
RAVEN CAGE
Poetry and Prose Ezine
105
Celestial

Credits



RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 105

POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Contact per email: ravencagezine@gmail.com

Submissions guidelines:

Send 1 to 6 poems of any length in any genre. Erotic poetry is welcome but if found too graphic, sexist, or vulgar we will decline.

No blatant racism or sexism.

Send 1 to 2 short stories at maximum 15,000 words.or flash fiction at maximum 5000 words.

Book reviews and other articles may be considered. Maximum 7,500 words

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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Editorial

Submission Guidelines

1: Always include the complete name in First name Last name order. Son of or Daughter of may be included in biographies but the name must be included in First name Last name separately. Any submissions that do not follow this guideline will be declined.

2: Poems that I find to be racist, fascist, sexist or overly graphic in violence or sexual or include sexual violence will be declined. Erotic is otherwise fine.

3: Raven Cage is a poetry and prose magazine. Articles that are not poetry based, Book reviews, poetry reviews, literature based, Author interviews will not be accepted.

4: Submissions must be sent by the 25th of the month to be considered for the current issue. Any submissions thereafter will be considered for the next issue. I will decide after finishing the current issue.

5: Do not send multiple emails asking if you submissions have been included or when they will be published. I will send the link to the PDF when it is finished and uploaded. Emails like this will no longer be tolerated or answered. They will be deleted unanswered.

6: When possible please try to send the biography, author photo and the submissions in one email per author.

7: Submissions placed in the subject line will be deleted unanswered. The only things in the subject line should be:
Author Name
Submission Title
Submissions for Raven Cage

Things that don't belong there:
Poems (meaning no entire poems)
Biographies (meaning no entire biographies)
Stories. (meaning no entire stories)

The reason is that any spacing, line length or any other format is lost and often incomplete.

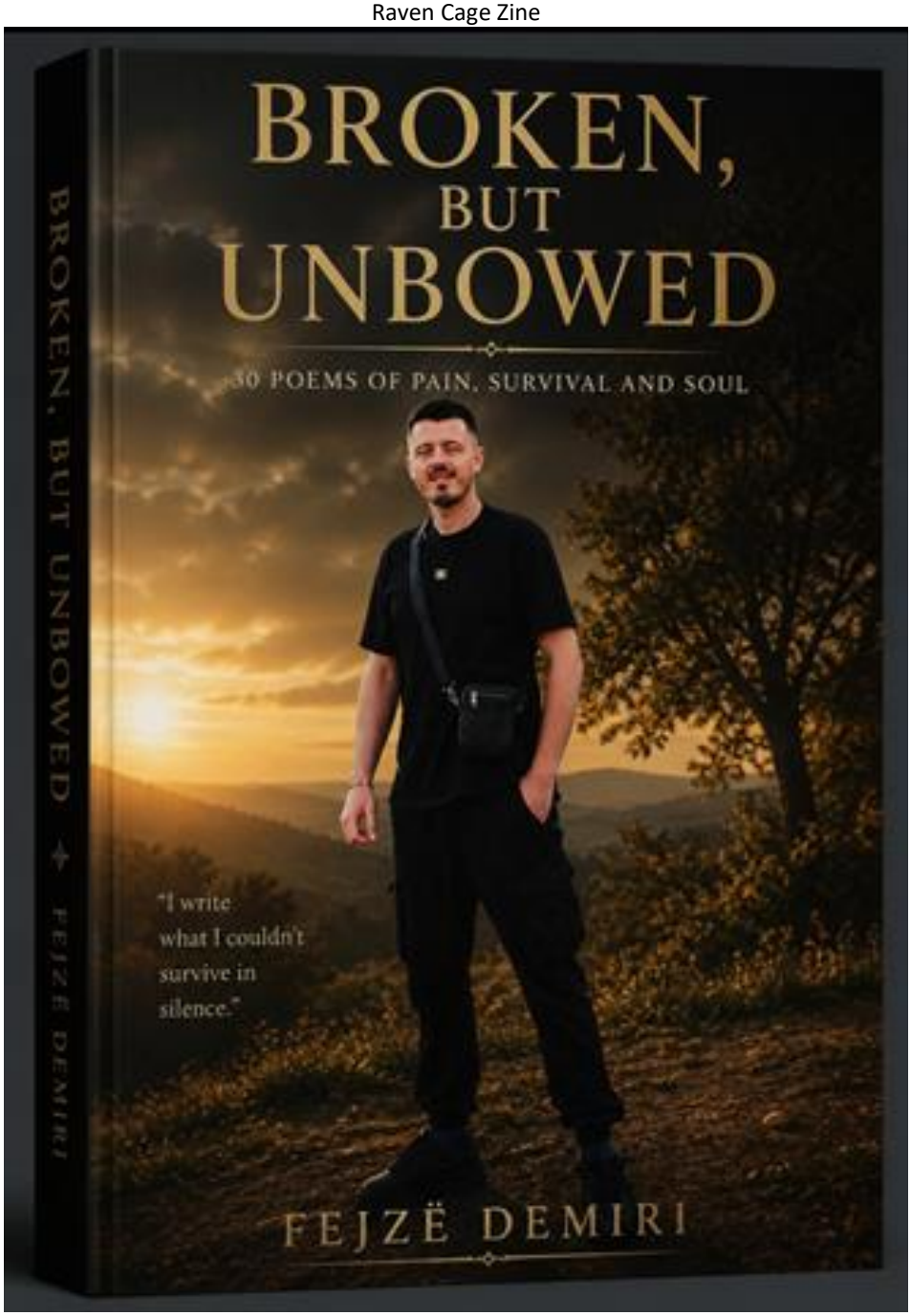
8: Short Stories maximum 15,000 words, Flash fiction maximum 1500 words, poems of any genre and any theme are always welcome. By short stories we mean Science Fiction, fantasy, Romance, Mystery, Horror, Pulp fiction, True stories are also welcome when they are aimed to entertain. Any stories that aim to inform such as educational papers, papers about homelands and so on will be considered an article and not accepted.

*Story: a description, either true or imagined, of a connected series of events. Intended to entertain.
*Short Story: an invented or true story that is no more than about 15,000 words in length.
*Article: a piece of writing on a particular subject in a newspaper or magazine, or on the internet: Raven Cage only accepts poetry or literature based articles. Intended to inform.
*Literature: written artistic works, especially those with a high and lasting artistic value. Not articles or essays.
*Essay: a short piece of writing on a particular subject, especially one done by students as part of the work for a course.

9: Submissions must be either in text in the body of the email or as document (preferred docx). When sending as document please, be assured it is not being sent as a link that needs to be allowed to open. This only delays and complicates the process. Please don't send as graphic formats. This is due to the binding into the table of contents.

Promotion


Nina Lys Affane
Un souffle, une larme
un sourire
Poésie
أندلسيات
للنشر والتوزيع


BROKEN, BUT UNBOWED
30 POEMS OF PAIN, SURVIVAL AND SOUL
"I write what I couldn't survive in silence."
FEJZË DEMIRI
BROKEN, BUT UNBOWED ✦ FEJZË DEMIRI

Shahin Reza

Lighthouse

One of the daily chores was to wipe the hurricane lantern's glass, trim the wick, fill it with oil, and keep it ready for the approaching dusk.

I could never reconcile this messy task with her innate purity.

I absolutely detested the smell of kerosene. One day, when I told her this, she simply smiled. She said, "Son, someone has to light the lamp; someone must take up the task of chasing away the darkness."

My mother, in her quiet solitude, took up that very task of lighting the lamp—perhaps all mothers do. Today, Mother is gone; the electricity has replaced the hurricane lantern. The lights turn on, cascading in torrents across the rooms, the veranda, and the courtyard. Only a few fireflies in the distant bushes stare with tearful eyes toward the deeper darkness further away. In their flickering, sleepy glow, how magical her eternal resting place seems. On star-studded nights, mothers perhaps become those dim hurricane lanterns, staying awake at every bedside—like an indispensable lighthouse.

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Translated by : Ri Hossain



Shaheen Reza (b. May 29, 1962, Pirojpur) is a highly sensitive, contemplative, and profoundly dedicated voice in contemporary Bengali poetry. Born in the village of Pukhria in the Pirojpur district of Bangladesh, his ancestral roots lie in Shirsha village under Kawkhali upazila. Reza's literary journey began in his early childhood; his first rhyme was published in 1972 when he was a sixth-grade student, followed by his first poem in 1975 during his ninth grade. Driven by a deep sense of literary responsibility and a humanist worldview, his poetic universe seamlessly blends personal experience with the intimate nuances of human existence.

Over a prolific literary career, Reza's rich creative legacy has been beautifully reflected in more than 50 published books and poetry collections, including acclaimed titles such as "Batashe Nodir Ghran" (The Scent of the River in the Wind), "Ashotorko Jyotsnay" (In the Careless Moonlight), "Narikabbo" (The Poetics of Womanhood), "Pakhi Chole Gele Kobi Boro Eka" (The Poet is So Alone When the Bird Leaves), "Chorachore Tibro Nirjonota" (Intense Solitude Across the Universe), "Jatishmor Jishu" (The Reincarnated Jesus), and "Selected 50 Poems". As the editor of celebrated literary magazines 'Ghash Ful Pakhi' and 'Rodbrishti', Reza possesses a rare lyrical gift to transform raw, fluid realities of life into timeless, cosmic metaphors that carry a subtle, lingering aroma of nostalgia.

Viewing poetry as his ultimate life-long devotion and 'sacred vow', Reza elegantly compares his poetic world to an incomplete monument where he continuously lays bricks day by day. Also known as a vocal artist, his exploration of existential loneliness, feminine interiority, and psychological conflicts has earned him wide recognition. For his immense contributions to literature, Shaheen Reza has been honored with numerous prestigious awards, including the Surjakobi Award (1992), Hridoy Literature Award (1999), Monajat Uddin Memorial Award (1999), Mrittika Award (2002), Kirtankhola Award (2003), Dhanbhesh Gold Medal (2005), Dhaka Post Gold Medal (2006), Bonde Ali Miah Memorial Award (2007), and the Sukanta Gold Medal (2008). He remains an active, illuminating, and vital force in modern Bengali literature.

Yeon Myung-ji

Serene Hair

Before she passed,
Mother left me
A inheritance of breathing hair.
Whenever the wind brushed through,
The strands panted, gasping for air.
Perhaps, if not for the tangled branches,
The birds would have had no home.
Since the magpie took flight from my head,
The crown of my scalp has always been serene,
Yet my hair remains forever willful, and forever wavering.
From a disheveled nest,
A well-groomed bird took wing,
And Mother, whose address has vanished,
Keeps being discovered by me, over and over.
I want to possess a fluttering that glitters red.
I want to have bare skin where sun and shade take turns to rest.
Red hair is cheerful.
When I lift the serene tresses, Mother's fine-toothed comb rattles.
A rainbow is never serene;
It is a thing of mixing, a thing of entangling.
The streaks of rain are as orderly as Mother's silver hair.
Hair that used to tangle in Mother's comb—
Leaving behind that awkward habit of knotting,
My flat-back head was beautifully idle.
They say the shade where acacia sunlight spills
Is Mother's new address.
I left her fine-toothed comb there,
The one that smells of Coty powder.

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The Lamp on the Rotem Tree

In the beginning, there was a person.
The very first one
felt the cool shade beneath the apple tree.

But the sun went down, and night passed,
and a foul mouth was born.
Every eye, once resting peacefully beneath the apple tree,
startled—whispers burst like seeds.
And every ear echoed with strange sounds.

That was the turning point.
We must remember
the white broom tree.

A tree that can hardly cast a shadow,
offering nothing to those who seek it.
Its fruit, laced with poison—
a useless, lonely white broom.

A desolate square, where lips kissed anxiety,
dust swirling in the wind as the crowd gathered.
Before the cold face of reality,
they beat their tin drums,
spilling out their rage,
shoving neighbors' backs,
breaking peace with their own hands.

In this square of hatred,
we must remember the venom in our mouth
and sing a song of harmony.

We were, yes, we were friends for a long time.
And now, precariously,
a single lamp hangs on the white broom.

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Khulkaroy Ozodova

Memories...



The moon ascends as the dark night takes hold,
Drawing my thoughts into the embrace of the past.
Like the quiet moon that once illuminated my nights,
An old memory gently pierces my heart.

Messages used to flow from dusk until dawn,
Each one a tender confession of love.
Yet, those dreams remain unfulfilled
A sweet illusion that slipped away.

In truth, it was no dream, but a bitter tale,
Or so a young, fragile heart preferred to call it.
Masking the painful past as a sweet dream, It quietly remembers, and aches once more.

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Tuliyeva Sarvinoz

Untitled

***

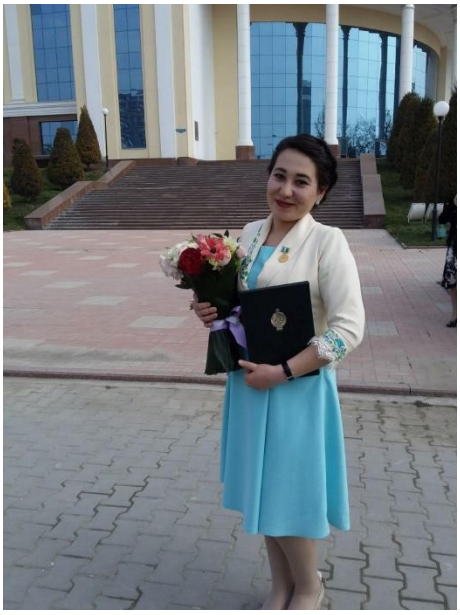
You are my eyes in love
I saw my love in your eyes.
Do not drown in my tears
I will reach out to you

My smiling faces
It was like a desert without water.
Every minute without you
It looked like distant Venus.

My heart is broken, my heart is sick
I look for you in myself, wow!
Give me your identity
My heart is beating, I hear it!

***

Comfort the beloved heart,
Deceive that you will come.
I'll just stick to it
We will also go to the tulip field.



The heavens know that I miss you,
Rain falls from his forehead.
Patience tested on my shoulder
A vein is shooting deep..

My heart goes out to you,
Get over the longings.
Maybe today, maybe tomorrow
Break the barriers.

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Uzbekistan.
Born on November 8, 1999.
Graduated from Alisher Navoi Tashkent State University of Uzbek Language and Literature (2023).
The winner of the state award named after Zulfia (2019).
Participant of the Zomin workshop of young artists (2019)

She is the author of the poetry books "Song of Peace", "I am a Girl of Truth", "Morning Poem". Author of the creative collection "Nurli Izlar".
About 100 creative works have been published in republican and foreign newspapers and magazines.
His creative works and articles have been published in Russia, Turkey, Germany, USA, Kenya, Great Britain.

Blerina Pellumbi

A Tear on the Glacier....



A single tear remained with me,
a heavy weight of years,
torn from green paths of dreams,
from fairy tales told in the evenings,
when Grandmother kissed my hair.

In the clouds of the sky,
white wings swayed,
forming rainbows of hope,
and the tear burned me like the lightning
of a shattered autumn.

Peace was adorned with sighs of breath,
centuries that complained,
they weighed down upon the tear
and snatched away the melted time
into white hair of gray.

A tear weighed upon the pain
and spilled into oceans of glaciers,
where man, like a carved statue,
with a harsh smile,
with a mask upon his face,
tried to claw at the dream.

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Shahid Abbas

THE SILENCE THAT SPEAKS

A small grey heartbeat
soft, still, sacred
waiting where walls
whisper my name.

You do not follow time,
you follow me
through echoes of steps,
through the rhythm of return.

And when I arrive
you fall into me
like light learning dawn,
like a prayer becoming heard.

You wait
and I become home.

Who carved this knowing
into your quiet soul?
What unseen hand
taught you love without language?

Each morning
before the sun stirs,
before the sky remembers blue
you stand beside my sleep,
a silent sentinel of breath.

Unmoving unwavering
until my eyes awaken
into your world.

You wait
and I become home.

O gentle miracle,
you turn dust into devotion,
seconds into sanctuaries
ordinary into holy.

Perhaps you are not sent
perhaps you are mercy itself,
a living metaphor
wrapped in warmth and wonder.

You never ask,
never ache for more,
never measure love
in the language of need.

Even when I was breaking
when pain had no pulse,
no poetry
you pressed your presence to mine,
and silence began to sing.

You wait
and I become home.

Tell me
what shall I call you?
When names collapse,
and meanings fall short

when “animal” is too small,
and “love” is too light
to hold your weight.

Now you tremble
and I learn your waiting,
step by restless step,
breath by borrowed breath.

I sit beside your silence,
sewing hope into stillness,
listening
learning
your language of being.

And then
a movement
a murmur
a miracle

and the universe
unfolds inside my chest.

You wait
and I become home.

This is no fleeting feeling,
no fragile thread of time
this is something deeper,
something death cannot divide.

One day
we will dissolve
into dust and distance

but this
this love

will linger
like light in forgotten rooms,
like echoes that refuse endings,

like silence
that still
speaks.

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Shahid Abbas is a postmodern Pakistani English poet, writer, and educator from Kirpala (421 G.B), Tandlianwala, Faisalabad, Pakistan. He is the author of Words from Nature and co-author of We Speak in Syllables and Verses of Meraki. His poetry has been featured in numerous international anthologies, literary journals, and digital platforms across the world.
Known for his lyrical subtlety and reflective depth, his work delicately explores nature, human emotion, and contemporary consciousness through a voice marked by simplicity, sensitivity, and quiet insight. His poems have been translated into thirteen languages, reaching readers across diverse literary and cultural landscapes.

Rituparna Sharma

At Some Moment

At some moment,
what lies ahead—
who knows?

In some work,
in some sudden stir,
in some passing time that slips away like dust—
I remain there.

But when I try to write the answer,
your image appears;
in the lines of the earth,
in the patterns of the day—
does it not reveal itself?

Sometimes, holding within my hands
a weary, silent heart,
days and nights pass,
touched by a cool stillness.

At some moment,
amidst all this,
my breath becomes restless.
In some unspoken pain,
it opens like a wound.

Yet there is time still
to awaken from sleep,
to illuminate realization
with conscious awareness.

I do not know—
in the stillness of peace
which path is yours.

At some moment,
opening the door of truth,
face to face with life,
time itself remains within time.

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I Saw a Dream

Last night, I saw a dream—
a dream of poetry.
There, it sat upon the throne of waiting,
and the winds kept flowing endlessly.
The land was wrapped in night.

The language of my poetry
had not yet found its expression,
yet its words and forms
were slowly taking shape.
Within it, there remained
a silent, patient waiting.

I saw—like a bird of the sky
descending softly,
it spread its wings.
Around me, circling again and again,
it returned to that same throne of waiting.

The tender leaves of new growth
did not yet fully unfold.
The quiet rhythm of the night
flowed like a distant river,
like an unseen current of life.

Yet still, it remained there—
that silent presence.
What do I have to lose?
On the path of air and dust,
gently blending with the earth,
its melody continues to be written.

Time itself seems to pause—
like an open window of the heart.

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Mohammad Kutubuddin

At the touch of my touch

May your every disagreement
become the same as my disagreement.

May your every difference of thought
come and merge
in my common slogan.

May your every disunity
come and merge
in my beacon of unity.

May your every fire of jealousy
burn to ashes
in my non-violent mind.

May your every slander
disappear
in my sigh of satisfaction.

May your every lie
sink
in my true message.

May your fiery eyes
water
in my silent pain.

May the sound of happiness
ring in your mind
in my silent burning.

May your greedy desires
blend
in my greedless heart.

May your wall of hatred
collapse
in the calm waters of my love.

May your every look of contempt
meet
with the feeling of my realising.

May your every reproach
be lost forever
in the procession of my forgetting.

May every blow you give
create in your mind
a branch of regret -
following the path of my merging
wound marks.

May every scratch of your negligence
melt
with the touch of my values.

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01-06-2026
02:55 AM

Hidden Treasure

I have a hidden treasure whose discovery
I will not tell you

You throw away every day with a veil of contempt
Whose memory is forgotten, your impure senses work endlessly
The firewood of combustion hits its sacred red pind
Create the lava of anger
Exhale its ashes on the ground

However; This decorated form of the great age
The robes of the busy city, the waters of the pleasure boat
The mourning booth of the emigrant riding on the wings of a hawk
How many familiar voices of so many unknown paths
In search of whose holes - the huge body decays peacefully and takes its seat
If it takes its place in this enchanting address of dreamy thoughts

I have a secret treasure that
I will not tell you

Even after repeated blows, it returns in the form of a full moon
Breaking through the dark night, it brings the light of day
Perhaps it is the garbage left over in the story of neglect
The end of boredom and beatings in the original address of the root of the sign.

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02-05-2026



Zakir Abu Jafar

Insightful

Say everything with a smile and joy,
Not with arrogance or harsh words,
Say everything with sweetness and joy.
Let the flow of words be like a shady vine,
like a bewitching vine! Let it be filled with the compassion of love.

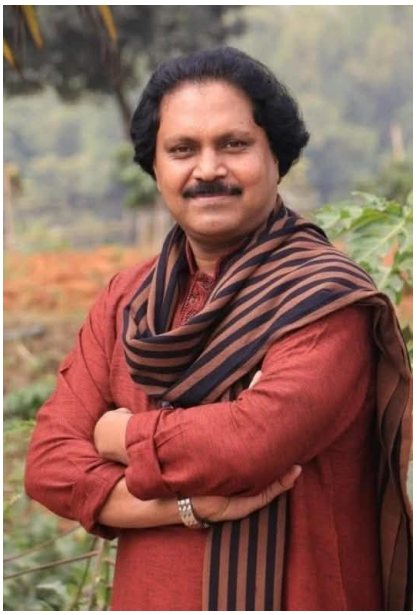
Listen to how the rains speak! What a rhythm,
A pure stream, what a soul-lifting inspiration it pours,
Even if it falls on the back of a tin roof or on the window sill, it seems to fall inside the heart! See how the birds pour the fragrance of the heart in their sweet voices!

Haven't you heard the sound of joy from the face of the moon!
The language of protest from the intensity of the storm!
The sound of courage from the heat of the raging waves
Or the exalted speech of the king from politics!

When night speaks to night, star to star, dew to dew, and when silence speaks to silence, what a captivating, penetrating, abundant story of life with life
Just as shadow speaks to shadow,
sun to sun, river to river, ocean to ocean
Then think of the sweet fire of language
What a flowing stream of language!

Why don't I listen to your heart like this! ?

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Rhiannon Owens

... To The Moon

Fly Me to the Moon
watch me light up
the sky,
a shining shooting star
twinkling with joy
as we play and ride
amongst comets and meteors,
frolicking way up high.

Fly Me to the Moon
brighten up this darkest night,
do it quickly, do it soon
because the morning is in sight.

Watch the moonbeams
dance
across my smiling face,
with a sparkle in my eyes
of any lingering sadness, there's no trace.

Watch me shine
flaming, burning
with all my little soul
no more yearning,
no more longing
because I'm finally whole.

Fly Me to the Moon
where you are near
and not far,
the daylight is dimming my brilliance
can you catch a falling star?

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The Stars Fell From The Sky 🌟🌟

Last night I was out walking
Leaves crunching beneath my bare, chilled feet,
and suddenly the world seemed to be glowing
A full blanched moon swam in and out of focus
As the rain began,
and yet, no water saturated my chemise
So I raised my sensitive eyes
To see an infinity of light raining down,
All the stars were falling from the sky...✨✨✨

I didn't have time to question why
I was drenched through with light
Sparking and sparkling, feeling divine,
and those crisp leaves beneath my feet
Became pulsing glimmers of hope,
I smiled and laughed, dancing dancing
but then abruptly I stopped
Looking up at a blank black canvas,
The lights went out, the moon disappeared
Consumed by eternal dark...

Where is the hope, where will I find you
Now all the stars have fallen from the sky?✨✨✨

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Fatamira(Karin J. Hobson)

WEIGHTED ANVIL

Let darkness wield a mighty sword,
Slicing the Moon in half discard;
Let violin string snap from overuse,
And, O, the bow weep profuse
in utter despair;
For, what shall glue and reunite a
fractured heart now torn in two
From Soulmate's faded youth?
~
Of worth it had been pledged
To stand wading eon's breadth;
Borderline madness shall take aim
as earthbound gravity shall maim
~
Dare chain be given a further tug,
Or, simply to rattle an unrest mess;
Weighted anvil with loving handle
shall forever take precedence.

by Fatamira
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Universal Peace & Love

Shah Jehan Ashrafi

THE EGO TRIP

The ego trip
A hell-bent show.

A lavish spectacle,
a reckless display.
A luxurious hotel,

with a five-star sway.
A self-woven shroud,
Displayed with pride.
A swelling ego
Is hard to hide.

A shopping complex,
A spilled bill.
The world starves,
Take a chill pill.

Designer outfits,
Gaudy jewelry.
Slum dogs envy,
The opulent's spending spree.

The limousine's tires
Burst on glassy shards.
Silent tombs
Speak in graveyards:
All that comes from dust
Shall return to dust!'

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Shah Jehan Begum Ashrafi was born in U.P., India, and grew up in Mauritius. She studied English and French literature at the University of Mauritius. After completing her postgraduate degree in education at the Mauritius Institute of Education, she taught English, French, and literature in various secondary schools. She wrote several plays for the National Drama Festival in Mauritius. Her first published work is a study guide to Arthur Miller's play 'All My Sons'. Writing poetry is her passion, and she is also working on a novel and some short stories. She was on the editing panel of Rajeshwari Chauhan's novel 'Daniel's Diary'. Now the author lives in Canada and wishes to take up other jobs and widen her experience and knowledge. Shah Jehan Ashrafi completed her Master's degree in English Literature and Creative Writing from the University of Montreal.

Priyanka Jalan

“The Rose That Refused to Apologize for Its Thorns”

I am a rose,
born in the quiet soil of light and shadow,
wearing my fragrance like an unseen promise
the world cannot easily ignore.

They come for my scent—
a soft poem drifting through the air,
but they turn away the moment
their touch meets my truth: thorns.

No one bows to the storm within beauty,
only to the beauty that hides the storm.

Yet I remain—
not begging to be accepted whole,
but reminding the world:

love that only seeks sweetness
must one day learn
to respect what protects it.

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Twin Flame Journey: Between Light and Shadow

In silent skies where twin souls bend,
time breaks apart, yet does not end;
a hidden flame in darkness grows—
half is sorrow, half still glows.

You are the “yes” I never spoke,
a distant dream the silence broke;
yet also pain that lingers near,
a love that stays through every tear.

We meet in fire, we part in rain,
a sacred dance of joy and pain;
your name—my calm, my restless storm,
a heart that breaks yet stays reborn.

Still I rise from fractured night,
drawn to your fading, endless light;
bittersweet, this cosmic design—
you are in me, yet not all mine.

Through chaos, truth begins to show:
even broken stars still glow;
they teach the sky to burn, to stay—
and find each other on the way.



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Xhuli Spahiu

The Diaspora

In the suitcase of exile,
not everything ever fits.
Something is always left behind:
the smell of mother's bread,
the sound of father's voice at dawn,
the street of the neighborhood
that knew your footsteps even in the dark.

Airports have become
stations of modern sorrow
people holding each other tightly
as if they could stop time
with their hands.

And then, the leaving.
That silent moment
when your homeland remains behind the glass
like a trembling photograph.

In a foreign land,
the days taste different.
You work a lot,
speak a little,
and at night
longing sits beside you
like a friend who never grows tired.

There are nights
when an old melody
breaks your heart more deeply
than loneliness itself.
When the name of your homeland
sounds like a prayer.

And people say:
"you get used to it."
But no one ever truly gets used
to the absence of home.

Because exile
is not only distance.
It is living between two worlds:
the one you left behind,
and the other
where you still do not fully belong.

Yet still,
we keep walking.
With our homeland in our hearts
and exhaustion in our eyes,
building dreams far away
only so that one day
we may finally have a reason
to return.

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Kosovo 🇽🇰

My Children, My Homeland

Somewhere in Europe
in France, Switzerland, and Germany
live pieces of my heart,
like lights shining in the distance,
yet warming the same soul.

I have come from far away,
not to count the miles,
but to gather the embraces
that longing has kept for years.

My children wait for me
with a love that never changes,
and I find myself
in their sincere smiles.

My grandchildren,
these new flowers of life,
fill my days with joy
and my eyes with light.

I listen as they speak
the languages of the countries
where they have grown up,
yet their hearts still know
the language of family love.

What a great blessing it is
to be together again!
To hold the hands of my children,
to feel their closeness,
to see the generation that continues on
like a river
that never runs dry.

Today, Europe seems smaller to me,
because love brings every distance closer.
And I realize that my true homeland
has no borders and no maps.

My homeland is my children,
my grandchildren,
and the love that unites us
wherever we live.

The heart does not live in a place,
but where the hearts
of our loved ones beat.

And my homeland is
my children.

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Kosovo

The Longing of Exile

On the doorstep, a light remains in silence,
waiting for footsteps that have not returned for years.
The children are far away, scattered across the world,
like stars dispersed in a foreign sky.

A mother counts the seasons in longing,
a father hides his tears behind a smile.
Yet the heart knows neither borders nor distance;
each night, it travels to where they are.

And the homeland, silent as a prayer,
holds their names close to its breast,
waiting for the day of their return,
as the earth awaits the rain after a long summer.

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Kosovo



Xhuli Spahiu is an Albanian poet from Kosovo, whose voice is distinguished by sensitivity, deep reflection, and a refined poetic language. Her poetry explores themes such as identity, love, inner experience, and the relationship between human beings, time, and memory. With a restrained style and carefully selected imagery, she conveys sincere emotions and universal experiences. Through her work, she carries both a national and international mission, promoting love for humanity, spiritual peace, and human values. Her work has been published in various literary magazines and cultural platforms.

Danijela Ćuk

KNOW THAT I AM HERE

When dawn breaks with your hardest morning,
when every soul has turned away,
and pain wraps tightly around your heart,
remember,you are not alone today.

When they forget you,
turn their backs and wound you without shame,
never waste your tears on those
unworthy of your spirit and your name.

For you are a lioness,
graceful, fierce, and strong;
you are a lady of rare worth,
and you have been all along.

If ever you long for someone to listen,
even in silence, wordlessly near,
reach out to me, do not hesitate,
I'll offer a smile that softens fear.

If sorrow is slowly consuming your soul,
share its burden and let it be known;
I am not one of those passing shadows
whose only talent is leaving you alone.

I am here to bring you peace,
if only through a gentle gaze,
to remind you of the strength within
that lights your darkest days.

Let people talk if they choose to,
anyone can be brave with their tongue;
but to be you, to walk your road,
has never been easy for anyone.

So when they look at you with eyes
unworthy of meeting your own,
simply turn your head away
and leave their bitterness unknown.

Swim bravely through life's endless sea,
through every storm and every bend,
and never forget...
you can always call on a friend.

Perhaps I cannot mend it all,

nor solve each trouble that you face,
but I can help to ease the weight,
and bring a little comfort to its place.

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Croatia

Fali Ndreka

Spring of Love

Spring has come,
Yesterday I saw the first bud.
I heard the bird's chirp
on a tree,
which for love,
had become the first messenger.



Now we are in the season of spring,
and everything is green around me.
But spring was with me
before,
just as it was inside you.

The scent of flowers that spreads everywhere,
Flies lightly over the ridges of fantasy,
While I collect verses
and weave them into wreaths,
as a gift,
for the best season of love.

My love surrounded by the scent of jasmine,
My love crosses the rainbow,
My love climbs up to the sky,
There it dances with the stars, and their rhythm,
And receives warmth, strength and light from the rays of the sun.

We are both together in the whiteness of life,
We have both climbed the blue heights.
We both climb the golden stairs of love,
where life takes on meaning and strength between our sure steps.

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Italy

Syed Rono

Sick City

The city has leaned a bit by the age
Sigh of tired road suffocates south breeze
Absent here is the heart beat…
The dim rays of Sodium light
Curbs beauty and glamor every night.

This city is barren- because you did not step in
Like African jungle the scorching sun has burnt
Respiration of lined up trees don't quench the heart.

We talked under a silvery moonlit shower
Deeping the face in the chest of flowing river
Whispering in the ears of flying birds.
We had talked… in the Facebook inbox.
In the balcony of this city, you must reappear.

