their chest.  
Venus will smile at the algae  
will mix jellyfish and transparencies  
She will bring back the mermaids to the surface  
to bewitch the rough seafarers  
to test delicate items  
on the throne of Neptune.  
Woman is the name of the future  
She connects sky and sea in a gaze  
in her soul She feeds the sacred fire.

©® **Claudia Piccino**

**IN THE ALPHANUMERIC CODE**

*(about a virtual relationship)*

You didn't know you were  
in the alphanumeric code

of my web accounts.  
Dates, anniversaries, memories  
difficult to decipher.  
How anonymous is your face  
behind a screen.  
Quiet is the glitter  
of your gaze.  
Extinguished is my smile  
of circumstance.  
I receive every day  
love letters  
poems that swell  
the book of flatterers.  
I read them without surprise,  
I catalog them in a protocol  
which looks like a reptile house.  
I prepare myself for silence.  
My mind is looking for coolness  
of an Augustan night and  
everything else is noise.

©® **Claudia Piccino**

Claudia Piccinno is a teacher, poet and translator, she lives and teaches in the north of Italy. She has been the Continental Director for Europe in the World Festival Poetry from April 2019 to september 2021, she represents Istanbul culture in Italy as Ambassador of Ist Sanat Art Association. She was conferred with the most prestigious Literary Awards Naji Naaman Prize 2018, The light of Galata, Turkey 2021, Sahitto International Jury Award, Bangladesh 2021, AAZAAD INTERNATIONAL AWARD IN POETRY, India 2021, Aco Karamanov festival in Radovish, Macedonia, 2021. European editor for the international literary magazine Papyrus in Turkey and for Atunis Magazine international.

**ELISABETTA BAGLI-Italy**



**WORDS**

Words spoken, unspoken,  
Written, unwritten,  
Screamed silently,  
Sung and then disowned,  
As chimeras  
They have deceived our strength  
Without letting it get out of dreams,  
Revealing the echo,  
Isolating us in the limbo  
Of the answers not given.

I continue to live  
In the abyss of my fears.  
I insist to desire  
To be the sea of your ports,  
To love you in the shadows  
Even now that I feel  
My Perfume  
Beat into your mind.  
Be careful, my love!  
You don't know the intensity.

Your lighthouse continues  
To illuminate the fog,  
While my imagination  
Swells to play with you.

Timid words, imprudent,  
Funny, seductive, perfect  
Fill spirited glasses  
Of our lives.

Hidden words,  
They know and don't say.

Powerless ,  
We surrender  
To the intangible sound  
Of the words.

©® **Elisabetta Bagli**

**TRANG BANG'S LITTLE GIRL**  
To Kim Phúc

To you who manufacture  
And profit from wars  
To build hatred  
That feeds the banquets  
Of those who believe you're God;

To you who treacherous dominate  
The fire of the Kalashnikovs  
From the luxurious hermitage  
Of castles as bunkers  
And you believe that you're God;

Yes, to you, I say:  
Abandon the machine guns  
On the bloody sand,  
Turn off napalm  
That still burns on the skin  
Of Trang Bang's daughter!

To you, I say:  
Learn to live together  
And to respect each other,  
Learn to free your soul  
With forgiveness and hope!

Ask Kim what it is  
The secret of her strength,  
Ask the naked girl  
Who mourned her life  
How she could win  
The enemy with Love!

©® **Elisabetta Bagli**

Elisabetta Bagli was born in Rome (Italy) and she has lived in Madrid (Spain) since 2002. She is a writer of poetry, short stories and essays, and she is also a translator and interpreter of Spanish. She is the author of several poetry books, a compilation of stories, a children's book, and articles and essays for newspapers and digital magazines around the world, and her poems and writings have been translated into twenty languages.

# POLAND

**ALICJA MARIA KUBERSKA-Poland**



**PROPHETIC DREAMS**

I will plait carefully your hair  
the sun's rays and the singing of the lark  
and I will weave the moonlight and nightingales trills.  
Look - here the weary day falls asleep  
and in the darkness, translucent dreams are born.

It's time to set off on a long journey into the unknown,  
to traverse the endless desert of the sky.  
Let us go where the stars sparkle beneath our feet  
and the dust of fulfilled dreams falls to Earth

Let's play a favourite tune on the strings of time  
and the past will penetrate into the present.  
The memories will take on vivid colours  
and forgotten, bygone moments will come to life.

We will go to the end of the Milky Way,  
to return unhurriedly in the morning .  
We will forget the revealed secrets of the universe.  
Ethereal dreams in flowing robes  
will disappear whispering prophetic visions in confidence.

©® Alicja Maria Kuberska

**THIEF OF DREAMS**

I was silent, smiling, undemanding.  
You did not expect that I would take without consent.  
I was too close, and everything was within the reach of my hand.

Like a thief, I stole your glances and loneliness.  
Your thoughts, I tied in a myriad of knots, creating a dense net,

And from dreams, I wove a gentle curve of a woman's figure.

I stoked the spark of passion in your eyes, and a fire erupted.  
I wrapped us in a sweet scent of flowers in my hair  
And we glided towards many, distant nights.

Day has no right to enter the precipitous depth.  
It is a place, in which the contours of black shadows fall asleep.  
Only at the bottom of the abyss, can dreams and starlight be seen.

You are from Mars, I am from Venus.  
Far planets are the bright points on a firmament of tenderness.  
Our words and hands attracts to the force of gravity of life.

©© Alicja Maria Kuberska

**Alicja Maria Kuberska** (1960)– awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor, translator.

She edited volumes and anthologies both Polish and English. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, the UK, Belgium, Bulgaria, Hungary, Albania, Macedonia, Serbia, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Mexico, Israel, the USA, Canada, India, Uzbekistan, Saudi Arabia, South Korea, Taiwan, New Zeland, China, South Africa, Zambia, Kenia, Australia.

Alicja Kuberska 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 (Pakistan), Our Poetry Archive (India). She is Cultural Ambassador of The Inner Child Press (the USA).



# CANADA

**MARGARET ATWOOD–Canada**



**YOU ARE HAPPY**

The water turns  
a long way down over the raw stone,  
ice crusts around it

We walk separately  
along the hill to the open  
beach, unused  
picnic tables, wind  
shoving the brown waves, erosion, gravel  
rasping on gravel.

In the ditch a deer  
carcass, no head. Bird  
running across the glaring  
road against the low pink sun.

When you are this  
cold you can think about  
nothing but the cold, the images

hitting into your eyes  
like needles, crystals, you are happy.

**©® Margaret Atwood**

She was born in Ottawa, 1939.

In her time as a writer, Margaret Atwood has authored 17 books of poetry, 16 novels, 10 fictional books, along with short fictional stories, children's books, and a graphic novel. She has been awarded the Man Booker Prize, the Franz Kafka Prize, and other prestigious awards that have given her international acclaim.

As one of the most well-known Canadian writers of all time, Margaret Atwood remains an active participant on the literary and social stages today. Perhaps most known for her dystopian novel *The Handmaid's Tale*, which has since been reworked in film and television productions, Margaret Atwood shines as a Canadian voice that speaks out for environmental causes.

What is not widely known about Margaret Atwood is that she is also an inventor who developed the LongPen. This is a device that allows the user to write in ink from anywhere in the world using a tablet and a robotic arm device. It's a unique way for an author to connect with fans.

**DANIEL PIXIADES-Canada**



**HITCHHIKER**

By the highway,  
after the first drops of spring rain,  
between the traffic signs,  
where the light swings in the wind,  
by the bridge over the McIntosh river,  
in the morning shadow, a man stands  
with hope in his heart and mind.

A man under duress:  
everything on his shoulders,  
what does it take  
to get away from  
this long-lasting winter.

A man who doesn't care in which direction,  
to get out as quick as he can  
from a crazy world!

A thousand vehicles,  
from one side and the other -  
he has to wait for the thousand and first  
that will mercifully stop...

Below a far horizon to heal wounds  
in the wilderness.

A man with a lifted thumb  
in a radiance of lamentation.

©® Daniel Pixiades

Translated from Serbian by: Julija Graham and S.P.

**E Y E**

You look into your own eye  
and someone is smiling at you,  
a someone from your other side....  
You see the moonshine,  
but dream about the upcoming suns-  
the beautiful visions  
of the future in your darkness.

You see the waters and that someone remains you,  
a someone from your other side,  
of a place  
where draught reigns,  
where bones multiply  
and where you sleep so quietly,  
too quietly.

You see a city in the splendour of riches;  
one ray is yours,  
the rest are waiting for you,  
and someone is warning you to  
get rid of the fetters,  
make the thought alive,  
strive,  
laugh,  
cry,  
speak,  
see all in the tide of the sea...

Sleep when you wish,  
think when you'd like to,  
see all around yourself  
in the most memorable way.

You are looking into your own eye,  
and someone is smiling at you,  
a someone from your other side.

You see bread, and you are sacrificing yourself for it:  
you feel blessed, but you look for more  
in your own power,  
in your own dark sky.

You see the hours of light and shadows,  
the waves of wishes- yourself.  
Far from yourself you see,  
because, you see,

you are touching the stars,  
as you climb not to fall,  
so the whole world can have you  
on the palm of its hand.

Yes, you can see, in your own eye  
that what is so hard to see...!

©® Daniel Pixiades

Translated from Serbian by: Julija Graham and S.P.

Daniel Pixiades was born July 5, 1931 in Kisac in the former Yugoslavia (now Serbia). He completed teachers' college and taught public school for 20 years. During this time, he wrote short stories and poetry for both children and adults.

In 1974, Daniel emigrated to Canada with his family. He found employment as a custodian at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ontario. He carried on with his literary pursuits in his new home, writing both poetry and prose, including essays and critiques of other ex-patriot writers from the former Yugoslavia as part of his role as poetry editor of Nase Novine, a newspaper out of Toronto. Many of the poems that make up his later books were first published in Nase Novine. Since that time, his poems have been published and anthologized across Europe. His works are now being translated into several languages and published in Canada and the U.S.

Daniel became a member of Association of Writers of Serbia, Association of Slovak Writers, member of the Association of Writers of Vojvodina and Association of writers of Montenegro.

Daniel lives and works in Thunder Bay, Ontario.

# SERBIA

**SLAVICA PEJOVIĆ-Serbia**



**AND LAUREL BLOOMS**

In the intertwining of rosemary branches  
The master is one  
and accomplice of the bride  
for the offering of a laurel wreath to the throne of the victor

Rosemary is intoxicating with joy  
Laurel wreath to bloom  
The entry that...  
To put out the darkness with beauty  
Bat stop the wicked  
In the arms of angels to be silent  
Storms to pass  
and shadows shrouded in darkness go away

God's tears, the laurel blossomed  
and rosemary intoxicate a worthy bride  
Open the way for them!

©® Slavica Pejović

**SHE DIDN'T KNOW**

She had  
eyes, hart and soul  
and she felt everything that could be felt...

she listened to even what she shouldn' t listen...  
and she spoken when everybody else were silent.

she didn't drow a hart...  
she had it,  
while the others were soulless.



she didn't know  
that read, sometimes, isn't red,  
and that the blue of the sky plunges into the twilight.

she didn't know  
that the river will never flow upstream,  
that the rainbow goes down into it.  
and that the stars are, actually, red  
no...  
she didn't know...

but, she knew ...  
the peace of her soul  
is the image of peace in a world where love exists.

©® **Slavica Pejović**

Slavica Pejović (born 1948) is a graduate of political science, Department of Diplomacy. She was the director of the Cultural Center in Požarevac for ten years and the manager of the library in Kostolac for 17 years. She is the president of the Book Lovers' Club and the editor-in-chief of the magazine for literature, culture and science "Majdan" since 2003. She is the author of three documentary books on cultural history and librarianship and has published 11 (eleven) independent collections of poetry and two joint collections with several authors. It is represented in numerous anthologies in the country and abroad. Her poems have been translated into several foreign languages, and she has won numerous awards in Italy, Romania, Tunisia, and Serbia. The "Mihailj Eminescu" Poetry Medal in Romania, the "Golden Jasmine" in Tunisia, the "Apollon" in Serbia and many others are particularly significant. She was involved in the organization of international poetry events, the most famous of which is "ORPHEUS ON THE DANUBE" and in the promotion of international cultural cooperation, especially among the poets of Italy, Tunisia, Romania, Slovakia, Russia, Peru, Greece

**MILICA JEFTIMIJEVIĆ LILIĆ–Serbia**



**GOD UNITES US**

That touch of the hands,  
That sublime giving  
Occurred beyond recall.  
As if we washed death  
From our hands  
Everything that used to be  
Between us  
For centuries.  
We were gathered by the Logos.

As if we were born  
In that joining of the hands,  
In the bliss not felt before.

The water of the essence  
Flows through us  
Into our palms,  
So that God's face  
Reflects in it  
And speaks through us.

God unites us  
He is here to stay!  
He has settled into our palms  
And we keep Him to ourselves.

©® **Milica Jeftimijević Lilić**  
**Translated from Serbian by Lazar Macura**

**THE TOUCH OF THE UNIVERSE**

For B.

All of me got into that look  
Unpredictably, casually,  
Almost by fate  
Like into a cloak enveloping all.  
That look embraced me  
Cautiously, primordially,  
And the warmth flew through my mind.  
For a moment the World turned blue  
Like a newly discovered cove,  
It got an innocent expression  
And stopped being evil.

Awaked by that look, my being  
Beamed with joy suspecting a sunny waterfall,  
The necessity of blending with the Other,  
The fulness expressing the meaningt,  
The readiness to  
Scream out the Existence.

Somewhere, due to that flash,  
An almond tree, mute of waiting, burst into blossom,  
A restless yellow water lily  
Calmed down.  
Two isles approached each other  
Carried by a strange stream  
As if they had been one whole  
Before the Flood.

The thought longing from a spark flamed up  
Heidegger, Nietzsche, Florensky,  
They all happened to be in the game unexpectedly,  
And only the hands venturing the touch,  
Denying words, knowledge,  
Victoriously touched the Universe  
Taking down the tattoo of the mind.

©@ **Milica Jeftimijević Lilić**  
**Translated from Serbian by Lazar Macura**

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* (1995), *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 Epistemological Illuminations (2007), Critical Roots and Ranges (2011),

The Exactness of the Secret (2012)... total 30 books.

Her poetry and essays are translated into many world languages.

She also writes stories for children which have been published in Children's Papers, Unity and other newspapers.

She has been awarded of many literary awards.

**DRAGAN JOVANOVIĆ DANILOV–Serbia**



**ROOM CARRIED ON WINGS**

I, too, had my travels.  
Last night I read in the armchair in the corner,  
and today I'm under the spider web  
on the other side of the room – a cat asleep in my lap  
since she knows there's no reason to get involved.

Speaking of solitude, I distance myself from it.  
I'm not reexamining the frontiers of the void  
nor the possibilities of the poetic language;  
I've no interest in the shrill intricacies of the epic,  
the feats of Kazakh chieftain; I don't have  
my own website on the internet; my wild shadow  
is alone in a room gone wild and terrifying.

Tender like a foot sole of a child, I left myself  
in some seaside town for the night  
to descend and cover my body with the immensity  
of someone who is calm and who is everywhere.

Motherland, I'm your poor child,  
I'm a piece of paper on which a heart beats.  
The smell of the sea dreamed of long ago  
wafts into my chaos, it watches me with eyes of a blind man,  
tells me that I'm the great traveler  
who doesn't budge from his home.

There, too, I had my travels.