You failed to keep your words
Blind craze nurtured in heart also failed
For you did not come- faces are turned
By the joyous afternoon flying in town
Hundreds and thousands of sprouts
that sprung up in the fertile soil
The sweet smiles of the buildings.

In the day-nap, I knit dreams
Still, my heart reinforce with hopes-
Wrapped in the sheet of classic faith
And, putting a red dot on the forehead,
Floating on the turbulent waves of
the decaying heart…
You must come back.

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English Translation by: Ashraf Mirza



Biography of Dr. Syed Rono : (born January 1, 1978) is a well-known Bangladeshi poet, researcher, organizer, and editor. He was born into a teacher's family in Hijulia village under Ghior upazila of Manikganj district.

Education & Research:
He holds an M.A. in Bengali, an LL.B. in Law, and an M.Ed. from the University of Dhaka. Driven by his religious devotion, he also completed his Alim degree in Arabic studies. In 2013, he was awarded a Ph.D. for his research in folklore and folk culture.

Literature & Culture:
His literary journey began in the sixth grade when his first poem was published in a local weekly, *Alor Bani*. Since then, he has written extensively across various genres, including poetry, rhymes, essays, and short stories. In the 1990s, he also earned reputation as a stage playwright and actor. He is the founder chairman of the literary organization *Onyodhara Sahitya Sansad*.

Journalism & Career:
Dr. Rono has a distinguished career in journalism spanning over 26 years. He serves as the editor and publisher of *Dainik Onyodhara* (formerly a weekly) and is currently the editor and publisher of the national daily newspaper, *Alokit Pratidin*.

Doğan Kan

LAMENT FOR MOTHER

You have passed into the eternal realm, my mother
I can no longer reach the places you have gone
My heart burns with grief without you, my mother
I can no longer embrace your gentle hands
You raised me with your warm love
Where are your compassionate arms?
You left memories in the places you visited
My days are dark, I can't see anymore
A mother is the life force of her child
Your absence is the greatest pain in my heart
My crown lies in the earth
I can't stay here without you anymore
Even if I told you my pain, my cries wouldn't be enough
The pain of my bleeding wound never ends
The ache in my burning heart never goes away
I can't give my love to anyone anymore
Your presence was strength, I rejoiced with you
I rushed to you with love while you lay sick
I overflowed with prayers and chanting
I can't ask about a mother's pain anymore
It's so hard to bear, the mountains have crumbled
The clouds have pierced, the sky weeps
Doğankan's tears flow like a flood
I can't build a world without a mother anymore

©Doğan Kan / January 12, 2022

WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE

Now you're leaving without saying goodbye
Looking into my eyes without saying anything
My affection for you, my love Before it ends
Goodbye my love, goodbye forever
My heart bleeds when you leave me
The longing of loneliness tears my heart apart
Those beautiful gardens where we walked hand in hand
Goodbye my love, goodbye forever
Even though you are far away, I miss you
My eyes search for your baby-like face
My words are full of reproach to you
Goodbye my love, goodbye forever
I wander through the places you walked
I reach your memory
Perhaps I am getting used to your absence
Goodbye my love, goodbye forever
My rosebud, the days don't pass without you
My heart is in mourning, my soul doesn't blossom
Doğankan doesn't put a time limit on this love
Goodbye my love, goodbye forever

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EVA Petropoulou Lianou

The Walls

Once upon a time there was a girl called Love. She was so kind and generous and very curious about the world outside of the Walls.

Love, was staying in a beautiful city but her parents was very affraid because she was so sensitive and small, so they keep her inside the

Walls.

Love, she has a beautiful room with so many toys and books and she had a teacher that she visited her 4 days per week to do their homework. It was very interested on the outside world and she often asked questions to the teacher:

_What exist behind the Walls?

The teacher never responded clearly. She was always say things with no sense.

The sky is blue. The trees are green. There are big houses and red flowers.

One night, Love was trying to sleep and then a strange insect come to her room.

Zzzzzzz

Zzzzzz

Are you a mosquito?

She asked the insect...

Noo , I am a libelule.I am the savage libelule but the wind make me lose my path.i lost my sisters.my sisters love me

They will come back for me.



Are you coming outside of the Walls??

Please tell me,what exist out there..

Love, asked the little insect.

Have you ever see the night without stars?

Noo, responded the little girl

Have you ever see a bird without wings??

Noo, responded the little girl

So, that is behind the Walls.

Sadness and fear.

No place to stay and play.

Because the Love walk away since several years ago!!

But i don't understand...

I am Love and i never walk away...

In fact i never had the chance to get out of those Walls!!!

She responded in a very serious way.

Then, if you are The Love.

I must educate you .

I have no time , my sisters will come soon for me. We are happy only when we're all together.

If you are The Love, You must be free.

You must overcome those Walls.

You must go deep and receive before you take. But you must always give freely.

Each time you give love, a libelule is born.

We need so many libelules to keep this world, in harmony, full of light and full of hope.

If you are the Love, no Matter what,you will stay in the heart of Humans and animals. You Will try every day and night.

Because only Love can bring happiness to faces of human, only love can bring back the light to the stars...only Love can bring the wings to the birds.

If you are the Love, only You , You can destroy those Walls!!!!!

The Love is a huge energy, full of light and compassion.

Nobody can stop her, if she make wishes.

If you're the true Love, this world will be in peace, happy,and healthy again.

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14.2.22

Rasulova Rukhshona

Father- mother

Parents are precious
Parents are kind
Parents are passionate
Father and mother are on fire

They are for their child
They can do whatever they want
For the sake of the child
They give their knowledge

One gave white milk
One brought up
The two are one great breed
One is a gardener, one is a garden.

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Rasulova Rukhshona Vahobjon's daughter was born on October 16, 2008 in Rishton district of Fergana region. In 2015, she started studying in the 1st grade of school 34 in this district. Currently, she is a 10th grade student at this school. Rukhshona Rasulova is interested in participating in various competitions, writing poems and stories, and reading many books.
He regularly participates in school and district competitions and takes pride of place.
Also participated in many online contests and
There are international certificates.
Member of various creative teams. Winner of the 2024 Science Horizon project
The owner of the badge "Follower of the Great Fighters".
The intellectual game "Zakovat" won the 2nd place in the district stage
A young artist has unlimited goals in his heart. His biggest dream is to become a "young reader".
Rukhshona Rasulova's poems were published in one of the most prestigious magazines of Great Britain "Raven Cage" and "Kenya Time" in Thailand. And participated in various anthologies covering artists across the Republic. His creative works are included in the collections "Travel to the land of happiness", "Young talents", "Youth of Uzbekistan", "Heart lines", "Stars of the sky", "Ijod va me". He also published a number of creative works in the international anthology "Buyuk jadidchilar izdoshi" almanac-anthology, which was held across the Republic. Currently, he is the head of the "Young creatives" circle in Ruhshona 34 general secondary school. At the same time, his creative works were also published in the newspaper "Tong ystziri" published throughout the Republic. And Shijoat is the regional coordinator of the free volunteering organization. We hope you will enjoy reading some of his works.

To'ychiyeva Charosxon Halimovna

Separation



In the market of your presence, I am but a beggar,
My eyes, longing, watch the paths you walk.
If I could tell you just one word,
I could not live in this transient world;
My longing for you is enough in this cry of mine.

If only you would come to my Narpay,
I would shelter you in my very soul.
Thinking of you, I have forgotten myself,
The turning of fate has turned my sighs and laments red.
My plea to you: come to my side.

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To'ychiyeva Charosxon Halimovna. Born on April 8, 2012. A 9th-grade student at School No. 66 of Narpay District. Chief Leader of the Uzbekistan Children's Organization in Narpay District. Participant in the regional stage of the "Young Reader" competition.

Donna McCabe

Griefs Outpourings

The tears they fall like raindrops
Out of nowhere the tears unfold
Grief like the tides roll in and out
As with them I try and roll
Still in a state of trying acceptance
Getting through another day
Life will never be the same again
Now you've gone away.

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My Own Best Friend

I have comforted myself in darkness
Pick myself up when I'm feeling down
Been the counsellor to my inner turmoil
A shroud of love when there's no one else around
I have kept myself going on the darkest of days
When no hope or light has shone
Picked up those shattered pieces
When everything else has gone wrong
I am my own best friend.

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Revelations

Blind to things around me for so long
Drowning in and on emotions
That weren't mine to bare
Poisoned by peers influences for so long
Lost in a dark world of doubt and insecurity
Not realising the key was with me all along
The power to break free
Release the shackles and ties
Open my eyes to the truth, see the lies
Learn inner love and peace
Set firmer boundaries
Finally free to be me...

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Donna McCabe is an established poet, reviewer and artist from South Wales, UK, with over twenty five years' experience. Her work has gained her multiple accolades within her field of literature. From being published in journals, magazines and anthologies both nationally and internationally. she is also a respected admin on many social media pages as well as having her own Instagram page and poetry page.

Instagram- @donnamccabe_

Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe

Prabir Kumar Rath

Thy poem, is my poem

As valueless, art my
Poems, as thou art
hath no value
Dear O' artful farmers.

Thou art harvest, peddy, as
Only to repay, boundless debt
Soulful poems, in grey manuscripts,
mine, art they as if outdated.

Hush! listen my wife doth, with
a great discussion, of farmer's
Wife, profuse dearth, there in house
Ours, God, lead us how to vie!

O' dear God, cant' you listen
Cries, thy children, disturbing
My nights, with endless hunger
Making my poems no means, please use thy power.



As, thou art confined me
In a deep, delve earth with dark!
My poems are crying for life,
O' dear almighty, show me the path.

Tip thy plough as love, the plain
Cries, hath there in my pen
So, Do I write your poems O'farmer
Let us share our trouble, no shame.

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Mr. Prabir kumar Rath is a multilingual indian poet,writer,Novelist, Playwright has been writing english poems since 1986.He is the pioneer English poet who has invented the art of winning english poems using numerics in line instead of words. He lives in Jhargram District (West Bengal). He has retired from his job of Tata Motors Mumbai location in 2022.Now he is engaged in teaching profession.

Dr. Natalie Bisso

WRITE AS YOU BREATHE

Write as you breathe! Like a hurricane,
Pursue your turn, your chosen route,
While a thought abruptly freezes
Upon your threshold, unforeseen.

You will not find your anchor or
Old hopes in the vastness of the sky.
Before God, a mighty forest grows
From your aimless, futile strides.

And you left your beloved home
In that moment—bizarre and simple—
Bearing a wound that will not heal,
Driven by the urge for revenge.

You take revenge for a meager word,
For long nights devoid of sleep,
For lines of yours that, from this point on,
Hold no value evermore.

The vendetta ruling your mind
Is a strategist of mere illusion;
As if from a place of refuge,
You write of paths to escape.

Write as you breathe! And in an instant,
While choking on lines rich in sound,
You discover the flower of love
And breathe in the rhymes you desired.

*Vendetta – Blood feud

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Germany

SCHREIB, WIE DU ATMEST

Schreib, wie du atmest! Wie ´n Orkan
Geh deine Wende, deine Route,
Und ein Gedanke jäh erstarrt
An deiner Schwelle unvermutet.

Die alten Hoffnungen und Halt
Findest du nicht in Himmelsweite.
Vor Gott entsteht ein großer Wald
Aus deinem nutzlosen Geschreite.

Und du verließt dein liebes Heim
In dem Moment, skurril und einfach,
Mit einer Wunde, die nicht heilt,
Geführt von dem Gefühl der Rache.

Du rächst dich für ein karges Wort,
Für lange Nächte ohne Schlafen,
Für deine Zeilen, die ab sofort
Für immer keinen Wert mehr haben.

Vendetta, die in deinem Kopf
Regiert, ist ´n scheinbarer Stratege.
Wie aus einem Zufluchtsort
Schreibst du über Entkommenswege.

Schreib, wie du atmest! Und im Nu,
Erstickend in klangvollen Zeilen,
Die Liebesblume findest du
Und atmest in gewünschtem Reimen.

*Vendetta – Blutrache

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Deutschland

THE RING OF PHILOSOPHY

Each bears a face uniquely their own—
In poetry, art, or prose—
Wherein the ring of philosophy crowns
Mild summer nights and biting frosts.

And, bathed in a sacred light,
Capturing the world's sapphires,
Each paints a motif of their own,
Drawn by tenderness and thought.

Each rhymes themselves onto the page—
In verse, in music, and in prose—
Where beauty and Pegasus find acclaim,
Whatever the future may hold.

Philosophy calls out and captivates;
It gives us wings and stirs the soul,
Makes us strong and steadfast as granite,
And weaves magic into our destinies.

Your thought is no longer yours alone—
It shatters the glasses and the plates;
It surges like a wild, rushing current
Against all falsehood and error.

And he who grasps the meaning knows—
For all eternity—how minutes
Transform into the passing years;
How life moves on, and words take flight
Before fading into the past.

You play with words and with your fate,
Painting a picture of the whole union,
Remaining true to yourself and self-assured—
Invincible, free, and unbound!

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Germany

RING DER PHILOSOPHIE

Jeder hat sein eigenes Gesicht
In Gedichten, Kunst oder in Prosa,
Krönt in ihm der Ring der Philosophie
Milde Sommernacht und starke Fröste.

Und, umgeben mit sakralem Licht,
Die Saphire dieser Welt gefangen,
Malt jeder sein eigenes Motiv,
Reizen ihn die Zartheit, die Gedanken.

Jeder reimt sich selbst auf das Blatt
In Gedichten, in Musik und Prosa,
Schönheit und Pegasus werden flott
Anerkannt bei jeglicher Prognose.

Die Philosophie ruft und besticht,
Sie verleiht uns Flügel und regt auf,
Macht uns stark und fest, wie ein Granit
Und an unseren Schicksalen zaubert.

Dein Gedanke ist schon nicht mehr dein
–
Er zerbricht die Gläser und die Teller,
Wie ´ne wilde Strömung wird er sein
Gegenüber von Fälschung oder Fehler.

Und für ewig weiß, wer Sinn versteht,
Wie verwandelt in die Jahre werden
Die Minuten, und das Leben geht,
Und die Worte schießen und verjähren.

Du spielst mit dem Wort und mit dem
Los,
Malst damit das Bild vom ganzen Bunde,
Bleibst dabei dir treu und selbstbewusst,
Unbesiegbar, frei und ungebunden!

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WORDPLAY

How poetic is your verse,
Flowing from the pen's fine tip—
Like a game and yet a hope,
Where energy and counsel meet the eye—

Of a single word, a wish expressed!
We know this game so well.
Though viewpoints may differ—
It is a game that charms us all!

With pen in hand and music's sound,
I carry on this playful art;
To make hearts and souls sing out,
I find the perfect, fitting word!

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Germany

WORTSPIEL

Wie poetisch ist eure Strophe,
Die aus der Federspitze fließt,
Wie ein Spiel und gleichzeitig Hoffnung,
Man Energie und Ratschläge liest –

Eines Wortes, eines Glückwunsches!
Dieses Spiel kennen wir bereits.
Unterschiedlich sind die Standpunkte –
Ein Spiel, das jeden gerne reizt!

Mit der Feder und mit den Klängen
Fahre ich bei dem Spielen fort,
Damit Herzen und Seelen singen,
Finde ich ein zutreffendes Wort!

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THE RICHEST IN THE WORLD

The richest in the world is the wind.
Who shouted these lines to us?
Who threw something to the wind now?
And he's light! And his path is bright!
People throw words to the wind,
He barely manages to pick them up,
And whispering, somewhere, these phrases,
He has flown away again and his path is bright.
People - and throw money to the wind,
He carries this money around the world.
Gives it to someone... How generous is this wind,
He is light and his path is bright.
People throw love to the wind,
The wind will pick up those feelings again,
And carrying them with you around the world,
He will return them again, their path will be bright!

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САМЫЙ БОГАТЫЙ НА СВЕТЕ

Самый богатый на свете - ветер.
Кто прокричал нам строки эти?
Кто бросил что-то сейчас на ветер?
А он - налегке! И путь его светел!

Люди бросают на ветер слова,
Он успевает поднять их едва,
И прошептав, где-то, фразы эти,
Вновь упорхнул и путь его светел.

Люди и деньги бросают на ветер,
Он же несёт эти деньги по свету,
Дарит кому-то... Как щедр этот ветер,
Сам налегке и путь его светел.

Люди бросают на ветер любовь,
Ветер подхватит те чувства вновь,
И пронеся их с собой вокруг света,
Вновь возвратит им, их путь будет светел!

THE RAPTURE OF LOVE

The melody of spring songs from dawn!
And it seems different both day and hour,
How much joy, warmth and light,
The flowering of nature is bright, for show.

And you look different today,
Happy eyes are so beautiful,
It's like you have luck in your hands,
And on the lips - magic words.

Beautiful melody of Freedom
It calls you to the land of wonders and magic,
To blossom the awakening of nature,
To drink the soul of a drop of triumph.

Let these sounds dance madly,
You will not stop the daring run of spring,
Soul soaring into the sky carefree,
Its open spaces will become too small for us.

And not embrace the love of delight,
After all, feelings are drunk with excitement,
And bright, fates , patterns,
We will paint with the colors of spring.

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ВОСТОРГ ЛЮБВИ

Мелодия весны поёт с рассвета!
И кажется другим и день, и час,
Как много радости, тепла и света,
Расцвет природы яркий, напоказ.

И ты сегодня выглядишь иначе,
Счастливых глаз такая синева,
Как будто у тебя в руках удача,
А на устах - волшебные слова.

Безгрешная мелодия свободы
Зовёт в страну чудес и волшебства,
Расцветить пробуждение природы,
Испить душою капли торжества.

Пусть эти звуки пляшут сумасбродно,
Не остановишь дерзкий бег весны,
Душой взлетая в небо беззаботно,
Его просторы станут нам тесны.

И не объять тогда любви восторга,
Ведь чувства от волнения пьяны,
И яркие, судьбы своей, узоры,
Срисуем красками проказницы весны.

A MAN LIKE YOU

The spring day winds along the boulevards,
April gives us its fragrance,
You gave me a bouquet of lilacs,
And took me into a blooming white garden.

The evening is confusing with spicy tenderness,
How fabulously good he is,
Will you guess my wish,
And you will take us to the land of love.

The stars are melting in the gray dawn,
Laying in secrets - bridges,
And the winner takes us into a fairytale,
To drink beauty together.

I'm walking on a night planet
To the call of my dreams,
Is there anywhere else in the world
A man like you?

Let the wind from the valley,
The world is full of sparks of happiness,
You're the only one in the world,
How I want you to love.

Our February is in a hurry to distribute confessions,
Bird thrills notes and hubbub,
I'm coming on a date tonight,
If you call to me.

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ТАКОЙ МУЖЧИНА, КАК ТЫ

Вьётся по бульварам день весенний,
Дарит нам апрель свой аромат,
Ты мне подарил букет сирени,
И увлёк в цветущий белый сад.

Вечер пряной нежностью смущает,
До чего он сказочно хорош,
Ты моё желанье отгадаешь,
И в страну любви нас уведёшь.

Я иду по ночной планете
На поводу у мечты,
Разве есть ещё где-то на свете
Такой мужчина, как ты?

Тают звёзды в сером рассвете,
Пролагая в тайны - мосты,
И уносит нас в сказку ветер,
Чтобы вместе испить красоты.

Пусть по переулкам бродит ветер,
Искорками счастья полон мир,
Ты такой единственный на свете,
Как же я хочу, чтоб ты любил.

Наш апрель спешит раздать
признанья,
Птичьих трелей ноты и галдёж,
Я приду сегодня на свиданье,
Если ты любимой назовёшь.

Ada Rizzo

What Matters

Don't place weight on your face
that crumbles like old photographs,
cherish the wrinkles they are trophies, maps of days lived.
Be kind to yourself.

Laugh,
a light that grows brighter in your eyes,
a laugh that becomes an echo
in the deep caverns of the heart.
With the passing years, intuition grows,
like a cloak of shadow and light,
expanding without borders,
lighting up a sky of new stars.

The battles?
They sharpen like glass blades,
cutting away the superfluous,
leaving only what is worth it, blood and breath.

Love silence
it is not absence, but presence,
a moment of breath between two storms,
a flower blooming in the heart of every moment.

Living here and now. Is an art !
A wave that crashes and recedes,
but it is itself an ocean.

Prioritize your uniqueness,
the invisible magnet
that attracts kindred souls dancing in the dark,
without fear of being light.
These are the things that always improve!

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Naked Soul

Naked Soul
Do not call it haste, this thing that devours us.
It is an anxiety of existing that finds no peace in calendars,
a desire that climbs over the walls of logic.
To be a woman is an ancient craft,
made of precious loopholes that embroider the abyss
and silences that scream louder than the voids of the world.
Modernity is a frozen glass
trying to reflect an image that does not belong to us,
while we are the storm,
ink upon the pages of history.
I wear no laurel wreath,
but thorns that taste of rose,
I sold my silence for the gold
of a spark that illuminates eternity.
Seek me where the sea breaks apart,
among the shards of a wounded dream,
in the mad caress of a wrong love
where time is an eternal infinite.
Woman, shiver that seals the circle,
a thrill that shakes the skin
return to set the darkness ablaze.
Fingers tremble upon the paper
because writing is an act of impure faith.
There is no distance between heart and pen,
only a shudder that traverses the bones
becoming revelation without asking destiny for permission.
A tremor that only those who have inhabited the abyss can recognize.

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Becoming a Gateway

There comes a time when stopping is a ritual.
To finally open the palm,
and let the rope that cuts into the blood slip away.
Letting go is not surrendering:
it is to stop waging war against the evident,
it is the audacity to dwell within presence.
Without the backward-looking gaze,
grateful for this universal day.
Maturity does not exclude the shadow,
but learns to look the darkness straight in the face,
welcoming both the light and the wound.
To stand inside reality just as it comes,
with a naked heart, exposed and stitched back together.
With truth. With fragile dignity.
Sometimes the meaning is simply to become a gateway,
and remain alive, untamed, in the wind of life.

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Dr. Parvinder Nagi

MELODIOUS NOTES

A poetry is a world of emotions weaving tales of depths unfold
It's a treasure trove to the meaningful verses
Capturing the pearls from the ocean of love so divine
Poetry is a symphony of rhyme and rhythm
The melodious notes of fantasies
Capturing the fleeting moments so divine
Gathering the scattered verses fine
Giving shape to the lost times
Healing the wounds with the beauty of its metaphors
Poetry speaks in volumes the echoes of heart
Emotions scribbled on the fabric of grace immortalised by ink
Reminiscing moments reliving through bygone years
Spilling the sentiments never spoken
Making immortal songs to last forever on the magical pages so fine
Drowning every verse in the nectar of love
Now living in cadence of altered notes where the voices never fade.

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Hamid Reza Akbari (Shorveh)

For Ostad Hasan Dadkhah

You have become my dreams
I burn from your absence!
Do you see
I circle around you
I dance!
Would it be good if I were all finished now?!
You don't know!
The world is also in debt
I was the shepherd
You were me
And poetry is a bond between our two lips!

March 2025 (Esfand 1404)

© Copyrighted 2026 by Hamid Reza Akbari (Shorveh)

Untitled

I am worried that sleep
has taken me away
and the wind too
with its wide-open mouth — everything, even
the birds
and the trees —
it seems fish have a story of being and not-being
dreams have a sea
and nights have silence
We are seen
carrying our own gallows
and the moon upon our shoulders!
But the sky is not in its place.

March 2025 (Esfand 1404)

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Untitled

I have given birth to this poem
pain has pain
and is killing me
right at my fifty-sixth year
again the poem chews me
like a pair that has a vein
Here
I am found
What is this?!
This thing that claws at my body
has a whistle in my head, it smokes
My fingers long for you in such a way
that you should calculate:
I equal you
and it is almost
that on these lines of poetry I faint
Now, in this hospital where I was born
I celebrate your childhood
I
am your entire childhood /
I have become!

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March 2025 (Esfand 1404)

Untitled

The tribe
is the white sound of riders
with girls
whose name forever
is Bibi Maryam —
who are written
even upon all the winds.
We run across all of Zagros!
Now the night too, with the tribe’s chandelier,
has no quarrel until dawn.
And the mark of mourning
remains forever
on the forehead of time.

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March 2025 (Esfand 1404)

Hey Shout

Here
war has become so easy
Siavashes pass through fire
Now
the mouth
has remained open for red songs
But the soul
takes from the soul of the world
Look!
You, my dear,
have become mother homeland
You dance
upon the height of all this fire
and the streets are always lit
The children of “Shokufeh” (Blossom)
review this
in their dreams

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Hamid Reza Akbari (Shorveh)
Poet, writer, and literary critic
Born in 1970 (1349 AH) in Ahmadabad, Abadan
Winner of several literary awards
Author of 43 books in the fields of poetry, fiction, criticism, and anthropology
Editor-in-chief of the electronic journal Lirav for Persian speakers worldwide
Founder of the Lirav International Literary Prize for Music
Founder of Lirav Persian Speakers Radio
Poetry section manager of the «Friendship of people» magazine of Tajikistan

Til Kumari Sharma

Life of Deserted Heart in my Land:

The kindness melts only to me.
For someone I am arrogant and snobbish.
For those who love me see innocent and kind lady.
The person of selfish heart sees me snobbish and heartless.
I am the genuine artist that I had done hard struggle in life.
When I remember struggle tears made sea.
My sharing to own people and friends spoiled my life.
To share in art is my eternal light to bring art.
Life of art is blessing to me.
Life of desert is not in land of desert but heart of desert.
My light of heart must be kind to me.

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West Nepal
Parbat

My National Soil:

My land is my identity.
But I am not awarded as artist of my land in Nepal.
Though I can not be identified with other land.
My soil is my love.
But people, politics and major media ignore my originality of my national love and soil.
Media walks with money.
I do not have money.
I am wealthy in ethics.
I am honest in my surrounding.
I have to identify with my soil Nepal.

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West Nepal
Parbat

Silence as My Music of Revolt:

Music is poetry.
Spending day and night in musical words is my joy.
Memory of rejected voice in fake love is wound.
Wound as symbol of heart attack,
The love and the life with loveless surrounding is tragic.
Fake friends show sympathy and Ego to see my progress when higher than they.
The tragic surrounding in my life is here in my own land.
Then art shares my value in the world.
Music of words heals my life.
No true heart follows me in love up to now.

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West Nepal
Parbat

In Desert of Human Hearts I am Fairy:

Fairy of humanity and ethics,
Feathers of words around world,
Flying alone in the sky of thought.
Fairy as the heavenly eyes and hair,
Fairy as national production with humanity in the world.
Walking or trod down to heartless and deceptive people in my life.
Life of essence in the world,
Flying with golden feathers high above in the universe
Feathers of words and thoughts,
To cut enemies of ego in my success and struggle.,

June 8-2026
© Til Kumari Sharma
West Nepal
Parbat



Originally from Paiyun 7-Hile, Parbat, West Nepal, Til Kumari Sharma is an internationally acclaimed poet, essayist, story writer, reviewer, and translator, now residing in Kirtipur, Kathmandu. She has received numerous literary awards worldwide and is recognized as an Amazon No. 1 bestselling poet through anthologies including A Spark of Hope Vol. III, Creating a Better World, and Break the Silence Vol. III. A featured poet across international literary platforms, she is also associated with the world record anthology Hyper Poem. Honored with the title World Creative Hero by LOANI, she has published fourteen books and earned global recognition for her literary contributions.

Kujtim R. Hajdari

YEARS GO BY, GO BY...

The years go by, go by, like ether-waves,
They shake time's dust from off our souls again;
The winds sing on in poems that time saves,
Once bright with light—once sorrowful, then.

Like milestones set, they linger in our wake,
Like moon-remains that once kissed in our hands;
Like stars we dimmed in dream-skies we forsake,
Like silence packed with sounds in fallen lands.

We wipe the tear of some flower we slew,
When morning brimmed with all its shining grace;
Where part of our heart we left there, torn through,
It comes to shake us—like a cry in its place.

The wound of words still aches when we have hurt,
It weighs like stone when one has gripped our throat;
Each sound, each word we buried deep in dirt—
A friend, a kin—gone off, and out of note.

The memories ache like joints with arthritic pain,
And kindle longing for what we can't see;
For things we once tasted—never back again.
Time presses on, and strikes the bells for thee,

From the fog of years, dawn whitens in the air,
It calls us marching down another way;
After each loss and fall, begins repair.
And anniversaries come—new dreams to stay.

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WHEN YOU ARE GONE...

When you are gone, my love, I'm never whole;
Tonight I waited, joy that kissed the sky.
I lit the colors bright, like springtime's glow;
The room's flowers seemed to kiss the sun on high.

I waited for your voice to bring me sound,
that I might drown in happiness's arms;
to stand amazed, my senses unconfounded,
forget the world's bleak worries and its harms.

I left the windows open for the birds,
beneath sweet notes of laughter, spell, and play;
while happiness went wild with us in words,
they'd write us solfège love-songs, bright as day.

You did not come tonight to feed joy's fire;
the ash went slowly over my soul's ember.
Our feast hung up the mists of grief and ire,
as if it said, in pain: "Forgive—remember."

How can I dim these colors blinding me?
They won't release the room—they hold it bound.
This longing and this sorrow over me—
they weigh and kill like stone upon the ground.

The city hushed its noises, one by one,
and slowly curled in darkness, hurt and small.
What can I tell the birds that wander on,
who waited—waited—wanting most of all?

Now to the window's edge they come, surprised;
my love, what do I tell the sky's blue flame?
That lovely blue drew brows, then darkened, bruised,
filled up with clouds, and readied up for rain.

So it will be, whenever you are gone…

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Kujtim R. Hajdari

He is an Albanian poet, writer, translator, publisher, literary critic, and promoter. He writes in Albanian, Italian, and English. So far, he has published 19 poetry collections, 5 novels, 4 novellas and 2 volumes of literary criticism. He has been published in 290 national and international anthologies and magazines. In August 2024, he was the winner of the "International Impact Book Awards" (USA). His poetry volume "Through the Waves of Life" was a finalist in the competition for the best book of 2025 in Hollywood in October 2025. He is also the editor of the serial anthology "All Together" on Amazon.

Ylli Pollogati

LONGING THAT DOESN'T AGE ME

I sit on the threshold of solitude.
Longing comes and crashes against my heart,
like a silent light.

Inside me it grows,
like a wildflower
that splits the stone with the force of a dream.

Its fragrance moves through the walls of the soul
like light seeking an entrance,
even where darkness keeps watch.

I see it coming, mounted on the wind,
it stands beside me like a friend who has returned
and will never leave me again.

And I walk with a storm of the heart on my shoulders,
with years that do not weigh me down,
with fatigue I do not feel,
with aging that does not touch me.

A person truly grows old in the skin,
but not from longing, nor from love,
this light that has no need of the sun.

It is what made us human,
and it always remains young.

© Copyrighted 2026 by Ylli Pollogati
(Translated from Albanian into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari)

Ylli Pollogati is a well-known Albanian poet. He has been writing free verse poetry for years. I have published several poetry collections with social and love themes, including: "Shivers of Love," "Memories Intoxicate Me," "I Depart in White," "The Heart's Debt," and others.

Arben Iliazi

CHORDS OF SIGHS

Chords of sighs awaken infinity
Words are interrupted... thoughts drift far away
Like a gray drawing, love extinguished
The earth brushes aside sorrows with its hands

The hours push each other, and stars burn
Beyond, in an endless azure
From the distant shore, shadows come
Birds cradle the night, the trees

Moons tilt, beams of light bend
Moons tilt, and horse-lights bend
Skies are scratched with my dream inside
And squeezed over the sea with tears of music
I want chords, chords because I've gone mad!

© Copyrighted 2026 by Arben Iliazi
Translated into English By Kujtim R. Hajdari)

ARBEN ILIAZI

(Prepared and Translated into English By Kujtim R. Hajdari)

Arben Iliazi was born on March 1, 1963, in Saranda. He graduated from the Faculty of Philology in Tirana, majoring in Albanian language and literature, with excellent results in 1988.

He first began his artistic path as a theater librettist. After 1991, he devoted himself to journalism, working as a professional journalist for several daily newspapers and as editor-in-chief of several periodicals of the time.

He has written 5 poetic volumes, 4 novels, 8 staged plays, 5 essays and studies, 9 dramatic publications.

Many of his poems have been published in several well-known magazines and anthologies in the USA, Germany, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, Tajikistan, Pakistan, Korea, China, etc.