©® Dragan Jovanović Danilov  
Translated from the Serbian original by Charles Simic

## OUR CHILDREN

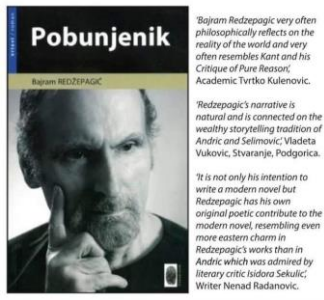
Our children are ruthless.  
Our children are wild  
And can do whatever they want.  
Our children long ago stopped taking us  
seriously.  
Our children cannot stand prophets.  
Our children are perfectly socialised—  
we have one, maybe, two friends,  
while our connected children have thousands of them.  
Our children are the unreason that explains us.  
Our underage children are very worried  
about their parents' future.  
Our children live underground and with their  
wildness rule the world.  
Yet, our children do not have an unclear conscience.  
Our children's words are weighty  
and we listen to them humbly, hidden  
behind a curtain.  
Great is the power that over us hold  
our immortal children.  
Everything our children do is truly admirable.  
Our children originate from marriages we have  
blindly rushed into, and for just this reason, we are the unhappy  
parents of our happy children.  
We are made of such brittle  
stuff, that we have with time made our children believe  
that they are more experienced than us.  
In vain we hoped we were raising our children  
for sublime deeds.  
For our children we are nothing but false obviousness.  
Such are our children, we cannot have them different.  
But, our children are the pillars of this temple.  
Our children are our exact bodies, our little salvations.  
Our children are here, amongst us, unemployed  
and hard up, in a Serbian manner of speaking.  
If only our children never grew ashamed of our love.  
Our helpless children are our fate which will  
console us before we end up in coffins.  
Only then, our children will understand us and no more  
hold us responsible.

©® Dragan Jovanović Danilov

Translated from the Serbian original by Novica Petrović

# AUSTRALIA

## BAJRAM REDŽEPAGIĆ-Australia



### Philosophical lyric from the cycle

#### “Impossible is possible”

#### Excerpt from the novel "SHIP"

But the world is a miracle ..

Nothing in it happens so easily?

What's the accident?

What is my concern and weakness?

Or the false reputation and splendor that protects me like armor from hardships and attempts to close the door of suffering to me.

I want to skip the weakness ..

To extinguish the fear within me like a burnt flame whose spark in the ashes deceives us so that all empty and deceptive dreams disappear in and around me.

Now I can't leave without being hurt by the misfortune of my loved ones ..

even if it is further from my house.

Only then does my mind shrink, stripped by this name and shining above me.

In the clear sky and peace ..

In what I am.

Do I do it out of fear of

Eternal?

Then the man returns to himself.

What did we come to this world with?

What are we coming back with?

Wake up about sleepy eyes!

There is no life when the soul dies.



And when everything created disappears ...

Grace remains.

©® **Bajram Redžepagić**

**Philosophical lyric from the cycle**

**“Impossible is possible”**

**Excerpt from the novel "SHIP"**

“If I run away from everything

I’ve heard and seen —

I’m guilty even more, worry will destroy me;

I want to not watch my son's torments,

to be away from evil and suffering and misfortune!

Can I escape like that?

How can I overcome worry,

how can I calm it down and become reasonable and cold ...?

Does this weakness appear as a fog, pushing me into the gap between what I want and what I can ..

It is not possible for anyone to give you that dreamy world;

A father would create it for his son, wouldn't he?

Now I am what I am,

and what I was, and everything else has never been mine.

.. And in delusion it is easier to look for a different path than to be convinced that there are no other paths than the ones they point you to.

©® **Bajram Redžepagić**

Bajram REDŽEPAGIĆ, (1939) Plav, Montenegro, former Yugoslavia)

The greatest literary minds in the last 50 years, describe that Bajram Redžepagić is the parallel to the Balkan Dostoevsky, Tolstoy.

The only writer in the world who has been imprisoned seven times for criticizing the ruling system of ex Yugoslavia and Bosnia and Hercegovina

He rose up against the war and violence.

Bajram Redžepagić, writer, novelist, poet, essayist with more than 20 books of novels, poetry, philosophies, critiques and essays, as well as doctor of medical sciences with significant achievements in both fields. He is the author of famous novels such as:

“Rebel” (1977), “Hermit” (1981), “Torrents” (1974) and “Magic Ship” (1986).

-New Hermit / expanded edition / 2010 In Australia, the Commonwealth of Australia Award, Council for the Arts, is a major, literary achievement, “STEPS OF DESTINY” "as a Trilogy, Containing Novels:

1. "OBSESSION"
2. "PHILOSOPHY STONE"
3. "GREAT LIGHT"

In the last ten years he has expanded the trilogy to pentalogy, with 2 new novels:

- A. THE MIRACLE OF NATURE AND THE MIRACLE OF REASON
- B. THE MIRACLE OF THE HEART AND MIRACLE OF LOVE

He inaugurated philosophical poetry as a new literary direction - Collections of poems, philosophical poetry in two parts:

1. "IMPOSSIBLE IS POSSIBLE" 2. " METAPHYSICS OF LOVE, LIFE AND DEATH "
- as well as a collection of essays and critiques entitled " ECHOES IN LITERARY CRITICISM"

He has won a large number of prestigious literary awards in the former Yugoslavia and many international awards.

Redzepagic was nominated for the NOBLE PRIZE by official cultural institutions and eminent literary representatives from Bosnia and Herzegovina 2020 / 2021

# BOOK REVIEW

Dr Jernail Anand is one of the greatest philosophers among poets  
and one of the greatest poets among philosophers.

He is not afraid to challenge, parody and transgress masters  
such as Dante or Milton and bring them to 21st century!

Broken Narrative, the new semibiographical novel with a subversive title  
is as intriguing as his poetic opus.

Dr Maja Herman Sekulic...  
(Global Literary Team, Serbia)

# THE BROKEN NARRATIVE

A NOVEL BY  
DR JERNAIL SINGH ANAND

**PROFESSOR, DR. JOSEPH S. SPENCE SR-USA**



**REVIEW OF THE BOOK**

**“THE BROKEN NARRATIVE”  
by Dr. Jernail S Anand-India**

**Introduction:**

Congratulations to Dr. Anand and his excellent book, “The Broken Narrative.” The flow of the words and the impact of the message in all four parts are great learning dynamics. The tone and tenor move each word graciously. The use of the questioning technique stimulates deep consideration, and the descriptive excellence sends fantastic images.

Raju, the protagonist’s trajectory, is poignant! His accomplishments show that one must apply productive and not destructive actions to achieve. Additionally, overcoming odds and achieving success comes from golden thoughts lacking negativity. The value of education is displayed as a medium to higher career and professional achievement.

The multiplicity of lessons generating from the text is relevant. For example, how to overcome bad faith, stay on the right track, nourish good roots, avoid trespassing, not be a double-crosser, avoid being trapped in negativity, and stay present-minded and not absent-minded. These actions foster betterment in life and not the opposite.

The book’s ending is inspiring. The light at the end of the tunnel will steer one away from a life of mundane darkness. Naturally, living one’s life along the previously mentioned positive path and not the negative will result in great resiliency, innate motivation, and inspiration to become a shining star.

**The Reviewer:**

Professor Dr. Joseph S. Spence, Sr, USA (Epulaeryu Master), authored ten poetry books and over 200 peer-reviewed articles. His writings appeared globally. He has membership in various international honor societies. He taught at Bryant and Stratton University. He retired from the U. S. Army as an officer and is a Goodwill Ambassador for Arkansas, USA (Commissioned by former President William Jefferson Clinton). He created “Epulaeryu,” “Linking Pin Sonnet,” and “Seventh Heaven” poetry forms while studying English literature, creative writing, African Diaspora, Japanese linguistics, and poetry at the University of Wisconsin. He has received numerous poetry awards worldwide.

Some of his poems are published in: Chinese, French, Polish, Spanish, Japanese, Arabic, Jamiekan Patwa/Patios, Scottish Gaelic, Nigerian Yoruba, Bengali, Assam, Hindi, and Rastafari language. He is a life member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Golden Key International Honour Society, and other organizations, and resides in Wisconsin, USA.