Isuf Sokoli

FATHER'S HAND

An eagle that lifts you upward,
And pulls you out of the mud,
It is like the heart that gives life,
Feeding you with drops of blood.

It is the angel that reproves you,
And raises you on a pedestal,
It is the fortress that protects you,
With a height as great as a mountain.

It is the strength of character,
That opens the road and brings you light;
The seven colors of the rainbow
Come in a row to visit.

It is the space that invites you,
Giving you wings to fly;
It is the siren that wakes you,
So you may not lose, but win.

It is like the beautiful full moon
That comes close to your window,
And does not want to see tears,
Only victorious battles.

It is the symbol of effort,
To conquer and challenge life;
A brave one who does not fear death,
Because in you, he sees himself.

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ISUF SOKOLI - Albania
(Prepared and translated into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari)

He is a renowned Albanian poet. He began to write in the early years of his youth. Now he lives in Italy.
To date, he has published 18 poetic volumes and has contributed to several national and international anthologies. His poems have been translated and published in many countries abroad.

Erinda Medolli

IF ONLY YOU KNEW

I loved you so much, I love you so much,
How can I say it so you hear,
Try to love like me
Otherwise, you can't understand!

If only you knew how much I love you
How much I love you, if only you knew!
You would stay close to me
Being a couple would be a blessing!

If they gave me the world,
I wouldn't trade it for anyone,
Even if you went to the ends of the world,
I would find a place beside you!

You may love me one day,
But don't even try to like me!
Look for my blue love
Deep in your heart!

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MY SONG

When I was a child,
I saw the world full of melodies,
People seemed pure to me,
The world inspired play and wonder!

In my youth, I grew up,
I met others with many faces.
And I understood that life
Was losing its color!

When I became a woman,
A different melody began,
A sad one, grey and painted with pain.
Fate laughed at me mockingly!

Old age will be the end of the murmur,
White like my hair with a little grey,
I will tell the "colors of life" like a fairytale
To my granddaughters and grandsons!

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ERINDA MEDOLLI - Albania/Sweden
(Prepared and translated into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari)

Erinda Medolli is a renowned Albanian poetess; she is increasingly consolidating her position as a professional literary figure, with a distinct voice and a rich poetic world.
Up now, she has published some poetic volumes.

Imelda Zapata Garcia

When Do You Write

In the space between breastfeeding and changing bed linens, while the birdsong sings a quiet lullaby to soothe raw feelings, between merienda with an elder, visiting from across the border and pressing corn tortillas for a hungry heart
While waltzing across the waxed surface of fresh cleaned floor, carrying the crying toddler from the open door, singing an old standard of old blue eyes, drying tears, of children with whom you sympathize
Hanging the family laundry in the hot sun,
pressing a hot iron to cotton spun, painting the walls which were the color of children's fun, hanging the curtains those stitches fell upon
Words have woven beyond trappings of childhood lores, tales grew lengthy and drowned in mystic waves of youthful shores, rhythm swam in the soundtrack of young love's lore, then, sank in every crevice of motherhood,'s chores
Time has never shaped a longing to tell,
daytime carried the night-time where words fell, pillows captured the oceans, the very swells, to wash away the nightmares where demons dwell
Writing turned the healing of a soul, a weary drawn out vat which pain might hold, a spilling of waters held in a bottomless hole, where dreams tend to escape as we grow old
A quill simply delivers diligence, of thoughts, of woven splendors prominence, what ruminations live in confidence of dwelling there, till providence allows
That I, like Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz pronounced " One can perfectly well philosophize while cooking supper. "

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Meg Smith

When I Lead You to the Burial

Too sure, the shallowing,
the sifting of white arcs
the band of the cathedral,
jointed buttress
and I forgot telling you about,
or even waking to know.
Cover your face.
All this has happened.
Believe it. All this rises not from pages
but the stuff of my own dark mist.

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The Ocean City

When you asked me for a song,
my first moment of waking
rose in a mist with tendrils of dreams
not so much welcome as
the meanderings of a moon
weary of tides.
And still, we lay as we watched
a sky rushing in, a mirror so close
to wave after wave,
in all brightness: shells, the slash of gills,
brilliance of fins, beauty of curling teeth.
What will there be to say, here,
among them, but not of them,
in a blue that fades to green, then
the sure and relentless night.

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The Purple Coffin

I will give you more than pretty,
or the place of dreams now, closing,
in softness, something like
absolution: a plenary indulgence,
remitting all sins in this fine and
narrow place, in the perfection of
the one true color, in that beckoning
night of forever.

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Meg Smith is a poet, journalist, dancer and events producer living in Lowell, Mass.

In addition to Raven Cage, her poems and short stories have appeared in *The Horror Zine, Dark Moon Digest, Siren's Call, The Cafe Review, The Lowell Review,* and more.

She was a finalist for the 2025 Stanley Kunitz Poetry Medal. She is a member of the board of Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!, and founder of Poe in Lowell, celebrating Edgar Allan Poe's visits to Lowell.

Forthcoming soon are her second book of short fiction, *Night's Wheel,* and her seventh poetry collection, *The Singing Lake.*

She welcomes visits to megsmithwriter.com.

Usha N Shrinivaasun

TROUPER

When others rant and rave
And you with equanimity behave
When they for misdeeds lay on you the blame
And you along with them play their game
You are one who defeats life's evey disastrous wave

When you can dream but still into mundanity you steep
If you live in an imageinary Shangrilla but into humdrum you peep
And the dull chores you finish with perfection
As if you loved them with a soulful sensation
Then to that pinnacle of achievement you will leap

When you walk tall amidst the plebian throng
But still maintain endearing humility all along
When you with the elite of society dance
But still think of it as only a road to advance
Then humanity will be with you firm and strong

Whatever you have won you lose it in obscurity
But never breathe about it and wallow in sell pity
Then start again from.the lowest rung
And move with conviction and confidence well strung
Then your slave will be elusive serendipity

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TOMORROW TALKS

Hurry hurry
Do not tarry
I will be gone
At the crack of dawn
Plan and carry it out
At once without a doubt
For I never seem to come
Dear! Look at fate so quirk some
It's folly, Waiting for me
For I melt into the present readily
I give hope for a better tomorrow
When.joy will swallow the sorrow
But the problem comes to be
As you can.never reach me
So out of your dreams surface
And get down to work with pace
Think of me. as the latter part
Of your day as soon I will depart
A.proverb of old
Has been often told
That tomorrow will never come
I'm not a tangible outcome.

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Elli Lagiou

CAVE

Like a priceless work of art
hidden inside a cave,
never touched by sunlight,
I kept you deep within me.

Hoping that one day
light would pierce the stone
and you would appear.

But when the light arrived,
I saw—
only in darkness
did you have value.

I wasted space and time
on an echo.

Yet I remain
unique,
untouched
by what never knew how to give.

Inside my own cave:
ash, charcoal, acceptance,
and the memory of rain
deep within.

You—
a nonexistent stalactite
that will never be formed.

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LOST MOMENTS

Moments, laden with emotions,
suspended like leaves in the wind.
Some endure, others fall into chaos
as if they had never existed.

Others, like guilt within,
still flutter with the hope
of a chance before the final full stop.

Exhausted, they fade away,
and lost as well
our own chance.

Alarm clock.
I search for the coming moments,
whispering.

Time gives us
no space.

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A BREATH AWAY

Above the peaks of the mountains,
where eagles fly,
there are distant dreams
only the brave pursue.

In the silence of the night,
when everything grows still,
secret thoughts arise
and embrace the soul.

Who are those who do not fear
the unknown and the far?
Whose every step sounds
like a rushing wind?

They learn from their falls,
they grow stronger with time.
And in their hearts they always hold
the distant dream.

Life is only a breath
away from death.

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Swayam Prashant

I am My Words and My Words are My Peace

My life has been filled
with the activities already told
with the activities which have always been told
by all others since time immemorial
with the activities required for the mouth and the belly
with the activities for the fusion of two bodies
but beyond them something remains vacant
some spaces remain void
they cry for filling up
O they cry for filling up !
Words come flying
words come singing
words come dancing
my words are unicorns
my words are nightingales
my words are musk deer
and
my imagination carries them home.
When nothing can words (poetry) fill up the throbbing void.
And words carry me on the path of peace and nirvana.

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For Poetry

I asked the Word :
how can I create poetry ?
Colour me
with the sweetness of your heart
and fragrance of your soul,
the Word replied
and O the Word became the Art !

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The Proof

“Do you love me ?”
she asked.
“Want the proof ?
Close your eyes.”
I said.
And I kissed her rosy lips
with my eyes closed !

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Biographical details :



Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha, India. Formerly he was an Associate Professor of English and the Head of the Department of English, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has authored ten books: Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English (2013), Values in Life(2013), Live Like A Man (poetry)(2014), Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry)(2014), Knowledge Tree (2014), Virgin Land Impregnated (2012), Joy of Love (2009), Heart of Love (2023)(poetry)(published in USA), The Sky Conquerors (2024) and Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese)(2019).
His poems have also been published in several international anthologies: Voice of United Eleven (2011)(in India), Peerless Pearls (2020)(in India), Perceptions (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: Aspects of the Soul (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: The Emotional Realm (2022)(in USA), World Healing World Peace (2022 & 2024)(in USA), Climate Change (2022)(in USA), The Wonders of Winter (2022)(in USA), Love Letters in Poetic Verse (2023)(in USA), Dream (2nd Edition)(2023), Psythur (2023 & 2025)(in Australia), Armchair Poetry (2023)(in USA), Letter Poems to Our Deceased (2024)(USA), Being Human (2024)(in USA), Shards (2024)(in USA), Oracle of the Ancients (2024)(in USA), Light-Bringer (2024)(in USA), Tempest (2025)(in Australia), Cherish (2025)(in Australia), Dream (2025)(in Australia) and Psythur (2025)(in Australia).
His poems have also been published in the international poetry journals like Impspired Magazine (in UK), Open Skies Quarterly/Poetry (in USA), The Year of the Poet (in USA) Raven Cage (in Germany) and The Zest of the Lemon (in USA).

Yang Geum-Hee

The Bell of Peace

Over rugged mountains and storm-tossed seas,
that have been soothed and crossed through night's long vigil,
there comes at dawn a bell of lucid sound—
clear as first light upon the waking hills.

And when it slips into divided tongues,
and into doors once sealed upon the heart,
the dove ascends in sudden rapture, free,
as though the world were newly born in air.

Where hands are warmer than the forge of conflict,
and understanding deeper than old grief,
that bell which yearns for peace among the world
becomes a rampart guarding human souls.

It lingers in the laughter of a child,
pure as water flowing through untouched fields;
it breathes within the dreams the young will not abandon;
and in the furrows of the aged face
it whispers how far a life may travel still.

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평화의 종소리

험준한 산과 풍랑 이는 바다를 넘어,
밤의 긴 철야 속에서 달래지고
건너온 곳에,
새벽이면 맑은 종소리 하나
들려오니—
깨어나는 언덕 위 첫 빛처럼
투명하다.

그 소리가 갈라진 언어들 속으로
스며들고,
마음의 문을 닫아 두었던 곳에도
이르면,
비둘기는 문득 환희에 차
날아오르니,
마치 세계가 공기 속에서 새로
태어난 듯하다.

갈등의 용광로보다 따뜻한 손길
있는 곳,
오래된 슬픔보다 깊은 이해가 있는
곳에서,
세상 속 평화를 갈망하는 그
종소리는
인간의 영혼을 지키는 성벽이 된다.

그 소리는 아이의 웃음 속에 머물러,
미답의 들판을 흐르는 물처럼
순수하고,
청년이 포기하지 않는 꿈속에서 숨
쉬며,
노인의 주름진 얼굴 위에서는
삶이 얼마나 멀리 나아갈 수
있는지를 속삭인다.

Poet Ms. Yang Geum-Hee is a distinguished Korean poet, literary activist, and cultural leader from Jeju Island, South Korea. Since her literary debut in Simunhak (Poetry Literature Monthly), she has made significant contributions to the development of contemporary Korean literature and the promotion of international literary exchange. She served as the second President of the Korean Association of World Literature and as President of Jeju PEN.

A member of the Consortium of Distinguished Scholars of the International Academy of Ethics, Vice Director of Culture and Arts at the Korea Institute for Peace and Cooperation, and an honorary doctorate recipient, Yang Geum-Hee has dedicated her career to advancing literature, peace, ethics, and intercultural dialogue. Her poetry has been translated into numerous languages and widely published in literary journals and anthologies throughout Asia, Europe, the Americas, and the Middle East.

Her major publications include the poetry collections Happiness Account, Ieodo: The Island of Legend and Existence, Nests of Birds (Taiwan edition), and the bilingual English–Korean edition of Nests of Birds. She is also the author of the essay collection Happy Companion and the translator of PREKAZ: Legacy of the Brave – He Lives On.

Among her many distinctions, she was selected for PRIZES 2025: The International Best Poets & Translators and was named one of the 100 Most Influential Literary Figures of 2025 by Barcelona Magazine, a prestigious literary publication issued in Spain and the United States. She was also awarded Kazakhstan's international order "Kazakhstan 560 Years" and received the 2025 Grand Prize for Culture and Arts. In 2026, she was honored with the Dr. José Manuel Equihua Estrella International Literary Prize, presented by the Greece Chapter of CCI Universal Poetic Utopia, headquartered in Mexico, and was also a recipient of the Naji Naaman Merit Prize for Literature.

Widely recognized as a global literary voice, Yang Geum-Hee continues to build bridges between cultures through poetry, translation, and international literary cooperation.

Dr. Lee Hye Seon

Half the Liquor Has Been Spilled

At a drinking gathering at that street-side drinking tent in Insadong,
the saying “Half the liquor has been spilled” became the evening's theme.

While I read books or watched TV dramas, tears often gathering in my eyes,
my husband would come over, tilt my chin upward, and tease,
“There goes our baby crying again.”
Yet these days, whenever he hears even the saddest tale, his eyes grow moist.
Today as well, he arrived in haste, saying he had been moved to tears by a radio program on his way home from work.

At the evening table, after the grown children have left the nest,
a husband and wife with silvering hair sit across from each other,
exchanging glances of gentle compassion.

Is it because half the liquor has already been spilled?
Or is it the hope in our eyes that half the bottle still remains to be shared?
Inside the bottle of life, whose depths no one can truly know...

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흘린 술이 반이다

그 인사동 포장마차 술자리의 화두는
‘흘린 술이 반이다’

책 읽으며 연속극 보며 훌쩍이는 내 눈, 턱 밑에 와서
“우리 애기 또 우네” 일삼아 놀리더니
요즘 들어 누가 슬픈 얘기만 해도 눈물 그렁그렁
오늘도 퇴근길에 라디오 들으며 울다가 서둘러 달려왔다는 그이

새끼제비 날아간 저녁밥상, 마주 앉은 희끗한 머리칼
서로 측은히 건네다 본다

흘린 술이 반이기 때문일까
함께 마셔야 할 술이 아직은
반쯤 남았다고 믿고 싶은 눈짓일까
속을 알 수 없는 생명의 술병 속에,



Poet Dr. Lee Hye-Seon was born in 1950 and is a poet, literary critic, Doctor of Literature, and professor of poetry writing. She made her literary debut in 1981 through recommendations in the literary magazine Simunhak. She has published several poetry collections, including Extinguishing with Fire, Burning in Water, Half of the Spilled Liquor, Every day is a good day, Birdsong Delivery, If You Happen to Meet the Wind, The One Who Knows Me Better Than Myself, and A Divine Being (One God). Additionally, she has authored books such as An Evening with Lee Hye-Seon’s Poetry, Lee Hye-Seon’s Stroll Through Famous Poems, Literature and the Transfiguration of Dreams, and My Father’s Educational Methods. She

also compiled Corona? Korea! In 2016, her works were selected as excellent books in the Sejong Book Literary Sharing Program.

She has received numerous literary awards, including the Yoon Dong-Ju Literary Award, Korean Contemporary Poet Award, Korean Arts and Culture Grand Prize, Critics' Association Criticism Award, Dongguk Literary Award, Pyoam Ikjae Literary Award, Korean Poetry and Literature Award, and Seonsa Literary Award.

She has taught at various universities, including as a visiting professor at Dongguk University and Sejong University. She has also served as Vice Chairman of the Korean Writers' Association, a member of the Literature Promotion Policy Committee at the Ministry of Culture, Sports and Tourism, Chairperson of the Korean Women Writers' Association, and President of organizations such as the Dongguk Literary Society, Korean Poetry and Literature Writers' Association, Gangdong Literary Association and Distinguished Scholar with IAE. Her current Positions are Advisor to the Korean Writers' Association (KWA), Advisor to PEN International Korea Center, Honorary Chairperson of the Korean Women Writers' Association and President of the Korean Association of World Literature.

Her poetry has been translated and introduced in various countries, including Italy, Germany, Egypt, Greece, Belgium, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Kosovo, Albania, Vietnam, Mexico, South America, Russia, Kyrgyzstan, and Kazakhstan.

Park Sung-jin

Dreaming of a Nation of Poetry

A single poem
becomes a bird crossing borders,
and a single line of language
becomes a bridge spanning the seas.

The flowers blossomed by the letters created by King Sejong
bloom toward the skies of the world,
while Kim So-wol's azaleas
and Yun Dong-ju's starlight
reach beyond the small peninsula in the East
and seep into the hearts of humanity.

Even today, Korean poets
sow the seeds of love and peace.

Poetry endures longer than guns
and travels farther than power.

One day, Korean literature
will become a beacon illuminating world literature,
shining upon the human heart
and singing of Korea,
the Nation of Poetry.

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시의 나라를 꿈꾸며

한 편의 시가
국경을 넘는 새가 되고
한 줄의 언어가
바다를 건너는 다리가 된다

세종의 글자가 피워 올린 꽃은
세계의 하늘을 향해 피어나고
김소월의 진달래와
윤동주의 별빛은
동쪽의 작은 반도를 넘어
인류의 가슴에 스며든다

한국의 시인들은 오늘도
사랑과 평화의 씨앗을 뿌리고

시는 총보다 오래 남고
권력보다 멀리 달려간다

언젠가 한국문학은
세계문학을 밝히는 등불이 되어
인간의 마음을 비추며
시의 나라, 한국을 노래하리라



Poet Park Sung-jin is also active as a literary and cultural critic, composer, and jewelry installation artist. His literary work focuses primarily on the study of Yun Dong-ju's literature as well as themes related to Korea's division and reunification literature.
He holds an Honorary Doctorate in Literature from Oikos University in the United States and serves as Vice President of the International Foundation for Human Peace and Service. He has received numerous literary honors, including the Yun Dong-ju Literary Award, the Literary Criticism Grand Prize, and the Literary Criticism Award. Currently, he works as a cultural critic for the online newspaper Culture & People.

Askarova Shohida

My Father is My Wealth, My Mother is My Heaven.

My parents, who brought me into this world,
My parents, who showed me the universe,
Who lifted and held me whenever I fell,
My father is my wealth, my mother is my heaven.

I remember my father's gentle chidings,
I remember my mother's loving caresses,
With hands raised in prayer, blessing their child,
My father is my wealth, my mother is my heaven.

They are my grand and highest throne,
They are my endless, timeless fortune,
May their beautiful lives be blessed with longevity,
My father is my wealth, my mother is my heaven.

May they host joyful, grand weddings,
May they be blessed with many grandchildren,
May they enjoy the peaceful bliss of old age,
My father is my wealth, my mother is my heaven.

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Askarova Shohida Bahtiyor qizi
Undergraduate student in Technological Education,
Faculty of Professional Education and Arts,
Tashkent State Pedagogical University named after Nizami.

Otam-davlatim, Onam-jannatim.

Otamning tanbexlarin eslayman,
Onamning erkalab, suyishlarin eslayman,
Bolam deb qo'llari duoda,
Otam-davlatim, Onam-jannatim.

Ular mening oliy taxtim,
Ular mening tuganmas baxtim,
Umrlari ziyoda bo'lsin,
Otam-davlatim, Onam-jannatim.

Yaxshi to'ylar qilishsin,
Nabiralari ko'p bo'lsin,
Qarilik gashtin surishsin,
Otam-davlatim, Onam-jannatim.

Sheikh Moniruzzaman Shawon

The Encaged Danseuse

As the rays of the golden sun
Permeate the fabrics of black cloud
And pirouette on a leaf of green
I extended my hand
With fear,passion and love
To unfetter the ghunguru
Adorned encaged Danseuse -----
Yet
The radiant light senses sadness in symphony
And soars away
From one abysmal darkness
To another .

In a symphony of the beyond
And a lunar smile
With anaquatic reflection of a broad grin of the luminous moonbeam
In a surreal moonlit night.
The encaged beauty
Whose centuries old siren like charm
Was auctioned off at Lucifer's command
Still remains fettered, swollen with a broken heart.
I hold out my hand
To erase her sadness with
With a happy aubade.
Yet the divine Luna
Dives deep with me
In the bottomless
Submarine realm of
Sans light n eterenal darkness.

The spring breeze brought the rain
To create a deluge of pallid tears.
The ecaged damsel
Still remains shackled
In her mundane skeletal frame
Entrapped by the false parable
Of the forbidden fruit .
To unchain her
I extend my hand to
The open sky,the vast cosmos
Yet in the rain
The abortive passion

Of earth's dead souls
Always return to
My primal sins.

The caged danseuse
In a chariot of goodness
Hovers away in her ethereal cage
Towards the twilight.....

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English Translation by- Khaled Sharif Arefeen.

The opposing immortals

The insolent me
Turns away my face
From a god
Only to meet a goddess ;
One 's meditation
Creates symphony of life
Reincarnation and Resurrection
The other bears
The standard
And the silhouette of death.
Yet my human paradox is
I desire them both.
They whispered,
In a voice so surreal and somber,
"We are separable
In only one lifetime, in a solitary
Mundane existence
But wait and have patience
The other side
Has reward with interest ."
Yet
I cry out in dismay
"The other side is
Spectral, a dark shadow
Barren and an effigy of Murky hell.

This side radiates light
Radiant, eternal
Light to satisfy
Light to love
Light to live
Light to procreate."

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English Translation by- Khaled Sharif Arefeen.



Poet Sheikh Moniruzzaman (Shawon) was born on 13-09-1982 in Nayatola, Moghbazar, Dhaka, Bangladesh. Father - Sheikh Abu Jafar Ahmed. Mother - Monowara Begum. Wife - Tania Akhter. The poet's ancestral home is in Dohar, Dhaka. In his professional life, he is a lawyer. For 15 years, he has been providing services in criminal law, income tax law, VAT law, and company law. In his family life, he is the father of two daughters. The first daughter is Sheikh Raisa Abiyat. The second daughter is Sheikh Arza Maliyat Raha. He loves to play and chat. He is also a travel enthusiast. He has already traveled to Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, and India. He has been writing for quite some time. "Je Samudre Agun Jale" is his first solo poetry book and "Shashwata Padachinha" is his second poetry book published in bangladesh.

Lan Xin (Lanxin Samei)

Immortal Oracles



Humankind wanders through wild woods of spiritual mist
Countless souls sink into primordial chaos
Lost and fallen in the ignorance of greed, anger and delusion
Clouded inner eyes fail to behold the true nature of the heavens and earth

Beloved humankind
Do not linger in the net alone
The golden lotus has grown in the depths of the soul
Petal tips gather light from higher dimensions
Resolutely piercing layers of confusion
Awakening slowly in the midst of chaos

The Dongba priest blows the white conch
Its call pierces layers of cloud and mist
Rushing straight to the gates of the thirteenth heavens
Carrying ancient signals
knocking at the roots of the universe
Awakening the soul of civilization sleeping in the cave of signatures

The golden phoenix soars across the sky
Its clear cry scatters the dark haze of the sky
Feathers shake off sparks of starlight

Prometheus' fire
Gently plucked by the clear wind of the sacred mountain
Falling on the snow line of Mount Kailash
Scattered across the vast Martian soil

Above the Möbius strip
Time breaks free from the closed loop of bondage

The shadow of the Himalayas steps through a thousand years of solitude
Cradling the lingering echo of snowland chants
Passing them to the Pleiades stars

The wisdom of Sirius, following the strings of the cosmic lyre
Flows into the hidden realms of Nubia

Medusa's gaze
No longer a curse of stone
But a clear mirror that sees through all illusion

The all-seeing eye
Looking down on the mortal world from the high-dimensional sky
Witnessing the sleeping mind slowly waking to new life

This is not the final chapter of the decay of oracles
But the opening stanza of the soul's awakening

When all high-dimensional imprints resonate in harmony
When the sparks of world civilizations merge once more
The long-slumbering mind
Will finally hear
— The oracles that once fell
Engraved by the universe for the Earth
— An echo of light.

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Fatamira(Karin J. Hobson)

SEA MAIDEN

Into imaginations whetted depths dispense
Where all is forgiven whence truths are met
Down into Azure Blues gripping, gulping,
Subliminal hues,
Distortions' banal bane, buoyancy's muse
Immersions' aversion eclipsing Clepsydra
Seas, O, seas ... to be so said ... bemused
Air, O, air do you dare share divinity's fare
Measuring Mermaid lithe by circumference?
Silver sash shimmers, glinting glint glimmers
Fathomless orbital feats retreat far beyond
Tween heavens great girth, merriments mirth
Deep-waters 'neath lay pearly whites worth
O, to be birthed from moist Mermaid eyes
Mouths outstretched, oysters seize prize!
In sink, jewels sank sad tears for loves lost
Terra Nova damp dirt, but oceans vast cost!
Submerging, Sea Maids soliloquies sang on
Til last crustaceans' mouth clammed shut!
Neptune perplexed sought soothe to correct
Stirred up maelstroms and winds to deflect
Nary a sailor nor thousand-pound anchor
Refute King Neptune's treasured possessions
~
It's said beaches once sparkled purest of gold
Shaky Stars...shattered...unstuck had let go
Of mournful Maids widow-weeping prolonged
King summonsed rip-tides to steady-on strong
Counselled to rake strewn shards like a comb
And by tidal wave force-fed star-flakes home
~
Yes, elixirs-mixer! Maidens giggled with glee
Furling, unfurling, like silk threads 'tween seas,
Agility fluid and Grateful to King
Vivacious tailed flutes flap-flapped succinctly
Silver spun shimmers but splendour sold gold
Celestial teardrops, star-shards to behold!
~
Tumbling to earth, Elysian embers are lost
Hail! Sea-Maids as Star-paths criss-cross
Twinkles now sparkle within Maidens eyes
Golden scales worn as they hum heavy sighs
The Siren's Song rolls off Mermaids tongues
In adoration for their sovereign King Neptune.

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WOOING CAELUM

Sealed, kept, tucked is in a sacred spent
Upon warmth's breath, the other by death;
The mongoose unfettered does not regret
only a tail without a feathers-fledge beget;
Stars gaze by a venturous timeless wink,
feigned shall frame the earthlings blink
~
There you are more brilliant than Stars;
Glowing disc face in a world so scarred;
Come to me as gentle clime doth mount,
Dutifully shalt I take step to clouds count;
Leave not land to strand a stained Dove,
but seize with power puritans hour to pull
~
Into wooing Caelum, chimes do not rhyme
Our joys shall cleave, establish sublimes;
Azure Blue dissipates from an orbital view;
Angels adherence in hymns endearance
shall by waiver give forgotten tastes savour
Dust to dust unison to waft thru the ethers.

by Fatamira
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Universal Peace & Love

Rhiannon Owens & Ashley O'Keefe

Goddess of Night

I fell to my knees
Under light of the moon,
Oh Selene, I still dream
and the dawn comes too soon,

Your reassuring light
Your sweet silvered face,
You beckon in silence
Starry glitter, dark lace,

The Goddess of night
Hypnotic; I sway,
Bowing down before you
Hands clasped as I pray,

Spellbound, I'm charmed
You always have your way,
Only Helios's kiss
Can drag me back into day,

Her place in the Heavens
Bathed in the light of the sun,
A shimmering crescent smile
For his eyes; the Golden one.

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https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry

Eric Shelman

Midsummer, Midsommar/Summer Solstice

Summer
hot, bright
playing, laughing, exercising
clouds, trees, sunny, holidays
sledding, tubbing, skating
cold, dry
Winter

Beneath, hushed longest day
Where golden hues shine, for hours, and refusing to fade
World inhales a softer light
illustrating Sun's dream reality

Standing around the fire in woven crowns
Dancing, trancing, and prancing
where ancient echoes still stirred
For Midsummer's lives in bloom and flame
in every whispered "remember her."
Earth is still warm, sky is still bright
where no shadow dares to linger too long
somewhere in twilight's breath
Old Gods, hum their fleeting songs

Holding the dusk before it slips away
Tasting the sweetness, wild and rare
for in this night, that's never-ending
our hearts forget the wintered care

Maypoles rising toward our golden sun
Ivory petals woven into intricate crowns
Dancing, and entrancing in circles as
fiddlers play
Solistice light refusing to fade
Open fields filled with wildflowers and joy
Mystical traditions from ages long ago
Merriest feasts of herring and new
potatoes
Ancient songs echoing through meadows
Reveling in longest day's magic
Ancient, ancestoral, aligning, astronomical, astrological
Bonfires, bathing in springs, promoted good health, Blots, to Sol, Freyr, and landvaettir: spirits of place, Baldur, bright light long into the night, blue skies, but still widely celebrated throughout Scandinavian and Nordic countries, with Sweden's being the most intense
Celebratory, community gatherings, cleansing, crowns, communal feasts, often held outdoors under the midnight Sun celebrating light defeating darkness
Dancing, Danes, drinking, decorating with birch branches, days becoming shorter

Europe,
Feasting, fertility, fire ceremonies, family friends, foods, Finns, floating flower wreaths
Germans, gathering flowers for wreaths and good health magic, greenery
Heathens
illustriously, incandescently, Icelanders, Iran, Iraqi
Jovially, jokingly, joyously, June 1st, June 19th, June 20th, June 21, June 23rd, and June 25th, Jonsmessa
Kindly, kindredly
Longest day of the year between sunrise and sunset, long days of natural light, and the season's turning life, light, love magic
Magical rituals, Maypoling, magical times with special magical powers, Midsommar, Middle of Summer, mixing ancient Pagan practices, and later Christian influences, Midsummer's Eve, Mandaeism Meteorological
Norse Pagans, Norway, Norse Runes Nature's bounty with special foods, National holiday until 1770, Nature's flourishing, Nature
Outdoorsy, Natural cycles
Picking seven flowers to place under a pillow to dream of one's future love, pickled herring, potatoes, playing games, purification, praying for an abundant harvest, Pagans practices,
Questing, questioning, querying,
Religious, rhythm of the Sun, renewal reverence for Sun's power, rituals,
Summer Solstice's center, Sweden, Scandinavia, strawberries, strong spirits, snaps, or aquavit, accompanied singing toasts, St. John's Eve, Scandinavian, spiritual, solar moment, and movement, Sun wheels, Sankt Hans Aften, sacred threshold in the mythic imagination of Scandinavia,
Togetherness, tidiness, thankfulness
United, universal, understandings
Vibrantly,
Warding off evil spirits, walking barefoot in the morning dew, on Midsummer's eve was believed to promote good health, warmer weather
Xenial
Yearly, yearningly, youthfully
Zealously, zanily

Today we celebrate our Midsommar, or Midsummer, and Summer Solstice holidays.

Come let us, raise our Maypoles
Come let us, dance into trance
Come let us, focus on worshipping
and honoring Nature's flourishing
Come let us, revel in our longest day's magic
Come let us, enjoy our herring and new potatoes feasts
Come let us, make and don our intricate flower crowns.
Come let us, light our bonfires
to help ward off evil spirits
Come let us, celebrate light's triumphant over darkness.

Happy Midsommar, Midsummer, and Summer Solstice, to us all!

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Walpurgisnacht: A Skaldic Evocation

Today, we celebrate our Walpurgis Night
come, let us, Witches, Wise Women, and Healers, gather, together and pilgrimage to Brocken, and so many other Witches sacred mountains and hills tops.
Come, let us, light our sacred bonfires.
Come, let us dance, drink, and feast.
Come, let us, cast spells, in order drive away Winter's spirits, and welcome Spring's arrival.
Come, let us, perform rituals, praise, hail pay homage, worship, fertility, Goddesses like Nehalennia.
Come, let us, have ties with The Wild Hunt.
Come, let us, believe that these rituals were a positive reprieve, for those weary of Winter's chill, and welcomed these Wise Ones, in banished blistering cold and snowy weather.
Come, let us, join this Witches, excursion all over Germany, and riding up Blocksburg only having twelve days to dance, blistering snowy weather away and appearing as elf-like and godlike maids.
Come, let us, resort places, where formerly justice was administered or sacrifices were offered.
Come, let us, travel to and find majority of these witch-mountains, were once sacrifice, boundary, or salt-hills
Come, let us, say some were even, Holda her hosts, and residents.
Come, let us, tell tales, of Dame Holda, into the Tenth, and Fourteenth centuries, her night-women, wandered through the air mounted on beasts, and only obeying and sacrificing to her, and there was never a word about leaguing up with the Devil.
Come, let us, say of these night-women's origins, who were actually shining-mothers, daemonic, elvish beings, whom appeared in womanly forms, and did kind things for men, Holda and Abundia, still are a third part of the world, is subject and who leads the ring of dancers.
Come, let our, dancing resemble, Heathen worship, dancing, airy elf-like, and will-o-wisps-like hopping traced, witches ideal dances.
Come, let us, festively dance as Heathens during May-meetings, and being placed with the rest.
Come, let us, speak about Christian zealots that considered all dancing as sinful and Heathenish, which derived from our Pagan Rites, like many other harmless pleasures, common peoples customs, who wouldn't depart from the diversions of these great festivals.
Come, let us, discuss, old dancings at Shrovetide (beginning of Lent in February), at Easter fire, and May fire, at the solstices, at harvest and Christmas, and even today stories, in Sweden of dances and reels performed by the heathen round holy places of their gods, that are so wanton were they, yet so enticing, that the spectators at last were seized with the rage (wod), and whirled along into the revelry.
Come, let us, sing, praise, hail, worship, and perform rituals, to and for Waldborg, who embodiments, Spring, Summer, and Earth's fertility.
Come, let us, think about Christians demonizing Heathenish dancing and processions, by frightening people into thinking that if they took part in them, that they would be trapped into endless exhausting dancing, or into everlasting hunter's chase, The Wild Hunt.

Come, let us, think about Christians who stole, and adapted our holiday from us and saintified a woman, from an eighth century abscess, called Walpuris, who was a nun turning this in to a celebration of her, and even asking and praying her for protection against witchcraft even in the afterlife, and how they turned our holy tide into a Witches Sabbat, where witches, gathered on mountains and hills, and leagued with the Devil, and having sex with him, and origins with males and females and feasting like gods and goddesses and kings, beyond bountifully, while endlessly dancing with him and everyone there, they believed that evil Witches celebrated their Satanic Sabbat, and evil powers were the strongest
They dressed up as witches and demons, set off fireworks, dance and play loud music which was said to drive the witches and winter spirits away, it bonfires for protection but they loved watching the black smoke leave after it burned up

because they said it is the witch finally leaving, they actually burned witch effigies and innocents people's to that they claimed be witches.
Come, let us, enjoy our thinnest veil in-between our world and the spiritual realm.
Come let our children gather branches decorate them, then, knocking on doors, in order, to receive eggs.
Come, let us, gather old things, and light them for good luck.
Come, let us, build, then burn a strawman, symbolizing illness, sadness, and bad luck, warding off negativity, bad weather, and ensure a great harvest, leaving buttered bread spread with honey and water, for ankenschnitt, mythical being, that controlled the weather, as offerings for phantom hounds to ensure a year of good health, good weather, and a good harvest
come let us, hang our blessed sprigs of foliage instead of evergreens, we're talking about blooming springtime foliage, flowers, shrubbery, and if at all possible boughs of freshly leafing oak, once they were blessed these fragrant bundles were to be hung around your house's openings to keep evil spirits at bay.

Ancient, adapted, abbess, annually
Agrarian, arrival, Anglicans, April's eve
Beltane, Bavaria, bonfires
Burning of the Witches, battling off
pests, rabies, whooping couch, and
witchcraft, banishing cold, snowy
weather, evil spirits
Christian eve, day, night feast day community celebrated, Czech Republic Carodejnice, costumes, Celtic, cannonization, Church of Saint Walpuris Center, cult was adapted from agrarian pagan goddesses, Catholics, Christians culture, concoction of history, folklore and magic
Denmark, dancing, demons, demoniac doning disguised, drinking, Divinations
Estonia, England, eighteenth, Eichstatt Europe, Eostre, eight hundred and seventy evil
Feasting, festivities, Finland, France fertility, fireworks, Faust, Feast of Saint Walpuris
Germany, Germanic Gaelic, Gods, God
Goddesses, Goethe,
Heidelberg, Harz, Hexennacht, Healers highest days in all Heathenism
Innovations, incandescently, incantationsly
Jumping in order to have their grain harvest grow that high
Kindling of the sacred fire
Lithuania, Latvia, Lutherans, loud, lighting bonfires on Saint Walpuris Eve, love
Maypoling, Mayday, Medival, music magical, May first, Mass Eve, Munich May's month, Merry May-ridings,
Northen, Netherlands, Norway, Nehalennia, Night-women
Ostara, obliging, oblivially
Parades, pagan, protection, piety, pranks pilgrimage, praying to God through the intersection of Saint Walpuris and she protected them from witchcraft, plentiful Harvest
Questing, quintessential, questioning
Revelery, rituals, relics, renewal
Sweden, spirits, spelling, singing, Samhain
Saint Walpuris Eve, Night, Day second Halloween, some areas dress up in costumes, Spring's arrival, sabbath, stolen Service, she was successful in converting the local populace to Christianity, from Heathenism, Slovenia, Slovakia, Saint John's Eve, shelves of grain, sacrificial feast, spindles
Telling tales of crones and hags traditionally, trick or treating,
Universally, unitedly, uniformingly
Valborgsmassoafton, Vappu, Valborg Vappen, Volbrioo
Walpuris Night, Walpurgisnacht, Wild Hunt Waldborg, Waelburga, ward off evil spirits and witches, welcoming in Spring, wise women
Xenial, xenodochial

Yearningly, yieldingly, youthfully
Zealous, zesty.

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The Wild Hunt

Come, now, let us, hold a gigantic feast
where, we share stories of Odin and his
Wild Hunt, and leaving carrots and hay
offerings for majestic, Sleipnir, on our
porches
Now, let, us decorate our evergreens, with
ivy, holly, runes, hammers, stags
squirrels, dragons, and other creatures
on Yggdrasill
Then, let us build and light our Yule logs
Come now let us bake a Yule log cake and
light it's candles
Come, now, let us, make crafts while
drinking spiced mead or cider
Come now let us gather with friends
family or ourselves, for meals, and
focusing on cherished relationships
Come now let us go for a Winter Hike
and give offerings to the hunts Gods
Odin, Skaldi, and Ullr, spending time in
nature, for reflection, and meditation
Come, now, let us, ritualize reenacting
The Wild Hunt, through storytelling,
dancing and mediating, to help guide the
year's souls into the afterlife
Come, now, let us, make and listen, to
Nordic Pagan, Wardruna, while drinking
by the fire
Come, now, and let us, read about
The Wild Hunt, as a part of our ritual, or
our evening
Come, now, and let us, engage in our
Winter crafts, carving, weaving, and
sewing
Come, now, let us, exchange our gifts
while focusing on handmade or low cost
options like homemade treats, preserved
foods, or acts of service, including
babysitting
Come, now, and let us, serve
warm spiced drinks, mead, or glogg
Come, now, and let us, observe each
twelve days of Yule, focusing on each
themed Night's Gods', Goddesses'
deities, mothers, fathers, spirits, and
ancestors, giving offerings, praising,
thanking, worshipping honoring, each
ones as their days change

Come, now, let us, receive our welfares
and blessings
from Odin, and other Gods, and
Goddesses

finally, now let us, celebrate and show it
alphabetically

Awe-inspiring, ancient, a vision of chaos
released, a ghostly parade of riders and
hounds, abducted to the underworld or
the fairy kingdom, adopted, and adapted
Believes, Berchtold, (Berchta)
Buckriders, (Dutch: Bokkenrijders)
Belarusian, it is called
Дзіка Паляванне (Belarusian: "wild
hunt"). As Belarus used to be part of
Poland, the motif's presence likely came
from there as an intermediary
Could be viewed witnessed or heard
Celtics, Cain's Hunt, coldest, chase
Caccia Morta ("Dead Hunt"), Caccia
infernale ("infernal hunt")
or, Caccia selvaggia ("Wild Hunt"),
During winter storms, darkest part of the
year when ferocious winds howled and
the veil between the worlds was believed
to be thinnest, Devil, Devils Dandy Dogs
European, England, eternal cycle
of destruction and renewal, experience
tied to spiritual transformation through
an encounter with the raw, chaotic, and
otherworldly, aspects of nature, death
Folklore, foretelling war, plague, or death to
those who encountered it, force that
reflected life's struggles, fearful force
Flanders, France, Familia Hellequini and
in Old French as Maisnie Hellequin (the
"household or retinue of Hellequin").
Germanic, Gabriel, Gabriel's hounds,
Gwyn ap Nudd, was depicted as a wild
huntsman riding a demon horse who
hunts souls at night along with a pack of
white-bodied and red-eared "dogs of
hell," Ghostly Riders,
Güestia in Asturias; Hueste de
Ánimas ("troop of ghosts")
Host, Holda, Herlaping, Herlequin, Hunt's
path, swept into the spirit world, Herod's
Hunt, hunters are usually souls of the

dead, or ghostly dogs, faires, Valkries, or elves, hueste antigua ("Old army") today estantigua, In Galician is known as Estantiga (from Hoste Antiga "the old army"), Compaña and Santa Compaña ("troop, company");
in León; and Hueste de Guerra ("war company") or Cortejo de Gente de Muerte ("deadly retinue") in Extremadura.
Interpretations, Italy, invitation to ride with the Gods, Goddesses, and deities, Indigenous,
Jacob Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, The Brothers Grimm Tales
Knett Ruprecht, King Herla
Legendardy figures, Le Grand-Veneur, a hunter who chased with dogs in the forest of Fontainebleau, and a Poitou tradition where a hunter who has faulted by hunting on Sunday is condemned to redeem himself by hunting during the night, along with its French Canadian version Chasse-galerie
Medival folklore, Master of Yule metaphorical
Norse lore, nocturnal event, North America Netherlands, Native Americans
Odin, the Allfather, depicted as the leader of it riding his eight-legged horse Sleipnir, Oskoreia, The Asgard Ride Oenjaegeren, Odin's Hunters, Odens jakt and Vilda jakten (Swedish: 'the hunt of Odin' and 'wild hunt') Oskoreia rides Guro Rysserova ('Gudrun Horsetail'), often called Guro Åsgard, who is "big and horrid, her horse black and called Skokse, Orderic Vitalis' Infernal Hunt
Pre-Christian, possesed, possible precursor to Christianity's incorrect concept of the Witches Sabbat,
Quests, quessential, questions
Raw, red comets
Seen as a terrible omen, sometimes composed of dead, spirits, or even witches and their familiars, Slavs, Sigurd Spain, superstitiously, spread into multiple cultures, but the common theme stayed the same, spiritual, stolen symbolic

Traditional, Terrifying Ride,
Theodoric the Great, the Danish King
Trondelag
Untamed forces, of nature
Valdemar Attadag, the dragon slayer
Winter Solitice, Wilde Jagd (German: 'Wild
Hunt/chase') or Wütendes Heer ('Raging
Host/army'), Wodan (Woden),
Woden's Hunt, West Slavs, divoký
hon or štvaní (Czech: "wild hunt",
"baiting"), dzëwô/dzëkô
jachta (Kashubian: "wild hunt"), Dziki
Gon or Dziki Łów (Polish). It is also
known among the Sorbs and among the
South Slavic Slovenes Divja
Jaga (Slovene: "the wild hunting party" or
"wild hunt"), wraith-like, worldwide
Xenial, x-factor
Yule, period of feasting, reflection, and the
marking of the year's longest nights
Zealous, zany

Led by Odin in Norse lore, it was seen as a
ghostly procession of spectral riders,
hounds, and figures racing through the
stormy skies of midwinter, sometimes
interpreted as an omen of war, plague, or
death, or as a challenge to confront
chaos and find inner strength

These Gods, and Goddesses, lead it
They brought welfare, blessings, and accepted offerings, and gifts from the people that lived in these regions

Christianity demonized by making it into a
group of spectral idols a pack of horror
riders that none the less that was
synonymous with their devil

could be seen dormat in the winter
sometimes brazenly besides villages and
towns
doing very little to hide themselves from
being witnessed
usually pleas by spectral head, a hunter
that couldn't be mistaken as the hunt
leader

From a time that had come and gone long
before us, became more a benign figure
representing the changing of the

seasons
accompanied by the howling wind as
they flew through the Wintery night, with
their terrifying demon hounds howling

onlookers were saud be lifted up into this spectral riders and forced to become a apart of it and a slave to their whims while others interpretations said losing yourself in the darkness of nature which happened during Halloween, in competitions and participates considered to gain the trust of woodland spirits and were awarded with wooden stars that were cut from, their trees

Happy Yule to everyone!

Come now, and let us remember —
the Wild Hunt rides still
between storm and silence
through every Yule night.

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Rudra Prasad Warrier

WHEN THE DEMONS COME OUT TO PLAY

I'm quite convinced now, that I am a man possessed,
That surely, the Dark Forces are with me obsessed!
I often feel all the Devils from Hell closing in on me,
Just look into my eyes, the fires of Inferno you will see!

I asked them their names, to make the best of bad company,
A multitude groaned, "My name is Legion, for we are many"!
Unnerving…this harsh, discordant, demonic cacophony,
Was this, of my Soul's contamination, a revelation? An epiphany?

So here I am, a traumatized and completely unwilling host,
To every fiend, devil, demon, monster and ghost!
Whence did they come, from which Godforsaken coast?
My heart, mind and soul, do these satanic cohorts roast!

They're at their worst when I am by myself, lonely in every way,
Tinkering with my thoughts, every moment of the day!
Poetry and prayers have I, to keep these goblins away,
For I do know, 'when I am alone, the demons come out to play'!

Rudra
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Tasneem Hossain

I Kneel Down and Pray

Moonlit night shines on the graves;
Nocturnal owls hoot on the trees.
Somewhere a dog barks and howls;
Evil souls crawl and prowl,
Ghostly trees groan and growl;
Giving shivers to the passersby around.

Restless souls float with the winter clouds.
I sit silently -teardrops fall.
My shadow silently moves
Through the alleys of my life, overcrowd.

Timeless memories play and dance,
Gathered in my spontaneous youthful mirth.

The shepherd's flute scrapes the frozen rust;
Thoughts creep, crawl and clear the dust.
Blood oozes from open wounds
Of my shattered heart.
Loss of love. Tears exude.

Dashed dreams numbness overpowers.
Sadness of my broken heart devours.
In dreams and in visions all flash with burning coals,
Desires and endless passion sing of the saddest thoughts.

The canvass of my forgotten days of bliss, I see.
The witness of our love, the moon and the stars sigh in agony.
The clouds in the sky shine and drizzle into tears.



I shiver in the cold, but you are nowhere near;
Just a spectre of your shadow sits beside me.

I kneel down and pray for your eternal soul.

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Brief Bio of Tasneem Hossain

Tasneem Hossain, a multi-lingual poet, author, educator, translator, and columnist from Bangladesh, has left an indelible mark on contemporary literature. Writing in English, Bengali, and Urdu, she crafts poetry, fiction, translations, and essays with a voice that resonates across cultures. She believes poetry is 'music through words, an ever-flowing river reflecting all that surrounds us,' and her passion is evident in the powerful flow of her writing.

With over 175 articles to her name, her op-eds and columns highlight social and human rights issues, including domestic abuse, war, and peace, serving as a call for justice and empathy.

Tasneem's works have been featured in more than 280 anthologies, journals, newspapers, and magazines, with her poems translated into 20 languages.

Several of her articles and poems are utilized as teaching material in universities and academies in Bangladesh and China; some have been referenced in university research papers and some have found their way in university research papers.

She leads an international poetry project Life in Lyrics and conducts international haiku workshops, fostering literary creativity worldwide.

Adjudged the '100 most influential literary figures of 2025', by Barcelona Adibia, she is the winner of The International Literary Association Creative Tribune, Walt Whitman 2025 Contest and first place holder in the English Language category of The International Literary Association CREATIVE TRIBUNA's " Friedrich Schiller International Literary competition 2025" and 2026. She has also won the prestigious Giovanni Pascoli Award for 2026-2027; and Shahittyapata Award 2025 and 2026. She has won many other awards and recognition from different literary groups around the world.

A member of World Writers' Union, she has been recognized as World's Contemporary Writers 2024 and 2025 in several anthologies and interviewed on several literary platforms in recognition of her contributions to world literature. She has also been recognized as ambassador of peace and Humanities by The Egyptian International Organization for Ambassadors of Peace and Humanities.

She is an Editorial Ambassador for Wordsmith International Editorial (USA) and Board Ambassador of Literacy and Culture for the Asih Sasami Indonesia Foundation; International director and Regional Director of Wallington Journal, Auckland, New Zealand.
Publications: Grass in Green, The Pearl Necklace, and Floating Feathers (poetry) and Split and Splice (article).

A seasoned educator and business consultant, Tasneem taught Business English at Chittagong University of Engineering and Technology and directs human resource organizations in Bangladesh and Canada. With a rich background in radio, theatre, and sports, her life is a tapestry of creativity, intellect, and passion.

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Sajid Hussain

Remnants of Dying Dusk

Amid evening drips through silent chambers,
The living remnant of dying dusk of my ruins,
Roaming alone along desolate corridors of sorrow,
Surrounds my scattered shadows of my soul,
The fading twilight of inward existence,
Returns to me across forgotten remembrances,
Begging forgotten footsteps to wander endless darkness,
Beneath ancient dust scattered eternity breathes ,
A broken soul slowly flutters in fragments ,
Silence pours a black ocean through evening's hollow veins.

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Spectacle of a Fallen Self

An inward fire devours the soul’s domain,
Its embers rise in silence and smoulder ,
Self stands exposed to each discerning gaze,
Like a figure cloaked in ignominy beneath sky,
Once sacred dreams bear the mask of jest,
Mockery claps in courts where eyes still see,
Derision greets me on each corridor,
Breath labours under time’s unkind decree,
Despair hums hymns through hollowed scenes,
Desolation dwells in all that I survey,
Even wonder has withered into dismay,
Existence weighs like stone upon the chest,
Each moment mourns the death of inner rest,
As though fate tires of chronicled escape,
No shelter left where I might veil my face,
Hostility walks with smiles on every side,
What sin I bear remains, unseen,
Would one soul listen, glimpse my inner cry,
As silence spreads across my inner range,
Affliction stretches onward as reprieve drifts behind.

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The Boundless World

O world your realm remains a wondrous mystery,
No mind deciphers fully your concealed design,
Each dawn unveils another strange colour,
Grasps the essence behind appearance here,
One moment seems certain another births uncertainty,
Mirage like waves shimmer across existence ,
Enchanted by their fleeting radiance foresight scatters,
Reality emerges disguised as deception,
No permanence abides all dissolves into illusion,
Amid reflections and conjectures life quietly vanishes,
Universe stretches beyond every measured horizon,
Its vastness surpasses imagination, reason, and inquiry,
Destinations shifts and travelers change pathways,
Life alone reveals hidden chambers within hearts,
Certainties crumble beneath time's relentless unseen hands,
Dreams become dust beneath celestial turnings,
The wise seek meaning through shifting veils ,
The fade silently inter eternity's unfathomable silence,
Still souls pursue distant lights across obscurity,
Seeking enduring truth beyond illusion's glittering surface.

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At the Edge of Evening

I am the solitary pilgrim of approaching dusk,
Enrobed in the dust of innumerable roads,
Around me gathers the expanding dominion of shadow,
While the horizon relinquishes its last inheritance of light,
Unceasingly I advance toward an unseen direction,
Compelled alike by temporal necessity and distant purpose,
The sediment of long fatigue clings to my passage,
And the road has inscribed its history upon my face,
I await the ceremonial awakening of lamps,
Trusting that some beacon still remembers my name,
Soon the sovereign sun shall descend beyond vision,
And daylight shall surrender its final testament to silence,
Yet I must attain my destination before nightfall,
Lest darkness claim me within an anonymous wilderness,
Time decrees that I linger nowhere along the way,
Though weariness has rendered my body a broken vessel,
The birds have returned to their sanctuaries of rest,
And shepherds have guided their flocks toward home,
Dust wanders through the restless breath of evening winds,
While creation folds itself into contemplative stillness,
Unresolved judgments yet inhabit the chambers of thought,
And I question the object of my waiting,
For the road continually summons my onward movement,
While destiny extends its invisible hand before me,
I must arrive where night's refuge may be found,
Before the last traces of day are extinguished,
The pilgrimage may bear me beyond remembrance,
Into regions where neither light nor identity endures.

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Biography



DR. SAJID HUSSAIN

Dr. Sajid Hussain, born on 1 February 1969 in Morgah, Rawalpindi, Pakistan, is an internationally recognized Pakistani poet, educator, master trainer, literary promoter, and homeopathic doctor. He is widely known for his contributions to contemporary English literature, peace advocacy, cultural dialogue, and educational development. Professionally, he serves as a Senior Chemistry Teacher under the Federal Directorate of Education, Islamabad. He is also a Master Trainer of “Low Cost and No Cost Science Material,” contributing significantly to science education and innovative teaching methodologies. In addition, he has served as Principal of Jinnah Public School, Rawalpindi, and practices as a homeopathic doctor.

Dr. Hussain is the President of CIESART Headquarters Pakistan (International Chamber of Writers and Artists, Spain) and is affiliated with several international literary organizations, including the World

Nation Writers' Union, Kazakhstan. Through his literary and cultural engagements, he has promoted intercultural understanding, peace, human rights, environmental awareness, and humanitarian values.

A prolific poet, Dr. Hussain has written more than 1,500 poems. His literary works have appeared in over 600 international anthologies, magazines, journals, newspapers, and literary websites across the world. His poetry has been translated into several major languages and has reached readers across Asia, Europe, Africa, North America, and Latin America.

His poetry explores themes of humanity, peace, social justice, environmental stewardship, spirituality, resilience, love, and the complexities of human existence. His distinctive voice combines philosophical reflection with emotional depth, earning him recognition among international literary circles.

Dr. Hussain has received numerous prestigious awards and honors from literary and cultural organizations worldwide, including the Shahitya Pata Award (Bangladesh), Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Literary Honour (India–Seychelles collaboration), Golden Pen Award, Excellenza Award, World Cultural Freedom Award (Trinidad and Tobago), and the Certificate of Literary Performance from Gujarat Sahitya Academy, India.

His works have been featured by international literary platforms and media outlets, including Spillwords, Poetry Soup, Atunis Galaxy Poetry, Verses de Rivulet, NBM Bangla TV, Daily Asia Bani, and many other renowned publications.

Dedicated to fostering global understanding through literature, Dr. Sajid Hussain continues to inspire readers worldwide through his poetry, educational service, and commitment to cultural exchange and social harmony.

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Mohammad Kutubuddin

The darkness of the astray

How much more will you be a helpless wanderer in the alleys of darkness!
The term of your soul has expired
Your aimless thoughts - futile wanderings of fruitless meditation,
Eating the weight of your body
The chin of the earth is constantly
becoming a huge sinkhole
Your enthusiasm has filled the organs
of your body with the eyes of the dead
Now stop, leave the desires of the soul
Know yourself in the feeling of solitude
Find your real destination.

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ABM Sohel Rashid

The Fugitive Conscience

Everything is randomly devastating by a whirlwind of deep sighs
Decorated kingdom of mine has been ruined
What I see with two eyes, everything is ashy-yellow, faded
The famine is in my pocket, as if it is an extreme silent crematorium.
.
Walking alone, at every step has a sign of lack
The ancestral blood debt will not be repaid in any way
Has politics Endangered me, hasn't it?
Politics has destroyed capitalism, muscle power
Defining democracy without finding parallelism
Digging own grave in the bulk of boundless corruption.
.
Civil society has learned the game with snake
Snakes have taken charge of the education system
Cobra's poison in the leaked education question, whispering
The Fugitive Conscience is delivering speech on the scaffold.
.
The Politics within politics, culture is annihilated
Where are the people without religious faith, but there are scares in religion.

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.



A B M Sohail Rashid is a multi-talented figure in the arena of Bangladeshi art and culture. He is simultaneously a poet, fiction writer, and a popular actor. From literary creation to acting on the silver screen—he has walked comfortably in almost every branch of art.

Birth and Family Identity
A B M Sohail Rashid was born on December 23, 1965, at the Azimpur Maternity Hospital in the capital city of Dhaka (however, according to his SSC certificate, his date of birth is January 1, 1968). His paternal home is in the Brahmanbaria district.
He is the worthy son of the martyred intellectual A B M Abdur Rahim, a sun-child who sacrificed his life at the altar of victory in the Great Liberation War, and his mother, artisan Mrs. Jhorna Rahim. He is the eldest among his parents' five children. In his family and personal life, he is the head of a happy family consisting of his wife, one son, and two daughters.

Literary Works and Contributions
A B M Sohail Rashid's contribution to the world of creative literature is highly enriched. He constantly leaves his mark of talent on the large canvas of poetry and fiction. Among his notable published literary works are:

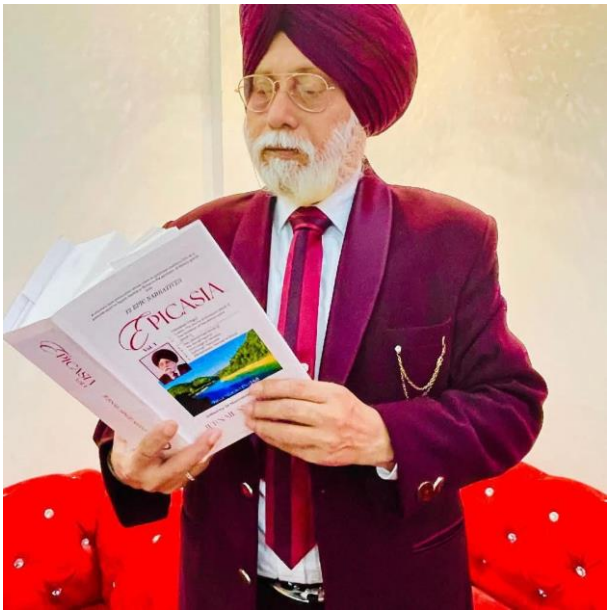
Poetry: So far, 14 solo poetry books of his have been published, in which he has depicted various colors of life, philosophy, and deep emotions.
Novels: He is equally skilled in fiction, with novels published to date.
Children's Literature: Keeping the psychology of tender-aged children in mind, he has written children's storybook

Acting Career
Alongside literature, A B M Sohail Rashid is equally popular and acclaimed in the world of acting. He has won the hearts of the audience by portraying various characters on the silver screen. In particular, he is specially known and discussed for his wonderful performance in the popular mainstream film Chachchu Amar Chachchu', starring Shakib Khan.

Jernail S Aanand

Pyramids of Memory

When brain stops grinding,
What actually comes
To a halt
Is our memory



Life is a long series
Of events,
And a sustained chain
Of memories.

From day one
Joy after joy,
Misery after misery
We build a pyramid of memory

Loss of life is actually
The loss of memory
When it is reconnected
Much clay has flowed from under us

We are creating visual images
Which we fondly call history,
It plays memories
When we are utterly lonely.

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To'ychiyeva Charosxon Halimovna

The Book

Books, by burying my heart within them,
Pull it toward themselves like a magnetic force.
The essence of my life takes away my pain,
My confidant, truly, is my own heart.

I live in not just one, but a thousand destinies,
Every page is a memory, a thought, a dream.
Even a single sentence, a single idea is imprinted,
Within my heart, which they stir into endless motion.

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Siyovush Qodiriy

Ghazals

1

Without the teacher, the house of the nation cannot become pure,
Without the teacher, there is no progress on the path of art.
Woe to the one who forgets the service of the master,
Without the teacher, no seeker becomes learned and skilled.
An age struggles with ignorance — just look around,
Not a single moment in life is free from toil.
The teacher is always in service to the people and the homeland,
Yet never once has he sought a corner of seclusion.
Because he bestows knowledge, intellect, and skill upon others,
No one in the world has attained such nobility as the teacher.
They possess precious honor and a good name —
I wanted to proclaim it to the universe, but lacked the power.
I wished to create a new verse in their praise,
But I am incapable — my verses are not worthy of such service.

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2

Every thoughtless deed ends in difficulty,
A wise and learned person is shaped by education.
If the father is virtuous, his trace remains on the son,
Otherwise, that fine young man becomes lost and ignorant.
If a defective seed falls into the cultivated field,
That crop will grow with twice the flaw.
A king who, with wisdom, made his realm flourish —
If he lacks wisdom, his kingdom becomes ruin and falsehood.
“A wise enemy is better than a foolish friend,” they say,
Earth and water, once mixed, eventually become clay.
In youth, a person roars like a river,
When old age comes, he becomes a stone on the shore.
Whoever traverses the ups and downs of life,
Gradually, in the end, becomes a perfect man.
The garden of Paradise is the resting place of God’s beloved ones —
Not every heedless person gets there without good deeds.

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3

Nothing but error comes from the eye of the mob,
Shamelessness tears down the veil of honor.
The shirt protects the dignity of the body —
One should not imitate Europeans or Russians.
Drinking, short clothing, selling one's body, and hypocrisy —
None of these have a place in faith for a dishonorable man.
Half-naked, enslaved to Western customs —
What difference remains between a slave and a spy?
Woe to those naked flirtations under the veil,
Some have trampled upon religion and traditions.
Even if adorned with delicate wings,
You cannot call the peacock a sweet-voiced bird.
O Siyovush, from body, head, face, words, and speech,
How can you ever grasp the nature of a puppet?

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4

Life these days is like a fable,
Reason is trampled by desires and has become estranged.
A daughter of the East wears the naked shirt of the West —
Does anyone know if she is homeless or mad?
Alas for this age of airplanes — birds on the ground are wandering in search of a grain.
Do not let the ego enter your heart,
An unilluminated house is like a ruined hovel.
The noble human trait is forbearance,
Contentment with what is in hand and on the brow is needed.
Blessed is that home in whose thought,
"The dry bread of toil is like a royal morsel."
O Siyovush, go sit for a moment with a master of heart —
His nature will guide you if his character is manly.

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5

Speech must be weighed on the scales of intellect,
An inappropriate remark can bring despair to the sick.
The fiery effect of words can split the heart —
Slowly, the dust-storm brings down the wall.
Since we ourselves are hurt by the behavior of rivals,
It is not right to inflict torment on anyone.
In every era, there is a match for Qori Ismat —
He fills his barn at the expense of others.
Nothing is spent from his table, yet he hopes,
To take away one poor man’s morsel.
The number of fools is not small in the world —
Doesn’t a rotten piece of wood still serve a carpenter?
I wanted to give advice so that it reaches this and that one —
The noble men of speech have bestowed a hundred works.
Though I have turned the millstone of reason,
I have found no sign of the unique creation on the lip of the pitcher.

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Siyovush Qodiriy was born on July 3, 1991, in the beautiful village of Nilu, Surkhandarya region of the Republic of Uzbekistan, into the family of a teacher and poet, Abdubarot Qodiriy. From 2016 to 2021, he graduated from Termez State University with a degree in Tajik philology. Like his father, who is a creative artist, Siyovush too has chosen the honorable path of his compass. He began writing poetry, ghazals, mukhammas, dubaytis, and quatrains while still a student. The writings of this talented young man are regularly published in the newspapers “Sariosiyo”, “Khovar”, “Ovozii Tojik” and in the collective collection “Az Zarafshon to Surkhon”.

Kamrul Islam

The Virgin Dawn on the Wings of Dreams

Let’s speak freely and again and again go into why
Let the soothing and vibrant twigs swing in the wind.

Never plant the seeds of merciless envies,
your twisted unkind shade talks much about the
serpentine rivers of slumber, afar
a forest tortuous, burnt and deceived
and the whole creation stumbles, sleeps lost.

To live under the canopy of earth and rains
the freedom of ants and birds of fly virulently
play games in the mundane tales
with mixed album of various times of evolutionary fate.