**<https://allauthor.com/images/reviews/gif/17456.gif>**

[https://www.amazon.com/Joseph-S-Spence-Sr/e/B0855CYRPS?ref =dbs\\_p\\_ebk\\_r00\\_abau\\_000000](https://www.amazon.com/Joseph-S-Spence-Sr/e/B0855CYRPS?ref =dbs_p_ebk_r00_abau_000000).

**PREDRAG STARČEVIĆ-Serbia**



***Friendship Bridges* by Serbian author Predrag Starčević: A book review**

*Friendship Bridges* is a book that both children and adults can read in a single sitting. The book comprises beautiful thoughts, stories, artwork and music contributed by more than 500 children from Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia and Slovenia. Not so long ago, these countries were at war. “*Friendship Bridges* is dedicated to all the people in the countries that were, are, or might be at war... The only way for warring countries to live peacefully in the future is to teach their children to love”, the author writes at the beginning of the book, which encourages humane values and, thus, transcends the borders of the Balkan region. It is the children’s response to the question: “What would planet Earth look like if appreciation, respect, friendship and love ruled it?”

*Friendship Bridges* can be used as educational material in school classrooms as well as in adult psychology workshops dedicated to developing universal values, positive feelings and thinking. It opens up a wide range of topics for discussions with children and adults including compassion, respect, tolerance, appreciation, humanness, dreams, love, joy, hope, friendship, the ecology of the soul, war and peace, forgiveness and others.

Rade Šerbedžija, one of the greatest actors and humanists of the former Yugoslavia, wrote the foreword to the book, saying: "Your book *Friendship Bridges* is currently the most important thing happening in this region“.

The project *Friendship Bridges* was supported by the most eminent writers of the four countries:

Jasminka Petrović, Serbian children’s author: “Children’s pure hearts and cheerful spirit restore hope. Their joyful messages and lively colours intertwine like braids. Parents and teachers encourage them while secretly wiping away tears of joy. Adults *know* this book is more than children’s play. Adults *know* this book is more than children’s dreams and wishes. Adults *know* that in the times of darkness and cold, bridges are more valuable and needed than ever before”.

Barbara Hanuš, Slovenian writer for children and adults: “Young people want the world to be a better place. Children frequently ask questions that adults pretend not to hear. They warn us about problems that adults try to ignore.”

Mirsad Bećirbašić, children’s poet from Bosnia and Herzegovina: “The world rests on young people—and in a world revitalized by the scent of blooming blossoms, no child’s play will ever be disrupted anywhere”.

Sanja Pilić, children’s writer from Croatia: “To understand each other, we must rush to meet. And to meet each other, we must take the first step—build a bridge!”

Slava Božićević, poet and Peace Ambassador from Croatia: “*Friendship Bridges* is a ‘prayer book’ in this 21<sup>st</sup> century poisoned by hatred and alienation.

The book has been presented in Serbia, Croatia and Sweden. At the book launch in Malmö this January, the author received the Golden Plaque for his prolific activity, engagement and collaboration in the field of culture and arts.

*Friendship Bridges* was translated into English by Maja Marković. The English translation was published as an eBook by Prodigy Published, USA.

Predrag Starčević is a humanist, peacemaker and author of a first-grade primer for Serbian schoolchildren. He is also the holder of the Republic of Serbia's highest education award "Best Educator of Serbia in 2020". He works with children affected by health issues and wars, as well as other categories of people in need. He has received over 20 awards, recognitions and accolades for his work in Serbia, Greece and Sweden. His favourite is the charter "Pro Futuro", awarded on Victory Day for contributions to improving intercultural dialogue and preserving civic values.



# PROSE

**HANNIE ROUWELER-Netherlands**



**ON A MOUNTAIN**

Hermits, people from very many countries, live  
on a high mountain  
in China. I forgot to ask where that was,  
at which major city or in which province – then I could  
look it up with google view and resize the image  
or enlarge. Maybe I can see the hermits  
as they turned away from the world  
also from you and me  
living their days in very great simplicity, begging  
when visitors come by. I was looking for a poet  
which turns out to be untraceable in China and maybe  
is he on the mountain at the moment or staying  
in a temple in that place. Meditation has always been his thing.  
Tourists and visitors can rent a room when  
they want to visit that high mountain. There is a form of economics.  
In my flat country I would also like to be a hermit for a while.  
Preferably in a remote forest area where hardly anyone comes,  
a wooden house with wifi and solar panels and a windmill  
for energy. I would grow food in the soil around the house,  
getting water from a clean flowing stream between trees  
and store food from neighboring stores in a chest freezer.  
I think I can be a hermit this way. Very nice being alone.

©® Hannie Rouweler

ZDRAVKO ODORČIĆ-Croatia



*SHORT STORIES*

**HE RUN OVER THE ANT**

He was mobilized in the military unit that fought for their place. And all of them were fighting and dying for their place. Houses were ruined. Burned. Devastated. From both sides. They even forgot why and when their bloody dance had started.

Criminals became heroes, but heroes died in the battle or after battles they never finish the war. They leave the seed of hate for the next war.

Not to be killed one has to kill. And to burn. And devastated the home of others. They killed somebody's son who himself killed the son of somebody else. This was the chain. The war support took himself too. It transformed the man who was defending his place to the bloody beast that fight for his existence.

In the battle the granary thrown him on ants nest. Aunts went around into his hair, underwear, nose, eyes, ears. He couldn't move. He was looking to the ant on the top of his nose and annoying him. He even could not scrub himself.

He was gazing at the ant for hours and the ant was looking at him too while other ants were running up and down along his body and arms. The rain started and it was raining so hard. Ants disappeared in a glance. But the stubborn one was still dancing with his slim legs.

The rain stopped. He moved the palm of his hand and with reflex of his nerve he threw the ant from his nose, it fell just under soldier's sight point. The ant was moving his legs and it seems to the soldier that it was shouting to him. As the ant was cursing him.

He got up slowly from the wet ground that became a mud. The ant was still moving desperately. The soldier got nervous and he moved his feet and stick with the sole the poor ant. He stayed this way with his boot on the leaf. When he moved the leg the ant was laying dead.

He sat next to ant and started to laugh loudly to the dead little animal. He continued to laugh till the night. All the night till morning. The next morning with the first sun rays he looked better to the little dead insect in front of himself. He saw his soldier's and enemy soldier's. And he saw all dead around. He saw himself and the ant, they were from nobody.

The ants in line tried to bring their dead friend. He didn't permit it with the stroke of the wood. He blew to them, tried to touch them to frighten them. He took the box of matches and put the poor ant in it.

As other ants could not see their friend anymore that went away. He opened the box and gazed to the ant. He felt the bitterness of the drop of sweat that was in his eye. Then the other eye started to pinch too. The saltiness of tears aged his eyes and they burned his face by skidding from his eyes. Drops became the stream and he burned into strong cry.

Loudly mourning. Complaining because of pain in his chest. The idea that he killed the ant blocked his muscles. He was shouting. Then he bested his head against the rock. The blood was squeezing on the ground and on the cloud. The sky became red.

His vein broke because of the strong pressure on the box and his head fell down because of strong beating against the rock.

The earth opened and they fell inside in deep nothing. The stone covered the hole.

He felt the cold with his open eyes, his mouth full of sand. His arts became like rocks. And his glance disappeared in that stone. He himself became the stone together with the box of matches.

©® **Zdravko Odorčić**

### *THEATER PLAYS*

#### **PRISON ROOMMATES**

Prison Roommates is a drama about two women who share a prison room. One ended up in prison by mistake and the other killed her husband defending herself from his violence.

It is a black comedy in which the actors strive for freedom and how all prisoners try to find a way out to escape from captivity. Although they are two different characters, they are united by the desire to escape and they help each other to get rid of the Prison Keeper and the evil prisoner who wants to kill them.

Through their interesting stories, they bear witness to violence against women in a darkly humorous way, which makes the play interesting and tense.

The play was performed at the KIC in Zagreb (Cultural Information Center Zagreb) as part of a play-reading presentation project, which was read by actors led by the director.

Prison roommates are waiting for their real performance on the stage.

©® **Zdravko Odorčić**

SANJA PILIĆ-Croatia



### Would You Kiss Me?

Would you kiss me? - I was asking him and he was buying fish. I didn't know a thing about that fishology, but I liked to stroll aimlessly in the fish-market, to look at my reflection in the scales and then a sea, salty and potable, would always drift inside me. He, bony like a dried fish, also liked the fish-markets and he knew everything about wining and dining. We were a strange couple.

I was divorced with adult children; he was married with adult children. We rented a room in an attic, near our family lives. A cooker, white walls, a telephone, a refrigerator, a mattress on the floor. In that elegant age I never thought for a moment that I was ever again going to enjoy sleeping on the floor, on wrinkled sheets.

We liked to kiss.

We kissed a lot.

We didn't talk. We kissed. We were hungry for each other in a special, peaceful way. We could stay silent for hours. Then stay motionless. Look at each other. I would stare at that profile that was looming from the prehistory, from the distant, perfect, mute worlds of eternity. I knew that we have been made of the same ray and then parred away, curious that we were, long, long time ago.

The sea washed him ashore, into my arms.

We used to slip out of our lives and memories before we would enter the room.

We were invisible for the others. We lived in parallel worlds. He talked about everyday things: the light bulb should be changed and the fan turned on. I talked about everyday things: the sandals are pinching my feet, where is my comb. The piled up empires of literature and love poetry were concealed underneath these sentences.

It lasted for years, his children grew up, my children grew up.

- Would you kiss me? - I would ask closing my eyes.

Sometimes he would kiss me, sometimes he would not. At least not immediately. First he would buy celery, olives, cheese. His teeth were white, incredibly white. He wasn't getting old. I wasn't getting old either.

Finally, they found out about us. He started to invade my life and I his. We were curious, like some long time before. He divorced his wife and I got scared.

I liked to have myself alone, after so many years. There is some dignity in not belonging, something wise and always loving. There is something wise in the belonging as well, I knew that, but I felt uneasy anyway.

We would sit and drink cappuccino. Do you see the waiter, he would ask, the cream isn't fresh, I would say. Once I woke up in the room full of white roses and he was shaving. We could kiss, I thought, because kissing was always on my mind. The roses smelled sweetly, he bought them at dawn, while I was still asleep.

I would caress his face; we were a strange couple, unbelievable.

I loved him, ah, how I loved him, but I kept evading. He didn't stop me and that is why I kept coming back to him. The freedom tied us together very tightly. I could always get out of the room. He could always get out of the room. The landlady lived in the basement and she thought that we were mad.

He was teaching geography in school, I was translating movie scripts. Objectively, we were at the most boring and numb middle age, but we knew how to invent time and middle age and we also knew that we could change that standard script. The people around us were getting old and dying and we were kissing and walking our grandchildren in parks. He wore a turtleneck, then a tie, then a checked shirt, I ran with slippers, thongs and high heels on my feet. We still didn't waste words, he would say that fish wasn't fresh and I would ask what was that fish called anyway.

Hundred, two hundred and thousand years passed by, but the room in the attic never changed; the landlady never changed and he was beautiful as always and regardless of the development or decline of technologies he always shaved with the same razor; and sometimes, at least for a little while I would think about splitting and disappearing: should I stay at all in that room, in that time ahead and above the times. But these were only temporary thoughts, I would let them pass and watch them disappear.

- Would you kiss me? - I would ask, always in the mood for kissing and he would touch me with his lips and it was always different. I couldn't stop loving somebody who was so different and always the same. It's raining, he would say, and I would say: maybe it won't be raining tomorrow.

©® Sanja Pilić

Translated by Daria Torre

**Biography:**

Sanja Pilić, poetess, writer, children's writer, born 1954 in Split. She graduated from the School of Applied Arts in Zagreb, Photography Department. She has worked as a photographer (theatre, magazines, books, laboratory) and a cartoonist (trick-camerawoman, colorist). She has also collaborated with the Autonomous Women's House in Zagreb and worked with abused children. She is a member of assessment commissions for children's creativity. She performs in schools, at the literary children's meetings. Sanja Pilić is one of Croatia's most awarded authors for children and young adults. She has been awarded all the prestigious Croatian and regional literary awards several times. Her works are included in the IBBY Honour List and the White Ravens List. Her works have also been on the obligatory reading lists in schools for years, but, more importantly, they are among the most borrowed and the most read books in Croatia. The quality of Pilić's work, as well as her sensitivity to the issues of children and young adults, were recognised by readers of all ages. Her books are exceptionally popular, and four of them have also been adapted for the theatre as successful stage adaptations.

Sanja Pilić is nominated for the H.C. Andersen Award for 2024.

She has received several awards for her stories for adults. She lives and works in Zagreb.

# ART

# CROATIA



**DAVORKA FLEGO-Croatia**



DAVORKA (KOTIGA) FLEGO, graduate painter, sculptor, opet, born in 1961 in Pazin, Istria, Croatia, lives in Zamask.

He deals with tourism at the Hotel Lovac in Pazin, and the production of extra virgin olive oil from his olive groves.

Married, she is the mother of two grown-up children.

Since 2011, he has been speaking publicly with songs and pictures.

Her poems were published in about a hundred joint collections and anthologies.

She published one picture book for adults and children, "Ja Ulika", and illustrated several picture books and book covers.

She had one solo exhibition "Fragmenti", and participated in countless group exhibitions.

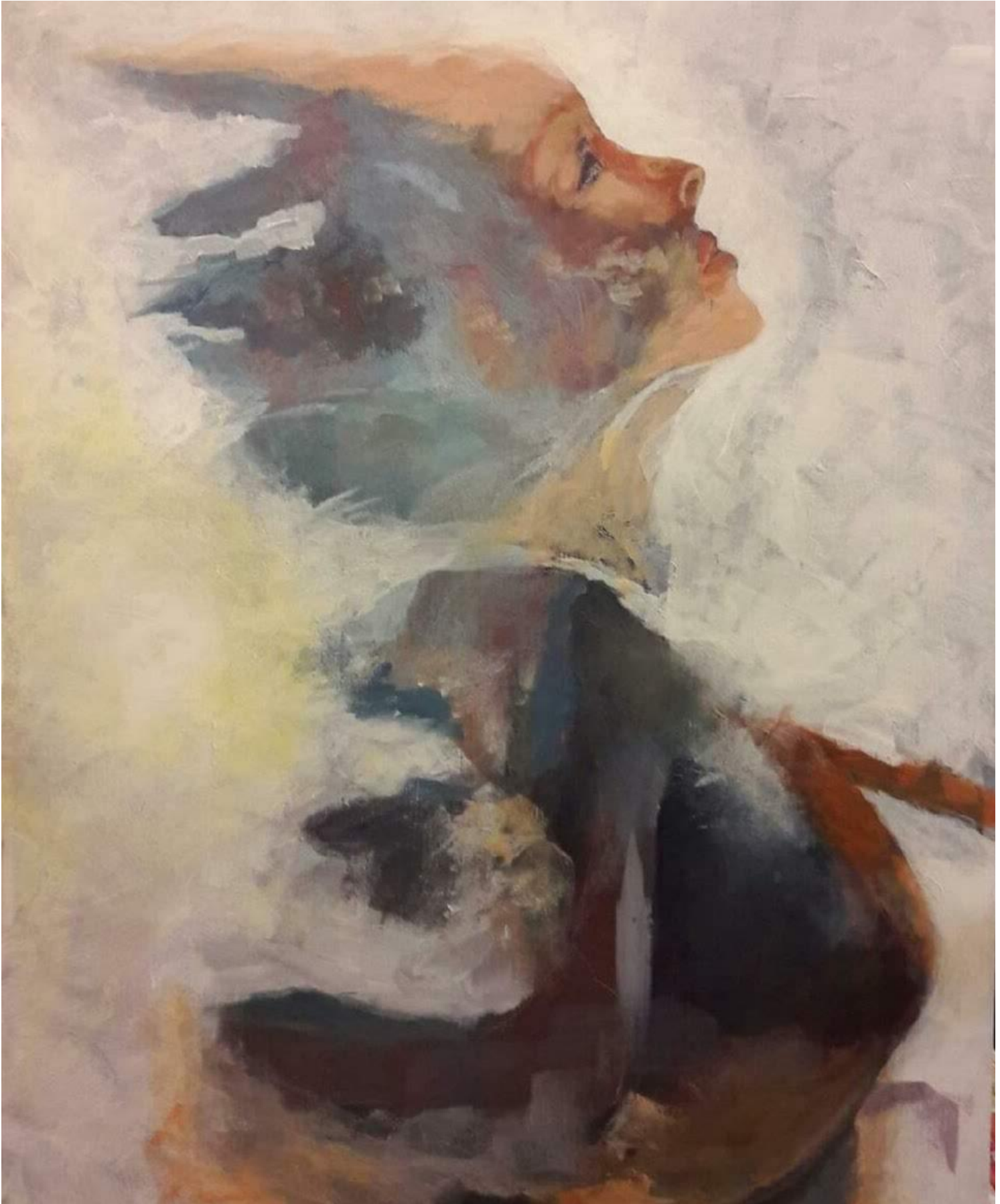
Carried away by the desire for further learning, she enrolled in the College of Drawing and Painting "Arthouse" in Ljubljana, where she graduated in January 2023.

