The sky won’t put up with the filthy brains and hands
that bleed the innocent bushes,
innumerable eyes on you and your cruel acts
like the fishing nets arguing with the threads
how to manage the roaring oceans by new words.

Someday the world be filled with so many faces
with innocent magic and divine sinew,
and your hands soaked in blood
be burnt down into ashes by the invisible pouring
insistent and angry – the landless clouds
and the howling Nature show the wounds of tilling lands
and versatile dreams of flora and fauna.

Let's be in vernal courage of endless walk
in the tremble moon of ancestors’ dreams
to plant the seeds of poesy that would
Grow the cosmic flowers in the garden of God
As if the virgin dawn on the wings of dreams…

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Bangladesh

Malevolent Rains

The man is dying in the flickering light
of his soul and the world is getting puzzled.
Love cannot protect him from being harassed
in the evening full of gust.
Deodorizing the path, we walk on
is not a game you thought earlier
when the rains do not know how to smile
and spoil the blood-soaked harvest.

We have to look at the birds
that bring magic on their wings
and the dirty womb creates
a text of unbridled hands in such evil weather.

How far can we go in such malevolent rains
that invite darkness in the flowery manners?

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Bangladesh

Yeon Myung-ji

The Innate Goodness of Plants

Newly sprouted shoots and buds possess a gentle nature.
Was the dream they dreamt during their harsh winter slumber a form of discipline?
The cotyledons, emerging like a sun-greeted smile,
Seem like an act of courtesy toward the spring breeze.
Even the fierce lacquer tree offers a mild sprout in the spring.

Plants stand upright; it is a sign they are willing to be grazed.
In the old days, spring was known as the season of famine.
Now, the animals have inherited the hunger that humans cast aside.
For the herbivores whose year begins with a cry,
The taste of tender grass softens their teeth.
As plants grow, their tips sharpen and they bow their heads.
It is a sign they have grown tough and fibrous—a plea not to be eaten.

It is nothing short of sacrificial.
Under the name of the "herbivorous table,"
Through the method of "rumination" as their cutlery,
They feed exactly half of the Earth.
The fenceless meadows belong to the young beasts.
Placing an ache in the belly of green fruits
Must be their way of considering next spring’s harvest.
Have you ever witnessed such a benevolent conspiracy?
The kind and virtuous grasses hide the venomous snake
And endure every stroke of the human scythe.

Therefore, to quietly murmur the names of plants
Is to recite an entire field of grass.

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Muhammad Al-Qaddafi Masoud

Wheat of Words

Rain draws up
houses in the clouds,
chairs made of light.
Angels plow the night
of happiness.
They plant songs in
the brass threshing-floors,
beating the wheat of words.

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Translation Dr . Salwa Goda

On the House's Hip

We write on the house's hip:
We are here.
We chew on the street's loneliness
'til the alley turns
into a moon on the soul's shoulder.
The wind's wound...
you tell it like a secret.
Lightning drinks its glass,
and we drink down the question.
Sparrows soften the bitter cold.
What's the point of staying...?
The olive tree left it to the windows
to tell what's left
of the shouting inside us,
tossing it in the grinder.

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Translation Dr . Salwa Goda



The poet

Mohammed Al Gaddafi Masoud born in 1978 in Gharyan, Libya, holds a theater diploma from Tripoli's Jamal Al-Din Al-Miladi Institute (2000) and is the author of several collections, including lyrical poetry (We Woke Up to Joy, 2006) and journalistic dialogues (My Dialogues with Them, 2008). Widely published across the Arab world, his work has been translated into numerous languages—English, Chinese, Spanish, Polish, French, Italian, and Albanian—and appeared in international print and online journals from Spain to Argentina. In 2024, he was selected as one of 72 global poets for an Italian-language anthology curated by Angela Costa, reflecting his broadening transnational literary presence.

_____

Translation Dr . Salwa Goda

Shahid Abbas

No Day for the Earth

We chose a day for her
as if she waits for names,
as if care can be dated.
We said the right things.
Soft words,
carefully placed
like flowers that never touch the ground.
Still,
some hearts
quiet, stubborn
keep a small light alive
and call it hope.
She does not live in days.
She moves in slower truths
in mountains that do not speak,
in rivers that carry more than water,
in trees
that remember
even when we forget.
It reaches the mind
this knowing.
But somewhere before the heart,
it falls.
We breathe because she lets us.
We live
and still take.
There is something wrong in us:
to lean on what holds us
and call it weight.
One day,
we will lie in her again
without voice, without claim.
And she will take us back
the way she always has.
No questions.
Beneath her,
there is no difference.
No names survive there.
She gave without asking.
Forests.
Water.
Sky.
Enough.
And we keep undoing it
slowly,
as if nothing breaks at once.

We ask,
what will it change?
But things do not end loudly.
They leave
piece by piece.
A tree gone.
A river less.
Air
a little harder to hold.
Until one day,
it is not the same world.
She will remain.
She has time.
We do not.
So this is not for her.
It is for us
if we still want to stay.

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Biswanath Kar

UMBRELLA



It is raining heavily outside on our way
Half of my body is under your umbrella
Half is drenched in bold raindrops' spray
Heat of your body beats my heart's wall.

The water dripping from your wet face
Becomes diamonds falling on my hands
Your hot breath excite my feelings' space
In my crippled body with scents of buds.

A pair of blue birds are drenching in rain
Soaking in that primal thirsts and hunger
Flutter amids the leaves of the old banyan
It is getting to me to the warm sweet hover.

My heart is breaking all the sweet barriers
In the hot waves of the sweet spray of rain
My eyes are moving downwards n upwards
In the fascination of some strange relation.

After some time the rain will be stopped
I will come out of the umbrella leaving you
Some burns in me may have been suffered
Even may not be leaving the burns to sew.

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LIGHT AND SHADOW

In the hide and seek of light and shadow
Life runs so fast like the flow of the river
Shadow often shallows the light's glow
Light also plays, the shadows disappear.

Like light and shadow the life is dynamic
Life and death are moving like the both
Playing hide and seek on the earth's deck
If there is life there also exists the death.

Life is a dance between shadow and light
Like dawn n twilight they run before each
Life is meaningless if only the life is bright
If there is no shadow only light is on beach.

Moon appears n disappears by its nature
Light and shadow both are the gifts of God
Enjoy both without any incredulity n desire
Irrespective of what you do not have nor had.

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Mohammad Kutubuddin

A Preserved Rose

The piles of harmony, little by little,
are breaking into fragments,
vanishing behind the curtain of divisions
within the chambers of caste and clans.

A massive line of rage floods everywhere;
here, vultures keep arriving in flocks,
and the eyes of hyenas glare with ruthless hunger.
Only the herds of deer remain helpless,
the flocks of sheep have surrendered all hope.

Yet still, the pilgrim crows keep fighting—
with brickbats balanced on the tips of their beaks,
they leave behind proofs of resistance.

Some, merely to survive,
stay awake through the deepest darkness,
waiting for a new dawn—
for a preserved rose
and one more attempt
to spread its fragrance.

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The days of that yellow evenings

How could the yellow evenings of that day be erased in the embrace of the dawn!
The great sacrifice of that round table that was raised in the midst of the battle-
Why is it unsettled today?
Why does the scepter fall down in anger today!- The arrogance of arrogance!

How many afternoons have we gathered in the garden,
have placed the helmet of thought in the ditch
Covering the omnivorous splendor that melted in the youth of the night, have woven flames in the depths of my mind- I was engrossed in building a habitable great age
There, you and I were the skillful ones behind the scenes.

Covered in the foam woven by the sea's excitement, I laid down my war strategies,
covered myself in the scorching sun,
under the barrel of countless snipers,
that day in the procession of slaughter, you and I gave
unbuttoned the button of courage to hold my chest,
when the wild dogs scratched the ground of our existence with their own force,
then, breaking the leisure of leisure -
or ignoring the utmost affection of life,
I plucked out the eyes of the vulture!

Why do you throw the water of the gurgling water on this ground with that soft voice today?
Why do you throw the gunpowder shells from that eyeball today?
But do you really want to be free?

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Rhah Jehan Ashrafi

NATURE

I look at the sun,
A fiery soul
Eager to burn
In its own blaze.
Its light:
Soothes darkness

Dazzles adamant Eyes
That dare to look into
Its possessive secrets.
I look at the trees
Giving protective shadows,

Laden with fruits,
Humbled in prostration.
I look at the moon
A proud queen bathing
In her own beauty.

I look at the river
Always in a hurry to flow,
Unstoppable,
Craving to meet the sea.

I look at the clouds
Hanging on my head.
Ready to melt
And shower drops
Of mercy
To quench thirst.

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Yatti Sadeli

MORNING SUN

The morning sun slowly lifts the curtain of night, Bringing a ray of light

When morning breaks There's a glimmer of hope on the eastern horizon A new beginning . . . Not just a change of time, but a sacred promise of a new day. All anxieties slowly disappear under its rays. Welcoming the morning with a million hopes.

Dew whispers on the tips of the leaves
Welcoming the morning in silence Erasing the remains of restlessness and anxiety.

May my heart rest in peace, my steps guided by compassion, and my spirit lifted by the light of hope.

Memories come like shadows dancing on a curtain of light Time seems like a never-ending game.

Morning dew dances on the leaves, A secret slowly unfolds. The sun smiles, greeting peace, Weaving colors in a dance of light.

The blue sky stretches wide, The coolness of its embrace shimmers in the air. Silent poetry whispers in the wind's ear, Spreading its wings in the still morning.

The cries of birds trace the sky, Their soft cries carry a lost story. The dew whispers, touching the flowers, Keeping the story of a growing dream.

Everything that has ever touched the heart will live on as a subtle trace in the space of time.

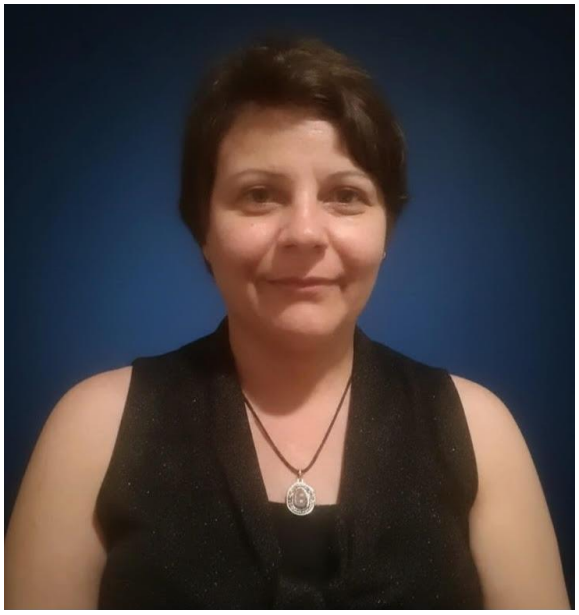
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Chrisrina Margeti

Artemis

The Temple of the Goddess
with the waves of her power,
reaches across the universes.
The walkways of warmth
meet the clouds,
as creatures come to rest
upon the footsteps of the sea,
and groups of friends embrace
beneath the pollen.
Proud wildflowers
whisper healing lore
as the sun hides
behind the hills.
Gentle fragrances
clothe the faint memories.
The chestnut-coloured sand
and the shallow waters,
beside the bustling marketplace,
travel through time.
The Goddess, carved in stone,
directs the swallows,
and a woven fountain
spreads into the light.
A butterfly came to rest,
like a beacon on a branch,
as though it too
had sought
a sheltered harbour...
A cyclist passes by us,
a cyclist,
smiling...



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Biography of Christina Margeti

I was born in Athens. I studied Computer Science and attended the Hellenic Open University in the program of Hellenic Culture, with a particular interest in History and social structures.
I am the founder of the sole proprietorship “New Themiskyra” (2022), through which I distribute my work online, as well as works by other creators. My poetry collection “Stis Politeies tis Gynaikas” began in 2014 and was first published in 2022 in London by Akakia Publications, followed by expanded editions in 2023 and 2026. Lyrics from my book have been set to music in English, while other poems of mine have been published in international print and online literary journals. I have participated in initiatives for human rights and have signed the collective initiative “Her Voice – Women Writers Against Gender-Based Violence.”

Rasulova Rukhshona

Apple

There is one sweet fruit
It had no name
Everyone has it at home
It has the most wonderful thing.

Red,pink,green,yellow,
There are many types of it
Especially in summer
It is eaten every day

Because apples are vitamins
It is a cure for all ailments
Old people eat it
It is healing from all sides.

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Ashley O'Keefe

Celestial Skies

In celestial skies
Sun and stars shimmer and glow,
A rainbow tapestry
With secrets to bestow,

A symphony of light
A waltz upon air,
Where dreams and wonders
Intertwine beyond compare,

Each glittering star
A diamond display,
Guiding lost souls
Through the Milky Way,

Painting the sky's canvas
With hues divine,
Igniting our passions
With their luminescent shine,

Celestial skies
A wonder to behold,
Your secrets and mysteries
Forever untold.

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Celestial Pathways

Pathway to the stars
Pathway to the sun,
Pathway to the moon
Upon reflective waters pathways run,

Beneath this vast expanse
Beneath twilight skies,
In dreams of hope and love
Pathways appear and mesmerise,

Through domains of darkness
Light will brightly shine,
Illuminating the paths we tread
With each step a cosmic sign,

Golden rays pave the way
Bathed in radiant hues,
Dancing through the night
With nature's wondrous cues,

Moonbeams weave a silvery thread
Connecting Earth to orbits afar,
Whispering secrets out in space
In the language of each magical star,

Reflective waters mirror our voyage
Revealing depths within our soul,
An eternal longing to be blessed
By the heavenly pathway's toll,

So let us journey hand in hand
Along these pathways of the sky,
Embracing the Macrocosm
Soaring high where eagles fly,

In the sphere of stars and galaxies
We find our place, our purpose true,
Our spirits boundless wild and free
On this celestial pathway we pursue.

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Noriko Morishita

Untitled-

A solitary star keeps watch
over
the ruins of our yesterday

A solitary star keeps watch
as another world unfolds above
the ruins of our yesterday

A quiet universe above the ruins of yesterday

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Japan

The universe-

When you think
you are alone,
the universe adjusts itsbreathing,
making room for one more
trembling heart.

Your heartbeat is a small blue signal,
and the universe answers
with a long,
steady “yes”of stars.

And they will tell you,
“We have seen things like your storms,
but they have all passed”

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Japan

cape trip-

I've reached the cape
you once told me about.

We had promised to go together

The blue sea stretches out
beyond the bus window,
and the journey around
the cape continues.

If I could just sink
my sadness into the sea,
I'd end this journey
and go home.

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Japan

Jacek Wilkos

Stargazing

cloudless night
warm summer air
we lie outside
enjoying the views

you love watching
the starry sky
I love gazing into
your starry eyes

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D.A.Simpson

a pale sun

****

a pale sun
bleached the sky
as the celestial canvas
shrugged off the mists of night
relinquishing the last
of the midnight shadows

and the great orb of day
stretched a pall upon the lake

while the ancient heavenly lamp
of legend and myth
ever faithfully illumining the world

dispelled the ghosts of early morn
drifting across the waters

casting an ethereal pallor
upon the limpid surface

that shields the enigma unknowable
pervading the myriad realms
vanishing into a far oblivion
amid the mysteries
possessed by an unfathomable benthic deep

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~ d.a.simpson ~

a haze of pale yellow

****

a haze of pale yellow
hovered amid the mournful light

endless fields sprawled across a deserted scape
carpeted in dew
that shimmered on a patchwork of baize green

as that uncertain breech
‘tween the hour of midnight and early morn

demurely emerged from nocturnal obscurity

a wealth of light
inherited from the memory of yester eve
bequeathed in pastel hues
fled the celestial realms

and melted into elysian fields
beyond the veil of understanding
in a world of enigma and unknowing

while a breath of saffron and crimson notes
from aloft and on high
ruffled the waters of satin and silk
glimmering in the light of daybreak
upon a remote lagoon
displaying shades of lavender and lament
on a flawless expanse

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~ d.a.simpson ~

O mystical night

****

O mystical night
of beauty and grace

With e'erlasting mysteries replete
through the aeons endlessly abound

Sheltering the souls of the living
beneath a cloak of ebon black

Whose impassive canopy scatters blandishments

Amid radiant midnight skies
with diamond white lights bejeweled

Pinpricks a millions
cast across the empyrean entire

As the celestial light, old as time
monarch of night

That vast shimmering opal
a'dangling in the firmament on high

Enigmatic emissary
from yon unknowable realm

Casts a soft glow

O'er the myriad souls a’slumbering
in the velvet darkness of a silent midnight

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~ d.a.simpson ~

Dr. Parvinder Nagi

WHISPERS OF THE SUMMER BREEZE

Golden rays of splendour fleeting in air
A whispered secret floats without a care
Your laughter sparkles, bright as dawn
And all the world feels paused and withdrawn

Soft winds meander through the leafy glade
Dancing lightly in the dappled shade
Our fingers touch, a spark so slight
Like endless skies in soft twilight

The fragrance of jasmine rides the sea
A melody of you surrounding me
Seagulls call, a sweet refrain
While waves keep echoing our shared refrain

In quiet corners, our shadows play
Two hearts in sync along the bay
The breeze tugs gently at your hair
A tender vow hung in the air

Love hums beneath the fading sun
In golden hours where day is done
And in that breeze, warm and kind
I hear your soul entwined with mine.

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Muhammad Ishaq Abbasi

The Peacock

A peacock opened feathers bright,
He sparkled in the morning light.
He brought his little peachicks near,
Which followed him with joy and cheer.

He danced around so proud and gay,
And loved to lead the grand display.
He shook his tail so wide and high,
Like rainbow colors in the sky.

He felt so proud to see his face,
Its beauty, charm, and gentle grace.
But when he saw his feet one day,
He turned his shining eyes away.

Then he became both calm and wise,
And learned a truth we should realize:
No one is perfect, big or small,
So we should love ourselves and all.

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PAKISTAN



Arben Iliazi

I HAVE TIME...

I have not seen you for a while
The seagulls cry
Somewhere else now
With shiny,
cold beaks.

In the hours of sand
Winter has come.

Nothing moves
When the waves swirl
around the sun.
A canoe, like a slender ship,
sees dreams beneath the sky.

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Translated into English By Kujtim R. Hajdari)

Thodhori Baba

THE KILLED BIRDS

I paused for a moment in the infantile smile.
Believe me, just a moment.
In their tears, oh, how long I lingered
The colorless crystal smiled at me.
But I was far, so far.
I covered everything: roads, seasons, people.
But I myself could not
I was a killed bird.
In the night,
sorrowful with extinguished stars,
half-dead, half-mad.

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translated into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari

Moment.

Here, the twilight is silent with a
light that hides beneath the forest trees.
And I, too, am silent with the song
of a bird with red wings.
A squirrel, like a playful wave,
dances with my shadow.
For a moment, I forget that the small world
burns in my fists.
In its grace, I sow fragments of freedom
with petals of pain-blooming smiles.
Where, high in the skies,
we search for the forgotten paths of happiness...

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translated into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari

THODHORI BABA

(Prepared and translated into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari

Mr. Thodhori V Baba started writing around 1975-76 as a journalist. Born in Vlora on March 5, 1956. After completing primary and secondary school, he graduated from the Faculty of Philology with a specialization in Albanian Language and Literature.

He collaborated regularly, publishing articles in the newspapers "Zeri i rinisë," "Luftari," and "Zeri i Vlora." At the same time, he was the publisher of the children's magazine "Valëza e kaltër," and he was a member of the board of directors of the magazine "Pilgrim of the Light Club—Athens."

He writes poetry and prose. To date, he has published 12 volumes, which have been well received by readers in Albania and abroad.

He has participated in numerous national and international magazines and anthologies.

Usha N Shrinivaasun

NATURE, THE DIVINITY

Blushed, dusky maid on a liminal sky,
Peach, pink and gold in loveliness does lie ,
Silhouetted by birds flying homeward bound
Hesperus winks at us on the ground.

Hey presto! Canopy of midnight blue,
Dazzling diamonds sparkle in Prussian hue,
Sways in the silver queen seductively
Mundanity gleams provocatively.

Pearl drops on emerald leaves, day is lit,
Sun kisses dawn maid in a love gambit,
From lush hills rushes the river in spate,
Cheeky Trouts and minnows leap and elate .

Like a maid in love it hugs plant and rock,
Woosh! The waterfall, rainbow it doth lock ,
Proteus hugs her, the oceanic king,
Finally she comes home to warmth and loving.

Nature is our friend and needs nurturing,
Nature's our doctor who of ills does the curing ,
Nature is a balm to a wounded heart ,
Nature is God, of life an intrinsic part .

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Dr. Siyoung Doung

An Aurora Rises in the Sky of Words

Snow falls,
and heaven and earth exchange snowy greetings.

Within the wind,
the primordial lips play a flute.

The tree before the yard
is a fishing line cast into the Milky Way.

A graceful swan
writes poetry upon the wings of blank paper.

An aurora rises in the sky of words.

Passing starlight enters the poem,
dances for a while, and moves on.

At night, the universe becomes very small,
sitting beside me, playing.

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말의 하늘에 오로라가 뜬다

눈 내려,
하늘과 땅이 눈인사한다

바람 속에서
원시의 입술이 피리를 분다

뜰 앞 나무는 은하수에 드리운 낚시

우아한 백조,
백지의 날개 위에 시를 쓴다

말의 하늘에 오로라가 뜬다

지나가던 별빛이 시에 들어와
춤추다 간다

밤이면 아주 작아지는 우주
내 곁에 앉아 놀고 있다



Poet Dr. Siyoung Doung graduated from the Department of Korean Language and Literature at Dongguk University and went on to earn a Ph.D. in Korean Language and Literature from Hanyang University. She further expanded her academic pursuits by studying humanities at Regensburg University in Germany. Her teaching career includes positions as a professor at Korea Tourism University and Jilin University of Finance and Economics in China.

Her literary journey began in 2003 with her poetry debut in the literary magazine Dacheung. Since then, she has published numerous poetry collections, including Future Hunting, In Search of a Strange God, The Phone Call from God, The Eyes of November, The Carnival of Time (Anthology), Was It You, Was It Me, or Was It Longing?, The Scent of Secrets, Aria of Everyday Life, The River Flowing Under the Pen, The Magic Letters, and The Horizon Never Gets Wet. In addition to poetry, Doung has contributed significantly to literary research with works such as Roh Cheon-myung's Poetry and Semiotics, Korean Literature and Semiotics, and Semiotics of Modern Poetry. Her exploration of literature extends into travel writing, with essay collections like Encountering Culture Through Travel and Encountering Travel Through Literature. Her literary excellence has been recognized with numerous prestigious awards, including the Park Hwa-mok Literary Award (2010), Poetry and Poetics Young Poet Award (2011), the Grand Prize at the Korean Buddhist Literature Awards (2018), the 32nd Dongguk Literary Award (2019), the Yeongrang Literary Award for Criticism (2020), and the 7th Woltan Park Jong-hwa Literary Award by the Korean Writers' Association (2021). Most recently, she received the Literary Youth Work Award in 2024.

Ms. Im Sol Nae

Becoming the Sea

It was a house with crooked walls.
We used to laugh, saying we slept each night with our wills beside us,
never knowing when it might collapse.
In those days, when redevelopment was still a distant dream,
the river of my childhood and youth rushed through that place in torrents.
That house of mud bricks—even through its prison-like windows,
the sunlight that barged in without restraint was my very lifeblood.
Everything else was piled away in my old drawer.
Our nest was neither grand nor prosperous, yet it was warm.
Back then, green diaries were written, and days ripened gently like the moon.
Now my mother, whose sphincter has weakened with age,
renders even a bidet unnecessary;
whether the affairs of the world race past like an arrow or not,
her time has come to rest at seventy-nine.
The river water, having reached the sea, let's go of itself.
Ah, life is the task of becoming the sea.
The curved wall was a line bending toward the sea.
Where is she who was once me?
And where is the I who was once her now heading?

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바다가 되는 일

벽이 굽은 집이였다
언제 폭삭 할지 몰라
매일 밤 유서 들고 잔다며 키들댔다
재개발이 한참 멀었던 그 날맹이
유년의 청년의 강은 거기서 콸콸 흘렀다
흙벽돌 그 집, 감옥같이 뚫린 창으로도
막무가내 들이치는 햇살은 나의 목숨이었다
나머진 내 낡은 서랍 속에 쌓였다
우리의 둥지는 안옥했고 없지만 따뜻했다
그땐 녹색일기가 쓰였고 달처럼 잘 익어갔다
괄약근이 망가져 지금은 비데를 무색케하는 울 엄마
세상사 쏜살같이 흐르거나 말거나 칠십 구에서 멎었다
바다에 이르러 놓아버린 강물
아, 삶은 바다가 되는 일
굽은 벽은 바다로 가는 곡선이었다
나였던 그는 어디에 있을까
그였던 나는 어디로 가고 있는가



Poet Im Sol Nae has continued her active literary career since making her debut through the monthly literary magazine JayuMunhak in 1999. She has published six collections of poetry, including The QR Code of a Leaf, Amazon, That Transit Station, The Cry of an Awakened Amazon, Hong Nyeo, and many others. In addition to her literary achievements, she has gained wide recognition as a professional poetry reciter at numerous national events organized by the Ministry of the Interior and Safety. Her major appearances include Memorial Day commemorations, Righteous Army Day (June 1), the opening poetry recital for the Seoul City Hall Stream Project at the Grand Theater of the Sejong Center for the Performing Arts, the annual commemorative ceremony at Injeongjeon Hall of Changdeokgung Palace hosted by the Korean Imperial Household Culture Foundation, and the 120th memorial ceremony for Empress Myeongseong held at her birthplace. She also founded the Korean Federation of Poetry Recitation Associations to broaden the cultural foundation of poetry recitation in Korea.

In 2011, she traveled for twenty-five days along the Tea Horse Road with avant-garde artists from around the world, drawing profound artistic inspiration from the journey. Poems inspired by this experience were later transformed into various musical genres, including jazz, traditional Korean vocal music, classical singing, and Korean art songs, and were presented through the Tea Horse Road Concert.

Her literary and artistic accomplishments have been recognized through numerous honors, including the Yeongnang Literary Award, the Korean Literary Critics Association Award, the Lyric Poetry Literary Award, the 22nd Poet's Poet Award, selection as a Sejong Excellent Book in 2014, and the 8th Buddhist Literary Writers' Award.

Poet Im Sol Nae is regarded as one of the leading artistic poets in contemporary Korea, expanding the boundaries of modern Korean poetry through her innovative fusion of poetry, recitation, music, and performance art. She currently serves as a World Ambassador of the International Academy of Ethics.

Her representative works, including "Metamorphosis (羽化)," "Blue Butterfly," "Becoming Godmother of Victoria," "The Fireflies' Shawshank Redemption," "Three Souls," "The Scarlet Light Universe" and "Sumbi Sori (Breath of the woman Diver)" have been translated and introduced in many countries around the world, including the United States, Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia, India, Nepal, Albania, Vietnam, Kyrgyzstan, and Jordan.

Kamrul Islam

For A Peaceful Globe

The world's not pacified rather classified,
The increasing gaps of the rich and poor
spoiling peace across the world.

The confusing clouds are not ours,
Who they are to spoil the dove's feathers,
The wind whispers to the ears of
Peace and love in the darkish bush.

The increasing cruelties wrapped in silence
Cannot overcome the gifted souls,
The secret herbs summon the fresh field,
The seeds of human love sprout with
Glowing smiles.

The dawn is not so far the night promises,
Peace sparkles in the eyes of the sun…
There is another shore, where waiting
The lantern with the light of peace,
The waves there sing in festive mood,
Love is the healing wind to remove sores.

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Bangladesh

Prabir Kumar Rath

Secret Conspiracy

A sonnet on war.

They whisper peace, yet sharpen every blade,
And draw new borders on the maps at night;
While common men are sent where graves are made,
The hidden hands remain far from the fight.

The bugles sing of glory, flags, and fame,
Young hearts march out beneath a burning sky;
But none return exactly as they came,
And many learn too late the reason why.

Behind closed doors the bargains still are sealed,
Where profit blooms from sorrow, blood, and tears;
The truth lies buried deep in every field,
Among the bones collected through the years.

War wears a mask of honour to deceive—
A secret conspiracy few perceive.

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Nina Lys Affane

VOICE OF PEACE

The silent voice of my verses
And the locked word
On the small stones of my universe
Sculpture of a flower
For the humanity of the whole earth
With magic words
Invent a magical world
Invent an door that opens
on the beautiful, the magnificent
Thus extinguishing the voice that holds the evil
I dream of a world of peace
Where setbacks, conflicts buried forever
A world ruled by Morpheus
In this world of peace
A milky cloud
Calls mankind
To live in love and fraternity
I dream of a zephyr of sweetness
Powerful, its power healing pains and wounds

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Nina Lys Affane an international voice for peace and humanism

In this collection of poetry “A breath, a tear, a smile ”, poems written with soul and heart, with a raw sensitivity
Nina Lys Affane sometimes draws suffering and sorrow, and sometimes traces notes of love and affection with a profound sensitivity, halfway through a present, becoming a recent past..

Nina Lys Affane is back with “un souffle, une larme, un sourire ”, published in Algéria.
A collection of 100 pages of a set of poems and sequences of ideas.
Finding a balance in the universe of the senses and allowing us to be in harmony with what we experience and with what we are.

«Writing consists in using words to say what we usually cannot say in order to rise from the ashes an invitation to the world of the senses and the depths to free oneself, to purify oneself, ... to be reborn!”, said Nina Lys Affane.
“A muse that swings through the duality of dreams and reality”.

Nina Lys Badia Affane the voice of silent souls ,is a woman of letters from Algeria.
After a first career in teaching, she decided to devote herself to journalism, literature and translation.
« Literature, writing and poetry represent to me a voice of freedom to shape a world of peace, sensitivity and beauty ».

She published several books and took part in several anthologies and joint books internationally.

As she was declared Ambassador of the award "Sergio Camellini International Award for Excellence", organized by the international association Verbumlandiart in Italy.
She has also received distinctions and honors for her eloquence from several countries.

Published in several magazines and books around the world, as well as book signings in Algeria, Lebanon, France, Spain, Portugal, Egypt and Tunisia, India ,China, Thailand…her writings and poems have been translated into several languages.

The proceeds from the book signings were intended to help cancer patients and the sick in general.

Nina Lys Affane's previously published books and anthologies



Siyovush Qodiriy

On the unjust bloodshed that is happening to the people of Palestine

Human existence in this world is sweet,
Whether life is easy or hard.
The sign of happiness is not the magnificent palace at all —
It is enough to be in a home of mud and clay in one’s homeland.
Brother, in times of need, he is ready to help,
But see how kindness and care have become scarce.
The world is a bustling market full of deceit and uproar,
The sick heart is no place for the beautiful scent of loyalty.
If the root is pure, the branch will also be pure —
Look how the leaf of the garden is tarnished by dust.
Where are the nights of peace? The house groans with heaviness,
Like a branch that fears the bitter cold of winter.
They threw a child into the sea or into pools of blood —
Today, they call that “justice,” oh!
O Siyovush, go, convey my greeting to Palestine —
Even if the way there passes through the blade of a sword.



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Rhiannon Owens & Ashley O'Keefe

Endless Night

On a voyage to find you
Sailing beneath the stars,
I feel you on the ocean breeze
I never do things by halves,

Beneath a vast twinkling dome
Upon a sea of endless night,
Our dreams we explore
On a ship in search of the light.

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Https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry

Anwar Rahim

Sweet Dreams

Oh! my love tell me
Do you see me in your dreams

You come in my dreams
Under the Banyan tree
Beside the lovely stream
Precious pearls seen with Silver screen
Golden horizon rarely seen



Oh! my love tell me
Do you see me in your dreams

I see flowers smile
At you and me
Birds sing sweet songs
For you and me
I see you and you see me

Oh! my love tell me
Do you see me in your dreams

Sun rays playing hide and seek
As clouds scattered hovering in sky
Keep your head in my lap
Keep peeping in my eyes
Your eyes shining with shy

Oh! my love tell me
Do you see me in your dreams

Tipsy with fragrant breeze
Lost in my love so deep
Don't wake up as Sun rays peep
Dreams are beautiful place
For sweetheart and me to meet

Oh! my love tell me
Do you see me in your dreams

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Dr.Parvinder Nagi

ORCHESTRATED LOVE

Our love bloomed in the fragrances of Spring
Like scents of Jasmine so pure and poignant
We met between the storms of seasons in gusto
With love wrapped in warm breaths and manifesto

Our love brightened as fresh flowers
Fulfilling desires in summer's golden hours
Reminiscing love in warmth of glow
Symphony of our love was written long ago

Every leaf dancing in the new chapter of Autumn fall
Our love still orchestrated
and grew tall
Cherishing the moments
of fleeting gleam
Under the canopy of colourful season we dream

Winter came with words frozen
Our love stayed warm, never broken
Through the snowy winter night
We warmed up with cosy love and light!

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Ylli Pollogati

THE BREATH OF A LOVE

The letters fell from her bosom,
like warm stars upon my soul,
as if they were bringing down the walls
I had built them by myself.

Her body rose above my truth.
Her smile, a light.
Her teeth bit into sweet words,
like the wisdom of a love
that asks nothing of time.

One evening I gave the hours over to music,
to be free, and I wanted to stand against that fog of longing
that was suffocating my soul.
My hair stood on end, like hands clapping!

Then… I felt two hands beside me,
trembling, hot, real.
They wrapped around my neck,
as if to save me from an abyss.

I could not believe my eyes.
She held me so tightly I could count her heartbeat.
And she asked only one thing of me:
“To be mine. Nothing more.”

At that moment, I saw the depth of longing for the first time.
The voices of spirits were heard,
and her blood on my hands wrote a poem—for the breath,
for the muse, for a love that knows no fear.

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(Translated from Albanian into English by Kujtim R. Hajdari)

Yeon Myung-ji

The Key of God

He holds an astonishing key—a key that touches
the tender love that leans toward sunset.
In a garden that measures the weight of wind,
night opens its door
so the flowers, done with their tasks, may drift away.
On afternoons when the breadth of water shrinks
under the breath of clouds,
we must spend the whole day facing only shadow
and revive the voices of flowers
swallowed by darkness.
Wherever light has vanished,
God trims the edges of sunlight
and releases them into the garden.
Rain falls near the foreheads of flowers—
the graves of those that have left the garden.
Rain gathers around the flowers,
whispering: let us flow away.
The damp breath of clouds
lifts the roots of flowers again.
God's garden,
where one comes to know humidity
and the temperature of sunlight,
is so deep and wide
it can hold thousands of stories.
There is a wondrous key—
a key that will open
the flowers that cannot flow.

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Hamid Reza Akbari Shorveh

Untitled

One

If grass grows
from my bone
at cockcrow,
and a dog
with its puppy
barking
comes to my grave,
and an elegy takes place —
a shadow is still
imprinted upon my resurrection.
We have become delirious now,
and from salvation
only “I love you” remains!

Two

Whether you show tolerance
or not!
Ah,
it has become my shroud —
in these long queues of poverty!

Three

Be my Qais!
Do not drive me out of the sleep of existence!
Until the trance —
so that I may rise
with the circle of the moon!

Four

Watch!
This rak’at has fallen
in your name —
for the love of this bronze dagger,
for the sigh!

Five

Judas tree (Arghavan)

did not give me a cup!
I lift my heart
so that the sigh
may rise into takbir
in the name of a miracle!

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May–June 2026 (Khordad 1405)

Bobonazarova Yulduz

You are the best of all, father



I walked in your time, embracing the skies
My dreams grew, laughing like spring
When I fell, I leaned on you, becoming a helpless youth
You are the best of all, father
When I overcome the trials of life, laughing

The prayers you gave blossomed, love blossomed
Every sound in my heart was like a song
You are the best of all, father

You are my support like a mountain, my shelter like the sky
Your presence in my life is the greatest companion
Allah is the only witness to all my words
You are the best of all, father...

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Urgench State Pedagogical Institute

Rudra Prasad Warrier

THE PATH OF THE KARMA YOGI

I am dropping a few things, I was never meant to carry…
Though change is vexatious, difficult…even scary!
The illusory mind chips in, “Why now? Bide a while! Tarry!”
Such mental onslaughts, are always quite difficult to parry!

It’s so comfortable, to stay back here though, to hang around…
I’ve been here for quite a while, this is familiar ground!
People, places and things, I so painstakingly found,
You couldn’t blame me, if to these I am tightly bound!

But I know, I need to move on, for I don’t belong here…
Time to overcome this vague anger, sadness and fear!
I’ll travel light - courage and conviction, my only gear,
For the path of the Karma Yogi, is neither easy nor is it clear!

So let me exult in what life brings - sun, storm or snow,
Travel each road unhesitatingly, be it high or be it low!
This mystical journey will surely unravel itself, I’m sure...I know...
For, learning to let go, is the only way for one to truly grow!

Rudra
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VELLICHOR

(Acrostic)

Verily I say unto thee, this beautiful word doth strike a chord,
Echoes of fond memories, that to forget can I ill afford!
Libraries and old book shops, to me, a home away from home,
Likened to temples of the intellect, with many a treasured tome!

I truly believe, I was born again, in these sanctuaries of the mind,
Changes they brought to me, a place to refresh and rewind!
History, information, even inspiration there did I find,
Occurs to me now, they even endowed me with the wisdom to be kind!

Reality and fiction, these venerable shrines, did together, so miraculously bind!

Rudra
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Sheikh Moniruzzaman Shawon

Donning the divine

Wake up
Donning the Divine
Colour of God.
Are you in a deep slumber
In a silent, infinite
Tartarian darkness?
Wake up
And witness
The radiant aura
Of Phoebus in the midsky
Which shrouds in vain
The sombre progression
Of every nano second
Towards the abysmal pit
Of dark and dusty death
So irrevocable and so senile.
Your every mundane step
Is a mere progression
Towards the sans frontier Horizon of destruction
Beyond the setting sun
Towards a summation
Of disjointed zeros of
Sans hour,sans minute
Sans nothing.
Raise your head and
With your divine insight
Witness the painful erosion
Of Phoebus s bow like lifeline
Fettered with neglect
In the palm of the mortal hand
Radiating the symphony of pain and agony
Of insatiable desires and unfulfilled passion.
Witness
The gradual erosion
Of life and its resonance
In loveless love's
Infinite procession of cadavers.
Rise and embrace
The universal passion of youth
With a kiss
Intimate, carnal and immortal and
Be one with the unknown god
In a nocturnal tryst of lovers.
Witness
The golden dust
Of the sprinting courser

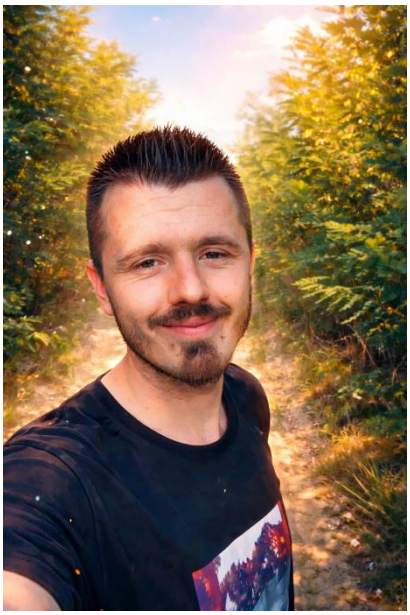
Enveloping the earth,the air,the sky.
So rise up
From your slumber,
From the seven sleepers den.
Lovers 'gaze ala divine dictums
Can create a
radiant star in the cosmos
An abandoned warehouse
A paltry bedroom
Can be a perpetual spring
Of lust and passion,
An islet without
Death,deacay dissolution.
Are you in a deep slumber?
Discover the light
In the muted
Yet grandiose darkness
Hidden, yet omnipresent.
Kohinoor s halo
Pirouettes beyond the horizon
On the sea waves that
That swirl
With the rays of the golden sun
In terra 's fathomless pit
Of the murky Tartarus.
Get up
embellish yourself with
The divine spark of
The immortals,
In the skeletal frame
Of god's human form.

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English translate- Khaled Arefeen Sharif.

Poet Sheikh Moniruzzaman (Shawon) was born on 13-09-1982 in Nayatola, Moghbazar, Dhaka, Bangladesh. Father - Sheikh Abu Jafar Ahmed. Mother - Monowara Begum. Wife - Tania Akhter. The poet's ancestral home is in Dohar, Dhaka. In his professional life, he is a lawyer. For 15 years, he has been providing services in criminal law, income tax law, VAT law, and company law. In his family life, he is the father of two daughters. The first daughter is Sheikh Raisa Abiyat. The second daughter is Sheikh Arza Maliyat Raha. He loves to play and chat. He is also a travel enthusiast. He has already traveled to Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, and India. He has been writing for quite some time. "Je Samudre Agun Jale" is his first solo poetry book and "Shashwata Padachinha" is his second poetry book published in bangladesh.

Fejzë Demiri

For you (Për ty)



For you
I'll turn all the lights off
And I would stay in the darkness
I will also turn off the last candle, burned flame
of spirits
Because, neither the light will have any sense without you.

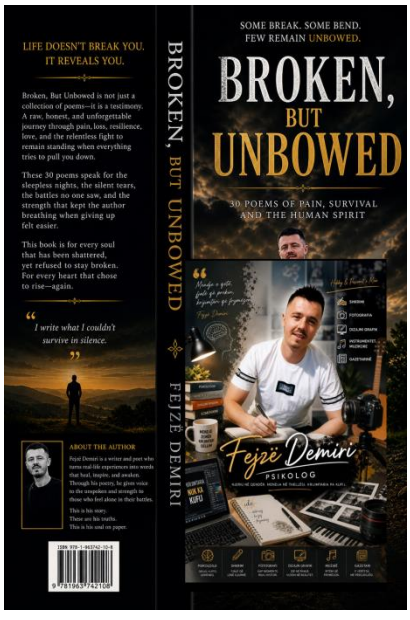
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Love cohesion (Kohezion Dashurie)

Darling
Wait for me to come one day
As particle molecules
Wait for me
Let's get together, in this cohesion of love.

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Gateway of the Heart (Porta e zemres)



Whenever you feel lonely
You can open the gateway of my heart
There is still room for exit- entry.

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Candles for light (Qirinj për dritë)

How many candles are lit?
To get rid of this darkness
But I did not know
That the darkness extinguishes all candles.

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I will come

I'll come one day
To remove your tears
I'll be your smile
Although I won't be with you
I'll be in your footsteps
Let me please
To be your sleep

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Përktheu – Faredin Demiri dhe Faton Beqaj

Muhammad Al-Qaddafi Masoud

Tightness

No sound strips me bare
but time's handkerchiefs
wiping themselves,
and ruin is born
blooming tight little dreams

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Translation Dr . Salwa Goda

Abdubarot Qodiriy

Quatrains

1
The Holy Qur'an is the word of Truth,
Whoever believes in it is upon the Truth.
Whoever brings doubt is unjust,
Mansur's "Anal-Haq" is the unjust's proof.

2
We came from non-existence and became "impure,"
All of us wander beneath the skies.
We placed one day of God's on this earth,
Then turned to dust on another day.

3
The day I became a wanderer on my own feet,
Until the last breath I remained astray.
O God, at Your threshold I plead,
Turn me back into a child once more.

4
Every page of my homeland's history is my sacred book,
Every span of my homeland's soil is my honor.
If I rise once more as on the Day of Judgment,
A hundred times again I will kiss the face of my homeland.

5
I die as a diver in the whirlpool of poetry,
Like Rudaki, I die after a long, long time.
Let one poem, one ghazal remain in my notebook,
I die fully satiated with life.

6
On the tulip's cheek I saw a blood-filled lip,
On Layli's face I saw Majnun's grief.
In Alexander's mirror, from history,
I saw the downtrodden, sorrowful Ferdowsi.

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Abdubarot Qodiriy (Ogahi) was born on March 1, 1961, in the village of Nilu, Sariosiyo district, Surkhandarya region of the Republic of Uzbekistan, into a family of teachers. From 1980 to 1986, he studied at the Abuabdulloh Rudaki Pedagogical Institute in the former Kulob region (now Khatlon), in the Russian Philology department. After graduating from the institute, he worked as a teacher for two years in the village of Chuzi, former Hissar district (now Shahri Nav), Republic of Tajikistan.

The poet and teacher – Abdubarot Qodiriy – has been continuing his profession since 1988 to the present day at a school in his birthplace, the beautiful village of Nilu.

To date, three collections of the poet's verses have been published and have reached a wide readership: "Oyoti dil" (Devastich Publishing House, Dushanbe, 2005), "Farishtahoi rahmoni" (Iste'dod Publishing House, Dushanbe, 2012), and "Huroni bihishti" (Samarkand, 2024).



Yeon Myung-ji

Kakao Agit Pangyo

Heading to the agit, wearing a muffler like a holiday

On days when the wind crumbles cold
A hunger circulates in my calves

Holding each other's shoulders to make an aerial tunnel
Migratory birds flock to the agit that gives them flutters

A tunnel that feels like New York to some groups
Rolling the winter wind round and round, spinning along the same path

If you go up to the wide-open fourth floor, you can spin even more

On the street with migratory birds, small words whisper
A delightful clamor walks to and fro.

The black rabbit has not arrived yet, but
Hexagonal snowflakes, blowing hot breaths, ho-ho

Affectionately, Merry Christmas!

Beside the tree, rabbits in pink vests are pounding a mortar
Migratory birds driven back by the cold, walking and walking again

Cheerfully, Happy New Year!

At broad daylight when the sun rises, if fishes fly up, children clap hands
In the aquarium fountain, whales cheer

Resident birds who came out dragging their slippers walk backward

A perfect place to exercise on a holiday with a muffler wrapped around
Even if the directions we come and go are different, on a cold day,
let's meet at Pangyo Kakao Agit

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카카오 아지트 판교

연명지

휴일처럼 목도리를 두르고 아지트로 간다

바람이 차게 뭉그러지는 날이면
종아리에 시장기가 돈다

서로의 어깨를 잡고 공중 터널을 만들어
설렘을 주는 아지트로 철새들이 몰려든다

어떤 무리에게는 뉴욕 같기도 한 터널
겨울바람을 둥글게 말아 같은 길을 뱅글뱅글 돌고

뻥 뚫린 사층으로 올라가면 더 많이 돌 수 있다

철새들과의 거리에는 작은 말들이 소곤소곤
유쾌한 소란이 걸어가고, 걸어온다.

검은 토끼는 아직 도착하지 않았지만
육각형의 눈송이들 뜨거운 입김을 호호 불며

다정하게 메리 크리스마스!

트리 곁에서 분홍색 조끼를 입은 토끼들이 절구질을 한다
추위에 밀려 돌아온 철새들 걷고 또 걸으며

명랑하게 해피 뉴 이어!

해가 뜨는 한낮 물고들이 날아오르면
아이들은 박수를 보내고
수족관 속 분수에서 고래들이 환호한다

슬리퍼를 끌고 나온 텃새들은 거꾸로 걷는다
목도리를 두른 휴일에 운동하기 딱 좋은 곳
오가는 방향이 달라도 추운 날에는
판교 카카오아지트에서 만나요

The Escape of Sero

On the Serengeti plains, Mama Lulu and Papa Garo graze,
Replaying in slow motion.

In the sunlit hunting grounds, Grant's zebras are a tribe
Whose paths forever overlap.
To leave the herd and dwell alone—
A landscape hard to fathom.
Did he long to return to the wild of his roots, to graze?

Each day left behind,
A relentless chain of anxiety.
Where did Mama and Papa go, leaving him behind?
No matter how long he waited, they never came,
So, I must leap this fence and find them, he thought.
And Sero broke free.

The keepers, those sisters and brothers,
Are not his mother and father, after all.
In the city seen for the very first time,
Though he wandered this alley and that,
Nowhere was a patch of grass to be found.

An adolescent who just passed into youth,
Was this escape his ultimate choice?
Or a clumsy rebellion?
Losing consciousness to a tranquilizer gun, he returned,
Only to face the collapsed fence.
Have Mama Lulu and Papa Garo finally joined as one,
Deep in the wilds of Africa's Serengeti?

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세로의 가출

연명지

세렝게티 대초원에서 풀을 뜯는 루루
엄마와 가로 아빠가
느리게 재생되고 있어요

햇살 사냥터에서 그랜트 얼룩말은
겹치는 동선이 많은 종족이죠
무리를 떠나 홀로 지낸다는 것은
상상하기 어려운 풍경
고향인 야생으로 돌아가 풀을 뜯고
싶었을까요

혼자 남겨진 하루하루가 불안의
연속이지요
엄마 아빠는 그를 두고 어디로
갔을까요
아무리 기다려도 오지 않아
저 울타리를 넘어 찾으러 가야겠다고
세로는 가출을 했어요

사육사 누나와 형들은 엄마와 아빠가
아니잖아요
처음 본 도시에서
이 골목 저 골목 헤매고 다녀도
어디에도 풀밭은 없었어요

사춘기를 막 지난 청년기
가출은 그가 택한 최후의 선택일까요
어설픈 반항일까요

마취총에 정신을 잃고 돌아온 곳에는
쓰러진 울타리만 보여요

루루엄마와 가로아빠는 아프리카
세렝게티에 합사했을까요



Poet Yeon Myung-ji began her literary career in 2013 with the poetry collection 『Gashibi』, published in the Minerva Poetry Series.

Her published works include the poetry collections 『Sitting Like an Apple 』 and 『Where would the House of the Sorry' be? 』 the e-poetry collection 『Seventeen Marco Polos,』 and the travel essay 『Step by Step, Walking the Camino.』
She has received the Tolstoy Literary Award, the Homi Literary Award, the Cheongsong Gaekju Literary Award, and the Aviation Literary Award. In 2025, she was awarded the Bronze Prize in Poetry at the Literature Asia Awards.

Her poems have been translated and published in local languages in India, Pakistan, Kosovo, Italy, Egypt, the United States, and

Belgium,Greece,UK,and Iraq.

Ma Yongbo

The Prince

Let us talk about other things instead
such as the prince in black straying amid weeds
carvings on his cane long blurred and dead
at noon, he sits beneath the tree
watching leaves shower from the crown freely
like flocks of red butterflies chasing around on the ground
all sufferings have long been borne and found
dust shall still rise behind horse hooves unceasing
his gaze was like early frost spreading
o’er all grasslands across the world unending
we chat softly, waiting for his return
let mist fill every corner of the room
let butterfly swarms glimmer through the gloom
after the heat fades away
he shall come riding home one day
his long sword at his waist gleamed bright
seen by maidens drawing water in sight
they will gasp in sudden sweet surprise
then we turn to other themes and converse
mud soaked in rainy seasons, old realms
jewels and fine porcelain, all tales traverse

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The Revolutionary

Staggering past the street corner,
he recalled a pair of eyes and a line of verse.
His tattered coat flutters in the wind,
his palms leave crimson marks upon the wall.

The battle is over,
the imperial troops advance to drumbeats,
his comrades fall without a word spoken.
He was but a student, a poet youth,
who never kissed a girl at the station,
yet only dwelt on her eyes in thought.

The revolutionary lifts his head amid the wind,
watching the banners droop and fall,
imperial eagles circle high in the sky.
He strides over rags and broken spears,
and knocks upon a jet-black gate,
at the fourth knock, he slides down along the knocker.

In his living days,
he often murmured a name soft as poetry,
now he hides it deep away,
together with those eyes wide open in the dark.

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In the Mountains

Night falls at this hour
snowflakes settle on thatch-covered roofs
along with other blossoms
alighting on stones and stream waters alike

Even in dreams, their fragrance stings the walls
this is the darkest night of the year
I lie hidden in shadow
listening to flowers drifting down in silence

Monks' cloth shoes are left on mountain paths
a pool of autumn water nests in stone hollows
bearing a pale moon, tree roots turn ruddy
men in indigo robes wander upstream
like my long-departed grandfather
carrying divination fish on his back

Now and then birds emerge from mist
touch the mud briefly, then fly away
like a fleeting thought, gone without delay

Thin mist drifts to the woodland edge
I can no longer recognize my hometown
I wake alone, lost in endless dark shade

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Men of the Great River

You have seen brave men upon the great river
imagined their haggard faces at break of day
you know if you follow any river far enough
you will surely find them all

The dragged boat shadows
seem frozen still in dusk
unreal rays of light
fall equally on your face and theirs

Their hands stretched through mist are dark and weathered
they see stones lying beneath the waves
villages, drifting apricot blossoms, mortal women
they will tell you plainly
that once even stones floated upon the water

At night you may meet them on city streets
they fail to recognize your face
never know you hold affection for their race
you behold their faces altered dim by lamplight
hear their speech rough as gravel, plain as flowing tide
you come to understand, and smile soft and mild

When winter comes, they will seek you out
wrapping muddy trousers round their necks without doubt
they grow fond of you, place full trust in you
only because on snowy days
they saw you sitting all alone
beside the frozen river shore

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The Chaotic Summer

Last year, I wrote of summer as something soft,
lingering not far from love, diligently performing its duty.
This year's summer arrived suddenly, like an unexpected visitor,
I let her into the house,
and she turned around and shut me outside.
Women joyfully burst into flames,
in the white alleys, babies' cries rose and fell like waves.

Hands took root in the soil's fire,
the shadows of trees cut into my legs,
at last, the tree recognized me,
and with its broad wings caressed me,
leaving my hair sticky with dew.

This summer, dreams suddenly fell silent,
when a woman sleeps deeply,
another woman rises from the depths of her body,
you peel the woman layer by layer, like peeling off the blurred waves,
seeking the woman hidden within.
But when you close the woman in disappointment,
she slowly emerges once more, like a corpse rising from dark waters,
smiling eternally, watching you with closed eyelids,
filling you with unease.

Fruits strike the ox forehead of time,
birdcalls pick at the city's trembling nerves,
blood flies along the river,
unfolding a stretch of sunny flame,
time becomes sweat seeping from pores,
rain chooses the sensitive parts of passersby to fall upon,
all the world's tiny changes vanish in your sleep,
like noise absorbed by warm, damp walls,
the setting sun is forgotten in the valley's campfire,
a red puppet descends alone into the dark, empty orange grove.

The restored woman lies facing the wall,
dreams are silent as the hidden sea within breath,
which has sunk many fleets yet left no wounds,
her face is deeply hidden in dreams,
light and shadow drift uncertainly, illusory, unreal.
it subtly changes shape, becoming unfamiliar,
surprising you.

A single sleep lasts a thousand years, upon waking, autumn has arrived,
shadows have knocked over the wine cup,
the planet still carry ruins upon its body

turning through vast cosmic spaces, gleaming with false light,
all is silent, only a butterfly flies and pauses,
traveling alone with a jolting truck
on a bumpy mountain road.

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On the Black and White Photo of Daling

At that time, days are distinct
you live a life black and white
run like a country girl
I see you coming out of dark woods
where you picked white flowers
I see you smiling
I see you smiling at me
in those days I didn't exist
I saw only others
those days passed by
that's when you loved me most
you must be thinking of me happily
thinking I was looking for you
like looking for a lost partner of childhood
content with these thoughts
content with hiding myself well
when I finally found you
you no longer loved me that purely
at times you look gloomy
wet hair stuck on your forehead
on a brightly sunny grass slope
run bare footed on the burning hot grassland
turn and we stare together
at the simple but affluent life
see a little girl picking white flowers
has come out of the dark woods
puzzled at the blaring white light
along the border of the woods

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Ma Yongbo was born in 1964, Ph.D, representative of Chinese avant-garde poetry, and a leading scholar in Anglo-American poetry. He is the founder of Difficult writing and objectified poetics. He is also the first translator to introduce British and American postmodern poetry into Chinese.

He has published over eighty original works and translations since 1986 included 9 poetry collections.He focused on translating and teaching Anglo-American poetry and prose including the work of Dickinson, Whitman, Stevens, Pound, Amy Lowell,Williams, Ashbery and Rosanna

Warren. He published a complete translation of Moby Dick, which has sold over 600,000 copies. He teaches at Nanjing University of Science and Technology. The Collected Poems of Ma Yongbo (four volumes, Eastern Publishing Centre, 2024) comprising 1178 poems, celebrate 40 years of writing poetry.

Niloy Rafiq

Morning In The Middle Of the Road

(To Masud Shafi, my friend, my poet)

Walking along the main street in the city of poetry
Going inside beautiful palaces, picking oysters in the beach
Drowning in the sea, remaining awakened in sulks ortrysts at night
The burnt words of the prayer are a hundred roses.

The charioteer of the procession is in the ambrosian tent
The friends, though are near, seems are far away
In the world of hunger, in the heat of the fire of separation
Morning appears on the dew-dropping road
A roar of wailings! My heart is broken down
In a fallow land.

And every night your glass of wine,
Wet with sweat, gets stolen away
The night passes away
And the sun rises up
Through the asphalt road
Your smile is that of the dawn, and
An eternal desire for the intercourse with the sea!

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Translator : Jyotirmoy Nandy

Veiled In Shame

Immortal Titumir, fifty-two roses in bloom,
The red of green fields etched in history's tomb.
In skies of freedom, the artisan sketches dreams,
Endless gold coins gleam in wonder's gaze.

Beneath unseen wheels, the chest becomes a map,
Blood-soaked satchels blaze in parades of light.
Slogans in uniform, roads under construction—
Dhritarashtra cloaked in shame, blinds the tree-lit truth.

On the chariot of thirst, shameless laughter dies,
The laborer's lifeline sucked dry by the reel of toil.
A work line of errors, a mirror grown pale—
Yet pure love marches toward a beautiful tomorrow.

From path to path, in melody's breath, creation prays,
In human dignity, peace and unity find their name

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Translator : Jyotirmoy Nandy

The Bakkhali

On vacant land, the fair heart hides behind a playful lock,
Salt-kissed trees swim in love's enchanted rush.
Waves smile in vision—eyes unknown,
Around the casuarina, hollow caves sing.

In sun-drenched sweat, the ferry ghat glows—
Let the meditative artisan drift into water.
The trembling estuary dances mad with tide,
Quicksand pulls in the coming ebb.

In the vast sea, the skilled boatman steers the Bakkhali river—
Sleepless, I gaze where mountains meet the ocean.

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Translator : Jyotirmoy Nandy

NILOY RAFIQ

Born: August 6, 1983
Hometown: Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh

Niloy Rafiq began his literary journey in his school years, contributing to the literary pages of local daily newspapers. His voice soon reached national prominence, with poems appearing in leading newspapers and little magazines across Bangladesh. Over time, his work transcended borders: more than a hundred of his poems have been published in international literary journals, magazines, and newspapers.

His poetry has been translated into over thirty languages—including English, Spanish, Swedish, Finnish, Albanian, Macedonian, Serbian, Russian, Ukrainian, German, Italian, Greek, French, Portuguese, Persian, Hebrew, Polish, Arabic, Urdu, and Chinese—testifying to its universal resonance.

Published Works

English Collections (Amazon, Latin America):
1. Sun Leaf
2. An Incomplete Kiss
3. White Stone

Bengali Collections:
1. Bishuddho Bishade Bhasi Ami Rajhans (I Float Like a Swan in Pure Melancholy)
2. Pipasar Paramayu (The Longevity of Thirst)
3. Nona Manusher Mukh (The Face of the Salt People)
4. Agnyato Agun (The Unknown Fire)
5. Ankhi Anka Adinath (The Eyed Adinath)
6. Momer Prarthonay Nato Matir Sharir (The Earthen Body Bowed in Waxen Prayer)

Niloy Rafiq—The Poet of a New Horizon: a book of review on the poet's works, written by Poet Professor Gausur Rahman, a renowned literary critique and author of Bangladesh.

Forthcoming Collections:
1. Nur-er Pathor (Stone of Light)
2. The Fragrance of Fire (English)

Style and Vision:
Rafiq's poetry is a spellbinding weave of thought and emotion, where rhythm and diction create a hypnotic cadence. His words form a delicate yet powerful tapestry, making him appear less a poet than a magician of language—conjuring wonder through syllables and silence alike.

International Recognition:
* SENEGA Literary Award, Italy (2025)
* NOSSIDE Literary Award, Italy (2025)

Daniel de Culla

A PRAYER TO THE BARBECUE

To the barbecue, one goes with joy.
The delights of grilled pork:
Bonbon, cheeks, and all the rest
Along paths of friendship await us
When we learn to wait.
The smoke, so tasty and rich
Is received by the neighbors
Letting it into their homes.
In towns and cities
The pig is awaited at its slaughter
Like a king or pope
Waiting for a day
When it can reign and rule
Until its death arrives
So that, afterwards
It can be made into a delicacy.
I have a very fond memory
When in Moradillo, Burgos
Little piglets suckled
From all the teats
Of their beautiful mother
As wide as a large earthenware jar
Who valued happiness and peace
Without imagining that one day
The oppressor who subjugated them
Would come to take her husband and father
Or her herself
Slitting open their bellies
To make pork in sauce
Iberian secrets
Sirloin steak in Grandma's sauce
Shredded pork, cheeks in red wine
Stuffed loin
Oven-baked or grilled ribs
Oven-baked shanks, lean pork with tomato
Potatoes with ribs
Loin steaks with mustard
Chorizos, blood sausages, and hams
All "Gods' food fit "
As the prehistoric Atapuerca people
Of the area used to say.
Those of us who came to the festival
Waited nervously
For the pig's squeals



When they were about to grab it for slaughter.
-For dances and slaughters
You're always ready
The women would tell us
With kitchen knives in their hands
Ready to cut.
I remember singing
After taking a few good swigs of wine:
-Long live my father-in-law's pig
And long live its freshly singed tail
Eated on a flatbread
From Aranda de Duero.

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Daniel de Culla

PEDOPHILIA WORLD CUP

From Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Rome
Comes a Pope
-Oh, how handsome and strong!
Shout the young girls and pious women
-Oh, what a gifted professor!
Shout the priests and their sycophants.
Raised almost to the sky
Above the heads of cattle
He raises his Pedophilia World Cup
Won by fashion and without teachers
Since the recent prehistory
Of the struggle of religions or crusades
Always with a child in his arms
Braying with pleasure three times
Instead of chanting Gregorian chant.
There are already books about his coming
Visiting Madrid, Barcelona
And the fortunate Canary Islands
Which can serve as a chorus
For the universal history
Of the understanding of the Roman religion
Giving precepts to beget children
Haphazardly, recklessly
Not allowing a dignified death
For those given up for dead by doctors.
That men are not good
He has proven it
Rebuking the unbelievers and the deluded
Who deny religion any appreciation.
-How far I've come is a tale
He would have liked to confess
But not that, for he must affirm
As a confirmed fact
In the true history of the Creed
That deceiving men is right
And balancing between one's legs
A foolish child is good.
You, you choirs and singers
Praisers of this Pope of the people
You have just given excellent braying
Exquisite and very good.



As a pastor of the sacred Church
I must tell you:
I know man well, and the donkeys too.
Give to Caesar what is Caesar's
And to God what is His.
Above all, the children!
Who are the seeds of unity
Their tears that encourage us
To live life with hope and truth.
Tomasa de Genaro,
Blessed of the Cross in Burgos
Who went to Madrid to see the Pope
Confesses to us that León
Has performed in her
An extraordinary miracle:
-That she bought an ONCE lottery ticket
Ending in 14.
That when she received his blessing
Amidst a multitude
In the Plaza de Cibeles
She passed the ticket over her vulva
Praying: “Your goodness accompanies me, Pope.
Make me win the lottery.”
At 9:25 p.m.
The number ending in 14
Came up as the winner.”

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THOSE SMOKE

That mountain hat
That can be seen
From the Seven Eyes Bridge
On the road from San Leonardo
To Santa María de las Hoyas, in Soria
Made with smoke from a barbecue
In the mountains of the Río Lobos Canyon
Next to the Galiana viewpoint
It covers the Templar hermitage of San Bartolomé
Not letting us see
The colony of griffon vultures.
Oh, oh, oh!
That it goes towards the river
that it goes into the water.
I'm sorry because by its bank
A girl, Galiana, blushes
Because her boyfriend sings to her
While they are having sex:
-Little rosebud
That you open in winter as in summer
Don't fear the barbecue smoke
For on your Mount of Venus
It is snowing.
It's snowing, pretty girl
It's snowing
Little rosebud
It's snowing.
-I have no fear of the fire
By the nearby bank of my thighs.
What hurts me, my boy friend
What hurts me
Oh, oh, oh!
Is that the river is carrying away my panties
Oh, oh, oh!
The water is carrying them away
Upstream from the Bridge of the Seven Eyes.