**JANICA ŠTERC-Croatia**



Slikarica Janica Šterc, Europa, Hrvatska, Zagreb – do sada je imala 133 izložbe slika, od kojih 51 samostalnu izložbu. Janičina slika Sv. Anastazija, most između kršćanskog istoka i zapada, obišla izložbe mnogih zemalja svijeta. Ilustrira, crta, slika, piše, održava slikarske radionice, male škole slikanja- slika kako živi i diše, živi kako slika i piše. Cjelokupni slikarski opus sažet joj je u rečenici - Ne možeš kupiti nebo i toplinu sunca, mnoge slike daje u humanitarne svrhe, jer radost je dijeliti, koliko daš toliko imaš. Janica je umjetnica s osmjehom na licu, radosti u srci i vjetrom u kosi – Živi ljubav. Email: sterc.janica@gmail.com.













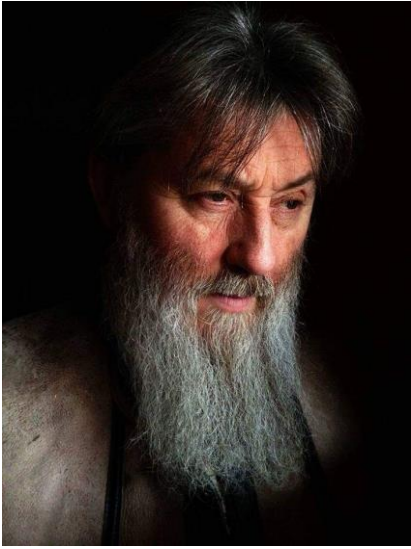






# SERBIA

**RADAN RADOJLOVIĆ–Serbia**



Professor at HS Dura Jaksic Cuprija-Serbia.

Studied Masonry decorative painting at Zidno dekorativno slikarstvo at Faculty of Applied Arts Belgrade.







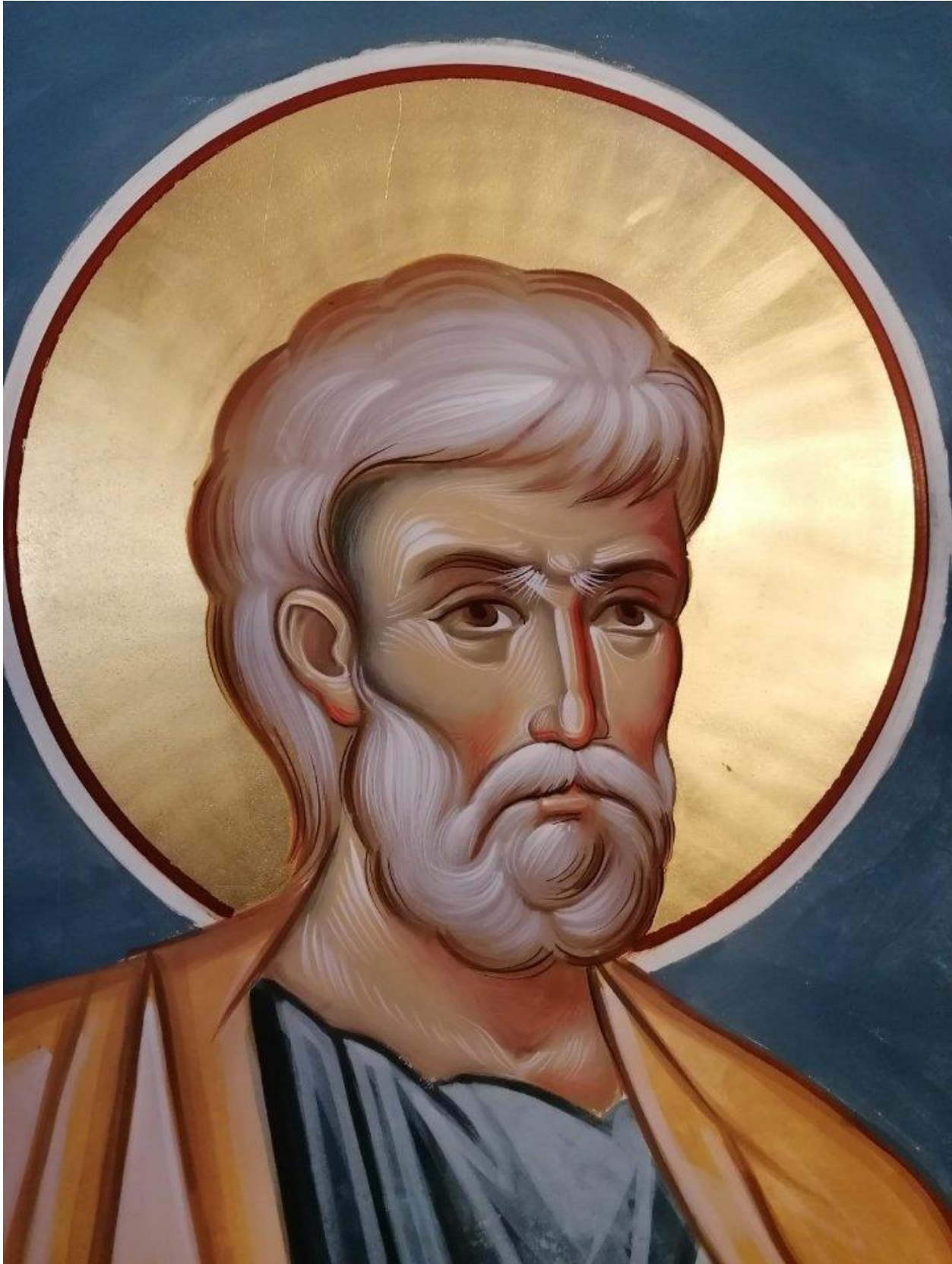


















**SLAVOLJUB-SLAVA RADIVOJEVIĆ–Serbia**



Works at Independent Artist, Belgrade, Serbia.  
Studied at Academy of Arts Novi Sad, Serbia.