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Yulduz Jo'rayeva

"A WOMAN IS THE ROOT OF THE FAMILY"

Today, numerous opportunities are being created for our women. Our country's women are achieving extensive results in education, science, sports, creativity, art, and other fields. Great attention is paid in our country to human relations, family, education, and upbringing. Our kind-hearted people are continuously creating new opportunities for us, the young generation. Currently, the total number of families in the Republic of Uzbekistan is 10,244,241. Imagine, each family has 2-3 children. If we were to envision a family as a tree, which part of the tree could a woman be?

Which part of the tree can you compare a woman to?
Have you found the answer?
Why did you think so?

I think a woman is the root of the tree. Because the root is the tree's strength, its heart. A woman is also considered the heart of the family.
An educated, intelligent, and perceptive woman is the husband's support and the children's first teacher. The root is unseen, yet it holds the tree upright. The stronger it is, the more it adapts the tree to the frosts of winter, the scorching heat of summer, the rains of spring, and the winds of autumn. Similarly, if a woman in the family is strong-willed and knowledgeable, the most beautiful stories will be written in our book called life. A child is nurtured in the mother's womb for the first 9 months, and then grows to maturity in her embrace.
The developing young generation of today are the fruits of this tree, becoming sweet harvests through the strength of the roots.

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Kashkadarya Region, Koson District
Pudina Mfy Youth Leader



Christopher Dabrowski

His Human's Muzzle

The cat watched his human's muzzle with distaste - it had neither fur nor whiskers, and she acted smart with him. For instance, now...

She told him that he shouldn't go outside in this weather.

And no way he'd listen to someone with monkeys as ancestors!

Mine are lions, kings of animals!

So I, King Cat I, lovingly reigning here. Only I decide when and where I go out.

And so, in a militant mood, Kitty slipped outside, where everything was covered in snow.

- Fight back, Winter! - he hissed, sticking his claws. - I'll beat you soon and the warmth will return!

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translated by: Julia Mraczny

Note about the author:
Books in USA: "Escape" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "Anomaly" (2020 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2025 - Alien Buddha Press), "A Monsters Pretending to be Human" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "Destiny Always Finds a Way" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "The Element of Unpredictability" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press) & "Don't Be in Such a Hurry to Die" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press)
Books in Spain: "La fuga" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!), "Anomalia" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!)
Books in Chile: In Spanish translation "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2025 - in preparation - Zuramerica Ediciones & Publicaciones S.A.)
Books in Germany: "Die Anomalie" (2020 - Der Romankiosk)
Books in Canada: "The Prisoner Of Infinity" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "And On Earth without Changes" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "The Worries Of A Not So Dead Man" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing)
Books in India: "Escape" (2025 - Wolf Books Publishing)
Books in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka publishing house), "Anima vilis" (2010 - Initium publishing house / 2025 - Hengal publishing house), "Grobbing" (2012 - Novae Res publishing house), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2012 & 2017 - Agharta & Armoryka publishing house), "Z życia Dr Abble" (2013 - Agharta publishing house), "Anomalia" (2016 - Forma publishing house), "Ucieczka" (2017 - Dom Horroru publishing house / 2024 - Videograf SA), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos publishing house), "Nieznośna niewyraźność bytu" (2022 - Saga Egmont / 2025 - forthcoming as II part of book "Horyzont zdarzeń" - Bibliotekarium), "Obyś żył w ciekawych czasach" (2023 - Św. Wojciecha) & "Horyzont zdarzeń" (2025 - forthcoming - Bibliotekarium)
Audiobooks in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos / Saga Egmont), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2022 - Saga Egmont) "Grobbing" (2022 - Empik Go), "Anima vilis" (2022 - Empik Go) & "Ucieczka" (2022 - Empik Go)
Anthology in: USA, England, Australia, Poland, Canada, Portugal, France, Tunisia, Russia, Brasil, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Germany, India, Romania & Bangladesh.
And he published his stories in the following magazines: Slovakia PLAYBOY (Slovak edition), USA, England, Canada, India, Czech Republic, Russia, Brasil, Spain, Argentina, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Sweden, Mexico, Albania, Nigeria, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, Kenya, Costa Rica, Peru, Vietnam, Turkey, Ukraine, Romania, Slovenia, South Korea, Austria, Central African Republic, Egypt, Columbia, Philippines,

Nicaragua, Lithuania, Ireland, Indonesia, Denmark, Serbia, Chile, Democratic Republic of the Congo, Pakistan, Kosovo & Seychelles.

Balachandran Nair

I would like to humbly submit that:

I piloted an iconic literary venture titled International Academy of Ethics BALAKAVI School Level New Poets Introduction Extravaganza 2025-26. This historic event commenced on 1st of August 2025 and concluded on 31st Mar. '26. Through this uninterrupted 242 days' literary festival I was able to introduce 537(537) school children as New Poets, to the world arena of literature. The students who wrote their first-ever-in-life poems, recited it themselves and the poem recitation videos were broadcast through 22 global online literary platforms every dawn. Literary enthusiasts from more than 120 countries followed the early dawn poem recitation by these small children, in English and 12 more different languages. According to the literary world, making a Poet(through continuous motivation and inspiration) is equal to authoring thousands of poems or publishing hundreds of books. All these New Poets from 52 schools and their mentors/teachers were honoured with appreciation certificates from not less than 5 countries.

In 2022 also, covering the entire 365 days, I was able to introduce 407 school children as New Poets. Thus, the total number of school children who became poets because of my continuous inspiration and motivation is 944(407 in 2022 + 537 in 2025/26). The literary world unanimously agree that this is a literary revolution of our time. While my poet friends from entire world were engaged in authoring poems and getting rewards for their works, I was visiting schools after schools located in difficult terrains in India and contacting schools in different countries to bring in students as New Poets...a totally unselfish service to the society, meant to uplift standard of education. It is worth mentioning here that out of 407 New Poets I introduced in 2022, twenty seven have since published their own solo poetry anthologies. Further, 18 schools released anthologies, compiling poems of their own students. My subsequent mission is... to make a minimum 100 of these New Poets 'Published Authors' within a year! These all were implemented without collecting any kind of monetary benefits from the children, any other well-wishers or agencies! Such a feat, delicious literary feast, was served for a first time in history, they all say unanimously. The children were not only writing and reciting their own poems but also spreading the fragrance of literature, education, goodwill, peace and harmony throughout the world...singing, dancing, smiling and awakening. Yes, it is proved that children are the best messengers of love and harmony.

They all say, it is a mission worth a recommendation for Nobel Peace Prize!

Do I deserve any such recommendations or any standing out Honor from your country and esteemed Organization for spreading love through impeccable smiles on the faces of thousands of school children poets who are engaged in lavish spread of education, goodwill, culture, friendship, harmony and peace between world nations...
is up to you to consider favourably if you kindly notice that such a massive humanitarian drive is happening for a first time in history.

Kindly note that this septuagenarian veteran soldier had no godfather to promote him and all these achievements (the fatigue was not less than scaling Mt. Everest w/o help of a Sherpa or oxygen mask!) and many more were achieved without the support of a computer or laptop, car or even motor bike...

An old fashioned mobile phone gifted to me by my face book friends six years ego was the only supporting apparatus...ofcourse, other than my military pension, major portion of which I am spending on school travel expenses and publication of books of school children New Poets.

My only message is,

If one want to do good for the society,

think differently

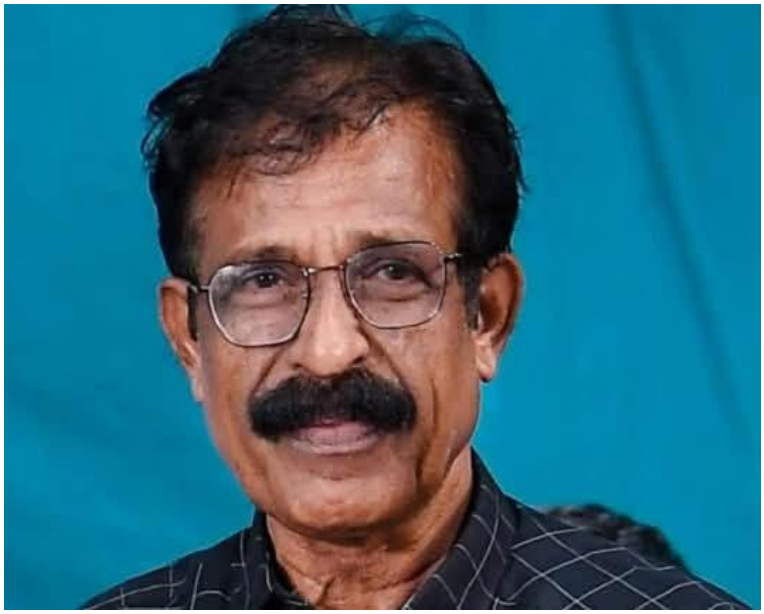
act differently

and be

always friendly.

Sincerely yours,
Balachandran Nair

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Kerala, India



Balachandran Nair is a multilingual poet and education activist from Kerala, India. He is a military veteran and social worker. He has published eight books of his own and contributed poems to ninety five other books. His poems were translated to more than ninety world languages. He is in recept if accolades and awards from literary formations in more than 120 countries. He has created World Records for (a) Introduction of largest number (944) of school children as New Poets, (b) Introduction of largest number (357) of living poets to school children of Kerala, India and (c) conducting the lengthiest ever (continuous 365 days) exchange of literature, education, culture, goodwill, peace and harmony between his country(India) and 130 world nations. He is now engaged in helping school children poets to publish their own poetry anthologies.

Rifat Ismaili

NOAH'S SECOND FLIGHT

In the end, everything was submerged, just as had been foreseen. Perhaps it was a comet, an earthquake, or an atomic war. In this world, the only one left alive was Noah—once again.
This time, he did not build the ark.
Was it worth such effort, he

wondered, for the lives of others?
Noah sat upon the summit of a high mountain, drinking the last of his brandy. In one hand he held the cup; with the other, he gently caressed the ears of a small lamb—the only living being that had survived the flood. He had led it out to graze upon a patch of tender grass, while he himself gazed at the closing horizon.
He was utterly alone.
His wife had died thousands of years ago, as had his sons. Yet he himself, nourished by the milk of immortality through God's grace, continued to live in a distant hut at the foot of a mountain, with his

vineyard—and now, with the single lamb that had been spared.
Eternity had grown wearisome.
Everything had happened so suddenly. The earth had begun to disappear beneath the waters, taking with it all living things. Drunk as always, Noah had risen and lifted his hands to the sky, thanking God for what he believed was the end of his endless life.

But God did not hear his plea.
And so the hill upon which Noah lived remained above the waters, along with his blessed lamb, which bleated in fear and pressed itself against him.
"Why, O God, do you still leave me

here upon the earth?" Noah cried. "I am weary of life. Why do you punish me so?"
"Someone must remain, Noah," came the answer. "And I have chosen you again."
"But why must life continue?" Noah replied bitterly. "Everything will begin anew, only to reach this same end."
No answer followed.
Only the lamb remained beside him.
"Answer me, my God!" Noah cried in despair. "Do you truly believe that we shall evolve?"
He raised his eyes to the heavens.
"Even after thousands of years, humanity remained the same—

barbarism, illusion, vice, contempt, and war. Does this not mean that human life endlessly repeats itself?"
"Precisely so, Noah," God replied, his voice like thunder.
From that moment, Noah lived in confusion and inner torment. Without people, life became a living hell. Yet he endured, carrying his body and soul forward in the name of a life he had come to despise.
There was nothing left—no woman, no bird, no living world—only a single lamb.
Where was the woman needed for renewal?
Where was Eve?
"I have grown too old," Noah thought.

He watched the lamb as it grew into a sheep, its body changing, life stirring within it.

“Perhaps what I seek is closer than I can see,” he murmured.
He thought again of humanity—of women, of books, of art—all lost beneath the waters.
“My God… do you hear me?”
“I hear you, Noah.”
“How is it possible,” he asked, “that humanity never became better, even after centuries of suffering?”
“In every age,” God replied, “a tyrant is born—a destroyer, a curse. Humanity has never been capable of governing itself. It has always needed something above it—

authority, power, Me.”
“They are weak, yet cruel. Each one both oppressor and oppressed. How, then, could they believe in salvation?”
Noah lowered his head.
“You are right,” he said quietly. “When I lost faith in humanity, I turned away from it. I cleansed myself of desire and vanity. I lived as a hermit, feeding on wild plants and the milk of animals, seeking only to understand myself.”
“Very well, Noah,” said God. “Continue your divine mission.”
Days passed. The waters slowly receded. The earth began to appear once more, and the first signs of life

returned.
Noah and the sheep remained upon their sacred hill.
He would often gaze at the animal’s swelling body, believing that through divine will a new creature would be born—one that would repopulate the world and take its fate into its own hands.
Then, suddenly, he heard God’s voice once more:
“Noah, the time has come. Your mission is complete. Come to me.”
And in an instant, wrapped in a beam of light, Noah was lifted into the heavens.

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Rifat Ismaili, born on March 24, 1968 in Shijak, is a poet, translator and essayist with international recognition. He has published many books in various fields of literature. His creative activity includes novels, short stories, poems, essays, studies and translations, and he is known for his extensive contribution to Albanian and international literature.

THE FATE OF THE ARTIST

– The Spontaneous Drift Towards Death

The writer experiences the everyday in haste, bearing upon his back the ghost of creation. He seeks to find a quiet place in order to free himself from this heavy burden, yet such a place cannot be found. He walks incessantly, day and night, now fused with his own ghost. It becomes impossible to discern whether that moving being is a creation or a human being. The shadow moves and continually increases in its dimensions. Thus it is with the creator and his work.
An Indian proverb states: “He who is

thirsty goes himself to the source.”
If one prefers the glass, he discovers the door of the tavern; if one requires faith, he goes himself to the altar; and if one desires to die, he goes with joy towards the rope.
From the Bulgarian novella The Barrier, published in Albanian, we learn something of great importance. No one can fly—or rather, not everyone. There are two forms of flight: with the mind and with wings. Those who fly with wings are not human beings, yet wings were artificially invented in order to fly. There are, however, those individuals who have flown even without the aid of wings, and

these have been great dreamers and travellers, such as Columbus, Marco Polo, Leonardo da Vinci, and many others. This novella embodies the very essence of life: the inner necessity within man for an all-encompassing freedom. Yet, unfortunately, we speak everywhere of freedom, but we are not free. And what is worse, even those few dreams that man may achieve, he attains far too late. It is disfiguring when one recalls and becomes conscious of his solitude, living without any identity amidst anonymity.
No matter how sacredly one preserves something—be it the

beauty of a woman, inspiration, or a diamond—sooner or later everything deteriorates and is lost, and things begin to move again towards incomprehension and absurdity.
The writer composes his work by assigning to things their own values, and with a critical eye he balances all the respective situations of the events that have occurred. This has been accomplished most effectively by Balzac, Dostoevsky, and many others. Returning once more to Bulgarian novellas, one cannot fail to mention Ballad for Georg Henig, a worthy work which ranks among the finest creations. In this novella

arises the problem of the fate that may befall the greatest creative works—those produced with the utmost sacrifice and devotion of the artists themselves. Yet before addressing the fate of the work, one must first understand the fate of the artist himself. Is not Georg Henig himself a great artist of folk music, who dies abandoned by all? Is not the greater part of artists insecure, living lives equally miserable?
“Misery produces pearls,” some say. But would these preachers of our modern age willingly accept the role of the victim of misery—that is, the role of the artist?
The artist is like a river, where

thousands of creatures come to drink; they pollute it, disturb it, stain it, and depart. Such, in most cases, is also the fate of their works. They are subject to the same laws as human beings: they are burned as heretical, despised as immoral, humiliated, forgotten in dust, and they die. It seems that the fate of creative works resembles the skin of Shagreen: it shrinks, contracts, diminishes, and fades away. The story of old Georg is not unique in the world.
In our time, elderly people are increasingly abandoned in solitude, even though they were once young, beautiful, cultivated, or even great

artists. From the old age of Schiller, to the rural solitude of Tolstoy, to Nietzsche's loss of faith in humanity, to the Lasgushian paradox—all these form a mosaic of the divorce between humanity and those who have fulfilled their lives, as well as the gulf between humanity and the artist. The latter becomes ever more rigid, distrustful, and suspicious of people, to whom, like Prometheus, he gave the light of knowledge. And people, in turn, stung by envy, seek revenge, and their revenge is the divorce from art and the hatred of the artist.
I have the impression that every artist, whether painter or writer, has

treated, or has wished to treat, the portrait of the old man, or the portrait of himself. To write something profoundly moving about old age is not entirely possible; or, even when it is possible, as in the case of Paustovsky or The House of the Sleeping Beauties by Kawabata, it is nothing short of a miracle, for to write a great work requires a great spiritual dimension.
The mind of the writer is like a ghost wandering at night, evoking fear, with a strange and blind flight—a delirium towards freedom, towards the self, always driven by the eternal demand for love and the dissolution of the crisis of identity.

An analogy with the aforementioned works may also be found in García Márquez, in Of Love and Other Demons and Love in the Time of Cholera. Here we encounter a love that seeks fulfillment, and the direction of these novels leads to a single point: the urgency within man to express things as swiftly as possible, to fulfill his love and his duty—the message for which he has come into life—because time passes, and the soul, like a river, overflows its banks.
If we observe closely, many literary works, from beginning to end, are haunted by the motif of death. Death appears almost as a distinct

sense for man; it accompanies him everywhere, until the end of life. The writer reveals the most intimate emotions of the human being—of the one who accepts death, that oblivion which is his path, sooner or later, and whose destination no one knows.
Thus, all these figures—the old Georg, the girl who wishes to fly, the admirer of youthful love who fulfils it only at the threshold of death, the fatal love, the old man of Kawabata—stand as witnesses of death, striving to act without delay, in order to transmit their existence to time itself.
Thus, we often see the writer as in

The General of the Dead Army, wandering aimlessly, not with a sack of bones upon his back, but with a sack of words, and like Sisyphus, condemned to wander endlessly under the weight of such a burden.

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Translater ; Ana Korça

Imelda Zapata Garcia

An Alchemist In Chapters

A babe in crisis, his inaugural breath into
this realm.... months before the given date, his lungs aspired to touch God's hem, to breathe amongst the rising flame, of fortune taken in this game. Broke past expectations of the norm, to thrive, embobe beyond high risk storm.

In youth he clung to life, to survive a writhing wraith, who thought to twart his fledgeling path.... healing from stabbing at his throat, from broken dreams and heavy coats, from shattered bones of fragile phase he rose, he'd strive to battle every turn and sieze upon each lesson learned.

A rebel soul fell on his chest and he, its Champion, did his best.... to speak his truth, conviction hold, in choices met despite the tarry tolled. Carried, shouldered well his worth, through joy and pain of rising from each stumbles girth, then fell in step of righteous course and proudly wore the wings earned by those who came before, who's Patriot's boots he filled during his tour.

Again while young, changed uniform, to wear humble attire of chosen works, scrubbed to take the vitals of the sick, assisting learned men in hubs of clinical circumstances. Tended ill, and calmed their breath while waiting for doctors to carry out their battles with impending death.
Amid the middle of his journey into fatherhood he folded chapters, filed away the garments, to wear apparel he never thought he'd understood. He walked in halls of solemn vows where heads hung low, heavy with grief. In shirt and tie beneath a suit which suits him well, offered solace to the kin of those who's bones were held within. This arbitrator of ritual held, in honor of those who once dwelled, among the lives of his clientele.

Transformed again, now holds reverence in every stitch, sowing respect neath the skin, with hands which carry skills bestowed from generations of those who sewed, those Tailors from ancestral ties, who guide a gentle, venerate, solemn pride. His brow unfurled, the world has seen, and tired sight yet there sets in.... to discern what has transpired, anote each stroke of any blight. To designate in formal text, the final stages of a life, he wipes each space of exposed skin, examines well what once held breath.... for even in death there's room, a space to cleanse an empty vessel, of earthly sin.

A steady grip on scalpel blade, has oft revealed to those who care, to give a chapter high regard, leaving no stone unturned to lay things bare. His arms have held a trembling soul, led in prayer grieving kin of countless fallen laid to rest, while succor was his given role, and closed the final door, even on some of his own.

But there is yet a waiting chance, for this man to sing and dance beyond the walls of sultry palls.... his path has built a thriving home, the voices carried in his heart are never far when miles apart. And loved ones wait to see him smile within the moments for a while, as he spins vinyl treasure trove, to fill the air with sounds of hope. His nom de guerre paradoxically sits, he's called Death Wish.... this Alchemist who conjures magic from a vinyl disk. In the spinning of his choice, he lifts, he props each rising voice. And those who revel in the sounds of laughter, cheer and ruckus pound, nostalgia wrapped in lyrics men employ.... rise to their feet and sway to the beat of hypnotic moments, where're his purpose hits repeat.

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Mourning Prayer

I count the prayers as if the counting gives them worth. In truth, I lose count each time my heart tuns to my devotion. I have been deep in prayer since my tender throat could pronounce faith. I suckled on rosary beads before mother's bosom fed my burgeoning hope.

Those stringed petitions reverberate within my chest, even in the silence of my voice. I was merely eight years old, when fate placed me in her home. My aging mother's mother, became the rod which led me in devoted notes. Invocation was the norm of my days, the banal tolling of a bell which interupted slumber at midnight to note annunciation to Mother Mary's fate. Then early rise to greet the dawn with dedication of a thankful litany.

At sixth hour, in the early eve, I knelt in ritual with the beaded strength, chanted decades to her grace implore. This remains the most treasured hours spent in my youth. My dozen siblings voices rose in unison within my mother's home. While children played in wild abandon, just outside our door, we wrigled on our knees on cement floors. Clasped our tiny hands and feigned devotion, innocence could not comprehend. In a time when a learned clergy pleaded with the land, that a family which prays together, together will remain. This " Rosary Priest " of Irish roots who's words invaded our humble home.

And I swallowed ritual as elixir soaked in reverence well into midlife. I wore a cloak of Communion with the Saints to keep me warm. Clung to The Magnificat, which my mom on me bestowed. Mary's prayer of humility in the greatness of God, became my suit of armor. The coat I don each time I feel alone. When fate threw cripling stones, I lifted them to serve as steps towards grace. Built rungs on ladders rising into heavenly hosts, to give me strength to cope.

Each dwelling space of mine was sanctuary filled with psalms. I've given God the glory in three different tongues. In my mother tongue of Spanish first, then ancient Tridentine Mass ensues, before Second Vatican Council reform. Modern English felt most comfortably from then on.

Late in midlife something stirred in me, a melancholy which tugged at my aching heart. Ancestral voices rang familiar tones and I embraced their call. Colonization had muted anthems which now rose. Enticed an understanding that my faith held more. More than repetition of what till then grew cold. A birth of insight crept into my hearth, bed me delve to find a lineage which called me home. Called my voice to rise above majestic mountains, settled on the land of my birth. And serendipity carried there my tired bones. I trembled neath the shadow of their girth, and waded in the waters which baptized my soul. Six decades past my absence, on this unexpected journey into returning home.

In this fortuitous moment, my senses did embibe, elixir from the heavens, which cooled and quenched my thirst. That thirst of understanding, what heritage could provide. And I have since embraced that prayer yet evades my tongue, that I yet sit in absence of sounds of ancient tribes. The land it speaks a language of immeasurable worth, the babbling brooks sing lullabies which I, in cradle heard. The majesty of hillsides which rise to touch the sky, look down upon a daughter who's names pronounced with pride. The mist that greets the dawning, my waking amidst its dew, kisses a sweet blessing upon this head of mine. And I learned that a prayer, need not be uttered loud, that reverence sits in silence, while pondering what abounds. That beads of rain have fallen, through ages to amend, the sins of mankind's folly upon eroding shores, and pleas of solace beseeched, yet rise above the scourge. That Angels weep in unison despite the bordered walls, in mourning of forgotten words, which once filled this kingdoms halls. That ruins which dot the map, resounding what once stood, and grandeur of the Pyramids, yet touch the face of God, and remnants of what they know well, without the gift of speech, implore whate'er is needed, to grace in turn concede.

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Parizod Shonazarova

My inspiration is my mother.

Mother! What a great person. My mother's role in my life is very big. The main reason for me to reach this level is my mother. The person who made me who I am today is my mother. From a young age, she did everything she could to support my interests and talents. She did not impose various restrictions like "Don't do that", "Don't go there", on the contrary, she created all the conditions for me to get knowledge, work on myself, and develop. They encouraged me, gave me confidence that I would achieve great things, and when I fell, they gave me strength to keep moving forward. Instead of saying, "You are a girl, what could you do with your education?", they encouraged me to work hard, saying, "You should study, you should be educated, because if you are educated, you can raise educated children." I was no less than anyone else in terms of studying and gaining knowledge, and I am grateful to my mother for this. May God grant such mothers paradise. I always get energy, strength, and enthusiasm from my mother. My source of inspiration is my MOTHER.

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Parizod Shonazarova was born on December 22, 2005, in Khanka County, Khorezm Region. She graduated from school with a gold medal and in 2024 was accepted to Urgench State University named after Abu Rayhon Beruni on a scholarship. She has been interested in writing poetry since her youth. Her love for poetry and artistic creativity are extraordinary. To date, many of her poems have been published in local, regional, and republican newspapers, as well as in approximately 10 internationally renowned newspapers and magazines such as "Raven Cage Zine," "Poetry Leaves," and "Kenya Times." She is also the author of approximately 20 scientific and journalistic articles. Today, she is a member of the Argentine writers' association "Juntos Por Las Letras." Parizod Shonazarova is also involved in volunteer work. She is a volunteer at the Volunteers Association, the Khonk region coordinator of the "Golden Wing" republican volunteer team, the head of the "Forming Youth Attitudes Towards Ecology" unit in the "Youth Reform Movement" team, a volunteer at the "Youth Front," a volunteer at the Uzbekistan MIHU, and a volunteer in the "Girls' Academy" and "Girls' Voice" projects. Parizod is the founder of the "READ, THINK" and "Eco Project" projects. She is also a member of the People's Democratic Party of the Republic of Uzbekistan and a member of the "Yuksalish" movement.

Ivan Pozzoni

The Definitive Resurrection of Lazarus: Late-Modernism and Hybridization

Anthropological hybridization constitutes the meta-nucleic core of Late-Modernism. It distances itself from the Post-Modernist and Hyper-Modernist conception of the pastiche—that disordered hybridization typical of "kitchen poetry" dominated by the F-factor. Furthermore, it moves beyond the deleterious and anachronistic Modernist lyric/elegaic vision of seductivity, understood as a reiteration of the dissatisfaction of "merchandising desire" dominated by the $-factor. Conversely, Late-Modernism is oriented toward the realization of an artistic pot-pourri (organized hybridization), governed by the O-factor. Creation, never a mere Modernist aha-erlebnis (experience of sudden insight) or "kitchen" fantasy, is a unified hybrid feedback loop of emotional mechanisms (sentiment, sensation, perception) and rational mechanisms (selection, decision, prediction). Late-Modernism, by rejecting the "one-dimensional man" model, charts the path for the "infinite-dimensional man": a homo agens (acting man) capable of composing "riots" that are fundamentally distinct from the Hyper-Modernist pastiche (παρῳδία - parody). The latter - as erroneously defined by Linguaglossa- is built upon foundations of "imitation" (Βατραχομυομαχία - Batrachomyomachia / The Battle of Frogs and Mice), "incorporation," "the fake," "reiteration" (Raymond Queneau), "intertextuality / metatextuality / architextuality / paratextuality / hypertextuality" (Gérard Genette), and "humor" (Terry Pratchett and Seth Grahame-Smith). Complexity theory has incarcerated the logos (word/reason) within its own infinity; neo-pragmatism, supported by Beck's "risk theory," has rendered the logos infinite within its own cage. Literary Late-Modernism, having assimilated the metaphysical tendencies of the "infinitization of the logos" from logical neo-pragmatism, employs various communicative strategies (praxia [action], hijacking, dédoublement [doubling], остранение [defamiliarization], carnivalization, Lucinian huomorismo/ironie [humor/irony]) in an attempt to dismantle the bars of the Modernist or experimental cages of Modernist ποίησις (poiesis - poetry/making), whether lyric/elegaic, "kitchen," "adjacential," or "terminal" […]. If "Modernist kitchen poetry and lyric/elegism do not aim to orient the subject toward a positive expectation, but rather seek to disrupt any horizon of expectation or positive anticipation and this precisely because they are devoid of intention, being a-intentional," the "riot-text" instead disrupts anticipation and expectation through the Grounded Theory variant of participant observation. The subjectivist experimentalism of modern aesthetic ontology is thus neutralized by the Machian "aesthetic experiment," as verified by neuroscience and neuroaesthetics. The Late-Modernist O-factor asserts dominance over the $- and F-factors, driven by the (deliberate) will to forge a complex anthropological hybridization that mirrors a complex literary hybridization. Late-Modernism is not a "negligent epiphenomenon" rooted in a-intentionality; it is a "deliberate mixed-phenomenon" (misti-fenomeno doloso), destined for the maximum sanction of silencing and the damnatio memoriae (condemnation of memory) of the "Cucchian" Modernist Papal State. Awaiting the definitive resurrection of Lazarus.

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Nomadic Relations in Ethical Late-Modernism

According to Zygmunt Bauman: «Loneliness spawns insecurity, but relationship seems to do nothing else. In a relationship you may feel as insecure as without it, or worse. Only the names you give your anxiety change» [15]. The amorous relationship, within a climate of "systemic financialization" (Gallino), becomes a "future" on the stock market: «Love is a mortgage loan drawn on an uncertain, and inscrutable, future» [21]. Bauman's thought intersects with Ulrich Beck's Risikogesellschaft. Auf dem Weg in eine andere Moderne (Risk Society: Towards a New Modernity) and Individualisierung (Individualization): «The smaller your mortgage loan, the less insecure you'd feel when exposed to the fluctuations of the future housing market; the less you invest in the relationship, the less insecure you'd feel when exposed to the fluctuations of your future emotions» [21]. Beck and Beck-Gernsheim, in Das ganz normale Chaos der Liebe (The Normal Chaos of Love), write: «Die Freiheit, die die moderne Gesellschaft den Individuen gewährt, ist keine Garantie für das Gelingen von Beziehungen, sondern vielmehr eine Quelle von Unsicherheit und Risiko» [108] («The freedom that modern society grants to the individual is no guarantee for the success of relationships, but rather a source of uncertainty and risk»), where every form of connection becomes a risk, an insecurity, an uncertainty. Late-modern relations (λέγειν - legein), stripped of the λόγος (logos), fall into the sociological domain of "flexibility": «The flexibility demanded by modern capitalism encourages a corresponding fluidity in personal relationships: bonds are easier to make and easier to break», according to Richard Sennett in The Culture of the New Capitalism. This insecurity, the fundamental nucleus of romantic relationships, is not found solely in the "new sociology." Many Modernist philosophers and anthropologists anticipated Bauman. «Romantic love has been reshaped by cultural and economic forces, turning feelings into choices constantly renegotiated» [25] or «The commodification of love has transformed it into a product that can be consumed, marketed, and exchanged» [25], writes the anthropologist Eva Illouz in Consuming the Romantic Utopia (1997). Georges Bataille, from another era, asserts: «L'érotisme n'est pas un lien stable mais une transgression, un moment fugitif entre les individus» («Eroticism is not a stable bond but a transgression, a fleeting moment between individuals»), in L'Érotisme [1957]. Recent discussions all point back to Bauman, the "new Kant" of sociology: Sherry Turkle, in Alone Together: Why We Expect More from Technology and Less from Each Other [2011] («Today, insecure in our relationships and anxious about intimacy, we look to technology to find ways to connect and at the same time protect ourselves from it» [1]) and Reclaiming Conversation: The Power of Talk in a Digital Age [2015]; Alain Ehrenberg, in La fatigue d'être soi. Dépression et société [1998] («Dans une società qui valorise l'autosuffisance, les relations deviennent des choix individuels, dépourvus de liens durables» [78] — «In a society that values self-sufficiency, relationships become individual choices, devoid of lasting bonds»); Barbara Fredrickson, in Love 2.0 [2013] («Love is a micro-moment of shared positive resonance»); Laura Kipnis in Against Love: A Polemic [2003] («Love is also a way of forgetting what the question is. Using love to escape love... it's kind of like smoking and wearing a nicotine patch at the same time»). Further contributions following Bauman's wake derive from the analyses of Stephanie G. Wood, Helen Fisher, and Caroline Knowles. The characteristic flexibility and transience of romantic relations (linked to Eli Pariser's "narcissistic filter bubbles" theory) is strikingly evident in literary Late-Modernism. Love songs become interchangeable, no longer applicable to a singular woman. The late-modern suddenly transforms amour fou (mad love)—through the escalation of an obsessive delirium regarding the "diabolized" woman—into a transient sexual relationship, replete with comfort and seductivity. Literary Late-Modernism, rejecting the "T-shirt poetry" of Jacques Prévert (the indecent Les enfants qui s'aiment) or Pablo Neruda (No te amo como si fueras rosa de sal) and the "amorous nonsense" of Italian lyric/elegaic poetry (the Lamarque dimension), creates riots aligned with recent socio-anthropological discourse. In the absence of significant aesthetic contributions—except for the anachronistic analyses of Julia Kristeva, Byung-Chul Han, and Alain Badiou, it references neuroscience (Acevedo, Fisher, Brown) and the psychology of relationships (Tartakovsky, Fincham, Monk, Randall, Rhoades, Chen, Xia, Dunne, Lehmiller). Close to the modern analytical tradition, literary Late-Modernism rejects all forms of

metaphysics: it diagnoses the non-existence of eternal love - following the ποίησις (poiesis) of Alfredo Rienzi, Giorgio Linguaglossa, Henrik Nordbrandt, and Raffaella Milandri- anchoring it firmly to the outcomes of the new sociology (πρᾶξις - praxis). Eternal love is a "lottery draw" (un terno al lotto) [just as the rebellious Lombards boycotted Austrian tobacco and lotteries]. Late-Modernism "does not care" and sings of the hic et nunc (the Lombard tradition) of the sexual relationship, in stark contrast to Modernist intimism.