# GHANA

**GREGORY OKOSE ADJEI KUMAH-Ghana**



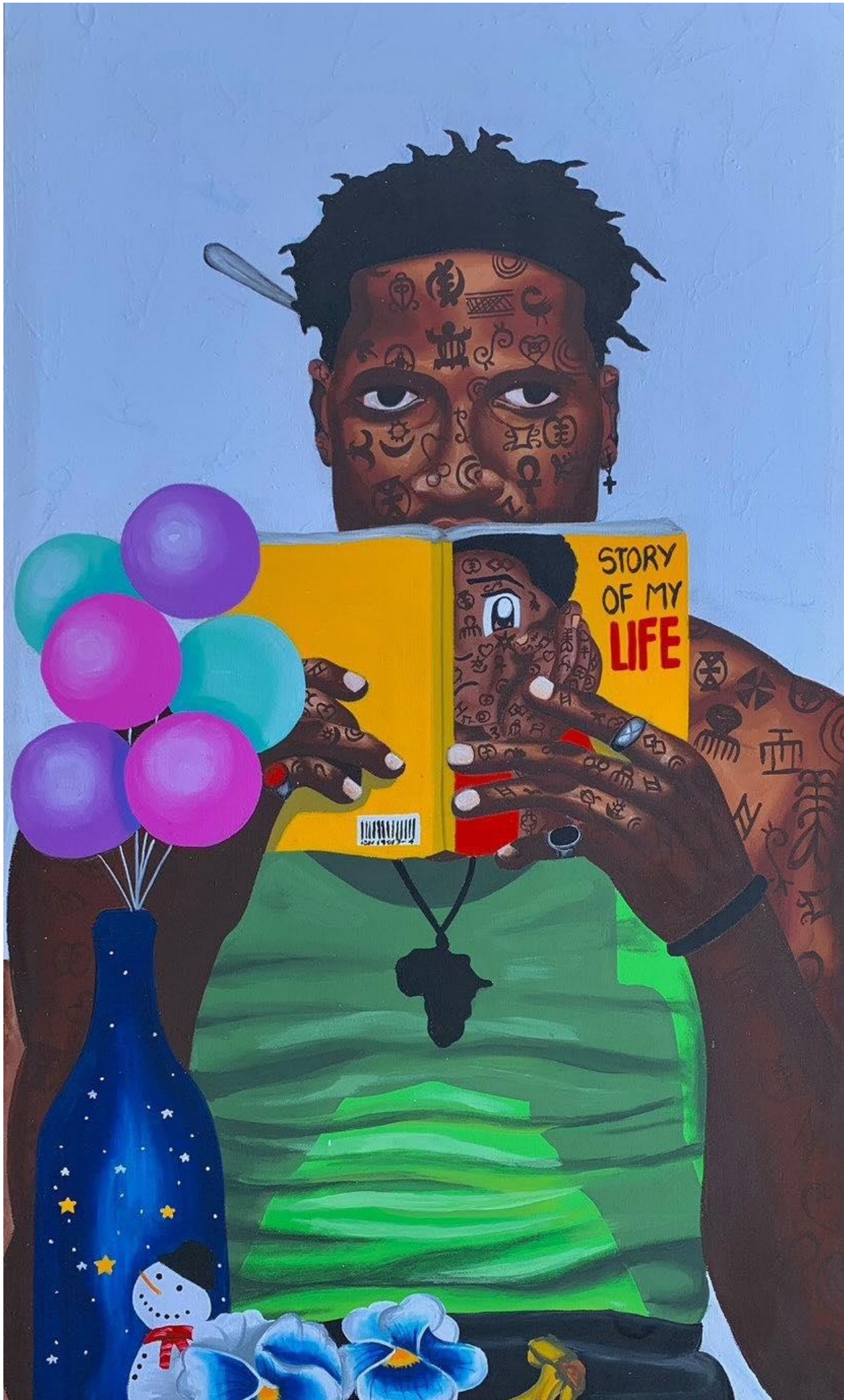
Gregory Okose Adjei Kumah popularly known as Greg art. A visual versatile artist, coming from Kate-Krachi a village in Oti region. Was born on the 6th of July 2001 in Nima located in Accra the capital city of Ghana. Apparently, live at Teshie a small town in Accra. Graduate from La Presbyterian Senior High School. Studied Visual Arts for three years there.

He discovered art as his talent when was 6 years old . Back then, use to draw in his exercise books and note books while lessons is ongoing. Often drawing at school on cardboards for teachers to aid them teach the students to understand properly. Because of how good and nice he drew, was selected to go for competitions for his school, both in his elementary and secondary, He really loves art and want to take art to the next level.











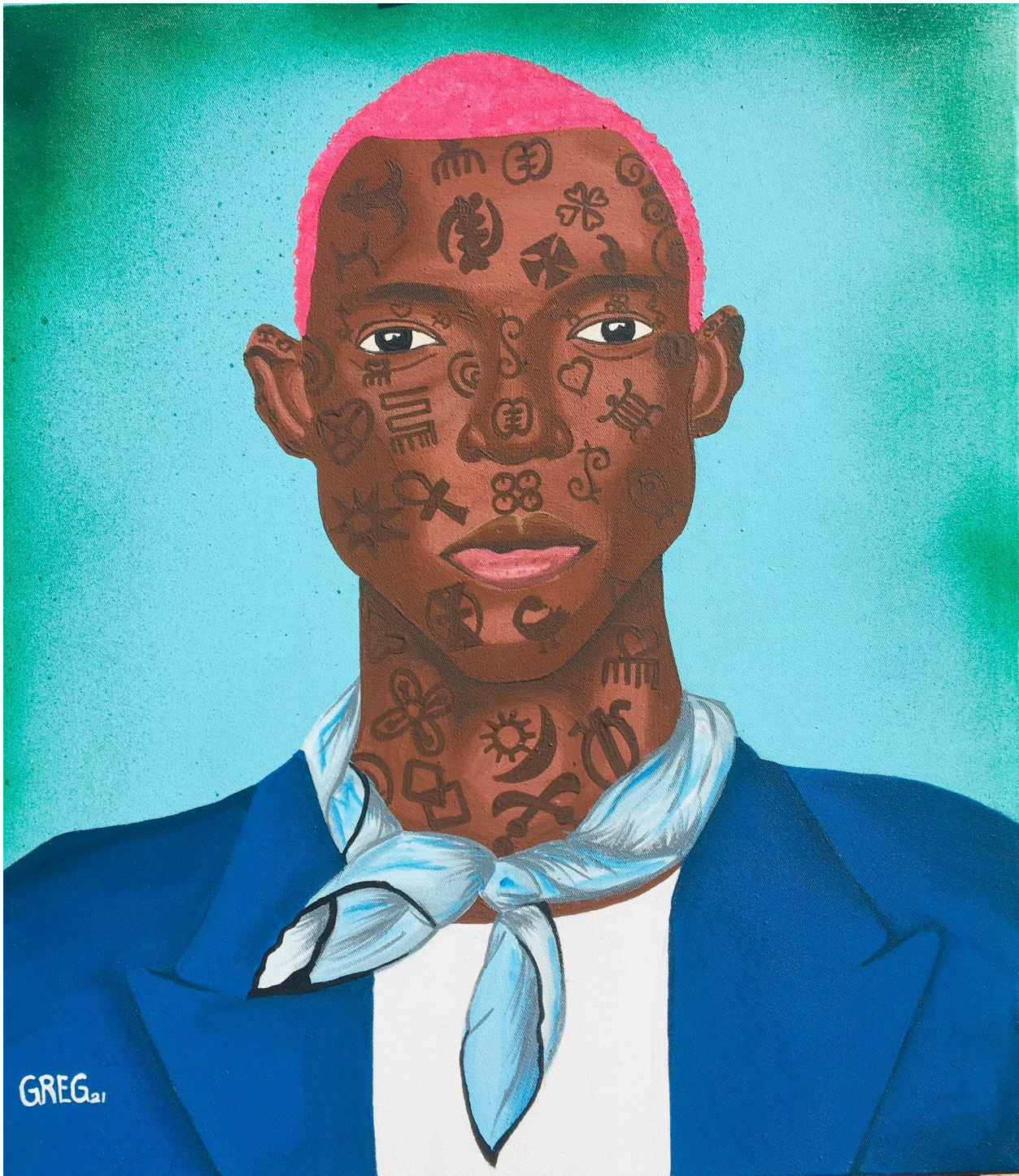












# INTERVIEWS



# SHOCKING DISCOVERY!

The background of the entire page is a dark, monochromatic reproduction of Vincent van Gogh's 'Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear'. The image is rendered in shades of dark teal and black, with the characteristic swirling, textured brushstrokes of the original painting. The central figure is a man's head and shoulders, looking slightly to the right. The right ear is wrapped in a thick, white bandage. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

## MEET THE EAR DOCTOR WHO THINKS VINCENT VAN GOGH WAS MURDERED

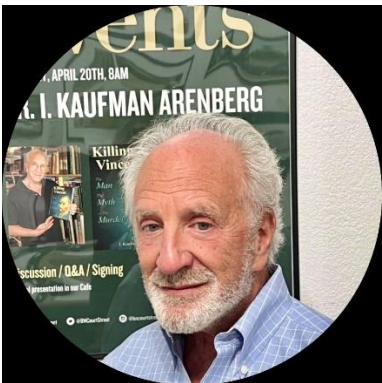
The gun that the artist allegedly used to end his own life recently sold for \$182,000 at auction. But Dr. Irving Arenberg smells a conspiracy that “Van Goghs” all the way up to the top.

**ZLATAN DEMIROVIĆ-USA**



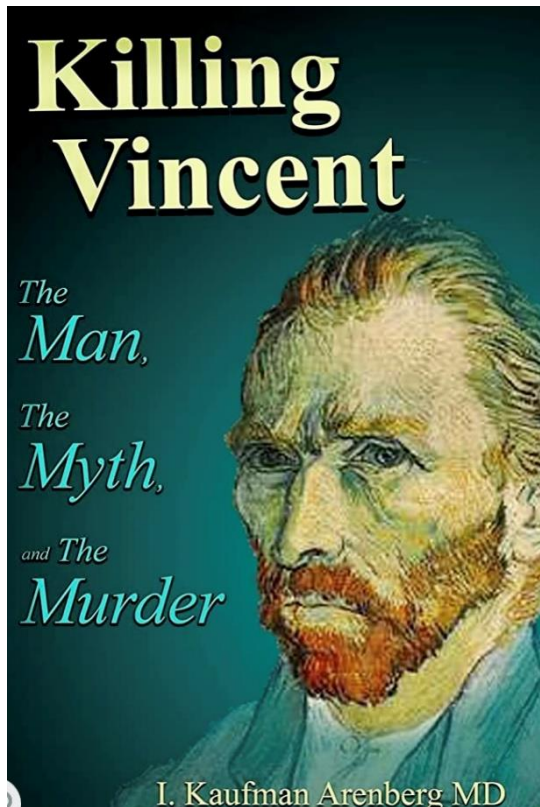
**INTERVIEW WITH**

**Dr. IRV ARENBERG-USA**



Author of **LOVE AND MURDER-THE FINAL DAYS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH**, the second book in the **KILLING VINCENT TRILOGY** (just released) the Director of **THE KILLING VINCENT PROJECT**. [www.KillingVincent.com](http://www.KillingVincent.com)

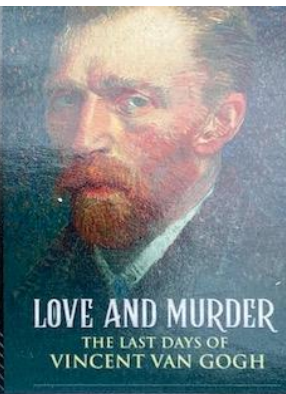




**Killing Vincent Project**

Dr. Irv Arenberg  
Director & Author

[Irv@KillingVincent.com](mailto:Irv@KillingVincent.com)  
[www.KillingVincent.com](http://www.KillingVincent.com)




**LOVE AND MURDER**  
THE LAST DAYS OF  
VINCENT VAN GOGH

**The Killing Vincent Project Trilogy**


**Book 1: Killing Vincent:**  
The Man, The Myth and the Murder

**Book 2: Love and Murder:**  
The Last Days of Vincent van Gogh

**Book 3: The Day van Gogh was Murdered  
Changed Art History Forever...**



**Nostradamus and the Three Maestros  
Productions, LLC**



**ZD:**

The topic of your project is pretty intriguing itself. You are trying to prove, that Vincent Van Gogh has been assassinated, but we all learned at school, that Vincent Van Gogh committed suicide.

This is one of many official onsite's statements:

“ On 27 July 1890, in a field near Auvers, Vincent shot himself in the chest with a revolver.”

**Dr. IA:**

The suicide of VVG is a purposeful myth created to cover up his murder. What better way to deflect focus of a murder than to say, “No.. It was only a suicide.” The myth of suicide was fully explored in the first book of the Killing Vincent Trilogy, KILLING VINCENT: THE MAN, THE MYTH, AND THE MURDER. All aspects of this cold case homicide was pulled together in great detail, leaving no stone unturned, and then proved forensically that it was not possible for Vincent to shoot himself in the belly, of all places, to die a miserable death 30 hours later. The forensic study was published in a peer reviewed, prestigious forensic medical journal to worldwide acclaim, but not accepted by the art academic elites, yet they do not challenge our published forensics directly with an alternative forensic, peer reviewed study to support suicide! We have put forth an open challenge to them to prove to the world with facts, forensically established, that VVG did, in fact, commit suicide. Not conjecture! They must now prove to the world that VVG committed suicide! The challenge has been put out there in the academic press. Follow that on the website. It will be very interesting!

You should also be asking, if VVG was murdered... WHY? And who did it? Those answers are fully detailed in the second book in the trilogy;

**LOVE AND MURDER: THE FINAL DAYS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH**

**ZD:**

If your claim would be “accepted as proven,” all world books of history of art should be rewritten! Do you believe that it is possible to happen in a short period of time?

**Dr. IA:**

It can only happen when the art historians accept the murder theory and can give up the suicide myth. The problem is that the curators at the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam warned the two Pulitzer prize winning biographers of VAN GOGH: THE LIFE, not to publish the murder theory as it would be a “blasphemy” against the legendary life of Vincent. Despite this warning, they published it anyway. The art history community still refuses to accept the murder evidence, despite the irrefutable forensic evidence supporting that suicide was not likely! Recently, a noted van Gogh academician published ten reasons that the murder theory was only a “myth.” This position is being challenged in the academic press. The myth of suicide will quickly evaporate under intense scrutiny! Then the rewrites will happen rapidly!

**ZD:**

I see all of your three books, a pretty massive trilogy! It seems that your publisher seriously supports your project, or, is it just one more conspiracy story as a good magnet for attracting new readers?

**Dr. IA:**

The truth is easy to support. It is the distorted reality for obtuse agendas like “blasphemy,” museum tickets, professional recognition and ego’s, as well as book sales. Therein lies your conspiracy...to maintain the academic status quo! Do NOT rock the boat! The readers will be attracted by finding the truth about VVG’s death/murder and why he was murdered. Truth always wins out eventually!

Note; The finale to the KV trilogy is not yet published but on [www.KillingVincent.com](http://www.KillingVincent.com) one can pre-order the third book and learn about what is forthcoming. I believe book #3 will be the red-carpet book to a movie!

BTW the website is now undergoing a major face lift, in a user-friendly direction and a huge amount of more information. Keep checking it out as it will take time to fully maximize its usefulness.

**ZD:**

On your bestseller’s journey, there is also a TV serial and Film on the way.

**Dr. IA:**

A pilot movie script (FINALLY LOVE...THE MURDER) and a show bible for an 8 episode miniseries is now on the market again for pre-production. It was stopped financially with Covid, but now back on track. Watch the website for updates. This mini-series is different from the movie mentioned above. Watch for updates.

**ZD:**

No doubt, that synopsis for a film is very interesting and should lead to success. Do you think that it could help to move for changes in old bureaucratic institutions responsible for official “truth”?

**Dr. IA:**

Slowly the truth will build and changes will follow...slowly.

**ZD:**

Your message to all literature lovers and our readers?

**Dr. IA:**

All of this new and exciting insights into Vincent's life, his last 70 days, his art, what was the trigger cartalyst that got him honor killed, what happened to his lover and all of his extant art immediately after he was buried forms the basis for the third book. Check it all out!

Thank You for your cooperation!

**Zlatan Demirović**  
**Editor**





GREG.