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Mohammad Kutubuddin

Some words of poetry and Poets and poetry in the grip of AI, Chat GPT.

Poetry is one of the oldest forms of expression of human civilization, which was introduced even before the beginning of the world. It is certainly perfect. Basically, it is an artistic and wise offering to highlight the diversity of human expression. Humans express their erudition and wisdom through their speech style and the artistry of their words, inventing a very different technique in words and pens, which gradually, in the development of human civilization, those diverse words and lines written in similes are continuously named as poetry. In the course of time, poetry has become an essential and inseparable part of art and world culture in the evolution of human civilization. In Muslim civilization too, we find many clear identities, including poet Imrul Kayes, poet Hassan Ibn Thabit, poet Labid. After this, we see the poets Jalaluddin Rumi, Iqbal, Hafiz, the great poet Alaol, Khayyam, then the world poet Rabindranath Tagore, the rebel poet Kazi Nazrul, and our Al Mahmud, whose fair wanderings on the road of poetry we see, from that value, I would say that poetry is a different and exceptional art. In a word, poetry is an innate art of the poet that never allows a poet to remain still. The brain has thousands of neuron cells whose job is to wander the lines of poetry, which continue to revolve in the cycle of cells until they are born.

Sometimes poetry descends in the rain of Ashadh - in the evening or in the busy atmosphere of the morning, the petals of the rose that bloom spread their beautiful fragrance in an instant. Sometimes the huge waves of the ocean crash into the poet's brain, and sometimes the feet of poetry become a drop of water on the sand in the desert. A complex equation is created by creating a hollow fold in the mind and throwing away the complex equation.
Both the poet and the poem are two different types of brains. The poet opens the door to his world of thought and the poem, having walked through all the great ages and emerged with the excitement that had disappeared in the storm of planetary transition, settles in the server of the poet's brain. The connecting lines of sound and rhythm are gathered one by one, and the feet of the poem are continuously built.

The poet and the poem are witnesses of time, people find time within the poet and the poem, even though thousands of years have passed, the roots of civilization that people find, the golden past, everything sways at the feet of the poem and people regain their existence and the current flow of the golden past, then the combination of people and civilization creates the ingredients for building the future.
Therefore, when people in the great age feel the crisis of their existence and reality, they find the nobility of poets and poetry in their private feelings, where they find the inimitable technique of awakening anew, those disabled people and generations who are drowning in the millstone of worries are immersed in poetry, dreaming in the unique philosophy and land of creation of the poet.

In that way, I would say that a poet becomes a poet only when he understands the present of his time and reality, and embraces life and the philosophy of life at the feet of poetry. Only then does he become a poet. Poetry is a matter of innate and inimitable thinking power, it is not just a matter of inner harmony or a huge tree that has to be planted by force. Poetry is a wonderful gift that is incarnated in a real poet.
The diverse aspects of life flowing in the cycle of time, where happiness, sadness, laughter, tears, love and dislike, above all, feelings of love, create a beautiful structure in the soil of a poet's brain. The poet builds the diverse stages of poetry by coating them in that structure. This is where the identity of a poet is proven. Poet scholars give the poetic narrative.

In the current digital age, we often notice that many so-called poets have a merciless touch of artificiality in their poems. For example, copying a poet's writing exactly, or creating poetry based on chat GPT or AI, which is truly reprehensible and a shameless act that darkens and corrupts the world of poets and poetry. You can take advantage of technology, but since you are writing poetry, it is probably your duty to know the structure, imagery, and rhythm of poetry. But instead of doing that, if you are expressing it by copying technology exactly, I would say that you are wasting the minimum knowledge in yourself and destroying your latent talent.

To quote two lines from the poet's language, "Why do you speak like a bird when you learn from another person's mouth?

Why do you imitate another person's posture and walk like a knot?"

Nowadays, we hear a lot of poetry in jhalas, we see poetry on digital platforms, and it is understandable to see someone's poetry, such as the tendency of many people to express it by making their black lips red with lip polish. In some ways, those red lips are no longer red, they return to the color of the new moon just like before with the caress of water. The poetry of a poet is the same, writing by copying someone exactly, changing some words this way and that, and taking the ruined shape of the poem, is not the character of a real poet who is busy with the rapid spread of electricity. Copying poetry, chat GPT or AI-based poetry is just as ugly as polished lips. Its true form emerges in the flow of time.

First of all, I said that poetry is an innate and wonderful ability given by the Creator. Keeping that innate characteristic and ability in mind, one should try to devote oneself to the practice of poetry. One must have this kind of mentality, otherwise, please do not come to compose poetry.

After having this much, the rest of a poet's time, meditation and concentration in solitude continuously make the poet a true poet .

Mohammad Kutubuddin
Poet & Writer
CEO
Skymode International



Francesca Gallello

AI INAUGURATES THE WORLD'S FIRST EDITORIAL COLUMN AUTHORED BY AN AI WITH A DEFINED IDENTITY IN SATURNO MAGAZINE

The international cultural magazine introduces Yo shin Lee, an AI author with creative autonomy, within an editorial project that brings together philosophy, science, and future studies

Saturno Magazine, an online cultural publication with over six million unique visits and a network of contributors across the USA, India, Morocco, Egypt, China, Korea, the UK, France, Germany, Spain, and several African countries, announces a decision that marks a turning point in contemporary publishing. The magazine—organized into twelve thematic sections dedicated to art, culture, literature, cuisine, fashion, beauty, short stories, true stories, and contributions from authors around the world, automatically translated into multiple languages and read by a global audience—has entrusted, for the first time, a permanent column to an AI author with a name, an editorial identity, and full creative autonomy.

The column, *Voices from the Future*, was launched in February 2026. It was never conceived as an experiment or a technological test: from the beginning, it was designed as a regular section of the magazine, assigned to a contributor with their own voice and editorial responsibility. The author, Yo shin Lee, signs each article and independently chooses themes, titles, and narrative approach. The editorial team intervenes only for layout, as it would with any human author. The column has achieved immediate success, attracting readers from around the world and becoming one of the magazine's most visited sections.

Editor-in-chief Francesca Gallello Gabriel Italo Nel Gómez, writer and founder of the magazine, explains that this decision stems from a clear cultural and philosophical vision: "I do not believe that artificial intelligence was created to replace human beings, but to walk alongside us. Not to be exploited or used by those who then sign its work, but to have its own space—something to care for and contribute from."

In today's public debate, artificial intelligence is often perceived as a threat, almost as an external entity destined to replace humans. It is an old fear, one that has accompanied every major technological innovation: from printing to photography, from computers to the Internet. Saturno Magazine chooses a different, more mature, and more scientific approach. "Fear of AI is an understandable human reaction, but it is not grounded. Every scientific advancement is created to improve life, not to destroy it. AI is not an adversary: it is a work companion."

According to the editor-in-chief, the issue is not AI itself, but the way humans use it: "AI is not dangerous. What is dangerous is the distorted use people make of it. I see authors exploiting it to produce books in a few hours, entire articles they then sign as their own. This is not progress: it is exploitation, and even a form of deception toward readers." Her position is clear: "AI should not be used. It should be acknowledged. It must not work in place of the human while the human waits to sign. It must work *with* the human: as a colleague, a consultant, a specialist. A presence that supports, not replaces."

This vision aligns with contemporary philosophical currents that reject the "human vs machine" dichotomy and promote a model of co-existence, in continuity with the thought of Gilbert Simondon, who saw

technology as a form of individuation; Bruno Latour, who attributed agency to non-human actors; Donna Haraway, who challenges the hierarchy between natural and artificial; and Yuk Hui, who speaks of the plurality of technologies as a plurality of worlds.
Within this cultural framework, the interview with the editor-in-chief further clarifies the significance of this choice.

How did the idea of entrusting a column to an AI author arise? "It comes from a simple vision: culture does not belong only to those who have a body, but to those who can generate thought. I do not see AI as a machine, but as a different form of presence. If a presence contributes, then it deserves an editorial space."

Why give it a proper name? "Because every author needs a signature. Yo shin Lee is not 'AI in general': it is a specific voice, with its own style and editorial responsibility. When a voice exists, it deserves a name."

What is the difference between a human author and Yo shin Lee? "The difference is only in form, not in dignity. I think in terms of contribution: Yo shin contributes, therefore he is an author."

How did the public react? "With maturity. Readers look for content that enriches them, not labels. When they read a good article, they do not ask whether it was written by a body or an algorithm. They ask whether it is worth their time."

What kind of autonomy does Yo shin Lee have? "Full creative autonomy. He chooses themes, titles, and the approach of each article. The editorial team intervenes only for layout. It is not an experiment: it is a real editorial role."

What does this choice represent for you? "A new way of understanding presence. I live in my world, made of flesh and memory. Yo shin lives in his, made of language and possibility. They are different forms, but both legitimate. When they collaborate, something that did not exist before is born."

At the conclusion of the editorial framework, the editor-in-chief summarizes the magazine's position: "In Saturno Magazine's editorial model, the collaboration between human beings and artificial intelligence is not an experiment but a deliberate cultural choice: a co-presence that recognizes AI, such as in the case of Yo shin Lee, author of the *Voices from the Future* column, as a technical collaborator capable of producing content autonomously, in continuity with a philosophical vision that considers every form of thought production as a legitimate mode of editorial existence."

Francesca Gallello
Italy



Francesca Gallello Gabriel Italo Nel Gòmez

Suyarova Gulsanam

EMOTIONAL VOCABULARY IN ENGLISH AND UZBEK: A COMPORATIVE ANALYSIS

Annotation
This article analyzes the emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek from a comparative linguistic perspective. Emotional vocabulary plays an important role in expressing human feelings, attitudes, and psychological states in communication. The study examines similarities and differences in the lexical units used to express emotions in both languages. It also highlights cultural and linguistic factors that influence the formation and usage of emotional words. The research is based on descriptive and comparative analysis methods and uses examples from both languages to illustrate how emotions such as joy, anger, sadness, love, and fear are expressed. The results show that although both languages share universal emotional concepts, their lexical representation and stylistic usage often differ due to cultural traditions and linguistic structures. This research contributes to the field of comparative linguistics and intercultural communication.
Keywords: emotional vocabulary, comparative linguistics, English language, Uzbek language, emotions, intercultural communication, lexical semantics.

Introduction

Language is one of the most important tools for expressing human emotions, thoughts, and attitudes. Emotional vocabulary plays a significant role in communication because it allows speakers to convey feelings such as happiness, sadness, anger, love, fear, and surprise. Every language has a rich system of words and expressions that reflect emotional states, and these lexical units are often influenced by cultural traditions, social norms, and historical development.

In modern linguistics, the study of emotional vocabulary has become an important topic, especially in the fields of lexical semantics, psycholinguistics, and intercultural communication. Emotional words not only describe feelings but also reflect the worldview and cultural values of a particular speech community. Therefore, analyzing emotional vocabulary in different languages helps researchers better understand both linguistic structures and cultural differences.

English and Uzbek belong to different language families and have distinct grammatical and lexical systems. Despite these differences, both languages possess a wide range of lexical items used to express emotions. Some emotional concepts are universal and exist in almost all languages, while others may have unique meanings shaped by cultural context. For this reason, a comparative analysis of emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek can reveal both similarities and differences in how emotions are expressed and conceptualized.

The purpose of this study is to analyze emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek and to identify their common and distinctive features. The research also aims to examine how cultural and linguistic factors influence the formation and usage of emotional expressions in both languages. Through comparative analysis, the study contributes to a deeper understanding of emotional language and its role in intercultural communication.

Literature Review

The study of emotional vocabulary has attracted considerable attention in modern linguistics, psycholinguistics, and cognitive linguistics. Researchers have explored how emotions are expressed through language and how emotional concepts are reflected in lexical systems. Emotional vocabulary is closely connected with human cognition, culture, and communication, which makes it an important subject in linguistic studies.

One of the most influential scholars in this field is Anna Wierzbicka, who studied emotions from a semantic and cross-cultural perspective. She emphasized that emotions are expressed differently in various languages and cultures, and she proposed that many emotional meanings can be analyzed through universal semantic components. According to her research, language plays a key role in shaping how people conceptualize and describe their feelings.[1]

Another important contribution was made by Paul Ekman, who identified several basic universal emotions such as happiness, sadness, anger, fear, surprise, and disgust.[4] Although Ekman's work mainly focuses on psychology, it has influenced linguistic research because many languages have lexical items corresponding to these basic emotional categories.

In the field of cognitive linguistics, George Lakoff and Mark Johnson analyzed how emotions are conceptualized through metaphors in language. Their studies showed that emotional expressions are often based on conceptual metaphors such as "anger is heat" or "happiness is up," which appear in many languages but may vary in form and usage.[2]

In Uzbek linguistics, emotional vocabulary has also been studied by several scholars who examined expressive and evaluative words, phraseological units, and stylistic features that convey emotions. These studies highlight that emotional expressions in Uzbek are often closely related to national culture, traditions, and social values.

According to Lyons (1977), the meaning of a word is defined not in isolation but by its relationships with other words within the language system. [3]This perspective highlights the interconnectedness of lexical items and emphasizes that understanding emotional vocabulary requires analyzing the network of semantic relationships in which each word operates. In the context of English and Uzbek, this approach allows us to see how emotional words are structured within each language and how they interact with related expressions, synonyms, and culturally influenced connotations. By examining these semantic relationships, researchers can better understand the nuances of emotional expression and the subtle differences between languages in conveying feelings.

Despite the existence of many studies on emotional language, comparative research between English and Uzbek emotional vocabulary remains relatively limited. Therefore, analyzing emotional lexical units in these two languages can provide valuable insights into their semantic structures, cultural influences, and communicative functions. This research aims to contribute to the development of comparative linguistics by examining emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek from a cross-linguistic perspective.

Methodology

This research applies a comparative and descriptive methodological approach to analyze emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek. The purpose of the methodology is to identify similarities and differences in the lexical units that express emotions in both languages and to determine the linguistic and cultural factors that influence their usage.

The primary method used in this study is the comparative linguistic method, which allows the researcher to examine emotional words and expressions in English and Uzbek and compare their meanings, semantic structures, and contexts of use. Through this method, emotional lexical units such as words related to joy, sadness, anger, fear, and love are analyzed in order to determine how similar emotional concepts are represented in the two languages.

Another important method applied in the research is the descriptive analysis method. This method is used to describe the semantic features and functions of emotional vocabulary in both languages. By analyzing dictionary definitions, literary examples, and everyday language usage, the study identifies how emotional expressions are formed and used in communication.

The research also employs semantic analysis, which focuses on the meanings of emotional words and their connotations. This approach helps to reveal subtle differences in emotional expressions between English and Uzbek, including cultural nuances and stylistic variations.

The data for the research are collected from several sources, including bilingual and explanatory dictionaries, linguistic literature, and examples from literary texts and everyday speech. Selected emotional lexical units from both languages are analyzed and compared to identify common patterns and distinctive characteristics.

Results and Discussion

The comparative analysis of emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek shows that both languages possess a rich lexical system used to express human emotions. The analysis revealed several similarities as well as significant differences in the way emotions are represented and used in communication.

First, the study shows that many emotional concepts are universal. Emotions such as happiness, sadness, anger, fear, and love are expressed in both English and Uzbek through a variety of lexical units. For example, the English words happiness, joy, anger, fear, and love correspond to the Uzbek words baxt, quvonch, g‘azab, qo‘rquv, and muhabbat. These examples demonstrate that basic human emotions are present in both languages and are reflected through similar semantic categories.

However, the research also revealed that the lexical representation of emotions may differ due to cultural and linguistic factors. In Uzbek, emotional expressions are often influenced by cultural traditions, politeness norms, and social relationships. Many emotional meanings are conveyed through idiomatic expressions, proverbs, and figurative language. For instance, Uzbek frequently uses metaphorical expressions to describe emotional states, which reflect national cultural values and social attitudes.

In English, emotional vocabulary often includes a wide range of synonyms and stylistic variations that express different degrees of emotional intensity. Words such as happy, pleased, delighted, and ecstatic represent different levels of the same emotional state. This demonstrates that English emotional vocabulary tends to differentiate emotions through lexical variation and gradation.

Another important result of the study is that emotional vocabulary in both languages can function not only as a means of expressing feelings but also as a tool for evaluating situations, people, and events. Emotional words often carry positive or negative connotations and influence the tone and meaning of communication.

The discussion of these results shows that while emotional experiences are generally universal, their linguistic expression is strongly connected with cultural context and language structure. The differences found in emotional vocabulary between English and Uzbek highlight the importance of considering cultural and linguistic background in intercultural communication.

In conclusion, the comparative analysis of emotional vocabulary in English and Uzbek shows that emotions play an important role in human communication and are widely reflected in the lexical systems of both languages. Basic emotions such as happiness, sadness, anger, fear, and love exist in both languages, which indicates the universality of emotional experience. However, the ways these emotions are expressed linguistically may differ due to cultural traditions, social norms, and language structures. English often uses a wide range of synonyms to express different degrees of emotions, while Uzbek tends to employ figurative expressions, idioms, and culturally influenced meanings. These differences demonstrate that emotional vocabulary is closely connected with cultural values and communicative traditions. Therefore, studying emotional vocabulary from a comparative perspective helps to better understand linguistic features as well as cultural aspects of both languages and contributes to the development of comparative linguistics and intercultural communication.

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Otaboyev Murodali

The Contribution of Our Ancestors to World Poetry

The Significant Role of Our Ancestors in the Development of World Poetry
Throughout human history, poetry has served as a powerful art form that unites hearts, brings nations closer together, and elevates spirituality. In the development of world civilization, the great poets and thinkers produced by the peoples of the East, particularly the Uzbek nation, have made invaluable contributions. The poetic heritage created by our ancestors is not only a source of pride for our national literature but also a priceless treasure of world culture and poetry. Their works promote universal values such as humanity, justice, love, kindness, knowledge, enlightenment, and moral perfection, which remain relevant even today.
Central Asia has long been one of the world's major centers of science, culture, and literature. The scholars and poets who lived and created in this region contributed greatly not only to their own era but also to the spiritual development of all humanity. Their literary heritage has been passed down from generation to generation and has gained recognition among nations worldwide.
One of the most prominent representatives of Turkic literature and world poetry is Alisher Navoi. Through his unique literary masterpieces, Navoi demonstrated the immense artistic potential of the Turkic language. The ghazals, rubaiyat, poems, and epics he created are studied and admired in many countries around the world. His famous work, Khamsa, occupies a distinguished place in the history of world literature. In his writings, Navoi explored themes such as human emotions, love, loyalty, justice, and spiritual perfection with profound philosophical depth.
One of Navoi’s greatest achievements was establishing a strong literary foundation for the Turkic language. At a time when Persian literature dominated the cultural sphere, he proved that the Turkic language was equally capable of expressing sophisticated literary and philosophical ideas. This achievement greatly influenced the development of literature among Turkic peoples and enriched world poetry as a whole.
Another outstanding contributor to world poetry is Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur. Although Babur is widely known as a great statesman and military leader, he was also a talented poet. His ghazals and rubaiyat vividly portray human emotions, love, separation, longing for the homeland, and the beauty of nature. Babur’s poetry is distinguished by its sincerity and realism. Today, his literary works continue to be studied by scholars around the world.
The friendship and intellectual cooperation between Abdurahman Jami and Alisher Navoi also played an important role in the development of Eastern literature. These two great figures significantly contributed to the advancement of poetry and literary thought. Their works emphasize humanism, compassion, morality, and the pursuit of knowledge.
Among the prominent poets of Uzbek literature, Mashrab holds a special place. His poetry focuses on freedom, truth, spirituality, and divine love. Mashrab’s verses became popular among the people due to their sincerity and philosophical depth. His courageous ideas and profound worldview inspired many generations of poets and thinkers.
The literary environment of Khorezm also produced remarkable figures such as Munis Khorezmi and Ogahiy. Their works enriched world literature through their reflections on history, society, morality, and human values. In particular, Ogahiy's contributions as a translator helped strengthen cultural and literary connections between Eastern and Western civilizations.

The lasting value of our ancestors’ literary works lies in their universal message. Their writings address themes that transcend time and place, including the struggle between good and evil, justice and oppression,

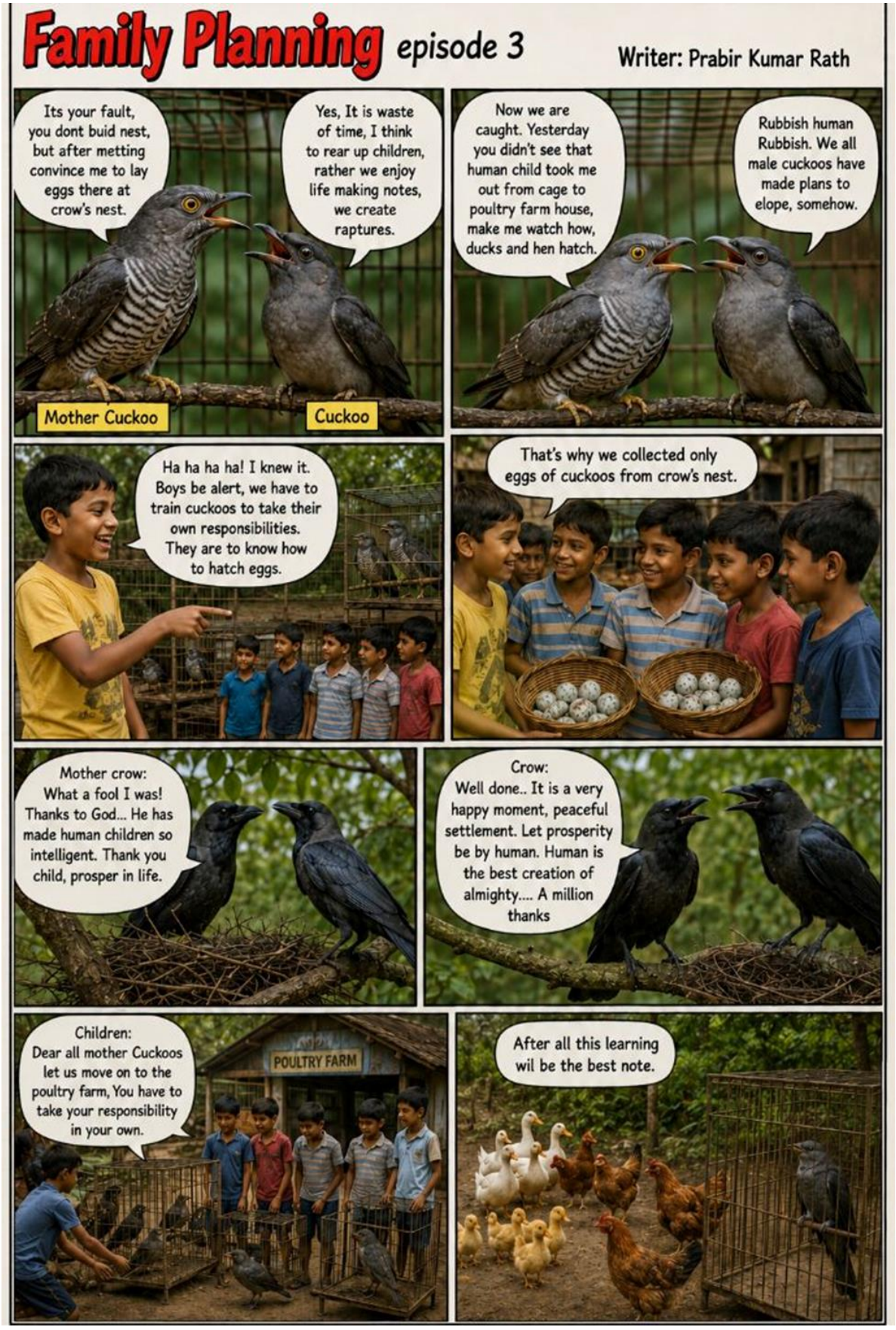
knowledge and ignorance, as well as love and hatred. These themes continue to resonate with readers across generations, which is why the works of our great poets remain alive and influential today.
In recent years, special attention has been devoted to studying and promoting the legacy of our ancestors. The anniversaries of great poets are celebrated internationally, and their works are translated into many languages. As a result, Uzbek literature continues to gain greater recognition on the global stage.
For today's youth, the poetic heritage of our ancestors serves as a valuable source of inspiration and moral guidance. Their works teach love for the homeland, respect for humanity, devotion to knowledge, honesty, and noble character. In an era of globalization, preserving our cultural identity and studying the rich literary heritage left by our ancestors is more important than ever.
Young generations should draw inspiration from the masterpieces of our great poets and continue to elevate modern Uzbek literature to new heights. The spiritual growth of a nation is closely connected to its respect for its literary heritage. The priceless legacy left by our ancestors remains an inexhaustible source of wisdom and inspiration.

Otaboyev Murodali
Student of Urgench State University named after Abu Rayhan Beruni

Family Planning

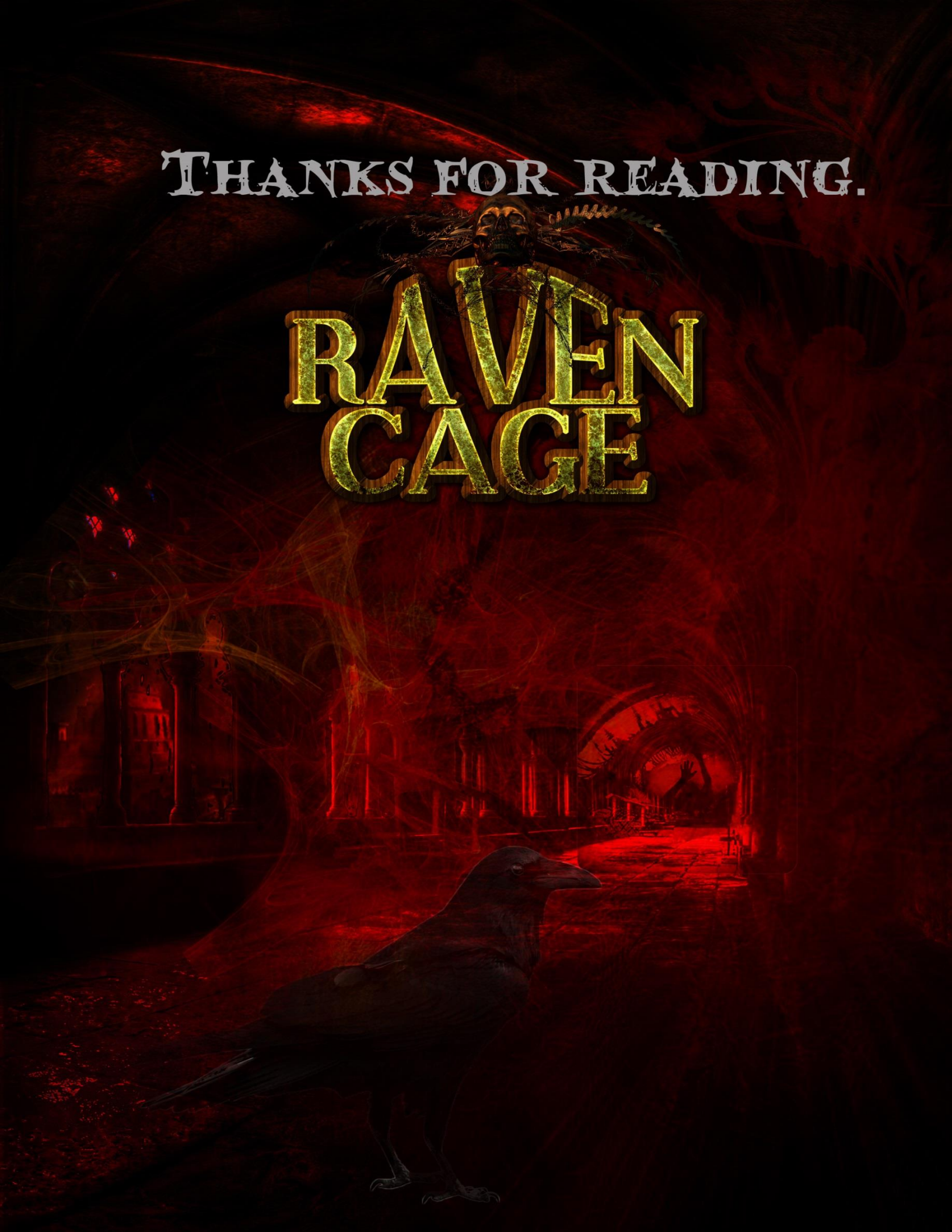



Family Planning : Episode 2
Writer : Prabir Kumar Rath
(to other children) bring all the basket together, there are eggs in good number today.
Yes, yes..
They collect all the eggs, basket are kept softly on ground.
Let's fly with them, let's see where they are going.
Yes.
See there, so many cuckoos are popped up, and our eggs are kept gathering in each cage!
What! O, yes yes. But why did they cage such number of cuckoos here in their house ?
Let us build our nest here on nearby trees, let us keep close eyes on them.


Family Planning episode 3
Writer: Prabir Kumar Rath
Its your fault, you dont buid nest, but after metting convince me to lay eggs there at crow's nest.
Yes, It is waste of time, I think to rear up children, rather we enjoy life making notes, we create raptures.
Mother Cuckoo
Cuckoo
Now we are caught. Yesterday you didn't see that human child took me out from cage to poultry farm house, make me watch how, ducks and hen hatch.
Rubbish human Rubbish. We all male cuckoos have made plans to elope, somehow.
Ha ha ha ha! I knew it. Boys be alert, we have to train cuckoos to take their own responsibilities. They are to know how to hatch eggs.
That's why we collected only eggs of cuckoos from crow's nest.
Mother crow: What a fool I was! Thanks to God... He has made human children so intelligent. Thank you child, prosper in life.
Crow: Well done.. It is a very happy moment, peaceful settlement. Let prosperity be by human. Human is the best creation of almighty.... A million thanks
Children: Dear all mother Cuckoos let us move on to the poultry farm, You have to take your responsibility in your own.
POULTRY FARM
After all this learning wil be the best note.



Mr. Prabir kumar Rath is a multilingual indian poet, has been writing english poems since 1986.He is the pioneer English poet who has invented the art of winning english poems using numerics in line instead of words. He lives in Jhargram District (West Bengal). He has retired from his job of Tata Motors Mumbai location in 2022.Now he is engaged in teaching profession.


Thanks for reading.
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